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Hope Essays 4to. 45.

John Thomas Hope

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THE

LITERARY CHRONICLE

FOR THE YEAR 1825;

CONTAINING

A REVIEW OF ALL NEW PUBLICATIONS

OF VALUE AND INTEREST;

ORIGINAL POETRY, ESSAYS, AND ANECDOTES;

AND FORMING

An Analysis and General Repository

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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ADDRESS.

In commencing a new year and a new volume of *The Literary Chronicle* at the same time, there can be no impropriety in our taking a prospective and retrospective view, particularly as the increasing patronage with which we are honoured enables us to look forward with confidence, and on the past with satisfaction. We begun our career as free from prejudice as any one could be. We were unfettered by booksellers or authors, and have yielded to no constraints that could prevent us from maintaining the most rigid independence. We pledged ourselves, if not in the strict language, at least in the spirit of the Great Charter, that we would not 'buy, sell, or delay justice;' and the result has been the obtaining for *The Literary Chronicle*, a constantly-increasing circulation, and a character for critical integrity.

Of our labours during the last year we leave the public to judge. The index will show that we have not been deficient in industry, as, in the course of the volume, critical and analytical reviews have been given of nearly 250 new works; and, had we been satisfied to decide on a mere *sight of books*, the number might have been doubled.

While we have been thus attentive to the critical department of the work, we have not neglected the miscellaneous features of it. Our volume for the last year will be found particularly rich in original correspondence, especially in essays, sketches of society and manners, and a sort of running commentary on the vices and follies of the age. Under the head of Fine Arts, will be found a critical notice of the exhibitions, new churches, and public buildings in the metropolis, written by a gentleman whose intimate acquaintance with the subjects is only equalled by the freedom and strict impartiality of his remarks.

It will scarcely have escaped observation, that since *The Literary Chronicle* was commenced, numerous rivals or competitors have started—and that too under favourable auspices,—and have failed. But although we chant no hymn of joy or triumph on their fall, yet it must be allowed, that in standing against such opposition, it is clearly proved that *The Literary Chronicle* is successfully established.

It will be seen that we commence our Seventh Volume with a new type, which enables us to give considerable additional matter, without any additional charge. Our literary arrangements have also been extended, and we are determined to spare no exertions to render *The Literary Chronicle* all that its best friends can wish it. With the expression of our sincere thanks to our valuable contributors and readers, we conclude with wishing that we may all long live thus to greet and be greeted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels; or, Annual Selections from the Latest Works of that Description which have yet appeared in English. Vol. 1, for 1825. *To which is prefixed, A Retrospect of the Geographical Discoveries of the last Ten Years.* 18mo. pp. 409. London, 1825.

Although the Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels does not come before us in the avowed capacity of a christmas and new year's gift, yet its size, its neat gilt case, ornamented wrapper, and gilt leaves, all convince us that the editor thinks it no inappropriate offering on such occasions, and in this we agree with him. Geography is a branch of science now much cultivated even by the fair sex; and no female who has had even an ordinary education can be imposed on with the old jokes, that the Dutch have taken Holland, or that the French have taken Umbrage. But, although the Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels is well calculated, both from its contents and the manner in which it is got up, to prove a very acceptable present for the young, yet we should do it manifest injustice, did we not state that it presents as strong claims on the public at large; and on this ground we would recommend, in future years (for it is intended as an annual), that a plainer and cheaper edition should be published, for those who wish to consult the work for the useful and interesting information it contains, rather than for the tasteful and ornamental manner in which it is got up.

The object of the work is pretty clearly stated in the title: it is to give the best extracts from such books of voyages and travels as have been published during the year, and yet have not appeared in English: a similar volume of those which have appeared in England would be a very desirable companion, if the claims of copyright did not interfere with its execution.

It would be a mere waste of time for us to dwell on the uses of a knowledge of geography, or to point out the various discoveries that yet remain to be made in that science*. Thanks, however, to the enterprise of individuals and the liberality of a few governments, every year produces some new and interesting information respecting countries and people. our knowledge of which is imperfect and unsatisfactory. England alone much herself: she has almost yearly one or more victims sacrificed in penetrating the interior of Africa; her sons alike brave the horrors of an arctic winter and the torrid zone. England, however, does not stand alone, and there are many intelligent and indefatigable travellers on the continent, whose labours are not sufficiently known to us, merely from the hazard of translation;—we do not mean the hazard of a sale, but that two or more booksellers may have pounced on the same work, and bring it out at the same time. This circumstance has, indeed, so much influence in shutting out the mere English reader from the field of European literature, that we wonder some sort of association has not been formed among the London booksellers for translations alone.

It is well observed by the editor of the work before us, that of the valuable works published by foreign travellers, in their respective languages, only the smaller portion ever becomes known to an English reader. Indeed, there are some which it would not pay to translate entirely, and yet contain much information worth knowing; then there are others which only appear in the continental periodicals. Now a work that shall give us the spirit of foreign voyages and travels, as the Cabinet does, not only supplies an important desideratum in literature, but, if well done (and the first volume is an admirable specimen), cannot fail of being extremely popular.

A list of the articles the work contains will, we are sure, at once convince the reader that the editor has gone to sources with which the English public is by no means well acquainted. We have first about forty-five pages translated from Boie's Tour in Norway; next comes a description of an Aurora Borealis; an excellent article on the changes in the climate of the Alps; the manners and customs of the Russians and Tartars; a description of the rocks near Adersback, in Bohemia; Von Richter's Pilgrimage in the East; Webb's account of the Plains of Troy; Dr. Taucher on the Salt Lake of Inderskoi; Eichfield on the Eternal Fire at Baku; an admirable article on Russian Discoveries; a description of the Oasis of Siwah; the best account we have yet seen of the volcanoes now burning; and Baron Minutoli's Travels in Egypt, which, we believe, are in the English press. To these articles we must add an admirable introduction, containing a general view of the most important geographical researches and discoveries during the last ten years, and a well-written memoir of that intelligent traveller, Humboldt. The selections, we doubt not, embrace the most striking parts of each work, and are very interesting. We have little room for extract, but first quote the account of the eternal fire:—

'This fire is in the peninsula of Apsheron, twenty versts from Baku, and is justly called one of the wonders of southern Russia. I have visited this spot: it is a burning desert, from the surface of which subterrane-

* See Nos. 23, 235, and 237, of the *Literary Chronicle*, in which there are some original articles by M. Malte Brun on the subject.

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ous flames here and there issue, which are occasioned by the exhalations of the naphtha. Though this fire may not be eternal, yet it is extremely old, for there are traditions of the origin of similar phenomena* in other parts; for instance, in the Ural, on the river Maxegischack, in the village of Sulp-Aul (v. Pallas), and that which I have seen in Wallachia, on the little river Slainka, near the village of Lapatar, on Mount Klaschna. But the origin of the fire in the neighbourhood of Baku is buried in the obscurity of the remotest antiquity.

'The first appearance of this fire, in an age when the phenomena of nature were so little known and explored, might appear supernatural. It is well known that Media was the seat of Zoroaster's doctrine, and of the introduction of those mysterious receptacles of the eternal fire which the Mahometans every where destroyed. Only the miraculous flame of Baku arrested the blind fury of the Mahometans. The temple consecrated to fire is still preserved by the remnant of the ancient Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who, though scattered over the immense tracts of Persia and India, come hither to perform the prayers imposed on them by their vows. This temple, however, is no beautiful specimen of architecture, but a simple stone square, in the centre of which stands the altar, from which issues the eternal fire. The flat roof is supported on four columns, from which a constant fire, conducted by tubes, likewise ascends. On the roof, above the altar, is a little belfry.

'On dark nights this temple is descried even at a great distance, and is the more interesting and majestic in the eyes of the traveller, as the brilliant flame does not resemble Vulcan's destructive fire, but is like some mysterious phenomenon, awakening sublime recollections of antiquity.

'Within the wall which surrounds the temple, there are some stone houses, and a small garden, the residences of eight Parsee monks†. During the time of worship, they strike the bell once, generally on their entrance into the temple, and then prostrate themselves before the altar. After remaining for a pretty considerable time in this position, they rise, strike the bell once more, and then finish their prayers. They give the fire the firstlings of every sort of food. They eat no meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Their particular affection to animals is probably the cause of it. The guardians of the holy fire keep a great number of dogs, whom they treat as friends and companions.

* 'They originated at no very distant period, by the lightning having rent the upper hard layer of the mountain, which made an issue for the inflammable vapours, and at the same time caused the flames to arise.'

† 'The Europeans call them, as well as all other fire-worshippers, Guebers, which seems to be a corruption of the word Giaur, by which they designate all those who profess a different religion. They call the Russians Sare Giaur, or Sare Guebr, i. e. light-brown idolators, probably because they observe fewer persons with black hair among them than among the people of Asia.'

'It is evident that they prefer their religion to all others, and consider themselves as purer than other men, because they are favoured with the purest notions of the divinity. In conversing with persons of a different religion, they protect themselves by certain prayers, which they repeat in an under-voice. They seemed much displeased when my companions were going to dress their dinner at the same fire as theirs. To satisfy them, I had the kettle removed to another part. When they carried water near us, they always cried out, brama, brama, brama, doubtless to counteract our influence upon it. Perhaps they have a particular respect for water; at least, in remote antiquity, it was considered, by many of the followers of Zoroaster, as a divinity.

'The atmosphere in the temple and in the surrounding court-yard is very warm, on which account the monks wear a very light clothing.

'It is reported that the monks in former times frequently made singular vows: for instance, to remain for several years in a constrained attitude, with their arms raised, or holding up one foot, &c. This, indeed, has ceased; but they still endeavour, as they used to do, to prevent the women from approaching the sacred fire; probably that their presence may not divert their attention.

'In every thing that surrounds them, these monks are very neat and cleanly. They have no superfluity, but poverty is unknown among them. Their cells are likewise lighted by the subterraneous fire, which is easily extinguished by covering the vent through which the gas issues. The verdure of the garden, on the other side of the country, and of the temple, and the delightful shade of the trees, afford these hermits a refreshing coolness. If superstition finds in the evanescent plain an object of adoration, no inconsiderable advantage is derived from the naphtha which is so common here and in the neighbourhood, and yields to the crown an annual revenue of two hundred thousand rubles.'

There is an excellent account of all the known volcanoes in the world; but this, as well as several other interesting articles, we must pass over for the present. We add two articles; the first is an account of a very beautiful aurora borealis, which Dr. Schubert, a late traveller in Sweden, saw in the province of Aelsingland:—

'On the 19th of September I arrived at Delabo, at near eight o'clock in the evening. At about half-past nine, I had the pleasure of seeing a very beautiful aurora borealis, but was not able to perceive that it was accompanied with the slightest noise. The northern sky was brilliantly illuminated with bright varying rays, which moved alternately up and down in an oblique direction; they were sometimes white, then green, yellow, red, nearly resembling the colours of the rainbow; at one time, they kept distinct from each other; at another, they blended together with the most lively play of colours, then separated again; and sometimes the whole seemed to stand still: the appearance was the most beautiful when dark clouds passed behind the rays, or the stars twinkled through them. It was not quite light enough to read, but about as light as when the moon is veiled in thin transparent clouds. It continued about an hour, but it frequently lasts through the night. It is sometimes more brilliant than when I saw it, but in general less so. It is seldom that a year passes without an aurora borealis, and then it is very frequent. On high mountains, it seems to hover round the traveller.'

From Boie's Tour in Norway, we quote a most remarkable instance of what human nature can bear in those climates:—

'In November, 1814 or 1813, John Frank, of Moskenoe, rowed to the numerous cliffs on the west of this island (Mosken), and moored against one of them to shoot sea otters. He went on shore, but probably neglected to secure the boat properly, as the remains of it were soon after found floating on the water; and it being supposed of course that he had perished, no difficulty was made in proceeding to the legal division of his property among his heirs. Nearly a month afterwards, a boat accidentally touching at the cliff, discovered the unfortunate man, who, without speaking a word, fell upon the provisions in the boat. He was dreadfully disfigured by want of food, yet still able to stand upright. The magistrates soon after visited this place, and are said to have taken down his statement in writing. He affirmed that he had lived only on turf and snow, instead of fresh water, of which there was none in the place. Probably, however, he had eaten also muscles, and sea ulvæ, of which there must have been some on a cliff some hundred paces in extent, but did not think fit to acknowledge it. After his delivery he was seized with a severe fit of illness, but survived it four years. He is said to have been distinguished for a remarkably muscular make.'

Although we shall return to this volume, yet we think it necessary to state that it contains four interesting views, and a portrait of Humboldt.

Letters from the Irish Highlands. Post 8vo. pp. 359. London, 1824.

As the state of Ireland will necessarily occupy a considerable share of the attention of Parliament at the ensuing session, any work calculated to throw a light on the subject is entitled to notice; and that such is the case with the Letters from the Irish Highlands, we have no hesitation in asserting. It is true that they do not enter into a political discussion of the advantages of the union, nor do they touch on the great question of Catholic emancipation—topics certainly on which it would be very difficult to graft a new argument or reconcile the very discordant opinions already entertained.—The miseries of Ireland lie much deeper than many politicians seem to imagine, and, were the union to be dissolved, and Catholic emancipation granted to its fullest extent, we do not believe the country would become either rich or happy. The bane of Ireland is in the ignorance of its peasantry, and in that bigotry which is inseparable from the

Roman Catholic faith, the constant enemy of education and improvement in every country. In no part of the world is the influence of the priesthood stronger than it is in Ireland: since there we have, within the last few months, pretended miracles, performed by a monkish prince of Hohenlohe, and a native priest actually murdering a child, in the presence of its own parents and a host of persons, on pretence of expelling an evil spirit, with which he said the little innocent was possessed. Equally striking instances are related, in the volume before us, of the blind bigotry of the Irish; and that the Roman Catholic church is intolerant, we need not go to Ireland to ascertain, since its great head has recently proscribed the Bible, and, like the Grand Seignior, prohibited its circulation.

Much has been written, and more said, on the state of Ireland; and yet it is notorious that the great mass of the English and Irish population are as ignorant of the real character of each other, as if they lived in different hemispheres. The work of Mr. Croker, recently published, is one of the best that has appeared, and it has an excellent companion in the Letters from the Irish Highlands, which, though somewhat local, throw much light on the real condition of the peasantry of Ireland.

The authors, for they are more than one, and we suspect of both sexes, are stated to be the members of a family party, who took up their residence in that wilderness, Cunnamara, and who wish 'to lend some assistance, however trifling, towards removing the veil which conceals the state of Ireland.' This, to a considerable extent, the work must accomplish; it is well written, and contains a spirited, and, we doubt not, a very faithful picture of the domestic character of the Irish peasantry, viewed not in a hasty tour, or by a careless observer, but drawn from a long residence among them, and a full acquaintance with the subject, by persons who have visited them in their cottages, mixed with them, listened to all their distresses and traditions, and watched them in their avocations and amusements. The picture thus drawn is eminently calculated, not only to make us better acquainted with a country's pride, 'a bold peasantry,' but removes many erroneous opinions formed of them, by showing that, however desperate or ferocious may be the habits of some portion of the Irish, there is much hospitality and a great deal of good feeling to be met with in the country.

The principal author of these letters appears to be an English gentleman, who has estates in Ireland, and we find him very properly deprecating the odious tyranny and ruinous exactions of middle men. While in Cunnemara, our author, accompanied by a friend, set out for Letterguesh, at the foot of Benczona, where he was told there was plate. On their way, they were compelled to stop at an inn at Rosscroe, of which we have an amusing description:—

'The hotel at Rosscroe would be worth description, if it could be accurately described. A thatched building, about thirty feet long by fifteen wide, contained a kitchen and an inner room, affording a shelter for two cows, a horse, and a pig, and sundry other miscellaneous animals, besides the family, and the guests newly arrived. We were ushered into an inner room, which had two beds on the ground-floor, two more in the loft, and above that, a roosting-place for the chickens. The floor was damp and uneven, the room dark and dirty. Our repast consisted of potatoes and eggs, which I enjoyed tolerably well. Not so my fastidious companion, who was, however, better satisfied with the eggs, exclaiming in rapture with every shell that he cracked, "Thank Heaven they have coats on!"

'After our repast was finished, we began to think of our arrangements for the night. I laid me down in my cloak, with a portmanteau for my pillow, and slept sound and well, except when awakened occasionally by the moans of my friend, whose nocturnal sufferings, when recapitulated the next morning, were pretty nearly as follows:—

'"As soon as you laid down on the bed, I composed myself to sleep in my chair by the fire; but the smoke that poured out from the chimney for a while prevented my getting any rest. At last, I fell into a dose of a few minutes, but was soon startled by finding my chair sink into the floor; and as often as I sought for a more secure foundation, the same result broke in upon my slumbers. Once I was awakened by the entrance of three or four great girls, and, curious to know what was to become of them, I roused myself to watch their ascent into the cock-loft, and saw them comfortably nestled in the thatch just below the fowls. Not long after, the cocks began to crow, and the hens to cackle, and, on waking, I found the fire gone out, which tempted me into the kitchen. There I saw the floor literally strewed with arms and legs; and the ducks began to quack, and the geese to gabble, and we had to make our way through the legs and arms to the door of the house, which I opened, just as the day began to dawn. The ducks and geese hobbled out with all speed, and I followed: but being less enured to the cold, was glad to return and light a fresh fire in our room, while you lay sleeping all the while as if nothing was the matter."'

Our authors give a good account of the state of agriculture in Ireland, though not so voluminously as Arthur Young or Mr. Curwen. Of the costume of the peasantry, we are told, that—

'Such as are thriving in the world, and inclined to bestow a little care upon their personal appearance, would come before you in a costume, so picturesque in itself, and so well adapted to the variable climate of Ireland, that scarcely any alteration can be desired. Their country flannel, thickened with oatmeal, and dyed with madder, a process which takes place at home, forms so good and substantial a petticoat, of a bright red colour, set in full plaits rounds the waist, that its warmth might well defy even the rudest of our western breezes. The gown, which is open before, with short sleeves, and a lined bodice, is of the same material, but generally of a chocolate brown colour. If an under-garment of linen, an unbleached linen apron, which is not very common it must be confessed, and a coloured cotton neckerchief be added, with a large blue or gray cloak thrown across the shoulders, you have as respectable a figure as can be wished for in the foreground of our mountain scenery. If unmarried, her glossy black or auburn hair will be turned in a very becoming madonna-like style behind her ears, and fastened with a large black pin; if married, you have but little chance of seeing it neatly kept, and therefore it is as well that it should be concealed beneath a linen cap. I see that, regardless of my commendations, your eye is fixed with surprise and disgust upon her naked feet; but I pray you to reflect, that she must traverse many a bog, and cross many a mountain stream, before she can reach her lowly cabin; and shoes and stockings, if she had them, would only prove an incumbrance. Indeed, I will candidly confess, that my eye is so much accustomed to the absence of these same shoes and stockings, and I am so well convinced of the disproportion that exists between the comfort they yield and the expense they occasion, that I should be very willing to enter into a compromise, and, if the rest of the wardrobe were in good order, allow the shoes and stockings to be laid by for Sundays and holidays. The men, whose labour in the fields makes such a defence absolutely necessary, are scarcely ever seen without them; while by the children they are as seldom worn.

'If such is the appearance of one of the best of our countrywomen, you may easily conceive the change which negligence and poverty gradually produce. No linen at all is worn by the poor creature; her bright red petticoat becomes dingy and ragged; her gown hangs in strips; the neckerchief, if she have one, is so dirty that its colours are undistinguishable; and the cap bears no appearance of ever having been bleached. In vain you look for the gude gray cloak—across her shoulders is thrown a square wrapper of flannel or cotton, or perhaps an old cotton gown, borrowed for the occasion, and forming a drapery peculiar, I fancy, to this country, but neither becoming nor picturesque; or if the weather be rather cold, the dirty blanket is taken from the bed, and drawn closely round both her head and shoulders.'

There are many characteristic anecdotes scattered through this volume, strikingly illustrative of every feature in the Irish character. On one occasion, being in company with some young female peasants, one of whom was going to be married soon, our author said, 'A good husband is a great blessing.' Nothing could be more commonplace. How different the reply of a girl present: 'It is a blessing,' said she, 'if it please God to find a shelter from every man.'

Our author seems to think the Catholic priests have not such great influence as has been generally supposed; we confess, however, that no evidence is adduced to lessen the supposition in our opinion. It is evident, however, that the maintenance of the priests is a heavy and involuntary tax:—

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'The truth, then, is, that in this respect the Roman Catholic priesthood are no further dependent on the private character which they may bear, than the clergy of the established church; and though you will not fancy me illiberal enough to believe that there are not zealous and benevolent members to be found in their body, yet, within my limited circle, I have met with more of that selfish worldly-minded class, who but too often disgrace our own establishment. Nor would it, I believe, be going too far to say, that the influence of private character is as much felt by the one, in the collection of these supposed voluntary offerings, as by the other, in the legal receipt of tithes; and I have heard our poor neighbours compare the disposition of their present priest with that of his predecessor, much in the same way that they are accustomed to speak of the Protestant incumbent. "Oh! sure it wasn't that way with Father Tom at all: it isn't he that would be taking the bit out of the poor *widdee* and orphan's mouth; but Father Dennis says, that where he comes from, the *widdees* were always the best rent; and he's a good warrant sure to take it from them. Didn't I go supperless the last time I carried him a tenpenny? so because I had got the money with me, I felt quite bold like; and, 'Father Dennis,' says I, 'you'd be having some pity of the poor cratur, who has six weak childer, and no father to help them with his little earnings:' with that he just beckons me to hand him the money." As the woman concluded with the account of her reluctant compliance, her countenance assumed very much the same expression which it would have done, under similar circumstances, with a tithe proctor.

'Nor are these regular demands their only, or even their worst grievance. They consider as a heavy additional tax the necessity of providing luxuries, which they never taste themselves, in order to regale his reverence, when he performs mass, or any other ceremony, in a private house. Perhaps you are not aware, that the rites of the Roman Catholic church, in Ireland at least, are all performed at home; except, indeed, the marriage ceremony, which occasionally takes place in the priest's house. Twice a year he comes round the parish, for the purpose of confession; and, in the different villages, takes up his station in some snug cabin, where he expects to be treated with white bread, tea, sugar, and whiskey. Those who, in more prosperous times, probably esteemed the entertainment of this reverend guest as an honour, now frequently complain of it as a burden. A poor woman who, on the last of these occasions, walked four miles in search of a teapot, gave as her reason, that neither bread, butter, nor milk, would be considered acceptable, without the addition of tea and spirits. Nay, it is a fact, that a priest, on the Sunday previous to commencing his rounds, gave public notice after mass, that as tea, sugar, and flour were to be had in the neighbourhood, there would be no excuse for those who were not prepared.'

We have already alluded to Irish bigotry and superstition, and numerous are the instances of it adduced in this volume. The peasants, for instance, often keep a bottle of holy water to be used as a remedy in all cases of sickness, and which they believe is wonderfully efficacious:—

'The priest is often called in to perform a sort of exorcism on those whose disorders are supposed to arise from spiritual agency; and, with respect to such possession, our people entertain very wild and wonderful notions.—They have an idea of seeing what they call their "fetch," some aerial being or other, who appears to give them warning of their approaching death. Such an apparition, you may readily conceive, often precedes an attack of illness, of which, however, it may happily prove to have been the worst symptom. I remember hearing a story of the kind from a poor man, whose son, while working in the field, "conceited" that he beheld some indescribable being, who called to him, and, taking up a little stone, threw it at his head. The boy set off instantly, ran home without stopping, and "took sick from that hour." Whatever was the cause of the boy's complaint, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a simple dose of medicine had effected his cure.

'One of the most deplorable of these superstitious fancies is their credulity with respect to the "Gospels," as they are called, which they wear suspended round the neck as a charm against danger and disease. These are prepared by the priest, and sold by them at the price of two or three ten-pennies. It is considered sacrilege in the purchaser to part with them at any time; and it is moreover believed that the charm proves of no efficacy to any but the individual for whose particular benefit the priest has blessed it. One of them I have been shown as a rarity, which seldom, indeed, finds its way into heretical hands. I will describe, as minutely as possible, both its form and contents: it was a small cloth bag, marked on one side with the letters I. H. S., enclosing a written scrap of dirty paper, of which the following is an exact copy, orthographical errors not excepted:

'✠ In the name of God Amen: When our Saviour saw the cross whereon he was To Be Crucified his body trembled and shook the Jews asked If he had the Faver or the ague he said that he had neither the faver or the ague. Whosoever shall keep these words in mind or in righting shall never have the faver or ague. Be the heavens Blessed. Be the Believers Blessed. Be the name of our Lord god Amen

Cy. Toole.

'On the other side of the paper is written the Lord's Prayer in as curious a style of spelling; and after it a great number of initial letters, apparently all by the same hand, and probably essential to the charm. Instead of being edified, you are, I doubt not, as much grieved and disgusted with the description as I was with the actual appearance of this pious cheat. Yet, may we not hope that, by exposing such in the broad daylight of reason, we lend a helping hand towards their gradual extirpation? If the dread of ridicule has already driven them into the remotest corners of the land, is it not to be hoped that better motives may, ere long, still more effectually destroy the influence of all such false and dangerous deceit?"

The age of miracles is in full vigour in Ireland, where the weakness of the devil and the victory of the priests have been lately commemorated in a tale, as absurd as the farfamed legend of St. Dunstan. We must give it:—

'Tom Rowland was returning with his cattle from market, disconsolate, as many an honester man has been, that he could find no purchaser. "I wish the devil would give me money, for there's no body else that will." *Parlez du diable, et voilà sa queue*, is an old proverb; but his highness has better manners in these days, and appears like a *jentlewman*, handsome, and well dressed. To his question, "Do you want money?" Tom Rowland was not afraid to answer, "yes." "If you'll sell yourself to me, you shall have plenty;" he again assented. The devil gave £200, and asked Tom for a receipt, which must be signed with his own heart's blood. Tom stepped into a cabin, but, deeming a red lead pencil equally satisfactory, and not quite so dangerous as the signature required, he made use of one which chanced to be in his pocket. An Irish devil has, it seems, no share in the national acuteness, or he would not have been so easily duped. Tom Rowland went on his way, and, secure in his red lead pencil, ventured to join in the celebration of mass, to which he was invited some days afterwards in a neighbour's house. The devil, however, regarding this as an infringement on the bond, tapped at the cabin door and inquired for Tom Rowland. Tom, suspecting his "gentecl" friend, refused to obey the summons; but the devil, eager to secure what he deemed a lawful prize, sprang in among them, and knocked him down. The priest, who came to the rescue, was not search for his highness; other priests were sent for, but they could only drive the enemy to change his quarters, without being able to force him to dislodge. From Tom Rowland he escaped into a large kettle; and thence again up the chimney. The power of the priest was here baffled; they sent for one of their brethren from Westport: and a sacred wand, of which he was happily possessed, compelled the obedience of the evil spirit. He was driven from the house, and Tom remains free, with the honour of having outwitted the devil."

Intending to resume this work, we shall for the present, conclude with a patriotic anecdote:—

'During a lonely walk last summer, I met with a *tenant's* wife, who warned me of the danger which she thought I was likely to encounter from some wild cattle on my return home. This led to a conversation, in the course of which the subject of going to heaven was mentioned. She seemed to reckon confidently upon my being of the happy number who would gain admittance. I expressed the hope of finding many of her poor neighbours there. "Och, sure, it's not for the likes of us, poor dirty craturs, to be going to such a fine place!" I reminded

that our blessed Saviour's distinction rested on purity of heart, not on any outward appearance; but she still persisted, in apparent security of my salvation, and incredulity respecting her own. "May be now, if I could but get hold of your honour's gown, I might slip in *wid yees!*"'

The Buccaneer, and other Poems. By JOHN MALCOLM, late of the 42d Regiment. 12mo. pp. 202. London, 1824.

MR. MALCOLM was lately an officer in the 42d regiment; and if he used his sword as well as he uses his pen, he was well worthy of a commission in that distinguished corps: for his poems, which are on a variety of subjects, display no ordinary portion of genius. The principal poem, the Buccaneer, consists of two cantos, the hero of which is the pirate Gow; and although there are a few doubtful rhymes, yet it contains many beautiful passages, and an originality which would put to the blush (or at least ought to do) many popular poets of the present day. Preferring, however, to give one or two entire pieces, we shall make but a very brief extract, from the Buccaneer, descriptive of hope:—

'Nay, blessed the hope so soothing and so sweet,
Of which, if false, we shall not feel the cheat.
On earth what may its beauteous emblem be,—
A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea;—
A cooling fountain in a weary land;—
A green spot on a waste and burning sand;—
A rose that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom;—
A cherubim smiling o'er the cold dark tomb!'

There is not, we believe, one of our readers who will not admit the beauty and the justice of these similes, which are sufficiently numerous to illustrate the subject, and yet do not weary the reader by a superfluity of illustration. The miscellaneous pieces are of a very varied character, and embrace a great diversity of subject. Two of these we shall select; the last will at least be deemed seasonable, but we shall be disappointed if it has not other claims on the attention of our readers:—

THE AERONAUT.

'He who hath sailed upon the pathless seas,
As fleet and free as sweeps the wandering breeze,
Knows how the soul expands, as we survey
The shoreless waste—the dread unmeasured way.
But who shall speak the exulting thoughts, and high,
Of him who soars into the vaulted sky,
Who to the thunder's secret place doth sail,
Rides on the cloud, and travels on the gale,
And holds, through homeless wilds of space, his way,
Free as a spirit loosened from its clay?
Twas so from earth I bounded, 'midst the roar
Of crowds, who cheered my launching from the shore
Of this fair world; but as they waved farewell,
The last faint sounds came o'er me like a knell:
As slow they died upon the distant ear,
Dim waxed the world—the darksome cloud was near.
Still shooting upwards to a fearful height,
Far, far below I marked the eagle's flight:
But higher rising on the freshening breeze,
The clouds beneath me rolled like sombre seas.
On, on I sped upon my course sublime,
Nor for a moment thought of earth or time,
Till Night's dull curtain o'er the heavens was hung,
And through the skies the hollow tempest sung;
Then down the black profound I speeded fast
To gain the earth; but, ah! the hour was past.
Low, as I sunk, I heard the billows roll,
The roar of waters smote my shuddering soul;
All faint with terror, I began to feel
My heart grow sick—my troubled brain to reel.
Yet in that hour the sense was left me still
To hurl each weight from out my vehicle,
Which vaulted upwards from the abyss once more,
Though not so high but I could hear its roar;
Wild as the hungry howl—the cry for blood,
Which wakes each night the desert solitude.

'Careering still upon the tempest dire,
I flew through darkness, thunder-cloud, and fire;
The lightnings blazed around my lonely head,
While startled night in sullen darkness fled.
And to myself I seemed, like phantom thing,
Sweeping away upon the whirlwind's wing,
Like spirit of the gloom, whose flying form
Adds tenfold terror to the ruthless storm.
'At last upon the ocean, faint and far,
A lone light glimmered like a setting star:
Oh! how I gazed upon the distant bark,
Whose ray had made my night so doubly dark,
Which showed a place of safety on the main,
But also showed for me 'twas there in vain!
On, on I flew before the sweeping blast,
And soon the solitary light I past.
Far to the windward set the ocean-beam,
But straight before another shed its gleam;
Right on I sped, and as I neared the light,
Down to the yawning floods I urged my flight,
And slowly fell beneath the vessel's lee,
Whose round her bulwarks raved the frenzied sea;
The piercing shriek of agony I gave
Was heard above the roar of wind and wave;
A rope was cast, I seized it as it fell,
And thus was saved, the wondrous tale to tell.'

STANZAS WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

'And it hath gone into the grave of time—
The past—the mighty sepulchre of all!
That solemn sound—the midnight's mournful chime,
Was its deep dead-bell—but, within the hall
The old and young hold gladsome festival.—
What hath it left them thus to cause such joy?—
Gray hairs to some—and hearts less green to all,
And fewer steps to where their fathers lie
Low in the church-yard cell—cold—dark—and silently!

Strange time for mirth!—when round the leafless tree
The wild winds of the winter moan and sigh,
And while the twilight saddens o'er the lea,
Mute every woodland's evening melody—
Mute the wide landscape—save where, hurrying by,
Roars the dark torrent on its headlong flight,
Or, slowly sailing through the blackening sky,
Hoots unto solitude, the bird of night,
Seeking the domeless wall—the turret's hoary height.

'And yet with Nature, sooth, we need not grieve;
She does not heed the woes of human kind;
No: for the tempests howl, the waters heave
Their hoary hills unto the raging wind,
And the poor bark no resting-place can find;
And friends on shore shall weep—and weep in vain,
For, to the ruthless elements consigned,
The seaman's corpse is drifting through the main.
Ne'er to be seen by them, nor heard of e'er again!

'Now o'er the skies the orbs of light are spread,
And through yon shoreless sea they wander on;—
Where is the place of your abode, ye dead?
To what far regions have your spirits gone?
But ye are silent—silent as the stone
That gathers moss above your bed of rest,
And from the land of souls returneth none
To tell us of the place to which we haste;
But time will tell us all—and time will tell us best.

'How still—how soft—and yet how dread is all
The scene around!—the silent earth and air!
What glorious lamps are hung in Night's high hall!
Her dome—so vast, magnificent, and fair!
Oh! for an angel's wing to waft me there!
How sweet, methinks, e'en for one little day,
To leave this cold dull sphere of cloud and care,
And, 'midst the immortal bowers above, to stray
In lands of light and love—unblighted by decay!

'Surely there is a language in the sky—
A voice that speaketh of a world to come;
It swells from out thy depths, Immensity,
And tells us this is not our final home!
As the toss'd bark, amidst the ocean's foam,
Hails, through the gloom, the beacon o'er the wave;
So from life's troubled sea, o'er which we roam,
The stars, like beacon-lights, beyond the grave,
Shine through the deep, o'er which our barks we hope to save!

'Now gleams the moon on Arthur's mighty crest,
That dweller of the air—abrupt and lone:
Hushed is the city in her nightly rest;
But hark!—there comes a sweet and solemn tone,
The lingering strains, that swelled in ages gone,
The music of the wake—oh! many an ear,
Raised from the pillow gentle sleep hath flown,
Lists with delight, while blend the smile and tear,
As recollections rise of many a vanished year.

'It speaks of former scenes—of days gone by—
Of early friendships—of the loved and lost—
And wakes such music in the heart, as sigh
Of evening woos from harp-strings gently cross'd;
And thoughts and feelings crowd—a varied host,
O'er the lone bosom from their slumbers deep,
Unfelt amidst its winter's gathering frost,
Till the soft spell of music o'er it creep,
And thaw the ice away, and bid the dreamer weep!'

It will be seen that Mr. Malcolm's is a plaintive muse; and certainly an author is entitled to choose his own strain, particularly if he writes well. That our author does so, we have no hesitation in affirming; and rarely, indeed, have we seen a volume of poems containing so much merit, and yet so modestly ushered into the world, as those of Mr. Malcolm.

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Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

We have so frequently called the attention of our readers to this valuable work, that we might now content ourselves with merely saying, that it is concluded by the publication of the 24th part, which contains a portrait and autobiography of the author. The vast body of information which it contains, now first collected, renders it a very valuable work of reference. It shows more clearly, perhaps, than any preceding publication, the customs and manners of the ancients, and the progress of society, by its arts and institutions. It has been said, and not inaptly, by a living author, that the Romans conquered only to civilize; and the work of Mr. Fosbroke shows to what an extent the civilization effected by the Roman conquests has diffused itself over modern Europe; the inhabitants being in the main Romans, under a different garb and language. Once more, then, giving Mr. Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities our warmest commendation, we conclude with an extract on costume:—

'The primitive British female passed her time in basket-weaving, or in sewing together, with leathern thongs or vegetable fibres, the skins of such animals as had fallen into her husband's power, employing, for this purpose, needles made of bone, exactly similar to those used for the heads of arrows. She was clad in preference in the skins, if to be procured, of the brindled ox, pinned together with thorns, ornamented with a necklace formed of jet or other beads, and with the wild flowers entwined within her long and twisted locks. The man was attired in the skin of the brindled or spotted cow, called, in his native tongue, *bryeh*, and by the Irish *breach*. Instead of this, some of the Britons wore the *igyn*, which was the name for the skin of any wild beast, but more particularly the bear (formerly an inhabitant of Britain), while others assumed the mantell or sheep-skin cloak, according as they were herdsmen, hunters, or shepherds. In later times, the mantell, from being shorter, was worn only on horseback, and was then termed *mantell verdrionig*, the Irish mantle, or *mantell gedeworg*, the shaggy cloak.

'The clothing art in wool and flax was long known to the Irish, and the names of the materials, machinery, &c., are similar in the Irish, the Chaldee, the Hebrew, and the Arabic languages. The Phenicians, perhaps, communicated the art to the Cornish, and the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles; the other parts of Britain probably to the Gaels. Of the several kinds of cloth manufactured by the latter, one, according to Strabo, was made of a coarse harsh kind of wool, which, being woven very thick, was rendered extremely warm, and, consequently, was the fabric of which the winter cloaks were manufactured. Another kind was made of fine wool, and dyed several colours; and being spun into yarn, was woven chequerwise, which made it form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Hence the Tartan fashion. Felting wool, dying from vegetables, vestments of skins, i. e. of leather only, cloth made of hair, linen, and hemp, also occur.

'"They also knew the art of washing and bleaching linen, and Pliny tells us, that they put certain herbs, particularly the roots of wild poppies, into the water to make it more efficacious in bleaching. For the purpose of washing, they made soap of the fat of animals, and the ashes of vegetables, the modern pot-ash, the invention of which the same author attributes to the Gauls."

'"The yarn, as before observed, having been dyed in imitation of the brindled ox's skin, the cloth manufactured from it in stripes and chequers, was called the *breach*, as well, as *breeas* by the Irish, whence the *bracee* of the Roman writers. The quality of this manufacture, and the dazzling effects of a variety of colours, rendered it so much esteemed by the chieftains, that it was not long confined to one garment.

'"Before the Romans entered Britain," says Diodorus Siculus, "the habits of its chiefs consisted of a *pais*, or close coat or covering for the body, deriving the name from *pa*, inward, and *ais* the ribs; and which, under the denomination *cota* (*tunic* coat), formed part of the Irish dress. This is what Dio calls χιτων, a *tunic*, and describes it as being of divers colours (ποικιλοειδης) or chequered with divers colours in divisions. It was open before like a shirt, in order to enable the wearer to put it on, and had sleeves, which were close yet long; and, reaching to the wrist, it extended itself to the middle. Below this began the *lluadyr*, or pantaloons, which wrapped closely round the thighs and legs, terminating at the ancles. These were also plaided, and called by the Irish *brigis*, and by the Romans *bracæ*, whence the word breeches. Over the *pais* was thrown the mantle or cloak, called by the Romans *sagum*, from the Celtic word *saie*, which, according to Varra, signified a skin or hide, and the truth of his testimony is borne out by the Irish *seiche*."

'"On the feet were, either the *esgidiau*, shoes so called from *esci*, protecting from hurt, similar to the brogues of the Irish, which were made of raw cow-hide, and had the hair turned outwards, and coming up to the ancles, or the *bwtinis* or *butis*, the modern buskin."

'The head was covered with a conical cap, "long retained by the Irish under the denomination *hiorrüid*, and was the prototype of their helmets; but the Britons seem to have made an improvement on it, by lowering the top, and making a projecting poke over the forehead, to protect the eyes; and this they termed *pengwych*, which, in process of time, was deserted by the men, and worn only by the women. The men next adopted the *halyr*, *ata*, or *hat*, of which many with convex crowns appear on the British coins, and a Gaulish female with a flattened one is given by Montfaucon. This kind of dress was, however, worn only by the chieftains of the British Isles, and ladies of rank. Their dependents were still clothed in skins or leather."

'"The Belgic Briton Dr. Meyrick arrays, according to the description of a Belgic Gaul, by Diodorus Siculus, in a sugar-loaf cap (*cappan cymhuill*), a *torque*, or collar of honour, a *mie* or *sagum*, like a cloak, buckled on one shoulder, in the Greek and Roman fashion, a girdle, to which is appendant in front a sword, a *pais* or *tunic*, like a shirt, down to the middle of the thighs, with an ornamented border, pantaloons, and brogues fastened on the instep."

'The inhabitants of Cornwall and the Scilly Isles, according to Strabo, were habited in long black garments, like *tunics*, and wore mustachios hanging down upon their breasts like wings; and, when walking abroad, they held large staves in their hands, which made them resemble furies in a tragedy.

'The mounted warrior wears a jacket laced or furred, woolly pantaloons, and a brogue, and carries a club in his hand.

'On a stone found at Ludgate, London in 1689, and now preserved among the Arundelian Marbles, is the figure of a Romanized Briton. He has a sleeved *tunic* down to the knees, and over it a plaid; the feet and head are bare: in one hand he holds the *cleddyr-deuddiau*, or two-handed sword.

'The Gaulish, and of course British male of rank, wore a golden (yellow or embroidered) vest (*aurea vestis*, Virg.), striped cloaks (*virgatis lucent straguliis*, Virg.), and *torques* (*collo auro innectuntur*, Virg.).

'The Roman-British females, on coins of Britannia, appear in sleeved *tunics*, one or more drawn in below the breasts, with or without a mantle or cloak thrown over the shoulders. In short, they resemble modern women, either in what is called a round gown, or bed-gown and petticoat, though the latter, as distinct from a body and sleeves, is not considered to be ancient. This costume of the bed-gown and *tunic* also appears on the reverse of a coin of Carausius, a bas-relief in Horsley, and is still worn by the Welsh peasantry. The petticoat part of the *tunic* of Boadicea was striped. Sometimes it reached only to the knee.

'The *filibeg* Dr. Meyrick will not admit to be of Celtic origin, but of Roman introduction. However, as the Irish, who had no connection with the Romans, did wear, according to Froissart, wear breeches in the fourteenth century, I doubt the opinion. Among the Gaulish monuments given by Montfaucon, Auberi, &c., we find both men and women distinguished by mystical leaders, as *vandykes*, &c. Dr. Meyrick has given the figure of a Druid, splendidly attired with a golden *torc*, and the *gothlum* or *rain or pectoral*, of a crescent form, &c.; but as it is not an original monument, I prefer the bas-reliefs given in the head-piece to chapter xv., p. 662. In short, the costumes of all the ancient nations lie in a small compass,—in *tunics*, with *togas*, or similar external coverings, preserved in Highland plaids, or cloaks, or mantles, *filibegs*, breeches, pantaloons, or trousers (the latter belonging to barbarians), and stockings. One peculiarity, it is asserted, appertained to this island: the British ecclesiastics are said to have invented a new tonsure, formed by merely shaving the hair down to a level with the ears, and letting the rest of the hair grow."

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A Voice from India, in Answer to the Reformers of England. By JOHN B. SEELY. 8vo. pp. 239. London, 1824.

THAT a free press is one of the most essential branches of public liberty cannot be denied; that it is to this, in a great measure, that England is indebted for her greatness and happiness, and that to the want of a free press many of the evils of misgovernment on the Continent are to be attributed, we are well convinced; but still cannot concede, that, in the present situation and circumstances of our oriental possessions, a free press would be calculated to extend or maintain our power, if permitted, in India. Many of our theoretical politicians are of a different opinion, and the question has been argued with great ability in Parliament, at the India House, and by the press. Not a single argument, pro and con. seems to have been omitted, and yet there is no probability of the question being set at rest. Among the most strenuous, and we may say the most able, advocates for a free press in India, is Mr. Buckingham, the traveller, who commenced a newspaper at Calcutta, which was put down by the authorities, to his great loss and personal inconvenience. Capt. Seely, who is favourably known to the public by his Wonders of Elora, in which he incidentally touched the subject of a free press, is decidedly opposed to it, as uncalled-for by the mixed population of India, unsuited to their manners and education, and dangerous to the *British* power. The captain argues the subject very calmly and dispassionately, and with what earnestness, let the concluding paragraph in the following extract bear witness:—

'Many charges have been brought against the Indian and home administration, under various heads, as tyranny, oppressions, misrule, malversation, extortion, &c. &c. practised in the maritime and distant provinces of British India. I challenge a single or solitary instance to be produced, where degradation and punishment have not followed the delinquent, and every possible reparation been afforded to the country, community, or persons who may have suffered. What I require to be shown is, an unpunished act of any of the local officers, or a wanton act of injustice or illiberality inflicted by the government itself on any of its subjects, be they black or white. I deny that one instance can be produced. I do not wish any long-winded wire-drawn stories, or political disquisitions finer than a "spider's web:" I want the plain matter of fact, with *time, place, and person*, so that it may be enclosed in a nut-shell. It always puts me in a fever when I see a terribly long letter or argument, when a dozen words would answer every possible purpose. It must be dull, it is often unintelligible, and generally defeats itself.

'We will now resume the topic about disappointed persons publishing anonymous attacks on the chief civil and military officers of the provinces: the effects of these calumnies and over-charged statements had a most mischievous tendency on the minds of the natives, who read them with avidity, and implicitly believed them; it was with those persons that the baneful influence was fully felt. The revenue, judicial and military officers felt themselves hampered and annoyed by the very persons to whom they looked for assistance and respect; and, living under certain laws and restrictions, the native, in being thus deceived, and having his mind excited into a belief of the mismanagement and ill state of the province, if these improper writings and reports did not at once produce anarchy and confusion, they certainly nourished discontent and ill blood.

'This must be quite evident to persons who will take the trouble to think, and have the goodness to recollect that the population is restless, very numerous, and very ambitious, and that they are kept in check only by the native Siphauee: men of the same colour, born in the same village, and professing the same religion and customs; and further, let it not be forgotten, that in the province where probably the population is forty thousand, there are not twenty European officers to regulate public feeling, and to awe popular commotion or quell revolt.

'Is it not clear, that in such a state of things freedom of discussion cannot possibly exist? Every attack on the public authorities must be productive of evil; and as it spreads and increases, it must produce revolution and ruin. I declare solemnly I speak in the sincerity of my heart; and am almost convinced that the sensible and impartial part of the British people and British press will allow the justness of my observations, and accord in my view of this great and important question. Important it is, for on it hinges, not merely the tranquillity of India, but also whether it is to remain in our possession or not. In fine, so convinced am I of the correctness of my ideas on the subject, that I would cheerfully, on my bended knees at the altar, take the sacrament, and subscribe to the most solemn oath that could be devised, that "I believe a 'free press in India' would be the cause of civil war, revolution, and our final expulsion from the continent of Asia."'

Our opinion as to a free press in India is known to our readers, and such of them as wish to see a fair discussion of the subject, we refer to Capt. Seely's work. The author, from his long residence and close observation, is evidently well acquainted with the Indian character, and, we think, very clearly establishes the point at which he aims, namely, that a free press and our authority in Hindostan are incompatible:—'True, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.'

English Life; or Manners at Home. In Four Pictures. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 565. London, 1824.

THOUGH living in the world, it is not every one that is attentive to the scenes passing around him. Were any person to do so, and work them up into a narrative, they would frequently be as extraordinary, and as interesting, as any romance that fiction could possibly invent. How often would our police-offices supply comic scenes, and what tales of woe and distress might not be collected in some of the wretched tenements even in the very heart of the metropolis. What horror could a Radcliffe or a Monk Lewis possibly conceive greater than the murder of Weare was calculated to excite; and yet these, unhappily the too common occurrences of life, are borne down the stream of time, leaving less trace on our memories than the imaginary events of a novel we have read.

English Life, or Manners at Home, consists of four domestic tales, extremely well told and interesting; they are, though no doubt fictitious, a mirror of real life, which they reflect with sterling fidelity; the characters and incidents, though not very striking, are sufficiently interesting to lead the reader patiently through each tale, and he will reach the end without regret: they are also of a very strong moral character, and some of the reflections are as just as the sketches of character are felicitous. We shall not attempt to analyse any one tale, but shall select a sketch which is complete in itself—a vision of the greatness and glories of ancient Rome, entitled

'*A Day Dream*.—It was one of those glorious nights which make us suffer the departure of the loveliest day without regret. A deep and bright blue sky, in the zenith of which the moon was riding, formed an arch over the Italian world;—I sat on the steps of the Capitol, looking down from the Tarpeian, and surveying with a restless eye relics of the proudest days of the empress of the world,—all rising successively as living pictures to the view,—as one by one my eye rested on them in its progress, and traced their softened outline as they were bathed in the moonlight, like the beauties of fairest forms viewed through the transparent wave.

'In such a scene, to indulge in dreamy reminiscences of all that is great and glorious is natural to the mind.—To evoke spirit after spirit that formerly animated the forms of the Scipios, the Gracchi, and the Bruti, is the employment of the imagination, which will not be contented with less noble companionship. Delightful as it is to revel amidst the floating visions of memory, the heart desires more minute acquaintanceship with the brilliant forms of past things. Such was the wish I was indulging, when a beam of the palest light enveloped me, communicating a sensation of coldness, such as the moon's rays impart. The light passed from around me, and seemed to gather itself to the form and lineament of manhood. I shuddered as it became thus gradually embodied, but my fascinated eyes had not the power of withdrawing themselves. I viewed the progress of the wonderful work with breathless attention, until a being even like myself in form and gesture glittered before me in a paleness of which earth has no prototype, and which the boldest pen may not attempt to describe. What delicate lines of feature and formation! What terrible absence of all expression! What an illustration of calmness without composure! What complete breathlessness!—how motionless!—how passionless! What deep

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and bright blackness of eye, fearfully contrasted with the most brilliant white! What a colourless robe enveloped him! If any man has ever been in a similar situation, he and he only can comprehend the rush of feelings which chained me to my seat, and at once excited the desire of departing, and deprived me of the power.

'He never gazed on me; his eyes were always on the scene before him. I felt as if I were invisible to him. This conviction was speedily dissipated, for, in a voice like the breathing sounds of the Æolian flute, he thus addressed me:—

'"On earth I was a Roman of the equestrian order, and I lived during the reign of Augustus, and the epoch of the arts."

'Enthusiasm restored the functions of speech—"Oh that he would call up before me the visions of days that are no more known on earth," said I; "Oh that I might enjoy the knowledge of those minute traits of character and manner, which only he who has dwelt amongst them can impart!"

'The gracious shade turned towards me:—to endure a glance which was at once piercing and yet so fixed as to give an idea of its having no power of vision, was an effort beyond humanity. My eyelids lowered, and I trembled. He resumed his former position, and said:—

'"Of all the faculties which we possessed on earth, there is none which we retain in greater perfection than that of memory. It increases the torment of the bad, and heightens the bliss of the good;—it deepens the shadow of Erebus, and it brightens the golden atmosphere of Elysium. Thus you perceive the perceptions of spirit, when released from its prison-house of flesh, change their degree only, not their principle. Memory operates upon us as upon you, but more intensely. To convey to you the impression made on me by surrounding objects would be impracticable. You are still under the influence of that beautiful illusion with which the corporal organs invest every thing that affects them. The eye bestows all the graces of form—of colour—of passion—which it admires: the disembodied spirit sees things by a different medium; the brilliancy of deception is passed away, and the sternness of intellectual perception pervades all actual objects that reflect their shadows upon such an essence. Our ideas of things not being received by a sensible medium, originate in the shadows which they throw upon the essence that constitutes our being. But we still retain the memory of the glories that once brightened upon us, and there occur to us scenes so accurately represented, that the pleasure we derive from recollected ideas is probably, in the aggregate, stronger than any which the actual transition of the events bestowed upon us.

'"Yes," he continued, his fixed eye casting its cold and frozen beams on the Amphitheatre, "scenes such as filled you walls have been frequented by me in imperial Rome with many pleasureable feelings, in days of its glory, which shall return no more to me, or to those who sparkled amongst its spectators. There was a galaxy of stars glittering within its hemisphere, the wake of whose glory has extended to your age, and shall extend until your planet is totally eclipsed. Augustus, Mecænas, Horace, Virgil, can time obliterate such names? Such thoughts of far-gone splendour must animate all that have not attained the composed calmness of a shade. It is feelings such as these that we recall with most dear delight, and which cling to us far beyond any other traces of mortality.

'"In the Podium sat Augustus in the elevated pavilion of the Suggestum. I had great curiosity in examining very minutely those glorious eyes which he affected to derive from Apollo; that attractive countenance which, as similarly happened to Hannibal, saved his life from the hands of a Gallic chief in his passage over the Alps. There was a quick and penetrating expression of countenance, which was somewhat at variance with his general equanimity of character. In the lively and acute looks which he sometimes threw around him, who could recognise the cool and calculating politician that had obtained absolute power, rather by the sagacity of his counsels than the heroism of his arms. His auburn hair curled naturally, and gave a youthful beauty to his head and a grace to his expression, which was by no means inadequately sustained by his aquiline nose. I was a Roman and descended from the foremost of the republican commonwealth; but I recall, even in the shades, my admiration of the appearance of the master of Rome. My eyes, however, were incessantly raised to meet his;—I was too conscious of my birthright claims to flatter imperial vanity by affecting to be dazzled by the lightning of a glance merely human.

'"At the particular occasion of the spectacle to which I immediately refer, there were present Livia, the wife of Augustus, and Julia, his daughter, in the highest seats of the Amphitheatre. Livia was an especial object of my attention on account of the extraordinary empire which she had acquired over her husband. His tenderness and his confidence in her were incessant. I remember how her answer to the question, 'by what means she preserved her ascendancy?' floated through the circles of Rome. She said, 'by unsuspected virtue and unlimited submission; by never interfering with state intrigues, and by never seeing his gallantries with other women!' What a pattern for wives!

'"What a contrast was visible on this occasion between the wife and the daughter of the first man in the universe! The former was surrounded by mature and dignified personages; the latter was in the midst of a group of gay and youthful voluptuaries, whose dispositions accorded too well with her own. Now the glances of the emperor travelled from one to the other. Unable at length to control his sentiments, he sent a billet to his daughter, desiring her to remark how infinitely she lost by comparison with her mother-in-law. Julia returned the note, having written underneath, 'my companions will be mature, when I shall have attained maturity!' The emperor recovered from his anger only by entering into discourse with his adopted son, Agrippa—the man who, in the midst of the splendour of this adoption, was weak enough to be ashamed of his ignoble birth, and, contrary to custom, omitted his family name of Vipsanius, rendering himself liable to every sarcasm of malice. I was present when his adversary in the justiciary court called him, 'Marcus Agrippa," with a name in the middle.

'"I was speaking of Julia. Such was the supposed Corinna of Ovid, the poet of love. He sat in the covered seats appropriated to the equestrians, first behind the Podium; but the furtive glances of his eye were ever and anon directed towards the seat of the daughter of the emperor, with all the youthful fire of love."—"Then," said I, eagerly interrupting my ghostly companion, in the hope of solving one of the most obscure questions of antiquity, "it was really the passion of Ovid for Julia that occasioned his exile?"

'"We are forbidden," replied he, "to answer any questions which lead to the satisfaction of a vain curiosity, or to depreciate the value of the spirit of inquiry amongst mankind. Whilst there are men of various habits and inclinations, there will be difference of opinion. Suppose the possibility of perfect unanimity of sentiment, and records which are at present most interesting would sink into oblivion. The spirit of man delights in searching for light in the midst of darkness.

'"There are many shades in Elysium who, on earth, advocated the gladiatorial shows; such spectacles, however, are now recollected by them with horror and disgust. It was asserted, that such sports tended to animate the courage of the people; but it is certain that, at the period when those exhibitions were most frequent in Rome, the Romans were not a free people. *Policy* had a right to praise them, and was judicious in using them. It was well observed to Augustus, who complained that the people were entirely occupied by these matters: 'So much the better; it is not desirable that they should have leisure to think of us.'

'"Yes, there is the Arena, the frightful scene of so many combats, that have fixed the stigma of barbarity on my countrymen. The sand strewn on its surface was dyed with the blood of the victims to brutal dispositions. Amongst the barbarians exhibited on the occasion which I am at present laying before you, there was one who offered much food for observation to a poet. He was a Briton. His yellow hair—his florid complexion—his formation—were sufficiently indicative of his origin. He had fought bravely, but he had been overpowered, and—he was here! Attention was fixed upon him Had he been a Roman, he would have been called a hero; he was a Briton, and he was deemed a fierce barbarian. He had been sent to Capua to be disciplined for the bloody exhibition; such were the manners of the time, such the practices which provoked an old commander to exclaim, 'Oh, shame to Rome! wrestlers, hunters,

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gladiators, all are disciplined; our soldiers only are not disciplined.'

'"I saw that Briton, on his first appearance in the Arena, when they paraded the gladiators round its circuit. His proud eye filled with a thousand memories of the past, that seemed, by adding to its fire, to indicate how dearly he would sell his life; yet there was an occasional softening, not of timidity, but of regret: perhaps he had a wife in his own remote island—perhaps he had children—and there was a vision of them floating before him at some moments. It was impossible to misunderstand the expression; there were surely in his soul thoughts of days gone by. Savages are capable of the soft lovingness of the most civilized: perhaps they have stronger passions, certainly they have more unchecked passions. Savages love their wives, their offspring, their home altars. For these they fight; and for that combat—that sacred combat—Oh, Rome! how were they slaughtered in the midst of thy haughty hills!

'"The Briton escaped the horrors of the early part of the day. He avoided the fury of the lion let loose upon him, and he re-appeared a few hours after to renew his combat with different antagonists—his fellow men. He entered with alacrity—the debasing scourge by which others were reluctantly driven to the horrible conflict, was not required by him. He was opposed to a man in complete armour, whilst his own arms were only a trident and a net. Oh, what a weary length of conflicting manhood was that! At its termination, it was just possible he might survive his loss of blood, when his triumphant adversary stood over him. The gallant spirit was extinguished—he lay there prostrate and subdued. His heart was with his household gods—he longed after them in his extremity—he longed for the kind look of affection that should smooth the passage of the fleeting soul; but it was not there. He looked round once upon those who were to decide his fate; for one moment, only one, he looked pleadingly. It was not hard *to die*, but it was hard to die thus ignominiously in a foreign land. The fatal signal was given by the inhuman audience; he knew there was no hope for him. His nostrils distended—his eye-brows knit—his lips were compressed. One bright flash of disdain smote the barbarous beings around him, and in the next his heart broke. The struggle was over, and the murdered slept in peace!"

'The moon at that instant set beautifully. A thick darkness came over me, when it dispersed; the stars were bright in the heavens, but the spirit was gone.'

The Good Nurse; or, Hints on the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber, and the Nursery. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1824.

THE 'Good Nurse,' like a portion of our liturgy, 'is intended for the especial benefit of "all women labouring with child, all sick persons, and young children.' That we do not belong to either the first or last class will be readily allowed, and, thank God, the other does not apply to us: therefore, as we are not parties concerned, we might in this, as in other cases, be expected to speak quite impartially; but, although we bring forth every week, and have fostered many a child of the muses, yet what can we be expected to know of a 'lying-in chamber,' or a nursery,—why truly, nothing. In order, however, that we might be able to give a correct account of a volume of so interesting a nature, we have resorted to the opinion of one well versed in the subject. Molière read his plays to his housekeeper, before he gave them to the public, and by her grins and frowns he was enabled to form a pretty accurate opinion, if not of their merits, at least of their probable success. We, in humble imitation of so great an authority, have submitted the Good Nurse to a very worthy matron, on whose judgment we can confidently rely, and she says it contains so much commonsense information on the subject of the sick chamber and the nursery, that no one at all acquainted with the subject can for a moment doubt its correctness.

We think we hear some of our female readers say, 'La, why nothing is so easy as nursing,' and refer us to the print in Bowles's window in St. Paul's Church Yard, where a Welsh curate nurses one child, rocks another in the cradle, hears a third his lesson, studies his own sermon, and pares turnips at the same time. We would however submit that there are many every-day offices not done well, and that of attention to the sick and the faint is one. The duties, however, are very clearly pointed out in the volume before us, where the moral obligations of the parent are strongly inculcated. The author is evidently a lady of the most amiable character and tender feelings, and she dwells with due earnestness on the importance and the pleasures of mothers watching over their infant offspring themselves, instead of trusting them to servants. In short, this little unassuming volume cannot be too extensively read by persons who have a sick or young family, or who are in expectation of either. We give no extract, as the work is published at a price which places it within the reach of all readers.

The Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures asserted, and the Principles of their Composition investigated, with a View to the Refutation of all Objections to their Divinity. By the Rev. S. NOBLE. 8vo. pp. 711. London, 1824.

WE perfectly agree with Mr. Noble, that while fresh attacks upon the foundations of the Christian religion are continually made, it is necessary that fresh works should be composed in its defence, even although they add no more that is new to the vindication of revelation, than the renewed ranks of its assailants produce against it. We confess, however, we have some doubts whether the best way to defend Christianity is to write an octavo volume of seven hundred pages in its behalf; since, if many persons are not convinced more easily, they are not likely to be convinced at all: an author, like a counsel, is, no doubt, entitled to select his own mode of establishing his case, though the former has certainly the stronger inducement to act cautiously, since, if he fails, he gets no fee, while the lawyer is paid beforehand.

It has always appeared to us, that the defenders of Christianity have taken for granted more than was necessary, and have assumed as preliminaries or bases for their arguments, what its opponents would not admit. Mr. Noble appears to be of the same opinion, and justly observes, that the ablest works of the most popular of the Christian advocates, 'are more adapted to silence, than satisfy even an ingenuous inquirer.' Christian advocates are also too fond of relying on miracles, as evidences of the truth of revelation, which, Mr. Noble hesitates not to affirm, can clearly be established without them. Indeed, he considers them as performed, 'at the commencement of Christianity, on account of its original connection with Judaism, because the Jewish dispensation was not finally terminated till the destruction of Jerusalem, which put a total end to the types and shadows of the ceremonial law; and because, in general, they were suited to the state of the human mind at that time.' He also considers that miracles ceased soon afterwards, because they were not suited to the nature of the Christian dispensation, nor to the state of the human mind, which was introduced with or produced by that dispensation.

Mr. Noble has essayed to vindicate Christianity, if not on more rational, at least on less objectionable grounds, and we think he has eminently succeeded. His work has arisen out of a series of six lectures, which he delivered, and they are now of course much enlarged: his style is simple, but forcible and argumentative; and if Christianity has had more able, it has, perhaps, rarely had a more rational advocate, or one more likely to convince the sceptic.

MADAME CAMPAN'S JOURNAL.

WE have no room this week for a review of the Journal of this lady, who was the companion and 'instructress of a nest of kings and queens,' as she truly observed; but we are sure that the following anecdotes, extracted from the work, will be read with interest:—

The Fall of Paris.—'Madame Campan related to me the following particulars:—"A few days after the battle of Paris, the Emperor Alexander came to visit Ecouen, and he did me the honour to breakfast with me. After showing him over the establishment, I conducted him to the park, the most elevated point of which overlooked the plain of Saint Denis. "Sire," said I, "from this point I saw the battle of Paris." "If," replied the Emperor, that battle had lasted two hours longer, we should not have had a single cartridge at our disposal. We feared that we had been betrayed; for, on arriving so precipitately before Paris, all our plans were laid, and we did not expect the firm resistance we experienced."'

A Conspiracy.—'During the consulate, Napoleon, one day after dinner, stood leaning against the drawing-room chimney-piece, in

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a very meditative attitude. A lady, one of his relatives, observing him, said: "You look like a conspirator." "True," he replied, "I am now conspiring against the monarchs of Europe."

Priestly Imposture.—"The Abbe B*** one day told Madame Campan, that, during his residence in Italy, he frequently saw in the public streets monks of various orders, mounted on chairs or planks of wood, preaching, or holding conferences. When these conferences took place in the churches, a Christ, as large as a child, whose head was made to move by means of a spring, was supported by one of the chorister boys, concealed within the pulpit. During these conferences, the priests addressed the Christ, and inquired whether he would permit or forgive such or such things; and by help of the spring, which was moved by the boy, the Christ bowed in token of assent, or shook his head by way of disapproval, just as the priest thought proper to determine.'

Rich and Poor.—' In a conversation which Madame Campan had with Napoleon, he said: "It is not the poor, but the rich, who require to be looked after in a state. It is the higher ranks who demand attention. If they were not reined in, they would pull down the sovereign in no time. I hold them with a firm hand, and keep them at a due distance, for they are full of ambition. They are pleasant companions, but they have keen appetites. The poor must be protected, or they would be disgoured. They have every advantage in society; their rank and wealth protect them but too well. The power of the throne is in the lower ranks, and all the dangers that threaten it proceed from the great.

Bane of Courtiers.—' "If that great man," said Madame Campan, alluding to Napoleon, "had not been surrounded by base parasites, he might have been prevented from committing many faults. Courtiers are every where so afraid of losing their places, that they adhere to any thing that may please or flatter the sovereign. To this cause must be attributed all the political faults that are committed."'

Madame de Staël.—' "The talent of Madame de Staël," said Madame Campan, "gave her a masculine character. Napoleon feared her at home; but she did a great deal more mischief abroad. Under his own wing, he might have kept her in check; but, when vexed and irritated, she avenged herself with a bitterness that might be expected from a woman of superior talent, wounded to the quick. A woman who can write manifestos is worthy of consideration; indeed, policy renders it a duty to respect her."'

Court Influence.—' "At court," observed Madame Campan, "wit has more influence than reason. Do you know why?—Because wit is fed by pride, and reason by philosophy; and, as there is always more of pride than philosophy in courts, reason must relinquish the supremacy. This is the cause of all the follies that are committed in courts."'

Character of Napoleon.—' "Napoleon's genius," said Madame Campan, "elevated him; but his temper proved his ruin. A restless, ambitious, reserved, and hasty temper, united with imperial power, was naturally calculated to give offence to those who approached him. Human vanity is a delicate string, which should be touched with the greatest caution. Napoleon conceived that his vast power exempted him from the forms which engage the love of subjects, and call forth sentiments of attachment. He seemed to think that he was sufficient to himself; and the many imperfections which he observed in mankind rendered him somewhat misanthropic. This disposition caused him to feel the ingratitude of many persons, because he mortified their vanity; and the vanity of the great, when it is once wounded, never forgives. He knew how to govern his subjects, and Europe, but he could never govern himself; so true it is, that all great men have a weak point. He was brave, generous, and magnanimous, and prized glory beyond all things; but, unfortunately, he could never conquer his passions. His luminous understanding had no influence on his temper. His genius gained him admirers; but his neglect of forms made him enemies."'

'At the time when Napoleon was commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, his sisters and younger brother, together with the children of Josephine, were at school at St. Germain. During the summer, they occasionally paid a visit to Paris, accompanied by Madame Voisin. One evening, to finish their holiday, they proposed going to the theatre, and, being short of money, they were obliged to mount into the gallery.'

Ministers.—' Ministers, when offended," said Madame Campan, "are like pretty women; they do not easily forgive. Their selflove is very susceptible. Their places are given to them only that they may discharge their functions reasonably and discreetly; but, unfortunately, they cannot shake off vulgar weaknesses."'

Public Opinion.—' Napoleon observed, that if he could fairly fight public opinion, he should not fear it. But as it could not be beat down by his artillery, he found himself obliged to conciliate it by justice and equity, two powers by which it is always to be won. To pursue any other course, is to endanger wealth and distinction. It is impossible to imprison public opinion; restraint serves only to irritate it.

Nunneries.—' Madame Campan had heard from Napoleon, that when he founded the convent of the Sisters of la Charité, he was urgently solicited to permit perpetual vows. He, however, refused to do so, on the ground that tastes may change, and that he did not see the necessity of excluding from the world women who might some time or other return to it, and become useful members of society. "Nunneries," he added, "assail the very roots of population. It is impossible to calculate the loss which a nation sustains in having ten thousand women shut up in cloisters. War does but little mischief; for the number of males is at least one twenty-fifth greater than that of females. Women may, if they please, be allowed to make perpetual vows at fifty years of age; for then their task is fulfilled."'

ORIGINAL.

MISS FOOTE AND HER PROFESSED LOVERS.

The diversities of human life move before us like the shifting scenes of a theatre; and tragedy, comedy, and melo-drama, by turns engage our attention as spectators: happy are those who find themselves only such, for all *actors* in the drama which thus engages public attention may be generally pronounced objects of our pity. Lord Byron, Mr. Fauntleroy, Miss Foote, and her lovers, have been of late the persons most conspicuous in our public annals; and it is certain that every one of them would have declined this notoriety thankfully, had it been in their power, whatever might be the pride, vanity, or inherent love of fame, originally found in their characters.

From every observation we could ourselves form, and from various communications received from those who are personally acquainted with the unhappy subject of the last discussion (Miss Foote), she is singularly calculated by nature, as well as circumstances, to feel acutely the pain of being rendered, in a new and unexplored way, the object of public attention. Remarkable as she is for personal beauty and elegance,—always exhibiting such talents as to insure, in every character she performs, high respect, and frequently the full flow of public admiration, she yet retains a depreciating diffidence of manners—an unpressuring solicitude to please, which proves how strong the original bias of her nature must have been to all the most gentle and retiring virtues we admire in her sex. Deep-seated and soul-felt must that modesty indeed be, which retains its purity amid the triumphs of public applause and the incense of private admiration, and, when all girlish fears have subsided, and conscious power is attained, can be yet humble in the very moment when it imparts delight, and meek when it exhibits the right to be proud.

If the sad consciousness of that peculiar situation in which she had unhappily placed herself, aided the soft timidity and guarded decorousness which distinguished Miss Foote's manners, and which we can hardly doubt to have been the case, to what a constant trial must her professional avocations have subjected a young creature of so much sensibility, for so many years! and how gladly must she have turned towards a prospect which promised a reprieve from that which had become a constantly-recurring torture! The charm of applause has long since necessarily ceased to animate a heart more calculated for tranquil than noisy enjoyments; and very dear must the prospect have been to *her*, which opened the promise of honourable ease in wedded life, as opposed to an equivocal situation, in which hope and fear alternately shook her with fever and ague,—in which the good, whom she loved, might pity, but dared not esteem her, and the bad, whom she despised, presumed to approach her. How tender and grateful must the attachment of such a woman be for that man who never approached her but with the generous delicacy which overlooked

even her actions, in deference to her intentions, her manners, her virtues,—confided in her for his future happiness, and provided for her as his equal partner! How many many times must the tear of gratitude have sprung to her eye, and the resolution of blessing him beyond even his hopes have throbbed at her bosom! With what anxiety must she not have looked forward to the herself worthy of being beloved and trusted! the race of life anew, and enable her to prove time which should give her the power to begin

This character of feeling on the subject is, we think, very evident from her letters, in which simplicity, good sense, and real affection, are alike predominant. We see no parade of profession, for she felt that time to come could alone atone for time *past*, as to conduct; and, young as she is, her heart had been so cruelly deceived, where it had firmly trusted, that its ardours were necessarily abated; and the tenderness of a thankful and loving heart, combined with the consideration of an experienced and reflecting mind, were wisely and happily substituted for the ebullitions of passion and the romance of blighted expectations: every thing bespoke maturity of judgment, yet not coldness of feeling,—the regrets which belong to widowhood, but not the selfishness which belongs to ambition or avarice: she was still a being capable of all the devotion of a wife and the duties of a gentlewoman.

Nothing can be further from our desire or our principles, than to hold out the idea that Miss Foote's previous connection with Colonel Berkeley did not militate against her marriage with Mr. Hayne; for we are decidedly of opinion that it did, and should exceedingly regret seeing our son or brother form a similar engagement. If, however, a friend of our's *had*, after many months' consideration, so formed it, be being a man of independent fortune, and without parents, we should consider him bound to fulfil it, both in honour and wisdom, since we are persuaded that, having conquered the first mortifying sense of its impropriety, he might look forward to much happiness with an attached and meritorious woman, so singularly redeemed to society by his generosity. The value of purity in woman, as a social virtue, is so great, that it can never be too much insisted upon, nor the boundaries between right and wrong too clearly defined; but we are all well aware that there are ameliorating lights, or darkening shades, in every picture of human error, which, although not touched by the laws and regulations of society, must necessarily influence the opinions of those who contemplate them.

If murder often, on examination, prove to be no more than homicide, so does the guilty connection which forms the only error attributed to Miss Foote, lose its criminal character as an act of loose indulgence or bold defiance (which are the hateful specifics of feminine turpitude in general), when closely looked into. To call her the victim of seduction, or lament over her youth and inexperience as the cause of her fall, would be gross affectation. Beautiful as she is, and sought as she must have been, from those most trying years of a young actress's life, from sixteen to twenty-one, yet her fair fame remained untainted, and the modesty of her manners were the counterpart to purity of conduct. We consider her as falling into this evil, not from seduction, but deception; not from the infatuation of an unguarded moment, but the generous tenderness of a believing confiding heart; willing to endure the pains and penalties of a life of concubinage for a certain period, which she trusted would be generally concealed for the present, and finally obliterated by marriage. And surely there never did exist a woman similarly situated, who had more reason to expect such a termination to her ill-starred connection than Miss Foote. Not one man this day exists in the circles of fashion, so called upon by all the circumstances of his own history and his own feelings (if he has any) to fulfil such an engagement as Colonel Berkeley. His own pitiable situation, as an illegitimate son, might be supposed effective, in touching his heart with more than common tenderness for his own offspring, and his father's example in marrying his mother, who really made him a very good wife, give him encouragement in venturing on a lady whose traits of character were much more promising. With *him*, the pride of birth could have no influence; but the feelings connected with its respectability would have much in the heart of one who had experienced so much mortification from their deficiency in his own case. Every circumstance, therefore, connected with a person so situated, gave promise, as well as the word of honour, which, however precarious a tenure it may really be, every devoted heart believes; and, of course, every one must consider her as the affianced wife, whom nothing less than a long series of injurious neglect and paltry evasion could alienate from a woman whose only fault he had caused, and whose love he had never merited.

In fact, the total want of heart in all this man's letters is even appalling: at the very period when woman, as a sufferer for man's sake, most calls for the support of his tenderness and consideration, we see not one word indicative of the common cares of humanity, much less the sensibility awakened by a new tie. That he felt some regret at parting from such a woman we doubt not, but it was evidently not from love, for that he no longer felt, but the pride of conquest, the desire to retain a convenient slave to his pleasures. The malignity with which she was afterwards persecuted, the cruelty of first promising aid and afterwards exposing her errors in their most unmitigated form, are, we trust, singular instances of wickedness, even in the annals of those men who mingle the most hateful ingredients in the cup of passion.

In the second suitor we find a young man so 'infirm of purpose,' that he would move our pity, *if* it were not all engaged for one who, in giving him credit for virtues and love (which are the growth only of a stronger mental soil), opened her heart a second time to the shaft of disappointment and the pang of unrequited affection. In both cases, we are compelled to see, that, with all her weaknesses and faults, whether of conduct or calculation, the female rises far above her fellow-actors in every generous quality and moral feeling,—that her more they have sought to detract from her integrity, simplicity, and ingenuousness, the more they have enabled her to prove rectitude of intention and propriety of conduct, and obtained for themselves the degradation so justly due to the cold-blooded unkindness of one, the vacillating deceptiousness of the other, and the unmanly meanness of both.

In concluding these remarks, we again insist that we shall not be mistaken for the advocates, or even the apologists, for female frailty, beyond the due consideration it claims with every other class of weak and faulty human beings. It is true, we always do look with deep commiseration on those unhappy women who have had faith in man to their own ruin, even in cases where no particular guilt is attached to the seducer, beyond that of refusing reparation, since, probably, in nine cases out of ten, it is the only inexcusable part of the transaction. We also sincerely believe that the world would be no worse, if it transferred the scorn so generally manifested against single women who have transgressed with one man, to those married women, to be found, who lay snares for many; and, although we can by no means for a moment allow the sweeping censures of Lord Byron to be true, respecting our country-women, we are yet aware there are, in every grade of society, some 'galled jades,' who should be taught to 'wince.' Against the cunning *intriguante* whose life is spent in deceiving a confiding husband, or the daring wanton who triumphs over a weak one, let those anathemas be fulminated which this class of truly worthless characters so generally escapes; nor less ought they to be levelled against all those, whether married or single, who seek to seduce married men from their wives. These are the women who poison the fountain of human happiness and the principles of social virtue, who sow tares in the wheat of domestic comfort, and those sweet home-bred charities of life which belong to our fire-side pleasures—our heart-felt enjoyments. Let any sensible man contemplate for a moment the difference between a sorrowing girl, shut up in her chamber, writing, day after day, to that far distant *protector*, who at once denies her his company, prohibits her from all other, and has so placed her that she is deserted by every one, and that of the practised adultress, who goes forth to allure youth and experience, or to partake the sins of one like herself, hardened in iniquity, the cruel tyrant over a wife whose sorrows afford them the subject of mockery, and of children whose welfare is sacrificed, or whose wants are neglected. Can he for one moment place such women on an equal footing as subjects of reprehension? It is yet certain that, under existing regulations, the one may flaunt in open day, whilst the other hides her head in shame and sorrow: we all feel the difference, but we cannot mark it.

But there is another and a better world.

A HUMOURIST'S WILL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Should the inclosed meet your approbation, it is at your service. The original was found amongst the papers of a deceased friend, an old bachelor, and a humourist, who, having no near relations, sunk his property in annuities, and (as he says) was possessed of no personal effects to bequeath. Although not a man of deep reading, it would be improbable to suppose he was unacquainted with the will of Weston, the comedian; and in jeux d'esprit of this description, the chief, if not the only, merit rests with the original inventor: but as it seems to contain one or two hits, probably you may consider it worthy of a place in *The Chronicle*; and as my friend was accustomed to read your work when living, it may be a consolation to his spirit to find that he contributes to it when dead. NT.

Having no personal property to dispose of, I resolve (unlike the generality of will-makers) to bestow my personal qualities on such persons as seem most in want of them.

I bequeath my consistency to the Marquis of Buckingham, and wish for his sake that it was more.

My dislike of office I give to Mr. Tierney and the whigs: if there is not sufficient to make them satisfied with their present condition, there is enough to preserve them in future from the decent contempt of the ministry, by preventing them from begging for office at any price*.

My patriotism, which arises neither from revenge nor disappointment, shall be the property of Henry Brougham; for I know of no gentleman who wants it more.

I bestow my modesty on Mr. Elliston, though I am fearful it is like trying to freshen the salt sea by a bucket of spring-water.

My profligacy I leave to the aristocracy, that they may become ripe the sooner, and be the earlier plucked.

What patience and fortitude I die possessed of, shall go to those unfortunate persons who dwell near a preserve.

My civility I bequeath to Mr. Adolphus, though I am fearful it is like sowing seed upon a rock.

I give my principle to Mr. Cobbett, and trust he will make much of a long-lost acquaintance. I would also have given him my spirit of prophecy, but a quality of such a divine nature ought not to be used to drive a trade with†.

I leave my religion, and its fundamental virtue, charity, to churchmen generally; and my character, such as it is, to the magisterial part of them: in their case, any change must be for the better.

I bequeath my assurance to Mr. Moore: a man branded with such an irreparable breach of trust, both to the dead and the living, has need of all he can muster.

Lastly, as it is admitted even by philosophers, that the larger heap may collect from the smaller, I bequeath my folly to Mr. Hayne; knowing no gentleman who possesses more. I would have left him my experience, but there are exceptions even to the proverb.

* Vide a speech of Mr. Tierney's towards the close of last session.

† Waiving all consideration of the truth of their predictions, the difference between Cassandra and Mr. Cobbett is supposed to consist in this—that she prophesied without being believed by others, and he prophesies without believing himself.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN FLEET STREET.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As you frequently take notice of public improvements, I would beg to suggest that if the vacant ground occasioned by the late fire in Fleet Street *must be* built upon, still the fine church of St. Bride might be left open to public view, if the new buildings were not raised higher than one story. With this view, I would propose that if an oval or octagonal building, with shops covered by a roof with light supporters, were to be erected, the value of the ground would not be much, if at all, deteriorated, and a commodious promenade would be formed, not only convenient to the public, but advantageous to the shopkeepers and ornamental to the metropolis. Your's, &c.

December, 24, 1824. N. A.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR, — Your correspondent who wishes, through the medium of your pages, for a solution to his *difficult* 'Geographical Query,' has caused a pleasant smile to pass among those assembled around my hearth, not merely from the simplicity with which he puts the questions to your subscribers (amongst which I rank at least one of the oldest), but from the question itself. Without entering into a critical examination of maps and charts, to see if the new political arrangements have *altered* the *site*, or created fresh divisions in the world, or of the most ancient, to see if it stands as it was wont to do, all of which I suppose your correspondent has done, I do not only suppose the fact of eating strawberries and cream with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe possible, but very probable; yes, Mr Editor, very probable; as possible and probable as that the Marquis of Anglesea had one leg in the church-yard of Waterloo, when he attended his present majesty at the ceremony of his coronation, and he was much at a loss to know how to retreat from his majesty's presence down the steps of the throne, without infringing etiquette by turning his back on the king,—and all for the want of the leg in question: and yet, sir, who will deny that the noble marquis's attachment to his sovereign was such as led him to serve and assist his king, with one foot in the grave. It also reminds me of an old Joe Miller,—that of the man who bargained with a milliner for 2d. for ribbon to reach from one ear to the other, and you must well remember the joke to be that one ear certainly was on his head, and the other nailed to a pillory in some distant country town. I remain, Mr. Editor, very truly your's,

London, Dec. 13, 1824. P. L. T.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE BETRAYERS OF FILIPPO UGONI, OF BRESCIA.*

And have ye chained the exiled hero's form—
And have ye manacled those free-born limbs?
Is this tale true? And have ye hearts for deeds
So traitorously dark—so merciless?
Ye have the *power* and much I fear the *will*—
But why thus dream of innocence!—*Ye have Done this!* Your act of treachery is past.
What! are your eyes sealed up from freedom's light—
Your ears from suffering virtue's pleading tone—
Your hearts from every great and noble feeling?—
That ye should lay the hand of wanton might
Upon the man who entered at your gate,
A friendless persecuted wanderer!
Oh! could ye feel what then he must have felt—
Most deeply worn in limb and rent in heart,
With memories sad to feed his present grief—
With no hope then before him but your aid,
Ye surely had not done this deed of night!
Was not his bosom bare with suffering,
His arm defenceless, and all succour gone—
His life's dear visions vanished—save that best—
The thought that he had bled for freedom's sake!
And could ye rend from him the cherish'd ties
That yet remain'd to cheer his solitude!—
And could ye step him on your crowded strand,
When he would fain have sought another shore,
And left ye his warm blessing—not his curse?
—Cast from your eyes the black enshrouding veil
That hoods their noblest light! To your dim souls
Let mercy's beaming come—assist your fame—
And let men know ye kneel not, nor have knelt,
At Austria's proud throne! 'Tis thankless work
To do a tyrant's bidding, but 'tis great
To shelter from the arm of despot-strength
The *exile* and the *hero*.
Rend his bonds—
No longer let your dungeon's loathsome walls
Re-echo back his groans! Let him *breathe* still—
It is but man's inheritance, Heaven's air—
And suffering Freedom's thanks on ye shall rest.
But give him to the blood-hounds as a prey,
And in the darkest page of living time
Your chronicled disgrace shall be! Nay, more—
The treasured scorn of ages shall be your's!
And men who wish to clothe your blushing race,
Shall need not words of fierce and angry ire—
But merely say—'*Ugoni.*'

Edmonton. J. J. L.

THE DRAMA.

PANTOMIMES.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—We are afraid that to attempt to criticise a pantomime will appear somewhat too much like 'breaking a butterfly upon a wheel;' and they have, moreover, been so long freed from any of the trammels of consistency and common sense,

* The above unfortunate gentleman had the temerity to be one of those few who upheld the Neapolitan struggle for liberty. He disdained to follow the course of his degenerate countrymen, and became an exile, taking refuge in

that it seems now almost to be regarded as a fundamental rule, with respect to these compositions, not only that they may dispense with those qualities, but that they actually ought to do so. We, however, unfortunately, are not precisely of this way of thinking, and are of opinion, therefore, that a pantomime would not be a whit more dull, or less surprising, were there something resembling connection between the different parts. As these things are managed at present, the scenes of one of these pieces might generally be shuffled like a pack of cards, and arranged differently every evening, without at all disturbing the concatenation of causes and effects. Up to a certain point we can willingly resign ourselves, and give implicit credence to the greatest impossibilities: monsters, flying cars, fire-vomiting dragons, endless transformation and metamorphoses, shock us not; princesses changed into talking birds, or apes into men, appear not in the least more improbable than many of those transformations which we daily witness in real life; yet, in the midst of all this extravagance, we do dearly love a little ingenuity, happy contrivance, and consistency, were it merely by way of novelty. We certainly do not pretend to know any thing of the process by which a performance of this nature is concocted,—whether there be any presiding genius to organize the groundwork of the whole, or whether it be not a *pêle-mêle* production of scene-painters, mechanists, tailors, property-men, fiddlers, dancers, and supernumeraries. Judging from what we actually behold, we should certainly say that the latter is the way in which pantomimes are got up; else we could not fail occasionally to meet with, in them, something like uniformity of plot and originality of idea. We should not have precisely the same transformations, the same uniform pantaloon and clown, the same thumpings, and kickings, and jumping, and stale tricks, and stupid worn-out manœuvres, in every pantomime. It is a lamentable thing, although managers do not always seem to be aware of it, that a piece of this kind may be at once excessively extravagant and monstrously dull.

But perhaps we shall be told, at least by some of our younger readers, who must be allowed to have a voice on the occasion, that the fault is not so much in pantomimes, or the makers of them, as in ourselves, and that, in this respect, we very much resemble those good people who find that every thing in the world grows duller and duller every day; and that neither women nor peaches are so fine as when they themselves were younger. We have seen too many pantomimes to find any originality; but ask any little boy who witnessed one last Monday night for the first time, and he will not believe that any thing could possibly be more original, novel, or droll, than those very incidents and tricks that appeared to us so trivial and common-place. We could tell, at the rising of the curtain, what were the metamorphoses the characters were to undergo, and predict, almost to a second, the time when Harlequin would appear in his party-coloured garb. To the little novice these changes must have appeared most extraordinary; and how could he possibly divine, when he saw a porter, a butcher, or gardener, cross the stage with a basket, that the clown would infallibly convey the contents of such basket to his breeches' pockets; or that he has an irresistible propensity to purloin cloaks, shawls, and sundry other habiliments from the backs of their owners, and appropriate them to his own purposes? Such jokes may have, for the uninitiated, all the charm of novelty, but for us, who have witnessed them over and over again in every pantomime we ever beheld, they certainly do rather pall on our imagination. Well, but what business have we at pantomimes,—we, who cannot admire the same dish hashed up over and over again, we, who seem to belong to that unconsonable race of mortals, who, as Sancho says, would have better bread than is made of wheat? Perhaps not much, and might reserve our spleen for some more important occasion: still we cannot help thinking, that a little more ingenuity and novelty might be displayed in a species of performance, the chief merit of which seems to consist in such qualities. There may be some people, indeed, who even in matters of this sort, like not to break through old established forms and customs, and who look upon innovation, even in pantomimes, as something dangerous and heretical. Such might imagine, that were either Clown or Pantaloon to appear in any other costume than the preposterous one, now, it seems, sanctioned by time and long established usage, half of the humour and merriment of a pantomime would inevitably perish. We are certainly of a very different opinion, conceiving, as we do, that great improvement might take place in this respect, by banishing that which, though excessively absurd, is hardly grotesque. There are many other circumstances in which pantomimes appear susceptible of considerable improvement; but as the discussion of these would lead us too far, and would, like all other gratuitous advice, probably be but ill received by those who might profit by it, we will now conclude these general remarks, and come more immediately to the pantomime produced at Drury Lane Theatre, called *Harlequin, and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and the Golden Waters.* The introductory part of this pantomime contains some good spectacle and scenery, especially the scene of the Pavilion where the princess is imprisoned in the form of a bird. There were several other birds of very splendid plumage in this scene; among the rest a peacock, who expanded and closed his train several times, just as a lady would her fan. But as to the dramatic construction of this portion of the piece, we really cannot say much in favour of its intelligibility, although every thing seemed quite according to the statute which has been in force since the beginning of our memories for the better regulation of pantomimes. Every thing was laudably adjusted by precedent. The same remark will apply to the harlequinades, in which there were but very few attempts indeed at novelty, and those not particularly happy either in idea or execution, if we except the burlesque parody of the incantation scene in the Freyschütz, where the Clown is seen in a haunted kitchen making a pancake, and every time he breaks an egg, some portentous appearances are seen: the ghost of a cook rises from a stew-pan, the fire burns supernaturally bright, warming-pans and pot-ladles swing backwards and forwards, and at last the whole stewing apparatus seems to vomit forth flames and smoke. Among the hits at passing events, is a scene of the Patent Washing Company, which was received with much applause; and the rival shops—we beg pardon, *establishments*—of Messrs. Money and Hypolite, and Mac Alpine; in the latter, which, by the bye, was a terribly dull scene, the Clown exhibits ocular proof of the indisputable virtues of bears' grease, by showing its effects on an old stumped-up brush, which is instantly covered with fine long bristles. This is to us more satisfactory than any of the puffs which we have read on this specific for the hair, in the newspapers. A stage-coach, driving into an inn-yard, was most miserably contrived; surely they have had horses enow on the boards of Drury, to know that the fore-legs of these quadrupeds do not dangle as if hung on bits of wire. There was but very little good scenery in this part of the pantomime, or rather, it was in some respects miserably bad. Of this character was a street with a view of the upper part of St. Paul's, but a more wretched daub than that building we never beheld. A view of Edinburgh had, however, a considerable degree of merit; yet wherefore it was introduced, or what possible connection it had with any thing else, we really cannot say. But even those scenes in which spectacle and illusion are most aimed at, lose very much of their effect, by the exceedingly bungling and patchy manner in which all the upper part of the scene is filled up with various bits of canvass; and it really appears to us to be a most monstrous perversity to incur an enormous expense for scenery, and then to destroy the effect of it, for want of two or three more yards of canvass; or, we must suppose, for want of the means of managing or disposing of scenes the entire height of the stage. In our opinion, the stage machinists might as well exert some of their ingenuity in attempting to overcome so gross and important a defect.

COVENT GARDEN.

The remarks already made will apply with equal truth to the pantomime produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under the title of *Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantly.* The tricks were excessively stale and poor, if we except the inverting the stand-house at Epsom races, where the persons are seen escaping with their heels uppermost. The change of the York Mail into the White Horse Inn, Fetter Lane, was also clever. The scenery, in which this house generally excels,

Hamburgh) the government of which, at the instigation of the court of Vienna, has thrown him into prison, from whence (to quote the words of the exile's friend) 'he may be sent to a dreadful destination.' When arrested, he was in the point of embarking for America.

particularly in pantomime, was not of so high an order as we have seen. The best and most novel scene was a moving panorama, representing, in succession, all the bridges from Blackfriars to Vauxhall, and the proposed terrace on the banks of the Thames, as projected by Col. Trench. It is taken from drawings furnished by Mr. P. Wyatt, and gives an exact representation of the scenery on the banks of the river, with the addition of the terrace. This view is so striking and beautiful, that we doubt not it will make many proselytes to the plan. A grand sailing-match is introduced, as contending for the Cumberland cup; and the boats are seen passing through the arches of the bridges, in all their beauty of architecture. The view of the tunnel under the Thames did not strike as at all happy, though its explosion, setting the Thames on fire, had a good effect on the risible muscles of the audience, who laughed to see the tortures of the boiling fish. The offices of columbine, harlequin, clown, and pantaloon, were well sustained by Miss Romer, Ellar, young Grimaldi (who is a chip of the old block), and Barnes. The house was crowded in every part long before the half-price commenced, and the pantomime was completely successful.

On Thursday night, Mr. J. Russell, who, some four or five years, played low comedy very well at the English Opera House and Covent Garden Theatre, appeared at the latter house in the character of Shylock,—why or wherefore, we know not; but if the experiment were made in the hope of attracting by its novelty, it failed. Mr. J. Russell is a very good low comedian, and he is nothing more; and neither in voice, action, nor conception of character, is he in the slightest degree qualified for a tragedian. Mr. Russell is a mimic, and imitated Kean in his performance; but it was a rigid copy of a good original. Mrs. Sloman's Portia was tolerable. The other characters were not well filled up; and thus we presume end, or should end, Mr. J. Russell's tragic efforts: they will, if he is wise.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The correspondence of Lord Byron with a friend, with the addition of letters written to his mother from Portugal, Spain, Turkey, and Greece, as well as reflections and observations, edited by R. C. Dallas, is in the press, and will be published in Paris. This is the work, the publication of which was prevented by the Lord Chancellor.

The King of France has bought the fine collection of antiquities belonging to Mr. Edward Durand, one of the largest and best-chosen in Europe. It contained nearly 7000 articles, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and of the middle ages. Among these were no less than 1250 of the Italo-Grecian vases, commonly called Etruscan; near 1800 bronzes; besides many lamps, *terra cottas*, ancient glass, jewels of gold, enamel, mummies, rolls of papyrus, covered with hieroglyphic writing, &c. &c., making 2500 articles of this class.

The French, who are never backward in laying claim to inventions, are insinuating that the idea of a steam-vessel originated with a mechanic of Burgundy. 'In searching the public records of Friberg,' says the *Courier Français*, 'we find, that in the beginning of the year 1701, a mechanic of Burgundy, of the name of Dromée, procured from the government of Friburg, for himself and his heirs male, an exclusive privilege for establishing on the Sarine a novel species of boat, which was to be propelled neither by oars nor sails, nor yet drawn by horses, with which he proposed to navigate the river, for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise.' Unfortunately, no mention is made of the means proposed as a substitute for oars, sails, or horses, nor is it known what obstacles checked the undertaking.

A journal of Saxony announces, that at the last fair of Leipsic, a Bible of the Elzevir edition was sold for 42,000 francs.

After long enjoying the honour of being the highest among the Alps, Mont Blanc has been, some time since, declared to be somewhat less elevated than its rival Alp, Mount Rosa. The recent trigonometrical admeasurements of Austrian engineers, acting under the direction of Baron Von Welden, have restored Mont Blanc to its original superiority. The relative height of these stupendous mountains they found to be as follows, in Paris feet:

Mont Blanc 14,764
Mont Rosa 14,222

That 'ignorance is bliss,' seems to be the doctrine of more than one German potentate. The Emperor of Austria honestly confesses that he does not want learned men, but loyal subjects; and the Prussian government of the Saxon provinces ceded, in 1814, to Prussia, 'in order to reduce, as *much as possible*, the number of individuals from the industrious classes *who devote themselves to study*,' has decreed, 'that the sons of agriculturists and artisans, *even if they should distinguish themselves by their application and good conduct*, shall be excluded from every scholarship the nomination to which depends on the authorities. This, as the Morning Post well observes, is another proof of the great conspiracy 'to shut the gates of *learning* on mankind.'

The Russian government has given orders that all their ships shall be furnished with guard-plates, for correcting the errors of the mariner's compass-needle, from the local attraction of the ship's guns and other iron stores, similar to those now fitting up for the ships of our navy and many of our merchant vessels.

At the sale of M. Motteley's collection of books, at Paris, a number of valuable Elzevirs were disposed of. Among these was a fine Latin Psalter, of 1653. There were also various books which belonged to Henry II., king of France, particularly the Latin Bible of R. Etienne, 1545, and Plutarch's Lives, Vascosan, 1559. There were a beautiful Persian Manuscript, 1376, with eighteen miniatures in gold and colours; a superb Gothic Mystery, 1541, richly bound by Thouvenin, &c. &c.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'Clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather
Dec	21	43	45	42	29 05	Stormy.
....	25	47	49	55	.. 55	Cloudy.
....	26	40	51	44	.. 90	Fair.
....	27	47	47	53	.. 86	Fair.
....	28	47	51	52	.. 80	Rain.
....	29	40	51	40	30 29	Fair.
....	30	52	37	52	.. 18	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A Portuguese Tid-bit.—We hope that, in the next edition of his work on Cookery, Dr. Kitchiner will not fail to introduce the following *bonne bouche*, which, Mrs. Baillie assures us, formed the favourite breakfast of a young Portuguese lady—if it be only for the purpose of making some observations on the gastronomic taste of different nations:—'A large thick slice of hot leavened bread, strewed with salt and pepper, soaked in vinegar, seasoned highly with garlic, and swimming in a filthy sort of oil of so rank a scent as well as flavour, as to leave a taint upon the breath for many hours!' We should rather imagine that this was intended as a specific against love; for that man must be desperately bewitched indeed, who could behold the divinity of his affections swallow such a morsel as this, and still believe her purged from all grosser nature.

The Queen of Portugal.—The same lady (Mrs. Baillie) gives a curious portrait of her Majesty of Portugal, and one that would make rather a singular figure in a gallery of royal personages:—'The queen continues to live in the utmost retirement; she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into public. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby dirty deshabille; consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton, a cap with as little pretensions to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat—altogether no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches: but the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from her waist to the middle of her leg, and are always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts!'—Her majesty, however, is no bad personification of the city of Lisbon, where disgusting filth and religious relics are held in particular esteem.

Portuguese Religion.—The religion of the Portuguese is, we should hope, without a parallel in any other part of Catholic Christendom; for they seem, with the most ultra devotion, to possess as little morality as possible. They worship saints, Madonnas, images, and relics—every thing but God. 'No country under heaven,' says Mrs. Baillie, 'abounds more with the outward signs of devotion than Portugal: the Virgin stands godmother to almost all the females, and most of the streets of the city are named in honour of persons or places celebrated in scripture or church history.' Such a name as Donna Maria Madre de Dios would

sound more profanely than devoutly in heretical ears; and we should think that there was far more of blasphemy and stupidity than any thing else in the remark of an ancient marqueza, who, when a discussion arose whether the Virgin Mary, were she alive, could be admitted into good company, in consequence of her plebeian rank, said: 'Yes, we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected*; she is, you know, the Mother of God!'

The Natal Calendar.—There prevails a fanciful superstition among the Poles, according to which they believe that a person's destiny is influenced by the month in which he is born, and that there is likewise a mysterious connection between the months and the principal precious stones:—

January—Jacynth or Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst —This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—Bloodstone.—Courage, and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire or Diamond.—Repentance and Innocence.

May—Emerald.—Success in love.

June—Agate.—Long life and health.

July—The Cornelian or Ruby.—The forgetfulness, or the cure, of evil springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.

September—Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures, folly.

October—Aquamarine or Opal.—Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz—Fidelity in friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malachite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life. The Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard: hence the old saying, that 'he who possesses a turquoise will always be sure of friends.'

The Romans (says a modern author), of all people, took the most pains in their roads; the labour and expense they were at to render them spacious, straight, smooth, and agreeable, to the very extremities of their empire, are incredible: they strengthened the ground by ramming it, laying it with flints, pebbles, or sand; sometimes by a lining of masonry, rubbish, bricks, potsherds, &c., bound together with mortar. In some places in the Lyonnois have been found clusters of flints cemented with lime, reaching ten or twelve feet deep, and making a mass as hard and compact as marble itself, and which, after resisting the injuries of time for 1600 years, is still scarcely penetrable by all the force of hammers, &c., and yet the flints it consists of are not bigger than eggs. Sometimes they paved their roads with large square freestones; these they called *viæ ferreæ*, because they resembled iron, or resisted the iron of the horses' feet, &c.

Recreation.—Men the most celebrated for learning and wisdom have indulged themselves in recreation. Cyrus and Alexander admired hunting; Cicero would play like a kitten; Plato would turn pedlar; and Socrates would gallop about with children upon a hobby-horse.

Going-a-Gooding.—It was formerly a custom duly observed by the women who went a *gooding*, as it is called, on St. Thomas's Day, to present their benefactors, in return for the alms they received, with sprigs of evergreen, probably to deck their houses with at the approaching festival. There prevails in Warwickshire a custom for the poor, on St. Thomas's Day, to go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which is called *going-a-corning*.

Te Deum.—The divine hymn, so well known in the church by the name of *Te Deum*, was composed by St. Ambrose, at the baptism of St. Augustine, whom he had converted to the faith.

On the Marriage of Miss —— to a Gentleman of the Name of Gee.

Sure, madam, by your choice your taste we see,
What's good, or great, or grand, without a G?
A godly glow must sure on G depend,
Or oddly low our righteous thoughts must end;
The want of G all gratitude effaces,
And without G the Graces would run races.

Campaign in Russia.—After six months of the most desperate campaign on record, the Russian territory was at length evacuated by the French. By what Colonel Boutourlin thinks a moderate calculation, 125,000 Frenchmen were slain in battle, and 190,000 were made prisoners, not including 48 generals, and 3000 officers. By adding those who were lost in detail, by disease, famine, cold, and other accidental causes, we find the number raised to 450,000 human beings! We may reckon the number of allied troops who escaped the great disaster, and repassed the frontiers of Russia, at 80,000 men; but in this number are comprehended 25,000 Austrians, and 18,000 Prussians, so that of the other troops of Napoleon there did not remain 40,000 men. The Russians took from the French 75 eagles or standards, and 929 cannon, without reckoning those which remain buried in the earth, or were thrown into the water.—*Boutourlin's Military History of the Campaign in Russia.*

Works published since our last notice.—The West Indies as they are, 6s. 6d. Buoyan Explained, 4s. Egan's Life of an Actor, royal 8vo. 27s. Campan's Private Journal, edited by M. Maigne, 14s. Schroder on the Law of Bail, 7s. 6d. New Landlord's Tales, 2 vols. 14s. Winter Evening Pastimes, 4s. 6d. Turf Herald, 1824, 6s. 6d. Emily, a Tale, 5s. A Picturesque Tour along the Banks of the Ganges and Jumna, with 24 coloured engravings, imperial 4to, 4l. 4s. Westall's Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies, 5s. The British Magazine, No. I., 2s. 6d.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, in India; consisting of Twenty-four Highly-finished and Coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Original Drawings, made on the Spot; with Illustrations, Historical and Descriptive. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FORREST, late of the Staff of His Majesty's Service in Bengal. Imperial 4to. London, 1824.

No parts of the world present such vast, magnificent, and romantic scenery, as Hindostan and America. There is, however, this difference, that, while in America every thing except the face of Nature indicates the recent discovery of the country, in India there are stupendous monuments of former greatness, at a period when the countries of Europe were scarcely emerging from barbarism. Like most great continents, too, they have each mighty rivers; but it would lead us from our present purpose to pursue the comparison further, for nothing, perhaps, can form a stronger contrast, than the scenery on their respective banks. The Tour of the Rivers Ganges and Jumna, now completed, is one of those splendid works with which Mr. Ackermann, with great enterprise, liberality, and good taste, favours the public. There are few publishers who would run the hazard of producing them, at an expense that must be enormous; but we trust the public patronage is fully ample to reimburse him. The work contains twenty-four views, for the fidelity of which, the author appeals with confidence to those who have passed through the same scenes. The drawings were all attentively copied from nature, and in many instances coloured on the spot, and always while the magic effects of the scenes represented were still impressed on the mental vision of the author and artist. 'The colouring of the views,' says Colonel Forrest, 'which so far exceeds that of the scenery of Europe, is but a just portrait of the enchanting features of India, eternally glowing in the glory of the resplendent Asiatic sun.'

The views are of a very varied description, including Hindoo pagodas, villages, ancient cities, mountains, forts, palaces, tombs, &c. with the adjacent scenery. There is a great deal of freedom and spirit in the drawings, which are exquisitely and delicately coloured, exhibiting a scenery of such peculiar richness and beauty, as can only be appreciated, in its fullest extent, by those who have seen the spots they so well represent. Among the views is a very beautiful one, of the Ghaut of Cutwa, on the Ganges; part of the city of Moorshedabad, the ancient capital of Bengal; the Motee Girna, or Fall of Pearls, in the Rajemahal hills—not so lofty, but more picturesque than the Falls of Niagara; the rocks of Colgong, formerly high island, but now in the bosom of the mighty Ganges, where the river is more than sixty feet deep, and yet the largest rock is eighty feet above its surface. Among the remaining views are, the Fakeer's Rock, at Janguira; a village and beautiful pagoda, below Patna Azimabad; the city of Benares, with its numerous pagodas, one of which, by the foundation being undermined by the river, is more out of perpendicular than the Leaning Tower of Pisa; the sacred tank and pagodas near Benares; Mahomedan mosque and tomb, near the same city; the Raj Ghaut and fort of Allahabad; some tombs, like palaces for size and magnificence, near Etaya; the Sinseya Ghaut, Khampore; the city of Lucknow; the palace of the King of Delhi; the grand gateway and tomb of the Emperor Acber, at Secundra; and, lastly, the far-famed Taj Mahal, tomb of the Emperor Shah Jehan and his queen.—No description of our's will do justice to these beautiful engravings; we must, therefore, refer our readers to the volume itself: we despair not, however, of being more successful in noticing the literary department, which is necessarily the part on which the author least relies.

In order to render this work more acceptable to those who are little acquainted with India, Colonel Forrest has given a compressed but correct sketch of the history, customs, and manners of this vast empire. The author appears to have spared no pains in consulting the best authorities, and has really given a succinct, interesting, and well written history of India, which, though here called a brief survey (in comparison, we presume, with the voluminous but able work of Mr. Mill), occupies a hundred and twenty pages. We proceed, however, to the Tour.

Col. Forrest's Tour was commenced in 1807, and our readers will be surprised at the retinue necessary for a journey in India. Col. F. says:—

'The best mode in which I can convey some idea of this is, by an enumeration of our party and its train, which, although it may appear large to some of our readers, contained not one individual more than comfort required. None accompanied us for mere state. One party consisted of seven persons. We had three howdah-elephants, that is, animals trained for riding, hunting, and shooting, well broke, and with able *mahouts*, or leaders. Four others carried the camp equipage, which consisted of two large marquees, each a sufficient load for an elephant, being about eighteen or twenty hundred weight. There were two smaller tents, besides others for the servants and guard of Sepoys; a light gig and horse, several saddle-horses, four palanquins, a cart, and hackery, or common cart of the country, with two bullocks to each. About two hundred servants and followers, and a guard of Sepoys, or native infantry, of forty men, and a native officer, attended us.'

Our readers have all *heard* of a jungle; they may *know* what sort of a place it is, from the following description of Colonel Forrest:—

'The height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant, not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat, fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet high, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now, when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground; but the grass was generally three, and in some places six, feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden.'

We have already mentioned the Fakeer's rock, at Janguira:—

'It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank (of the Ganges), immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seventy feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its bosom! There is one place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing-place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a *mudrasa*, or college of Fakeers, or wandering monks, who reside in it. This remarkable rock has doubtlessly been of more consequence at some remote period than at present; for on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sultangunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rudely and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; and the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture.'

Near Mangee Ghaut is a celebrated banian-tree, which far exceeds any thing of the sort in India:—

'It is situated close upon the banks of the Gogra, and at a short distance from its point of junction with the Ganges, and, views

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ed from a distance, has the appearance of a Vast *tope*, or grove. It rises to a most gigantic height, and its large limbs stretch out to a great length, in every direction supported by their columnar shafts, in graceful clusters, which they send downwards to the earth, for this purpose.

'At the time I visited and examined this wonderful production of nature, some natives, who had been cutting wood in the neighbourhood, happened to pass under it, and, seeing me attentively examining its various parts, accosted me, and expressed some surprise at my admiration of its wonderful structure. We entered into conversation, and, in the course of it, I learned the history of this great national wonder, which is religiously and implicitly credited by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts.

'About one thousand years ago, they very gravely told me, there lived on this spot, a very religious and holy Brahminee woman, famed for the austerity and sanctity of her life; her name was Gunga Purtun; she lived to a very great age, and did not die, but the earth, opening, swallowed her up, and, on the spot where she disappeared, this tree in one night sprang up. In the centre of this grove, formed of one tree, is now a large open space; and where the original trunk stood, there is a small building, consisting of four low mud walls only, eight or ten feet square, without a roof; inclosed in which is a small rude kind of mound, or altar of earth, over which some flowers were strewed when I saw it. The original trunk has perished, no doubt, by gradual decay; but its children, its descendants, encircle the spot on which their parent stood, and, clasped in each other's embraces, joined and united as one family, form a perfect circle, a magnificent screen, consisting of lofty white and shining columns, crowned with masses of the richest and most luxuriant foliage.—Rich festoons of the same hang in ever varied and graceful form, interspersed amidst these natural pillars; while, beneath, long galleries and noble arcades extend in all directions, and form deep and shady recesses, grand porticos, and large and lofty halls, like the pictured palaces of Fairy Land. The circumference of this mighty tree, round the outer stems, is four hundred yards, and it is calculated that ten thousand men can repose beneath its shelter.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTERS FROM THE IRISH HIGHLANDS.

(Concluded from p. 5.)

CUNNEMARRA, the principal scene of our author's descriptions, though a desert, is neither destitute of interesting local scenery nor historical renown. The ruined towers are still standing, which were once famous castles, and black-letter manuscripts still preserve the fames of warriors whose armour glistened in their halls. The splendid court of Queen Elizabeth was once visited by a rival heroine from the west, one to whose rule the whole mountain district was subject. The islands also owned her sway, and many were the castles which she held in possession:—

'One of these on Clare Island was her favourite place of abode. It commanded the entrance of Clew Bay, from which quarter she was most exposed to the attacks of her enemies, and enjoyed a fine view of that ocean to which she was so much attached. When her vessels rode at anchor there, the cables were secured to her bed-post—a circumstance which is surely unique, and might have a picturesque effect in ballad rhymes.

'Tradition tells how gallantly she revenged herself upon the Earl of Howth, when refused admittance into his castle near Dublin, where she had landed, after having been kept out at sea by stress of weather. The earl, forsooth, was at dinner, and could not be disturbed. It was customary, she was told, to keep the gates shut at that hour, perhaps because no sentinel could be trusted to keep guard at so interesting a moment. Proud Granawaile, in the true spirit of chivalry, resolved to return injury for injury, and insult for insult. The heir of Howth was playing without the castle walls. She beguiled the thoughtless urchin with some flattering tale, carried him on board her fleet, and sought again the western shore.

'I often please myself by picturing the little earl among the rude retainers of Granawaile's court; looking at all the savage horrors of Cannemarra with as much astonishment as any little earl of the present day might express in a similar situation.

'How long his captivity lasted I do not rightly remember; I only know that war was waged between the two parties, in which the valiant queen of the west proved victorious; and her humbled foe was glad to redeem his son, upon condition that the gates of the castle of Howth should always stand open during the hour of dinner, and refreshment never be denied the weary traveller.'

On visiting Ireland, our author says, there is nothing more striking than the hostile feelings of the majority of the people towards the law of the land:—

'They will make use of its strong arm occasionally to oppress an inferior, or to wreak their vengeance on an equal; but they never look to it with the feeling which an Englishman cherishes: they have not learnt to regard it as the protector of their persons and properties, and the guardian of their dearest rights and liberties. From the rebellious code of Ribandism, which dooms him to destruction who ventures to appeal to the tribunal of justice against the hand of midnight violence, to the easy good-nature of the peasant, who, without advantage to himself, assists his neighbour in concealing the keg of illicit whiskey or the bale of smuggled tobacco, the spirit is the same. The hand of the law has been against every man,—and now, every man's hand is, in turn, raised against the law. But it is not for me to lead you back in the trodden path of history, to point out the wrongs which poor Ireland has received at the hand of her conquerors. You know that her sons were once hunted, like wild beasts, through the woods of Connaught; and where is the wonder, then, if they failed to recognise a benefactor, when they beheld, as it is true, laws and civilization in one hand, but in the other a frightful accompaniment of whips and scourges? Need I remind you that, until the reign of James I., who perhaps never more truly than on this point deserved the title of the English Solomon, the poor Irish pleaded in vain to be governed by the English law! This was a favour granted only to a few; while the majority of the natives, the *mere Irish* as they were disdainfully termed, were denied a participation in the rights and privileges of English subjects; and were thus compelled to govern themselves by their own barbarous usages and customs; while they were exposed, almost without protection, to the outrages of their more favoured neighbours.'

Smuggling is carried on to a great extent, and with varied ingenuity:—

'A laughable circumstance occurred, not many years since, in a neighbouring village. A revenue officer, from whom we heard the tale, was informed, that much valuable booty was concealed in a certain cabin. He went to the place; the cabin was searched, but in vain. He demanded admittance into the inner room—"Sure, your Honour, isn't the poor cratur there, and only brought to bed this morning? Is it there your honour thinks we'd be after putting any thing?"—"Oh! well now!" he answered, entering into their humour, "I am a father myself, and there's nothing in the wide world I am so fond of as a little baby." But the room was not fit for his honour to enter; the key was lost, and the poor woman was too ill to be disturbed—in short, it was not till the officer, persisting in his charitable intention of giving his blessing to the new-born infant, set his foot to the door, and threatened to burst it open, that it was unlocked. The poor woman within was pronounced to look wonderfully well considering her situation; but, as no baby was forthcoming, she was ordered to jump out of bed, a command which she obeyed with all celerity, and abandoned three cases of Madeira wine to the paternal grasp of the officer.'

Another instance is more amusing, and was more successful:—

'The cargo of a smuggler was landed at Streamstown, and soon dispersed among the natives. The captain of the cutter, with a party of men, went off in search of it. Not far from the village they found a poor woman, sitting by the road side, weeping most piteously, and raising from time to time the death howl. They inquired what was the matter: "Och, alas!" and she pointed to a little cabin at a distance, "her husband lay dead of the fever." She again raised the howl. The tender heart of the captain was moved, and he threw her a tenpenny as he passed on. After a while, however, suspecting the reality of the poor widow's lamentations, he returned to the spot, where he had left her. She was gone; the cabin too was deserted; and he afterwards learned, that in the house had been deposited many bales of smuggled tobacco; and that the woman herself was seated on one of them. By her stratagem she not only saved her own share of the plunder, but gained

time for the people in the house to remove their's to a place of greater security.'.

Our author gives a lamentable picture of the administration of justice in Ireland, the very sources of which are poisoned. The prejudices are not merely those of orangemen against Catholics, but those of rival landlords against each other, when their respective tenants enter most ardently into their quarrels. One instance of this we shall quote:—

'A constable met with resistance in the discharge of his duty, and, to secure his prisoner, was obliged to draw his sword. In the scuffle the prisoner was wounded in the thigh; an artery was divided; and as no medical assistance was at hand, the poor man bled to death. You will observe that the constable was obliged to make off the moment he had wounded the man, who was of course left to the care of his friends. The constable was tried for murder; and the cause excited very general interest. A neighbouring landlord took an active part against the poor man—and the jury were unfortunately of his party. There was much hard swearing, but the defence was well conducted; and the judge at last stopped the prisoner's counsel, telling him it was needless to call more witnesses, as enough had been proved to make it justifiable homicide. Notwithstanding the strong charge which was given, the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder. The judge, in recording the verdict, pronounced the jury a "most extraordinary set," and assured the poor constable that his free pardon should be sent from Dublin by return of post; for that, were he to allow the sentence to be executed, he should make himself accessory to a legal murder. Great applause was expressed in court upon the conclusion of the sentence; and the feelings of the prisoner were still further alleviated by the promise that he should not be put into the condemned cell, and that "not a hair of his head should be injured."

'Every one could clearly see the motives on which the man had been at first convicted; he himself went further; and attributed his escape solely to the interference of the magistrate, under whose warrant he had acted. It was impossible to make him understand that his acquittal had been secured by the strong proofs of his innocence. "I was to have been hanged last Monday," he told us upon his return, "but his honour saved me. Three times they brought me in guilty; but his Honour was upon the green table talking for me above an hour, and he was stronger than the jury altogether. Sure, it's his honour entirely that saved my life."

Temperance is not one of the virtues of the Irish Highlands:—

'A gentleman whose rental at one time amounted to £10,000 per annum, and who was in the constant habit of intoxication, took an oath to drink nothing after the cloth was removed; but, unable to comply with the spirit, he soon contented himself with adhering to the letter of this rash vow, and, keeping the cloth on table, after dinner was over, could drink all night without fear of infringing it. He then swore not to drink in his dining parlour, but again as easily evaded his engagement, by adjourning to the next apartment; in the next apartment, however, on some fresh qualms of conscience, the vow was renewed; and so, in each room successively, until he fairly swore himself out of the house. He then took refuge in the summer-house of his garden, and there used to dine and drink daily; till, rashly renewing his vow here also, he was reduced to find a new subterfuge, by taking lodgings in a neighbouring town.'

Another person, one of the second-rate gentry, there called *buckeens*, got a puncheon of spirits, which had come ashore:—

'It was too large to be got in at the door of the house; he therefore pulled part of the wall down; still, however, it stuck half way. His small stock of patience could last no longer; he tapped the end that was within, and he and his wife, with their servant, soon became completely intoxicated. His neighbours, aware of this, tapped the cask at the other end, and the next day, when this worthy personage would have taken his morning, he found the cask completely emptied!'

The Irish Highlanders are pilfering and slovenly:—

'An English gardener, in want of shreds, would have seen all his fruit-trees trailing on the ground, before he had thought of taking a slip from the flap of his own big coat, which we once found our good man in the act of doing; and an English peasant, in want of a shawl, would run the risk of catching cold, rather than supply the deficiency by borrowing her neighbour's gown to throw across her shoulders, with her arm through the pocket-hole, leaving the sleeves to hang down over her bosom,—a costume by no means unfrequent here.'

One or two more extracts present themselves, as examples of the manners of the people in this part of Ireland. It is very common for near relations to assemble round the grave of a friend, and lament on the anniversary of the funeral. The people have a prejudice against coffins,—nay, even a superstitious horror of selling the wood to make them; and they even dispense with the priest, as will be seen by the following:—

'Our walk this afternoon brings to my mind a picturesque scene which I witnessed some months ago. Although the church is now a mere ruin, and no service has for years, perhaps for centuries, been performed within its walls, yet our poor neighbours still retain their attachment to their ancient place of burial. I had just left the rising ground, on which these venerable ruins are situated, when I perceived a number of people descending the side of the opposite hill. I soon discovered it to be a funeral procession, and, as it approached nearer to me, observed with surprise that the body was not in a coffin, but on a bier, with a linen cloth thrown over it, and confined at the four corners, to prevent its being blown away; which, indeed, was a very necessary precaution, as the wind was extremely high. I stopped to watch the mournful train wind down the steep declivity, and I can assure you the effect was truly picturesque. What would you, my dear friend, have thought of such a sight? So different from the funeral processions that you are accustomed to witness: no decent coffin or velvet pall—no clergyman to perform the burial-service, for the edification of the survivors: for these poor people were not accompanied by their priest; the grave was dug, and the body committed to its parent earth, without a single prayer, without one word of exhortation to the bystanders! I was surprised as well as shocked at this apparent neglect, the more so as the priests in general appear to be attentive to their sacred duties. I seized the first opportunity of asking father John, whether it was not customary for him to attend the funerals of the poor. He told me that he had always done so, till he came into Cunnemarra; and that he had been much surprised by the custom which obtains here of burying the dead without the attendance of the priest. "I suppose they don't like to be troubling us," was the unsatisfactory but the only reason which he gave me!'

As an instance of the military despotism which, during a long period, harrassed the Irish peasants, we take the following disgraceful anecdote:—

'The lady of the captain of a regiment quartered at Castlebar, in passing along the narrow pavement of that little town, was met by a young girl from the country carrying a bundle on her head. Either from ignorance or inattention, the girl took the side nearest the wall. The lady stopped, and impetuously desired her to give way to her betters. The poor girl saw that something was wrong, but, not understanding the language in which she was addressed, she pressed still closer to the wall, without making any answer. The infuriated lady, after giving some vent to her passion, returned to the barracks; and insisted that exemplary vengeance should be taken on the offender. A file of soldiers was drawn out, and, headed by their captain, proceeded in search of the delinquent; whose punishment was decreed to be one, of which you may perhaps be as ignorant as I was, until enlightened by the explanation of our good nurse; who, from a window in the town, was herself a spectator of the disgraceful scene. The unfortunate girl was to be *drummed out* of the town. As soon as she made her appearance, she was hooted at, pelted, and pursued by the soldiers, making a hideous noise with drums, trumpets, &c. The people were afraid to receive her into their houses, a rabble of men and boys were soon collected, and, flying from one street to another, she experienced a treatment similar to that of many a poor dog who has had the ill luck to be called mad; and her end might perhaps have been the same, had not the charity of an old woman opened the door of a little hovel, in the out-skirts of the town—the poor girl rushed in, and, exhausted by fatigue and terror, sunk fainting on the floor!'

These are interesting extracts, and the work is well calculated to render the public better acquainted with the Irish character and Irish manners.

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St. Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; with other Poems and Ballads, founded on the Local Traditions of East-Lothian and Berwickshire. By JAMES MILLER. 8vo. pp. 416. London, 1824.

MR. Perkins has for some years been laudably (but how successfully, we know not) employed in condensing the atmospheres of steam, so as to include the greatest possible power in the smallest possible space. Some such process will certainly, at no distant period, be required in regard to the works of modern authors, particularly poets. It would seem, in the present age, that authors expected to be estimated by the bulk, not the value of their writings. We really felt quite astounded, the other day, on seeing the poetical works of Mr. Southey advertised in *fourteen* volumes, when we recollected that the works of the whole of the British poets from Chaucer to Churchill, a period of about four centuries, did not exceed twenty volumes. That some *operation* must take place is evident, or, a few years hence, it will require a considerable portion of any man's life, to make himself acquainted with the writings of a single author. The present age is that of amplification: we have seen Mr. Matthias swell the works of Gray, which might almost be printed in a single number of *The Literary Chronicle*, into two quarto volumes. This cannot long be endured, unless the superabundance of wealth be such, that every reading individual can erect a building as large as the British Museum or Somerset House for his private library. The fact is, that the art of abridgment will force itself upon us; and, thank Heaven, it may be very extensively applied without any real injury to society. The beauties of Southey may certainly be afforded in a half-crown pocket volume; Wordsworth would come within the same limits; Coleridge would be extravagantly dear at eighteen-pence; and the collected poems of a host of living poets might form a shilling pic-nic. Byron, Scott, and Moore, would, for a century hence at least, require to be published more at length; but yet there is a great deal of all their works that might be very safely expunged, with advantage to their reputation and the pockets of the purchasers.

We have been led to these remarks from seeing the very respectable octavo with which Mr. Miller has favoured us; and, whatever may be the generality of living poets, we thank our stars that they do not all inflict on us so large a portion of their emanations at once. We do not say this disparagingly of Mr. Miller, who really possesses considerable talents; but, when we consider the number of real or *soi-disant* poets, we cannot but feel thankful that some of them are not quite so prolific.

The principal, or rather the first poem, in Mr. Miller's work, is entitled St. Baldred of the Bass. The hero, who was of Scottish descent, was the disciple of Kentigern, or St. Mungo, the tutelary saint of Glasgow. He flourished in miracles which would outshine Prince Hohenlohe: in particular, he mounted a rock which impeded the navigation, between an island called Bass and the shore; and straightway it was removed, 'lifted up, and, like a ship driven by a favourable breeze, proceeded to the nearest shore.' Now, if such a man did not deserve canonization, as well as a poem in his honour, we say the world is destitute of gratitude. The miracles did not, however, cease with his natural life, for, when he died, three several parishes claimed his body, and, not agreeing, they left it unburied, and betook themselves to prayer. Morning came, and, to accommodate them, they found 'three bodies perfectly alike, and all prepared with equal pomp for interment.' With this account of St. Baldred we hope our readers will be contented, or, if not, that they will purchase Mr. Miller's work, and learn for themselves, which they will scarcely regret, as the poem, though sometimes prosaic, contains several good stanzas. Several interesting notes are appended, and we are sure Mr. Miller will excuse us if we (without any disregard to his poetry) quote one or two of them. The first is a letter from General Monk, which is preserved in the archives of North Berwick:—

'*For my very loving Friends, the Magistrates of the Burgh of North Berwick.*

'Gentlemen,—Having a call from God and his people to march into England to assert and maintain the liberty and being of Parliament, our antient constitution, and therein the freedom and rights of the people of these three Nations from Arbitrary and Tyrannical usurpations uppon their considering persons and Estates, and for a Godly ministry, I do therefore expect from you, the Magistrates of the Burgh of North Berwick, That you do preserve the peace of Commonweal in y' Burgh, and I hereby authorize you to Suppress all Tumults, stirring and unlawful assemblies, and that you hold no correspondency with any of Charles Stewart's party, or his Adherents, but apprehend any such as shall make any disturbance, and send them to the next Garrison, and do further desire you to assert, countenance, and encourage the Godly ministry, and all that truely fear God in the Land, and that you continue faithful to owne and assert the interest of the Parliamentary Government in y' several places and stations. I hope my absence will be very short. But I do assure you that I shall procure from the Parliament whatever may be for the good Government and relief of this Nation, and doubt not but to obtain abatements in your Assess and other public burthens, according to the proportion of England; and what further services I may be able I shall not be wanting in, what may promote the happiness and peace of this afflicted people. I shall not trouble you further, but beg y' prayers, and desire you to assure y'selves that I am

'Your faithful Friend,

'And humble Servant,

'GEORGE MONCK.'

The next is a note:—

'An old woman in Dunbar has a flag, which is said to have been borne by the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. Its texture is light blue silk,—the inscription on one side, in gilt letters, "For Christ and his truth;" and on the reverse, in red, "No quarter for ye active enemies of the Covenant." The motto is surmounted by a Hebrew inscription, in gilt letters, signifying, "For the covenant of Jehovah." This flag belonged to Henry Hall of Haughead, who took an active part in the transactions at that time, and held a command in the army, from the skirmish at Drumclog to their defeat at Bothwell Bridge. On his death, the flag of course fell to his son. Young Hall, on his death-bed, bequeathed it to James Cochran, shoemaker in Greenlaw, a noted Cameronian, who presented it to Michael Naismyth, Edinburgh. It was destined to return to Cochran's family again; for, at Naismyth's death, he bequeathed it to James Raeburn, late cabinet-maker in Dunbar, the son-in-law of Cochran, and it is now held most sacred by his widow.'

After St. Baldred, succeeds the Siege of Berwick, founded on a disputed passage in Scottish history, relative to Edward III. putting a prisoner to death. If we mistake not, Mr. Jerningham wrote a four-act play on this subject, some thirty years ago; and, although he killed his heroine the first night, and let her live ever after, yet, in spite of this accommodation, the play did not succeed. We have some suspicion that Mr. Miller's tragedy would experience a similar fate, had he the indiscretion to push it on the stage.

We now come to some minor, but, in our opinion, much better pieces; and here we recollect that Mr. Miller is not altogether a new acquaintance, as we read with much pleasure, at the time of the King's visit to Scotland, his 'George the Fourth's Welcome,' though we confess we did not altogether like the affectionate, but somewhat familiar, change of the name of our sovereign into 'Geordie.'

In songs and ballads Mr. Miller is very successful, and there are several of both, sufficient to redeem the faults, even in a volume of four hundred pages, which is saying a great deal in his favour. We have only room for one of the latter class, and that, perhaps, not the best in the volume, but of a convenient length for quoting, and affording a fair specimen of the author's talents; it is entitled,—

THE ABBESS OF ST. ABB.

'Is yon a swan before the gale,
O'er winds and waves prevailing?
O, no!—it is a shallop's sail,
I hear its inmates wailing!

'The monks are crowding to the beach,
Where lofty rocks are towering;
On high the bishop's arms stretch,
A benison imploring.

'Beneath them spreads a sea of foam,
Save where the rock 's dividing;
A gentle lady, all alone,
A shallop's helm is guiding.

'She stretches forth her snowy arms,
The aid of man imploring;
While rising waves involve her charms,
Her little boat devouring.

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'The little bark, far from the shore,
Sinks down with rolling motion;
Its shatter'd sail and splinter'd oar
Now feed the stormy ocean.

"'Tis foolish, monks, to stoop and pray,
Unrobe! and breast the billow;
And rescue, from the stormy spray,
The maid on briny pillow."—

'The lady floats towards the land—
Now in their arms they hear her;
A fire is lighted on the strand,
With cordials they cheer her.

'The spark of life again returns,
Her eyes look up in wildness;
Her aching forehead madly burns,
Then gains its native mildness.

"O who art thou, so young and fair,
That brav'st the stormy ocean?"—
She backward threw her silken hair,
And answer'd with emotion:

"The Princess of Northumberland,
Edelfrid's only daughter!—
O woe to Redwald's bloody hand,
Red with my father's slaughter.

"I see his vulture legions riven,
When Oswald's warriors gather;
For know, that I have brothers seven
Who sleep on Scottish heather!

"I saw the Anglian banners float,
Their host was thrice our number!—
A woman's chain my hapless lot,
I sought the flowing Humber.

"A father fallen—my brothers fled!
My mind lost and divided;
When, lo! beside the river's bed
I'm shallop Heaven provided.

"My frail bark met the stormy gale,
No human aid to guide me;
I gave to Heaven my little sail—
A spirit sat beside me.

"And aye as near some rocky isle
My soul began to shudder,
It clear'd me with celestial smile,
And awy'd the wayward rudder."

"Sweet lady, to our pious care
Intrust your youth and beauty;
To one in mind and form so fair
Protection is a duty."—

'The bishop kiss'd her snowy hand,
And led her to his palace;
The Princess of Northumberland
Might made a matron jealous.

'O fair as she of Eden's bowers,
When innocence array'd her!
Before the serpent 'mongst the flowers
To thorny paths betray'd her.

"Ebba! when I behold that face,
And eye so softly beaming,
Devotion's every charm I trace
Through fairest features streaming.

"When I behold thy pious air,
Thou favour'd child of Heaven,
To one so faultless, yet so fair,
I think that grace is given.

"Thy bosom 's like a glassy lake,
Wherein that heaven 's reflected;
And when the storms of life awake,
Then still will he protected.

"Around thee in eternal spring
Will grace and beauty blossom,
Till heaven, on its angel wing,
Shall call thee to its bosom.

"'Then sigh not for the world's parade,
With all its guilty splendour,
But seek the cloister's holy shade—
To God your charms surrender!"

'I scarce need say, the bishop's tale
O'er female heart prevailing,
That Princess Ebba took the veil,
Her former life bewailing.

'Then there was not beneath the sun,
In his diurnal glory,
A purer or a prettier nun
To grace a poet's story.

'When her novitiate had sped,
So well she'd done her duty,
They hail'd her Abbess of St. Abb*,
Renown'd for worth and beauty.'

We have already said that Mr. Miller is sometimes prosaic,—he is also very careless about the rhyme; and though never very impassioned, yet he often displays much poetic feeling. In the notes to his poems, Mr. Miller shows no ordinary research. To his poem of the 'Last Drave of Dumbar,' which possesses considerable merit, he has appended, among other things, a very curious account of the witches of East Lothian. Horrible, indeed, is the narrative he gives of the persecution of poor creatures on the charge of witchcraft; and how absurd the charges frequently were will be seen by the following extracts from the indictment against one Isabel Young, who was tried for witchcraft in 1629, convicted, strangled, and even burnt:—

'*Item*, she went in a very tempestuous night, when the milne horses were scarcely able to ride it, over the water to her house, and fra her house back againe to the milne, when there was no bridge, neither of stone nor timber, over the water, unwet. *Item*, she destroyed the cattle of William Meslet, in great suddainty, and that by taking off her curch at the barne-door, and running about thrice within the barne widdershins. *Item*, she resett Christian Grinton, a witch, in her house, whom the pannel's husband saw one night to come out at ane hole in the roof, in the likeness of a cat, and theirafter transform herself in her own likeness; whereupon the pannel told her husband, that it should not faire weill with him, which fell out accordingly; for next day he fell down dead at the pleuch, and was brought hame by the pannel in William Meslet's chair. *Item*, she took a sickness off her husband, and laid it on his brother's son, who came to the barne, and saw the furlott running about, and the stuff popling on the floor; and he ran upon the pannel with a sword, to kill her for bewitching him, and strak the lintell of the door in following; the mark whereof is to be seen yet, and that he died thereof. *Item*, her apparition was seen in John Bryson's stable, under night, riding on ane meir, seen by David Nisbet, servand; and since, by her sorcerie, the meir cast her foal, and died. *Item*, for thir forty years, for curing of her bestiall, she has been in use to take a quick ox, with a cat, and a great quantity of salt, and to burie the ox and cat quick with the salt, in a deep hole, as a sacrifice to the devil.—"The truth of this article," observes the abridger of the Criminal Record, "was, that their bestiall being diseased of the routting evil, the pannel's husband was going to the Laird of Lee to borrow his curing-stane; whereupon their servant, James Nisbet, told them that he had seen bestiall cured by taking a quick ox, and burying him in a pitt, and by calling the rest of the bestiall over that place; whereupon they practised it once or twice, and were not the better; on which they went to the said Lord of Lee's. The ladie refused the stane, but gave flaggons of water, wherein it was steiped, which giving the bestiall to drink, in their apprehension it cured them. And for using the foresaid remedy, her husband (but never the pannel) was *ordained by the Presbytery of Dunbar* to make satisfaction for the scandalous fact, and to divest others theirfra. It is the ordinar practice of husbandmen of the best sort, who were never suspect nor dilated of witchcraft, in many parts of the kingdom."'

We now take leave of Mr. Miller and his goodly tome, on the best possible terms.

Trial of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, before the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Sense. By the Author of the Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1825.

It there is one thing we hate more than another, it is cant. Some author, whose name we do not remember, says, hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue; he ought to have said, it is the forgery it commits on it, for the purposes of fraud. This, as Byron said, is the age of cant: we have psalm-singing, but Sabbath-breaking preachers—Praise-God bare-bones, and aldermen and dandy priests, who scarcely ever speak, save in parables, or without quoting some scripture text. We are by no means insensible that many a thoughtless and improper person is admitted into the established church, but we hesitate not to state, that we prefer a fox-hunting parson to one half of those pharasaical dissenters, who make long prayers, and affect the appearance of godliness without possessing it. We have been accused of severity towards the Rev. Edward Irving; we certainly thought him an *ad-captandum* preacher, aiming at popularity, and not very particular as to the means by which he obtained it: his private character, however, we always understood to be strictly unimpeachable, and we should never hesitate to do justice to it.

We have been led to these remarks, by seeing a very clever pamphlet, of about ten sheets, entitled The Trial of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, whose name has been oftener before the public, within the last twelve months, than his reputation has gained by it. The reverend gentleman has suffered considerably by running the gauntlet of the

* 'St. Abb's-head, a well-known promontory on the coast of Berwickshire, where are the remains of a chapel, is said to have derived its designation from Ebba, only daughter to *Edelfrid*, King of Northumberland, who, on her father being slain in battle by the East Angles, made her escape in an open boat, as narrated in the poem, and landed on that point of land to which she gave her name.'—See Holinshed's Chron.

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newspapers; he has been roasted and cut up, and the fragments are now devilled and served up anew. Our readers, who can scarcely have forgotten that very smart *jeu d'esprit*, The Trial of Mr. Irving, will not be surprised that the author should seize on so excellent a subject for his caustic pen as Mr. Fletcher, who has made himself fair game, and is at once the disgust and laughing-stock of the public.

It is known to every one that reads a newspaper, that Mr. Fletcher courted (not loved) a Miss Dick, of Glasgow,—that he was a successful wooer, promised marriage, and evaded his promise,—that, years afterwards, he confessed the wrongs he had done her, entreated to be restored again to favour, and was admitted: it is known that he again most solemnly promised Miss Dick marriage, and wantonly and cruelly violated that promise, adding insult to injury: it is known, also, that an action was commenced against the saintly covenant-preacher,—that he suffered judgment by default, and had £500 damages awarded against him: it is also further known, that a great number of love-letters, written by the 'loving Alexander,' as he styled himself, have appeared in the papers; and that this reverend worthy has made an appeal to public opinion, to his eternal disgrace, and the scandal of the church.

A new trial, however, awaited him in the 'High Court of Common Sense,' a bar at which, if persons were brought as often as they sinned against it, there would be no want of conviction. The jury was a special one, and included Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Moore, Galt, Rogers, Blackwood, Sir William Curtis, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Croker, and others. At the opening of the court, and previous to the impannelling of the jury,—

'A great confusion was occasioned in the body of the court, by a tall, raw-boned, yellow haired, vulgar-looking man, in the dress, apparently, of a horse-jockey, insisting that he had a right to a seat within the bar, which nobody, however, seemed disposed to admit.

'Chief Justice.—Who's that man?

'Mr. Common Sergeant.—Mr. Joseph Wilfred Parkins, my lord, who was, two or three years ago, one of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and who claims a privilege, usually conceded to all ex-sheriffs, of sitting within the bar.

'Mr. Scarlett.—I know not, my lord, what Mr. Joseph Wilfred Parkins's privileges may be in other courts; but it is a matter of doubt with me, whether he has any right to be here at all.

'Chief Justice.—Oh! certainly none; this is a court of common sense. Officers, turn him out.

'Mr. Counsellor French rose, as if to interpose a few words in behalf of the XXXX sheriff; but, on a friend whispering in his ear that he had better be quiet, lest his own title to be present might be called in question, he sat down again.'

The presumption of the ex-sheriff certainly met with a very proper rebuke. In impannelling the jury, several persons were peremptorily challenged by the counsel for the prosecution, particularly Colonel Berkeley, Lord William Lennox, Mr. Calcraft, and Mr. Hayne. The jury sworn, Sir Walter Scott was chosen foreman:—

'Mr. Law stated, that this was an indictment at the instance of Miss Eliza Dick, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dick, of Glasgow, against the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, some time minister of Albion Chapel, London. It consisted of three counts. The *first* related, that whereas the defendant, not having the fear of public opinion before him, and being moved and instigated by the devil, did, some time or other in the years 1812 and 1813, and again, some time or other in the years 1822 or 1823, by looks, words, sighs, groans, letters, vows, protestations, genuflections, sweetmeats, &c. &c. &c. or by some or other of all those means, make love to, and captivate, the heart of the said Eliza Dick, and that he did thereupon, at each of the times aforesaid, promise and engage, bind and oblige himself, to take the said Eliza Dick, to be his wedded wife, for better and for worse, &c.; but that the defendant had, in both of the said instances, broken his promise and engagement to the said Eliza Dick, whereby she had suffered serious loss, damage, &c. &c. The *second* count, after relating as above, charged the defendant, further, with having moved and instigated as aforesaid, falsely, wrongfully, and maliciously said, to sundry persons in and about the city of London, and elsewhere, that it was the said Eliza Dick who, in the years 1822 or 1823, did, by looks, words, sighs, &c. or by some or other of all these means, make love to the said Alexander Fletcher, &c. &c. and that, in both the instances aforesaid, it was the fault of the said Eliza Dick, and not of the said Alexander Fletcher, that the marriage agreed to be solemnized between the parties did not take place; by all which, the said Eliza Dick had been much scandalized in her reputation, and had suffered serious loss, damage, &c. The *third* and last count, after relating as in the first count, stated that the defendant, moved and instigated as aforesaid, had made use of sundry shifts, shufflings, artifices, subterfuges, fictions, fabrications, &c &c. to excuse, palliate, extenuate, justify, &c. his said breaches of promise; by all which, the said Eliza Dick had been deceived, deluded, befooled, &c. to her great hurt, prejudice, damage, &c. &c.'

Mr. Phillips then addressed the jury at great length for the prosecution; and a happier imitation of the peculiar style of his oratory can scarcely be conceived, than that given by our author. We however can only give the peroration:—

'Gentlemen of the jury, I now leave the case with perfect confidence in your hands. I confess I am not sorry that it is one of such unmixed and thorough depravity. When an individual has laboured so diligently, as this defendant has done, to reflect dishonour on the country which sent him forth on a message of goodness and peace, as well as on the sacred order of which he is an unworthy member, it is well that there is no chance of any sentiment of compassion arising to intercept or mitigate the signal vengeance which is necessary to vindicate the one and purify the other. When an individual has displayed so cruel and wanton a contempt, as this defendant has done, for the best feelings of others, it is well that there happens not to be a single feature in the whole of his conduct, which can make you regret that you have it in your power to teach him what it is to feel both acutely and permanently. The guilt which you have to punish has in it a feature of almost every crime under heaven; it seems as if the defendant had, on the broken tablet of the decalogue, whetted the dagger for the social assassination which he has committed. Gentlemen, you convict for obtaining goods under false pretences; here is a man, who, by means of the falsest protestations, has swindled an innocent and confiding female out of her chief treasure—her affections, and repaid her only with cruelty and scorn. You convict for treason; here is the vilest disloyalty to the gentlest of all dominions—that of friendship and love. You convict for homicide; here is the hand that has murdered family peace. You convict for blasphemy; here is the name of the Deity invoked again and again—by one, too, who ministers in his temples—to sanction the most damning violations of truth, honour, and good faith. Gentlemen, I call on you by all your obligations, public, private, moral, and religious—by the hearth profaned—by the home made sorrowful—by national character tarnished—by the canons of the living God impiously contemned,—to mark by your verdict, this day, your horror at this unequalled complication of iniquity. And believe me, that when the hand that records that verdict shall be dust, and the tongue that asks it traceless in the grave, many a happy home and well-tended flock will bless its consequences; many an anxious father will still point to the immortal lesson which it taught,—that to be faithful to one's obligations is still the surest way to lasting happiness and honour.'

The learned counsel having made a very strong case for his client, Mr. Chitty proceeds to call witnesses for its support.

The first witness for the prosecution is Mr. Alexander Dick, brother of the plaintiff, who undergoes a long examination and cross-examination; the following questions were put by the jurors.

'By Sir Walter Scott.—Pray, what were the ages of your sister and Mr Fletcher, when the former proposed, in 1812, to defer the marriage, as you say, for a year or two longer, or, as the defendant says, for three years. I think it is of some importance to ascertain this, for we all know "with whom time gallops withal."

'Mr. Galt.—Or, as our country proverb, Sir Walter, says, that "dochters and dead fish are nae keeping ware."

'They were about the same age. Mr. Fletcher would, at the end even of three years' delay, not have been more than twenty-five.

'By Mr. Thomas Moore.—Was the attachment, on the part of your sister, a very ardent one?—I thought, extremely so.

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'By Mr. Thomas Campbell.—Had she conquered that attachment after the first rupture, or did she still look forward to the possibility of a reconciliation?

'Mr. Rogers.—My friend means, did she indulge in the *Pleasures of Hope?*

'I think she did: her affection for Mr. Fletcher was certainly never wholly eradicated.

'By Mr. Rogers.—And she still, I presume, feels keenly the injury which had been done her?

'Mr. Campbell —My friend means, Sir, that *Memory* has no *Pleasures* for her.

'It has not.

'*By* Mr. Kirkman Finlay.—What was in the *lass's* head, or in your's, sir, or your father's either, that made ye listen to the callan a second time? Sure, ye might hae kent better than to expect ony good to come o't. Did your mither never tell ye, that 'tis shame fa' the man that cheats ye ance, but shame fa' *yoursel*, if he cheats you twice?

'We thought that, in the first instance, Mr. F. acted under the influence of his sisters, and did not blame him so much as them.'

Mrs. Pirie is the next witness, she was the confidant of Fletcher, but saw through his perfidy: this lady's testimony, which is given in broad Scotch, is very amusing. A part of her evidence we subjoin.

'By Mr. Galt.—If I may be sae bauld, mem, as to speir, is it the custom wi' folks o' your persuasion, to sit in conclave in the way ye hae described, on the sinfu' doings of their neighbours?—Atweel is it.

'What! ev'ry little bit o' skulduddery that ye can lay your han's on?—Ay, Sir, ev'ry thing affecking the peurity o' ane's life an' conversation!

'Gude guide us, leddy, ye maun then be a very godly people, or ye hae a great deal to do!

'Nae that meikle to do either, sir, nor sae very godly, I am wae to say.

'But how d'ye contrive, mem, to punish your evil-doers?—O, fu' brawly, sir! First ye see, we admonish them: neist we rebeuk them; and gin a' that winna do, then we excommunicat them—turn them out o' the fauld, as it wer—and *keep* them out till they repent o' their sins, and show themselves deservin' o' bein' restored to kirk preeviledges.

'But surely, mem, ye dinna veesit ev'ry little prank a man mae be guilty o' wi' sic severity as this. Not that I wud ca' Mr. Fletcher's a mere prank, but, for example's sake, noo; suppose I war ane o' your persuasion, and that, by way o' frolic, I war to write a beuk—I write beuks, ye ken—which might be ca'd no just the thing in a religious point o' view, wad I be taken owr the cools for that, and rebuked before a baile congregation?—Troth, wud ye, sir! And if I'm no mista'en, there's a gentleman near you can tell you frae his ain experience mething about it.

'Wha do you mean, mem?

'Mr. Blackwood.—My stars! my lord, what ha' a' this to do wi' the case in han'?

'Mr. Galt.—Be quiet now, bailie, and ye'll see—I was speirin', mem, wha ye meant?

'Just Bailie Blackwood himsel, sir.

'Mr. Blackwood.—Had I kent this——

'Mr. Galt.—You wudna hae come here, I suppose, bailie. But go on, mem.

'I've nae wish, sir, to gie offence, but I'm sure the bailie minds weel hoo he was tu'en in hand for makin' a mockery o' the Haly Scriptures in his magazine, and how they wudna baptezee his buirn till he stood in the kirk to be rebeuked for his sinfu' conduct.

'Wud ye mind the name o' the thing ye speak o', mem, were I to tell you't? Was it the *Chaldee Manuscript?*—The vary same, sir.

'Weel, that's strange! I never kent till noo, that my frien', the bailie, was the author o' that wicked production.

'Haud a wee there, sir! I wasna saying he wrote it.—*Him* write it!—He's but a bailie.—(*Great Laughter.*)—Na, na; it was written, as I have heard, by some of the waefu' wags o' writer chiels and sang-makers that come about him. But then ye ken that it was the bailie wha pooblished it, and, what is war, he pooblished it just to put a little siller in his pouch. Did ye ever hear o' sic sacrilege?

'And has the bailie, mem, since he stood on the stool for this heinous offence, been restored to his kirk preevileges wi' you?—Restored, sir! Aye was he, and had his bairn baptezeed like a decent Christian. But I'm thinking his repentance hadna been just as sincere as he pretended. For sune after, he seceded frae our connection, and now I dinna ken that he belangs to ony persuasion ava.

'Mr. Moore.—A pretty connection yours is, ma'am, for a literary man to belong to! I should like to know how many writers o' note you have amongst you?

'Hoo mony writers o' note amang us! Let me see: the pious and godly Ralph Erskine's ane, and the saunted Mr. Brown o' Haddington's anither—but stay—now that I mind, baith they great men are dead; and it's about leevin' worthies ye're speerin', I reckon?

'Mr. Moore.—Yes, ma'am; name us same living worthies, if you please.

'Weel, there's Dr. Jamieson.

'Mr. Moore.—A mere dictionary-maker.

'And Dr. M'Crie.

'Sir Walter Scott.—Forgive me, madam; the name of Dr. M'Crie is one which does honour to Scottish literature; but you forget that the doctor has refused to have any connection with your associate synod.

'There's no denying that, Sir Walter; but ye ken the doctor's o' the secession kirk for o' that; a thrivin' affshoot, as it were, o' the parent tree. But lettin' alane the doctor, and forbye Dr. Jamieson, there's the gude Doctor Dick himself,' and the Rev. Mr. Langgrace, o' Kittlemacuits, whase Cordial for Contrite Spirits has been my bosom companion for mony a year, and the Rev. Ebenezer Sampson, the famous poet.

'Mr. Moore.—Ebenezer Sampson, the poet! I never heard of such a name.

'Mr. Campbell.—Nor I.

'Mr. Rogers.—*Psalmson*, I suppose, the witness means. (*A laugh.*)

'And there's John Inverarity, ruling elder, whose book on Cceeic Economy, as my gudeman tells me, dings your Doctor Chalmers a' to pieces; and Elspeth Sangster, the author o' the Hillside Melodies, and the Rev. Mrs. Klishmaclaver, whase Sunday Nights' Conversations, I'm sure, can never be too highly preezed; and the great Doctor Ogle——

'Mr. Moore —Enough! enough! ma'am. An enlightened persuasion truly, that has such a host of illustrious names to boast of! Its Sampsons, its Sangsters, its Klishmaclavers, and its great Doctor Ogle! O blessed effect of Presbyterian inquisition!

'Mr. Rogers.—I think a good deal of time has been wasted (very pleasantly, to be sure), in examining this witness about what is very little to the purpose I must trouble her, however, with one question farther, which I wonder has escaped my friend, Mr. Moore.—Pray, madam, do any of the *Fudge Family* belong to your connection? (*A laugh.*)

'Na, na, sir; we're a' solemn league and covenant folks.

'Mr. Blackwood.—As my name (dag on't!) has been very onnecessarily dragged into this business—and for the same I canna say I'm muckle behaden to my frien' Mr. Galt—I maun beg leave to offer a few words by way o' explanation. It is very true I was mysel a seceder yince, and that the bigotted bodies made me stand on the stool for my consarn wi' that piece o' deevilry, the Chaldee Manuscript; but it's no true, as the gude leddy here asserts, God forgive her! that I pooblished it merely to pit money in my pocket. You a' ken, I suppose, that it wi a the Jamie Hogg, the loon, that wrote the thing (for which, and mair forbye that shall be nameless, the cutty-stool wud hae suited him a hantle better than me.) But it's quite oonknown hoo I was plagued and teased by Jamie and the lave at Ambrose's, before I wud gie my consent to its appearin'. I did mae muckle mind the shepherd's threatenin' to tak' his sheep in future to Newcastle (though, to be sure, there's few better comes to Embray), nor yet Colin, the tiger's threat, to make a Saugur pie o' my carcass, gin I refused; nor even a hint frae the ensign aboot bein' a fine in my lug as lang as I leeved. But when the doctor (dag on't!) told me that if I wad nae print the urticecle, he wad get Wardsworth to mak me the hero o' his nesir six volumes in quarto, oh gnashious! I could stand out nae langer. I tauld the doctor that, rather than be buried alive in that way, I wad consent to ony thing he liked. An' this, believe me, gentlemen, is the real and true account o' the matter.'

Perhaps one of the most fatal witnesses to Mr. Fletcher is his brother, Robert, who complains, and, we believe, justly, of being ill-treated by the mock saint. Mr. Robert Fletcher produces a letter written to him by his brother, which strongly marks the shameless duplicity of the latter. The case for the prosecution being gone through, Mr. Scarlett

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made a very able speech for the defendant, which would have gone far to save him, had not the defendant wished to be heard in his own defence, and aggravated his guilt by the rancorous and unrepenting spirit it displayed. After a learned charge from the judge, the jury 'unanimously found the defendant guilty upon the whole counts of the indictment.'

The late period of the week at which this really clever work was published, leaves us little time for comment; but a more happy satire on vice and hypocrisy we have never seen. The speeches of Phillips and Scarlett are very close imitations of their styles, and the author very ingeniously makes most of the jurors give a commentary on their own characters, by the way in which they put their questions to the witnesses. There is an appendix of several curious documents, including hitherto unpublished letters, which throw much new light on the character of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, ex-wooer of Miss Dick, and ex-minister of Albion Chapel.

THE CABINET OF FOREIGN VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Concluded from p. 2.)

The plan and purposes of the Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels we explained in our last. The introduction gives an able and concise view of the progress of geographical discovery during the last ten years. Of course, the voyages of Capt. Parry form a prominent feature in this article, and great justice is done to the valuable geographical discoveries of our enterprising countrymen. The Russian exploratory expeditions are also noticed. The attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa, in which the English have also taken a prominent lead, are next analysed. Travels in Asia and America, as well as those of a less general character, are also noticed in the introduction.

The first article, after the introduction, is an analysis of M. Boie's Tour in Norway, in 1817, with the intention of making observations on the birds of that country, particularly the sea-fowl, on the western coast. His journal, which was published in 1822, was chiefly confined to natural history, particularly ornithology, but it also contained numerous interesting remarks on the country, manners, and customs of the people. To these the editor of the Cabinet has principally directed his attention. M. Boie was accompanied by Lieut. Von. Wöldike. The drivers of the sledges, in Norway, appear to resemble American innkeepers, and are very troublesome by their incessant questions, as 'What countryman are you? how old? are your parents yet alive? are you married?' and so on, *ad infinitum*. A few short extracts will serve as an example of M. Boie's Tour and the analysis of it in the Cabinet:—

'On the island of Vaerve there are, in winter, an extraordinary number of eagles. They are at this season (winter) quite a nuisance, as the inhabitants cannot venture, on their account, to suffer the cattle to leave the stable. One of these eagles once attacked an old man upon the beach, and, having entangled its claws in his jacket, was taken. In order to deliver themselves as much as possible from these ravenous guests, they build small stone huts, in which only a small opening is left, after the hunter has concealed himself in it before day-break. The bait, a dead animal, or only a piece of meat, is fastened to a rope, which may be drawn in from the hut, and this is done as soon as the bird has pounced upon his expected prey. This motion of the bait makes the eagle still more eager; it fixes its talons still deeper, and is at last drawn quite into the hut, and killed. In this manner, a single boy, last summer, caught six and twenty eagles, which may give some idea of their numbers. Probably, the great flocks of the white Alpine partridge cause them to remain in the winter in such northern latitudes, for all the sea-fowl that breed here, except a few gulls, have already disappeared.'

When this *already* was we know not, that point being omitted in the analysis of the tour. There is an excellent article on the climate of the Alps, by which it appears that it has not essentially varied. The next article is an account of the manners and customs of the Russians in the government of Kasan, as given by Mr. Erdmann, medical professor in the university of Dorpat. The analysis of this work exhibits many curious traits of the inhabitants of this part of Russia. They have a great number of fasts, and from Christmas to Twelfth Day the populace run about the streets masked, and divert themselves with dancing, singing, &c.:—

'The taking-down from the cross is represented every year, in all the churches, on Good Friday, and, at five o'clock on the following morning, they perform the representation of the interment of Christ. The image of our Saviour, painted on linen, is laid on a table, covered with black, before the altar, on the first day after mass; and, on the next day, carried by two priests, on their heads, round the church within-side, and sometimes on the outside, preceded by others carrying a censer and large lighted tapers. After going round, the image is again laid on the black table, and four burning tapers placed near it. Besides these, every one of the attendants carries a small lighted taper in his hand. Two hours after, mass is performed, and the sacrament administered, of which most of the inhabitants partake on this day. According to the Greek rites, a priest, standing before the principal door of the screen, holds the consecrated cup, in which the bread and wine are mixed, and presents a piece in a silver spoon to the communicants, who advance one by one. This is the way that the sacrament is received in the Greek church, even by children in arms. The rest of the day is spent in silence and meditation.

'When night sets in, they gradually prepare for the celebration of Easter. All the churches and steeples are illuminated to their very summits; and towards midnight, till which time the image of the body of Christ remains unmoved, they are crowded with people, each of whom carries a burning taper in his hand. Precisely at twelve, the celebration of the resurrection commences; after some psalms are sung, the bishop, or the first priest of community, holding the crucifix in his right hand, and a burning taper and a censer in his left, advances before the door of the altar. Accompanied by the other priests, in their pontifical robes, he walks round the church, exclaiming several times, *Christos woskrés* (Christ is risen), on which the choir instantly join in hymns of joy, and a cheerful peal resounds from all the steeples, which is answered by the thundering of cannon from the fortress. After going round, the bishop, with all the clergy, remains standing before the altar, and reads prayers aloud with them, alternately with the chanting of the choir. Then the pope, accompanied by a deacon (as the bishop or archimandrites does in the principal church), bearing in his right hand a crucifix, and in his left a censer, and also a taper, proceeds round the church in the same manner; and, lastly, each deacon, without any attendant: upon which, other hymns are sung; and when they are concluded, all the clergy present place themselves in a row before the altar, each bearing a crucifix. All the congregation now advance, and kiss one crucifix after the other, and directly after the cheek of the priest who holds it, and then each other, exclaiming *Christos woskrés;* and the answer is, *Woistienna woskrés* (indeed he is risen!) For at least a week after this time, and in letters till Whitsuntide, these words remain the general salutation, of all those who meet or write to each other the first time after the resurrection. They are accompanied with one or more kisses, without distinction of sexes; and even the prince does not refuse it to his servant or peasant, and, in general, they make presents of painted eggs. Persons of higher rank present each other with artificial and expensive eggs (made of porcelain, ornamented with paintings or filled with sweetmeats), and also with other things, and universal joy prevails. If people drive round in the *Butter* week [the week preceding Easter, commencing on Sexagesima Sunday, when they abstain from meat, but continue to eat every other article of food], to take leave of each other, they now do the same to wish each other joy. All fasting is now at an end, and they again begin to eat animal food, which, in the beginning, is generally dressed with curdled milk and eggs. Commonly, they have the first food they take, namely, a loaf and curdled milk, consecrated in the church, the first day after Easter. In this week nobody thinks of work, the courts of justice and schools are shut, and people go into company, and run after pleasure. In the next week, business and work gradually return into their former channel, and all things go on in their regular course.'

The account of the manners and customs of the Tartars, in the same government and from the same pen; Von Richter's Pilgrimage in the East; Webb's Descriptive Essay on the Plain of Troy; and, indeed, every article in this volume, would furnish us with an interesting extract: but none more curious, perhaps, than the account of the groups of rocks near Adersbach, in Bohemia, which we quote entire:—

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'It is well known that sand-stone has a tendency to split perpendicularly, and, as it at the same time frequently forms very thick horizontal strata, masses arise which resemble cubes and hewn stone, which, in places where the mountain is bare of earth and vegetation, seem to be placed on each other by art. When the perpendicular separation prevails, the forms are mostly columnar. The little solidity of most sand-stones makes it very easy for the waters, when they have once penetrated those clefts, to open themselves a further channel; and thus, connected with the effects of the falling of those masses which are undermined by the water, or have lost their equilibrium, the sand-stone mountains receive those strange and wonderful forms which every where render them an object of admiration.

'Every thing, however, that may be said respecting the singular forms of the sand-stone mountains is united in the remarkable groups of rocks near Adersbach, in Bohemia. The appearance that they present to the eye is so astonishing and sublime, that not only most of those who visit the Riesengeberge and the Schneekoppen, but also a number of other travellers, annually make an excursion to this place. The distance of Adersbach from Schmiedeberg and the Schneekoppen, in a direct line, is not above four German miles; from Landshut, not above three (according to Zöllner, only two and a-half); and from Braunau, Trautenau, and Schatzlar, two. Adersbach is, at present, a pretty considerable lordship, in the circle of Königgrätz, belonging to the Counts of Heister and Schafgotsch.

'The remarkable group of rocks which, according as they struck the fancy of travellers, have been called by one the Rocky Labyrinth, by another the Muzy-Stone Forest, but, by the country people of the spot, merely the *Stones*, commence in the village of Adersbach, and extend nearly a German mile in length, from south to north, with inconsiderable intervals, to what is called the Heuschener. Their breadth, from east to west, is only a quarter of a mile. The whole consists of many thousands (according to Pezha, even millions), of perpendicular columns, varying in form, height, and thickness. They form, as it were, a wood of stones, standing close together, and numerous mazes, through which it is impossible to find your way without a guide. Most of these pillars are one hundred feet in height, some two hundred and more; some look like pillars, towers, and walls; others are so regularly rounded at the top, and so smooth at the sides, that they seem to have been hewn by art. Others are bounded by curvilinear planes, and their projecting tops every moment threaten to overwhelm the traveller. Several of them are broad below, and become smaller towards the top; but there are others which retain an equal thickness. The most remarkable, on account of their form, are, first, the inverted sugar-loaf (the name of which points out its shape); it is a rock resting on a very heavy narrow base, in a small basin of water, which spreads more and more towards the summit; and, secondly, some single columns, which rise perpendicularly above those around them, like chimneys.

'The usual guide among these groups of rocks is the gamekeeper, who has the key to the entrance, which is closed by a door. "We first," says a late traveller, "entered a foot-path formed by the crumbled sand of the decomposed stone, which is sometimes twenty, and sometimes scarcely three feet broad, and leads, with innumerable windings, between perpendicular columns and walls. In some places we were obliged to pass through clefts where the rocks join at the top, and where there was hardly sufficient space to pass through sideways. Like the *sugar-loaf*, many other masses have received their name from their similarity to certain objects; for instance, the palace, the nun, the pulpit, the death's head, &c. This part of the mountain is considered as the most interesting.

'The path leads sometimes over bare sands, sometimes over moss and plants, and here and there between pines, and in several places we were obliged to step over the little brook, which runs with numerous windings. In about half an hour we reached a very agreeable cool place, adorned with pines and various plants, but entirely surrounded by high rocks. It is rendered still more delightful by the murmurs of the crystal brook, which here issues from a kind of sluice. A table, with a bench and some stone seats, have been placed for the accommodation of travellers, under two lofty pines, by the side of a clear and cool fountain.

'Proceeding by a very inconvenient way over heaps of sand, detached from the rock, which, like the ashes on the side of a volcano, lies so loose, that it slips from beneath the feet, we ascended into a cleft. The fatigue of climbing up is rewarded as soon as you reach a projecting part, by the sight of a very picturesquely situated basin, and a singular grotto, with a beautiful waterfall. The water falls first about twenty feet over the hollow wall of the rock, and ripples then over small breaks, till it at last reaches the reservoir below.

'On leaving these clefts, the guide generally discharges a small *canon* [cannon] near a little summer-house, the echo of which, reverberating through the whole labyrinth of rocks, produces a very peculiar effect.

'For the accommodation of travellers visiting these rocks, a spacious inn was erected several years ago, where they find good lodging and entertainment. To preserve the memory of the visit of remarkable strangers, the landlord, by order of the magistrate, keeps a book, in which all the guests are requested to inscribe their names; and, if they are willing and able, an appropriate sentence or verse. In case of a continuance of bad weather, music, dancing, and other amusements are provided. The resort of travellers is sometimes so great, that the inn cannot afford sufficient accommodation, and they are obliged to be lodged at the houses of public officers, or other inhabitants of the place.

'The observer of these singular masses of rock immediately asks himself how they have arisen. It is highly probable that they owe their origin to the effects of water. The whole, some hundreds or thousands of years ago, was a solid mountain; the streams of water gradually penetrated the clefts of the interior, washed away the loose part, and thus brought it to its present form. It is unnecessary to suppose that this was done all at once, by a great and violent flood; this would rather have reduced the whole mountain into confused ruins, than have given it its present regular columnar appearance. The process was probably slow and gradual. We should call to mind the subterraneous structures which the stalactites have formed in the course of many ages, in many caverns.'

'"We are always inclined," says Zöllner, very justly, "to conclude that what we see in nature at one view, has also risen at once, as we now see it. But full as much, and perhaps even more than is effected by sudden revolutions, is produced by the slow silent change, on which nature is incessantly employed before our eyes, but whose works do not excite our astonishment till after the lapse of centuries, because the fancy then adds to the acting powers as much in extent as it deducts in time."

'If we consider the extreme softness of the Adersbach sand-stone, which is such, that it may be easily crumbled with the fingers, and the rather low situation of this rock, compared with the surrounding country, it is easy to conceive how the rain and atmosphere vapours, falling on the higher parts, must find a vent in this soft sand-stone, and gradually collect in the hollows. The clefts already existing allowed the water to penetrate: when it froze in the winter-time, it burst, in places, the compact but easily-yielding masses; and when it thawed in the spring, it sought an issue in the crevices, and enlarged them by carrying with it the loosened sand. By degrees the rents became deeper, fresh ones arose from the causes above mentioned, when the moisture from several clefts collected washed considerable hollows, and formed chasms, into which the adjacent side-walls, being deprived of their support, fell down. Thus, narrower and broader clefts were formed, the bottom of which was covered with the sands of the decomposed stones, so that in many places we find a path upon which we can pass through these groups.

'What we even now observe proves that all this has been formed by a slow process. The water still makes new passages, undermines pillars already standing, and divides connected masses into columns. Zöllner mentions another sand-stone mountain, a quarter of a mile from Adersbach, on the road from Waldenburg, near the village of Merkelsdorf, "which is just now beginning." (Zöllner wrote this thirty years ago) "to divide into clefts similar to that at Adersbach;" and many persons, who had been long acquainted with the country, assured him, that they had plainly observed the hollows to grow deeper from year to year. Perhaps future ages may see here a second labyrinth, like that at Adersbach.'

This is an elegant and highly interesting

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little work, to which we wish every possible success; but we are sorry to find that the style is sometimes careless, and that sufficient attention has not been paid to correctness in the printing: these are, however, slight blemishes, which are abundantly compensated by the real merit of the work.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Tablettes Historiques, &c.

Historical and Chronological Tablets of the Ancient Monarchies, &c. By M. de Saint Allais. 3 vols. 18mo. Paris, 1824.

M. de Saint Allais is well known to the literary world by several excellent works on chronology, such as, A Chronology of the Sovereigns of Europe; a new edition of The Art of Verifying Dates, with Corrections and Additions, from the MSS. of the Benedictines of St. Maur; a very voluminous French Peerage; and a Martyrology. His sources of information have been abundant, and of the best kind; and to his zeal and enlightened judgment the world is indebted for the preservation of many valuable records, doomed to the flames by the Vandals of the revolution, who were anxious to destroy every document that contained the records of an honourable ancestry: happily, their cupidity sometimes overcame their zeal to destroy.

The work under our notice is principally compiled from the documents collected by the learned and industrious brothers of the Benedictine Monastery of St. Maur. It contains, a chronological series of sacred and profane history from the creation of the world to the birth of Jesus Christ, the Heathen mythology, the expedition of the Argonauts, the war of the Epigones before Thebes, the war of Troy, the retreat of the ten thousand, the wars of Alexander the Great, the public and solemn games of the Greeks, the legislators and philosophers of Greece, the degrees of rank amongst the Romans, the calendars of the Chaldeans, Jews, Greeks, Romans, &c.; with a chronological and historical series of the emperors and kings of all the ancient monarchies, the chiefs and generals of republics, &c., and geographical notices of all the empires, kingdoms, and republics of antiquity.

We have also to add, that the work is well executed, and, in a small compass, contains more important and correct chronological matter than any similar production that we are acquainted with.

ORIGINAL.

TWO HOURS' RAMBLE FROM TOWN.

To me there is something peculiarly beautiful in the sight of the thousands that pour out of the metropolis, like its river, on a Sunday, clad in their holiday finery, and looking as cheerful as country lads and lasses on a May-day morning,—some with their provisions, others with cash to procure their hunger's antidote,—to observe with what rapture they gaze on the unclouded sky, and the broad sun making every thing cheerful he shines on, and how they hurry to that shrine of mirth and merry-making, Copenhagen House. Despising your fastidious would-be-polite personages, who look upon every thing connected with tea-gardens as monstrous, and vote those vulgar who frequent them, without for a moment considering by what motives the lovers of such pastime are actuated, or why they prefer a short excursion to the dreary occupation of living in London, they have a relish for the fresh air, the green fields, the sparkling of water, and the singing of birds,—in fact, a genuine love for the beauties of nature.

Let any one enter into the gardens on a holiday, amid the mirthful throng of old and young, gazers at the festivity, and its most zealous participators,—let him look at the joyful countenances, listen to the pleasant jokes levelled and taken in the same spirit of pleasantry, observe the variety of merry faces grouped in different spots, sequestered and open to observation, with the luxurious elder-tree bending over them, and the beautiful green sward in the centre,—the tea steaming, and the elder of each party officiating for the younger, and spreading the viands before them, who are gazing at each other—the youths enjoying sly peeps at their lasses under their bonnets, who look as demure as maids should do, and only return a slight pressure of the hand for the same token of affection from their admirers;—children, in all the joyousness of infantine rapture, rolling and tumbling about—playing at hide and seek—their parents eyeing them with delight; and then the loud laugh, at intervals breaking in upon the buzz of the motley throng.

Those who prefer a walk after their tea, cross the field to the right, as you advance towards the house, and pay a visit to the shepherd's cottage, which stands on a beautiful spot in the centre of a garden, through which there is a path-way that leads to Highgate, so sequestered and beautiful that the heart leaps when you behold it;—a wide lane, covered with verdure, and hedged in on either side, running straight for a short distance, then taking a curve, lessening in width, and becoming more beautiful,—the stately trees mingling their branches above you, shadowing your path, and embracing like lovers, who should make this their retreat when the spring-tide of the year gems the green grass you walk on, and the banks that exclude you from observation, with flowers as lovely and innocent as platonic affection. Farther on, the road is terminated by a meadow, deepening to a valley, beyond which, on a delightful eminence, stands Highgate,—its arch-way conspicuous, and affording a fine contrast to the embowered habitations that flank it to the left.

Making your way back to Copenhagen House, by the side of the lane, you pass through a number of fields, which, in the early part of the season, when the grass is just springing in all its virgin luxuriance, studded with daisies, lifting their white blossoms or thin slender stems above it, here and there blossoming in patches,—birds singing in the neighbouring bushes and trees,—the breeze, fresh and invigorating, swelling and dying away, till its gentle murmur cannot be heard,—pools of water, transparent as the air around you, and reflecting the beautiful sky above you,—are sights calculated to impress you with the idea of more remote scenes than a two hours' walk from the metropolis would induce you to hope for. Such are the scenes, in no wise exaggerated, as thousands can testify who have partaken of their sweets,—such scenes as a Londoner would be laughed at for eulogizing, than whom there are no beings so universally laughed at, railed against, and ridiculed, for sighing after fresh air and rural pastime; and yet, I'll venture to say, few who are more deserving of admiration for their love of rural enjoyments,—to whom a buttercup surpasseth a hyacinth, and even a nettle has its charms, and a green hedge maddens with ecstacy. A person is not to be despised because he was born in London: he has his opportunities, as well as others, of appreciating the beauties of nature,—he may have as ardent a desire to enjoy them, when he can emerge from his confinement: he does so, and feels double the satisfaction of one habitually used to it, from its rarity, and, cameleon-like, respires the cool air, and gazes with rapture on the scenery around him. I do not here include the sentimental cockney nor the ignorant smoker and pot-house companion, to neither of whom has the country one iota of beauty: the former has not sense enough to understand what he would have you believe he idolizes, and the other is too much wrapped up in his love for himself to entertain the least thought or attention for any thing else,—and as for green fields, let those love them who like; give him his porter and pipe, and he is, in his own estimation, a jolly fellow,—and that is all he sighs for. G.

LONDON AND PARIS.

We have occasionally made some cursory remarks, rather in the shape of detached notes than of formal critism, on articles in periodical publications; a practice to which we shall continue to have recourse from time to time, and in this manner may sometimes also offer opinions, relative to books and other publications, that do not exactly belong to the passing literature of the day. Among the subjects that we have already noticed thus, our readers will probably recollect the posthumous letters of Charles Edwards, in Blackwood's Magazine, which discover more vigour, raciness, and originality, than are often met with in works that appear in a far more pretending shape. The letter given in the last number of that journal, although too much in the *de haut-en-bas* tone, and occasionally in a madcap strain, contains a very clever picture of Paris, as contrasted with London. That it would be greatly relished by a native of the former city, we do not pretend to say; for it must, in many respects, sadly wound their national vanity. The writer pronounces the arcades of the Palais Royal and their shops to be inferior to the Burlington Arcade and the passages round the Opera House in Pall Mall. Even in point of folly, vice, and crime, he asserts that our own capital excels!—and Heaven knows that, in spite of the constant crying-up of ourselves,

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as being the most moral and religious people on the globe, somehow or other, circumstances do perpetually occur, which tend to render us somewhat sceptical on this head; and which compel us to confess that there is crime, profligacy, and brutality enough among us, to earn for us a reputation the very reverse of that which we assume, while there are certain redeeming points in the character of our neighbours, which it were much better for us to attempt to copy than their follies and their fashions. The vanity—the egotism—the affectation of the Parisians; their slovenliness—their indelicacy, of which they certainly have their share—their houses—their streets—their grotesque and unnatural gardens, may offer topics of satire and of self-congratulation to an Englishman; but what will John Bull say to the affability and good humour, of the lower orders? or what of their honesty, when we are assured that 'the honesty of the poorest people (as regards abstinence from thefts) is such as must be seen almost before it can be credited. This honesty,' adds the writer, 'is quite unintelligible to an Englishman,'—and the more is the pity, add we, although we are not quite sure, after all, whether it would not be difficult to convince some people that honesty in a Frenchman can be no virtue;—but really, were we to estimate national character by the morals of the lower orders, who certainly form no inconsiderable portion, as far as regards numbers, of the whole community, we should perhaps have no very great reason to congratulate ourselves on our infinite superiority. Among the countless numbers of travellers who are so anxious to impart to the world the fruits of their visits to other countries, we are not aware that any one has directed his attention to the study of the character of the population in general, or attempted to ascertain how far such character has been the result of temperament or circumstances,—of religion, laws, and political situation. But this would be no task for our modern concocters of continental tours, who usually determine the character of a whole nation from the few individuals with whom they chance to come into contact on their route,—from the civility or sulkiness of postillions and landlords,—from chamber-maids, and bills of fare. It would require not only a protracted and an intimate acquaintance with a people, both as to their faults and merits, but a philosophical calmness of judgment, and an entire freedom from all prejudice and partiality. With respect to the last-mentioned, it must be admitted that the writer who has given occasion for these remarks exhibits as little undue prejudice or partiality in favour of his own country as can be expected from any man; for, although he asserts that the gardens of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and Versailles, are formal, angular, and unnatural, with '*parterres* laid out like an estate on the top of a twelfth-cake;' that the women are 'usually devoid of all attraction;' and that, 'both as to personal attraction, and as to the dressing, figure, &c., upon which the French affect to plume themselves, they stand, take them in equal numbers, incomparably below the English;'—notwithstanding, we say, all this he discovers the French to be greatly our superiors in wines, beds, *liqueurs*, and ornamental furniture. 'Our English beds,'—we hope that we shall not destroy our reader's repose by letting him into the secret,—'are always detestable.' In 'gastronomic arrangements, too,' the French are decidedly our superiors And now, taking leave of Charles Edwards, we will ask how it has happened that a people, whose taste in dress, gardening, and architecture, has been so puerile, extravagant, and unnatural; whose taste in poetry has been so pedantic, nerveless, and frigid; and whose manners, in certain respects, have exhibited so little of the decencies appertaining to civilization,—how such a people should have been permitted so long to arrogate to themselves the right of being the supreme arbiters of taste to all the rest of the world? The question seems to us to be a very singular problem in morals. A nation whose language abounds with the coarsest expressions has surely very little reason to pique itself on refinement. We might adduce instances enough, if we chose to show that the charge is far from being ill-founded, but let one suffice. What shall we say when the highly-polished, refined, and courtly fashionables of Paris, out of compliment to the infant dauphin, once named a colour, *coca du dauphin!* What an extraordinary compliment, and what singular refinement!

THE CHURCH YARD.

I FREQUENTLY indulge in the melancholy pleasure of musing away an hour in a country church-yard; where I imagine that there lies before me a sort of parish register of the mental qualifications of its inhabitants; from whence I can draw conclusions on the state of enlightenment to which they have arrived, by a perusal of those fond effusions, which seldom fail to appreciate beyond all measure the virtues of those who are gone to render their account. This practice is an amiable characteristic of the human heart, which seems to seek relief in the very engrossing of that loss it has had the misfortune to sustain; it arises from the feeling, too, that there may be a possibility of the departed objects of our affection being gifted with the power of knowing and deriving gratification from the reflection that there are those yet on earth who, without any worldly stimulus, are emulous to panegyrize the many excellences they possessed, and which a fond heart will never be at a loss to discover, in characters however diversified. My thoughts were more particularly bent this way, on a recent occasion, when I strolled into a snug little community of the dead, which seemed as if it had been chosen to divest us, as much as possible, of those revolting ideas, that too often intrude, when we have such solemn scenes in view. It was situated on an elevated plot of ground, in the centre of a valley, confined, indeed, but infinitely rich, and continuing in its bounds some of the finest scenery imaginable. The horizon, which inclosed us in its blue limited circle, was softened by a fringe of beautifully contrasted trees, rearing their tall heads as a barrier, to its nearer approach Beneath was seen, winding in its serpentine course, so as almost to surround the church-yard in its mazy mirror, a stream from the mountains, deep, narrow, and silent, save the low ripplings which were produced as it bounded over the larches and willows that were pendeat from its banks. The abodes of opulence took not away from the rusticity of the view, but a few lime-washed well-thatched cottages were scattered around, and, in the more distant part of the valley, a small corn-mill was travelling along its incessant circuit, and holding perpetual war with the rivulet, which here, on the way to its mighty destination, became useful as well as beautiful. The burial-ground itself was ornamented with a profusion of venerable yew-trees, the growth of centuries, which had reached an enormous size, and although the trunks of the greater part were hollowed by the sure encroachments of time, the branches, spreading out far and wide, preserved their youthful freshness, and formed a canopy of endless verdure, over these beds of death. The decent repair in which the graves were kept corresponded with the rest of the scene, and I could not help uttering a wish, although in this particular by no means fastidious, that mine might be such as these. The epitaphs were not of an order to merit notice; however, two or three of the following I copied for their originality:—

ON A WIFE.

'In this cold, dark, and solitary bed,
The roses of her countenance all fled,
Faded, like flow'rets on the coffin spread,
My matchless Mary numbers with the dead!
O! death, relieve a wretched husband's care,
For me, unhappy me, next spread thy snare,
That I may join my love;—
Without her, here, an irksome life I run,
The happier *I*, the sooner it is done,
That I may join my love.
O! let thy dart, unerring, quickly fall—
All supplicantly for this boon I call,
That I may join my love;
No further hope can I expect in life,
Since thou, relentless, had destroy'd my wife—
Then let me join my love.'

ON A YOUNG LADY.

'If ever mortal on this earth were lov'd,
'Twas she whose sad remains are lying here:
The pangs her death excited this love prov'd—
And tears, like rain, fell on her funeral bier.
'She was all lovely, innocent as spring,
Perfect as summer, as the winter sage!
Ah! death, why here thy bitter potion bring,
To nip the fairest flower of the age.'

ON A MOTHER.

'As shine the sun-beams through an April's rain,
So mix our smiles and tears, while we endeavour
To hope bright things, instead of grieve in vain,
For something says we do not part for ever.
'She leaves this world of wretchedness below,
And quits for kingdoms of unerring bliss;
Where tides of joy without an ebbing, flow,
And fully compensate for scenes like this.
'O grateful, fond, consolatory thought!
Implanted in our nature to repress
Deep sorrow, else with endless misery fraught,
With sad repinings, and too sure distress.'

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ON AN INFANT.

'The bud puts forth in fair array,
When comes the chilling frost of night,
And all the cheerful hopes of day
Are cutled by the luckless blight.' ALOST.

LORD BYRON'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER

ALAS! poor Byron, if thy spirit could revisit this nether world, and see the havoc thy *friends* are making with thy reputation, while to those who differed with thee when living, is left the charge of doing justice to thy memory. *Friend* Medwin has represented thee as a toper, drinking a pint of hollands of an evening, and then talking scandal! Friend Dallas, in his recollections of thy early life, has made himself the hero of the volume, and his son is now giving to the world thy boyish letters to thy mother! Such were our reflections, on seeing a copy of two of the letters of his lordship, in the papers, a few days ago, with a sort of table of contents of the remainder.

The history of these letters is well known: they were given to the late Mr. Dallas, by Lord Byron, and were preparing for the press in this country, when an injunction was obtained in the Court of Chancery, to interdict their publication. We certainly neither approved of the alleged motive for the injunction, nor were satisfied with the principle on which it was granted; but if the persons who prayed for it were conscious of the character of the letters, we can forgive their over-officiousness: for more common-place stuff we never saw. Happily for the fame of Byron, it is too firmly established to be shaken by such a publication, though we cannot but condemn the cupidity of those who are so reckless of that fame, as, for the sake of gaining a few pounds, to expose those domestic epistles which can add nothing to the reputation of Byron, must wound the feelings of his relations, disgust his friends, and be of no earthly service to the public.

Prevented by the injunction of the Lord Chancellor from appearing in England, they are published in Paris, not out of contumacy, but in consequence of an arrangement, previous to the injunction, with M. Galignani, of Paris. The two letters, which, we believe, appeared first in The Morning Herald, are dated the 7th of October and the 2nd of November, 1808; that is, when Byron was nearly of age. In the first he is made to tell his mother, that, although he is not like Jean Jaques Rousseau, and has no ambition to resemble so illustrious a fool, yet he knows that he will live as he likes: there are, also, some bed-room arrangements, about where 'the H.'s' are to sleep, and a wish to have two rooms for himself and a friend to dress in, before going to some ball! In the next letter, which is equally frivolous, he tells his mother, that when the apartments at Newstead are ready, he will be delighted to seek her, adding, 'as I speak but the truth, you should not suspect me of using deceit.' He then goes on to tell his mother, that he is preparing to go out to India—for what purpose does the reader think? Why, to qualify himself for a British legislator, forsooth!

Now, if these letters be indeed genuine, which the Parisians much doubt, they really say very little for the epistolary talents of Lord Byron; yet we have proofs of his abilities before he reached that age. That an affectionate mother might overlook their faults, as well as those of her son, is natural enough,—nay, that she might preserve them, when that son was on the point of setting out to distant countries, is probable; but is there a son or a parent that could bear to see them in print?—and as to the public, they are mere waste paper,—they throw no light on the real character of Byron, and their publication is a deep and deliberate insult to his memory.

BYRON AND SOUTHEY.

SUCH of our readers as are in the habit of seeing Blackwood's Magazine (and there are, we presume, few of them who do not see it), will not suspect the editor of any undue partiality for Byron, or of being a very ready apologist for his faults or weaknesses; on the other hand they will think, rightly enough, that the Tory principles of Mr. Southey will naturally recommend him to Ebony. It is, however, an act of justice to our northern contemporary to state, that he has displayed more good sense, and been more liberal to the memory of Byron, than half the persons who have written on the subject. While Byron lived he was never flattered in Blackwood, but no sooner was he dead than the editor came forward and did justice to his splendid talents.

Our opinion of Byron, and of Mr. Southey's late atrocious attack on his memory, are known to our readers; and we need quote, from the number of Blackwood just published, some further observations on the subject. We do not, however, altogether agree in the exaggerated eulogy on Mr. Southey. But to the article:—

'In regard to the question—the real question—as between Mr. Southey and Lord Byron himself, we consider this as a matter by no means so simple and easy of decision. It gives us, and all who have a proper respect for genius, the sincerest pain to see two men so eminent as these, railing about each other's real or supposed faults and foibles, even after the barrier of the grave has intervened between them. No man of sense and candour can suppose, that Mr. Southey ever did or could, understand the character of Lord Byron, whom he never saw, or that Lord Byron did, or could, under similar circumstances, understand the character of Mr. Southey. It would have been quite as sensible to expect, that Samuel Johnson and David Hume should be impressed with a profound respect for each other's talents and acquirements, and forget and forgive all each other's deficiencies and failings. Mr. Southey is, and always was, too much of a monk, to understand a man of the world like Byron; and Byron was too decidedly, or rather too exclusively, a man of the world, to understand a monk like Southey. Hence this absurd exaggeration of each other's errors and defects. In Southey, in one of the most learned and accomplished scholars, and pure and virtuous men, that the modern world has produced, Byron could see nothing but the Tory partisan, and the author of certain articles in the Quarterly Review. In Byron, on the other hand,—in one of the greatest of the great poets of England,—in a man who never wrote three pages without pouring out some emanation of a soul beautiful, lofty, and glorious, if ever such a soul dwelt within a human bosom,—in this great and godlike poet of England, Southey could see nothing else but a "pander-general to youthful vice," and the founder of "a Satanic school." This nonsense on both sides excites an universal smile—nothing more. We would scarcely endure now-a-day to hear either Hume or Gibbon talked of as Satanic characters; nor could we sympathise very much, as matters go, with the moralist who should carry his indignant virtue so far as to heap with epithets of unmingled abuse the names of those, who, in our fathers' or grandfathers' days, wrote Tom Jones or Peregrine Pickle. Hume was as virtuous a man as Mr. Southey can be; so was Gibbon. Fielding was as amiable a man, and Smollett as upright and complete a gentleman. It will not do to talk so fluently about fiends and demons in this upper world.

'Few men could endure the test of having their private talk written down,—especially after the discussion of a quart of gin between the talker and the note-taker. Byron was a rattling reckless fellow, who said many things that he should not have said; but, from all we have been able to ascertain, he had a great deal too much taste and *tact* to talk low trash, unless where he found his audience incapable of sympathising with any of the higher and purer strains of his mind. We regard Medwin's book as proof positive of a small and mean understanding in its writer; and of his total incapacity to be for one hour, in any just sense of the term, the companion of such a man as Lord Byron.

'Lord Byron had great and undeniable faults; but we prophesy, that the silly and exaggerated cant, which has been flourishing in relation to him and his great name, will ere long subside beneath that growing feeling of disgust which is already observable enough amidst all rational persons and classes.

'Mr. Southey does well to defend himself from any attack by which he conceives it possible for his fair moral name to be injured. He may, however, rest assured, that no human being ever believed him to be capable of the least of the dirtinesses attributed to him by the drunken imagination of Byron, or the base and blundering folly of this Captain Medwin. People of all orders laugh occasionally at some of the laureate's little peculiarities of thought and manner; but, upon the whole, we are certain, that no man ever stood so high in our literature,—and stood there surrounded with a more general atmosphere of respect and good-will. He is totally mistaken if he supposes himself to be regarded with spleen or hatred by any class of English readers. His only enemies are a few pert critics,—scarcely one of whom would dare to open his lips in Mr. Southey's presence;—and the miserable riff-raff of

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cockneydom,—none of whom one can willingly imagine to occupy even one second of the serious attention of such a man, and such an author as he.

'Had Southey and Byron been thrown together in life, we are certain there would have been nothing but kindliness of feeling between them. It is now too late to pray for this;—but we are sure the world will not thank the survivor for anything tending to prolong unnecessarily the existence of feelings which never ought to have existed at all.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO ROTHERHITHE.

On seeing the Subscriptions of the Minister, Churchwardens, &c. for the Spanish Refugees.

O ROTHERHITHE! land of the Goth!
(As the world must have thought thee before)
I had sworn, in a moment of wrath,
That I ne'er would remember thee more;
But thou startest from ages of shame,
And thy lethargy now I forgive,—
One deed has redeemed thy fame,
And I'll love thee as long as I live:
For thou hast awoke from the slumber of years,
To dry up the fugitive patriot's tears.
What angel has wander'd thy shore?
What spirit has startled thy brave?
For I ne'er knew thee foremost before,
Or virtue or valour to save:
Has a priest preach'd thee into the vein
To pity whom priests had oppress'd?
Or has liberty loosen'd the chain
That apathy bound on thy breast?
For thy spirit hath burst from its bondage at last,
To brighten the future and cancel the past.
Turn, *Mine*, from Mary-le-bone,
Quirage bow towards the *east*,
Where Siberia's sons may be shown
True patriots bid by a *priest!*
Behold! a few sons of the wave
(Though rough as the ocean they ride)
Have prov'd they can pity the brave,
And afford them a refuge beside!
And, above of the sailor, my first oath forgive,
Since I now swear to love thee as long as I live!

J. M.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

A Doggrel Song for a Christmas Party.

TUNE—bow, wow, wow.

ALLOW me just to sing a song, 'bout something rather funny,
Which is, that all the world have got a great deal too much money.
You stare; but 'tis a certain fact, as boxing sure to thump one is,
If not, pray why s' ould all of us run after new-made companies. Tol, lol, lol.
We've companies for water, and companies for tea as well,
For bread, and corn, and wine, and oil for gas to make us see as well;
And companies for other gas in Parliament will spot a bill,
While one there is makes gas like soup, for truly it is portable.
And then for steam the world is mad, in boats, and mills, and other things;
While with smoking and with vapouring they certainly do another things,
We've soon to have a steam-sent coach, with which the mail will stand no chance,
To go from the new Post Office, St. Martin's, call'd *le-grand*, to France.
But of all the steaming companies, the *washermen's* the queerest is,
And all the good old laundresses declare it much the dearest is,
While others say it's all a *lie*,—but none can wash without a *lye*—
Who wishes to be *in the suds* should take a share undoubtedly.
The sea is coming up to town, and Margate will be undone,
When *salt* water comes *fresh* in pipes to bathe us all in London;
The National Bath Company can do just what it pleases,
Then sure it should send up as well a lot of good sea-breezes.
Then mines are all the go with some, who hope to find the *shiners*,
And this, whate'er their age may be, will surely suit the *miners*,
In Mexico, Columbia, and also in Buenos Ayres;
But so far off these places are, my cry is still—give me no shares.
We've lots of scrip, not worth a scrap,—*Pagais* to wit, whose great catique
Got cash from good old Johnny Bull, who found it but a sory squeak;
The Greeks, too, borrow'd, or, to speak more classical, I—O—nians,
And I suppose the next may be the ten-foot Patagonians.
Then bridges cross *above* our streams, and tunnels will go *under*,
But in the last I hope the gents will make no stupid blunder;
For if they should perchance give way, the shareholders will mumble,
Sure such a *sinking-fund* could make a saint or sinner grumble.
Thus many *ways*, in these our days, give money circulation;
Some *ways* are spoil'd with Mac,—oh! no—'tis *Muck*-adamization:
With sub-*ways* we are threaten'd, for gas and water under ground;
Some rail against the *rail-way*, too, and think 'twill be a blunder found.
So many companies there are, 'tis really past endurance,—
Insurance some, but all indeed not wanting in assurance;
For Atlas, Beacon, Hope, and such, some sing an *Io pean*,
While some affirm the Rock is firm, and some the European.
But these shall not prevent our mixing wine and mirte together,
Shut in with joy, we'll shut out woe, and heed not wind or weather;
For though old Christmas has arriv'd, with rain and sleet, and drizzle too,
Yet while the ladies smile around, we can't forget the *mistletoe*.
One thing I had well nigh forgot;—amongst the companies I've nam'd,
No share have I, and, wise or no, I hope my choice will not be blam'd,
For I have fix'd on one, in which, to make a slight commotion,
The present company it is,—I hope you like my notion. Tol, lol, lol.

J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

A Dictionary of Architecture, Historical, Descriptive, Topographical, Decorative, Theoretical, and Mechanical. By ROBERT STUART. Nos. I. and II. 8vo.

ONE of not the least remarkable circumstances connected with the literature of the present day is, that it is much more popular in its form than at any other period. There is now hardly any class of the community whose wants are not attended to or provided for: hence has arisen a description of publications in which economy and utility are principally consulted. And it is by means of these, that stores of valuable information, hitherto hoarded up, as it were, from the gaze of the multitude, are now rendered accessible to them. Hitherto, scientific works have never appeared in a popular shape, nor has the press been rendered subservient—at least in any considerable degree—to the diffusion of instruction among those whose means of purchasing it were limited. It were easy to enumerate very many works of this nature now in the course of publication, but, without touching further, at the present, on this subject, we shall now confine our observations to the work before us.

Such a work can by no means be considered superfluous, or rather has been very much wanted; for hitherto almost all books relating to architecture have been published in an expensive and not very convenient form, insomuch, that the lower classes of builders and practical mechanics have had no opportunities whatever of improving their taste: the same may be said with respect to the public in general. Yet, until some degree of correct taste be more generally diffused among us, we must expect to witness all those deformities and impertinences which so frequently shock the eye. According to some persons' notions of taste, it may seem hopeless to expect that it should ever become general, for they associate with it ideas of magnificence and expense; whereas it is really more favourable to economy than is usually imagined. It is true, that it cannot always have an opportunity of displaying itself in its most embellished form, but correct taste will always teach us to avoid deformity. And how many buildings are there which are rendered hideous and paltry, not for want of cost, for much that has been expended upon them has tended only to render that ridiculous and contemptible, which might otherwise have been pleasing and decorous. Propriety, unity of character, and a certain degree of grace may be possessed by the homelest structure. Whatever be said to the contrary, we never can admit that taste is so arbitrary and undefinable as it is generally imagined to be. It may, indeed, be difficult to point out in what it precisely consists, just as we should despair of describing in words the difference to the palate between sugar and salt; yet it is easy enough to illustrate good and bad taste by examples. Among the ancient Greeks taste seems to have been almost indigenous: their commonest artists were gifted with a delicacy of tact and a refined sensibility that taught

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them to appreciate beauty of form, and to adopt it on all occasions; hence their commonest utensils, however mean might be the material, were always beautiful, and a mere *terra-cotta* jar possessed a grace of outline and a symmetry that we do not always find in expensive porcelain vases, glittering with gold and brilliant with enamel dies.

Now the *gist* of what we have been saying is, that the diffusion of a better taste than has hitherto prevailed among the various mechanics employed in building, is of some importance; and we think that such an end is likely to be considerably promoted by such works as this, nor do we altogether despair of seeing so desirable an end attained. By way of familiar illustration, we will merely desire our readers to compare the elegant and tasteful borders now so common on *the wrappers* of books published in numbers with the paltry blue paper formerly in use; or the superior simplicity of a modern title-page, book-plate, or vignette, to the preposterous and uncouth scrolls and lines which at one period were thought to decorate them: here we have a complete instance of what we advanced above, that true taste, so far from increasing expense, will generally be found real economy. What a waste of labour and expense was formerly incurred in the bordering of a plate or portrait, which, so far from adding beauty, absolutely detracted from it, and, moreover, often caused the print itself to look little better than a mere patch in the midst of its extraneous and superfluous finery—like a poor solitary pigeon served up in a huge dish, with such a profusion of garnish as almost to conceal it from view.

Hitherto it should seem that any liberal acquaintance with either the principles or history of architecture was interdicted to builders employed in the erection of private dwellings, which is the more to be regretted, as, after all, it is not from a few detached structures, but from the general mass, that a city takes its architectural character. And although we cannot but concede the hopelessness of ever seeing a city a complete architectural utopia, or fairy-land, still we think much may and ought to be done in the way of correcting that despicable, barbarous, and hideous style that pervades, almost without exception, the numerous ranges of buildings, that, under the denomination of terraces, places, or some equally ambitious title, disfigure the suburbs and environs of our metropolis.

Having before us only the two first numbers of Mr. Stuart's Dictionary, we cannot, as yet, enter into any particular criticism on it: this early notice of it is, therefore, rather for the purpose of recommending it generally, both for the information it will be found to supply, and for its elegant embellishments, than of examining minutely its merits in point of execution. We will confess, however, that we have also another view, and that is to hint to the author the propriety of somewhat modifying his work and contracting his plan. We were rather surprised at meeting with such terms as Aaron's Rod, Abacot (a coronation cup of state representing that anciently worn by the kings of England), Abaster (one of the horses of Pluto), Aben-boan, and others of this description, the introduction of which is, in our opinion, rather fanciful; for, at this rate, we may expect all the scriptural antiquities and all the heathen mythology to be explained, to the exclusion of more relevant matter. But what we still more strongly protest against is the introduction of both naval and military architecture,—of which, by the bye, nomenclation is made in the title, and which, unless in the general name of architecture, have not the slightest connection whatever with civil architecture. We should as soon have expected to find in Mr. Hope's treatise on furniture, remarks on the *furniture* used in a printing-office; or to meet with articles relative to farriery in a medical dictionary; or, lastly, as soon consider that there was any professional alliance between Hoby and a blacksmith, because one shoes bipeds and the other quadrupeds. Now, really we would advise Mr. Stuart to sink the navy—we mean at once to discard altogether an anomalous excrescence that must occupy much space that might be much more appropriately and interestingly filled.

Illustrations to Moore's Irish Melodies, from Designs by R. WESTALL.

WE certainly are not of opinion that these illustrations will set either the poet or the artist in a stronger or more pleasing light than before. The latter, indeed, seems to have undertaken an office for which Mr. Moore will hardly thank him,—and one somewhat like that of holding a farthing rush-light to the sun. There is a kind of mania now among our artists, it should seem, of turning commentators on our popular writers, and elucidating their beauties, although not generally with the nicest taste or discretion: or we should rather say, that they oftener remind us of one who, calling upon us to admire the clearness and pellucidity of a rill, pokes his cane into the stream and stirs up a cloud of sand from the bottom. No task, indeed, can be more delicate or hazardous than that of attempting to realize and embody those pictures, scenes, and images, which delight us in the poet and the novelist; and hence the enormous waste of copper and paper in what are termed book-plates, both of which might have been better employed. The more admirable the original, the less chance of coming up to the picture, which the reader will have already sketched out in his own imagination. And, of all our poets, Moore is assuredly not exactly the one who would present the fewest difficulties in this respect. His very beauties become obstacles, for they defy any pencil, but—to use an expression of his own—'a pencil of light.' And how has Mr. Westall accomplished this daring task in these *illustrations* (lucus a non lucendo)? We are confident that the bard will not apply to him this stanza from his works,—

> 'All that my best and wildest dream,
> In fancy's hour, could hear or see
> Of music's sigh or beauty's beam,
> Are realized at once in thee!'

—that is, in these plates; in every one of which we plainly perceive Westall (though not in his happiest moments), but catch not a single glimpse of the poet.

These illustrations rather operate as a counterspell, or, to use an expressive Spanish term, a *desengaño*, that suddenly dissipates all the fairy visions and delightful phantoms that the poet had, by the potency of his art, conjured up around us. There is but one thing that we approve of in these plates, which is, that as they are not published together with the Melodies, no one is compelled to purchase the comment for the sake of possessing the text.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The only novelty during the week, is the revival of Massinger's play of *The Fatal Dowry*, with such alterations as modern taste seemed to warrant. All our readers, who have read the play, and Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, will know how largely the author of the latter drew on the *Fatal Dowry*; or, if they only read Nos. 77-79, of Cumberland's Observer, they will see with what severity the plagiarism is exposed. Rowe, however, had considerable merit in the *Fair Penitent*: the plot was rendered more probable, and more naturally developed, than in the *Fatal Dowry*, and he continued to entwine a strong interest around the principal characters.

The alterations made in the play produced on Wednesday night, are in general very judicious: many offensive passages have been expunged; a transposition of some parts, and the omission of scenes and passages, have all contributed to render it a better acting play: little new matter has been added, and that only to keep up the consecutiveness of the piece, where alterations or abridgment had been made. Had the adapter simplified the plot a little, he would have rendered the play still better; but, as it is, it has obtained one, and that the most unequivocal proof of merit, the unanimous applause of a very crowded audience. We rarely have seen a play listened to with more attention, or the best portions of it more ardently and judiciously applauded; this is always the case in a play that appeals to the heart; and the tears that bedewed many a fair cheek on this occasion, bore testimony to the power of Massinger over the feelings. The following is an outline of the plot of the *Fatal Dowry*, as now altered:—

Novall (Thompson) succeeds Rochfort (Terry), as president of the court of justice at Dijon, on his resignation; he is no sooner in office than Charalois (Wallack), accompanied by his friend, Romont (Macready), claims the body of his father (the marshal) which had been seized by the creditors for debts contracted when living. This is refused by Novall, who was always an enemy of the marshal. Romont, in his zeal for his friend, insults the court, and is committed to prison. Charalois, to release Romont and the body of his father, consents to occupy the dungeon of the latter: the offer is accepted. The funeral of the marshal is attended by Rochfort, and his daughter, Beaumelle (Mrs. West); he is so struck with the filial

piety of Charalois, that he offers him all his wealth, and his daughter as his bride; Charalois is liberated, but Beaumelle has unhappily been previously attached to a coxcomb, Young Novall (Penley), who possesses such influence, as to accomplish her ruin, even after she had become the wife of Charalois. Romont detects the villany of Novall, acquaints his friend with it, who, confident in his wife's virtue, quarrels with Romont. — A note of assignation falling from the bosom of Beaumelle, betrays her secret to Charalois, who flies to the place appointed, kills Novall, summons Rochfort to the tomb of his father, where he meets with Romont, and is reconciled to him. Rochfort is told of his daughter's guilt, and swears she shall die. Charalois, casting aside a cloak, shows that the sentence has already been executed. Old Novall rushes in and claims justice on Charalois, who stabs himself, and Rochfort dies by the side of his daughter.

The play has been extremely well got up. We never saw Macready to more advantage in tragedy than in the lofty spirited Romont; and the look of superlative disdain which he cast on the coxcomb, Novall, was admirable. The manner in which he delivered the following reproach on the puppy, was particularly effective :—

'You are a miserable slave, not fit
To tie the sword of Charalois about him,
Much less for such an enterprise against
The fame and honour of a valiant man,
A twentieth of whom would make a hundred
Worth twenty of yourself. Why, God-a-mercy!
When I look upon you, 'tis a miracle,
That any woman should for such a thing
As thou art, such a jay bedizened in
The feathers of a peacock, leave the wing
Of a fine eagle spirit—Yet it is.
For such a civetted inglorious knave,
That many a woman, wedded to all worth
And gentleness and goodness—Plague upon it!
That the great dome of honour should be rear'd
On such foundations, and that men should hold
Their property in fame on such a tenure
As a frail woman's will!—Why, ha! ha! ha!
When I behold thee, I can scarcely stay
My laughter in—Thyself shall judge of it.
[*Stands the glass, and holds it before Young Novall*
Behold! Look here—thou shalt!—Art thou the man
Should rob my friend of honour, and me, too,
Of him that in the world I love the best?
Damnation! that a caitiff, like to thee,
Should interpose between me and the son
Of my old general.'

Wallack's Charalois was a piece of chaste and spirited acting; and many of the fine passages in the play he gave with great feeling and correctness. Terry, though seldom good in tragedy, played Rochfort very well: and Mrs. West made as much of the character of Beaumelle as it would permit of. The play was completely successful, and is likely to have a good run.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the press, and speedily will be published, 'The War of the Isles,' a poem, in ten cantos, founded on the events of the late peninsular war, by George Longmore. Also, by the same author, 'Mathildi,' a tragedy.

Messrs. Wilkins and Hoffmann, two German writers, who were arrested several months ago on a charge of being concerned in a treasonable conspiracy, employ their prison hours in their usual studies; Wilkins, in works on jurisprudence,—Hoffmann, in German history, for which he formerly had a great predilection, and, as a proof of it, published, in 1821, his 'German History for the First Century before and after the Birth of our Saviour.'

Society of Scottish Antiquaries.—At the meeting of the Antiquarian Society, on Monday, the 15th instant, certain original letters, written by the last Lord Lovat, and the seals of the ancient bishops of Moray, were exhibited to the society by John Anderson, Esq., W. S. Sir Walter Scott also read a letter written by the same nobleman, to Lockhet, at the breaking-out of the rebellion, in 1745. These rare documents excited considerable interest.

A patent has been obtained by Mr. Henry Berry, for an elegant machine or apparatus, for more easily producing light, by the mere contact of certain chemical substances. The apparatus is inclosed in a small metal box, which is sufficiently portable to be carried in the pocket: this box is intended to be placed open, upon the table in the bed-chamber; and, for the convenience of invalids, a small silken cord is attached to it, which may be carried across the room, when the sick person, sitting in a chair, or lying in bed, by slightly pulling the string, will immediately set light to the lamp, which forms part of the apparatus.

Professor Gruithausen, the Munich astronomer, still continues his discoveries in the moon, in spite of public incredulity, which does not in the least affect him. He has lately published his observations, strengthened by the testimony of M. Seutroeker. According to them, there are plainly, on the surface of the moon, houses, towns, and high roads establishing the communication betwixt them. Near the equator of that planet, they have discovered a large mass of buildings, which must be a great city; and near it is a fortress, constructed with all the angles of an earthly bastion, and on the principles of Coehorn and Vauban! The work of these gentlemen is adorned by engravings, to explain what they have seen. Mr. Gruithausen has made all these discoveries by the aid of extraordinarily good eyes, for his telescope is not of such great magnifying power as the one at the observatory at Paris, and with which the French astronomers cannot discover any of the sights seen by the German. According to him, the moon has no atmosphere; and, seeing the objection which may, on this account, be made to its having inhabitants, he has met it by proving that the inhabitants are red, which is, according to him, the colour animals ought to have, which want breath. In confirmation of this hypothesis, says a French journalist, he quotes Mrs Gruithausen, who is always of a flame colour when she has been waltzing.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 31	47	50	47	29 17	Stormy.
Jan. 1	50	55	47	.. 19	Fair.
.... 2	46	46	38	29 97	Do.
.... 3	40	45	50	30 30	Cloudy.
.... 4	50	55	35	.. 01	Do.
.... 5	34	38	33	.. 00	Do.
.... 6	31	38	38	.. 68	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The author of a volume of travels in the Holy Land was complaining, the other day, to a literary gentleman, of the loss he had sustained by the publication, and the limited sale of the work. 'Why,' said his friend, 'the fact is you had a bad publisher;' 'how, I wrote a work, some time ago, which, though quite worthless, had a wide circulation,—indeed, in places where it least of all expected a line of it to reach.' 'Astonishing! pray who was your publisher.' 'Why, I tried Longman's first, but did nothing; so I went to a trunk-maker, and by his means my work reached all the four quarters of the globe, with New South Wales to boot.'

At the coronation of the emperors of China, it was customary to present them with several sorts of marbles, of different colours, by the hands of a mason, who was then to address the new emperor as follows:—

'Choose, mighty sir, under which of these stones,
Your pleasure is that we should lay your bones.'

They brought him patterns for his gravestone, that the prospect of death might occupy his thoughts, and restrain him within the bounds of moderation in the midst of his new honours.

In Gloucestershire it is still a custom in many parishes, on Twelfth Day, to have twelve small fires made, and a large one in the midst, in honour of the day; as it is in certain parts of Ireland, to light up a dozen of candles round a larger one, which are placed in a sieve of oats, and set up as high as the room will properly admit of.

General Deunesnil, who lost a leg in the campaign of Russia, commanded the fortress of Vincennes in 1814, when France was invaded by the allies: Deunesnil still held out, although the capital and adjacent country had been occupied by the allies, and, when summoned by the Russians to surrender, he sent for answer, 'Give me back my leg, and I will give up the fortress.'

Works published since our last notice.—Otter's Life and Remains of Dr. E. D. Clarke, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Analysis of a London Ball-Room, 7s. 6d. Stewart's Memoirs of the Rev. W. Ward, 6s. Crabb's Historical Dictionary, 4to. Part I., 3s. Fitzgerald's Abridgement of Cases, Vol. I. 12. 11s. 6d. Fair Sale Scenes, 3 vols. 24s. Smiles and Tears, 7s. Annual Obituary and Biography, Vol. IX. 18s. Thornton's Poetry Exemplified, 8s. 6d. Solid Resources of Old Age, 3s. 6d. Pridham's Connection of the Old and New Testament, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. Fairy on Cancer, 4s. Sequel to Knight on Atonement, 2s. 6d. Houghton's Wine-Cellar Check-Book, 4to. half-bound 10s. 6d.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Hermit in Italy; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of Italy; being a Continuation of the Sketches of French Manners. By M. de Jouy, Author of L'Hermite en Prison, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825.

Monsieur Arouet rendered himself immortal, under the name of Voltaire; and M. Etienne is following the example of his prototype, under the name of De Jouy: this system is not uncommon in France, though we cannot find any better reason for it than Don Quixote had for adding del Toboso to the name of Dulcinea. It is a little vanity, and, in our opinion, unworthy of men of talent, who have no reason to be ashamed of their names, not being even *nouveaux*. M. Mera, we confess, was justified in getting government to let him drop a letter in his original name; and M. Cumon's name is sweeter in the anagram than it was in its original form: we even think M. le Maire d'Eu right, in making all his parishioners say, 'M. le Maire de la ville d'Eu';—but why we should call Arouet, Voltaire, or Etienne, Jouy,—M. Regnault, Regnault de la Jean d'Angely, or M. François, François de Neufchatel, we cannot conceive, since it is neither consonant with common sense nor propriety.

Having now dismissed the name, come we to the deeds of M. de Jouy, who is a gentleman that handles the sword and pen equally well. His military feats are not our present purpose; we have to view him as a painter of manners, and in this he has few equals at the present day. He is a man of feeling, devoid of that mawkish sensibility which common writers mistake for feeling and pathos: he may truly be said to 'shoot folly as it flies, and catch the living manners as they rise.' His first embodied effort in this line was the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, which instantly fixed the author's fame. Its success excited envy; and the Count de Fortia Piles, who, with his brother, the Count de Fortia d'Urbin, write books 'for no body else but themselves to *read*,' attacked M. de Jouy, in a work called, A Letter to the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, from the Hermit of the Faubourg St. Honoré: the letter *miscarried*, and M. de Jouy pursued his successful career without molestation. If there be any fault to find with M. de Jouy, it is, that in his pictures the liberals have no vices, and the royalists no virtues; but we understand that his political principles have recently undergone some change, and that he can find some merit in 'a defender of the altar and the throne; and therefore the next numbers of his hermit will contain unequivocal evidence of this change in his political feelings—a change which his translator has very properly made for him in the English edition of the Hermit in Italy.

The Hermit in Italy contains all those lively touches—those pretty vignettes, if we may so call them, of life and manners, which distinguish his other works, as our readers will perceive by the following extracts. The first we shallselect is—

'MONT CENIS.

'Long before day-break we were roused from our beds, and found the morning, though it was only in the month of October, excessively cold. It is always so on the north side of the higher Alps. The winter sun rarely penetrates there with its lukewarm rays, and the wind, in all seasons, comes there with a chilliness which it gathers from the glaciers before it descends into the valleys. I could scarcely imagine in what way we were to escape through the mountains which enclosed us on every side. How were we to pass over those lofty ridges, whose peaks were more than two thousand feet in height? Their snowy tops glittered like immense suns, while their bases were wrapped in a dark gloom, here and there illumined by a straggling ray of light.

'If I enter here in greater detail upon a pass which our countrymen, in the days of their glory, have so often marched through, it is because no traveller has hitherto given an exact notion of Mont Cenis. Perhaps this arises from the different impressions which grand objects make, at the first view, upon different minds, or perhaps travellers are so anxious to reach Tuscany, Rome, or Naples, that they entirely neglect Upper Italy. It is too much the nature of man to send, as one may say, his imagination in advance, and to lose the enjoyment of the present, in the anxiety to grasp at the future. My travelling companions were an uninteresting set of persons, who looked upon their journey as a fatiguing business, and were eager to arrive at their destinations. One was bound for Florence, where he expected a situation in the tax-office; another, for Genoa, where he meant to apply for employment in the excise;—two military men, who had been on a furlough in consequence of their wounds, were in terror lest they should arrive at their regiments too late for proceeding with them to join the grand army. The mysterious person of whom I have already spoken, and whose laconic answers filled me with despair, made up, with me, the complement of our vehicle. After passing over several smaller mountains, we arrived at a defile, through which we beheld Mont Cenis, whose summit rose through the clouds which hung around its sides. This was the last that remained to be passed before our arrival at Turin. The beautiful road which has since been made for heavy carriages did not at that time exist. Ours had been taken to pieces at Lanslebourg, where we were furnished with about twenty mules, to transport us, our baggage, and the pieces of the diligence. Each mule was hung round by five or six tinkling bells: the noise of our caravan may be easily fancied. It was necessary for us to pass the mountain by a rugged path, often running between two abysses of such depth, that the slightest false step of the mule was sure to dash both animal and rider into pieces. Such accidents, however, rarely happen. They place their cautious feet in almost the very same tracks which their predecessors have trodden for ages. The traveller need not hold the bridle, except to steady himself in the saddle. It might be fatal if he attempted to direct the mule, who is much better acquainted than he is with the path. Equally dangerous would it be, if he suffered his terrors to agitate him, when, in turning a sharp angle, he sees the head of the beast over one precipice, and his hinder feet just on the edge of another.

'We endeavoured by gaiety to dissipate alarm; marching along in files, we made the mountains echo with our songs. The waterfalls, the woods, defiles, and valleys, repeated the cadences. It is surprising that no instances should have occurred of robbers having taken advantage of these passes, rendered so favourable to their purposes by the obscurity of the defiles, and the embarrassments of the traveller. Our march extended into the night, when we were in the middle of the perilous career.

'In returning from Italy, it is the custom to *ramasser*; that is, to descend the mountain on a sledge. Two persons place themselves on one of these vehicles, drawn by a single mule, with a guide, who steers it with a staff. The sledge glides over the frozen snow with great rapidity. Some prefer to be carried over in a sort of litter. This last mode of conveyance costs each person about twenty-four francs; with a sledge the traveller pays twelve francs; with the mules, the expense is paid by the conducteur, and is charged in the fare. It is said that about six francs each is allowed for this expense.

'In proportion as we ascended, the severity of the cold increased, to a degree almost intolerable. These wild regions, surrounded by eternal snows, are subject to cold blasts, sudden storms, and frequent avalanches. The latter happen generally in the months of May and June, when the snow begins to melt: they are dangerous, not only to individuals, but likewise to whole villages. The whirlwinds are less rare, and take place in the winter months. They sweep away the snows from the summits and sometimes blind

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the traveller. They fill up the gulfs and make them level with the contiguous heights, so that the unwary traveller often loses his life by mistaking the route. On the top of the mountain a cannon has been placed, for the purpose of indicating to travellers the approach of these fearful storms, and to enable them to gain the shelter of the stations which have been constructed in different parts of the road. When the blasts are over, the persons who occupy the cantonns wander about in search of any unfortunate travellers who may have lost their way. On Mount St. Bernard, this benevolent duty is performed by sagacious dogs, who are trained up to this duty.

'Formerly, it was necessary in travelling this road, to pass through a long grotto; but that gloomy and difficult passage was abandoned for another route, at the distance of a few hundred paces. The old road has since been resumed, and the subterraneous passage greatly enlarged, in order to avoid the sudden wind-storms to which the new one was subject. We continued to ascend for an hour and a half to the summit of Mont Cenis, and the whole party stopped at the Great Cross. By using the word summit, I do not wish to lead the reader into any mistake: it is a summit only in relation to the point of our departure, that is to say, it is the highest part of the whole road. Still it is not more than half way up the mountain, whose sides, peak, and *needles*, ascend to a height nearly equal to that which we had already mounted. Some travellers and scholars have asserted that it was by Mont Cenis that Hannibal entered Italy. This is one of the obscurities of history which can never be cleared up. If, however, it were true, that from the height of the Alps the Carthaginian soldiers beheld the beautiful plains of Italy, all the probabilities would be in favour of Mount Viso, the only one of all the Alps, from Col-de-Tende to the Venetian Alps, which affords a practicable place whence Italy, that is to say Piedmont, could be discerned. At every other place it is impossible to march along the rugged steep outside. Within the mountains it is less difficult to follow the course of the valleys, which, though considerably above the level of the sea, are nevertheless shut out from any extensive prospect by the lofty ledges which surround them.

'After a short stay we passed on. I do not envy the people of the Grand Cross their habitation. They consist of a family, and are condemned for nine or ten months of the year to live in the midst of frost, snow, and ice. Although much higher than any parts of France or Italy, yet they lose sight of the sun two or three hours earlier each day. Still, though surrounded by ice, they may, in certain parts of Mont Cenis, behold flowers and butterflies in all seasons. Spots of verdure, hedged round with snow, are not unfrequent, and the lake on one of the platforms of the mountain remains unfrozen for half the year. Those who wish to learn any thing of the natural history of Mont Cenis, should read the erudite works of Messrs. Saussure, Lalande, and Bourrit. It is my office, in this voyage of pleasure, to describe only the gay or sentimental impressions to which reflection sometimes imparts a moral value.

'The plain which covers the summit of Mont Cenis is nearly three quarters of a league in length. Here it was that, in the conception of his gigantic plans, Napoleon resolved to construct a town, and the triumphal arch, which he afterwards decreed to the "Grand Army," when victory began to be treacherous. In 1809, Prince Borghese, Governor-General of the Departments beyond the Alps, came with great pomp and ceremony, accompanied by all his court, to lay the first stone of those vast barracks, which were only recently terminated. It is on the plain of Mont Cenis, that we find the *hospice* of those excellent monks, who have so generously devoted their lives to humanity, and the exercise of all the offices of hospitality. They live there happy in the consciousness of bestowing happiness upon others; they accept no remuneration from the travellers, whom they have treated like brothers; under the inspection of their worthy chief, Dubois, they divide their time between study, the exercise of the kindest duties, and the practice of a religion, which, as they practise it, is without a spark of fanaticism.

'At the extremity of the plain, we commence our descent of the southern side of the mountain. The north winds begin to lose their privilege of chilling the powers of the earth and animal life. We contrive to sit upon our saddles with less constraint; our tongues move with greater freedom, and we pour forth our songs with greater glee. But we are still compelled to make our downward path through the mountain mists—above which, the snowy-crested Mont Cenis glitters in the bright sun. At night, we beheld, in the distance, a shifting glimmer of lights, which seemed every moment to approach us more nearly. This is one of the practices of the people of this district, which combines a beneficial result with an interested motive. Every night, the inhabitants of the Novalése, carrying lighted torches, wait for the arrival, not only of caravans, but likewise of solitary travellers, as they descend Mont Cenis, and, for the sake of two or three francs, illuminate their route into the town.

'Novalése is a sombre Piedmontese town, situated in a narrow defile. Having nothing more agreeable to do, we ate, drank, and slept there. The bread here is singular. It is shaped like a ring, slender, crisp, and pleasant to the taste. It is called *grissini*, and Bonaparte was so fond of it, that he ordered it to be sent to him regularly from Turin.

'In the course of our next day's travel, before we arrived at Suze, we were struck by the view of the fortification of Brunette, which occupies the height of an isolated mountain. The fortress, which appears quite impregnable, was taken in an assault by the French. The capture of this place appears miraculous, and almost exceeds the power of imagination.

'Suze is the first town in Piedmont, and lies nearly at the base of Mont Cenis. It is said to have been originally founded by a Roman colony, which established itself there when Augustus caused a passage into Dauphiné to be opened. This colony probably intended to carry on an intercourse of trade with the Gauls, for, as to any incentive to settling there, it is difficult to conceive it. The town is ill-built, irregular, and badly paved. The remains are still to be seen there of a triumphal arch, raised by the founders in honour of the Emperor Augustus.

'From Suze to Turin, is just forty miles. About half-way, we bid adieu to the mountains, and enter upon the country of plains, where a softer air announces the mildness of the climate. We meet with young Piedmontese girls, in short petticoats, and round felt hats, ornamented with black plumes. The vines are here "married to the elms;" mulberry trees border the roads; the meadows are still green and smiling, although the mowers are cutting the last sproutings of the season.

'Rivoli, built on a small hill, is a pleasure-house of the King of Sardinia. This country-seat does not possess the same cast of beauty with those royal residences which are to be met with in the vicinity of Paris. A long, wide, and beautiful road, planted with trees, leads from Rivoli to Turin, a distance of eight miles, with a gentle descent all the way. The plains upon the left are diversified, fertile, and watered by a great number of canals, into which the waters of the river Doire disperse themselves. This plain stretches into Lombardy, and terminates at the gulf of Venice. It was under the influence of all those delightful feelings which the prospect of a beautiful and civilized country excites, that we entered Turin by the gate of Suze, and the Rue de la Doire, which is incontestably the finest street in Europe.'

M. Jony gives an interesting picture of Genoa, from which we have only room, at present, for two short extracts:—

'My *valet de place* had been formerly a domestic to M. Durazzo, the last Doge of the republic, who was named by Napoleon member of the senate. I visited his palace—one of the largest and finest in the city. The entrance is through a magnificent portico, lined with a double row of marble columns. I was struck with the richness of the furniture, the number of saloons, halls, and galleries, decorated in the most profuse way. It was in this palace that the Prince Borghese, with his whole court, resided, during their visit, a few months before, to the capital of the ancient Liguria, the wealthiest city in his province. Napoleon preferred the Doria palace, in order that he might sleep in the chamber which Charles V. had occupied, although the palace was almost abandoned, and scarcely habitable. I was quite dazzled with gazing on the accumulated magnificence of ages, the profusion of white marble from Carrara, and yellow marble from the Sierra Moreua. In the days of Genoa's glory, her wealth was so great, that not only was she free from debt, but she drew a revenue of more than thirty millions from her Swiss and Italian territories. I questioned my guide as to what I ought to believe relative to certain proverbs not very

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favourable to the Genoese, such as: "It takes three Jews to make a Genoese;" and this: "A mountain without wood, a sea without fish, women without modesty, and men without honour."—"Ah! sir," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "there is a good deal of truth in all that. So long as I was in the service of M. Durazzo, I used to see all the most distinguished persons of the city, which is better known to me by its inhabitants than by its monuments. I agree that the Genoese are very sharp in business; that the mountains are not covered with trees; that no other city is so dear; that the sea is not very well stocked with fish; and that the ladies do not particularly dislike gallantry. But if it require three Jews to make one Genoese, it requires three Genoese to make one of your generals or contractors." The retort was well deserved by me, and I had nothing to reply.'

'At Genoa husbands are not jealous, and the use of *cicisbeus*, now called *patiti*, is universal and immemorial. This usage, which nothing will ever be able to change, has become respectable from its antiquity. I remember to have heard one day a long conversation on this topic, many points of which still remain fixed in my memory. There was formerly a species of *cicisbeo*, called *intendii*, whose disinterested gallantry was not unlike that of the chivalry of the ancient Paladins.

'An *intendio* was a lover in honour and in virtue; and his mistress was really nothing more than the lady of his thoughts. A lady of the Spinola family, and one of the kings of France, offer a remarkable instance of this platonic affection. When Louis XII. was at Genoa, with his chevaliers, Thomasina Spinola was not insensible to the manly and unaffected beauty and the natural graces of the monarch. His conversation effected what his outward qualities began. She was young and pretty; she very ingenuously besought the king to become her *intendio*: he consented, and, when he quitted Genoa, the *intendiments* was kept up by means of a correspondence, from which the republic derived great advantage, Thomasina took so much interest in this correspondence; she was so proud of having a king of France for her *intendio*, that she in reality began to love him with the purest and strongest passion. A report having reached Genoa of the death of Louis XII., she was much affected, and fell ill. The cares of her friends were useless, and she died. The report had been fabricated by some of her unsuccessful rivals, and was soon disproved by the arrival of letters from Louis: but Thomasina was no more. The republic caused a superb mausoleum to be erected, and the monarch caused his historiographer, Jean Danton, to write the epitaph, which he would have written much better himself. At present, the name of *intendio* is obsolete, and that of *patito* has been very appropriately substituted for that of *cicisbeo*. It is derived from the verb *patire*, to suffer, and surely no state of suffering can be more complete than the slavery of these amorous followers. Every Genoese has two or more of them, in order, I suppose, that the young aspirants may not be left without some hope.'

Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies: including the Chessiad, a Mock Heroic, in Five Cantos; and the Wreath of Love, in Four Cantos. By C. Dibdin, the Younger. 12mo. pp. 253. London, 1825.

We should as soon think of telling our readers that London is a large metropolis, St. Paul's Cathedral a very fine building, and the Mansion House a very clumsy one, as deem it necessary to state for their information, that the brothers Dibdin are two very clever writers, possessing an immense deal of humour, and displaying an industry and versatility of genius which are rarely combined. To Mr. Charles Dibdin, the gentleman with whose work we have now to deal, the public is indebted for many popular dramatic pieces, performed 'with unbounded applause' at major and minor theatres, and for several thousand songs; many of which, like those of his father, are familiar as household words to all classes of his Majesty's liege subjects, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's. We will not assert that they have been actually translated into the Chinese language, but are well assured many of them have been sung in the celestial empire.

The present volume is ushered to the world with a brief and good-natured preface, in which the author expresses a hope that it is not, like his last work, the novel of 'Ian't it Odd,' published out of season. The comic tales are twenty-three in number, and, though more delicate, will remind the readers of a similar work by Colman. Some of the pieces are spirited versifications of well-known anecdotes, and in others the author has found the humour as well as the muse. From the first part of the work we shall select one or two of the shortest pieces, and first:—

'THE PRACTICAL BULL.—A FACT.

'Monopoly all men unite to decry,
Though practice will often profession belie.
All should share in life's blessings, nor one stingy elf
Be allow'd to engross the good things to himself:
What is mine may be your's if occasion there be,
And you profit without a privation to me:
An umbrella, in rain, for an instance will do;
Though invested in one, 'twill accommodate two.
But let us, while moved by this recommendation,
The fitness regard of appropriation;
Nor lend your feet six, if unclouk'd he should be,
The great cost of a man rising full six feet three;
Or, if on a door-plate your name you'd have shown,
Don't borrow your neighbour's to pass for your own.
A sailor once died near a desolate strand,
And his messmates resolved, since so close to the land,
"Earth to earth," like a Christian, his corpse should be given,
Nor, sew'd up, down the throat of a shark should be driven.
They row'd him on shore, by two boats' crews attended,
As good Irish hearts are messmate befriended.
They landed: for priest, at their head was Mich. Rooney;
And gravely they brought to his grave poor Pat Mooney.
The pray'rs read as well as Mich.'s learning permitted,
The body of Pat to the ground was committed;
They fill'd up the grave, and a turf o'er it spread,
But thought that some token should stand at its head:
"A grave-stone," Mich. said, "was a capital idee,
With an *epithalamium*." (Epitaph, *vide*).
But no stone could they find which the purpose would suit,
And a trifling occurrence forbed it, to boot;
For a stone had they found, they'd nor genius, nor tools,
Nor time, to engrave it; so, looking like fools,
And scratching their heads, disappointed and glum,
On board they resolved to drown sorrow in rum;
When a lucky invention struck one of the crew:
"I've hit it, my bonies," cried Teddy; "'twill do:"—
By the bye, let me tell you, some ten years before,
An old bo'son, named North, was inter'd on this shore;
O'er whose grave a rude *stone* said,
"Here lies Bo'son North;
Who was born, *so* and *so*; and who died, and *so, forth*."
Teddy thought of the bo'son, and thence took his tone,
"There's old bo'son North on himself has a stone;
He has been so long dead that what's left of him's not him,
And no soul that remembers him now but's forgot him:
Then sarrah the use is the thing to the elf;
And why should he have all the stone to himself?
For sailors together should share smooth and rough,
And the bo'son his *spell* of it's had long enough;
So let's *borrow* the *loan* of the stone for our mate,
And the *epithalamium*'s cut ready, all *nate*."
"By the powers, 'tis the thing!" cried, in rapture, Mich. Rooney:
So, "Here lies bo'son North," was placed over Pat Mooney.'

Pat and Pop, or the Irishman's Dog, is a clever comic tale of the consequences resulting from an Irishman purchasing a dog-collar with another person's name on it; the other tales display a great deal of genuine comic humour. The following anecdote and epigram we quote:—

'ANECDOTE OF DANIEL FRANCIS VOISIN, *Minister of State and Chancellor to Louis XIV.*

'When his Chancellor *Voisin*, once, *Louis* Fourteen
A pardon commanded to seal,
For a wretch who for pardon too guilty had been,
He refus'd; nor his scorn could conceal.
The king snatch'd the seals, and the pardon impress'd:
Then to *Voisin* return'd them, the king who address'd:
"Forgive me, dread sire, if the seals I refuse,—
Such contamination the act must excuse."
Louis, struck by his firmness, could only admire,

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Add the pardon instinctively threw in the fire;
Voisin took back the seals, when 'twas burnt to a spark,
'Fire purifies every thing"—all his remark.'

'EPIGRAM.—FROM THE FRENCH.

'Two spendthrifts, sons of wealthy cits,
Cramp'd by their sires in cash, one day
Stopp'd at a book-stall, being wits,
But naught there pleas'd 'em—by the way,
The vender knew them (as Fame gathers);
"I've not the thing you want," he cried;
"What is't we want?" the pair replied:
He—"An *abridgment of the fathers*."

The Chessiad, a mock-heroic poem, is intended to teach the first principles of the game of chess to the learner, in an amusing manner, through the medium of a burlesque battle, in which the chess characters are, of course, the heroes. It is a poem in five cantos, written with great spirit, in which some well-known passages in Homer's Iliad are very happily parodied. Several imaginary characters are introduced personating games, as hazard, whist, rouge et noir, &c., who are the gods and goddesses of gaming and chance. We shall content ourselves with quoting the opening:—

'Muse, sing of *Chess*, and sing the direful strife
Which urged the sable monarch and his wife,
Niger the moody, Nigra the malign—
To whom their freedom in'ry blacks resign—
Urged them to war with Blanc and Blanche, the fair,
Who o'er white ivories royal honours share;
Why to the adverse field with dire array
Went both, death braving for the dubious day,
Or sing or say: and tell the mighty powers,
The *Gods of Game*, who ruled the hostile hours,
Who in the battle lent divided aid,
Impell'd the leaders, or their rashness stay'd—
As erst great Homer sung pantheon'd gods,
Who fought with men, incalculable odds!
When beauteous Helen, in adult'rous freak,
To *Paris* went,—when her anointed Greek
Follow'd, and Ilium fell, ordain'd to prove
The dreadful havoc of illicit love.
But his were fabled gods; mine now exist,
Demons of pow'r unquestion'd: and the list,
Ere we the battle sing, proclaim'd shall be,
Of each the name, pow'r, nature, and degree.
But first, O muse, the testy people sing,
From whose dire hate these strains advent'rous spring.

'In days of yore—what time no bard has sung,
Or sung with truth—the race call'd *Chessic* sprung:
From Diomedes some the race derive;
Some to Palimides the honour give;
This lived when cried for conquest Philip's boy,
And that when Priam perish'd with his Troy.
Others suppose their founder (bane or boon)
Dropp'd, thro' some strange volcano, from the moon;
Others opine, Prometheus (when his plan
Of manufact'ring and igniting man
With life he first projected, he essay'd
Smaller game first, experiment to aid),
Found a large task some elephant had cast;
The tusk divided, and its portions class'd
In equal sets; one set dyed *black*, and then
With skill mechanic form'd the chessic men;
Next from a moon-beam vivified the breed,
And gave them action, as a sample deed;
His mind investing with what might be done
When, moulding clay, he pilfer'd from the sun.
Fashion'd and furnish'd thus, the sage design'd
The pigmy tribes as emblems of mankind:
The white the virtuous, and the black the base;
And hence between them endless war has place.
As two game-cocks of the rough English breed,
Whene'er they meet, instinctively proceed
To vigorous battle, scorning each to yield,
So these ne'er meet but hostile is the field.
Both to the contest loyal bosoms bring,
Reckless of all but safety of their king.
To guard the monarch when alarms perplex,
E'en either *queen*, unmindful of her sex,
Resigns the sceptre for the shield and sword,
And braves all perils to defend her lord.
E'en reverend *bishops* to the field he draws,
With swords, not canons, to defend his cause;
And Europe's annals will, of old, reveal
A bishop's lawn enveloped by steel.
The bishop falling into foemen's hands,
The papal sire his captive son demands;
The ducal captor, bitter in his jest,
Sent to the Pope the bishop's chain-mail vest,
With this appeal, "Our duty while you note,
Judge if this be the *peaceful* offspring's coat:"
The jest prevail'd; the sire, to reason won,
The coat disclaiming, disav'ed his son."

Notes are added to the Chessiad, explaining the actual moves, which in the text are treated figuratively. The 'Wreath of Love,' another poem, is an allegory, in four cantos, of irregular verse. The 'Lyrical Fancies' consist of songs and short poems on a variety of subjects. Two of these we subjoin:—

'SAILOR'S SONG.

'I've thought of it over and over,
The mistress best suiting a tar
Is his country; and no truer lover
You'll find, if near sailing or far.
For her, braving peril's worst waters,
With life, O, how freely he'll part;
And then, too, her sweet smiling daughters,
Why, somehow they all have his heart.
'The laurel he gains for her glory;
What triumph such honour bestows!
But wouldn't it wither in story
If 'twin'd not in beauty's sweet rose?
For what can such grace and such splendour
As dear British beauty impart?
Each tar, sink or swim, its defender;
For, somehow, they all have his heart.'

'LOVE SECRETS.

'I'd carol of Love and the sweet maiden blush,
Of heart-thrilling glances, but prudence cries "hush!"
For, amorous ditties so numerous prove,
Taste frowns, and cries, sighing, "I'm weary of Love!"
Only fools mistake of delicate mysteries pother;
Soft feelings are sacred and not to be sung,
Only tenderly whisper'd from one heart to t'other,
While blushes reproach the least slip of the tongue.
'Love's eye should but answer the beam that invites it;
The glance that tells secrets true heart never won;
The delicate mind veils the hope that requites it,
Lest it die, like the fire when expos'd to the sun.
O, list'ning for ever to amorous ditty
Tame fondness destroys and makes bashfulness bold;
'Tis, alone, maudlin passion goes whining for pity;
Love, cherish'd by modesty, never grows cold.
'Dear woman 's the exquisite magnet of nature,
And love is the heart-thrilling homage we pay;
But Beauty has not a more delicate feature
Than the caution that Love should, if grateful, display.
That name to the heart which sweet transport discloses
Too sacred should be for a toast or a tale;
And the breathings of Love, like the perfumes of roses,
'Are exquisite death, when surcharging the gale.'

We think our readers will agree with us, when we say, that they must be fastidious indeed, who do not feel abundantly gratified by the perusal of Mr. C. Dibdin's Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies.

The Picture of Sheffield; or, An Historical and Descriptive View of the Town of Sheffield.

It occurred to us, within a short time, to recur to some memoranda of Sheffield, which gave it much interest in our eyes: this has been, since that time, increased from reading an account of its poets, in the Cambridge Quarterly: and the work we are about to notice adds a charm to 'classic Sheffield,' even independent of the name of Montgomery, which is justly deemed its highest recommendation to strangers.

We were, however, by no means prepared to find so well-written a volume as that before us, in which not only do we read an excellent historic detail of the rise and progress of Sheffield, but of various ancient personages, who, however slightly or frequently touched upon, never fail to preserve their early importance in our eyes. There is, in this portion of the work, an account of the detention and sickness of Cardinal Wolsey at Sheffield Manor, which cannot fail to interest any reader.

The description of the present state of the town—its improvements, corporation, trade, public buildings,—of the most remarkable of its inhabitants,—is given with great truth and accuracy; the account of its singularly-beautiful vicinage, with vigour and elegance; and the whole style shows the unknown author* to be a man capable of higher employment than that of a mere compiler, although wisely employed as such on the present occasion.

We the more readily notice this work, because we greatly approve the present prevailing taste for local history of this description. Not only are many valuable anecdotes of persons and places thus rescued from oblivion, biography of the great and the good ascertained on sure records, and the causes of commercial wealth or failure clearly pointed out for the consideration of the future statesman and philanthropist, but the spirit

* We have heard that it is a Mr. Ramsay, late proprietor and editor of the Northern Observer.

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of patriotism—the love of home—the pride which cherishes kindly feelings and noble actions towards birth-place, are enkindled and strengthened, and thus a new link is added to our social virtues and our happiness.

The work is of course not calculated for extracts; but we can warmly recommend it to the many emigrants which a commercial town necessarily sends out, as one which cannot fail to afford endearing reminiscences, considerable information, and actual pleasure, not less from style than subject. Re-collecting that the London Magazine, in reviewing Peak Scenery (written by Mr. Rhodes, an inhabitant of Sheffield), twice in one sentence terms it the 'little town,' we beg to add that it contains between 60 and 70,000 inhabitants, and is scarcely divided from villages which boast each 2 or 3,000 inhabitants, so that we apprehend it cannot with propriety be termed a *little town*, nor has it been so recognised for some centuries. As a place remarkable for mental cultivation, it is to be hoped the author of this ingenious work will meet with liberal encouragement from the public of Sheffield, who are certainly highly indebted to him.

The Album, No. VII., 8vo.

THE Album, though not destined to take the first rank in periodical literature, was always somewhat of a favourite with us; and it was, therefore, with regret, that we heard it had expired with the sixth number: a seventh number (and that the first of a new volume) has, however, just appeared, containing some clever and well-written articles in polite literature. The first, 'a two-penny, to Mr. Andrews,' the publisher, notices, in a humourous and playful manner, the effect the reported demise of the Album had on the public, in having 'reduced the taste of the belles lettres to absolute starvation. London is at a stand-still; Edinburgh, in a panic; Dublin, out of its wits; and the reading-rooms of Kamschatka, Otaheite, and Seringapatam, have lost all their subscribers.' The writer then recommends the publisher to make known that, although the editor and proprietors have realized a genteel independence by the first six numbers, they mean to go on. 'Advertise it,' he says, 'in all the papers, chalk it on all the walls, and placard it on the backs of all the idle Irishmen you meet.'

The second article, entitled the 'Approaching Golden Age,' is more clever than original; and the author has evidently borrowed more than one hint from the Rambles of Asmodeus, which such of our readers as see the Album will easily detect. The other articles (including some interesting tales) are of a light and amusing character; they are chiefly in prose: there is, however, not a single article in the work that pleases us better than an Anecdotal Essay on the Character and Habits of British Seamen. It is true some parts of it smack of coarseness, but they exhibit some of the most striking traits in the character of an English sailor: an extract will prove this:—

'There is in a true sailor an indescribable dryness and humour, which excites the risibility of landsmen, while Jack is unconscious that he has caused a smile. "Foretop there," said Captain Bluster, in a rage, to Dick Ridgeway; "either you or I are tailors."—"I sarved MY time to the sea, please your honour," said Dick, and went on doing what he was about in his own way. In the late war, the Ajax and Malta came very near each other—"If you do not put your helm a-port, you will run on board of us," said Capt. O.—"What do they say?" said Capt. B. to one of his forecastle men. "He says what a d—d lubberly set of rascals WE all are," replied the sailor, who knew perfectly well what *we* said, but took that opportunity of "sarving out" his captain and officers.

'Sailors have in general a very proper sense of religion, though often strongly tinctured with superstition. They believe in mermaids, ghosts, and goblins; and the story of the devil taking the ship's broker into Mount Stromboli is received by them as fact. They have a great idea of the transmigration of souls, as far as relates to the Simia tribe, many of whom they believe to be captains of Guineamen in a state of punishment. I was assured by a north-sea pilot, in confirmation of his belief in mermaids, that in the great gale of 1707, when so many colliers were lost on the east coast of England, one of the fleet was saved by the kind interference of a mermaid, who hailed her by name in the following prophetic words:—"Sea Adventure! Sea Adventure! clew up all your sails, and let go your sheet anchor:" the prudent master took the warning, and saved his ship. Seamen will never throw a cat overboard; nor whistle, for fear of bringing on a gale—either of these causes having been known to produce the most serious effects. A horseshoe is almost invariably nailed to the foremast, both in the king's and merchant service, to keep away the witches, of whom the Norway breed are supposed to be by far the most mischievous.

'Most of our sea-stories have been so often told, that a narrator who wishes to amuse his readers is in imminent danger of being charged with plagiary, from that well-known collector and composer of jokes, Joe Miller. If the following instances of extravagance or folly, or bravery or heroism, have ever been related before, I humbly beg pardon.

'When the "Golden" Hermione, in the seven years' war, took the Spanish galleon, or galloon, as the sailors call her, the foremastmen shared to the tune of five hundred pounds a piece, a sum which, of course, they concluded could never be expended in the common routine of domestic life. In order to conquer this difficulty, they devised many ingenious methods, such as filling a frying-pan with watches from each fob, and frying them over the galley-fire; subscribing a sum of money to gild the ship's head and carve-work; and it was moreover unanimously resolved, that every man on board should wear a gold-laced hat, and every *cocoa*-nut was, with all convenient speed, provided with a *gold-laced* cocked hat, save one—this unhappy wight presented himself to his shipmates with a silver-laced hat. This would not do—the ship was disgraced by such d—d stinginess: "Let's ask the first *lieftenant* not to let him come on board." The supposed culprit begged a hearing—Jack loves fair play, silence was obtained, and the delinquent thus pleaded his cause:—"There was'n't a gold-laced hat in the town, so I was forced to take this here; but I *made* the fellow take the money for a *gold-lace* all the same." On these last words reaching the ears of his comrades, he was received on board with universal greeting and acclamation.

'More recently, we have an instance of Jack Simpson, of the Dreadnought, going to Bath with his "she messmate," and having their names inserted in the journals of the pump-room as new arrivals *to drink the waters*. On his return, Jack brought back the newspaper with him, and the ship's barber read the article aloud on the main-deck, to the no small merriment of "a crowded house." From the ridiculous, we will give our readers a specimen of the sublime.

'When Capt. Boscawen was cruizing with a single ship in the Bay of Biscay, he was chased, and near being captured by a French squadron. A rope of great consequence, in the position of the wind, was stranded; it was the fore topmast studdingsail tack. A young seaman, who saw the officers anxiously looking at it, without ordering any one out to repair it, seized a stopper, ran aloft, and, at the imminent risk of his life, went out on the boom, and made it fast. Called down on the quarter-deck, the good Captain (afterwards admiral) Boscawen, gently rebuked him for his rashness, and observed, "Had you fallen overboard, I must have hove the ship too, and should probably have been taken in my attempt to save your life." "I hope, sir," said the young Balfour, "your honour would not have considered my life when his majesty's ship was in danger." The excellent captain was delighted and affected at this manly answer. "Say you so, young man—then we do not part." He immediately took him on the quarter-deck, and advanced him in time to the rank of lieutenant. He was companion of the late Sir John Laforey at the famous cutting-out of the Bienfaisant from the harbour of Louisberg, in the island of Cape Breton, and died a *yellow* admiral; for his friend Boscawen died, "and other Pharaohs were at the A——y who knew not Joseph."

'In that disgraceful affair off Toulon, in 1744, the old-fashioned maxim of keeping the ships in line of battle was obstinately adhered to by Admirals Matthews and Lestock. The combined fleet was drawn up to leeward of ours, and as "their banners flouted the sky and fanned our people cold," Captain Hawke, in the Berwick, of sixty-four guns, beheld, with honest indignation, this cruel wrong to his country, and seeing no prospect of a general action, boldly, and in defiance of orders, quitted his station, and selected the Poder, a Spanish ship of equal force, as his adversary. After a very smart engagement of half an hour, he took her, and had possession. She was retaken, owing to the mismanagement of the two English admirals,—but Hawke's honour was not retaken in her. After the memorable court-martial had decided on the merit of the ad-

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mirals, a flag promotion took place, in which the name of Capt. Hawke was passed over. His Majesty King George demanded of his minister why that officer's name was omitted? The reply was, that, in the late trial, it appeared that Capt. Hawke had disobeyed orders by quitting the line to fight the Poder. "What!" said the indignant monarch, "disgrace a man for fighting too much!!! he shall be *my* admiral;" and the royal justice and discernment were rewarded by the defeat of Conflans, in 1759. It is said that his majesty, on hearing the news, pulled off his wig, and kicked it about the palace of Kensington for joy, congratulating himself on having been the instrument of so much good fortune to his country.

'Ancient history abounds with instances of contempt for death; and fortunate are they who had a Homer or a Plutarch to commemorate their valour or their fortitude. These virtues are, however, not less common since the introduction of Christianity, although men may have dwindled from the gigantic stature of the Farnese Hercules to that of the Apollo Belvidere. In the battle of Trafalgar, an officer of the —— was wounded by a grape-shot entering the abdomen, and the surgeon candidly assured him that he had but a short time to live. The officer desired they would lend him a shirt "to caulk himself with while he made his will." This was furnished, and he stuffed it into his side, delaying the rapid ebb of life while he thus addressed his friend: "You know that my poor mother depends solely on my exertions: take notice how many ships have struck before I die, and mind that she shares for them." In a few minutes after he breathed a pious ejaculation, and gave up his spirit.

'We are told by a modern author, that when the Minerve was taken in 1803, one of the seamen had both his legs shattered by a shot. Waiting his turn for amputation, he heard, as he lay in the cockpit, the cheers of his shipmates on deck; and, being told they were occasioned by the ship having got off the shoal, and that she would soon be out of reach of the batteries, he exclaimed, "Then, d—n the legs," and, taking the knife from his pocket, cut the remaining lacerated muscles, and threw the limbs from him. His hopes were, however, blasted; the ship was taken, and he was placed in a boat to go on shore,—but, determined not to outlive his liberty, he slacked his tourniquet, and bled to death. A sailor, in the West Indies, had his leg and thigh carried away by a cannon-ball; after amputation, he desired to speak with his captain, who soon appeared at the side of his hammock. "I am dying, sir," said the wounded man. "Oh, no," said the captain; "we shall have you cured, and sent to Greenwich." "No, no," replied the sailor; "that cannot be; but never mind, sir, I ain't afear'd. Give my clothes to my messmates, and d—n the French." Soon after this he expired. Another poor fellow, in the same ship, in 1808, had been detected in telling a lie: his captain justly reproached him with his fault, and observed, that, "in general, all liars were cowards." Very shortly after, the man was grievously wounded in boarding an enemy's vessel,—and, as he suffered the knife to pare away the mangled flesh without uttering a groan, he only said, "I wish my captain could see this; I think he would say I am not a coward." His captain had the pleasure of getting him well rewarded for his valour and fortitude.'

Some of the anecdotes are not new; but here we may with truth use the declaration of the Jew old clothesmen, and say, they are 'better as new'—at least, so far as relates to most of the *original* anecdotes we hear or read. We should not, perhaps, have noticed this work at so great length, but in order, as far as we can, to make known its revival.

Lisbon in the Years 1821, 1822, *and* 1823. By Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

From the time of Lady Wortley Montague to that of Mrs. Baillie, we have been indebted to females for some of our most sprightly volumes of travels. Even Lady Morgan, though superficial in her observations, often incorrect in her details, sometimes indelicate, and always blinded by prejudice, possesses a degree of vivacity and sprightliness of remark which render her France and Italy very readable works.

Mrs. Baillie is already favourably known to the public as a traveller, and her Lisbon is calculated rather to enhance than detract from her literary reputation; with the exception of one or two admirable articles on the subject in Blackwood, her volumes give a better picture of Lisbon than any work we have seen.

Mungo Parke, when relating some extraordinary occurrences in his travels, was asked why he did not insert them in his Travels. He replied, that he feared their truth would be questioned, and thus the general authenticity of his narrative be doubted. A somewhat similar feeling, we presume, has restrained Mrs. Baillie, who states that she has curtailed the relation of many circumstances, and omitted others, being of opinion 'that the *whole* truth should not always be spoken.' Without stopping to inquire whether the present is one of those occasions, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from the work, which we shall put in the way of anecdote:—

Solicitations.—'The Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim "Viva!" which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muleteer, an almocreve, or a postilion, who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon they behave by no means so well. The women now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to *all* the Portuguese, of whatever rank; this action simply means to express "How do you do?" some among them know as much English as to *exclaim*, "How do do?" of which acquirement they appear very proud. My little boy excites much good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, "Bonito, muito, bonito," (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colour, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinho this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, "where the little one was?"—I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or importunate; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitos or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other are remarkably *caressante*; the servant-girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres *kissed* my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a senhora now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon the cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English, that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal: all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the patrona (mistress) after every little absence on either side; and children, in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching.'

Convents.—'A lady, whose visit I returned this morning, had lately taken a ramble in the mountains, to see the celebrated Cork convent, mentioned by every body who has ever resided in the neighbourhood of Cintra. She was shocked at the humidity of the cells appointed for the brotherhood, which rather resemble the lairs of wild beasts, than habitations proper for the abode of human creatures. Speaking the language with fluency,

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she entered into conversation with one of the monks, a young man, who appeared out of health and very melancholy. She inquired if he was *dull* in this sequestered and gloomy residence? to which he replied with a sigh, "I am not very happy, certainly!" "Let me intreat you to answer me with candour," pursued his inquisitive visitor; "did you enter this community of your own accord, or were you forced into taking the vows!" "Alas!" said he, "my parents dedicated me to a monastic life when I was in the cradle!" This has been but too common, both in Spain and Portugal. The little victims, when able to walk, are immediately clothed in miniature habits of the order of monks to which they are destined to belong, and which they constantly wear; I myself have seen a little boy (the younger son of a noble family) with the crown of his head shaven, as he was intended for the priesthood. The poor monk of the Cork convent has *now* an opportunity of quitting his austere confinement, if he wishes to do so; but most probably he has never learnt any thing which might be of *use* to him in the world, has acquired habits of indolence which would unfit him from earning a subsistence, and his health is (as the lady described) ruined by the absurd privations imposed upon him, by a perverted idea of religious duty. The brothers of this order are not allowed to eat meat at any time, and they fast often, even from their usual scanty fare; that they do *sometimes* break through so needless a prohibition, is however well known: the same lady, whose talent for cross-questioning was equal to that of a lawyer, inquired of the young man, "whether it was forbidden also for them to *dress* meat?" "No," said he, "nothing is said against our *cooking* meat." "You now and then *dress* it, I suppose?" "Yes, very seldom." "And after it is dressed, what happens then?" "Oh, we—certainly we *do* go a step farther, and *eat* it also; but very rarely, as I have told you before, for it is against our rule, and therefore sinful." So honest a confession surprised as well as pleased his auditress, and doubtless it spoke well for the natural sincerity of the unfortunate recluse. Several nuns have, I am told, availed themselves of the permission now given, to quit their convents, alleging that they had been compelled to assume the veil; but such instances are still rare."

Etiquette.—"A lady who called upon me this morning, and who has passed twenty years of her life in this country, related an anecdote of the King, upon his first arrival at Queluz, strikingly characteristic of that tenaciousness of etiquette which sufficiently evinces the *real* state of his feelings, however he may continue to repress their more serious manifestations. Entering one of the apartments, he observed chairs placed there, which is an unusual circumstance: "What is all this, what is all this?" said he, "how came these chairs here?" To which the attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty, he quickly rejoined, "The Cortes! take them away instantly! no person shall ever sit a chair in my presence!" All the royal family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me, very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the queen and princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation! When they go abroad, every body, no matter how illustrious their rank (for the first nobility are looked upon by the King as *his servants*), are under the necessity of descending from their carriages or horses, and of humbly saluting them as they pass, to which they seldom return even the slightest inclination of the head."

The Devout Confessor.—"A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confessional, listening to the peccadinhos of a poor Negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness; the confessor, as she was rather *prolix* in her acknowledgments, took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat of not being observed by any prying or profane eye: the Negress, having finished what she had to say, waited a considerable time in expectation of receiving absolution; but finding that the holy father remained silent, concluded that he was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew from the grate, and went out of the church. At the same moment, the senhora (somebody), the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country, arrived, took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess *her* sins to the same worthy auditor: she had hardly begun, when the latter, suddenly awakening from his nap, and concluding the Negress to be still at the grate, commenced, in *his* turn, a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the senhora; conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most furious manner; venting her wrath at what she called the "infamous" calumnies of the priest, in languages too gross to repeat."

Royal Family.—"The royal family consists of two sons and four daughters. The king's personal wealth and property are enormous; and no less than six men are said to have been employed at Rio, for the space of three successive days, in packing up his gold, previous to the embarkation: before the new order of affairs took place, he was in possession of *almost every thing* in Lisbon; but, at present, his income is considerably curtailed, so as to leave him at his disposal about 80,000l."

Lent and Holy Week.—"The ceremonies of Lent and the Holy Week, although much of the same nature as those in all Catholic countries, have been carried here to an extreme of impious and absurd farce, which, without *seeing*, it is difficult to credit. The processions on every Friday have been very numerous. Among the penitents, was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Saviour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking barefooted through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the rude stare of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back, every moment, for at least a hundred times running: but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented. The king washed the feet of twelve beggars on Holy Thursday. This office used to be performed by the patriarch, but as that personage is now suppressed, the duty devolves upon his majesty. With the exception of the lady to whom I have just alluded, the exhibition of penitents this year was quite insignificant. A very few years ago, an old fidalgo, of *immense consequence*, and who had been guilty of all sorts of enormities, wiped off every sin at once, and afforded a pious triumph to the priesthood, by crawling through the city upon his hands and knees, underneath a cart which conveyed an image of the virgin; when the cart stopped, or he was tired, he reposed himself upon his haunches, sitting always in the attitude of a dog.'

We some weeks ago quoted from this work one or two anecdotes of the filthy and disgusting habits of the Portuguese, and we will not add to the details. That Mrs. Baillie presents an interesting picture of Lisbon cannot be denied, and that it is a correct one, we do not doubt.

A Short Extract from the Life of General Mina. Published by Himself. 8vo. pp. 107. London, 1825.

The gold mines in South America were discovered about the same time that coal was found in England; and although, at the time, one might appear worthless compared with the other, yet it is certain that, while the one has contributed most essentially to the wealth and power of England, the other has been a leading cause of the ruin of Spain. With a soil rich beyond all neighbouring nations, producing the fruits of the earth almost spontaneously, and with a treasury just constantly replenished from the New World, the Spaniards became sluggish and inactive, and have degenerated in proportion as other countries have advanced. Governed by a succession of weak or wicked princes, fettered by bigotry and intolerance, and oppressed by arbitrary measures and the odious and cruel inquisition, she seemed

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neither to possess a hero or a statesman; and became at length little better than an appanage of France. Even this was not sufficient for the ambition of Bonaparte, who imposed his own brother on Spain as a monarch, and took military possession of the country.

Great Britain, which long and often, single-handed, had contended against the overwhelming power of France, saw the whole Peninsula at the feet of Napoleon: but although the Spaniards were thus humiliated, there were a few men to be found possessing the spirit which once characterized their country, and they determined to resist the power of the foreign invader. Deputies arrived in England, who instantly gave every assistance; British legions were poured into the Peninsula, and although it was long before the Spaniards themselves rendered essential assistance, yet ultimately the French were expelled the country, and the kidnapped imbecile Ferdinand VII. was seated on the throne of his ancestors.

During this war, among the few Spaniards who distinguished themselves, the name of Mina was one of the most conspicuous. Xavier Mina (who since fell in Mexico), a young and enthusiastic native of Navarre, organized a guerilla force, with which he was very successful in attacking and annoying the French, until he was taken prisoner. His uncle, Espoz y Mina, whose brief memoir is now before us, succeeded his nephew in the command, and has since rendered the name still more illustrious; not only in the former war, but in the noble stand he made last year to prevent his country from being again conquered by France.

We need not remind our readers of the attempts to establish a constitutional government in Spain, and of the treacherous conduct of her priest-led king, and several Spanish generals, such as Morillo, O'Donnell, and Ballasteros. General Mina, however, was as patriotic as he was brave: he fought as long as there was the least chance of successful resistance, and then resigned the contest with an honourable capitulation. He is now, with some hundred of his fellow patriots, in this country, many of whom would have perished of want, had not British humanity interfered in their behalf, and raised a subscription for their relief. Of gold and silver General Mina has none, with which to assist his suffering countrymen; but he has written a short extract from his interesting life, the whole profits of which are devoted to their aid. This circumstance would, we are sure, be an additional motive for purchasing copies, were not the interesting nature of the work sufficient. It is this circumstance, as well as a request on the part of the general, which prevents us from quoting so freely from his book as we should otherwise do.

General Mina was born at Idozin, a village of Navarre, on the 17th of June, 1781; his father was a farmer, and he worked at husbandry until the French invasion in 1808, when he entered the army as a soldier, and successively rose to the rank of commander-in-chief of the guerillas of Navarre. The general takes a rapid view of his military life; and so active is guerilla warfare, that, in one campaign, he gave battle or sustained an attack in 143 regular or occasional actions, without reckoning small encounters. As a proof of the determined character of General Mina, as well as his bravery, we shall quote his own evidence:

'Among the instances in which, during the war in Spain, the enemy's squares were charged with success, were three squares broken by me, viz that at Placencia, where, notwithstanding the superior number of the enemy, I made 1200 infantry prisoners, and put to the sword the whole of his cavalry: that of Sangüesa, where I charged the column called the *Infernal*, took 900 men prisoners, and followed up the remainder as far as Sós; and that of Lerin and the plains of Lodosa, where, at the head of my cavalry, and, notwithstanding General Barbot was only at the distance of a musket-shot from the field of battle, and that 6000 men more were only three leagues off, I broke several times the square formed by the enemy, who were infantry, and killed or took prisoners a column of 1100 men, of whom only the commander of the column, and two others, escaped.

'The French, rendered furious by the disasters they experienced in Navarre, and by their fruitless attempts to exterminate my troops, having begun a horrible mode of warfare upon me in 1811, hanging and shooting every soldier and officer of mine who fell into their hands, as also the friends of the volunteers who served with me, and carrying off to France a great number of families, I published, on the 14th of December, the same year, a solemn declaration, composed of twenty-three articles, the first of which ran thus:—*In Navarre, a war of extermination, without quarter, is declared against the French army, without distinction of soldiers or chiefs, not excepting the emperor of the French.* And this sort of warfare I carried on for some time, keeping always in the Valley of Roncal a great depôt of prisoners, so that if the enemy hung or shot one of my officers, I did the same with four of his; if one of my soldiers, I did the same with twenty of his. In this manner I succeeded in terrifying him, and obliged him to propose to me the cessation of so atrocious a system, which was accordingly agreed to.'

In such a warfare Mina was often in great danger. He says:—

'Once, on the 23rd April, 1812, at break of day, having been sold by the Partizan Malcarado, who had previously made his arrangements with General Panetier, and had withdrawn the advanced guard from before Robres, I saw myself surrounded in the town by 1000 infantry and 200 cavalry, and was attacked by five hussars at the very door of the house where I lodged: I defended my myself from these latter with the bar of the door, the only weapon I had at hand, while my attendant, Louis Gaston, was saddling my horse; and, mounting immediately, with his assistance, I sallied forth, charged them, followed them up the street, cut off an arm of one of them at one blow, immediately collected some of my men, charged the enemy several times, rescued many of my soldiers and officers who had been made prisoners, and continued the contest for more than three quarters of an hour, in order that the remainder might escape. This Louis Gaston I always retain about my person as a friend. The next day I caused Malcarado and his attendant to be shot; while three alcaldes and a parish priest, likewise concerned in the plot, were hanging.'

We shall not make any further extracts, for the reasons we have stated; but we recommend the volume in the strongest terms to the public, since to purchase it is not only to possess a work highly interesting, and worth more than the money, but it is serving the cause of humanity, and giving a mite to relieve those who have suffered in a cause which every Briton holds so sacred—that of liberty!

Analysis of the London Ball-Room, in which is comprised the History of the Polite Art, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1824.

We should do a manifest injustice to Terpsichore and her myriads of votaries, if we suffered one quarter's moon to elapse without noticing the Analysis of the London Ball-Room, which contains a good history of dancing, the etiquette of the ball-room, observations on country dances, quadrilles, and waltzes, and a collection of, we believe, about sixty dances, with directions, and the music very neatly printed. If, after our notice of this work, any citizen's wife or daughter blunders in a country dance, quadrille, or waltz, at the City of London Tavern, the Lord Mayor's Easter ball, or elsewhere, we shall deem the crime not only unpardonable in itself, but an act of wilful contumacy against the author and ourselves—to say nothing of the worthy publisher, of the city palace.

Winter-Evening Pastimes; or, the Merry-Maker's Companion. By Rachel Revel, Spinster. 12mo. pp. 185. London, 1824.

If, after completing such a collection of evening sports as Miss Rachel Revel here presents us with, she remains a spinster next Christmas we shall say the age of chivalry is gone. Until we saw the present volume, we confess we were not acquainted with one tenth part of the pastimes with which young people—and old ones, if of a merry disposition—may beguile a winter's evening; there is something quite taking in the very name of the amusements, which sets curiosity on the edge. Who would not like to know in what the pastime of 'All my eye' consists, or would hesitate to play at the game of 'Kiss the person you love best, without disclosing the secret.' Then there are the Twelfth-Night characters—no less than one hundred and forty-two in number; why, really, had the work reached us in time, we would almost have had engravings made from them, and published a supplementary number in the middle of the week, to anticipate Twelfth Night: as it is, we can only recommend Miss Revel's little work to all who are fond of innocent amusement.

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A Universal Historical Dictionary. By George Crabb, author of the Universal Technological Dictionary, &c. Part I. 4to. with Plates.

Of the utility of works of this description there can, we apprehend, be but one opinion; and the want of one on the plan of this Historical Dictionary must long have been felt by every one who seeks for ready information respecting names, that he would search for in vain in the most copious biographical work. So comprehensive is the plan of the present work, that it will embrace several thousands of names, that it would be impossible to find in any other work of reference in our own language: and, in order to satisfy ourselves as to its copiousness, we looked for and found several which we certainly did not expect to meet with. It would be most unjust and absurd to suppose that a work embracing such an immense number of articles can supply any biographical details respecting the various individuals; nor will any one think of consulting it for such a purpose, but will rather turn to it to satisfy himself respecting dates, &c., connected with well-known names, or to obtain ready information respecting persons and places that he would in vain look for elsewhere. Nor is it only in the departments of history, biography, and geography, that this dictionary is peculiarly rich: it contains also a great deal of information relative to heraldry, and the history of English families,—to numismatics and antiquities, with frequent illustrations by wood-cuts. We hesitate not to say, that it is a work that ought to be, and we dare say will be, found in every well-furnished library: nor do we doubt but that it will acquire for the author no ordinary reputation for ability, industry, and research.

The Provincial Magazine and Review, No. I. pp. 112. Leeds and London, 1825.

It is not very usual with us to notice periodicals, for two reasons: first, because they are so numerous, that a very brief notice of them would occupy a large portion of our pages; and, secondly, because all that are worth knowing are generally pretty familiar to the public. We are, however, induced to go out of our way on the present occasion, because we would not suffer so creditable an attempt as that of establishing a magazine in a manufacturing town, remote from the metropolis, to pass unnoticed. This has been frequently attempted without success. Some years ago, there was a Salopian Magazine, published at Shrewsbury, of considerable merit, but we believe the oldest of the provincial magazines is one published at Sherborne, under the title of The Weekly Entertainer. It was commenced by Mr. Goadley, in the year 1773, and continued, under the title of The Weekly Miscellany, until 1783, when it was changed to The Weekly Entertainer.

The Provincial Magazine contains several well-written articles, principally of a light nature, and is, we think, fully equal, in point of merit (though the editor need not thank us for the compliment), to the first number of the much-boasted new series of The London Magazine. We advise the editor of The Provincial Magazine to get a better paper in future, for he does himself a manifest injustice by printing on such thin paper as is used in the first number. A little more attention to correctness in the printing is also advisable.

The Voyages of Captain Cook round the World. With a Map, a Portrait, and a Memoir of his Life. 12mo. p. 637. London, 1824.

At a time when the spirit of geographical discovery is so prevalent and so liberally encouraged by the British government, public attention almost involuntarily turns to the voyages of Capt. Cook, the greatest navigator the world has produced; we say this advisedly, and without forgetting Columbus.

The collection of Cook's voyages before us is necessarily abridged, for, cheap as literature is, we cannot expect a work which was published at a few guineas, should now be sold for a few shillings. The abridgment, however, consists in stripping them of much of their technicality, and omitting such details as are least interesting; to us, however, on a cursory perusal, it appears that the third and most important voyage is given almost entire.

The work is embellished with twenty-seven wood engravings, and a portrait of Capt. Cook, and is the most complete edition of the voyages of this great circumnavigator we have seen, at any thing like the price.

ORIGINAL.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—Disposed at all times to contribute to the interest and variety of your columns, I transmit to you herewith some sketches of American peculiarities, written in 1822, which, applying particularly to the southern districts of the United States, I assure you are not exaggerated.

Military Muster.—I arrived in this quarter of the United States in time to witness one of those grotesque exhibitions which are called, in this country, 'county musters.' Every state is subdivided into counties, the male population of which, within certain ages, must assemble once or oftener, in the course of the year, at the county town. They are required to appear with a musket; but the substitution of a fowling-piece is connived at, with a common powder-horn for a cartouch-box. Many being too poor to provide themselves even with these scanty accoutrements, carry, in place of a firelock, a large bludgeon, or the handle of a hoe, or a member of some other broken agricultural instrument. This strange incongruous group, when I first saw it, bore a strong resemblance to one of those mobs of the populace who collect in St. Giles's, in London, hot from their Bacchanalian revels, on a Sunday evening, for purposes of mischief or riot. About noon, the superior officer, or general as he is termed, was seen on horseback, rapidly skirting the plain on which we were met. The only article of uniform he wore was a cocked hat the glittering lace on which oddly contrasted with an old brown coat and a pair of calamanco pantaloons, and having a lofty white plume stuck in front of it, which waved in long vibrations as he galloped towards the centre of the ground. The hoarse twang of a cracked bugle announced his arrival; and then commenced the irresistibly-ludicrous attempt to reduce the rude chaotic mass who acknowledged his authority, to something like military order. The object of the officers seemed to be to form a line: no other evolution was attempted; and, to say the truth, this manœuvre, simple as it may appear, was more than they were well able to accomplish. No sooner had they succeeded at one point, than the rabble they commanded had, at another, relapsed into their natural element of confusion. In this fruitless and unprofitable manner, the day was almost exhausted, when, after incredible exertions, the straight line being as nearly attained as a figure in the shape of a parabola admitted of, the general dismissed his apt and docile troops with an harangue; in which he praised the alacrity with which they obeyed the summons to assemble, but was judiciously silent respecting their conduct or merits in the field.

State of Society.—As to society, it would be unreasonable to expect much refinement, where the opportunities of improvement are so circumscribed; but, admitting it were otherwise, I am not sure that a corresponding disposition generally exists. I do not mean to insinuate the most distant reflection on gentlemen engaged in commerce, for devoting the better part, or, if necessary, the whole of their time, to the avocations of business; but here a very short period in the course of a day is sufficient to discharge all professional duties; and common sense, or that vanity which is peculiar to all, should suggest to them the desirableness of dedicating the hours they can spare from the desk or the counting-house to the pursuit of those literary or scientific attainments by which wealth is every where ennobled. I remark with regret, that such a spirit seems to animate but comparatively a very few of the inhabitants of these districts: in place of study, the greater proportion of their leisure is wasted in balancing a chair, in smoking a cigar, in sleeping on a sofa, or in frivolous and insipid amusements;—yet these are the individuals who may be sent to the general assemblies, or perhaps to congress, to legislate on some of the most important questions that can be submitted to human decision. There cannot be a better illustration of the policy of those restrictions which in England limit the right or the power to participate in the national councils, to those who, by their extensive property, their liberal education, and their superior acquirements, are necessarily the best qualified to deliberate with effect on whatever can promote her internal prosperity or her external glory. Away with all those idle plans of reform which have been, and I presume still are, industriously propagated throughout the kingdom! There was a time when I myself, with many others, might, in the thoughtless enthusiasm of youth,

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have seen something to admire in these fascinating theories or delusions; but, if time and reflection had not altered my opinion on the subject, the example of this country must have convinced me of their danger; and I may be permitted to add, that nothing can be more meritorious than the manly and consistent stand our government has uniformly made against doctrines which, however plausible in speculation, can never be practically adopted, without leading to boundless anarchy or confusion.

Washington's Birth-day.—Far be it from me, in speaking with this freedom of certain peculiarities characteristic of this part of the United States, to intend the slightest disparagement of the people or institutions of this country:—and I shall now very briefly commemorate the events of a day, being nothing less than the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. The morning was ushered in by that jingling of bells which generally intimates the approach of a dust-cart on the streets of London; and, in the course of the forenoon, the inhabitants repaired to a church, not certainly the most appropriate place for angry discussion,—to hear an oration delivered by a gentleman who generally volunteers his services on this annual occasion The declaration of American independence was his text, but, like many other preachers, he very soon lost sight of it. He was happy in touching on every subject not connected with the occasion, and in avoiding every topic which it would have been seasonable to enforce. At Great Britain is honoured, in these invectives, with peculiar notice, she was inveighed against, by this declaimer, with little dignity or moderation. In the outrageous violence of his abuse, it was difficult to discover the precise misconduct, on her part, which was so vehemently condemned; but I collected, from some of the individuals around me, who understood him better than I did, that what moved the passions of the orator to so exalted a pitch was the apathy evinced by the English ministry, in reference to the existing struggle of the Greeks to rescue themselves from Turkish oppression. According to this wise politician, we should have impetuously rushed with our fleets and armies, and committed ourselves in the war, before we were well aware either of its object or its cause. It seems that all our generous sacrifices, in delivering Europe from the arms or the influence of Bonaparte, are of no moment or merit, so long as Greece writhes under the odious dominion of the Porte. With deference, however, to this candid critic, I would suggest that, considering how tamely the United States submitted to the accumulated insults of the most daring despot of modern times, it might not be an unacceptable mode of redeeming their credit with the world, to undertake the glorious task of Grecian emancipation.

But to return to my subject—In the evening there was a public ball. The room was decorated with several emblematical devices, and the attendance was numerous rather than respectable. Among the strangers present was the governor of the state, who was more remarkable for his magnitude than any other attribute. I observed that the ladies danced in rotation. Each of them had a number, which, on being called by a person who acted as master of ceremonies, the individual to whom it belonged appeared on the floor. This arrangement, though singular, was not without its utility; but the performance of the gentlemen was not regulated by any similar law. The music was most barbarous. It consisted of a violin, drum, and triangle, played upon by three Negroes—the drum being used, I presume, to soften the tone of the violin, and the triangle to give variation to the drum. They performed not in harmony but in discord, and perplexed rather than assisted the motions of the dancers. Upon the whole, this piece or pantomime was managed with tolerable order, considering the ill-compounded materials of which it was composed. The equality inseparable from republican institutions precludes all selection or exclusion; and nothing can be more repugnant to our aristocratic prejudices than to see, as on occasion in question, the very first magistrate of a state compelled to stoop to the degradation of participating in all that boisterous mirth or coarse enjoyment in which the vulgar part of every community, wherever they are admitted, are certain to indulge.

Commerce.—With regard to commerce in this section of the United States, it appears to be altogether of a retail description; and as, of all professional people, the merchants, I believe, are every where most disposed to complain, those in this part of the world console themselves under the real or fancied depression of the moment, by anticipating some revival from the expected restoration of trade betwixt this country and our West India possessions. To such an event, I presume, the British shipowners can have no objection; but I understand it is intended at the same time to qualify, if not to dissolve, our colonial monopoly. I know how much the mercantile bias of the present day tends to unlimited freedom, but I doubt if the measure referred to can be adopted without repealing a fundamental provision of the Navigation Act. It has been justly observed by Adam Smith, that 'wealth is of less importance than safety to a nation;' and it is obvious, that it was the object of that clause of the Navigation Act which compels the produce of our colonies to be brought, in the first instance, to the mother country, in British bottoms, to establish a nursery for seamen, whence our navy could be perpetually supplied. It was the commercial rivalry of Holland which originally suggested the adoption of the Navigation Act, and the naval ambition of the United States requires us to maintain it. There is, fortunately, no probability of England and America being soon again engaged in hostilities; but, perhaps, the best mode of repressing the martial predilections of this aspiring republic, is to abandon no part of that system which our ancestors considered indispensable for our security and greatness. Like the Indian warrior, who sleeps upon his battle-axe, our conduct in peace should be governed by a provident regard to the necessities of war: and if it be true that the empire of the ocean cannot be divided, we should neglect no precaution which is calculated to preserve that maritime supremacy we have hitherto exercised, not merely for our own benefit, but for the general advantage of the whole civilized world.

VIATOR.

THE STEAM-PACKET.

I HAD just time to devote a night, and an hour or two on the following morning, to scenes worth witnessing in the noble town of Liverpool, when my wandering disposition led me at noon on board that fine steam-packet, the St. George, whose signal was flying from the mast, announcing her immediate departure for Ireland. The day was remarkably attractive: it was one of those cheerful skies which smile, as it were, on all beneath, and impart, in a wonderful degree, that serenity and peace on the minds of us sublunary beings, which is so strongly pictured on them. There was a fine breeze, just enough to form an agreeable curl on the Mersey, blowing from the south-west; 'the very wind,' said I, 'for wafting us to old Erin, and keeping us at a respectful distance from those bold promontories and hidden rocks, which, for nearly half the passage, render the voyage by no means a safe one.'

My mind, therefore, which had been wavering in a sort of disagreeable doubt, as to whether I should go or remain, was made up at once, by the seductive combination before me, to the more valiant part of the dispute; and, taking my small portmanteau from the hands of the boatman, I leapt on board. I had scarcely time to ask myself whether I was really in earnest on the matter, before an authorative voice, from a smart figure, clad in a blue frock surtout, on the more elevated part of the quarter-deck, exclaimed, 'let go the engine, and off to Holyhead,' when all its tremendous machinery of one hundred and ten horse power was moved with the celerity of clock-work, and bore away the bulky, but elegant St. George, at a rapid rate out of the harbour. Her yards were unfurled to collect the auspicious breeze, and lend their aid to the more powerful impetus of the engine. On closer examination of the quality of animal matter on board, I found myself one of a most heterogeneous mixture, — a complete modern Noah's ark in that particular. On the quarter-deck were strutting, in all the gaiety which fashion, health, and colour could impart, beaux and belles, men of war, and men of peace; lower down, were abundantly crowded together the hardy, though luckless, sons of the emerald isle, with a plentiful intermixture of women and children, and horses, and carriages, and dogs, and pigs. In the cabin, I found elegant sofas, capacious bed-rooms, an amusing library, backgammon boards, and cards. On one side of the deck, my nostrils were assailed with the multifarious perfumes of a well-stored kitchen; and, on peeping through a small casement into this *sanctum* of good living, I beheld the grisly head of black cookey, who, being naturally accustomed to a warm atmosphere, was quite at home in this vapour-bath of gravies, which

to more dense lungs would speedily prove a *quietus*. He was bustling about, as cool as a cucumber, over a dozen different dishes of stews, soups, joints, and puddings, all admirably arranged in a small compass, on a well-constructed steam-furnace, to suit the economy of the place: which were, in due season, to form the dinner of our adventurous cabin passengers. By this time we had made considerable progress, and, on turning my eyes to the left, the varied mountains of Wales lay stretched before me, rugged and unwinning in aspect, as if to caution mariners against too near an approach. My fellow-voyagers formed a very pleasant fraternity; and Neptune was in such good humour, that we fresh-water sailors smoked our cigars with impunity, and began, verily, to think ourselves not unworthy of being ranked among his hardy sons! The hours flew swiftly on pleasure's wings, and at four o'clock we sat down, to put my black friend's culinary skill to the test; all but a delicate lady or two, who had already paid that tribute to the sea which it so pertinaciously exacts from its novel votaries, did ample justice to his taste. The saline atmosphere had, in some measure, whetted our abilities in that line, in addition to which there was a sort of vying emulation, as to who should show himself the best seaman, by the most profuse eating. A plentiful libation of *mountain dew* finished the repast, and we were still enjoying that palatable beverage, when a few more powerful lurches of the ship than we had yet experienced reminded us that we were not upon land.

One of those gales, not unfrequent at this season, began to collect, and gathered force with the approaching darkness,—the winds swept hollowly over the 'vasty deep,'—the masts and the shrouds crackled,—the vessel heaved with violence,—and the turbulent waves began to hold a violent contention with its mighty wheels; the metamorphosis of countenances was wonderful, and the progress from smiles and chat to pale despondency and silence, to any but a suffering spectator, would have formed a most amusing exhibition. Our stomachs, as if in revenge for the severe duty we had imposed on them, shewed a most rebellious spirit, and caused a speedy emigration of their contents. Some of the party wisely retired to their couches, while I, with others, desirous of postponing the evil moment, ventured upon deck, and tried, in the open air, to apply a remedy; but even this consolation was not long allowed us. The storm increased, the sails were reefed, and the heavy waves, which, over and anon, broke over our deck, rendered that situation not only uncomfortable but unsafe.

The ship at this time presented a strange—an appalling spectacle. In her centre rose the huge iron chimney, equalling a full-grown oak in thickness; its summit pouring out, like a limited volcano, volumes of flame and smoke; beneath, as if in the very body of the waters, were four glaring fires, which sweating, dirty, and swearing men, like so many demonic imps, were incessantly supplying with fuel.—Nothing in the distance met the eye but pitchy darkness, except the revolving light-houses of Holyhead, and the Skerries, looking like twinkling stars in the black firmament.

I would have given a good deal, at that moment, to have been in my snug cottage at H——. We were just entering the Channel; and, although the more dangerous part of the voyage had passed, we had a long night and a violent wind, and a mountainous sea to traverse. The deck was no longer a fit place for me;—I was sickened with the shouting and the hurried steps of the sailors, the rolling of the stores, and the uncouteous salutes which I was perpetually receiving from the restless ocean. Put me once more in old England, thought I, as I stretched my jaded limbs on my unquiet birth, and I will never allow a mad-brained curiosity again to place me in such a jeopardy as this. All night long was I tormenting myself with comparisons betwixt a snug bed on shore and the miserable purgatory I was now enduring—'Oh! taste, taste,' said I, 'what an unaccountable being art thou! Happier should I be in pursuing the calling of a hardy husbandman, than in holding the station of our little commodore.' But such reflections were all in vain. The hours seemed, with a most provoking prolongation, to be endless. The eagerness of a lover for the approach of that moment which is to give him for ever the fair object of his adoration is a mere feeling of indifference with what I felt for the approach of day. The very stroke of the bell, as it announced the lapse of time, was a period of unendurable tediousness. At length my miseries received an alleviation. The doubtful light of morning came. I rushed upon deck, and inhaled the grateful breeze, which had now abated in some degree, as the best and most valued gift in heaven. In the hazy distance were observable the numerous light-houses which announced our approach to Dublin Harbour. The rise of the sun soon gave us a more distinct view of the glorious prospect before us. 'Hail! northern Naples,' I exclaimed, as the matchless bay became more perceptive, 'at all times beautiful, thou art to me, after what I have undergone, unrivalled. Welcome, Ireland! now doubly endeared, for the care and anxiety and trouble which I have endured to behold thee!'

ALOST.

A HINT TO DENTISTS.

'A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet:' notwithstanding, however, this poetical axiom of Shakspeare, it is certain that, as the world goes at present, many persons and things would lose half their consequence and importance, were it not for the high-sounding names by which they are designated. This is a truth which few persons, at the present day, will attempt to controvert; nor are those who speculate on the pockets of the public the last to appreciate justly the value of a *good name*. The term tooth-drawer would be horribly vulgar; even that of dentist is becoming somewhat trite and common; and we therefore humbly suggest to the profession the adoption of one more classical and unintelligible to the cockneys—consequently, far more taking with them.

By an announcement in the Moniteur, we perceive that a M. Marmont has published a poem under the singular title of *L'Odontotechnia, ou l'Art du Dentiste*. What an extraordinary subject for four cantos of verse! We are aware that poets have occasionally selected themes that would have driven Apollo himself to despair: an Italian writer, named Moya, composed a poem on Digestion; and Zacchiroli and Bonafide both sung the Inoculation for the Small-pox; nevertheless, we should have as soon expected a bard to deliver rules for Macadamization in verse, as those of teeth-drawing. Warren, or his customers, must be very great admirers of poetry, considering the exquisite effusions on the virtues of jet blacking with which the newspapers teem; Bish was also, at one period, we believe, 'smitten with the charm of sacred verse;' but then what are their brief compositions compared with four entire cantos? Brevity, indeed, is the soul of wit; yet their productions are, at the best, but like so many drops of otto of roses, compared with Helicon itself. Our Gallic neighbours have a magnificence and richness, in matters of this kind, wherein they altogether excel us. And then what a sonorous imposing term is that of Odontotechnia! Verily, we should not be surprised were it immediately adopted by our cockney dentists, who will most assuredly find their account in introducing it into their advertisements; first, because it will certainly attract all those who like to be humbugged by words they do not understand—of whom, in this enlightened age, the number is by no means small; and secondly, because it will break the teeth of many who attempt to pronounce it, which will be so much the better for Messieurs the *Odontotechnists*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARIAN.

O! WERE my Marian you young pine,
Within sweet Seaton's garden-ground,
And I an ivy to entwine
That stately tree my tendrils round,
There, shadowing the sun-warmed soil,
In fond affection we would grow,
O! then might tempest, time, nor toil,
Have power to part, or lay us low!

O! were my love yon wild rose fair,
That blushes on Balgowaine's brae,
Whose silk flower scents the enamoured air,
And I the lofty lord of day,—
How mindful would my rising ray
Attend the odorous opening bloom,
And kindly nurse it through the day,
Till chased by envious evening's gloom.

O! were my love yon green sweet brier,
That grows on Grandholm's lowly lawn,
Where bud and bird charm eye and ear,
And I the breath of dewy dawn,—
How I would breathe, at new-born day,
In whispered words, each dear desire,
Well pleased around its bower to play,
Then with impassioned sighs expire!

How happy I a cup to be
Laid down by Powis' fountain brink,
And she, my love,—and only she,
With me the cold clear spring to drink.

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O! how unspeakable my bliss,
The bliss so tender and so true,
As me her smiling lips would kiss—
The luscious lips of cherry hue!
O! that I were Don's shining stream,
That winds its way with merry din,
My love oft 'neath the noonide beam,
A Naiad nymph, to wade therein,—
How my fond flood would love to have
Her soft-shaped limbs so lily white,
And kiss the little feet that gave
My crystal current such delight!
In yon secluded hermitage*,
Anent St. Machur's† ancient aisle,
Weaned from the world, were I a sage
That dwelt within that peaceful pile,
A life so pious and so pure
I'd lead, that I might ether death
Thy sweet society, secure,
Through godly grace and holy faith.
Had fate but fixed our happy home
In the dark den of Rubislaw,
And many were our years to come
Within its wild wood's silent shaw,—
O! then, retired from stir and strife,
Its *birks* would bloom a bower of bliss,
While all our wishes would be—life;
Our hopes on high—a heaven like this!
But O! still rather that I were
The lord of B—t's pleasant place,
My love the lady sharing there,
My home—my heart—my happiness!
Then our's would be that blissful love—
That purest passion only given
The beings who abide above,
The saints and seraphims in heaven!

IMLAH.

REMINISCENCE.

As vesper winds
Press the wave into the ocean's check
In golden calm,
So tenderness will break,
When love's emotions speak
The honey-balm
That heals the fancy which it binds.

As birds' wings make
Shades on the sun-ground when they fly
In swift career,
So memories, when I sigh,
Are darkly dear
For past joys' recollection sake.

O! hast thou not
Perceiv'd the lily catch the beam
Of day's depart?
Thy 'farewell!' on the sea's wide stream
So chills my heart,
I fade in night's cold death,—forgot!

ELLEN MARIA.

A VALENTINE.

THOUGH I perchance may see thee not
On that auspicious day
When birds their willing hearts unite,
To show mankind the way,
I welcome thee, and wish as much
That joy may wait on thee,
As though our glances met, and thou
On me look'd smilingly.

I trust the morning may be fair,
And beautiful as thou—
That no dark cloud its tears may cast
On nature's lovely brow;
I would not that the failest mist
Should spot the pale blue sky—
I would not that the lightest breeze
On such a morn should sigh.

For these, alas! to those who love,
Presentiments impart
Of hopes that fade, and thoughts that press
Like ruin on the heart.
But let not such forbodings thrill
That gentle breast of thine,
But keep as faithful to thy vows
As I will keep to mine.

WILFORD.

* The cathedral church of old Aberdeen.

† The hermitage alluded to here is no fabric of poetic fancy, but of more substantial stuff—brick, stone, and timber. It was built, I believe, by a late eccentric, but otherwise excellent character. It is pleasantly situate on a gentle eminence, partly overlooking the trees with which it is surrounded, and, from its octagon walls, bending roof, and the gilded crescent that gleams on its pinnacle, it rather wears an oriental aspect. The knowledge of what assuredly was the object of it I could never obtain, but, when a school-boy, I have heard it averred by older folks than my associates, that any one who would have consented to be confined in it for the space of seven years, totally excluded from the sight of a human visage and the sound of a human voice, and during that period not to cut the hairs of his head nor the nails of his fingers or toes, would have had this lonely dwelling and its lovely domains as a reward for his penance and patience. Care was to have been taken that, in the conveyance of his daily victuals, no communication could have been made with his fellow creatures. I never understood that any one ever attempted to gratify the whim of the proprietor and the worldly wish of possessing it; but whether it ever had an inhabitant or not, it is known in the neighbourhood by no other name than the Hermitage.

FINE ARTS.

Histoire de la Peinture en Italie; depuis la Renaissance des Beaux Arts jusqu'à la Fin du 18 Siècle. Par L'ABBÉ LANZI. Traduit par MAD. ARMANDE DIEUDE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous volumes that had been previously written on the subject of painting, such a work as that of Lanzi was by no means superfluous. Its object was to give a complete and connected history of the art, of the various schools and masters, which might be perused with more pleasure, and with more profit also, than works that, valuable as they undoubtedly are, from the biographical and historical details they supply, are rather to be considered as books of reference, or mere annals, than as designed to afford a consecutive view of the different eras of painting in Italy. The undertaking was certainly a laborious one,—one that demanded industry and perseverance, and both taste and zeal; nor was Lanzi deficient in these qualities; and he has too imparted the graces of style to his composition, and, as far as possible, avoided the monotony almost inseparable from his subject. His arrangement is excellent, for, making the great masters of each school his prominent figures, and analysing their merits with scrupulous exactness, he contents himself with noticing more briefly their pupils and successors, and with pointing out how far they fall short of, or deviate from, their illustrious guides. By this means, the reader can contemplate each group, without fatigue or embarrassment; and he is, moreover, from time to time, relieved by the manner in which the author elucidates the various changes in taste and style, which have taken place, and the causes which have led to the decay of the art in that country where it once reached a degree of perfection never since attained. It must be confessed, however, that the author occasionally indulges too much in minute details, and notices names which have less interest for foreigners than for his own countrymen. Still his work is one that will ever be perused with interest and profit, not only by artists and men of letters, but by the general reader of cultivated taste. The translation, therefore, of it into French, must be considered as very desirable, since it will thus become accessible to a great many persons in this country, who are unacquainted with the Italian language;—indeed, we should suppose, nearly to all who are interested in the subject; and the elegance and fidelity with which Mad. Dieudé has executed her task, will leave them little cause to regret that they are unable to peruse the original. We remember to have seen in the Magazine of the Fine Arts, published in 1821, proposals for a translation of Lanzi's Storia Pittorica, into English, but presume that the design was abandoned for want of encouragement.

Before closing this notice, it may not be improper to observe that the work contains much information relative to other arts, connected with that of painting, such as some curious details concerning painted glass, &c., and a very interesting account of the origin and progress of engraving on both wood and copper.

M. EUGENE DEGOTY.

THIS artist, who is recently dead, was scene-painter at the Opera House at Paris, where, during forty years, he produced some of the most splendid scenery ever exhibited in any theatre. In that branch of painting which he professed, he was perhaps superior to all his contemporaries. The taste and grandeur which distinguished many of his compositions render it a subject of regret that they should, from their very nature, be destined to oblivion. In this respect the fate of the scene-painter too closely resembles that of the actor: however admirable either may be, he can be appreciated only by his immediate contemporaries; to posterity he will be known hardly by name. In painting for the stage, there is little to stimulate the artist, beyond pecuniary emolument and a momentary approbation. It were to be wished, therefore, that the superior productions of this class should be occasionally rescued from total oblivion by the graver; which is certainly often employed on far less interesting and less valuable subjects.

M. Degoty has left some able pupils, among whom are M. Ciceri and M. Daguerre, the former of whom is a most admirable scene-painter, and the latter, one of the painters of the Diorama.

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GREEK MEDAL OF LORD BYRON.

THIS magnificent and truly classical bronze medallion*, which is published by Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane, is a memorial worthy of the distinguished poet whom it is intended to record, and cannot fail of being most gratifying to the admirers of the noble bard. The obverse presents a finely executed profile of his lordship, with merely the word Byron, in Greek characters. On the reverse is a laurel, on which the lightning is darting from a cloud, with the motto ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΝ ΑΙΕΙ, or, Imperishable. And on the rim is a Greek inscription, signifying that it is dedicated by W. Pickering and W. Worthington, and designed by J. A. Stothard, 1824. The elegant simplicity and classical taste of this medal must recommend it to the admirers of the fine arts. Such a name as Byron's requires neither explanation nor panegyric, nor any epithet indicative of admiration to be attached to it; since, more durable in itself than bronze, it will be remembered long after every monument of him shall have perished. And we may add too, that so long as this beautiful specimen of his talents shall continue in existence, the name of the artist will be remembered with admiration. The execution of the head is exceedingly bold, and of very considerable relief. In short, this medal is a far nobler tribute to his lordship's memory than many of the literary memorials of him which have appeared since his death.

BRITISH GALLERY.—PRIZE PICTURES, &c.

WE learnt some time ago, that the governors of the British Gallery had, with a wise liberality, offered two prizes to those artists who should produce the best sketches of pictures representing the Battle of the Nile or the Battle of Trafalgar, it being the intention of that enlightened body to select from such sketches one to be hereafter painted and presented by them to Greenwich Hospital, in commemoration of the glorious battle it represents.

Although the subject properly belonged to marine painters, yet we find several artists not exactly such, have ventured into this field, or rather sea, of action, and prepared on a new element to contend for a new prize. It will be probably found, in this case at least, that the 'battle will be gained by the strong:' we have been told, that no fewer than twenty-two candidates have entered the lists, but we have ourselves seen only five pictures; they were, however, so full of high promise, or high performance, that we feel so certain the award will fall on some one of them, as if it were already judged—we ought to say *two*, for there are to be two prizes.

Mr. Cartwright, well known as the masterly delineator of Corfu, has painted pictures of each of those subjects so admirably, that we are persuaded, if the committee were nautical men, the prize would be given to him without hesitation, for, in his unequalled identity as a ship portrait-painter, and the grace, dignity, elegance, and action, he has given to these floating ministers of destruction, they would see so much to awaken heart and memory, that all lesser claims would be left behind. The advantages possessed by this gentleman, as being present in one of these awful scenes, and well acquainted with all the details of the other, enables him to appear as the historian of the day, in ten thousand little incidents which can be only estimated justly by those whose practised eyes and well-read minds are conversant with the endless variation of form produced by the working of these mighty machines in their hour of trial. To them every sail is filled with information, every cord forms a link recalling circumstances of deep anxiety, fearful expectation, or exulting hope;—they can 'fight the battle o'er again' on every deck, and see the 'commission posted on every ball;' and to them, therefore, no other representation, however richly fraught with pictorial excellence or imaginative power, can bear comparison—the beau ideal is here less powerful than the simple truth.

For splendour of colouring, a fine taste in choosing the most impressive moment in a most impressive scene—for adding the livid light, and the black horror of contrasting darkness, to the terrors of that hour when man is armed against his brother with the fierceness of elemental destruction,—Mr. Sharpe's battle of the Nile merits the highest praise, and will probably obtain the most general admiration. It represents the moment when the fire of l'Orient, blazing high in the mid heaven, cast over the waves its most luminous effects, and at the same time increased the density of that smoke which in mighty masses arose from various sources, and gave to the whole Bay of Aboukir a form resembling the interior of a rocky cavern. In praising the superior grandeur of this picture as a composition, we do not mean in the least to detract from its high finish and strict truth of delineation and perspective, any farther than to say, that yet the ships are not equal to those of Mr. Cartwright, which we conceive to be *sans pareil*.

Most sincerely do we wish that these gentlemen might be commissioned to paint a grand national picture together. The old masters frequently united different talents on the same canvass, and we know no good reasons why the moderns should not do the same. Indeed, we remember seeing in the Royal Academy, some years ago, a very beautiful landscape by Holland adorned by Stodhart's exquisite figures, and we sincerely wish the practice were generally adopted, especially in cases like the present. We can conceive no exertion of human skill more ennobling, or more interesting, than the united labours of many, could they be effectively called into action for any great national purpose resembling the one before us. Never could valour be more worthily crowned, than by the wreath of varied talent combining all its brightest hues to confer, and therefore share, immortal honour.

Mr. Wilson, the landscape-painter, always a clever and highly intellectual artist, is also busy in finishing an excellent picture; and Mr. Daniel, as very experienced in marine subjects, is expected to claim much attention. Mr. Matthew Brown (a pupil of the late venerable president) has, in the representation of a single incident, the falling of a mast, displayed great knowledge of his subject, and much thinking and good drawing;—in short, we expect the public will receive great pleasure from many performances. There cannot fail to be a general impetus given to the public mind by these representations of days of glory and sorrow gone by, and, in these 'piping times of peace,' half forgotten.

Amongst those who are not candidates for this prize, we learn also that many works of merit are on the easel, especially among such as are members of the new society in Suffolk Street. This is as it should be. The object of the British Institution has been to encourage art in general through this country, and, of course, the more that principle is diffused, the more their patriotic intentions are fulfilled. If, however, any narrow views predominated in the new society,—if, ungrateful for benefits received or promised, they had forsaken the single source of emolument assigned them for so many years,—there would be reason to fear, that the general interests of art, as a national object, would have merged in the aggrandizement of a certain body. This is not the case. The Suffolk Street Society have hitherto justified our early views of them, and we have no fear of their continuing to do it; for 'the first steps are the most difficult,' as well with the man who enters a new path as him who has lost his head*.

Meyer has published a very clever print from the admired picture of the Fighting Boys, by Simpson: it is touched with his usual fidelity and spirit, but we wish it had been executed on a larger scale. We learn with pleasure that another number of the Coast Scenery will shortly appear: its merit is too well known to require comment from us.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty during the week; indeed, the pantomimes draw good houses without any effort to produce other pieces: and on this account, although Miss Foote's re-appearance at Covent Garden Theatre has been announced for Tuesday, yet we believe she will not appear this fortnight or three weeks.

Colman's opera of *Inkle and Yarico* has been revived at Covent Garden Theatre, and the part of Yarico delightfully played by Miss M. Tree.

The success of the *Fatal Dowry*, at Drury Lane Theatre, has been arrested by the severe indisposition of Mr. Macready.

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* It measures two inches and a half in diameter, and weighs nearly five ounces.

* This society have, lately, according to the general rule in such cases, sent a circular, by the twopenny post, informing artists of the time fixed for receiving their works, and among the rest to a Mr. Baker, whose name they only knew as being in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy; in consequence of which, Mr. Linton, the secretary, has received his letter returned,

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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A work has recently appeared in Paris, under the title of *Scènes de la Nature sous les Tropiques, et de leur Influence sur la Poëzie, par Ferdinand Denis,*—of which some of the French journals speak in high terms of approbation, as describing, in an animated manner, the scenery of the tropics, and the character of the inhabitants of those regions. The author conducts his readers through the vast forests of the new world, and communicates to them, in a vivid manner, the emotions caused by those sublime and gigantic solitudes. M. Denis writes with a l the enthusiasm of a poet and a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature.

Government has resolved upon another expedition to Africa, to explore the course of the Niger. Captain Laing, who was at Sierra Leone under Sir C. M'Carthy, who was killed by the Ashantees, is to be at the head of it, with a handsome salary. It is understood that he is to have two secretaries and sixteen men.

In a few days will be published, Mr. Bowles's Answer to Mr. Roscoe, relative to the Letters and Poetical Character of Pope.

French Academy.—In the sitting of the Academy of January 3, 1825, M. de Humboldt presented a bark, hitherto unknown, which may be employed in certain cases with great effect in medicine. It is said to possess virtues analogous to the Jesuit's bark, and to produce similar effects with a third part of the dose. M. de Humboldt proposes to analyse it.—M. de Pelletan made a communication on the galvanic phenomena which (according to M. Cloquet) accompanies acupuncturation. The first trials gave him no results, but having repeated his experiments with a more delicate galvanometer, he established that some of the fluid was constantly disengaged from a needle, when plunged under any part of the human body suffering under pain. The quantity of the fluid is very small; perhaps, says M. Pelletan, it is not a hundredth part of what is discharged from a single element of a voltaic pile; but, however, very perceptible effects may be felt from it. It is sufficient for the purpose to put the needle, plunged into the tissues affected, in communication with the mouth, by means of a metallic lamina. M. Pelletan thinks, from the whole of the facts hitherto observed, that it results that the curative effects of acupuncturation have no connection with the galvanism developed during the operation; and he founds this opinion on the fact, that the relief of the sufferers has appeared in no case proportional with the quantity of galvanic fluid disengaged; and, above all, on the fact that very marked effects may be obtained even with a needle terminated by a non-conducting body—for example, with a sealing-wax head. No sensible difference even could be discovered between the effects of these needles, and those so disposed as to draw off the electric fluid.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	10 o'Clock Night.	Barom. 12 o'Clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 7	40	45	46	30 50	Cloudy.
.... 8	35	44	36	.. 76	Fair.
.... 9	36	42	40	.. 89	Cloudy.
.... 10	40	40	36	.. 87	Do.
.... 11	33	42	41	.. 72	Do.
.... 12	31	40	39	..67	Do.
.... 13	35	4	40	.. 50	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Short Cuts to Learning.—Till lately, we thought that, in point of astonishing inventions and discoveries, the present age had far surpassed all preceding ones; especially in regard to the facility with which instruction is now communicated, when, if we may put any confidence in advertisements, a perfect knowledge of French may be acquired in two months, and when books are published that will teach the art of drawing, without the aid of a master. But what is this compared with the possibility of becoming a proficient in painting in three hours!! Should any one be so incredulous as to suppose that we are hoaxing him, we would refer him to a French work, published about the middle of the last century, entitled *Moyen de devenir Peintre, en trois Heures, et d'exécuter au Pinceau les Ouvrages des plus grands Maîtres, sans avoir appris le Dessein.* How are we degenerated even in the art of humbug!

East Indian Dandies.—The boatmen who tow the pinnace used in excursions on the Ganges, in India, by a long line, when the wind fails, or turn the sails when it is favourable, are called *dandies*. They are, however, a very different race from the non-descripts of Europe of that name. 'The dandies of India,' Colonel Forrest says, in his Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Jumna, 'are a hardy race of beings, wear but little clothing, and, though exposed, in towing the boat, for the whole day, to a burning sun, and frequently up to the middle in water, their heads are not only without any turban or covering, but literally shaven quite bare.

Mr. Monach, a writing-master in Glasgow, had a pupil called John Aird, to whom he once said, 'John, you want but an L to be a laird.' 'And sure,' replied the pupil, 'you want but an R to make you a monarch.' A better play on names, however, was the remark, that Mr. Haswell would be as well without the H.

IMPROMPTU ON A LATE ACCIDENT.

Berkeley, it seems, has hurt his knee:
How very lame must he be found!
Since lately, all the world agree,
He gave his *Foote* a careless wound.

THE PAIR OF RUFFLES.

Impromptu.

Good Mr. Ruffles had a wife,
The joy and comfort of his life;
A child she brought him ev'ry year,—
Whether it plea'd him don't appear;
At last—to cure him of his sins—
The lady brought her husband *twins!*—
This made a bustle and a rout,
And how to name them was the doubt:
A neighbour, who was thought a wag,
And sometimes of his wit would brag,
Advis'd them thus,—his name was Snuffles,—
'Christen your babes, *a pair of Ruffles!*'—

J. M. L.

Genoa has sometimes been called the paradise of foreigners because the females are very handsome, and the men uncommonly ugly. The Genoese ladies have a gracefulness of figure, regular and expressive features, and superb eyes. Their dress is very uniform—generally white, with a long veil of white muslin, called a *mezzaro*, falling over their shoulders. The toilette of the foot is attended to with great taste, as the streets are paved with large smooth flags, and there is no such thing as muddy weather at Genoa.—*Hermit in Italy.*

The people of the Appennines welcome the return of spring, by making bonfires on the heights which surround the town. They are called *le fogliate*, or fires of the shepherds. The peasantry crowd round them, and roast chestnuts, of which they make a sort of paste, called *polenta*, and with this and *agnolatte*, and other choice dishes, they regale themselves, amidst dances and cries of joy, which are heard down to the valley of Bobbio. The higher classes also keep the first day of spring as a great holiday. They play at various sorts of amusements, and particularly that called *si rompe la pugnata*: a vase, containing a piece of gold, a pair of silk stockings, or any other article of dress, is placed in the corner of the room, and one of the party, his eyes covered, and a cane in his hand, aims a blow at it: if he hits the vase and breaks it, he gains the contents.

A Land-Storm.—During one of the tremendous storms which recently visited Edinburgh, some sailors were passing through James's Square, when a can from a chimney-top fell among them, but fortunately did no injury. One of them, in a truly characteristic manner, exclaimed, 'My eye, Jack, here's a pretty rig! a service of danger this. It will

and the following choice morceau of remonstrance from the said aggrieved Mr. Baker:—

'Mr. Linton is hereby informed, that it is no great proof of the liberality of the Society of British Artists, to send round their circular without the postage being paid: he is advised to alter the system, as picture-makers in general have very few twopences to spare to throw away upon such tom-foolery as a *second* exhibition.'

We must express a hope, that the secretary will add, if possible, to that acuteness of intellect and classical knowledge for which he is so distinguished, some information as to the character and attainments of the persons to whom he offers the power of exhibiting their works in the best light the metropolis affords, and not lavish it on those who despise *picture makers* and their patrons, so far as to conceive a sale of between three and four thousand pounds the work of a *second-rate* exhibition and a piece of *tom-foolery*, and who, with all this magnificent contempt, not only grudges a paltry twopence, but betrays his ignorance of a custom warranted by the British Institution. Mr. Linton must amend this.

go d—— hard with me before I'm found ashore again in a gale of wind!'

A Persian poet takes the following liberty with the fair sex:—'When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight, and would'st thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, it is plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not: nor let them anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.'

Maxims.—One way of being deceived, is to believe that we possess more knowledge than our neighbours.

Avarice is further from economy than liberality.

Although kings are above their subjects, they are not beyond the reach of their censure.

You may as well be idle as uselessly employed.

We should never blush at owning that we have been in fault, for it is equivalent to saying, 'I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday.'

The experience of all ages reads us this constant and terrible lesson against luxury—viz. that it causes the fall of empires.

Happiness does not always attend the virtuous, but it is never found with the vicious.

The world is full of people who are in the habit of comparing themselves with others, and deciding always to their own advantage.

The defects of the mind increase as we advance in years, in the same manner as the defects of the countenance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The concluding notice of Colonel Forrest's splendid work, The Picturesque Tour along the Ganges and Jumna, is deferred to our next, when we shall insert the Twenty-second Ramble of Asmodeus.

The favours of I. I. L., Inlah, and Cornelius, have been received.

F. J. O.'s 'New Revelations' are indelicate. O fie!

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No. 297. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1825. Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Brief Narrative of an Unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay, through Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, in His Majesty's Ship Griper, in the Year 1824. By Capt. G. F. Lyon, R. N. With a Chart and Engravings. 8vo. pp. 198. London, 1825.

'It is not in mortals to command success,' the experience of every day fully proves; but if there is any class of persons who deserve it more than another, it is those enterprising individuals who brave every danger and every difficulty, in order to enlarge the boundaries of science, and extend our knowledge of the globe we inhabit,—with some parts of which we are so imperfectly acquainted. Next to Capt. Parry there is, perhaps, no person at the present day who has manifested more ardour than Capt. Lyon: he has been broiled in the heart of Africa and frozen in the Arctic Ocean, in order to serve his country; and if his last voyage has been unsuccessful, we are sure there is not a human being at all acquainted with his character, that will attribute the failure to a want of skill or exertion.

It will be recollected that, in the narrative of Capt. Parry's last voyage, sufficient reasons are advanced to favour the supposition that a western portion of the Polar sea lies at no great distance across Melville Peninsula from Repulse Bay, and that all the Esquimaux place it at three days' journey; this water is supposed to join that sea which opens out from the western mouth of the strait of the Fury and Hecla; a bight is supposed to extend considerably southward; and it is a point of great importance to trace the connection of its shores with Cape Turnagain, where Capt. Franklin's operations terminated. For this purpose, Capt. Lyon was employed; and his instructions were to take such a route as he might deem best for reaching Repulse Bay or Wager River, and then examine the eastern part of the north coast of North America, from the western shore of Melville Peninsula to Cape Turnagain. It was intended that he should winter in Repulse Bay, and his crew, consisting in all of forty-one persons, were well provided with winter clothing, and every thing necessary, except a good ship; for the Griper appears to have been perfectly unsuited for such a voyage, and to this circumstance the failure of the expedition must be ascribed.

Capt. Parry, with great modesty, called the narrative of one of his voyages a mere log-book: the same remark will apply more exactly to the work of Capt. Lyon. He sailed on the 10th of June, 1824. Nothing remarkable occurred until the 25th of July, when Capt. Lyon saw a very extraordinary meteor, which has given a view of its appearance.

'Heavy rain had fallen for about eight hours during the early part of the day, but in the evening the sky gradually cleared up, with that transparent brightness so peculiar to the polar regions. At sunset, it presented a most beautiful appearance. In the north-west was an arch, whose bases were from east to north-west, where its extremity joined a second bow, stretching to the south-south-east. That to the north-west was topped by clouds of the most vivid orange colour, shaded with deep purple, in long waving, but curved, bands; and below these gleamed forth the clear blue sky, which, as it approached the horizon, blended into soft green, rose-colour, and lake. In the bluest part of these bright heavens, small clouds, resembling streamers of white floss silk, floated with the most airy lightness, while near the horizon were a quantity of long black streaks, in solid masses; behind which the sun was setting. One round blood-coloured spot marked its position, and the base of the dark cloud immediately above it was bordered with the most brilliant scarlet, while the reflection from the sun on the long rolling sea imparted to it a deep purple tinge.

'A singular change took place where the two arches joined; as that to the eastward was of a pure rose-colour, packed, band above band, the divisions of which were distinguished by a dull pink streak.'

On the 12th of August, the Griper fell in with a party of Esquimaux, sixty in number, who came off to the ship in boats, with sails made of the intestines of the walrus:—

'As the females approached, they shouted with all their might, and we were not so deficient in gallantry as to be silent on such an occasion, for the specimen-collectors were happy to observe that our fair visitors wore immense mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed in the palms with the jetty feathers of the breast of the dovekie. The boats being all hauled on the ice—Babel was let loose. On our former voyage, being myself a novice in the country, I was not aware, in the excitation of the moment, of the noise we all made, but being now well acquainted with the vociferous people who were visiting us, I quietly witnessed the present interview, and am convinced that it is not possible to give any idea of the raving and screaming which prevailed for a couple of hours. Some of the natives, however, were not so violently overpowered by their joyous sensations, as to forget that they came to improve their fortunes; and one most expert fellow succeeded pretty well in picking pockets, an occupation from which frequent detection did not discourage him. Amongst other things, he robbed me of my handkerchief, and was particularly amused when I discovered his roguery; for which I thought a box on the ear would have acted as a warning, but I afterwards found that he had crept on board, and was carrying off a bag of seaman's clothes; a grand prize, for the retention of which he made a most violent stand, until I succeeded in tumbling him over the side. The generality of the others behaved pretty well, and traded fairly, each woman producing her stores from a neat little skin bag, which was distinguished by our men by the name of a "ridicule," than which I conceive it to be a far more respectable appendage. Our visitors did not possess many curiosities, and were certainly not so rich as we had found them on our former voyage, the chief articles in which they bartered being their weapons and clothes; and, I blush while I relate it, two of the fair sex actually disposed of their neither garments, a piece of indecorum I had never before witnessed. A few seal, deer, and hare skins, with those also of young dogs, mice, and birds, were the other articles of commerce; and a very few ivory toys, with sea-horse teeth of a small size, completed the assortment. In a "ridicule," with some of these articles, we found a piece of very pure plumbago, of the size of a walnut; and with the toys was one of a description I had not before seen. It was a large heavy piece of ivory, in which many holes were drilled at regular intervals, but leading in different directions. A small peg is attached to this by a string, and the game consists in throwing up the ivory block, and receiving it on the pin, in much the same manner as our game of cup and ball. A new variety of comb was also purchased, and I procured a mirror, composed of a broad plate of black mica, so fitted into a leathern case, as to be seen on either side. Our trading had continued some time before we discovered four small puppies in the women's boats, and they were, of course, immediately purchased, as an incipient team for future operations.'

* * * * * *

'As a lane of water was seen in shore at noon, we were under the necessity of bidding our visitors adieu; yet such was their desire to remain with us, that when we left the floe, our people, who attended the hawsers, escaped with difficulty into the boat, from the friendly, and not very ceremonious, struggle which was made to detain them.

'My last purchase at parting was the ingeniously-constructed sail of a woman's boat, which was gladly bartered for a knife. This was nine feet five inches at the head, by only six feet at the foot, and having a dip of thirteen feet. The gut of which it was composed was in four-inch breadths, neatly sewed with thread of the same material, and the whole sail only weighed three pounds three quarters.'

The old charts of the coast of Southamp-

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ton Island were found, by Capt. Lyon, to be extremely erroneous: the soundings at five miles from the shore varied from fifty to thirty-five fathoms. Here Capt. Lyon met with some more Esquimaux:—

'While yet a mile from the beach, a native was seen coming off to us, and, as he approached, we observed that, instead of a canoe, he was seated on three inflated seal-skins, connected most ingeniously by blown intestines, so that his vessel was extremely buoyant. He was astride upon one skin, while another of a larger size was secured on either side of it, so that he was placed in a kind of hollow. His legs, well furnished with seal-skin boots, were immersed nearly to the knee in water, and he rowed with a very slender soot-stained paddle of whale's bone, which was secured to his float by a thong.

'On approaching, he exhibited some little signs of fear; his teeth chattered, and himself and seal-skins trembled in unison. It was evident from the manner of this poor fellow, that he had come off as a kind of herald from his tribe, and, as I felt for his alarm, I threw him a string of beads, which he received in great trepidation, and placed, with trembling fingers, across a large bunch of hair which protruded from his forehead. A few friendly signs which accompanied my gift, gave him a little more confidence, and he soon came alongside, after having, as a peace-offering, thrown me a couple of dried salmon and a very rude arrow, headed with a roughly-chipped flint: at my request he jumped into our boat, and, taking his skins in tow, we rowed for the beach; but our new acquaintance was not a very quiet passenger, for he stood up repeatedly to wave and shout to those on shore, assuring them of his safety, and that I had given him three needles. He was about twenty years of age, very small and brown, with a most agreeable cast of countenance. He called himself Nee-a-kood-loo, and as we made for the beach I found, that although he understood me a little, and used a few words with which I was acquainted, yet he spoke a language differing very materially from that of any other Esquimaux whom we had seen. He chattered and chuckled rapidly and delightedly to himself, and always with downcast eyes. At a long shoal-point we jumped on shore to his six countrymen, who appeared to have neither word nor gesture of salutation, and each, as I approached him, presented me with two half-dried salmon, evidently intended as a peace-offering; for the donors drew back on my accepting the fish, as if they expected no equivalent. Observing a dirty-looking bone in each man's hand, I asked what they were, and the poor creatures told me they were their "Pannas," or knives; which on examination I found to be formed of a rough piece of chipped flint, somewhat like a poplar leaf in form, and clumsily lashed to small bone handles of about six inches in length. Such were the only cutting instruments of these wretched people. I purchased each man's panna for either the officers or myself, giving a strong butcher's knife in exchange, which the poor fellows received with silent and trembling delight, first eying me, then the knife, and at last uttering a long sighing "kooyenna" (thank you) in a tone expressive of the deepest gratitude; and this display of their feelings was not confined to the impulse of the moment, for it was constantly repeated, with every appearance of sincerity, during the whole of our stay on shore. No one licked, as is the general Esquimaux custom, any of the articles we gave them.'

On landing, Capt. Lyon found the remains of an Esquimaux establishment, with a large mound, containing a dead person:—

'Near the large grove was a third pile of stones, covering the body of a child, which was coiled up in the same manner. A snow buntin had found its way through the loose stones which composed this little tomb, and its now forsaken neatly-built nest was found placed on the neck of the child. As the snow buntin has all the domestic virtues of our English red-breast, it has always been considered by us as the robin of these dreary wilds, and its lively chirp and fearless confidence have rendered it respected by the most hungry sportsmen. I could not on this occasion view its little nest, placed on the breast of infancy, without wishing that I possessed the power of poetically expressing the feelings it excited. Both graves lay north-east and south-west. Before going on board I placed boarding-pikes, men's and women's knives, and other articles, which might be useful to the poor Esquimaux, on the huts and various piles of stones.'

On the 31st of August, the situation of the Griper became truly critical. They had made very low land, distant about ten miles:

'Throughout the night,' says Capt. Lyon, 'we steered north-west by the Polar star, and ran under easy sail. Our soundings, at ten p. m., were thirty fathoms, between which and twenty-eight they varied continually, until thirty minutes after two a. m. on the first of September, when we shoaled to nineteen *. Fearing danger, I turned the hands up, but having shortly deepened to twenty-seven and twenty-five, again sent them below. As our run had been about fifty miles N.N.W., and as I expected to find the American shore east of its position in the charts, I conceived that this would be Cape Fullerton of Middleton, and therefore kept it on our larboard hand, intending to run past it five or six miles, which was its distance at the time. We soon came to fifteen fathoms, and I kept right away, but had then only ten; when being unable to see far around us, and observing, from the whiteness of the water, that we were on a bank, I rounded to at seven a. m., and tried to bring up with the starboard anchor, and seventy fathoms chain, but the stiff breeze and heavy sea caused this to part in half an hour, and we again made sail to the north-eastward; but finding we came suddenly to seven fathoms, and that the ship could not possibly work out again, as she would not face the sea or keep steerage way on her, I most reluctantly brought her up with three bowers and a stream in succession, yet not before we had shoaled to five and a half. This was between eight and nine a. m., the ship pitching bows under, and a tremendous sea running. At noon, the starboard bower-anchor parted, but the others held.

'As there was every reason to fear the falling of the tide, which we knew to be from twelve to fifteen feet on this coast, and in that case the total destruction of the ship, I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and, with the four smaller ones, to be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked, but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident that had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human powers could save us. At three p. m. the tide had fallen to twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship, having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the whole length of her keel. This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less-fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers rather than waves, for each, in passing, burst with great force over our gangways, and as every sea "topped," our decks were continually, and frequently deeply, flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purpose of observation,

* 'On our return, we discovered a small island, within which we must at this time have passed.'

although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six p. m. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers, and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by that she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark, heavy rain fell, but was borne with patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine p. m. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest.'

In gratitude for this extraordinary preservation, Capt. Lyon called it the place the 'Bay of God's Mercy.' This, however, was not their only danger and escape. Speaking of another occasion, Capt. L. says:—

'Never shall I forget the dreariness of this most anxious night. Our ship pitched at such a rate, that it was not possible to stand even below, while on deck we were unable to move without holding by ropes which were stretched from side to side. The drift snow flew in such sharp heavy flakes, that we could not look to windward, and it froze on deck to above a foot in depth. The sea made incessant breaches quite fore and aft the ship, and the temporary warmth it gave while it washed over us, was most painfully checked by its almost immediately freezing on our clothes. To these discomforts were added the horrible uncertainty as to whether the cables would hold until daylight, and the conviction also that, if they failed us, we should instantly be dashed to pieces; the wind blowing directly to the quarter in which we knew the shore must lie. Again, should they continue to hold us, we feared, by the ship's complaining so much forward, that the bitts would be torn up, or that she would settle down at her anchors, overpowered by some of the tremendous seas which burst over her.

'During the whole of this time, streams of heavy ice continued to drive down upon us, any one of which, had it hung for a moment against the cables, would have broken them, and at the same time have allowed the bowsprit to pitch on it and be destroyed. The masts would have followed this, for we were all so exhausted, and the ship was so coated with ice, that nothing could have been done to save them.

'We all lay down at times during the night, for to have remained constantly on deck would have quite overpowered us; I constantly went up, and shall never forget the desolate picture which was always before us.

'The hurricane blew with such violence as to be perfectly deafening; and the heavy wash of the sea made it difficult to reach the mainmast, where the officer of the watch and his people sat shivering, completely coated in frozen snow, under a small tarpaulin, before which ropes were stretched to preserve them in their places. I never beheld a darker night, and its gloom was increased by the rays of a small horn lantern which was suspended from the mizen stay to show where the people sat.'

The vessel had now become so crazy, that all hope of pursuing the voyage successfully was abandoned; and to return, making such observations as he could, was the only prudent course left to Capt. Lyon. This he did, and he has published a narrative of his voyage, which fully proves that he did all that could be done, under the circumstances in which he was placed His work contains a valuable appendix of scientific observations, a map, and several well-executed plates.

Smiles and Tears: comprising Maria Darlington, a Sketch; and Sixteen other Sketches and Tales. With Vignettes, from Posthumous Designs of Thurston. 12mo. pp. London, 1824.

Most of our readers will, no doubt, recollect Mrs. Charles Kemble's comedy of Smiles and Tears, for it would be a libel on the talents of this lady, to suppose the world can be ignorant of any thing she writes. There are also many, we doubt not, who are well acquainted with the song beginning—'Said a Smile to a Tear: if, however, they suspect that the volume now before us has any reference to either the play or the song, they are mistaken; it bears no similarity to either, save in the title, and that we think very probable to have been accidental. Smiles and Tears consists of seventeen tales and sketches, mostly of a pathetic character, and some of them possessing considerable interest. In the last tale, Maria Darlington, the reader will readily discover Miss Foote as the heroine, or, at least, such a similarity between the stories, as must strike every one at all acquainted with the history of this excellent actress. For the story we refer to the work itself, but, as a specimen of the author's style, we quote some of the preliminary remarks on the situation and treatment of the sex, which are at once just and forcible:—

'The sorrows and vexations which are thrown over the path of a woman's pilgrimage through life,—the advantages that are taken of the weakness of her nature,—the indignities that mar her sensitive spirit, are more than sufficient to justify the wanderings of those who have fled from the path of propriety, who, finding not happiness where they have cheated themselves with the belief it was never missing—in the home of domestic virtue, have withered away the finest fruits of the heart in the cold and perishing regions of vice. The finger of Scorn points the way; and the world's voice effectually deters them from returning once more to the paths which, in the weakness of a moment, they deviated from. The curse of our first parents seems already on their brow: like them, they look back to the Eden they have heedlessly lost, with the wretched consciousness that it is for ever. Yes! the world has adjudged that the first error of a woman's life is the warrant that consigns her to perpetual ignominy and reproach: for her the scalding tears of repentance, the long-continued chastenings of remorse, cannot offer a respite; she is irrecoverably doomed to shame, recklessness, and despair, and plunged headlong into that abyss of wretchedness over whose brink she was only hovering. No distinction is made between the victim of affection and the sensual creature of the appetites: she is mingled, unreservedly, with the sensual, the wanton, and the depraved, in the same hell of living infamy. Oh! that the being in whose bosom the kindliest affections of our nature have taken up their home, should be the mark at which the arrow of Treachery should ever be pointing; that the heart which possesseth the choicest treasures of our nature should be the first to be sacked and desolated; or that the milk of human kindness, with which it overflows, should be turned, by the bitterness of misplaced confidence, into the gall of misanthropy.—Should there not be something more than compassion exerted for the woman who, tried in every vulnerable part of her being, resisted the siege till the pangs of inexpressible passion, warring with the delicate energies of her soul,—till, as it were, her own feelings came in array against her,—and not till after every temptation, artifice, and deceit, that the selfishness or perverted talent of her antagonist could suggest to win her to destruction, had been exercised against her,—she should in a moment, under the influence of strong faith, unlimited confidence, and ungovernable affection, resign herself to the fabled superiority of man, and find herself cheated and abandoned, consigned to the ruthless contempt of the world, and by the very being to whom she looks for support and protection. She is stung by the snake she nestled in her bosom, and the blow of vengeance is given by the very hand which she pressed in the full devotedness of unquenchable love. Yet, how does this rigid dictator, who punishes so indignantly the effects of feminine weakness, regard the cause? What distinction does the world allow between the seducer and the seduced? The one, a cool, smiling, calculating hypocrite, sent on the world like a withering blight, to blast and perish all that is fair and beautiful within it; the other, a

fond, confiding, but yet a human being, and, as such, cursed with all the weakness of humanity. Does society, that sends forth such irrevocable anathemas on the head of the fallen lamb, visit the wolf with its vengeance? No: the victim of crime receives the punishment of the inflictor,—the one is shut out from society as a being that would disgrace it, while the cold-blooded seducer is received within it without a single mark of shame being affixed on his brow, as welcome, as acceptable, as before the commission of his execrable act.'

It may be a sufficient recommendation of the vignettes, to say that they are from designs by Thurston.

The War in the Peninsula. A Continuation of the Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier. 12mo. pp. 221. Glasgow and London, 1825.

It is now nearly twelve months (*Literary Chronicle*, No. 245) since we reviewed the work of which the volume before us is a continuation. We were not niggardly in our praise of the Recollections of the Eventful Life of a Soldier, and expressed a hope, that the author would some day continue his history, which he had only brought down to the opening of the campaign in 1811. He has now resumed his narrative, which he continues to the glorious but unnecessary battle of Thouloose, and the return of the author home.

As we, on the former occasion, gave an account of the birth, parentage, and education of the author, we shall merely state that he is a native of Glasgow, born of respectable parents, whose roof he quitted for sea, and afterwards for the army, and that, though he neglected his education, he has since endeavoured to repair his folly and neglect.

The War in the Peninsula is worthy of being bound up with the author's former work; it contains the same minuteness of detail and agreeable mixture of anecdote and description. The first battle recorded in this volume is that of Fuentes de Honore:—

'The village we now occupied was in Spain, and formed a striking contrast to those of Portugal; the inhabitants and their houses wore an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort about them, unlike any thing we had as yet seen in the country; their dress and language were also different. The sight of the village itself was beautiful and romantic; it lay in a sort of ravine, down which a small river brawled over an irregular rocky bed, in some places forming precipitous falls of many feet; the acclivity on each side was occasionally abrupt, covered with trees and thick brushwood.'

During the engagement, a circumstance occurred, which he relates confusedly:—

'It was rather remarkable that the cavalry on both sides happened to be Germans. When this was understood, volleys of insulting language, as well as shot, were exchanged between them. One of our hussars got so enraged at something one of his opponents said, that, raising his sword, he dashed forward upon him into the very centre of their line. The French hussar, seeing that he had no mercy to expect from his enraged foe, wheeled about his horse, and rode to the rear; the other, determined on revenge, still continued to follow him. The whole attention of both sides was drawn for a moment to these two, and a temporary cessation of firing took place; the French staring in astonishment at our hussar's temerity, while our men were cheering him on. The chase continued for some way to the rear of their cavalry. At last, our hussar coming up with him, and fetching a furious blow, brought him to the ground. Awakening now to a sense of the danger he had thrown himself into, he set his horse at full speed to get back to his comrades; but the French, who were confounded when he passed, had recovered their surprise, and determined on revenging the death of their comrade; they joined in pursuit, firing their pistols at him. The poor fellow was now in a hazardous plight; they were every moment gaining upon him, and he had still a long way to ride. A band of the enemy took a circuit, for the purpose of intercepting him; and before he could reach the line he was surrounded, and would have been cut in pieces, had not a party of his comrades, stimulated by the wish to save so brave a fellow, rushed forward, and just arrived in time, by making the attack general, to save his life, and brought him off in triumph.'

After the battle, which terminated in our favour, both parties were employed in burying the dead, 'French and English promiscuously mixed, and assisting each other in that melancholy duty, as if they had been intimate friends.' There has been much dispute as to whether the wind of a cannon-ball has been known to kill a man: the following anecdote, though not decisive of the question, proves the great force of the wind:—

'At one time during the contest, when the enemy had gained a partial possession of the village, our light troops were retired into a small wood above it, where they were huddled together without any regularity; a French officer, while leading on his men, having been killed in our front, a bugler of the 83d regiment, starting out between the fire of both parties, seized his gold watch; but he had scarcely returned, when a cannon-shot from the enemy came whistling past him, and he fell lifeless on the spot. The blood started out of his nose and ears, but, with the exception of this, there was neither wound nor bruise on his body; the shot had not touched him.'

Our soldier had a pleasant companion (comrade, we believe, is the word) in an Irishman of the name of Dennis, whose cool courage and good humour do not seem to have ever forsaken him.

The author gives an excellent account of the second siege of Badajoz, and relates some heart-rending scenes, occasioned by the carnage. The division to which he belonged had received orders to storm the town the next night:—

'Various were the effects produced on various individuals. There was an unusual talking of relations, a recalling to mind of scenes forgotten; a flow of kindly feeling which softened down the rough soldier into something sadder, but more pleasing. Many letters were written during that day to absent friends, in a more affectionate style than usual; and many injunctions given and taken, about writing, in the event of the fall of either party, to their relations.

'The nearer the time drew for the intended attack, the more each individual seemed to shrink within himself, yet still nothing of fear or doubt of our success or want of courage; every feeling displayed was natural and manly; at length night came, and the appointed hour for turning out. It was dark and gloomy, not a single star showed its head; the air was still, not a sound could be heard, but the noise of the field cricket, and the croaking of frogs; every word of command was given in a whisper, and the strictest silence enjoined, which I believe was unnecessary; few felt inclined to speak. At last the order was given to advance, and with palpitating hearts we commenced our march—slow and silent, a dead weight hanging on every mind; had we been brought hurriedly into action it would have been different, but it is inconsistent with the nature of man not to feel as I have described, in such a situation. The previous warning; the dark and silent night; the known strength of the place; and the imminent danger of the attack, all conspired to produce it.—Yet this feeling was not the result of want of courage, for I never witnessed any thing like the calm intrepidity displayed in the advance, after we came within range of the enemy's cannon. Being apprised of our intentions, they threw out fire-balls in every direction, and from total darkness, they changed the approaches to the garrison into a state light as day; by this means they were enabled to see the direction of our columns, and they opened a fire of round and grape shot on us, which raked through them, killing and wounding whole sections. A circumstance occurred at this time which may be worthy of notice:—a man who had been always very remarkable for his testy disposition, and inveterate habit of swearing on all occasions, happened to hit his foot against a stone, and stumbled; this vexed him, and, uttering an oath, he wished a shot would come and knock his brains out; he had scarcely finished these words, when a grape shot struck him in the forehead, and literally fulfilled the rash wish. We still advanced, silent as before, unless the groaning of our wounded comrades, until we reached a sort of moat about fifty feet wide, formed by the inundation of the river; here we had to pass, rank entire, the passage being only capable of admitting one at a time. On this place the enemy had brought their guns to bear, and they kept up such a fire of grape and musketry on it, that it was a miracle any of us escaped. When we reached the other side we formed again, and advanced up the glacis, forcing our way through the palisades, and got down into the ditch. The ladders by which we had to escalade the castle were not yet brought up, and the men were huddled on one another in such a manner that we could not move; we were now ordered to fix our bayonets. When we first entered the trench we considered

quarters comparatively safe, thinking we were out of range of their shot, but we were soon convinced of our mistake, for they opened several guns from angles which commanded the trench, and poured in grape shot upon us from each side, every shot of which took effect, and every volley of which was succeeded by the dying groans of those who fell; our situation at this time was truly appalling. The attack had commenced at the breaches towards our left, and the cannon and musketry which played upon our troops from every quarter of the town attacked, kept up a continual roll of thunder, and their incessant flash one quivering sheet of lightning; to add to the awfulness of the scene, a mine was sprung at the breach, which carried up, in a dreadful blaze, the mangled limbs and bodies of many of our comrades. When the ladders were placed, each eager to mount, crowded them in such a way that many of them broke, and the poor fellows who had nearly reached the top, were precipitated in height of thirty or forty feet, and impaled on the bayonets of their comrades below; other ladders were pushed aside by the enemy on the walls, and fell with a crash on those in the ditch; while more, who got to the top without accident, were shot on reaching the rampart, and, tumbling headlong, brought down those beneath them. This continued for some time, until at length a few having made a lodging good on the ramparts, at the expense of their lives, enabled a great number to follow. When about a company had thus got collected together, we formed and charged round the ramparts, bayoneting the French artillery at their guns; in the direction that the party I was with took, they had drawn out a howitzer loaded to the very muzzle, pointed it towards us, and a gunner had the match ready to fire, when he was brought down by one of our party; in this direction we changed until we reached the fully-port communicating with the town. In a short time the whole division were established in possession of the castle, but the contest at the breaches was still severe.

'The Light and Fourth Divisions had advanced from the trenches a short time after us, until they reached the covered way; their advanced guards descended without difficulty into the ditch, and advanced to the assault with the most determined bravery, but such was the nature of the obstacles prepared by the enemy at the head of the breach, and behind it, that they could not establish themselves within the place. Repeated attempts were made until after twelve at night, when Lord Wellington, finding that success was not to be obtained, and that our division had succeeded in taking the castle, they were ordered back to the ground where they had assembled, leaving the breach covered with dead and wounded. When the governor (Phillipon) found the castle was taken, he retreated into fort St. Christoval, and at daylight in the morning he surrendered with all the garrison; it had consisted of five thousand men, of which number twelve hundred were killed during the siege.'

The author introduces several interesting episodes, which we might quote; but we find we have encroached far enough on his volume, and we will therefore refer our readers to the work itself, for a description of Spanish bull-fights at Madrid; the story of Henry; and the affecting scene of the poor widow over the dead body of her husband at the siege of Badajoz: we shall therefore conclude with a short anecdote, showing the indifference of the soldiers as to a battle:—

'As an instance of this, we were at one time lying opposite to the enemy, in daily expectation of being engaged, one of our men (a Highlandman), having lost the small piece of ornamental leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking off his hat for some purpose, the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said, very seriously, "I wish to God there may be an engagement to-day, till I get a rosette for my cap."'

Such was the war in the Peninsula, which our soldier-author describes so well, that his work, however unceremoniously it may be ushered to the world, will, we predicate, be very extensively read, and as extensively admired.

HERMIT IN ITALY.

(Concluded from p 35.).

In our author's account of Pisa, he gives an account of some curious customs and ceremonies which prevail there. Their usages are very lively and gay:—

'At Pisa, and indeed throughout Tuscany, the population, during Lent, pin bits of paper to the backs of the passers-by, and ridicule them in all kinds of ways, and lead them though the streets, amidst the tinkling of bells and shovels, and shaking about their heads lighted bunches of straw or furze-wood. It is a kind of continuation of the carnival, which they begin with public masquerades, after the first Sunday in January. Their *beffana*, on Twelfth Day, struck me as being somewhat remarkable. They give that title to the daughter of Herod, who sits in a window to witness the return of the *Magi* from the manger; and, as the devout *Magi* do not return through the realms of Herod, her curiosity is baulked, and the Italians give her the title of *beffana*, from *beffare*, to mock or ridicule. At Pisa the daughter of Herod is only a puppet, with a head of plaster, its hair dressed in style, and covered in holiday garb. Some of them are as large as life, and very elegantly made. The preceding evening (Epiphany), great numbers of persons crowd the streets to see these *beffane* at the windows, surrounded by torches, and gazing at the streets, in the attitudes of observers, who are looking for some one not amongst the crowd. The *beffana* remains undisturbed in the midst of the jokes and taunts which are launched from all sides. On Twelfth Night, also, the younger lads scatter themselves in every quarter of the town till midnight. One of them wears on his shoulders a head of plaster, in which is a lighted torch; the others throng about him shaking burning straw or dried thorns, uttering loud cries, whilst some of them sound a horn in his ears. These troops of youngsters are generally followed by a car filled with men sitting on turf, in the midst of branches of trees covered with foliage. It is intended to represent a pilgrimage to Bethlem of those who are anxious to adore the infant Jesus.'

'Whilst on this subject, it may be worth while to mention a custom which prevails in Pisa, of drawing out in grand array, on the morning of Holy Thursday, all the oxen in the town, which are to be slaughtered that night or the next day; the flesh is afterwards exposed on the Saturday in the market, covered with flowers. These oxen yoked together, with bells round their necks, their horns painted or gilded with different colours, and the bodies covered with ribands, march along with slow steps, the largest and fattest first, and the smallest last. The greater part of these cattle come from Aleppo; they are all of a white-grey colour, and their drivers are habited with much neatness and elegance. The butchers at Pisa, when they weigh their meat, are placed on a stand considerably above the purchasers, who watch with great jealousy the scales, being pretty well aware of the equivocal integrity of the sellers.

'During the carnival, the maskers crowd the streets and theatres from the first Sunday in January. All the succeeding Sundays are particularly gay from noon until the evening. The females, especially, delight in running through the different parts of the town in disguise, for the purpose of intrigue. Dominos, or double petticoats, one black, the other red, or the dress of old women, are the most generally employed. When the *jours-gras* arrive, the whole city wears a look of singular animation. The masks are on foot, on horseback, and in carriages: the vehicles of the spectators are drawn up in double files along the south quay of the *Pre-ponte*. The lower classes and the peasantry flock in crowds to this quay, which is paved with figurantes and spectators, particularly towards the Bridge of Marble. I remember, on one of these occasions, that the public attention was greatly excited by an ostrich: it was larger than a camel, and its beak reached up to the first floors of the houses, and scattered verses and sonnets amongst the ladies at the windows, who, in their turn, threw *bon-bons* down the gullet of the gallant ostrich. It was attended by twenty-four hadequins, who dealt out their blows very liberally on the backs of the children and peasants to make them get out of the way, and were quite as liberal in their compliments to the fair sex. *Evviva il struzzo!* "Long live the ostrich!" was the general cry.'

The following extracts are from an interesting chapter on the Festivals of Tuscany:

'According to the natural order of things, the year ought to commence with the spring, since the four seasons of the year are symbols of the four ages of human life, and that one year is born of another as generation succeeds generation. Instinct, in accord with reason, leads us involuntarily to celebrate the beauty of spring. The month of May was to our savage ancestors, the Gauls, the season of great military assemblies. To the Tuscans it is the signal for beginning their festivals and pleasures, and the songs of May have acquired, by long and pleasant

usage, a sacred character. The whole of Tuscany takes part in these festivals: children eagerly give way to the sports of their age; families unite together at banquets, seasoned by songs, where the softness of the language rivals the sweetness of the music; it is an universal concert. All the people are mixed up, without distinction, at these festivals. The shops of tailors and shoemakers re-echo the sounds which arise from all quarters. At evening, and during the night, wandering orchestras fill the streets, and spread every where gaiety and song. The Italians prefer string instruments to every other sort: wind instruments are left to theatres and concerts. Boys of twelve or fourteen years of age, with paper caps and helmets, armed with wooden swords, run through the streets in the earlier days of May, stopping in the public places and squares, where they strike up military songs, mixed sometimes with appropriate dialogue of their own. The children, daughters, wives, and mothers of prisoners, assemble before the windows of the prison which look into the streets, and join before their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathize in vulgar couplets, written to national airs, in the misery of the prisoners who cannot join with them in celebrating the month of May. These scenes usually end with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives are permitted to supply them on such occasions with meat and wine from without.

'Still it is not the month of May which takes the lead in reviving the natural world in southern Italy. It is April, *il bel Aprile*, which brings on the beautiful days of sweet enjoyment in the country of Naples, whilst May is devoted to pleasure and song in Tuscany.

'The *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Domini*, is celebrated in the ensuing month with a solemnity, a zeal, and a happiness which cheers and redoubles the beauty of the season. The clergy, the ornaments, the altars covered with flowers, the rich canopies, imposing ceremonies, music, and bells, all enliven this festival. At Pisa, the large *dalles* (flag-stones) which form the pavement of the streets, are covered with flowers and verdure, arranged in characters, religious or political. The numerous processions, and the priests bearing sacred symbols, march on a large carpet of various brilliant colours. At day-break, the owners of the different houses decorate them with *bouquets* curiously arranged, and suspend from the windows tapestry and white cloths, having inscribed on them verses from the psalms and canticles. The air is loaded with the perfumes of rose, thyme, mignionette, orange, and a thousand other Italian plants. The warmth of the sun seems to inspire the populace. From the tops of the church-towers burst forth the sounds of bands of music, in response to the chimes of the bells, the notes of the instruments in the streets beneath and the voices of the singers. This is, perhaps, of all the Italian festivals, the most splendid: earth, air, women of all ages, men and boys, are all more gay and animated. Humanity wears a more exalted character and aspires to heaven. There is nothing which has more electrical effect upon the hearts of men than a great public religious festival. Happy, indeed, are the inhabitants of those delicious climates which permit the celebration of these solemn and brilliant ceremonies. How should I rejoice to participate every year in the religious festivals of Rome. Vain wishes!—but, at least, I can solace myself with the recollections of that high festival, that glorious sky, that divine music, that all-pervading harmony—But to return to more terrestrial objects.

'On St. Lawrence's eve, the Tuscans invite their friends to make parties in gathering nuts during the night, and, on the next day, each one asks of his neighbour if he has been successful: they who have, make presents to all their acquaintance of the branches of the tree. In these cases, he who has gathered the greatest quantity is considered by the ladies to be the best workman, and the different parties and assemblies on that day abound in all sorts of pleasantries.

'The most famous festival at Pisa is the *giorco del Ponte*. It is not a religious one, and is kept in June. It is a battle between the two divisions of the town, St. Mary and St. Anthony, which takes place on the marble bridge over the Arno, and that party is considered triumphant which throws the greatest number of its opponents into the river. The preparations for these fêtes are very great, and occupy the preceding month of May. The illuminations last for several nights, and sometimes they are extended even into the day. All the principal streets are filled with scaffolds and amphitheatres, rising nearly to the roofs of the houses. The citizens are divided into parties, with distinct chiefs and uniforms, and they are constantly occupied in exercising themselves. The various quarters of the town re-echo with the sounds of drums and music. The people of St. Mary choose a commander-in-chief; those of St. Anthony a general. The fictitious hostility is often excited into a real enmity, and members of the same family residing in the two quarters refuse to see or hold any communication with each other. They enter with great earnestness into the cause of their respective fraternities, and maintain their superior bravery, address, and honour, at all hazards. The higher classes are not without some portion of this feeling, which breaks out amongst the lower orders into the most furious invectives. The grand day at last arrives. The companies and battalions form themselves in military array. The colour of St. Mary is blue, of St. Anthony, red. The two generals, richly habited, sword in hand, harangue their armies. They are heard with attention, and their discourses end amidst the liveliest enthusiasm. Brandishing their arms, the two divisions march to battle. The sides-de-camp fly from one part of the field to another with the most exemplary celerity. The streets and quays are crowded with spectators, some of whom have come twenty or thirty leagues to be present at the spectacle. The windows, roofs, and scaffolding, covered with tapestries, and ornamented with flowers, are thronged with persons of every sex and age. The columns defile along the quays, and the avant-guards approach each other at the opposite ends of the bridge. Then burst forth cries of enthusiastic eagerness for battle. The signal is given. The bridge is covered with combatants. The gauntlets and maces are heard sounding on the shields—and all the movements of real war are mimicked with great success. The cries of the combatants are echoed by those of thousands of spectators, giving spirit and animation to their favourite parties. In order to postpone the result as much as possible, the generals avoid encountering each other. After some time, the fight becomes more irregular, and, instead of division attacking division, it is individual fighting individual. This is the beginning of the real conflict, for now play is given to the passions, and old grudges find an opportunity of gaining satisfaction. Each tries to throw his antagonist into the river, where they are finally picked up by boats stationed for the purpose, and carried on shore half drowned and entirely disgraced. It is an amusing sight to the spectator to witness the address of the different combatants, and with what agility and skill they contrive to send each other over the parapets of the bridge. The strongest and most active men on each side are placed in front of the array, and at last the battle terminates by victory siding with one side or the other. Then arise the most astonishing shouts and vivas from the conquerors, whilst the conquered retreat, discomfited and silent. Their partisans, instead of sympathizing in their misfortune, cover them with reproaches. Some are still furious to renew the conflict, but the municipal authorities proceed to the bridge in state and proclaim the victors. The bridge is soon cleared of the soldiery, and filled with carriages and promenaders, and everything wears an aspect of gaiety and pleasure. Then commence the feasts and sports. The clergy of the two quarters, in full canonicals, march in processions to the bridge, and a reconciliation takes place, which is the third signal of a general peace. The taunts and reproaches, however, last for months afterwards, and accusations of treason and foul play are made in great abundance. The illuminations are extremely brilliant and beautiful. The situation and style of building of Pisa is singularly adapted to this kind of display. The city defrays the expense of lighting up the public offices, churches, theatres, &c.; whilst some of the wealthier proprietors spend from 600 to 2400 francs in illuminating their houses. The population of Pisa, on ordinary occasions, is about 15,000; but during the eight days of this festival, it has been known to average 200,000, collected together from all parts of Tuscany. The quay of the Arno is indeed a splendid sight, forming as it does a crescent, the two ends of which, though more than a mile apart, are visible from the central points; and, when the houses on each side are studded with different coloured lamps, nothing can exceed its magnificence.

'The origin of these sports is dated by the Pisans in a very remote age. The antiqua-

ties maintain, that the first *ultramontane* nations which invaded Italy, introduced the custom of training up the young men in these simulated combats, and that the *giuochi del ponte* of Pisa are a relic of these antique images. They still talk in lofty terms of the splendour with which they were celebrated in the year 1785, when the royal family of Sicily, and all the princes of Lombardy and Tuscany, were present. The Pisans dwell upon such recollections with great fondness; they are as proud of them as of their departed grandeur, glory, and wealth. It is all which remains of former splendour—the only consolation left them amidst the vicissitudes they have experienced.'

The following anecdote is illustrative of the off-hand way in which Bonaparte acted occasionally; we, of course, say nothing of its justice:—

'About the end of the year 1806, the emperor was at Tilsit, where every thing led to the belief that the suspension of hostilities would end in a peace, and so it was. Bonaparte ordered the Prince Borghese, who had distinguished himself greatly during the campaign, to proceed in all haste to Paris with despatches, and gave him, at the same time, an order on the bureau of M. Estève for one million francs. On returning to Paris himself, he said to the prince one day:—"Borghese, I will buy your statues: how much do you ask?"—"Sire, I have no wish to part with them."—"I do not ask if you wish to part with them; I tell you I will buy them: how much do you ask?"—"Why, sire, an English company offered my father twenty-five millions of francs for them."—"Twenty-five millions! it is too much; I will give you eighteen—they are mine." Thus the bargain was concluded, much against the will of one of the contracting parties; but when the time of payment arrived, Napoleon said: "There art only seventeen millions for you now, as you had one at Tilsit." The poor prince did not venture to reply.'

The last Prince Borghese was one of the most distinguished persons of his time. His chief pleasure was to improve and embellish his enchanting villa, and collect together every thing valuable in art:—

'In one part of the park he affixed this inscription:—"We, the inspectors of the villa Borghese-Pinciana, make known as follows:—Stranger, whoever thou art, provided thou art a free man, dread not here the fetters of law, but wander where thou wilt, gather what thou wilt, and depart when it pleaseth thee. Have every thing is for the stranger, and not for the master. In the age of gold, which promises a general security, the owner of this house does not wish to impose any iron laws; his guests shall be subject to no other control than that of their own will and general propriety; but if any one, through malice, shall violate the rule of good-breeding, let him tremble lest the inspector, in his anger, break against him the sacred symbols of that hospitality he has outraged."

* 'This is clearly a mistake.—*Trans.*'

'This inscription exists no longer, but the same unrestrained freedom of wandering at will over these precincts is granted to the stranger. There is something great and antique in such hospitality which pleases me, and it must be confessed that the pride of the Italians, which throws open their palaces to the public curiosity, is more elevated than that which closes up all access in France, and particularly in England, where the works of art, guarded like females in a seraglio from the gaze of others, attest the egotism and mistrust, rather than the wealth of their owners.'

From these extracts, it will be seen that M. de Jouy is a very spirited writer, and that he has a faculty of description which gives to a person of his closeness of observation great scope in works of this nature.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved by LETITIA MATILDA HAWKINS. 2 vols. 12mo.

THIS is a gossipping book, containing much that is amusing, with a great deal of trash; some of the anecdotes are less delicate than should come from a lady, even of Miss Hawkins's years; and we can assure her, however much the vanity of her brother may be gratified by inserting his well-written but dull Essay on Parliamentary Reform in the work, it is sadly out of place. Why, we should as soon expect a treatise on political economy in a jest-book.

In noticing a former work by Miss Hawkins, we remarked that several of her anecdotes were excessively stale; and we might reclaim largely from these volumes on behalf of our old friend, Joe Miller. Such, for instance, as Quin's buying love ready-made, and the man purchasing coals in small quantities, because he liked to have them fresh and fresh, to which she gives 'a local habitation and a name.'

Miss Hawkins is excessively severe on the memory of Dr. Johnson,—unnecessarily, we had almost said unjustly, so. She sums up the character of the great lexicographer (who is by others said to have had nothing of the bear but the skin), by stating that his charities 'were bribes to his mental and corporeal disease; and that beyond the lulling of his own desponding irritations by the consciousness of fulfilling a duty, they had no purpose.'

This, whether true or not, is a very uncharitable construction; but Miss Hawkins does not take the most amiable view of human nature, and appears to delight in raking up every scandalous anecdote she can, to insult and injure the memory of those with whom she and her father were acquainted. Her history of the kept mistresses of the day is really disgusting, when proceeding from a female pen. Leaving these, we find in the life of one of them (the celebrated Mrs. Robinson) an interesting account of Sherwin the engraver, which we subjoin. Alluding to the sufficiently notorious way of life in which Mrs. Robinson lived, Miss Hawkins says:—

'Connected with the atrocious publicity of these proceedings, was the deplorable ruin of one of the most promising artists that ever graced this country. This was Sherwin the engraver, whom a benevolent patron brought out of the woods of Sussex, where he followed his father's occupation of cutting pegs for ships. Through this medium he was placed with Bartolozzi; and, while under his instruction, astonished the world of taste by his exquisite engraving of what is called "the Marlborough gem." He then came forward, but in an irregular way, not at all indicating a disposition to sit down industriously to his own branch of the graphic art; but taking an expensive house in St. James's Street, where his attention was every other minute claimed by equipages and eccentricities, he went into a desultory variety of drawing, painting, and engraving, in which any one acquainted with the slow progress of the graver may guess which most occupied him.

'Generous and kind-hearted to the utmost, no sooner did the prospect of success encourage him, than he called up his relations, made gentlemen of them, and tried to associate them in his credit.*

'He now became at once the fashion, and fashion's assiduous votary. Scarlet and nankeen was the spring *costume* of the men of *ton*; and I have heard from one who was at that time his pupil, that he had four scarlet coats made for him, before he could obtain the colour that satisfied his *artist-eye*. Fortunately he had, I believe, as many brothers as rejected coats.

'He now projected his picture of the Finding of Moses; and somehow or other there was a little Moses ready found for the purpose, and with nearly as much of whisper and mystery as that which attended on the birth of his original. A sketch was made of the subject, which certainly was in a very masterly style, and to which Sir J. H. paid great attention as it proceeded. Our eldest princess was to sit for the Egyptian princess; and, as I heard Sherwin say, he intended to have portraits of all the beauties of the day for her attendants. The scheme brought with it its own hindrances: to see the picture in its progress, to see themselves and one another, the women of fashion were in Sherwin's drawing-room, from two to four daily; and the *cortège* of *beaux* may be conjectured. Horses and grooms were cooling before the door; carriages stopped the passage of the street; and the narrow staircase ill sufficed for the number that waited the cautious descent or the laborious ascent of others. The wit of *that* time would have furnished a complimentary allusion to the vision of the patriarch. The then young Duchess of R——, queen of beauty, but of manners the most

* 'In his imperfectly finished engraving of the Deserted Village, he said to have introduced the portrait of his father, who was in himself a fine old man. Sherwin was much amused when the rusticity which he himself had quitted with the woods, was brought to his recollection by one of his brothers, a lad, putting his fingers into a dish of potatoes to help himself. The old man, whose sagacity had shown him that manners change with countries, corrected him *sotto voce*, by saying, "Mocan't grabble yer han 'moong the things here."'

chastised; her graceful grace of "Dera;" Lady Jersey, newly returned from Paris, where her lord and herself had obtained the distinguished title of "the English couple;" the Waldegraves, daughters of a mother still retaining the traces of almost unrivalled beauty, forgotten, even in its prime, by herself, while engaged in conjugal duties the most cruelly demanding; and many others were there, who claimed places, or were solicited to accept them.*

'Under such patronage, Sherwin used to brag, that, in the course of a spring-morning, all the beauty and fashion in London, from five to twenty-five, was to be seen in his painting-room. The picture went on accordingly.

'But alas! into this national group there was no admission for "the Perdita." She felt the exclusion, and, to atone for it to herself, she frequented Sherwin's painting-room at other hours, to help him off with his time; consulting him, not only on a portrait of herself, but on circumstances still less connected with the art of engraving; of which, indeed, Sherwin himself seemed to have lost all sight. She was then a star, but of the second magnitude; had been transferred downward, to her great mortification, and was catching at reeds to support her. Her chariot had been set out in the best style, and she had opened to Sherwin all the plan of the pretty basket of five round flowers, which surmounted the rose-wreath disposed into M. R.; she had brought him to confess that, at a distance, this basket did deceive the eye into the notion of a five-pearled coronet; but now she meditated something more striking—a vis-a-vis, the seat-cloths of which should cost as much as the former carriage. In this consultation was interwoven that of the character in which she would be painted; she chose, and not without weighty consideration, the Abra of Solomon kneeling at the feet of her master! But who should be the idolatrous prince? Sherwin told me he could guess the scheme, but, not choosing to further it, he proposed the *secondary dominant*;—he said it was impossible to express the indignation with which she repelled the substitution. "Kneel to *him*!" said she, "I will die first." *This* picture proceeded not at all, but it served to talk about; and invitations to dinner kept her alive in the attention of the artist.

'But both were wastering. The expectation of an heir to the noble house of Cavendish quite overset his equanimity. In his devotion to it, on its being announced to him, he fired pistols out at his windows half the night, and half drowned his pupils, for, sad to say! he *had* pupils, in punch.

'These excesses, which had at first but *slight* cause, soon recurred without *any*; and, from habit, he would keep vigils to alone for lost time; and then, instead of the slow-paced graver, the rapid crayon was called forth; and, to supply the exigencies of the hour, he would sketch, in the finest style, heads which royal munificence converted into gold. But this could not hold out long: "the sabbath shone no sabbath-day" to his young men; their incessant toil was to assist the funds required by thoughtless expense; his admirers shook their heads; he went into an eclipse; he bound himself to work for a printseller; and, after the usual gradations of fortunes, health, and spirits all broken, he expired, forlorn and comfortless, in a poor apartment of a public inn, in Oxford Street!"*

We shall now detach a few anecdotes found in the volumes, and then take leave of Miss Hawkins and her work:—

'Of the politeness of a common servant-girl, at a little inn in a very obscure part of Ireland, this is a proof. They asked how it happened that the house was so full, it not being assize-time; she replied, "I suppose I must not say it is the goodness of the house, therefore it must be the goodness of the gentlemen."

'The Miss Jenny of the Journey to London was Miss Lowe, of Locks, in Derbyshire. The journey was real, as was the adventure with a person described as Count Basset. In the latter part of her life, the lady used to speak very frankly on the subject of her imprudence and her escape from the consequences of it; and doing so, long after her marriage, when Cibber was at her table, she soon after saw herself represented on the stage,—a branch of hospitality and good faith never forgiven by her family.

'When I had written this, I was very much at a loss to make it consistent with what I knew to be fact, that it was Vanburgh who wrote the Journey to London; but a little trouble of search and inquiry set the matter right. Vanburgh had not completed the play when he died. Cibber took it up, and united with it that perfectly irrelative part, The Provoked Husband. And whoever examines the dramatis personæ of both, will find the difference so great, as to allow the credit of this perfidious deed to rest with Cibber. Foote was guilty of the same sort of offence against society, in his farce of The Author, in which he caricatures a gentleman who had received him as his guest.

'The Lady Grace of The Provoked Husband was Lady Betty Cecil, afterwards Lady Elizabeth Chaplin. She was of the Exeter family, and had been a beauty; but the small-pox had rendered her plain, a misfortune which she bore with such meritorious submission, as to procure her universal love and esteem.

'The picture of the Finding of Moses was at length finished *in some sort*, and the engraving from it was *somehow* completed. In addition to all the distraction of mind already mentioned, he began many things on the feeling of the moment, which he never finished: one was the Death of Lord Chatham; another was the Relief of Gibraltar.'

'The celebrated Lord Ligonier used to dislike very much the visits of Colonel Broome; and, finding them very frequent, and that the colonel would take no common hint, he adopted the following method. When he wanted him gone, he would beat on the wainscot, with the ends of his fingers, that species of military march which every soldier knows as a signal to retreat; and the scheme succeeded.'

Miscellaneous Poems. By Robert Power. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1824.

An unassuming preface ushers these poems to the public, the greater part of which, we are told, were written at an early period of life; the author's apology for publishing them is, that, 'conscious of having written what he felt, he hopes that some of his readers may feel what he has written.' This, we feel assured, will be the case, for several of the poems are really very pretty, and what proceeds from the heart of an author always stands a good chance of finding its way to that of the reader. The work contains poems on a great variety of subjects, including songs, odes, sonnets, and several elegiac pieces, some of which possess considerable merit. Two of these we subjoin, as a fair specimen of our author's powers:—

'With pallid cheek Eliza wept,
And mourn'd her helpless Henry's doom;
She wandered where his relics slept,
And sought him in the dreary tomb.
'There heaven-sent Pity stole unseen,
And watch'd the wretched weeping maid;
Then bending o'er her drooping mein,
In gently soothing whispers said—
'Oh! sweet, fond maiden! falls the tear
Which thus embalms the silent dead;
But he, sad mourner, is not here—
To Heav'n thy long-lov'd Henry's fled!
'Ah! well I knew, she soft replied,
His spirit sought yon radiant sphere;
Yet much I loved him ere he died,
And fondly still would think him here.'

TO A BUTTERFLY.

'Go, beauteous insect of the passing hour,
The transient glories of thy wings disclose;
Feed on the fragrance of each honied flower,
Of opulent lustre, or of drooping snows!
'May no rude hand those glowing pinions tear,
Or cruel brush their sparkling hues away;
Skim, while thou may'st, the flowery-scented air,
And drink the radiance of the noon-tide ray!
'For love can tell thee summer skies will fade,
When flowers their fragrant leaves unfold no more;
But hold from thirsty lips the sweets they shade,
And ruin all they dearly nursed before.
'Ah! while too soon those cloudless minutes fly,
We thus alike their fleeting lapse condemn;
For those sweet smiles no longer bless the eye
Of him whose heart had only beat for them!
'Yet happier thou! an early doom is thine,—
The first rude storm receives thy parting breath:
While misery's sigh and sorrow's tears are mine,
Whose love is doom'd a long and lingering death!'

* 'It is melancholy to reflect, that of these personages I can recollect but three surviving. Our princess, and the first named duchess are two. I think, beside the then Lady Craven, and I am doubtful whether she was one, there is no other. If it is true that the lady to whom the name of Isabel belongs, on hearing a gentleman repeat, "Isabel is a belle," answered, "*Was* a belle," it discovers a *grace* of which nothing can rob her.'

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Winter Tales; or, European Nights' Entertainments. By MARIA SCOTT. 12mo. pp. 421. London, 1824.

In a prefatory address to the public, Miss Scott tells us that the tales were composed in order to mitigate the corporeal sufferings of her father, General Scott, who had a prodigious fit of the gout, and that they were successful: but, although this may have been the case, we do not pledge ourselves that they are a certain specific for all persons in General Scott's situation. The tales are twenty-three in number; some of them are said to be founded on fact, others purport to be translated from the French and Spanish, and one, we are assured, is from a Greek manuscript. Though not destitute of interest, they are not so good a collection of novelletes as in this age of fiction we are entitled to expect.

Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease: comprehending Directions for regulating their Diet, Dress, Exercise, and Medicine; with a Variety of Prescriptions, adapted to the Use of the Nursery, and an Index of Medical Terms. By JAMES KENNEDY, M.D. 12mo. pp. 329. Glasgow and London, 1825.

Dr. Buchan's treatise on the management of children has long been considered a standard authority. Since this author wrote, however, there have not only been many discoveries in the art of medicine, but many prejudices to remove, which had got such hold as not to be wholly eradicated at once. Many of them have, however, given way to time and circumstances, and have consequently left medicine and medical men less to contend with. We confess that the subject of this volume is one on which we know little; but it really appears to us to be a plain, intelligible, and common-sense manual of instructions for the management of children. The doctrines inculcated are, we are assured, the result of attentive observation, extensive reading, considerable practice, and much reflection. There is one advantage in this work, too obvious and too important to pass unnoticed: it is, that it is written in a popular style, that few technicalities are used, and that even those are explained in a glossary. This is a point of immense importance to the great bulk of mothers and nurses, to whom the work will, on this account, as well as its real merits, strongly recommend itself.

ORIGINAL.

ILL-FATED LOVERS.

I HAD settled my accounts with mine host and his dependents: my luggage was on board: I had wrapped myself up in my boat-cloak, and had seated myself at the stern of the vessel. A melancholy, perhaps constitutional, but now increased from the idea of leaving the land of my forefathers for that of the stranger, came over me. I thought of home,—I thought of every inmate of that home—of every inmate from whom I had, only a few days before, with such emotion parted. 'Shall I,' said I to myself, 'find any congenial spirit in the clime to which I am going, who will replace the loved beings from whom seas will shortly separate me?' There is something at all times moving in the idea of separation; but, when that separation is for the first time,—when the prospect of return is far distant,—when the mind, however greedy after novelty, is yet suffering under the poignancy of recent adieu,—then, indeed, is sorrow choaking. I sighed aloud, —perhaps I shed a tear: would that I had never had more unworthy occasion to have done so! 'Land of my birth! and to me pregnant with every tender emotion,' I cried, as the order for departure was given at the helm, 'may I revisit thee under more joyful feelings than I leave thee! and may the loved friends that I leave behind me cherish the remembrance of one whose fondest hope is in the joy of seeing them again!' I turned away from the retiring island, and, giving up to my musing, I was absorbed in melancholy reflections, until the land was undistinguishable from the horizon. The movements and voices of the sailors and passengers roused me from my lethargy: I rose from my seat, and was surprised to find so many companions: I wandered from one face to another: I canvassed, in my mind, their reasons for migration: I thought I already read something of the character of each,—at any rate, I wished to do so. My mind, in its present state of desertion, wanted to find some being similarly circumstanced, with whom to confer,—some object to lean upon. As I was thus musing, I cast my eye on a young man who was thoughtfully looking over the side of the vessel, his head resting on his hand. 'His,' said I, 'is no journey of pleasure.' I watched him attentively: he remained long motionless—absorbed—lost: he started suddenly, left the place where he was standing, and not until the morning afterward did I see him again. There was something about this gentleman that haunted my imagination, and prompted to an attempt at farther intimacy: his very appearance, as well as his sorrows, interested me: in figure, he was upright, and rather tall; his complexion, whatever might have been its hue of yore, was now rather sallow; his raven-black hair hung wildly over his forehead; his eye was dark, large, and somewhat sunken; he was attired in military undress, surrounded by an ample and dark mantle, apparently of foreign manufacture. During the rest of our voyage, I saw him but seldom, and learnt little to satisfy my curiosity. At last the shores of Portugal, glittering to the rising sun, rose to our view. All was hope. Did I lose sight of thee, England, for one moment, in the glowing expectancy? We landed. Every thing was new to me, and, so situated, I felt bereft when parting from such as the voyage had familiarized me to. My curiosity regarding my interesting fellow-passenger had not been satisfied. As I was about to leave the ship, he asked me if he could serve me. I stated the embarrassments of a stranger in a strange land. It was from Lisbon that he had sailed (in consequence of ill health, consecutive to a wound) when he last visited England; never to see it more. We went together to the same hotel. I thought him doubly melancholy this evening. He appeared very solicitous to proceed on his journey: he was going, he told me, he feared, on an idle errand; 'but,' said he, with considerable emotion, 'a longer stay in England would have been death to me.' We parted for the night. I had hoped to have seen him in the morning,—but no, he was gone. A letter, however, he had left for me in the hands of the waiter: it was written hastily and wildly, and dated 3 o'clock: it explained all. 'Ah why, my Estrella,' did it say, 'did the fates ordain that I should see thee but to weep and die!' Estrella was the daughter of a Spanish grandee: she had loved, and her passion was warmly returned. The British camp had been suddenly broken up. The lovers had met: they had parted,—alas! for ever. Captain C——— was wounded in the retreat: his health was despaired of: England was recommended to him: to it he had gone. He had returned to find out his friend,—to make her his beyond the chance of separation; but it was a delusion. Several months afterwards, at a considerable distance, I found out my unfortunate friend: he was much altered; disappointed hope had made sad havoc with him; a hectic flush announced the worm within; every hope for the continuance of his life had vanished from him;—and for why?—Because he had too truely learnt that his Estrella, to soothe the pangs of his absence, had preceded him to realms to which her unfortunate friend was so soon to follow. She was gone; but she had left in the hands of a relation a locket of her hair, to be given to her lover, should he ever appear again in Spain. At the back of it was a little piece of embroidery, showing two birds flying different ways, drawing tighter a true lover's knot. It was surely too emblematical of her love and fidelity.

THE LIEUTENANT.

'WELL! poor Tom,' said I, 'thine has been a strange career in this world of trouble and inconstancy; and here, at length, I find thee beneath the green carpet of nature, with nothing to mark the spot but thy quaint epitaph. Art thou so soon forgotten by thy once numerous friends,—falleth it to my share to be the solitary being who droops over thy permanent residence in this remote corner?' Such were my reflections as I stood pondering over the grave of the once lively Ellison. He came into the world with brilliant prospects, and the sun-beams of happiness shone with a steady halo over the cradle which protected him, and the first twenty years of his career. The heir of a handsome property,—a posthumous child,—the darling of his mother, and a favourite with all, he enjoyed a life of almost uninterrupted pleasure, until he became unhappily associated with some of those abandoned characters who, polished in their manners, and masked in friendship, are well calculated to impose on men more artful, less honourable, less candid, than he. The heart which glowed in his own bosom with every generous impulse that could do it honour, award-

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ed the same to others; and he speedily became, by false representations and assumed distress, too deeply involved in their machinations to escape without the sacrifice of all his funds, and an embarrassment to a considerable amount beyond them. E——g, the centre of his delights, was no longer a fit residence for him, and, with a heavy heart and a reluctant hand, he accepted, as an only resource, a subaltern's commission in the militia. But his grief was only the distress of a moment; he carried with him a buoyant soul, which, like the active sea-bird on its stormy home, if overwhelmed for an instant, rallied in the next, to be the more triumphant in the contest it submitted to. His handsome countenance, sparkling with intelligence and good humour, his fine person, his ready wit, his present courtesy, rendered him a general favourite with the females, while, at the same time, he had the enviable luck to steer clear of the jealousy of the men. The gaieties inseparable from his new occupation, while they yielded much enjoyment, were unproductive of expense; and the first accorded as well with his inclinations, as the latter with his finances. Thus circumstanced, he soon ceased to regret the cause, at the same time that he forgave the instruments, of his calamity, and continued to flourish a bloodless sword on his native land, in preference to encountering the fatigues and privations of a foreign station. While, therefore, his more enterprising brethren were yearly availing themselves of the volunteering system, to seek death or honour in other climes, he felt perfectly contented in his own; and, like a favourite child in a large family, was the chief pride and animation of the mess. During the long period which that unexampled war embraced, that tore laurels and crowns from the brows of emperors and veterans, to place them on the temples of plebeians and of youth, he remained a steady adherent to his regiment;—until the plains of Waterloo, flooded with the richest blood of Europe, became the grave of France's pride—the monument of England's glory, none was more happy than he: but now came the order to disembody his corps, which was one of the few regiments whose period of service was prolonged till this time. It was a bitter change to many, —by few was the summons more reluctantly obeyed than Ellison;—the separation of those who for a series of years had met daily to join in its duties, amusements, and convivality, was like the tearing asunder, and dispersing widely, a domestic circle of relatives. But it was in vain to repine, and Tom had ascertained in that impressive school—experience, that the best alleviation of misfortunes is to forget them. His prospects were, assuredly, none of the most flattering: sixteen long years had he been accustomed to select and agreeable society; to an unceasing routine of amusement, to a frequent change of abode; and now he was thrown on the wide world of mortals, with the slender pittance of half-a-crown a day, to supply him with various requisites of life. His inclinations bent not towards any pursuit, since he could no longer follow that which had occupied so great a share of his time. Bread and cheese were to him far richer blessings, with free and unconstrained liberty, than more splendid luxuries without it. He therefore sought, in this sequestered spot, economy and contentment. His pliant disposition yielded at once to his altered circumstances, and in the occupation of books, and an occasional ramble through the wilds that surrounded him, he found the days less tardy than he was apt to apprehend. Death came, at last, without being either much wished for or feared, and Tom yielded to his undeniable mandate with every composure. His grave was protected by rushes, a custom not unusual in Wales and on a small head-stone was inscribed this epitaph:—

'If handsome, be not vain—if witty, proud—
If courted, flatter'd;—for in humble bier,
Oh! gentle reader, and in formal shroud,
Behold thy counterpart reposes here.'

ALOST.

CLOAKS AND GREAT COATS,—A SKETCH.

BLESSINGS on the revival of that ancient, useful and elegant article of dress, a cloak! Our forefathers, in their native nudity, fashioned their rude covering into cloaks: and kings, priests, statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, and lovers, have, in all ages, acknowledged their supremacy. Amidst the stormy vicissitude of events since the flood, and even perhaps since the creation of the world to the year 1825, the only surviving relic of humanity is a cloak. It is the unsophisticated beau ideal of dress, but has, till lately, been generally thrown aside as an incumbrance to the bustling activity of our money-getting habits. To him, however, who can make a proper compromise between business and its impediments, not caring if an additional pound-weight in his dress prevents his arrival on 'Change till the last stroke of nine, I recommend to make trial of this comfortable incumbrance. Perhaps he may dislike the attractive glare of its red lining,—nor indeed do I think it in good taste; but let him please his own fancy in this particular, and sally forth, some raw, wet, and frosty morning, cased in one of these impenetrable wrappers, and I am certain he will find due fault with my poverty of encomium. 'Talk of trifles,' says he, as he lounges along,—'let people *wear* a cloak before they pretend to question the weight and solidity of the subject.' 'Very cold, sir,' says a passing acquaintance. 'So I have been informed,' he replies, and then stops at a print-shop window to indulge in a pinch of snuff. Invulnerable both by frost and rain, he despises the pretended protection of an umbrella, and, like the great Achilles, conscious of super-human endowment, braves the furious assailance with a proud contempt. Nor is this the only protection which a cloak affords: it creates a very salutary confusion of identity, sometimes extremely desirable. The facility and grace with which you may transfer it to the person of some fair acquaintance has its merit, not often unproductive of reward;—indeed, I know a singular instance of this,—but I must not unfold such cloaked secrets. The most spirited piece of gallantry, connected with my subject, is related of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, attending Queen Elizabeth one day on a walk, and coming to a plashy strip of ground, which arrested her majesty's progress, no sooner perceived the dilemma, than he took from off him a splendid velvet cloak, and, throwing it across the mud and dirt, made such a passage for her to go over as her royal womanhood never forgot. How could such a fine thing as this ever have been achieved with a great coat!—Imagine it spread in the mud, —its long arms blown about, and buffeting the air; then think of the two skirts flying up to an indecent height, striving which shall most expertly entangle the feet, and lay majesty prostrate in the mud. Had Sir Walter Raleigh made such an unsuccessful attempt, he would have almost deserved to lose his head for the vulgarity and clumsiness of the idea.

I have been roused to this scribbling by some prejudiced remarks which a friend of mine made, the other morning, at my breakfast-table. He asserted that cloaks have a vulgar appearance, and cast on the wearer a similar identity; although he well remembers having been heartily laughed at, when riding one evening on horse-back, at full gallop, through a country town, dressed in a white great coat, to the amazement of the rabble, who mistook him for the baker: so much for vulgar identity. Last winter, the great coats were exceedingly diverting, from the pannier pockets, if I may so call them, which hung down at each side—an economical invention, to save the expense of gloves. Besides such remarkable peculiarities, a great coat is too close and swaddling to give as much freedom or warmth as a cloak: we feel that we have two coats on, and are made restless by the restraint. Then the skirts are continually turning round our knees, and, when they happen to get very wet, are excellently adapted to inflict us with a cold. So much for great coats! *A cloak's the thing.*

S. C.

MR. FARADAY'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your having indulged me with a place in a former number of your *Literary Chronicle*, in some observations at the commencement of Mr. Faraday's chemical lectures at the Royal Institution, induces me to hope that you will now grant the same privilege at his conclusion, on the 20th inst.

My anticipations in the former paper have not been disappointed; and I think I may congratulate the philosophic world on the acquisition of so able a demonstrator as Mr. Faraday; but, indeed, who, possessing genius, could fail to become so, in such a school as the laboratory of the Royal Institution, and under such eminent masters as Sir H. Davy and Professor Brande.

In what I have to say I shall have much to commend, and something to censure; but, as I before stated that I have not a personal intimacy with Mr. Faraday, so my raises cannot proceed from the bias of friendship: and, as my pursuits in life are

quite distinct from his, so my censures cannot arise from any collision of interest. It is a very easy matter to point out any person's defects, but it will be a difficult thing for any one to reach Mr. Faraday's acquirements and excellences.

Mr. Faraday's arrangement and classification of the metals has been the same which Mr. Brande had pursued in his lectures; consequently, we might have supposed that Mr. Faraday would only have been able to go over the same ground, with very little diversity or additional interest to his audience; yet, although limited to the same track, he has, without seeming to have had any intention of doing so, given his lectures a distinct and pleasing character; every where showing an intimate acquaintance with his subject; to use a chemical term, seeming to be supersaturated with it; and, where he takes time, conducting his audience, step by step, on firm ground, through the mazes of analytical science. Nothing could be more pleasing than the manner in which he developed the delicate and rather circuitous process by which Sir H. Davy arrived at a metallic base of lime; also, the mode by which he informed the nature of fluor spar, and the combination of fluoric acid with the metals, forming fluates and fluorides, analogous to the chlorides; and also of Mr. Brande's beautiful process for the formation of the two combinations of mercury with chlorine, by the mutual decomposition of the sulphates of mercury and common salt.

In following Mr. Faraday through his lectures, I have much admired the caution and modesty he observes in offering any new opinion; but it appears to him that the substance selenium ought no longer to be classed with metals, having a greater analogy to the simple inflammable bodies, sulphur, phosphorus, &c. It appears also to him, that there is great reason to conclude, that the bases of the bodies, silica and alumina, ought rather to be classed with the substances last mentioned, than with the metals.

I will not trouble our readers with any more observations on Mr. Faraday's science or abilities, but pass on to that which is not so agreeable to me. I think he does not sufficiently generalise his subject: this I attribute to his want of experience in lecturing. By going too much into detail, in order to introduce all he has to say into the short space of a lecture, he adds a haste to his naturally rapid pronunciation, which deteriorates much from the clearness of demonstration. I would rather be taught a little well than much indifferently: I wish to see general principles established with a well-defined example, illustrative of the case; and, when time will not permit doing more, to state the analogies only of the other bodies, and leave them as consectaries to the general principle.

I know of nothing which so much facilitates the progress of the student, as the diagrams showing the mutual decomposition of any bodies, and should wish to see more of them introduced, even should there be no time for the lecturer to notice them; but, by having them exhibited to the sight while the lecturer is on the subject, the student sees, at one glance, what would take several sentences to convey.

I must say something respecting Mr. Faraday's verbal delivery. I have before stated it to be rapid; but when he has to pronounce several compound chemical terms successively, each of which would comprise a sentence, and rapidly run into each other with the same time and same stress, the mind becomes at once at a stand, and is unable to proceed to what follows. I think all such words should be uttered with a particular distinctness, so as to permit the mind to rest a moment on each; for in most cases it is necessary that the mind should make the analysis of such compound terms as it proceeds, in order to form a just conception of the result of the experiment then under consideration. I think Mr. Faraday might, as far as relates to what we have just said, with advantage to himself, and pleasure to his audience, pay some attention to the graces and propriety of elocution. These I consider, not as adventitious, but solid acquisitions, and all who acknowledge the powers of oratory must admit the observation. I should, at the same time, be sorry to find Mr. Faraday substituting any supposed ornament instead of his present natural and unaffected manner.

Mr. Faraday's haste sometimes betrays him into such incongruous expressions as *caput mortua*, *plumbum cornea*; I should like to see these corrected. I do not like, *either*, cyanogin for cyanogen; nor oxegn for oxygen. I have only one thing more to notice: I should like, when any experiment is concluded, and another brought under notice, that all the vials, &c., which have performed a part in the last, should be withdrawn; I consider them as the *persona* of the drama, who, after having performed their part, by remaining on the stage, only add obscurity to the performance.

Upon the whole, I have been greatly delighted by Mr. Faraday's lectures; and consider these little defects I have just mentioned as very trifles, when compared to his many solid excellences,—as mere specks in a luminous body, which are seen more distinctly in proportion to the brilliancy of the rest. I think Mr. Faraday would have appeared to greater advantage if he had not been limited to time; I should be glad to see the time extended, by some means, for going through a course of chemistry, either by adding more days in the week for lecturing, or prolonging the time for giving lectures. I cannot conceive it possible for any student, in the course of fifty-four lectures of an hour each, to be able to possess himself of the extensive and extending science of chemistry. NAUTICUS.

20th January, 1825.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXII.

MR. EDITOR,—Do not think from my silence that I have been idle. I have scoured both hemispheres for you, and would have traversed twenty more, were they to be found. I have clearly ascertained that an Irish cannibal actually murdered and eat a portion of his fellow convicts at Botany Bay; I have seen Lord Amherst in a great funk at Calcutta, on account of his war with the Burmese; I have watched the persecuting spirit of the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope; have traversed the United States of America during the contest for the presidency likely to be conferred on General Jackson; have seen that old dotard, La Fayette's, reception at the senate; witnessed the murders, burnings, and other outrages of the Ashantees, in returning through the Fantee country; laughed at the Capitan Pacha, on his entering Constantinople, after losing all his fleet; paid a visit to Ibrahim Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt, in the Candian sea (not the Canadian seas, as one of the daily papers told us); and popped into Gibraltar, and learnt that the *late* (present) Earl of Chatham had once risen as early as half-past two o'clock, p. m.

This is not all I have done—I put a stitch in a new petticoat Ferdinand the Stupid of Spain is embroidering for the Virgin Mary, and imposed on his sister, the Queen of Portugal a Kensington turnpike-ticket as an identical pass-check one of the followers of our Saviour received on the entry into Jerusalem. On the Continent I have been particularly busy: I wrote for the Emperor of Russia his ukase, which fixed the number of sufferers, at the late inundations, at five hundred, instead of five thousand, but I had no share in his cruel edicts against the Jews in Poland. Every thing I do is *right*, therefore I had no share in the left-handed marriage of that starched personage, the King of Prussia, who *promises* a constitution and gets a wife. I called in on the King of Bavaria, but found him so full of honours paid him at Vienna, and so anxious to negotiate the marriage of another child, that I could get nothing worth hearing from him. I visited the King of Denmark, and found him sober and sensible as usual, and then proceeded to the long-nosed, but not long-headed, King of Sweden—the adventurer Bernadotte, the only one of Bonaparte's generals ever suspected of being destitute of personal courage. I told him that royalty sat awkwardly on him, and that he had better sell his throne and turn stock-jobber, or any respectable employment, for that his dynasty could never be perpetuated.

In France I found monarchy and monkery reigning as absolute as before the revolution; and the priests getting the two Chambers to pass a law, by which every one who does not pay an idolatrous reverence to a consecrated wafer, is to be punished with the loss of his head and his hand. Popery is raising its crest every where: in Italy, the pope is about to open the churches as asylums for robbers and assassins; in Spain, the inquisition will be revived ere long, and even in England we are about to be inflicted with a Catholic association. But to return to France, where the government is about to reimburse the cowardly emigrants who deserted their king and fled their country, at the very moment their services were most wanted, and to reduce the *rentes*. The last measure my friend, Sir William Curtis, though

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not partial to any thing French but Cognac, approves of mightily, and says, he will take an early opportunity of bringing a bill into Parliament to reduce the rents in this country, where they are extravagant.

The newspapers state, William *Stray* Wilson, the traveller, has been arrested in France, in mistake for Sir Robert Wilson, the hero of Corunna: the knight of Southwark ought to contradict this. What, a military nation, like France, mistake the devotee of the Holy Sepulchre for a general?—O, the thing's impossible.

I have been to Holland, that land of *canaux*, *canards*, and *canaille*, as Voltaire called it; and visited that town whose name, though forming but one syllable, yet, when stripped of a letter, becomes a word of two syllables: I will not doubt your being Œdipus enough to make it out. The Dutch character never changes: the people wear as large inexpressibles, and are as avaricious at home and as tyrannical abroad, as ever. The late Prince of Orange once bespoke a play at Ostend, and gave a louis-d'or; and another prince of that family, when living in this country, paid an equal sum weekly to his mistress and his washerwoman.

But to return home, after a pretty extensive tour, as you will perceive; I find Englishmen bit with the mania of speculation, and no wonder,—for who would be content with the tedious and niggardly income of three per cents., when, by merely putting his name down for fifty or a hundred in rail-road, mining, or other shares, he may realize a few hundreds without risking a farthing. Why, I understand the Real del Monte (which Alderman —— says means a real mountain of money) Mining Company shares, on which only £70 has been paid, have been sold at £1360. The fact is, we are too rich: in war, thanks to the ministers, they relieved us, in loans and taxes, of from 100 to 134 millions sterling annually; but now that they can only find employment for about fifty millions, we are put to sad shifts to know what to do with the surplus.

There is, however, a great resource in human ingenuity, and every day produces some new project; those which relate to the internal improvement of the country, or to benefit any class of individuals who need it, are worthy of suppoet; but as to the mining companies, I feel assured that they will all terminate in a bubble-and-squeak company: and, although the mere jobbers may get rich, the permanent holders of the shares will only reap a harvest of disappointment, and by their mining be *minus*. Let them mark this, and, if they have any gratitude, they will show it to ASMODEUS.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL.

An intention of founding an hospital seems to have been entertained as early as 1707, when it is known to have been agitated at a meeting of the people called Quakers. Application was made to the proprietary for a charter and assistance, at the same time when this was done for the 'town and country school,' being the same now under the care of a corporation chosen from that religious society, and whose principal establishment is in Fourth Street, Philadelphia. The school was erected, and put in operation, but the difficulties in which Penn's liberality had involved him, and which compelled him, in the following year, to mortgage the province, are supposed to have been the cause of the other benevolent design proving abortive.*

We have not heard of any renewed attempt to found an hospital, till the end of the year 1750. It is said that the legislature had, before this period, provided a place for the care of sick strangers, although the accounts imply that an 'equally tender care' had not been bestowed on the domestic poor in the same predicament.

Application for assistance having been made to the proprietors, Thomas and Richard Penn, they gave the northern side of the present square on which the hospital stands. Two thirds of this, situated on the south side, had then been purchased by private subscriptions, and the donation of the proprietors included the remainder.

Besides this square, a similar one to the east, nearly the whole of a smaller one to the south, half of another to the west, and a lot to the south-west, have all been purchased at the then low prices, by the managers of the hospital, and are kept open for purity of the air. They are employed for the support of the milch cows, and occasionally farmed. They form the finest collection of open ground within the city—amounting to upwards of fourteen acres.

On the 28th of May, 1755, the east wing of the present building was commenced, by laying the south-east corner stone—a large block of marble, having the following inscription, by Franklin:—

'In the year of Christ
MDCCLV,
George the Second happily reigning
(For he sought the happiness of his People),
Philadelphia flourishing
(For its Inhabitants were public-spirited),
This Building,
By the Bounty of the Government,
And of many private Persons,
Was piously founded
For Relief of the Sick and Miserable.
May the God of Mercies
Bless the Undertaking.'

The roof was raised on the 27th of October, of the same year. Almost all of a large number of tradesmen, and even of the labourers, among whom the purchases and work were divided, contributed a share towards the undertaking. From this time forward the institution was regularly open.

The house, in its present form, consists of a central square part, united by two long buildings to two wings, running north and south, and parallel with the sides of the original square. The centre is about sixty-three feet in length by sixty-one in depth—the eastern long building is eighty-one feet by twenty-eight feet east and west by one hundred and eleven in the north and south direction. The western long building is eighty-one feet by thirty-three feet six inches—the west wing thirty feet by one hundred and eleven. The length of the whole is two hundred and eighty-three feet.

The whole, together with additional erections, forms part of a hollow square, with ample intervals for the circulation of air; and it has been proposed to enlarge the buildings on this plan, by additions in a line with each wing. For the further attainment of this purpose of ventilation, have been procured and kept open those lots of ground which surround the hospital on three sides. The advantages resulting from this caution are palpably apparent at every moment, in the exemption of the institution from those diseases peculiar to such establishments in Europe. Such things as an epidemic typhus fever, or an hospital gangrene, so destructive in similar institutions, in other parts of the world, are absolutely and altogether unknown in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Of the older section of the building, extending from the eastern extremity to the central square, the first floor is appropriated to surgical patients generally, the second to medical, and the basement, to dining-rooms for the sick and surgical patients, besides a range of old cells, of which we shall speak hereafter. The square part in the centre is occupied principally by the family, accommodations and offices. The basement story contains the kitchen, a servants' chamber, and two dining-rooms. On the first floor are the library, which serves also for the managers' office, the apothecary's establishment, and two rooms occupied by the family. On the second floor are the lying-in ward, and the chambers of the medical men of the house, and of part of the steward's family. In the next story is an elegant amphitheatre for surgical operations and for lectures, illuminated by a sky-light; and on the same floor are three wards, employed in part for the reception of patients operated on. The west end is exclusively devoted to the insane containing two rows of cells in each story including the basement, of the long building—and about sixteen cells, with eight large handsome rooms in the wing, besides the garrets. Upwards of seventy rooms in all are employed for this description of patients in the west end; and, occasionally, use has been made of a part of fourteen old cells, forming a single row in the basement story, already mentioned, of the east end. It is to be lamented that the ideas of a lunatic asylum prevalent at the time of planning the hospital, induced the founders to place cells partly below the level of the ground. An area of about ten feet wide is excavated on both sides, completely round the west end, the centre, and the cells of the east end—thus rendering those cells whose floors are below the ordinary level of the ground, dry and comfortable—the court-yards and grass-plot being visible from the windows.

In a line with the eastern wing, and on

* An occurrence took place about this time, singular in several respects, and illustrative of his difficulties, as well as of the small value of his American property. We mean an actual agreement with Queen Anne, to sell the province of Pennsylvania for 12,000l.

the north side, is situated, what is called in Europe, a Lock hospital, three stories high, neatly built, comfortable, and capable of containing fifty patients.

A house for washing, ironing, and some culinary processes, occupies a somewhat similar station at the west wing. A building containing West's celebrated picture of Christ healing the Sick, as also the green-houses, and, till lately, the anatomical museum, is situated opposite the north side of the hospital, and fronts on Spruce Street.

The prospect from all parts of the buildings forming this asylum is probably more agreeable to the eye than any similar one in the world. Besides the consideration of ventilation, an object to the importance of which we have already alluded, the guardians of this institution have always had in view the benefit derived by the sick from agreeable impressions made upon their minds. This is consulted by great general attention to neatness, and an air of comfort in all the appurtenants of the house, and, among other things, by the prospect from all parts of it. Every window to which a patient has access opens upon a garden, and most of them upon a highly-agreeable one—the eye thus meeting, instead of dull or disagreeable masses of brick, with the freshness and verdure of nature.

In connexion with this may be mentioned several circumstances, rendering the hospital pleasing or interesting to visitors; such as, its imposing situation in the midst of so many fine squares, the grandeur of a range of lofty battlemented trees*, which surround the lot on which it stands, and several articles of ornament, nearly all of which are the gift of private individuals. Among these are a green-house, and several relics of William Penn. During the warm season, the exotic plants are arranged in front of the house, round a semicircular walk, producing, together with the overshadowing buttonwoods, and the ornamental trees of the adjacent court-yards, a rich and mellow relief to the eye, said to resemble that of a garden in the West Indies.

There has also been presented to the institution a scion of Penn's famous elm-tree, some time since destroyed at Kensington, which is said to have overshadowed an Indian treaty, and is celebrated by the classical pen of Barnay. This is now a thriving young tree, in the west lot. It is to be wished that the race of this tree may never be suffered to be lost: it is certainly accompanied with better recollections than the fabulous tree of Romulus, of which the Romans took so much reverential care. Penn's great cabinet chair is also preserved, having been brought from his old residence of Pennsbury Manor, in Bucks county. For the splendid bust of a fine statue of this eminent man, the institution and the city are under obligations to John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Poges, in England, a lineal descendant of the proprietary and founder. This statue, which, I am informed by an eminent artist of this city, is to be considered a good authority for Penn's likeness†, was originally made for Lord le Despencer, who erected it on an ornamental building, employed as a saw-mill, on his superb grounds at High Wycomb, in England. After that nobleman's death, it was purchased by the donor, and presented to the hospital. It is of lead, bronzed, and stands on the south and ornamented front of the house, amid the before-mentioned semicircle.

In addition to the buildings already enumerated, there are a fire-proof stable and a large brick erection, just completed, the objects of which are various: the lower story is to be employed for work-shops and offices, and as a substitute for the existing stable, which is then to be converted to the use of the deranged, affording a day-room for the women, and a number of cells; the second story forms a very large day-room for the exercise and employment of the men-lunatics; and the insufficient chamber, at present occupied for this purpose, will then augment their lodging-room.

* These trees were planted in the year 1756, by the late Hugh Roberts, of Philadelphia, who presented them to the institution.

† Clarkson, in his life of Penn, expresses doubts of the authenticity of the likeness in this statue, vol. 2, p. 267, Am. edit. He does not mention his grounds for calling it in question. The best likeness of Penn extant, according to this writer, is the bust executed by his friend, Sylvanus Bevan—a copy of which, by the author, is now in the Loganian Library.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ISY.

Is it true that we must sever?
It is true we part for ever?
By the maddening ties of love—
By the sacred powers above—
Isy, is it then my lot
By thy heart to be forgot.

Better 'twere, for feeling's sake,
That this rapture'd heart should break;
Better snap the cords of life,
Than lose one thought of thee, my wife;
Better stifle misery's tear,
Than ever part with thee, my dear.

At thy shrine I sacrificed
All that e'er I exercised:
Pride, that never brook'd restraint,
Bow'd before its idol saint;
And the lip that scorn'd deceit
Humbly stoop'd to press thy feet.

Is there naught can change my state,
Or render life less desolate?
Oft I've lain my head to rest
On that pure untroubl'd breast,
Gaz'd upon thy radiant eye,
Caught the music of thy sigh;—

Oft I've slumber'd, calm as death,
On the lip that hush'd its breath;
Listened to thy eloquence
Till it ravished every sense,
And deem'd but that a *friend* would fain
Turn all my ecstacy to pain.

But 'tis past—and wounded pride
Rises at my rival's bride;
Feelings ever so acute,
Tho' they sleep not, must be mute;
And the hope thou once wast mine
Reason tells me to resign.

Fare thee well—and, tho' we sever
From each other now for ever,
Still there is a hope that clings
To my soul's imaginings;
And which death can never chill—
Isy married 'gainst her will. N. C.

FINE ARTS.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

Although we certainly did not regret the removal of the former old uncouth building, which had no pretensions whatever either to importance or to beauty*, we little anticipated that it would be succeeded by a structure which, whether with regard to its extent or the classical elegance of the design, deserves a foremost place among the architectural embellishments of our metropolis. It is not asserting too much to say, that it really eclipses most of our public edifices, and must put to shame some of those at the west end of the town. The old building having become much dilapidated, the Mercers' Company, who are the trustees of the school†, determined upon taking it down and rebuilding it on a more extensive scale; for which purpose they obtained an act enabling them to purchase the ground and buildings on the south side, so that the extent of the present front is two hundred and nine feet. The elevation presents a basement, with horizontal rustics; and a Corinthian order, with fluted columns, and a highly enriched frieze, copied from the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli. In the centre is an elegant hexastyle portico, within which is a single range of lofty windows, belonging to the school-room. On either side this portico are two series of windows, five on each floor; and the extremities of the building are decorated with two half columns, similar to those of the portico, and two antæ, between which are three windows on each floor: thus the whole extent of front comprises twenty-one windows on a floor. The foot pavement for passengers is carried beneath the portico; and within this lower portico are five gates of iron work, opening between cast-iron Doric columns into the area, which occupies all the centre-

* We by no means agree with the writer who calls the old school 'a very singular but very handsome edifice.'

† Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's, the founder of the school (in 1511) appointed, as the patrons and governors of the same, 'the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercers of London.' The foundation is for one hundred and fifty-three boys. There is annually an examination of the scholars on the second Monday and Tuesday after Easter; and on the Thursday following, a grand opposition takes place, at which the eighth class and the seniors of seventh deliver recitations in Greek, Latin, or English, previously to entering some college. The captain of the school, on leaving it for college, has an exhibition of 40L per annum for four years, and 50L for the three succeeding years.

This school has produced several very eminent scholars and celebrated characters, among whom may be mentioned Leland, Camden, Milton, Bishop Cumberland, Charles Earl of Orrery, Dr. Edmund Halley, Thomas Taylor the Platonist, &c.

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part of the ground-floor, and which is intended for an ambulatory or play-ground for the scholars. Above this area is the school-room, which is sixty-eight feet in length by thirty-three in width, and twenty-seven to the ceiling; the latter is arched at each extremity, and terminated by a dome, which serves externally to crown the building. At the south end of the school-room are two small studies; and at the north is the library: this latter apartment communicates with the principal floor of the high master's residence. The second master occupies the corresponding apartments on the south side, and the extremities of the building, or wings, are appropriated to the third and fourth masters. Each of these dwellings is quite detached, and has its separate entrance. These entrances, two on each side the portico, are designed in excellent taste: the doors have five square panels in height, set round with bold studs; by which means they exhibit a character of simplicity and strength well adapted to their situation.

Having thus briefly described the chief features and arrangement of the building, we will proceed to make some remarks on its architecture. As far as regards the plan, we do not think that a happier distribution of the various parts, at once so simple and so convenient, could have been made, especially when the nature of the site is considered. The centre of the building is entirely appropriated to the purposes of the scholars—the lower portion to a place for their recreation, the upper to the school-room; and externally this division of the structure possesses due importance, and is sufficiently well characterized. The other parts, although subordinate, do not, as too frequently happens, present any discordant contrast; but the whole harmonizes well, and is in what painters term due keeping. There is none of that repulsive mixture of ostentation and parsimony,—none of that disproportion, nor any of those trivial ornaments, that are so offensive to good taste; and of which it would be so easy to point out recent examples. Hence, although this façade is richly decorated, it possesses an air of chasteness and simplicity, an unity of character, and a certain graceful amenity, that cannot fail to command admiration. In these respects it is very far superior to the New Union Club-House, in Cockspur Street, which is certainly not the worst of the architectural specimens that have been produced at the other end of the town. In that building, the Ionic columns are elegant in their design and noble in their dimensions, but beyond these there is little to approve or commend; for the other features neither accord with, nor are worthy of them:—there is absolutely nothing else in proportion or character with them. Many of the windows, together with the entrances, the projecting balconies, and the upper part of the building, strike us as being uncouth, ill-proportioned, and altogether in bad style, so much so as altogether to destroy the effect of the columns, which, considered by themselves, certainly are grand. We are less irritated and vexed at seeing a building uniformly mean and trivial than at perceiving beauties and blemishes brought into close contact; in the first instance nothing is spoiled, in the other one is provoked at finding the effect of what would otherwise have been admirable totally destroyed.

Let us not be considered as having here stepped out of the way impertinently, for we cannot better illustrate those qualities which add such a grace and charm to the building we are noticing, than by contrasting it with another which, although not without beauties, is so deficient in many of the essentials of good taste. But it will perhaps be asked, is there, then, nothing to censure in the design of Saint Paul's School? To this we reply, nothing of importance, or that can materially diminish our admiration.

Yet we must admit that we are not altogether so well satisfied with the contour of the dome, or with its design generally; not that it is inelegant, but it seems inferior to the rest of the elevation. In the next place, the chimneys are too conspicuous, and impart a homely air to the roof of the building, and interfere with the dome, when it is viewed from either the north or south side of the church-yard. After all, however, these trivial defects detract so little from the sum of our gratification that they hardly merit notice, except so far as the mentioning them may serve to show that we are willing to be impartial. The front of the edifice is entirely of Portland stone, and all the mouldings and ornaments beautifully executed,—in a style worthy of the beauty of the design*. After what we have already said, it may seem almost needless to compliment the architect (George Smith, Esq.) on the ability and taste which he has displayed in this beautiful edifice, but we cannot help congratulating him on the opportunity which has been afforded him of displaying his talents to such advantage. What he has here accomplished cannot fail to distinguish him in his profession; indeed, he has shown himself inferior to none of his contemporaries, and we sincerely wish that this may not be the last opportunity afforded him of adding to the public embellishments of the city. We must also observe, that considerable credit is due to the trustees for the liberality and good taste which they have manifested in making choice themselves, or in permitting the architect to make choice for them, of so elegant a design.

When the New Post Office is erected, and St. Paul's church-yard opened to St. Martin's Le Grand—as we understand it is designed to be—a very rich architectural view will be formed. Even now, the view from the south side of the cathedral, so as to take in the extremity of that edifice, forms a beautiful piece of scenery, with a pleasing effect of light and shade. But it were greatly to be wished that the adjoining houses were built in a better style, and so as not to project beyond the front of the new edifice. It were too much, perhaps, to expect that the area of St. Paul's Churchyard will ever be extended, at least materially; but we venture to hope that, in this age of improvement, the surrounding houses may at no very distant period be built in a more uniform and substantial manner, and all those little irregularities and projecting angles removed, which, however favourable they may be to picturesque effect and contrast, add little to the grandeur and dignity which such a scene ought to possess.

* The builder was Mr Peto, who was also the builder of the New Custom House, and of other extensive structures.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—An opera (we will not call it a new one) was produced at this theatre on Wednesday night last, under the title of *The Fall of Algiers*. It is from the pen of Mr. Walker, the author of *Wallace*, a young gentleman of some talent, who is writing himself down as rapidly as any person can possibly do. The title and subject of the opera have been hackneyed at all the minor theatres, since the bombardment of Algiers, in 1816, by Lord Exmouth. The version of it now put forth is a wretched parody on the Siege of Belgrade. The story is easily told:—

Algernon Rockwardine (Horn) marries Amanda (Miss Graddon), for which his uncle, Admiral Rockwardine (Terry), discards him. The young couple quit the country, are captured by a corsair, and, together with Lauretta (Miss Stephens), are landed at Algiers. Amanda, and her attendant, Lauretta, are conducted to the seraglio of the dey, Oesamin (Sapio). Algernon, and Timothy Tourist (Harley), a book-making traveller, are set to work in the gardens. The dey makes love to Amanda, and, ignorant of the relationship of Algernon, prevails on him and Timothy to assure her her husband is dead: they plan a rescue, which fails, and are thrown into prison. At this moment, Admiral Rockwardine arrives, as ambassador from England: he meets Amanda—learns the fate of his nephew—bombards the town—sets the captives free—becomes reconciled to Algernon, —while Lauretta is, of course, married to Timothy.

The music is by Mr. Bishop, and is very pretty and full of grace and feeling, which makes us regret that it should be lavished on so worthless a production. Miss Stephens sang and acted delightfully; she was much applauded, and one of her songs was encored, as well as a duet with Mr. Sapio. Another duet between Mr. Sapio and Mr. Horn was also encored. Miss Graddon sang with much taste and feeling Horn, too, appeared to good advantage. The choruses, which are beautiful compositions, were admirably executed. Harley and Terry both acted well. The scenery was extremely beautiful, particularly the view of Algiers before and after the bombardment, by Stanfield; and the gardens of the dey, by Roberts. The excellence of the music, acting, and scenery carried the piece through successfully, though a worse opera in point of dialogue was perhaps never produced on any stage.

There is nothing new at Covent-Garden Theatre. The *Inconstant* has been very well performed; and the pantomimes at both theatres still continue attractive.

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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

It is said that, upon hearing of the premature death of the Rev. C. Maturin, and learning that he had left a widow but ill provided for, and some unpublished manuscripts, Sir Walter Scott wrote to the unfortunate lady a letter of condolence, in which, among other kind expressions of respect for the genius of the departed author, he gratuitously offered his editorial services, for the purpose of giving those works to the world in a form the most likely to be productive to her of profit.

We have had Irish, Hebrew, and we know not what other melodies, and we find, on the eve of publication, French Melodies,—the poetry by Eugenius Roche, Esq.; the symphonies and accompaniments by Mademoiselle Janet.

Mr. R. Caulfield has given notice to the citizens of Hartford, Connecticut, that he has constructed 'a carriage, to be propelled, with ease and expedition, by manual exertion,' and that he proposes to exhibit it through the principal streets of Hartford.—*American Paper.*

Voltaire and Shakspeare.—Poor Voltaire is sadly abused for his plunder of Shakspeare by a contemporary critic. The bile of our countryman has been terribly excited by saying that Voltaire called Shakspeare a gentil sauvage, which he translates, a savage gentleman! We suspect it to be the same learned gentleman who superintended the execution of the beautiful paintings, on coach-pannels, of a bull and a savage, to denote the inn called by that name in common colloquy. When he has made a little more progress in the language, he will find that *gentil sauvage* means an uncultivated genius,—the same as a wild uncultivated country is called *un pays sauvage*, and as one might call the translator an *traducteur sauvage*.

Earthquake in Persia.—We are indebted to a correspondent in Persia for the following account of the dreadful earthquake which has devastated so much of what is interesting in that ill-fated country:—

'*Kaussarkachie, 11th of June*, 1824.

'I quitted Bushire the evening of the 30th ult., and arrived at this place on the morning of the 2d instant, at six o'clock. The conveyance here is a good one. I took up my quarters in a small bungalow over the gateway, and, being fatigued with early rising and travelling, I threw myself down upon the chunam terrace, and was in a sound sleep in a few seconds. About seven o'clock I was awake by a noise resembling a heavy waggon going at a brisk rate over a bridge; I got up half awake, and thought the whole house in motion. After taking a few steps, and being *really* awake, I was accosted by a venerable-looking old Persian (who afterwards proved to be the chief of the village), with 'Khoda Amidu,' suddenly seeing this old man, I imagined that all was a dream, and that the noise had been caused by walking on the terrace near me. A few moments after, my head servant came up, and told me the whole earth was in motion, and imitated it by throwing himself from side to side; this in an instant satisfied me that my first thoughts were correct. The thermometer could not have been higher than 76, with a cool breeze, as at half-past eight o'clock, when my baggage came up, it was only 79. I was sitting at my table writing, at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, when I felt another very severe shock, and from the pendulous motion of the house, I thought I should not be able to escape before it came down. (Koonartuckta is in a valley, surrounded by very high hills). I made the best of my way into the open air, and freely confess I felt an extraordinary sensation on observing the awful appearance of the surrounding mountains, before distinct and clear, now scarcely discernible, from the clouds of dust that covered them on all sides. This at first sight had the appearance of smoke, and I expected every moment to see the mountains in a blaze. The better to observe this grand sight, I ventured again into the bungalow; it wanted, by my watch, a quarter to twelve. I was scarcely in the room when I felt a similar shock—the door-frames making a creaking noise, and as if part of the walls were falling. Thermometer 86. I again descended with all haste, and observed the hills in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, covered with dust. After so many awful warnings, I did not feel comfortable at the idea of returning to my former habitation, and therefore gave directions to have my tent pitched, and took shelter under a small bush near the spot they were pitching it upon; during this time I felt two smart shocks, but nothing to equal the three former. In my tent, at one o'clock, the thermometer was 94. I now paid a visit to my morning habitation, to see what damage it had sustained; I found the walls cracked in several places; the steps by which you ascended to the top of the terrace cracked and opened from the wall, and parts of the steps fallen. The chunam tube that conducts the water from the top of the house to the centre of the west terrace had come down, and fallen upon the spot I was sleeping upon when the first shock was felt. Had it come down at that time, I must have been severely bruised. At half-past four another smart shock, with the dust ascending partially from the mountains. The wind during the day changed to every part of the compass, but always cool. At seven o'clock p. m. the thermometer in my tent at 78; twenty minutes to eight, 74; and exposed to the air, 72. Another smart shock eight minutes after eight o'clock. The thermometer exposed to the air at ten o'clock, 68. Later at night, or early this morning, two smart shocks, an interval of a few seconds nearly between each.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 14	40	44	40	30 37	Cloudy.
.... 15	40	43	40	.. 25	Do.
.... 16	40	44	38	.. 85	Do.
.... 17	35	43	37	.. 97	Fair.
.... 18	42	46	36	.. 40	Stormy.
.... 19	33	38	39	.. 60	Fair.
.... 20	39	43	40	.. 63	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

St. Bride's Church and Steeple.—The following description of this elegant church, one of the master-pieces of Sir Christopher Wren, is extracted from 'Elmes's Biographical Memoirs' of that eminent architect:—'The parish church of St. Bridget, or St. Bride, on the south side of Fleet Street, was finished in the year 1679, and further embellished in 1699. This church is a fabric of great strength and beauty, and is one of the most striking features of the metropolis. Its interior is at once spacious, commodious, and elegant. It is 111 feet in length, 57 in breadth, and 41 in height—composed of a lofty nave, covered with an arched ceiling, and two aisles, separated below by solid pedestals, supporting coupled Doric columns, which support the arches of the nave and galleries. The altar is handsomely carved in oak, of the Corinthian order. The pulpit, reading-desk, and pewing of the church, are in a grand and handsome style. The peculiar ornament of this church is its beautiful tower and well-proportioned spire. It is only second to that of St. Mary-le-Bow in beauty, and is fully its equal in scientific construction. On a lofty tower, which forms a base higher than the neighbouring houses around, with a well-proportioned cornice, rises a stylobate, or continued plinth, which supports a cubical tower of the Corinthian order, covered with circular-headed pediments, and finished with a blocking course, a balustrade, and a well-proportioned vase on each angle. Between these commences the spire, which is octagonal, each face containing an aperture, covered with a semi-circular-headed arch. A series of these, setting off, in just proportion, reduces the upper one to a sufficient size to commence the lofty and well-proportioned spire, which is terminated by a golden ball and a weathercock. The entire height of this fine piece of architecture, before it was lowered by the late Sir William Staines, was 234 feet, which is 32 feet higher than the Doric column on Fish Street Hill.'

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9. Periodical Literature.—The Political Economy of the Quarterly Review. Articles on Classical Subjects in the same

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto, Minister of the General Police of France. With a Portrait. Translated from the French. 2 vols. London, 1825. Knight.

MEMOIRS, we believe, it is who says, 'a forbidden book is like a spark, which, trodden down, flies up into your face.' No remark can be more just, and many a work which would have slumbered in obscurity, has gained an extensive notoriety by a verdict against it. Whether this may be the case with Fouché's Memoirs we will not venture to assert; but certain it is, that his sons have succeeded in suppressing them in France, and have further excited some doubts as to their authenticity. Indeed, though professing to be autographical, yet it is said the work has been written by M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, from notes furnished by the late Duke of Otranto, whose style, it is said, he has been successful in imitating. We believe, however, that whether the Memoirs were really written by Fouché or not, they contain a great deal of secret history, which he alone could have supplied; and yet, after all, the work does not possess that deep interest which we should have expected the memoirs of a person in Fouché's situation would have done.

In a preface, attributed to Fouché, he states, that his object in writing his memoirs is to vindicate himself, and he only wishes to be read, when it will, he says, be seen if, in the councils of the republic of Napoleon, he has not been the constant opponent of the extravagant measures of the government. We will not say this was not the case, but we do suspect that a minister of the General Police of France will always have other things to purge his character of, besides that of abetting the extravagant measures of his government. That M. Fouché was a clever man there can be no doubt; that he was a contented and servile servant of Napoleon there is as little doubt; and that, when discarded, he assumed virtues and merits which he had never before had occasion to trouble, we think equally evident. His Memoirs are those of a disappointed man, suffering under real or imaginary injuries; and, whatever he may profess to be charity, and his being free from party spirit, hatred, or a desire of vengeance, yet we hesitate not to assert as our opinion, that, out of place, he saw, or pretended to see, faults or crimes in Napoleon, which, when in favour, he sided or winked at.

The Memoirs let us into the secret of the police of France: some of the details are, however, filthy; and, we doubt not, false, particularly those relating to Napoleon and his sister Pauline, and to another sister, the Princess of Pontecorvo. Menof Bonaparte's character are rarely debauchees; and there is nothing in his whole life to justify the suspicion that he could contemplate so horrible a crime as incest: indeed, the affection he invariably manifested for his family gives the lie to the imputation; but, were it even true, what has this to do with vindicating the character of M. Fouché? Indeed, we think the printing such disgusting details is presumptive evidence that the work is not as it came from M. Fouché.

The Memoirs commence in a style truly French, and very pompous: the whole honours and occupations of M. Fouché are recounted in the very first page, when he exclaims,—'This man, then, is myself.'

Fouché was the son of the owner of a privateer; he was brought up among the *Pères de l'Oratorie*, but never took orders, a charge from which he is particularly anxious to vindicate himself. His object was to study the law, but the revolution made him a politician, and he voted for the death of Louis XVI, a vote which he perhaps unnecessarily declares to be unjustifiable, and which gives him remorse: his reason for giving it is remarkable; it was because the National Convention 'could not inspire the representatives and the mass of the people with an energy sufficient to surmount the difficulties of the crisis, but by abandoning every thing like moderation, breaking through all restraint, and indulging in the extremity of revolutionary excess;' and yet the man who was a party to all this talks about honour and principle!

It has been said in a French paper, that the suppression of Fouché's Memoirs, on the application of his sons, may give them regret, as other memoirs will be more injurious to his memory. This we doubt, and really think Fouché cannot stand in a worse light than these Memoirs represent him, though pretending to be a vindication of his character. One thing Fouché certainly possessed—courage, and his opposition to Robespierre was a strong proof of it. Speaking of these times he says,—

'One man alone in the Convention appeared to enjoy an inexpugnable popularity: this was Robespierre, a man full of pride and cunning; an envious, malignant, and vindictive being, who was never satiated with the blood of his colleagues; and who, by his capacity, steadiness, the clearness of his head, and the obstinacy of his character, surmounted circumstances the most appalling. Availing himself of his preponderance in the Committee of Public Safety, he openly aspired, not only to the tyranny of the decemviri, but to the despotism of the dictatorship of Marius and Sylla. One step more would have given him the masterdom of the revolution, which it was his audacious ambition to govern at his will; but thirty victims more were to be sacrificed, and he had marked them in the Convention. He well knew that I understood him; and I, therefore, was honoured by being inscribed upon his tablets at the head of those doomed to destruction. I was still on a mission, when he accused me of oppressing the patriots and tampering with the aristocracy. Being recalled to Paris, I dared to call upon him from the tribune, to make good his accusation. He caused me to be expelled from the Jacobins, of whom he was the high-priest; this was for me equivalent to a decree of proscription. I did not trifle in contending for my head, nor in long and secret deliberations with such of my colleagues as were threatened with my own fate. I merely said to them, among others, to Legendre, Tallien, Dubois de Crancé, Daunou, and Chenier: "You are on the list, you are on the list as well as myself; I am certain of it!" Tallien, Barras, Bourdon de l'Oise, and Dubois de Crancé evinced some energy. Tallien contended for two lives, of which one was then dearer to him than his own; he therefore resolved upon assassinating the future dictator, even in the convention itself. But what a hazardous chance was this! Robespierre's popularity would have survived him, and we should have been immolated to his manes. I therefore dissuaded Tallien from an isolated enterprise, which would have destroyed the man, but preserved his system. Convinced that other means must be resorted to, I went straight to those who shared with Robespierre the government of terror, and whom I knew to be envious or fearful of his immense popularity. I revealed to Collot d'Herbois, to Carnot, to Bellaud de Varennes, the designs of the modern Appius; and I presented to each of them, separately, so lively and so true a picture of the danger of their situation,—I urged them with so much ability and success,—that I insinuated into their breasts more than mistrust,—the courage of henceforth opposing the tyrant in any further decimating of the Convention. "Count the votes," said I to them, "in your committee, and you will see that, when you are determined, he will be reduced to the powerless minority of a Couthon and a St. Just. Refuse him your votes, and reduce him to stand alone by your *inertie*."

To that cunning chief, Talleyrand, a man with as much head and as little heart as any human being, Fouché attributes much of Bonaparte's success. He describes, and we believe correctly, the progress of Napoleon, in which he had no inconsiderable share. The immediate preliminary proceedings to the election of the three consuls, are thus related:—

'Bonaparte on horseback, followed by a numerous staff, first took the road to the

Champs Elysées, where several corps were drawn up in order of battle. After being acknowledged by them as their general, he proceeded to the Tuileries. The weather was extremely fine, and favoured the utmost display of military pomp in the Champs Elysées, on the quays, and in the national garden, which was in a moment transformed into a park of artillery, and where the crowd became excessive. Bonaparte was greeted at the Tuileries by the shouts of the citizens and the soldiery. Having presented himself with a military suite at the bar of the Council of Ancients, he eluded taking the constitutional oath; then descending from the château, he came to harangue the troops already disposed to obey him. There he learnt that the Directory was disorganized; that Sieyes and Roger Ducos had sent in their resignation to the commission of the Inspectors of the Ancients; and that Barras was on the point of subscribing to the conditions offered him. Passing on to the commissions of the assembled inspectors, the general there found Sieyes, Roger Ducos, and several deputies of their party. Gohier, president of the Directory, together with his colleague, Moulins, now arrived; both of whom refused their adhesion to what had taken place. An explanation took place between Gohier and Bonaparte. "My plans," said the latter, "are not hostile; the republic is in danger—it must be saved——*I will it!*" At this very moment, intelligence arrived that the faubourg Saint Antoine was rising, at the instigation of Santerre, who was a relation of Moulins; Bonaparte, turning to him, and questioning him upon the subject, told him, "that he would send a detachment of cavalry to shoot Santerre, if he dared to make the least stir." Moulins removed Bonaparte's apprehensions, and declared that Santerre could not assemble four men round him. He was, in fact, no longer the instigator of the insurrection of 1792. I myself repeated the assurance that there would not be the least shadow of popular tumult; and said that I would answer for the tranquillity of Paris. Gohier and Moulins, finding that the impulse was given, that the movement was irresistible, re-entered the Luxembourg to witness the defection of their guards. Both were there soon besieged by Moreau; for Bonaparte had already made certain military arrangements which placed in his power all the public authorities and establishments. Moreau was sent with a detachment to invest the Luxembourg; General Lannes was intrusted with a corps to guard the legislative body; Murat was despatched in all haste to occupy St. Cloud; while Serrurier was in reserve at the Point-du-Jour. All proceeded without any obstacle, or, at least, no opposition presented itself in the capital; where, on the contrary, the revolution appeared to meet with general approbation.

'In the evening, a council was held at the Commission of the Inspectors, either for the purpose of preparing the public mind for the events which the next day was to produce, or to determine upon what was to be done at St. Cloud. I was present; and saw there, for the first time, undisguised, and in presence of each other, the two parties now united for the same object; but of which the one appeared already to be alarmed at the ascendency of the military faction. At first, much discussion took place without any thing being well understood, and without coming to any determination. All that Bonaparte himself proposed, or that his brothers proposed for him, smacked of the dictatorship of the sabre. The legislative party who had embraced his cause, took me aside, and made me the remark. "But," said I to them, "it is done; the military power is in the hands of General Bonaparte; you yourselves invested him with it, and you cannot proceed a step without his sanction." I soon perceived that the majority would willingly have receded, but they had no longer the power of so doing. The most timorous separated themselves; and when we had got rid of the fearful, and those we could not depend upon, the establishment of three provisionary consuls was agreed upon, namely: Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos.'

In the Council of Five Hundred, over which his brother Lucien presided, Napoleon had still more to encounter; he entered, followed by a platoon of grenadiers:—

'All the members standing up, expressed, in loud cries, the effect produced upon them by the appearance of the bayonets and of the general who thus advanced, armed, into the temple of the legislature. "You are violating the sanctuary of the laws, withdraw instantly!" exclaimed several deputies.—"What are you doing, rash man?" cried Bigonnet to him. "Is it then for this you have been a conqueror?" said Destrem. In vain Bonaparte, who had ascended the tribune, endeavoured to stammer out a few sentences. On all sides he heard the cries repeated of *Long live the Constitution! Long live the Republic!* On all sides he was saluted by cries of *Down with the Cromwell! Down with the Dictator! Down with the Tyrant! Away with the Dictator!* Some of the more furious deputies rushed upon him, and pushed him back. "You will make war, then, upon your country!" cried Arena to him, showing him the point of his stiletto. The grenadiers, seeing their general grow pale and tremble, crossed the room, to form a rampart around him. Bonaparte himself, leaning amongst them, and they escorted him away. Thus rescued, and almost frantic, he remounted his horse, set off at a gallop, and, riding towards the bridge of St. Cloud, cried aloud to his soldiers, "They have attempted my life! they have wished to put me out of the protection of the laws! they do not know, then, that I am invulnerable, for I am the god of thunder."

'Murat having joined him on the bridge, "It is not fitting," said he to him, "that he who has triumphed over such powerful enemies should fear drivellers. . . . . Come, general, courage, and the victory is our own!" Bonaparte then turned his horse's head, and again presented himself before the soldiers, endeavouring to excite the generals to bring matters to a conclusion by a coup de main. But Lannes, Serrurier, and Murat himself, seemed but little disposed to direct the bayonets against the legislature.

'In the mean time the most horrible tumult reigned in the hall. Firm in the president's chair, Lucien made vain efforts to re-establish tranquillity, earnestly entreating his colleague to allow his brother to be recalled and heard, and obtaining no other answer than, *Outlawry! Let the outlawry of General Bonaparte be put to the vote!* They even went so far as to call upon him to put to the vote the motion of outlawry against his brother. Lucien, indignant, quitted the chair, abdicated the presidency, and laid aside his ensigns. He had scarcely descended from the tribune, when some grenadiers arrived, and carried him out with them. Lucien, astonished, learnt that it was by order of his brother, who was anxious for his advice, being determined upon employing force to dissolve the legislature. Such was the advice of Sieyes; seated in a chaise drawn by six post horses, he awaited the issue of the event at the gates of St. Cloud. There was no longer time for hesitation: pale and trembling, the most zealous partisans of Bonaparte were petrified, whilst the most timid among them already declared against his enterprise. Jourdan and Augereau were observed standing aloof, watching the favourable moment for drawing the grenadiers into the popular party. But Sieyes, Bonaparte, and Talleyrand, who had come to St. Cloud with Roederer, were of opinion, as well as myself, that the party would want both an *arm and a head*. Lucien, inspiring Bonaparte with all his energy, mounted a horse, and, in his quality of president, required the assistance of force to dissolve the assembly. The grenadiers, in close columns, with Murat at their head, followed him into the hall of the Five Hundred, whilst Colonel Moulins caused the charge to be beaten. The hall is invaded amidst the noise of drums and the shouts of the soldiers; the deputies escape out of the windows, throw away their togas, and disperse themselves. Such was the result of the day of St. Cloud (19th Brumaire, 10th November). Bonaparte was particularly indebted for it to the energy of his brother Lucien, to the decision of Murat, and perhaps to the weakness of the generals, who, being opposed to him, dared not openly show their hostility.'

Every person at all attentive to politics recollects the famous Berlin and Milan decrees, in 1810, ordering all English merchandize found in France, or places subject to her, to be destroyed; and our females read with horror of the destruction of dresses which would have filled a thousand wardrobes. It was at length found that this system neither ruined England nor enriched France:—

'Bonaparte was, therefore, himself observed, from the end of 1810, to impart a latitude to this system by granting permission, for a given sum, to introduce into France a certain quantity of colonial produce; but, on condition of exchanging it for goods of French manufacture, which were most frequently thrown into the sea on account of the difficulties raised by the English Custom-House officers.

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'And who obtained the greatest profit by this unprecedented monopoly? Undoubtedly not the subaltern speculators, nor the commissioners *tarifés* by the great speculator in chief, who were reduced to little more than a trivial profit of commission. But the emperor's profit was clear and nett. Every day he observed, with an access of joy, which he did not disguise, the accumulation of treasure stored in the cellars of the Pavillon Marsan; they were completely encumbered with them. These treasures already amounted to near five hundred millions in specie; it was a result of the two milliards of circulating medium introduced into France by the effect of conquest. The desire of gold might thus have superseded eventually the desire of conquest in the mind of Napoleon, if the inexorable Nemesis had suffered him to grow old.

'To form an idea of the accumulation of wealth identified with the development of this individual's power, forty millions of moveables and four or five millions of plate, preserved in the imperial mansions, must be added to the treasures concealed in the cellars of the Tuileries; five hundred millions distributed under the name of *donations* to the army; and, finally, the *domaine extraordinaire*, amounting to more than seven hundred millions, and which was unlimited, since it was composed of property "which the emperor, exercising the right of peace and war, acquired by conquests and treaties." With such an indefinite text as the above, it was impossible for any thing to escape him. Already the funds of this *domaine extraordinaire* were composed of whole provinces, of states whose fate had not been decided, and of the produce of confiscations throughout the empire. It would have, doubtless, concluded by absolving all the public revenues and property which might chance to escape from the two other institutions of *imperial domains* and *private domain*. To subject the whole of France to a new form of vassalage, and attach it to his domain, by annual fiefs, was also one of the favourite ideas of Napoleon.

'What a magnificent *regime* of military spoliation on the one hand, and of gifts and prodigality on the other. Whither was it likely to conduct us? To shed our blood in order to subject the whole world to a state of vassalage. And, besides, there was but little hope of satiating the voracity of the favourites and votaries of an insatiable conqueror.'

Fouché contradicts the rumours which once prevailed as to the illegitimacy of young Napoleon. He says,—

'The calumnies of the malignant were inexhaustible. It is, however, true, that the labour of Maria Louisa was horribly protracted; that the *accoucheur* got bewildered; that the child was concluded to be dead; and that he was only recovered from his lethargy by the effect of the repeated report of a hundred pieces of artillery. As to the emperor's transport, it was very natural. Some flatterers inferred from it, in the first instance, that Napoleon, more fortunate than Cæsar, would have nothing further to dread from the ides of March, since the 20th of March was distinguished as a day of good fortune both for himself and the empire. Napoleon believed in horoscopes and predictions.'

Bonaparte appears to have been more afraid of our institutions than of our fleets or armies, and he was anxious to revolutionize England. The tumults of the Luddites gave him hope, and—

'It was affirmed in the cabinet of Napoleon, that persons of note were not strangers to the commotion, and were even its instigators.

'In case of serious insurrection, supported by correspondent movements matured in London, the co-operation, more or less efficacious, of our prisoners, who amounted to fifty thousand, was calculated upon. Such was one of the motives which influenced Napoleon in not consenting to their proposed exchange. As we had no more than ten thousand English prisoners in France, but near fifty-three thousand Spanish and Portuguese, the emperor feigned to consent to a *cartel*, but only in the proportion of one Englishman and four Spaniards or Portuguese, against five Frenchmen or Italians. He was sure, beforehand, that England would reject an exchange founded upon this principle. In fact, the mere proposal was scouted by the English ministry.'

Fouché states that he was decidedly opposed to the Russian war, and, previous to its commencement, gave in a memorial to Napoleon against it. In this memoir, which he presented in person to Napoleon, he says,—

'"And what empire is it which you seek to subject? The Russian empire, which is enthroned upon the pole, and supported by eternal snows; which is only assailable during one quarter of the year; which offers to its assailants nothing but hardships, sufferings, and the privations of a barren soil, and of a region universally benumbed and dead? It constitutes the true Antæus of fable, over whom it was impossible to triumph, except by strangling him in the uplifted arms. What! sire, is it your intention to plunge into the depths of the modern Scythia, without heeding either the rigour and inclemency of the climate, or the impoverishment of the country which it will be necessary to pass, nor the roads, lakes, and forests, which are sufficient to arrest your march? nor the enormous fatigue, and unmeasured dangers, which will exhaust your army, let it be as formidable as it will? True; no force in the world, beyond a doubt, can prevent you passing the Niemen, and plunging into the deserts and forests of Lithuania; but you will find the Dwina a much more difficult obstacle to surmount than the Niemen, and you will still be a hundred leagues distant from St. Petersburgh. There it will be requisite for you to choose between St. Petersburgh and Moscow What a balance of chances, just Heaven! will that be, which will decide the fate of your march to one or the other of those two capitals! In one or the other will be found the destiny of the universe.

'"Whatever may be your success, the Russians will dispute with you, inch by inch, these desert countries, in which you will find none of the necessaries of war. You must draw every thing from a distance of two hundred leagues. Whilst you will have to fight, perhaps, thirty battles, the half of your army will be employed in defending your lines of communication, weakened by extension, and menaced and broken by clouds of Cossacks. Take care, lest all your genius be unable to save your army, a prey to fatigue, hunger, want of clothing, and the severity of the climate; take care, lest you be afterwards compelled to fight between the Elbe and the Rhine. Sire, I conjure you, in the name of France, for the sake of your own glory, and of our's, replace your sword in its scabbard—think of Charles XII. It is true, that prince could not, like you, command two-thirds of continental Europe, together with an army of six hundred thousand men; but, on the other hand, the czar had not four hundred thousand men, and fifty thousand Cossacks."'

While Bonaparte was planning this campaign, Russia had an able diplomatist in Paris, Count Czernitscheff, who, by his skilful intrigues, frustrated the policy of Napoleon:—

'He was particularly anxious to procure the lists of the intended movements of the French army; these he obtained through the medium of a clerk belonging to the *Bureau des Mouvements*, named Michel. An oversight of this person, who thus betrayed the secret of the emperor's operations, having awakened some suspicions, he was arrested. Czernitscheff was immediately informed of it, and left Paris with the greatest precipitation, carrying off with him some most important documents. In vain was a telegraph order given to seize his person; he had got the start by five or six hours, and this advantage was sufficient to enable him to cross the Rhine. He had just passed the bridge of Kehl, when the telegraphic order for his arrest reached Strasburgh.

'His precipitate flight from Paris prevented him from burning his secret correspondence, which it was his custom to conceal under the carpet of his room; and, as the latter was necessarily the object of minute search, the police agents discovered the papers of Czernitscheff. The first thing found in them was the proof that a great intimacy had been kept up between this Russian nobleman and several ladies of Napoleon's court; amongst others, the Duchess of R——. She, however, it is said, exculpated herself by alleging that she had acted in concert with her husband, to endeavour to ascertain the secret object of Czernitscheff's mission.—Among the papers discovered, was also a letter in Michel's handwriting; so convincing a proof of his guilt sealed his fate,—he expiated his treason with his life. This affair brought to light a very singular fact; viz. that the Russian cabinet had foreseen, even from the epoch of the interview at Erfurt, the possibility of a rupture with France. It was then that Romanzoff said, in order to justify his complaisant policy, and with reference to Napoleon: *We must wear him out. (Il faut l'user.)*'

Romanzoff was right, and Bonaparte was worn out.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Lasting Impressions; a novel, in three volumes. By Mrs. Joanna Carey. pp. 1119. London, 1824. Longman and Co.

The *Der Fyeischutz* class of novel-readers is not the one most likely to feel gratified by the work of Mrs. Carey, who must look to a more rational portion of the public for approbation. It is somewhat remarkable that, when the Monk Lewis and Radcliffe style of romance has given way to a purer taste, the love of the horrible has been transferred from the closet to the stage, whence poor unsophisticated Nature has been thrust out headlong. 'Lasting Impressions' is a novel in which the author portrays real characters, actions, and events; and there is nothing either marvellous, incredible, or supernatural, to be found in the 1119 pages of which it consists.

It may appear hard, when an author has been at the pains to form a story, that the reviewer should not take the trouble to analyze it; but this, in some cases, is no easy task, and is often a cruel anticipation to the reader, who does not wish to be deprived of the hopes and fears with which he is agitated in the perusal, or the delight with which he sees the tale unfold itself gradually to the conclusion: we shall, therefore, only say, that the story of 'Lasting Impressions' is interesting, that many of the characters are well drawn, and that the style is easy, familiar, and colloquial; the scenes, several of which possess a good deal of humour, are very natural; and the novel is, on the whole, a sprightly production. We shall quote the principal part of one of the chapters, in which a country masquerade is well described, though perhaps somewhat approaching to caricature. After noticing the preparations, we are thus introduced to the mansion of Sir William Conway, where the country masquerade takes place:—

'A farmer's wife, whose figure was remarkable for nothing but *embonpoint*, chose to represent the Goddess of Beauty, and stalked from room to room, with the gait of a milkwoman; while her three clumsy daughters followed her wherever she went. The company, however, might never have suspected what they intended to represent, if a wag, on their first entrance, had not (in imitation of the sign-post dauber) contrived to affix to the back of one of them a label, on which was written, in large characters, "These are the Graces."

'"These are the Graces," was, of course, repeated by every body who passed them; and, although the label was soon taken off, the appellation was not forgotten.

'"Make way! make way!" cried a mask. "Here comes a madman."

'"Poor Tom's a-cold," exclaimed a figure that represented Edgar.—"Poor Tom's a-cold."

'"Cold!" repeated a devil—"Then come with me—I've a rare fire below."

'"If your place is hotter than this, old one," said a domino (lifting up his mask, and applying his handkerchief to his face as he spoke), "I should not like to visit you in the dog-days."

'At this moment, a loud laugh from the spectators caused Emma to turn her eyes to the door; and she could not forbear joining in the general expression of mirth, as she beheld a tall Patagonian figure, habited as Sterne's Maria, march into the room with the step and air of a grenadier, leading, by a blue ribband, a tame kid, and attended by a mask bearing an enormous green cushion.

'She made her way, with some difficulty, to a corner of the room, where, when her attendant had placed the cushion on the floor, she reclined on it, in imitation of Maria sitting on the bank—to the infinite diversion of the spectators, who laughed immoderately.

"Pillicock!" shouted Edgar, going up to her, "Pillicock sat on Pillicock's hill—Hallo! hallo! hallo! hoo! hoo!"

'"Ha! ha! ha! D'ye take that for a hill?" said a mask. "You are a Cockney, I suppose; why, 'tis nothing but a cushion, and as soft as your head."

'The lady turned toward Edgar, and then patted her kid.—"Don't be frightened, poor fellow!" said she.

'"Look, where he stands and stares!" exclaimed Edgar, pointing to the kid.

'"He's staring at you," said the would-be Maria. "He never saw any thing so frightful before." And she again looked alternately at Edgar and the kid.

'"Do you perceive any resemblance, my dear?" said a Welsh bard.

'"Take off your mask," cried a voice: "and then we shall see. You are both Welsh; and perhaps there may be a family likeness."

'"Adieu, Maria!" said a domino. "Adieu, poor hapless maiden! Imbibe the oil and wine, which the compassion of"——

'"Give her the wine alone," interrupted a farmer; "the oil might chance to make her sick."

'"Turn thine een yonder, my bonnie nun," said a gentleman in the dress of a Highlander, who had followed Emma from her first entrance; "Dinna ye ken?"

'Emma looked, and perceived a short squat figure leaning over something that resembled a tomb. She held a handkerchief to her face; and, on drawing near, Emma and her party read the following inscription:

"Here Werter lies,
No more to rise,
Till the last trump shall rend the skies."

'Just then a party of gipsies advanced toward the place where the pensive Charlotte stood; and—

"Here's Charlotte at the tomb of Werter:
Tak heed, gude people: dinna hurt her,"

exclaimed the Highlander.

'"Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?" said Miss Conway, advancing toward them at this moment, with a basket of flowers on her arm.

'The Highlander started, and appeared extremely impatient, while the representative of the fair Ophelia sang, or rather screamed—

'How should I your true love know
From another, &c.

'"The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale," exclaimed Edgar, who approached just as Miss Conway ceased singing.

'"A nightingale!" repeated a mask (in the dress of a Spanish grandee—when at home, a muffin-baker in the city of Exeter), "a nightingale! A screech-owl, you mean."

'"God ield you," continued Miss Conway (who had not heard this remark). "They say the owl was a baker's daughter."

'"A baker's daughter!" repeated the same mask.—"What the devil does she mean by that?"

'"Nothing to you," replied another—"she only speaks in character."

'"Lord!" said Miss Conway, "we know what we are, but don't know what we may be."

'"Well!" cried the would-be Don [entirely forgetting his dignity], "I know I'm a baker. But what of that? May be, I'm as good as another."

'The spectators laughed, and Miss Conway passed on.

'A Falstaff now waddled into the room, bawling loudly for *sack*.

'"You have *sacks* enough at home," said a mask (who knew him to be a miller)—"and well stuffed too, like yourself.—And some of your poor neighbours would be willing enough to put you into one of them, with a stone round your neck."

'"Would they, indeed?" replied Falstaff, laughing loudly—"Oh, the poor rogues! But I wo'n't march through Coventry with them: that's flat."

'"Who talks of Coventry?" said a recruiting officer—"I'm going thither to-morrow, to beat up for recruits."

'"You are a man of war," observed a sailor—"and well rigged too. But, in these peaceable times, you ought to be out of commission."

'"He's in the commission of the peace," said another.—"When at home, he's a magistrate."

'"But not a justice, perhaps," remarked a domino.

'"You are a rogue in buckram," said Falstaff to the last speaker, whom he knew to be a tailor—"Don't you remember when you were carried before a magistrate, for taking too much cabbage?"

'"Oh! upright judge!" cried a Shylock, coming toward them, with a pair of scales and a knife.

'"Sheer off, Jack!" exclaimed the sailor to Falstaff—"sheer off, as fast as you can. This fellow wants flesh: and he'll see that thou hast plenty to spare."

'"Who talks of the flesh?" said a Quaker—"Knowest thou not that all flesh is grass?"

'"I know it," cried a figure of Time—"Behold my scythe—I mow the grass."

'"Jog on, old boy!" exclaimed the sailor—"And don't mow us down in the midst of our sport."

'"Thy hour is not yet arrived," replied Time, moving on, and flourishing his scythe—"But I shall bring it ere thou be aware."

'"The foul fiend follows me," cried Edgar, as he advanced, pursued by a devil.

'"Avaunt, Satan!" said the Quaker—"I defy thee and all thy works—Thou hast no power over the righteous."

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"'The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," exclaimed Edgar—"Modu he's called, and Mahu."

"'Never mind what he's call'd," said the sailor—"We don't want an introduction to him.—Besides, we sailors never think of the devil, but when we are alongside of the chaplain."

'Miss Conway had a bad memory: and, though she had taken such pains to study her character, she could only recollect a sentence here and there—And, as she had no words of her own—or at least none which could possibly have been mistaken for wit—she was reduced to the necessity of repeating the same things so often, that one mask (who addressed her frequently in the course of the evening) advised her, when she again attempted a character, to bring a prompter with her.

"'A prompter!" she repeated—"for what?"

"'To prompt your replies—to supply you with words."

"'I don't want words, I assure you," she replied, as she turned to another, and said, "Here's pansies—that's for thoughts."

"'Then keep them, my dear," said he who had first spoken—"Nobody wants thoughts more than yourself."

"'When you come to a masquerade again, my dear," said another, "I advise you to represent an echo."

"'An echo! why?"

"'Because, then you may with propriety repeat what you do not understand."

"'You are very rude," she retorted—"and I think you should have come as a bear.—You are just like one." Then, passing on, she continued, "My brother shall know of it—And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come! my coach!"

"'Who calls coach?" inquired a coachman—"mine's ready—I *wants* a fare."

"'Then *fare ye well*," exclaimed a sailor. "For, if you mean to take that young woman in tow, I should not like to steer toward the same port with you: for, to my thinking, she's bound for Bedlam."

"'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" squeaked out a little insignificant figure, who pretended to represent Richard the Third.

"'I'll sell you a horse much cheaper," said a jockey.

"'He! he! he! that's funny enough," said the monarch.

"'You an't, Kem enough for that character," remarked a domino.—"You would make a better Jerry Sneak."

"'Aye, *sneak* off!" said another.

'At that moment a huntsman sounded his horn.

"'Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms!" said Richard.

"'A trumpet! There's a soldier doesn't know a trumpet from a horn!"

"'I an't a soldier," he replied—"I'm only a king.—Don't you know I'm Richard the Third?"

"'*Third* and *last*, I hope, if they all resembled you."

"'I don't mind what you say," replied the would-be monarch, as he walked off, repeating—

"'Give me a horse—Bind up my wounds."

'But enough—perchance the reader will say, more than enough—of these stale characters and dull attempts at wit.—To convey an adequate idea of the strange assemblage would be impossible.—Every thing that can be conceived, of absurd and preposterous, was there—Harlequins, without agility, made love in dumb show to columbines who were destitute of grace.—Ballad-singers, without voice, were attended by musicians whose ears were not attuned to the "concord of sweet sounds"—Effeminate Cossacks waltzed with Patagonian flower-girls.—A sprightly girl of sixteen appeared as Melpomene, with a bowl and dagger—and skipped from room to room, as if she had been playing at hide and seek—while the mirth-inspiring Thalia was represented by a lady of staid and matron-like appearance, who paced the apartments with a slow and sober step, which would have been better adapted to a mourner at a funeral. And, while a schoolmaster, who could not speak correct English, essayed to utter Greek and Latin aphorisms to the infinite diversion of his few erudite hearers—a would-be gownsman from the university protested that learning was a *bore*—and said he wished the *dead* languages were all *buried*.'

An Appeal to the Public and to the Legislature, on the Necessity of Affording Dead Bodies to the Schools of Anatomy, by Legislative Enactment. By William Mackenzie. 8vo. pp. 36. Glasgow, 1828.

The vigilance of the police appears, for some time past, to have kept our church-yards tolerably sacred, and, consequently, few medical students have been horrified with the task of learning anatomy by the dissecting of a friend or relation; hence a scarcity of subjects (as they are called) has arisen, and we have a hundred arguments to prove that, from whatever source these subjects are derived, it is essential they should be supplied.

The importance of anatomical knowledge to a surgeon cannot be denied; the only question is, can no mode be suggested by which it can be obtained, save that of violating the sanctuary of the dead, and outraging the feelings of the living? We do not think that every clumsy blockhead, whose father may have fixed his profession to be that of a surgeon, should have the privilege of hacking in pieces human bodies, until his dull brain may be supposed to comprehend the principles and practice of the science.

Let us not, however, be mistaken: we have not that 'idolatry for the dead,' which Mr. Mackenzie speaks of as opposed to anatomy; nor do we think that the best-formed substitutes in the way of models can adequately supply the place; and yet they may go so far towards it as to render the necessary demand for real bodies much limited.

Mr. Mackenzie, who, although arguing with all the zeal of his profession, is at once candid and temperate, calculates that two thousand dead bodies would be required annually, to supply the several schools of anatomy in the three kingdoms: this is a frightful number to be gained by despoiling the graves, and, though crime flourishes, and our penal statutes are abundant, yet the number of criminals sent to the dissecting-room is small.

Mr. Mackenzie fairly states the bad consequences of exhumation, which he acknowledges to be such as 'could find their palliation only in an overwhelming counterweight of advantages, attainable only by that laborious investigation which is termed dissection.' He then states, by appropriating two thousand dead bodies annually to the purposes of anatomy, the health and happiness of twenty-one millions of men may be very materially improved. Next comes Mr. Mackenzie's plan for supplying the two thousand bodies, and 'promoting the practical study of anatomy.' It is as follows:—

'1. That the clause of our criminal code, by which the examination [dissection] of the dead body is made part of the punishment for murder, be repealed.

'2. That the exhumation of dead bodies be punishable as felony.

'3. That no diploma in medicine or surgery be granted by any faculty, college, or university, except to those persons who shall produce undoubted evidence of their having carefully dissected, at least five human bodies.

'4. That in each of the hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, poor-houses, foundling-houses, houses of correction, and prisons of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, and, if need be, of all other towns in Great Britain and Ireland, an apartment be appointed for the reception of the bodies of all persons dying in the said hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, poor-houses, foundling-houses, houses of correction, and prisons, unclaimable by immediate relatives, or whose relatives decline to defray the expenses of interment, which expenses shall be estimated at the rate of twenty shillings.

'5. That the bodies of all persons dying in the said towns, and, if need be, in all other towns, and also in country parishes, unclaimable by immediate relatives, or whose relatives decline to defray the expenses of interment, shall be conveyed to a mort-house appointed in the said towns for their reception.

'6. That no dead body shall be delivered from any hospital, infirmary, workhouse, poor-house, foundling-house, house of correction, prison, or mort-house, for anatomical purposes, except upon the requisition of a member of the Royal College of Physicians, or of Surgeons, of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or of the faculty of physicians and surgeons of Glasgow, and upon the payment of twenty shillings into the hands of the treasurer of the hospital, infirmary, workhouse, poor-house, house of correction, or prison, or other officer appointed to receive the same.

'7. That no dead body shall be conveyed from an hospital, infirmary, workhouse, poor-house, foundling-house, house of correction, prison, or mort-house, to a school of anatomy, except in a covered bier, and between the hours of four and six, a.m.

'8. That, after the expiration of twenty-

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eight days, an officer appointed for this purpose, in each of the four towns above-mentioned, shall cause the remains of the dead to be placed in a coffin, removed from the school of anatomy, where the dead body has been examined, to the mort-house of the town, and decently interred.

'9. That the expenses attending the execution of these regulations be defrayed out of the fees paid by teachers and students of anatomy, on receiving dead bodies from the hospitals, infirmaries, workhouses, poor-houses, foundling-houses, houses of correction, prisons, and mort-houses, which fees, according to the calculation already given, will amount to 2000l. annually.'

To some parts of this plan we have no objections; but we certainly would not wish to see the inmates of our workhouses, hospitals, infirmaries, and foundling hospitals, furnishing subjects for anatomy; for this is visiting misfortune with a penalty after death, which, while living, would be contemplated with horror. Were this plan adopted, there are thousands who would perish in their garrets and cellars, rather than go to an infirmary or a workhouse, when they know that, in case of their death (which the very idea would go far to occasion), they were to be hacked to pieces by the surgeon; and are the young minds of the foundlings, who have such strong claims on humanity, to be horrified with a dread of 'that something after death' in this world so revolting to human nature? There is another objection we have to this: the public generally does not give workhouse-keepers credit for too much humanity, and, if once the idea occurred, that sufficient care was not taken of the sick poor, such a commotion would be excited, as it would be extremely difficult to allay. With regard to persons who die in penitentiaries, and persons after conviction, we see no objection to their making some compensation to society; besides, the very dread of dissection might have more terrors than imprisonment, hard labour, or the hulks.

Something certainly must be done, and that soon, or we shall be in danger of sinking behind our neighbours in surgical skill; and, therefore, although we differ from Mr. Mackenzie on many points, we recommend his well-written and sensible pamphlet as worthy of attention.

Songs of the Greeks. 4to. pp. 36. London, 1825. Allmans.

The freedom of Greece is, indeed, an inspiring subject, that might call forth talents more humble than those of the author of the work before us. That a tyranny of several centuries is destroyed, and that Greece, the nursery of arts and arms, has broken the chain by which the spirit of her sons had been so long subdued, and her fair soil become a land of tyrants and slaves, must be gratifying to every one who has the least soul. Thank Heaven, the sceptre has at length departed from the Moslem, and the Ottoman power crumbles beneath a gigantic arm it so long crushed or despised. Fleet after fleet, sent to exterminate the Greeks, has been dispersed or annihilated; while on shore the victories, though less prominent, have been important. Europe has witnessed the struggle without interference, but not without anxiety: indeed, interference is not only a point of delicacy, but of difficulty; and it cannot be expected that a people so long accustomed only to obey the savage mandate of an ignorant and brutal master, can all at once know how to rule or subside into a regular government. There are also serious dissensions among the Greek chiefs; and Colocotroni—a brave leader, but one of the ugliest of God's creatures, if the portrait published of him is correct—has more than once turned his arms against the existing authorities of Greece.—But we find our pen is running away with us, and that we are meddling with politics instead of poetry: return we then to the Songs of the Greeks, which are really very pretty. The author is both a poet and a patriot; and his songs, which are set to various English and Italian airs, are very descriptive of the feeling and character of the Greeks. Two of these we select;—the first is:

'MIAULIS TO HIS CREW.

'AIR—*Pra tanti agnoscie.*

'No! first yon crescent moon,
Fall'n, shall adore ye,—
Pale sink the sun as soon
As we before ye.
Friends, is your oath forgot—
"Death before slavery?"
Is there a heart would blot
Past deeds of bravery?
No—Truth doth brightly stream
From each eye a steadfast beam;
Light there
Doth shame the glare
Of this our death-torch beam.

'Now those of Marathon
Are floating o'er us,
Bright angel-heralds run
To hear'n before us.
Pater yon Moslem sign
Shall grow in the lightning,
Bursting from ocean's brine,
Round heroes bright'ning.
Yes, in that moment's gleam,
From Freedom's altar,
Shall rise for Moslem's dream
Omens of slaughter;—
One sigh to Greece and love,
One pray'r to waft above—
Now command,
With waving hand,
Your chieftain's faith to prove.—
Hark! 'twas a Grecian shout,
Cease, torch, thy gleaming;
Now lightning blades are out,
Freedom is beaming.'

The next is—

'THE WAR-SONG.

'AIR—*O Nume benefico.*

'Spirits of the past around,
Circle each his gleamy blade!
Lyre of olden story sound,
As when your Homer bade.
Foe, for ruin'd fanes and altars,
Strew'd by Greece on eastern plain,
Strike! revenge! your war-pride falters,
Thy sires—they rise and call in vain.

'Greece! thine ancient daring prove,
Now assume thy Gorgon brow;
Thy looks again shall melt to love,
War, 'tis war must fix them now.
Eastern pride 'neath yon wave slumbers,
Cursing Greece, they sank there low.
Osmanlee! why arm thy numbers?
Vengeance still delays the blow.

'Plains for Venus' smiles prefer'd,
Flow'rs that feel day's sweetest kiss,
By rougher steps thy sod is stirr'd,—
Yet beauty smiles on strife like this.
Moslems! why with us, beguiling
Hours your native sun-fields claim;
Haste, the Houris round ye smiling,
Strike for them, for death and fame.'

In addition to the Songs of the Greeks, there is an appendix, containing three poems on other subjects, two lithographic engravings, and the 'Opinions on the Work, from the Periodical Press,' which is but an indifferent imitation of a similar thing prefixed to Dibdin's Metrical History of England.

A Picturesque Tour through the principal Parts of Yorkshire and Derbyshire. By the late Mr. Edward Dayes: *with Illustrative Notes*, by Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.S.A. Royal 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1825. Nichols and Son.

Although we will not say that the English artist, in search of subjects for his pencil, will find—

'His first best country ever is at home;'

yet we have no hesitation in asserting that England is rich in natural scenery and in works of art, and that there is in every county much that has not been adequately described by the pen or illustrated by the pencil.

The volume now before us, the first edition of which was published twenty years ago, along with other works, contains fourteen plates, all, we believe, except two, relating to Yorkshire; into which Mr. Dayes made an excursion in 1803, for the purpose of making drawings of the principal features in the sublime and picturesque scenery which the North and West Ridings of this extensive county present: his drawings were accompanied by observations, critical, historical, and biographical; and it is painful to contemplate, that a man of such talents should not have met with due encouragement, and, still more, that this neglect should have so preyed on his high spirit, as to make him terminate his life by suicide in a moment of feverish irritability and mental aberration.

To serve the widow of Mr. Dayes, whose distress became augmented, Mr. Brayley arranged a complete edition of his works, including Essays on Painting, Instructions for Landscape Painting, &c. which was published in 1805; it has, however, been frequently wished that the Picturesque Tour should be published separately, as a guide or companion to those persons who might be inclined to visit those beautiful portions of Yorkshire and Derbyshire which Mr. Dayes describes in so animated and artist-like a manner. That wish is now gratified—a carefully-revised edition has been prepared, some necessary corrections made, and a few additional notes and plates have been given. The work now contains fourteen excellent engravings, including a portrait of Mr. Dayes, and views of Roche Abbey; Kirkstall Abbey; Middleham Castle (celebrated by

Shakspeare); Huchfull (one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in England); Rippon Minster; Fountain's Abbey (a splendid ruin); York Minster, &c. &c. The pen is an admirable auxiliary to the pencil, but a very feeble and inefficient substitute for it, we cannot, therefore, give our readers an adequate description of the beautiful scenes which are so well and correctly portrayed by Mr. Dayes: some of them we have seen in all the luxuriance of nature, and others in their venerable but ruinous grandeur; and we can, therefore, vouch for the fidelity with which these have been transferred to the canvas, and from the canvas to the copper; the others are executed with so much spirit, that we feel no doubt of their correctness.

To the interesting descriptions given by Mr. Dayes, Mr. Brayley has added notes, which render the work still more valuable. Mr. Dayes has accompanied a very beautiful view of Roche Abbey by the following remarks:—

'All that a traveller can wish, to render a place delightful, will be found concentrated in this most enchanting spot: majestic woods, expansive water, romantic rocks, an agreeable ruin, and most commodious walks, for the convenience of viewing its various beauties. The ruins of this abbey are not extensive; but that is amply compensated by the superior quality of the surrounding scenery.

'The day being particularly fine, every thing appeared to be alive around this venerable remain: parties of pleasure were taking their repast upon the grass; others were wandering leisurely in the shade, to avoid the extreme heat; and occasionally flitted past, a female figure or two, whose white and expanded drapery, flowing after them in easy undulating folds, made them appear to skim along like sylphs. They must be cold-hearted mortals who could think much of any trouble that would enable them to enjoy such an assemblage of rich and fascinating views as this place abounds with. Advancing up one of the walks, my eye was caught by a most beautiful effect of light and shade; indeed, the great interest of the view arose out of it entirely. It was one of those fortunate incidental combinations that the artist is so anxious to preserve. The walk in which I stood was dark; its trees formed the foreground, and hung pendulous over the scene, just clearing the objects, in part, from the sky. Beyond appeared a Gothic gate, highly illuminated by the setting sun, the recess of the gate being quite dark; a cart, and two or three figures, were seen just touched by the evening ray, sparkling against it in the most lively and magical manner.'

In the account of Wakefield, Mr. Dayes has given some interesting anecdotes of the celebrated Dr. John Radcliffe, who was a native of that town; one of these is too striking to be omitted:—

'About the year 1704, one Jonathan Savil, who had robbed the doctor's country house, lay under sentence of death for a similar offence. In this dreadful situation he formed the resolution of writing to the doctor, who received the letter from the criminal, while in company with a party of nobility and gentry, at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street. The letter specified the injury done, expressing great shame for it, and withal intreating for pardon and intercession, with strong promises of restitution, should it ever be in his power. The company were amazed on hearing the contents of the letter, and expected something witty from the person it was addressed to. On the contrary, the doctor very seriously bid the messenger to call at his house for an answer in two days. Then taking Lord Grenville into another room, he declared, that the letter he had received had given him great satisfaction, in clearing an innocent man from his suspicion; and that he must become a petitioner to his lordship, to use his interest with the queen in the criminal's behalf. The application was successful; a reprieve was granted, and the culprit was transported to Virginia. The doctor's humanity did not stop here: he gave him letters to the governor; and Savil, who was alive in the year 1715, in flourishing circumstances, had actually made the doctor restitution of 150l., the computed amount of the loss.'

The following tribute to the memory of a deserving artist is given in the account of Settle:—

'In this town was born Thomas Proctor, whose merit, as a sculptor, justly places him among the first of the British artists. His works, though few, are uncommonly fine. Whoever has his model of Ixion is in possession of a treasure, which ought to be guarded with the greatest vigilance; it being, without dispute, one of the first productions of the British school, and would have done honour to the best times of Greece or Rome. He was an exemplary and mighty genius, and his merits have been celebrated by Mr. West in one of his discourses. His fine group of Diomede devoured by his Horses, would have become a point of national taste; but, alas! he dashed it to pieces in a fit of despair, because he could not procure fifty pounds for that sublime labour. He died, like Raphael, in the meridian of his days, and full of honour. I am happy at having it in my power to pay this small tribute to the memory of a worthy man and an old acquaintance. He sunk, most unaccountably, under the public neglect, when a small sum would have preserved a valuable life. But peace to his manes; and may his spirit find that rest in eternity it was a stranger to here!'

In Craven, a district of Yorkshire, is Gordale Scar, of which Mr. Dayes gives the following very animated description:—

'Here a stupendous mass of rocks forms a ravine, through the bosom of which flows a considerable stream. This opening contracts till you are led into a corner, where every object conspires to produce one of the grandest spectacles in nature. The rocks dart their bold and rugged fronts to the heavens, and, impending fearfully over the head of the spectator, seem to threaten his immediate destruction. Here rock is piled on rock in the most terrific majesty; and what greatly improves the grandeur of the scene, is an impetuous cataract, that rushes down their dark centre, almost tearing up, as it were, with its irresistible force, the very foundations of the earth. Good heavens, what a scene! how awful! how sublime! Imagine blocks of lime-stone rising to the immense height of two hundred yards, and in some places projecting upwards of twenty over their bases; add to this the roaring of the cataract, and the sullen murmurs of the wind that howls around; and something like an idea of the savage aspect of this place may be conceived.

'Here the timid will find an end put to their journey: myself and guide, with some difficulty, ascended the craggs up the fall, keeping the water to the right hand, and arrived at a large opening, where massy fragments of rocks are scattered about in the most wild and fantastic manner. Above, through a large hole, at the height of twenty or thirty yards, poured down the collected force of the whole stream, which forms the cascade below. This is, perhaps, the finest part of the whole place, and should by no means be neglected, however difficult the ascent to it may be. Retreat hence was impossible; we, therefore, scrambled to the top of the rocks, a height of not less than three hundred yards from the stream below: here, on looking back into the yawning gulf we had passed, the words of Shakspeare came forcibly into my mind:—

"Stand still——how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!
——I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

'The opening in the rocks, which gives passage to the stream, is said to have been caused by the force of a great body of water, which collected in a sudden thunder-storm, some time about the year 1730. The lover of drawing will be much delighted with this place: immensity and horror are its inseparable companions, uniting together to form subjects of the most awful cast. The very soul of Salvator Rosa would hover with delights over these regions of confusion.

'Here Nature offers one of the finest general ideas in the world; but the student, in sketching these scenes, must preserve a great breadth in the rocks, for the sake of simplicity, as a boldness of handling is essentially necessary to such wild views. A few great and simple lines will mark the contours, and a slight wash of Indian ink will most expeditiously give the breadths; whilst a tender tinge of Prussian blue, combined with the ink, will easily make the most remote parts recede, provided the blue is added in proportion to the distance. The right hand canopy, including the water-fall, presents a fine upright view, which shape is the best calculated for the disposition of these rocks. Some of the masses will require their forms to be a little improved.

'None of the passes in North Wales equal this: the water tumbling down its bosom, giving it greatly the superiority.

'A few years ago, two men, returning from a cock-match at Kirkby-Malham, in the autumnal season, were surprised by a fog, which came on suddenly, when unfortunately they missed their way; and one of them

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William Hartley, without having time to utter a single word, slipped into this yawning womb of death. His companion, alarmed and terrified, dared no longer to walk erect, but, examining with his hands the way he took, got back to Malham. Hartley's body was found next morning, lodged in a bush of ivy, more than half-way down the dreadful precipice, it having fallen upwards of seventy yards.'

Mr. Dayes, it will be seen, was not only a clever artist, but a good writer; he had a high relish for the beauties and sublimities of nature: nor is his work limited to local descriptions, but it contains much historical information; and we have rarely met with a volume in which the talents of the artist, the topographer, the historian, and the biographer, are so happily combined. We must not, however, trespass too far on his book, and, therefore, shall content ourselves with two singular anecdotes connected with the city of York:—

'Fuller has recorded, that one John Lepton, Esq. of York, servant to James the First, made himself remarkable by performing a piece of exercise, so violent in its kind, as not to have been paralleled either before or since. For a considerable wager, he undertook to ride, on six days together, the distance between York and London, being not less than one hundred and ninety-seven miles; and he performed it accordingly. He set out from Aldersgate, May 28th, 1606, and accomplished his journey every day before it was dark.—The other anecdote relates to one William Nevison, who, having committed a robbery near London, about sunrise (tradition says at Gad's Hill in Kent), crossed the Thames at Tilbury Fort, and, finding he was known, fled to York, which place he reached the same day, having performed the whole journey on one mare. This person (whom Charles the Second used to call Swift Nick) saved his life for that time, by his wonderful expedition; for though he was apprehended, and the witnesses swore positively to him, yet, proving himself to have been on the Bowling-Green at York, before sunset on the same day the robbery had been committed, neither the judge nor the jury would believe them. He was afterwards hanged at York, on other charges, May 4th, 1684.'

The Stranger's Friend: comprising a Walk through Shrewsbury, an Excursion to Hawks'one, a Journey to Halton and Runcorn, and a Trip to the Isle of Man, &c. &c. By C. Hulbert. 12mo. pp. 92. Shrewsbury and London.

Mr Hulbert is certainly the most modest or the most ingenuous author in the world: although he has resided in Shrewsbury twenty years, he merely calls his description a 'Walk' through it; he was five years at Halton, and he calls this a journey; and yet, with this intimate acquaintance with his subject, he tells us that one great object of his work is to 'excite in the mind of the antiquary or historian, a desire to consult publications of a more extensive and particular nature.' The general reader will not heed this, but will find the Stranger's Friend a very cheap and interesting work, comprising a good description of Shrewsbury, and forming an indicator of all worth seeing in an 'Excursion to Hawkstone,' a 'Journey to Halton and Runcorn, and a Trip to the Isle of Man,' to say nothing of a selection of 'the sublimities and curiosities of nature' which is added, together with some dozen of engravings. It has been too much the custom in London to despise the provincial press: it would show more liberality and better policy to encourage it, for every new reader that it gained inevitably becomes a new customer for books; we disdain the invidious distinctions between the metropolis and the country, and hesitate not to quote from so unassuming a work as the Stranger's Friend, an account of some fossil remains in the Isle of Man, and another curiosity—an advertisement circulated in that place:

'A mile from Kirk Michael is the Bishop's Palace, a moderate-sized building. The present excellent prelate, Dr. Murray, is a spirited agriculturist, as well as a judicious divine, and his example appears to animate the labouring landowners and farmers: for this part of the island bears the marks of recent and remarkable improvement.

'Two miles north-east of Kirk Michael is the village of Ballaugh: here we met with a most extraordinary fossil skeleton of an elk, which was exhibited in a large building of boards, in the garden of Mr. Thomas Kemish, near the brewery. From the height it stood, and the extreme length of its legs, a middle-sized man might have walked under its body perfectly erect. It stood, from the hoof to the summit of its antlers, thirteen feet; its length, from the forepart of the head to the setting on the tail, was eight feet.—Each horn was five feet ten inches long; at the pitch, eighteen inches broad: on the right, seven, and on the left, eight fine branches, distant from each other, at the extremities, eight feet. The whole of the bones were in the highest state of perfection and preservation, and put together with strict care and anatomical accuracy: a small part of one hoof appeared to be all that was wanting.

'This rarity was discovered on the 14th March, 1819, in a solid bed of shell marl, 18 feet beneath the surface, in a part of a field very near to the place of its exhibition; and which it was evident had not in any period been dug up or disturbed since the deposit of the animal.

'The sight of the skeleton of an elk, of a species now totally extinct or unknown, naturally excited in my mind a variety of conjectures, as to whom were its contemporaries,—were they the inhabitants of this or the antediluvian world, or did this stupendous animal live even before the period of the earth's renovation, as related by the prophet Moses: for I was at that moment most powerfully impressed with the idea, that the fossil bones of animals, &c. found sometimes in beds of marl, in blocks of marble, and various rocks, could not, in every case, have been deposited and inclosed by the action of the waters of the general deluge. Nor do I now see any rational or scriptural objection to the conjecture: but, as the thought is speculative and abstruse, I will not pursue it; but rather amuse you with reciting the particulars of an advertisement we also met with at Ballaugh, which I think, in point of *curiosity-exciting excitement*, quite equal to any thing produced on the other side of the water.

'"To the farmers of the North. A great bargain!!! The one-third of the Ballaugh Brewery to be sold, to pay an execution, because interest was not paid in time. It is to be sold next Wednesday, the 26th of this month, by auction, on the premises.

'"This one-third part of the brewery, in the year 1813, brought a clear income of 600*l.*, all expenses paid; and since that time *it is well known* that this same third part has yielded 400*l.* yearly. Corn is cheaper now, and ale as dear as ever. Now any body that hath common sense, and a little skill at reckoning, must know that 800*l.* is not too much for such a concern as this: and it is about 800*l.* that is on it; and it may be paid by degrees. It has been set by a mortgagee these two years past, at 60*l.* a year, the interest of 1000*l.*;* and the man that has it is making a fortune, and it is his advantage to keep it going on as it is. Money is scarce, to be sure; but let two or three stout farmers join and pay the present execution, or may be a part of it, and put their barley in the mash-tub: let them get a clerk and carry on. The income of it would be better for them than two quarter-lands. Many a poor man now a days, out of bread, would be glad to do the business for 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year, and pay his employer a good round sum at the year's end. They may talk of sending corn off the country—here is a market by the fire-side—certain profit without risk. Come on then, my boys, and bid, if you have money; if not, it is a pity—you will miss a good bargain, such as may not come your way again in a hurry."—*Douglas, April* 20, 1820.'

A Selection of French Melodies. The Introductions and Accompaniments by Mademoiselle Jaïs, *of the Conservatoire Royal, Paris; the Poetry by* Eugenius Roche, Esq. Part I. London, 1823.

It is not a little remarkable how obstinate and how erroneous popular opinions often are: a few years ago, it would have been a sort of misprision of treason to doubt that the French wore wooden shoes, and had nothing like national music. Time, however, has convinced us that, for their *understanding*, they had 'nothing like leather;' and that, while we denied them the merit of possessing music, their airs are, as Mr. Roche justly observes, 'sighed in the boudoir, smuggled upon the stage, double our elasticity in the ball-room, and, as we walk the streets, mingle with the very air we breathe.' Fletcher of Saltoun declared, if he made the ballads of the country, he would not care who made

* 'The interest of money is six per cent. in the Isle of Man.'

the laws: and, in France, it is known that in war one single air has turned thousands into heroes; and that, in peace, a vaudeville forms at once the solace from oppression and the lash of revenge.

It was said of Voltaire, that, in his treatment of Shakspeare, he acted as highwaymen do,—robbed first, and then found safety in murdering his prey; the same remark will apply with regard to French music, which, at the very moment it has been most unmercifully plundered by our English *artists*, has been denounced by them as worthless. But, in a coarse simile, described how our plays were derived; and we perfectly agree with Mr. Roche, that 'one half of the best airs and concerted pieces produced, for the last twenty years, on our stages owe their origin to France.'

We confess, however, that we are not great admirers of French music generally; though, if it were all like that Mr. Roche has selected, and we doubt not can select, we should retract our assertion. We expect and hope that he will vindicate French music, and present us with models of real excellence in every style of composition.

We have already alluded to the plan of first robbing, and then murdering a prey; but our conduct, in regard to French music, has been, under the plea of improvement, to disfigure its character and impair its beauty! Mr. Roche, to whom the musical world will, ere long, acknowledge itself largely indebted, has published these airs with English, not French words, for which he gives the following reason:—

'It is commonly imagined that, the French language being a soft, level, or unaccented language, French music must necessarily partake of the same vague, pale, and almost insipid character, and be unfit for words possessing fuller cadences, a distinct rhythm, and a marked and regular emphasis. But this is a wrong supposition. The French language has *lost* the *original rhythm* of its pronunciation, through the degeneracy of habit, and an affectation of smoothness which is misnamed melody; but *good* French music *has retained* its accents, which are as regular and as fully marked as those of the Italian, but which, frequently falling in French on a mute, and other letters which have scarcely any pretensions to sound, lose the beauty of their effect, and even sometimes produce a contrary impression. In fact, both the music and the language are injured by their union; for if French were spoken *as it is sung*, with every dumb or sleeping syllable raised into momentary fulness, in order to meet the musical accent, it would become a most barbarous dialect. The rhythm of the English language, on the contrary, not only corresponds with the regular accents of French music, but allows its cadences to be filled with rich and harmonious energy. On this ground, therefore, English words have been applied to the following melodies. They are original, and their author, while he admits that he has endeavoured to support his assertions by example, trusts that his failure, if he should be deemed to have failed, though proof indeed of his own incapacity, will not be considered as affecting the correctness of a system which in abler hands must have been established.'

It is not to modern or common-place French airs that Mr. Roche has confined himself; he has turned back seven centuries, and gone to the time of the troubadours, when love and loyalty were combined, and the 'lay of the troubadour first breathed of love and glory.'

There are two things to be considered in noticing this work—the music and the songs; the first, possessing all the claims of established character, has the advantage of accompaniments and introductions composed by a native of France, and a lady whose qualifications for the task will be found registered amongst the prizes of the Conservatoire Royal.

The second is the songs themselves, which are original; and while they are admirably adapted to the music, they possess great merit as poetical compositions. One of these we subjoin:—

'I HAVE A ROSE, A LOVELY ROSE.

'I have a rose, a lovely rose,
That blushes sweetly in my bower;
And on her stem, in clusters, grows
The budding hope of many a flower.
Then why on other blooms should stray
My wild thoughts, my inconstant eye?
Can other blossoms e'er display
So pure a scent,—so rich a dye?

'I have a gem, a peerless gem,
That fastens round my very heart;
None in a monarch's diadem
Can e'er a brighter lustre dart.
Then round, when other brilliants gleam,
Why should I hear an envious sigh?
What gem can shed so pure a beam,
So dear, as tried affection's eye?'

We are really glad to see French music rescued from the spoliations of our English marauders; and we trust Mr. Roche will not rest satisfied, until he has made a British public fully acquainted with all the good music of the French school.

Walladmoor: freely translated into German, from the English of Sir Walter Scott, and now freely translated from the German into English. 2 vols. London, 1825.

ARE Messrs. Taylor and Hessey mad? was the question we put to ourselves, on seeing Walladmoor first announced; and had we been personally acquainted with Mr. Farren (the Lord Ogleby in every thing of Covent-Garden Theatre), we should have consulted him, although he did put his name to articles about madness which he afterwards acknowledged he *did not write*—a pious fraud, of course, on his part—and a bit of mistaken policy on the part of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who might have known that the name of Mr. Farren could confer no popularity on that which was not in itself really good.

Our readers are aware of the origin of Walladmoor. The Leipsic fair had not (thanks to the prolific character of the Scotch press) been without a novel by the author of Waverley. One fair approached, and there was no hope of having a work from the great magician. What was to be done? German ingenuity for once was prompt—a novel was even then announced as a translation from the English of Sir Walter Scott; and, although the work would do no credit to the Minerva press, yet, such is the magic of Scott's name, that it not only sold in Germany, but has been translated, and republished, by booksellers who are known to entertain a most rancorous hostility to the imputed author; at least, if we may judge from a published, but afterwards suppressed attack on Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in a work they issued to the world, at the very time one of the partners of the house was avowed as editor.

We have rarely met with any tale of fiction more wretched than Walladmoor: the comic parts are destitute of humour, the sentimental ones are wanting in sense; and, although here and there we may meet with a good passage, yet we should as soon think of reading over a London Directory every day, as of reading Walladmoor a second time.

Sermons and Charges, by Dr. T. F. Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta; with Memoirs of his Life. By H. K. BOWELL, D.D. 8vo. London, 1824.

DR. Middleton was unquestionably an amiable, yet by no means a great man; his learning was pedantic, but he was sincere in every thing in which he was engaged; he was the first bishop sent to India, and he might be said to be the only bishop in a diocese where a bishop was not wanted. His biographer has given a list of rules for his future conduct, which he laid down during his voyage to Calcutta, many of which are common-place enough, and others display some cunning. As an instance of the first class, we quote the following:—'Keep your temper;' 'Be punctual and methodical in business;' 'Never be in a hurry;' 'Rise early.' So much for these rules, which we deem particularly common-place. Now for those which we think show a priestly share of cunning:—'Nothing great can be accomplished without *policy*;' 'Attend to forms;' 'Manner is something with every body, and every thing with some;' 'Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to demand them;' 'Be of no party—*be popular, if possible.*'

Such were a few of the precepts of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, the first Bishop of Calcutta, where there is as little need of a bishop as a Highlander has of knee-buckles: that he was a respectable man, according to the way of the world, we are willing to admit; but a faithful narrative of all he did worth quoting, and all he wrote, might well be comprised in a half-crown pamphlet, and we do not, therefore, see why we should be inflicted with an octavo of upwards of three hundred pages on his account; but this is a book-making age, and if the public will buy indiscriminately, booksellers will be found ready to cater for its voracity, without much attention to the merit of the works they publish.

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ORIGINAL.

STAGE TROUBLES NOT STAGE EFFECTS.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworth, Esq.

MR. EDITOR,—I give you great credit for having, in your animadversions on Miss Foote's unlucky affair, shown us, in *prospect*, yet without any apparent personal reference, a very good picture of that woman who is now figuring away in the newspapers, in such strong colours, as the mischievous seducer of her friend's husband,—the wheedler of our great Richard, who could himself 'outwheedle the devil,'—the prototype of all those propensities Othello charges his Desdemona withal,—and, in short, the very last person whom—in his private capacity, as a husband and father—in his public situation, as the holder of fame and fortune (which yet depended on a breath and might break like a bubble)—such a man as Kean should have held any acquaintance with.

As the matter now stands, Lord Byron's words to another false, yet hitherto sheltered wife, apply singularly to this abandoned woman,

'——— to thy husband, fiend to me!'

since it ap ears that, as soon as she got him into a complete scrape, she most obligingly left him there,—left him, as I trust, to reflect and repent,—to remember the wife who warned him against this sin or folly,—the children to whom he was called upon to give a far different example.

I have been told this Mrs. Cox was 'a very *sweet*, *modest*, *amiable* creature,' by some ladies who are really such themselves, and have been many months extremely angry at Mr. Kean for his supposed diabolical arts in destroying so much virtue. Really, Mr. Editor, without, I hope, leaning unduly towards our own sex, I cannot help being a little apocryphal as to the *virtue* of any woman married to a *good* husband, who is misled by any man, however invidious or talented or determinably and outrageously wicked he may be. A bad husband may drive a wife to bad ways in the phrensy of jealousy, or from the accumulation of distresses heaped on her by his misconduct; but a wife receiving every hour proofs of attachment from one man, is inexcusable if she starts not with just anger from the offer of them in another. However, there is one thing I like in this Mrs. Cox: she has been so consummate a hypocrite,—so thorough a coquette, as the French term it, but, as a plain man like me would say, so level a hussy,—that she leaves one's mind undisturbed by any qualms of pity on her account;—for this I am glad. I hate to have my feelings of honest detestation towards an adulteress disturbed by the remembance of her virtues and good qualities, as they are in Jane Shore's case, and have been in a few more since then. It does a man good to have an unmingled feeling on a subject of this nature. Probably, it is on that account the virtuous energies of the Times are so strongly awakened; for we certainly all remember how much more tenderly it once felt on a similar occasion: to be sure, a lady was then in the case, and their rage is now all at the gentleman. I confess my own hardheartedness: I feel a little for the man whose folly is so exposed, not a whit for the cunning jade who drew him in; but certes much, very much, for the wife of Othello, and her long long banishment from that heart where, if she were not held 'to be a perfect chrysolite,' she yet had an unquestionable right to be held asa firm and tender friend—the best and strongest tie in social life; as the mother of his children, a tie extending even to eternity—the fondest, dearest that can rivet heart to heart.

Ah! Mr. Editor, if Asmodeus, like his great predecessor, chose to unroof dwellings, and tell us the secrets of houses and hearts, how many wives should we behold trembling with fears, racked with doubts, struggling with the difficulties of life, and labouring to support the reputations of husbands who are the slaves of unworthy passions. In how many cases would the pretty dressy housemaid be found the real mistress of the mansion, while the pale, altered, nominal one, aped before her time by nature; her temper submissive, yet acerbated; her mind active, yet confused; full of tenderness, watching for one kind task, one gentle word; enduring unmerited anger, shrinking from undeserved contempt, smothering rage, dissembling sorrow, stifling jealousy, enduring, day after day, pangs no tongue can describe, and sinking at last slowly, but prematurely,—presents an appalling heartrending view of suffering on the one hand, and vice on the other. But let him keep his knowledge to himself, unless he is aware that shame can effect what better motives cannot, and that the press in London can answer the purposes effected in the country by old maids, male gossips, chattering apothecaries, investigating excisemen, news-dealing chandlers, and question-asking school-mistresses. If a weekly exposé will guard public morals, and examine early symptoms of mischief, so as to prevent crime and check the causes of misery and guilt in their progress—in Heaven's name, let the columns devoted to cultivating mind be given to assisting morality; insure to us happiness, rather than knowledge, and give those powers claimed by the belles lettres to the labours of a coterie at the village barber's, where characters are cut by sharp razors; at the baker's shop, where servants tell tales of their mistresses; or the tea-drinking party, where these in turn betray the nods and winks, the stolen looks and pretty presents, passing between masters and maids, widows and apprentices. Spirit of research! spare them not. I conjure thee, from the coronet to the counting-house, the dashing man of fashion to the sober citizen, the young and flippant to the sage, sentimental, and hoary sinner,—bring all out, and prove the press the best court of justice, as well as the best inquisition the world has yet beheld. In such a view of it I will say, with Dr. Slop, 'though I am no great advocate for the inquisition, yet it has its *uses*;' and, though scandal is a hateful thing in society, it has its uses, and the London world needs these.

I feel myself the more galled on this subject, because I do not like to see the delinquent who is caught handled without mercy, whilst those who escape the law also escape every other lash. There are vampires in voluptuousness, whose cruelty equals their profligacy—such would I drag to light; there are others, mere contemptible slaves to base appetites—such would I alarm and admonish. But I will say no more: the subject, though rousing, is sickening also.

I have been to see Kent at the Olympic, and feel a little proud of my judgment, when I said that he had talents for comedy, since he certainly performed Spunge exceedingly well. By the way, I do not much like the character, as one brought before us to excite laughter. Hunger, from whatever it may arise, is too serious to make a jest of.

I also thought my young doctor (as I used to call him) showed decided talent in the tragic character of the Jew. I was often vexed with him: he dwelt too long on his words, was at times much too declamatory, and therefore unnatural; but he showed at certain times extraordinary power. He brought tears into many eyes, and, I take it, those are not common visitants at the Olympic.

By the way, Mr. Editor, I cannot conceive why the minor theatres in London are so much worse supplied with that class of performers demanded by tragedies and comedies (as such things were), than any provincial ones I ever entered. The women, in particular, are far below what one could suppose any servant's hall would furnish in this educated age, and it was certainly mortifying to see Kent, as it was last winter to see Power, at this pretty little place, mingled with such a company. I must add, their pantomime is very good, and their clown a person of great ability and intelligence. There appears altogether a dearth of brains among the females, *exclusively*, in these matters, which I cannot comprehend; for, without meaning any compliment, I used to think that, in general, the advantage lay on that side when I was young, for acuteness, raillery the tact for seizing on the ludicrous or exhibiting the sentimental, all the girls of my acquaintance beat the boys hollow. There is *now* a hundred pounds laid out upon every one of them for ten pounds *then*. It does not appear to me to pay interest. Think of this Mr. Editor, and throw some light, if you can by way of assisting your sincere admirer and friend, JONATHAN OLDWORTH.

January 20th, 1825.

THE ADVENTURES OF A COMMON COUNCILMAN.

'They manage these things better in France, says Sterne. Do they? says I; then, egad I'll go there. Some one, I forget who, said before I was born, all roads lead to Rome and, since I was born, they say, *tous les chemins mènent à Paris*. So to Paris I will go. Now, having made up my mind to do this I went to Portland Place for my passport.

Just as I was coming out of the office, who should I meet going in, but my old friend Matty Sampson, and Miss Crassum. 'Hah, says Matty! my old friend, what are you doin

here?'—'I want a passport for France.'—'So do we.'—'When do you go?'—'To-morrow.'—'So do we.'—'By what conveyance?'—'The Liverpool steamer.'—'So do we.'—And the trio, in one voice, as if by inspiration, exclaimed,—'Then we all go together.' While Matty is giving her name, place of abode, civil qualities, &c., to the clerk, I will do the same to you, with a little more detail. My friend Matty is a citizen and common councilman of London, a linen-draper by profession, and, in his own idea, a very wise man. By nature, he snuffles through his nose—which his French master too hastily conjectured would aid him in speaking French, with the true Parisian accent; and so he told Matty, who thought that it would even supply the defect of not knowing the language. He found, indeed, French to be only nasal English, and even put it to the proof, as we shall find bye and bye. Matty had ambition; and what bosom has not some one or other evinced

'The glorious fault of angels and of gods.'

Matty did not aspire to the scarlet hat and stockings of a cardinal: he hated extremities; in *medio tuta* was his motto, and he preferred the scarlet gown of an alderman. Once this idea in his head, Matty resolved on qualifying himself for it: he sunk the shop, turned over his business to his two counter-jumpers, left his capital in the concern, on condition of receiving *only* ten per cent. interest; and, on his part, he bound himself to leave off the trade and business of a linen-draper. These points settled, Matty, with his conscience clear, offered himself as candidate for common councilman. Now Matty had always a good heart, and would do a kind turn for a neighbour, when he thought it did not stand in the way of his own interest. Matty, rock-sure of his own election, canvassed his father-in-law, Mr. Parson, and all his friends, in favour of Mr. Drysalter, 'for,' said he, 'I am quite sure of being chosen, so give plumpers to my friend Drysalter.' They did so, when, alas and lack-a-day! Matty just wanted three votes to gain him his election. In plain English, he lost it—and with it the privilege (as he believed) of franking twopenny post letters. On another occasion, however, he was more successful. There is nothing like a trip across the sea for dispelling grief and melancholy, and so I would tell Horace to his face, whose *trans mare currant* was only a humbug to keep the Romans in Rome. Matty was of my opinion, and so off he set to France, qualified with a well-lined purse and his usual snuffle. Matty, who had never travelled further than to his cottage at Walthamstow, 'fancied all the world made like his father's house,' and never dreamed that he would any more want a passport for going to Paris, than he would for going to Bow; of course, he did not any one. How he contrived to reach Paris without it is what I could never learn, but, having arrived there, it was his ill luck to pass late one evening before a sentry-box, in the rue Mont-martre; the sentry cried out *au large*, but Matty, who, to the advantage of not knowing a word of French, added that of a great opacity of the auditory nerves, heard nothing, understood nothing, and was passing between the soldier and the sentry-box. This was a direct attack on the post; the soldier barred the passage with his firelock, and cried *a moi, camarade*;—the post turned out, and soon turned in poor Matty, who, with pitiful face, was interrogated by the officer in French, and received Matty's answers in English, as follows:

'Who are you?'

'What is the matter,—what have I done?'

'Where are your papers?'

'I did not mean no harm to nobody.'

'Produce your papers, or we shall sea rch you.'

'I am a citizen and *Lorimer*, common councilman of London, and almost an alderman.'

The officer, finding Matty did not speak French, ordered him to be searched: nothing was found on him but a *billet-doux* from an obliging lady, who kindly offered to be caterer for all his carnal appetites during his stay in Paris; but there was neither name nor address on it So, after depriving Matty of the means of corrupting the guard, and relieving him of his watch, to prevent his counting the tedious hours, he was safely lodged *au cachot** for the night. The lamentations of Jeremiah, compared with those of Matty, were but as the bleating of the lamb that had lost its dam, to the roaring of the lioness deprived of her whelps. In vain was silence imposed on him; even the word silence Matty interpreted *see a lance*, and he roared the louder, fancying the lance ready to transpiere him. At length morning arrived, and Matty was brought up for examination as a vagabond, without a passport: fortunately, the officer spoke a little English, which he had learned at Dartmoor and on board our prison-ships; and though he generally displayed his gratitude to the hapless English who fell into his clutches, by treating them with similar gentleness to that he had received, yet there was something so inexpressibly comic in poor Matty's sorrow, that he had not the heart to find in Matty's wanting a passport, indices of a conspiracy against the Bourbons, and he asked him where he lived; but poor Matty's brain was so bewildered, that he could not explain, save that it was at Humburgh; he was then asked whether he knew any one at Paris. 'Yes; M. Barrillon, the banker.' Monsieur B. was sent for; Matty roared out, snuffling and snivelling, for he always seemed to be crying, 'How d'ye do! don't you know me? why, I am Matty,—Matty Sampson; you know you comed to see me at Walthamstow, with Mr. Moneypenny, the banker, and we all goed to the Epping Hunt together.' So many circumstances detailed in one breath rubbed the rust off Monsieur B.'s memory, and Matty was liberated, and so overjoyed that he forgot his purse and watch, which he did not dare go back to claim: it is quite unnecessary to say that he quitted Paris instantly; and he was not to blame if war was not declared against France for this insult to a citizen of London.

* The black-hole.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

In my annual excursion of pleasure, I this year chose Lincolnshire as the theatre of my exploits; a country famed, and very properly famed, for its good old-fashioned hospitality, freed at once from that ceremonious restraint which is too apt to intrude itself among visiting circles, and to convert a society intended for pleasantry into one of insipidity and irksomeness. My good fortune led me more immediately to ———, a place in itself small and uninviting, but where all the before-mentioned advantages are particularly conspicuous: the streets, to be sure, from the hilly site on which they stand, are not very seductive as a promenade, unless we hold the probable risk of a broken limb, or a sprained ancle, as matters of no essential importance; neither do the environs, though very extensive and open, offer many of those rural attractions which, in the shape of honey-suckled hedges, murmuring streams, woodbined cottages, &c. &c. &c., make some favoured neighbourhoods so romantic and beautiful. At ———, we miss not these; it is only the solitary, who takes his fill of scenes so gifted by nature, that is listless and unhappy without them. The inhabitants gratify themselves much more to their satisfaction, by a perpetual friendly intercourse among each other. The wintery evening, ushered in with darkness and storms, and the summer twilight, with its accompanying tranquillity, are alike welcome to them. The smoking urn, the well-buttered cake, beneath whose abundance the table groans, and to the superlative excellence of which damsels young, healthful, lovely, and untainted, pay such unqualified devoirs as would utterly astound the more fashionable, delicate, and pale-faced maidens of the city, inspire the assembled party with greater pleasure than would the grateful verdure of the field, or the music of the brook.

With far more substantial enjoyment the hours fly in winged haste; and, when the tempting board has no longer any influence, cards are the order of the day.

Games are selected which will admit of glee, chit-chat, laughter, and various agreeable interruptions, which, in the more sober and abstruse, are rendered inadmissable; and much more attention is paid to the love-beaming eyes of the fair, than to the more ostensible amusement of the evening. I know no place where there appears to be so much sincere inquiry, such real sympathy, whether of grief or joy, pleasure or pain, after the absent, as here. The old, the middle-aged, and the young, collect together and form one interesting picture.

How happy should we be if such an unanimity were more general; but it exists only among a people far removed, not only by distance, but their reclose situation, from the more busy and less happy world; where the leading persons of the place, by their urbanity and social dispositions, give a tone to those kindly feelings, through all the ramifications of the inhabitants, which are the life and soul of these grateful sojournings; where no pride of birth, nor the still more contemp-

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tible pride of wealth, create invidious distinctions; where all are welcome who have good behaviour and discretion to recommend them! Such is ———. It presents a scene admirably calculated to tranquillize the more turbulent impulses of the mind, and to preach a good practical sermon on the futility of seeking happiness by the pursuits of ambition; by those glossy attractions which the storms of adversity too frequently wash away, leaving a deformed and wretchedly contrasted rain behind. ALOST.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXIII.

In my last ramble I purposely omitted noticing my visit to Westminster Hall, to witness the jury assessing the price of a pair of gault antlers, with which Mr. Kean has enriched Cox's Museum, since all the newspapers teem with the details, and all the world knows that they were valued at 8001; but, metaphor apart, I really think the late exposures calculated to injure the general character of the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin, which at no period of its history ranked very high. Snake, in the comedy of the *School for Scandal*, acknowledges that he lived by the badness of his character, and I confess I felt alarmed lest immorality on the stage should bear a premium, when I found Miss Foote's salary raised from nine to twenty guineas a week, on no other ground but because all the world knew that she had strayed from the paths of virtue. My fears were not a little strengthened when I recollected that a certain eminent actor has as many illegitimates as would form a stage procession; and I really expected nothing less than that Mrs. Cox would be engaged to appear in the revived play of the *City Madam*.

No person, I believe, for a moment doubted Mr. Kean's courage, and, therefore, it could not be necessary for him to outrage public decency, by appearing before the public a little week after he had been convicted of double adultery in a court of justice; but what is it that actors and managers will stick at to fill a house?

Monday came, and with it a prodigious mob to all the doors of Drury-Lane Theatre, which was filled from the lamps to the ceiling of the shilling gallery, at one simultaneous rush; and had the house been as large as Vespasian's Amphitheatre, which held 87,000 persons, it would scarcely have contained all whom curiosity, or worse or better motives, had drawn together.

The moment the curtain drew up the clamour began, and, on Mr. Kean entering as Glo'ster, in the second scene, he was greeted with such yells and hisses as would have frightened any other man out of his propriety. The 'winter of discontent' raged a perfect hurricane, which formerly was 'glorious summer' to him. His brows were not 'bound with victorious wreaths,' nor his 'stern alarums changed to merry meetings.' 'Grim-visaged war' smoothed not his wrinkled front. To him 'this restless world's but hell;' nor could the support of Mr. Kean's friends, who were numerous, make his—

'Aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem.'

The confusion of Babel was like the clack of a tea-party compared to the uproar which prevailed, while every wag assailed the poor delinquent with some passage in the play he was acting in dumb show, or culled from his epistles to Mrs. Cox some delicate expressions, with which they abound 'He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,' says one: 'O! yes,' says another, he is fond of 'sportive tricks;' but he has 'neither pity, love, nor fear,' added a third; yes, but 'Richard will never be himself again,' said a fourth. All agreed that he had a tongue that would wheedle the very devil.

The interview with Lady Anne would have been eminently ludicrous, could a word of it have been heard by the assembled multitude. It is true that, when he thus addressed this lady—

'Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these my crimes suppos'd, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself,'

every person would deem it impossible. The disgusting and discarded Mrs. Cox must have usurped the place of Lady Anne, in every imagination, where Richard exclaimed

'I'll have her, but I will not keep her long;'

as the alderman would do with Stanley, when he is told to look to his wife. Poor Mrs. Kean, too, could not fail of having been substituted for Lady Anne, when Richard is thus reminded,—

'Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife.'

But although more than 'ten voices cried God save King Richard,' yet, in no part of the evening, could he say with truth,—

'Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.'

The scene in the third act, when the lord mayor and four aldermen have an audience of Richard, excited much merriment, and would have excited much more, could the listeners, who were certainly not auditors, have heard Richard say:—

'I fear I've done some strange offence,
That looks *disgracious in the city's eye*. If so,
'Tis just you should reprove.'

All these passages, and many others, which would have supplied a practical and running commentary on Mr. Kean's late conduct, were lost amidst three hours of indiscriminate and uninterrupted clamour and tumult. Nothing, certainly, could have been more injudicious than Mr. Kean's appearance at this time, which all people laying the least claim to morality consider as an indecent insult, displaying a want of feeling and a contempt for public opinion. Mr. Kean has, by this means, set even his professional reputation on a cast, and he seems determined to 'stand the hazard of the die,' as he is announced for the character of Othello,—the part which appears first to have won him Mrs. Cox's love—though by what process of ratiocination I will not venture to determine. It will really be lamentable to see the most perfect representation on the stage, and such is Kean's Othello, gone through in dumb show, while an actor whose talents entitle him to respect, is subjected to the indecent and vulgar insults of every ragamuffin who can, by paying a shilling, assail him with impunity.

Had Mr. Kean waited a few months, the tide of indignation which has set in so strong against him would, in a great measure, have subsided, and he would have had the credit of not thrusting himself on the public gaze. I am no friend to theatrical rows, and, although I do not regret that an audience marks its sense of the immoralities of the actors, yet I should be sorry to see a man of Mr. Kean's talents driven from the stage by clamour; which in such case would become persecution.

No person knows better than yourself, Mr. Editor, my faculty of being in two places at once, and therefore do not be surprised that I was not only at Drury Lane Theatre, but at the English Opera House, on Monday. My visit to the latter place was to see M. Jean Henri, first drum-major to 'the late ex-Emperor Napoleon,' whom he accompanied in several battles, and of course played 'the Dead March in Saul' pretty frequently. He is a dexterous fellow enough; he showered drum-sticks around him as bullets whizzed round his old master, and caught them as Father Roche did musket-shots at the battle of Wexford. He formed a sort of musical concert, by beating fifteen drums, on a scale of two octaves, though a young gentleman present assured me that could not be, unless he had sixteen drums instead of fifteen. The airs he played were principally French, —nay, start not, for the French have some excellent music, as my friend, Eugenius Roche (who is very properly and familiarly called *You genius* Roche by the editor of The Morning Post), has proved in his French Melodies; but, lest I should put your readers out of tune, I will conclude, and thus terminate the Twenty-third Ramble of

ASMODEUS.

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. V.

That we are the most moral people upon the face of the earth we firmly believe, since we ourselves repeat the assertion in such a variety of shapes that it is become a mere truism. That we are a most liberal and public-spirited people we can hardly deny, so long as both St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are exhibited for money, and while so many splendid private collections of paintings, &c. continue inaccessible; nor can we for a moment doubt of our progress in refinement and civilization when we look at the mutilations committed on the statue in Hyde Park, or recollect the gross, vulgar, and stupid caricatures and jests that were made at the time of its being erected. Yet, let us take what credit we may for our religious and moral feeling, we certainly do, somehow or other, generally exhibit it in a manner very little creditable to ourselves, or edifying to the rest of the world. It is our peculiarly strong moral feeling, we presume, that induces us to peruse, with such intense interest, trials for crim. con. and breaches of promise of marriage, and to confer upon the parties who distinguish themselves in this manner an *éclat* which passes with the vulgar for celebrity.

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We, who take so much delight in declaiming against the profligacy of our continental neighbours,—with whom, by the bye, we seem not on that account one jot less willing to associate—we ought surely to look a little more narrowly at home before we give ourselves the airs of such straight-laced morality. But we are more decorous: verily yes, as the walls of the metropolis, from one end to the other, can testify, while they make a parade of adultery, and blazon forth acts of moral infamy and turpitude as events of public interest and importance. Who can doubt for a moment of our excessive regard for decorum when he considers what instructive kind of lessons the Sunday press provides for the Sabbath's day reading? or when he observes the avidity with which the foulest garbage is devoured by the public? If the popular taste for narratives of crime and infamy be admitted in proof of our horror of them, then is there no denying that we are the most moral nation under the sun.

So great has of late become the morbid sensibility and sympathy of John Bull, that he seems to regard with peculiar tenderness those who have violated the laws of their country. The brutal murderer is looked upon as a hero; the felon as a martyr. All, indeed, who can any way distinguish themselves by their enormities, or by the superior relat of their vices, become at once objects of popular interest and commiseration. Their names are trumpeted forth to the farthest corner of the empire; their lives are written, their portraits are engraved, and every anecdote that can be scraped up respecting them is given to the world with all due ceremony, and they figure in the 'Mirror of Fashion'*.

As matters go at present, we think that, if a man could come to life again after being hanged, he would become the object of general admiration, and be universally caressed; for, so that a person be but sufficiently distinguished, it signifies but little in what manner. The old maxim concerns about the fame of a good character are now beginning to get obsolete; for we apprehend that the value of a bad character was never better appreciated than just now. A man may perform all the humdrum duties of society, and no one will care a farthing about him; but let him only outrage public decency, and make some show of profligacy, and he immediately emerges from obscurity, and becomes the 'observed of all observers.' Let good sort of people say what they please, the *relat* of vice casts a lustre around a man's name, just as rotten stinking fish shine in the dark.

It was this kind of *relat* that Mr. Kean obtained last Monday evening, when Drury Lane exhibited a scene unparalleled, not only in the annals of the drama, but in the history of all civilized nations. Had it occurred in Russia, we should at once have imputed it to the shocking barbarism of the people, to their degraded state, and to their profligate manners; but, as it happened among ourselves, a civilized, enlightened, moral, and religious nation, we suppose that it must be set down to our jealous regard for public morals, although it must be confessed that it was a most extraordinary way of manifesting it. It might have been thought, that those whose notions of propriety took the alarm at the idea of seeming to lend their support to an actor who had so recently been convicted of grossly immoral conduct, would have staid away from the theatre; and that those who professed to admire the performer rather than the man, would not have interrupted the piece. Why, at such a time and in such a place, any allusion to recent events whatever should have been made, we do not perceive,—much less why such a disgraceful scene should have taken place. We suppose, however, that the public, in its consummate wisdom, was perfectly right; and we would accordingly advise other performers to take the hint, and pursue the same short cut to notoriety, and, as the phrase is, make a sensation.

A provincial paper, the other day, misled by a paragraph in the London prints, stating that Miss Foote was about to appear a week ago at Covent Garden, gave a circumstantial account of the event, and stated that, on her entrance, the audience rose simultaneously, waved their handkerchiefs, and greeted her with other expressions of their sympathy and applause!—but why or wherefore, we believe it would be difficult to say. Some persons may think this very fine, others, very scandalous: for our own parts, we only say that John Bull likes morality very much, but that he likes humbug much better,—and that, while he advocates the cause of virtue, he does not scruple at the same time to sympathize with vice.

* While we, in our excessive simplicity, imagined that the 'celebrated'—for *notorious* is an ugly epithet—Miss Foote, 'the most injured of women,' was shrinking from the public gaze, and, with instinctive feminine delicacy, anxiously seeking to avoid the fame that recent events had obtained for her,—a paragraph in the 'Mirror of Fashion' in the Morning Chronicle informed us that she every evening occupied a private box in the theatre at Brighton: such is the enviable importance of being a celebrated character. But it must be confessed, that this same mirror does occasionally reflect some very strange objects: it was but the other day, for instance, that it reflected Colonel Berkeley's generosity, and stated that Miss Foote received from him an allowance of £700 per ann.—as if the public cared one farthing about such information: it has also a sad trick of reflecting stale jokes and musty anecdotes. Report 9.

THE COMPENDIUM STOVE.

Burning of Water!—Our town (or at least a part of it) has been kept in a state of excitement for three days and a half, by a discovery which has been made of a mode of using water for fuel! The proprietors of coal-mines and wood-lands are all in alarm (by Monday we may expect that panic will spread among the wood-sawyers and coal-heavers): the question whether it will be advisable to let the liberties have the Schuylkill water, now we have this new use for it, already begins to be discussed; and fears have been expressed lest our professor of pyrotechny should carry his art so far as to set fire to the Delaware! As he has, however, given his word and honour that, before he attempts any thing of this kind, he will give suitable notice, so that the ships may be removed, no apprehensions on this score need, for the present at least, be entertained. In the existing state of public feeling, those, perhaps, are most rational, who talk of petitioning Congress to assess an additional tax on such as *burn* the Schuylkill water as well as *drink* it.

Seriously and soberly, Mr. Augustus Day, who resides at No. 124, North Third Street, has invented a stove, by which it has been calculated a room may be kept warm for a whole day, and no more than four cents' worth of Lehigh coal be consumed in that period: it is of small size, and in shape an inverted cone, with several longitudinal openings near the apex. On a grate within rests a small quantity of coal. A pan of water, placed beneath the openings, insures a constant supply of vapour. In passing through the ignite' coal, the aqueous vapour is decomposed, and we have that powerful heat which, is produced by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen. The cover of the stove is attached to a moveable section of pipe, which is raised and lowered by a fixture similar in principle to that of a suspended lamp, and by this contrivance the fire is regulated. So powerful is the heat, that a small quantity of water, thrown into the stove, is immediately decomposed, and the combustion of its component parts follows of course. Of this we have ourselves been witness.

The principle of the invention has long been applied in the mechanic arts, especially by the blacksmith, who, as is well known, when he wishes to increase the heat of his fire, throws on it a small quantity of water. Of late years chemists have in their compound blow-pipes made sundry new and very valuable applications of this principle; but the honour of applying it to domestic economy belongs to Mr. Day alone. His stove has not yet been used extensively enough to enable us to speak positively of the estimation in which it ought to be held by thrifty housekeepers; but what reason is there that a principle which has long been successfully applied in the mechanic arts, and to push the discoveries of science, could not be extended to the common purposes of life?

The saving of fuel will be immense, if the calculations which have been made be correct; but this is not the only advantage which the new stove promises. The aqueous vapour which is diffused through the room keeps the air in that state which is most agreeable to the feelings, and most conducive to health.

On account of the small space it occupies, Mr. Day calls his invention 'The Compendium Stove.' That in Mr. Potter's bookstore, in Chestnut Street, is not larger than a tea-urn, and has cost, including the fixtures, thirteen dollars and fifty cents. The price of a stove without fixtures, but with eight feet of pipe, including the regulator, is eight dollars. Ornamental stoves, which Mr. Day proposes to make for parlours, will of course sell higher.

Experience is the true test of inventions.

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After the compendium stove shall have been brought more extensively into use, its practicability can be determined. At present it is a legitimate object of curiosity, and, as such, deserves the attention of men of science, and of the public in general.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY.

By J. F. Pennie, Author of Rogeald.

O, THOU wert to my ravished sight
All that the earth holds fair:
Thy form was like those shapes of light
That float, on balmy air,
Around the good, in danger's hour,
To guard them from malignant power—Mary.

O, like those stars were thy dark eyes,
That, 'twixt the clouds of night,
Dart their sweet radiance o'er the skies,
Imperishably bright;
As in refulgent pomp they move,
Breathing rich strains of heavenly love—Mary.

Thy voice was like that dulcet tale,
Which, in the evening-grove,
To those bright stars, the nightingale
Tells, when she mourns her love:
And, as upon thy words I hung,
All nature listens to her song—Mary.

Thy breath was like the wind that steals
Amid the orange-flowers;
Thy cheek of the tint the rose reveals
In the wealthy Nile's gay bowers;
Thy lips the ripe pomegranate's hue;
Thy veins the fragrant violet's blue—Mary.

The powerful spell of thy sweet smile,
Like moon-glance on the deep,
Comes o'er my soul;—not to beguile
And charm my woes to sleep,
But the dark surges of despair,
With light, to make more hideous there—Mary.

But O, thy shape, thy voice, thine eyes,
Thy smile, no more shall charm!
The spell is broke,—the false disguise
No longer hides thy form!
Inconstancy hath changed thee quite,
And turned thy brightness into night—Mary.

I dream'd thou wert as true as fair,
And thy fond vows of love
Sweet as the songs of poets were,
Or voice of turtle-dove;
But treacherous as the morn's bright wave,
That sinks the bark in midnight grave—Mary.

Yet may'st thou never never feel
The pangs that I endure!
O, how my limbs with madness reel!
Can time this anguish cure?
Nay, give to me a peaceful grave,
Where yonder murmuring willows wave—Mary.

Soon will this breaking heart be calm.
My sorrows who can tell?
Death is to me the only balm,—
To thee a long farewell!
Heap on me, heap the turf-clods high,
Victim of thy inconstancy—Mary.

Fling on my tomb one simple flower,
There drop one pitying tear;
The thought shall sooth my parting hour,
And render thee still dear.
My spirit near thee oft shall be,
To guard thee from all misery—Mary.

Lulworth Cottage, Jan. 1825.

ANACREONTIC.

BACCHUS! god of cheering wine!
Shed on me each bliss benign:
Thine are joys I dearly prize;
From thy presence sorrow flies:
Ever be it mine to prove
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

Does despair thy soul annoy?
These shall rouse it into joy.
And, should grief with want appear,
These shall check the rising tear.
Of earthly pleasures, let me prove
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

Still the man who knows no feast,
But when he sinks beneath the beast—
Whom drunkenness alone can please—
Who finds no joy in social ease—
I pronounce unfit to prove
Friendship, wine, and mutual love!

J. M. LACEY.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF TALMA.

M. LIGNON has just produced a very fine engraving of this celebrated French tragedian, from a painting by Picot. The costume which the artist made choice of is Italian, and that belonging to the age of the Medici. It consists of a black velvet cap, a vest of rich stuff, and a mantle lined with fur. The upper part of the neck is bare, and the lower covered with an elegant kind of shirt. This, it must be confessed, is a most graceful and picturesque dress; but it detracts greatly from that identity which we look for in portraiture,—nor has it even the merit of being national.

This *idealizing* of character, as the French writers term it, appears to us any thing but a commendable practice; for, although something may be gained with regard to pictorial effect, considerably more is lost in point of interest. In a portrait of Talma, we naturally wish to behold Talma himself, and not as he might have appeared in masquerade. As an engraving, this production cannot be too highly commended: it is executed in a bold and vigorous manner, and the different materials of the dress are ably discriminated and characterized.

ARCHITECTURE.

THE church now erecting in Sidmouth Street, Gray's Inn Lane, is rapidly advancing towards its completion, and exhibits an elegant hexastyle portico, of the Grecian-Ionic order. The tower displays considerable taste, and assimilates with the rest of the structure: there is likewise something novel and elegant in the design of the windows. It is, however, to be regretted, that the sides of the building were not faced with stone, brick being a material too homely to accord with the delicacy and elegance of the ornamental parts; and, as the edifice is by no means on an extensive scale, we should not conceive that the difference with regard to expense would have deserved consideration.

Some of the daily papers state that a new palace is to be built on the site of Carlton House, extending considerably eastward towards Cockspur Street; but they give no authority for the report, which has been so often rumoured that we attach but little credit to it. We should think that St. James's Palace would present a better site for a permanent residence for the sovereign, and that the beautiful façade of Carlton House might be preserved from destruction.

At Windsor Castle the improvements are proceeding with great rapidity, both externally and internally. Considerable advance has been made in the corridor from the north-east corner of the quadrangle to the new gateway, so that an idea may already be formed of the magnificent appearance this court will possess when completed. In levelling the ground of the court-yard, the workmen discovered some stone steps, which proved to be the entrance to an excavation, extending to the depth of nearly eighty feet.

Mr. Lewis is engaged in engraving a portrait of Lord John Russell, from a drawing by Mr. Slater, which is to be circulated among subscribers only, and the personal friends of that nobleman.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has not been any novelty produced at either of the great theatres this week, with the exception of the strange doings at Drury Lane, which are so amply noticed in another place, as to render our barely adverting to them all that is necessary.

ORIGIN OF THE NEW OPERA OF THE FALL OF ALGIERS.

THE Fall of Algiers, which has been represented at Drury Lane, and which, from the musical talent of Bishop, has had considerable attraction, appears to be founded in a great measure upon a piece of Cervantes, called El Trato de Argel (the Humours of Algiers), written subsequently to his return from captivity by the Algerines, in 1581, after having endured a slavery of nearly six years. This piece (like the rest of his plays) is little known; but it ought highly to be valued, as it contains the autobiography of a Spaniard of the most splendid genius, relating to the most interesting period of his life. The incidents in this play are certainly (unlike the generality of Spanish comedies) of rather a meagre description. The piece begins, as in the Drury-Lane production, with the lamentations of many Christians, who, having been captured by the Algerines, are subjected to labour of the most irksome and ignominious kind. Among the captives, the principal characters are Aurelio and Silvia, a newly-married couple, and both ignorant of the other's fate, and Saavedra, a Spaniard, supposed to personate Cervantes himself; the Moors are Isuf, the Dey or Governor of Algiers, Zara, his wife, and Fatima, a confidante of Zara, and a species of enchantress. Isuf, who has purchased Silvia as a slave, falls desperately in love with her, and Zara declares a similar passion towards Aurelia. Persuasions, offers of riches and eternal happiness, threats, and even enchantments, are resorted to by the love-stricken Dey and his consort to gain the affections of their Christian slaves; but all is in vain, and at length the two captives are tempted with

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the prize of liberty, upon the condition that they persuade each other to yield to the ardent passion of Moorish love. The two lovers consequently meet together for the first time since their captivity; and, after the expressions of surprise and the transports of joy at such an unexpected interview are subsided, they agree not to attempt an immediate escape, but to practise deception, by encouraging false hopes in their adorers, and thus gain time until they are able to obtain their liberty by ransom. At length, Azan, King of Algiers, being offended with Isuf for being in love with a Christian, compels him to deliver up both his captives to him, and ultimately they are ransomed (as well as Saavedra and the other Christians) by the Brethren of the Holy Trinity at Madrid, who send a ship to Algiers for that purpose.

Several incidents are introduced into the Spanish play which have been wholly omitted in the opera. The enchantments used by Fatima to influence the mind of Aurelio, and the introduction of the allegorical characters of Necessity and Opportunity, at the suggestion of one of the furies, who revealed that witchcraft had no power over Christians, are peculiar to the Spanish play. There are some other episodes or under-plots, which add considerable interest to the piece; and one of the most striking and touching scenes is the slave-market, in which a crier is represented selling a whole family of Christian slaves, just captured. They are bought by different masters, and the father is torn from his wife and the mother from her children with unrelenting cruelty. It will be seen by this outline that the main plot of the two pieces is the same. The bombardment of Algiers by the English fleet is an incident introduced, of course, in honour of the late naval expedition.

Besides this comedy, and the tragedy of Numantia, which is better known and more appreciated, Cervantes wrote twenty or thirty other plays and interludes, not more than an eighth part of which are now extant. The author himself says, in a preface to some of his novels, 'I was the first who embodied the phantoms of imagination, and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing on the stage, with the general applause of the spectators, the attributes of morality. I composed at that time (when Rope de Rueda lived) from twenty to thirty comedies, which all passed representation without the performers receiving volleys of cucumbers or oranges, or any other missiles with which an audience is wont to assail bad actors. They ran their career unchecked by hisses, tumult, or clamour. After this, having wherewithal to occupy my thoughts, I laid down the pen and left off play-writing.'

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Shortly will be published, by the command of, and dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, Views and Illustrations of his Majesty's Palace at Brighton, by John Nash, Esq. private architect to the King, &c. &c. &c.—The work will consist of picturesque views, highly finished in colours, as fac-similes of the original drawings, by Augustus Pugin, of the entire building and principal offices, taken from the gardens; also, views of the chief apartments, as completed, with their furniture and decorations. The whole will be illustrated by plans and sections, accompanied by descriptions explanatory of the building, the relative situation and appropriation of the apartments, and of their splendid furniture. The work will be finished in the first style of elegance, and only 250 copies printed, after which the plates will be destroyed.

A newly-constructed and extended map of India, on four sheets of atlas, is nearly ready for publication. It is compiled from the latest surveys of the best authorities, including a separate sketch of the Burman Empire; compiled principally for the use of the officers of the army in India.

The author of Wine and Walnuts has in the press an historical novel, in two volumes, entitled The Twenty-Ninth of May, or Rare Doings at the Restoration.

In the press, The Art of Beauty, with the best means of preserving and improving the shape, figure, complexion, eyes, &c.; and the history and theory of beauty: with illustrations by H. Corbould and others.

Speedily will be published, in one volume 12mo., with plates, Practical Chemical Mineralogy, by Frederick Joyce, operative chemist.

In the press, in a handsome pocket-volume, Anecdotes and Opinions of Lord Byron, from authentic sources, with remarks illustrative of his connection with the principal literary characters of the present day.

In the press, Juliana Oakley, a tale, by Mrs. Sherwood.

A volume of extreme rarity, relating to the English drama, has recently been imported from Holland, where it was found by a genuine bibliopolist, who knew its value. Amongst other scarce plays, it contains 'The True Tragedie of Richard the Third: wherein is shown the Death of Edward the Fourth, with the Smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower; with a lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, &c.; and, lastly, the Conjunction and Joyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke: as it was played by the Queenes Maiesties Players.—Printed by Thomas Creede, &c. &c., 1594.'—This play is supposed to have been the basis of Shakspeare's tragedy of the same name.

New University.—In consequence of the overflow of students at both our universities, it is in contemplation to found a third university, in the neighbourhood of York, towards which the venerable and excellent Earl Fitzwilliam has promised to subscribe £50,000. —*Evening paper.*

Caper.—Mr. James Basset, our poet, who, some time since, sent a copy of the volume he lately published to the Right Hon. George Canning, has been honoured with a reply by that distinguished statesman; on opening which, a handsome and substantial proof of his patronage of the Muses greeted the delighted eyes of the poet.—*Fife Herald.*

A galvanic battery of a new construction has just been completed, and added to the apparatus of the Portsmouth Philosophical Society. It is the invention, and has been made under the superintendence of Mr. Lane, one of the curators of the institution, and is a most powerful and ingenious instrument. Its novelty consists in the form of the plates, which are circular, and (instead of troughs) are immersed in glasses, similar to finger-glasses, with flat bottoms. There is a range of thirty of these, six only of which, on an experimental trial, fused platina wire with the greatest ease. The zinc and copper present a surface of twenty-five square feet of metal. A new apparatus for exhibiting the heat-conducting powers of metal has also been invented, and added to the society's museum. It is the most delicate test that has ever been applied.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

'Well,' said a gentleman to a friend, 'what do you think of the project for forming a tunnel under the Mersey?' 'Oh! have Mersey (mercy) on us, we shall be in danger of drowning,' replied the other.

An elephant, exhibiting in Philadelphia, has been taught to place his keeper on his tusks, toss him up ten or twelve feet, afterwards catch him with his trunk and tusks, and give him another toss into the air, in which the keeper turns a somerset, and falls on the elephant's back.

Chimney-sweepers' Album.—The term album originally means a white or blank book; but it is now more particularly applied to an elegantly-bound volume of blank paper, in which it is a custom for young ladies to copy scraps of poetry, draw flowers, and paste autographs, in doing which they deceive themselves with the idea that they show both their ingenuity and their industry. When completed, a volume of this kind, computing the expense of the binding—which is generally of the most sumptuous description, with silk linings, gilt edges, &c., and the time bestowed upon it, may cost some twenty or thirty guineas, while its contents are hardly worth as many pence. Indeed, it may be honestly said of such a volume, that it is 'of no use to any but the owner.' Hitherto, the use of albums has been confined to young ladies, whose white hands soil them with nothing but ink; but we should never have suspected that chimney-sweepers would be permitted to contaminate them with their sooty paws. We were, therefore, highly amused by the designation of Chimney-sweepers' Album, which has been given to a recent collection of poetry. If this happened in Ireland, we should at once have termed it a bull; as it is, we presume that it is a polite term for a bag of soot; and we therefore advise all our acquaintance, whenever they walk in the streets of London, to avoid coming into contact with a *Chimney-sweeper's Album.*

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan. 21	38	39	37	29 82	Showery.
.... 22	35	39	35	30 01	Cloudy.
.... 23	34	40	36	.. 20	Do.
.... 24	34	39	38	.. 03	Do.
.... 25	40	40	34	29 80	Fair.
.... 26	32	38	40	30 02	Cloudy.
.... 27	40	50	45	.. 09	Do.

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See Quarterly Review, No. 61, p. 100.

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No. 299. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBURARY 5, 1825. Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1082. *London*, 1825. Colburn.

The second series of the Sayings and Doings by (not of) Theodore Hook were published on Monday, and we lose no time in giving an account of the work to our readers. Had we bribed printers for proof sheets, or promised the publisher a puff prelusive, we might have written a very elaborate critique on the work a month ago; we, however, are unfortunately not gifted with second sight, and, if we were, we have some John Bullish honesty about us, which teaches us not to praise a book until we have seen it. We are well aware that this is a very old-fashioned practice, but still we shall adhere to it.

The first series of Sayings and Doings was really a clever work, and the puffing and puffery of the publisher, Mr. Colburn, gained it a very extensive sale*: genius is, however, not like steam; it cannot be produced in any quantity, or be directed to any object, however honourable or degrading: and hence Mr. Theodore Hook, who first gave us these very good volumes, has now presented the public with three more of a very different character. The tales are, like their predecessors, illustrative of some 'wise men or modern instance,' and are in number four: they are entitled The Sutherlands; The Man of many Friends; Doubts and Fears; and Passion and Principle,—a very long and an excessively dull story, which our readers may wade through if they like, but we will not a second time—'that's flat,' as Falstaff says.

It is a common saying, that we should put the best foot foremost, and the French have a proverb, indicating that the first step is the greatest difficulty. Aware of this, Mr. Theodore Hook has given us his best tale at the commencement of the work. It is entitled 'The Sutherlands,' and is intended to illustrate the proverbs of 'Look before you leap,' and 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.' Of course, the tale has no reference to the banishing 'a bold peasantry, a country's pride,' in order to make place for sheep, which was done two years ago practised in Scotland by an English nobleman, somewhat intimately connected with the Sutherlands. We say of course, because the author of Sayings and Doings knows well on which side his bread is buttered, and, though not a Scotchman we believe, would not stand upright in the presence of a great man, if he thought he would mar his fortune by doing so;—but to our story of the Sutherlands.

Mr. Sutherland, of Ringsworth House, had two sons, George and James, and a daughter Jane. George was of an open and generous disposition; James was a cold, calculating avaricious young gentleman. George sees a Miss Busbridge at a ball, and, after a courtship of nine days, marries her. James, on the contrary, makes a dead set at a rich heiress, whose father is in India, adding to a fortune which had already reached to £200,000. The story, though the best in the work, is extremely extravagant. We have George Sutherland, a young man of large fortune, after a nine days' courtship, marrying a young girl, the daughter of a man who had been appointed surveyor-general to Poyais, and, finding no Poyais to survey, returns, commits a burglary at Liverpool, for which he is sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, but passes the intermediate time between sentence and deportation at the tread-mill, which no man ever yet did; this humiliation is not, however, enough, for George's wife elopes with one of his own grooms.

James is scarcely less fortunate, for his intended proves to be the illegitimate daughter of Mr. Lazenby, who, instead of a fortune of £200,000, has only £300 a-year, and yet he has purchased her hand by a bribe of £1500 to the mistress of the boarding-school (Belmont Establishment) where she had been educated. This scene is worth quoting. James has received a letter from Mrs. Trainer, the governess, marked private, and inviting him to an interview:—

'James proceeded to the "Establishment," where he found the matron *sola*, and evidently prepared for a solemn discussion of the weighty affair: his eyes wandered round the room for Grace, but Grace was not to be seen.

'"I have sent for you, my dear Mr. Sutherland," said Mrs. Trainer, "because I know young hearts are sanguine, and young heads inconsiderate: and if you had heard what I have done, from any body except myself, you would perhaps have blamed me for want of candour, or censured me for want of feeling.—Miss Lazenby has left me."

'"Indeed!" said James, and his countenance altered; "whither is she gone?"

'"To her father," said the sage matron.

'"Without one word at parting?"

'"I thought it best.—I had my reasons."

'"But I shall see her again."

'"Often, I hope," said Mrs Trainer: "she is a good and amiable girl, and, with *her* expectations, her modesty and humility are quite exemplary."

'"When does she return?" asked James.

"Perhaps not at all; but I have not been unmindful of *you*, Mr. Sutherland; I saw and knew how both of ye were inclined, and, I think, I may safely say I have done my duty."

'"Pray explain," said James.

'"The sister of the lady who placed Miss Lazenby with me," continued Mrs. Trainer, "came this morning to fetch her, and take her to London to her father, whose occupations prevented his quitting town. I felt bound, for the sake of my dear Grace, as well as for your's and my own, to explain to that lady my suspicion of an existing attachment between you."

'"Did you—indeed!" said James anxiously

'"I did—and I believe, by what I said, I have secured the interest of *that* lady in your behalf."

'"But Grace herself?"——

'"Loves you!" said Mrs. Trainer.

'"You flatter me."

'"Not I," said Mrs. Trainer: "however, I have written a letter to Mr. Lazenby, detailing the nature and progress of your mutual attachment, exculpating myself from any undue influence over his child's affections; describing, as accurately as I was able, the rank and fortune of her admirer, and expressing a belief that her happiness is deeply involved and intimately connected with the successful termination of the intercourse."

'"Ten thousand thanks, my dear Mrs. Trainer; how shall I ever repay this kindness?" exclaimed the grateful lover.

'"I will tell you how, James Sutherland," answered Mrs Trainer: "we are now speaking, you know, in strict and perfect confidence; I shall therefore be candid and explicit. I have a son; he married early and imprudently: he has a wife and four children, and is still a subaltern in the army; an opportunity presents itself of purchasing a company for him. *I* have not the money, *you* have; lend me the necessary sum to accomplish this purpose, and I will secure you Grace Lazenby."

'An attack upon James's purse was indeed a most desperate attempt, and he appeared thunderstruck at this very abrupt advance. Could Mrs. Trainer be mercenary, could she have forwarded his views upon Grace with an interested motive; yet was he not, in point of fact, in her power, in so far as that assuredly Mr. Lazenby would consult her and take her advice upon the marriage?

'These considerations crowded into James's small and narrow mind in the space of half a minute; but they all made room for another still more touching and immediate inquiry:—"What was the sum she wanted?"

* A serious, but we hope not a mortal, feud has arisen between Messrs. Taylor and Hessey and Mr. Colburn, the proprietors of The London and New Monthly Magazines. The former have decidedly the better of the dispute, and the superlative quackery of Colburn is finely exposed in the last London Magazine.—Rev.

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'James, as I before said, instantly saw the importance of Mrs Trainer's good opinion; and although he loved his money dearly, still he was enough of a politician to perceive that the very best way of laying out his capital was that which would secure him the most profitable return; he readily caught at her proposal. It was clear that, by acceding to her desire, he should inevitably secure her by the double tie of fear and gratitude: for if she failed to exert herself sufficiently, exposition to the world, he was resolved, should inevitably ensue.

'But James even refined upon this refinement: he told her that the sum she required was at her service: and, by way of insuring her warmest advocacy, and her most strenuous efforts in his behalf, he explained to her, that she might command the amount as a loan at all events; but that, if he married Grace through her intervention, the bond she would give him as security for the advance, should be cancelled on the day of the wedding.

'Oh, that corruption such as this should rankle under the ivy-covered roof of "Belmont Establishment;" or that a library, well filled with the works of Porteus and Tomline and Horsley should have been the scene of such a transaction! Now could James easily divine why things had occurred at "Belmont Establishment" which had hitherto been inexplicable; now could he more readily understand the intimacy which subsisted between the respectable head of this seminary and Mr. Biggs the attorney, who was perpetually in her house, and who (no sooner said than done) was immediately introduced to forward and complete the arrangement proposed in the present instance by the exemplary guardian of female morality, for the laudable purpose of promoting her only son's interests.

'Mr. Biggs was a prudent, wary, tenacious, taciturn personage, and, as times go, somewhat honest, and who, although retired from business, had been selected by the lady of the house as a gentleman quite to be relied on.

'James felt a degree of awkwardness in opening the business, but Mrs. Trainer explained to him in a corner, that there was no necessity for any confidential conditions in the obligation: she was quite ready to trust to his honour as to returning the bond in the event of the marriage; and that it needed only to be a simple bond for so much money, covenanting on her part to pay certain interest, and repay the principal at a certain period; in short, she talked the matter over with so much tact, and knowledge of the sort of thing, that James felt assured that she was a very prudent long-headed person, not altogether unaccustomed to similar negotiations; and, elated beyond measure with the bright prospects of fortune which this temporary sacrifice opened to his view, the crafty lover gave the necessary directions to Biggs, and in the course of the following day received the valuable document in return for fifteen hundred pounds, which he paid with the greatest satisfaction into the hands of the dame; conceived (as how could he fail to be?) that in so doing he had laid the foundation of his future wealth and prosperity.

'James, who with all his worldliness had never felt the smallest suspicion of his dear friend Mrs. Trainer, was a good deal puzzled what to make of society, when he found this venerable personage absolutely making a traffic of her pupils; quite certain in his own mind, that one or two girls who had previously married early in life, after having left the "Establishment," had been disposed of in a similar manner.'

The second tale illustrates the proverb of 'Practice is better than precept;' it is long and dull, improbable, and inconsistent, and the story is neither good, nor could we detach a single scene favourable to the author. The third story, which is one of the shortest, is intended to illustrate the adage, 'The tongue of the evil speaker is no slander;' but, in fact, any other proverb might be substituted with great propriety. The last and longest tale is entitled 'Passion and Prejudice,' and the moralist inculcates, or professes to inculcate, that 'That which cannot be cured must be endured,' a truism which few persons will dispute. In this tale, the author introduces us to his acquaintance with India and its customs; the best passage, however, we can select, is that which is descriptive of the shipwreck:—

'A little after midnight (the darkness unmitigated, except by a faint, unfrequent, and distant flash of forked lightning, which seemed itself baffled and driven about by the wind), a huge sea rolling onwards, like a black mountain topped by snow, broke directly on board, to windward, and swept away the launch, the live stock, the cabooce, the stanuchions, and ring-bolts, tearing up the decks along with them, and leaving them open to the rolling waves, which made regular way over her.

'In the middle of the night, all the starboard main-chain-plates gave way: the fore-runners and tackle were got to secure the mast, but the worst misfortune was yet to occur; a leak was discovered under her stern post, through which, as she rose to meet the coming waves, rushed in at every pitch an awful quantity of water.

'All hands were at the pumps, and it was clear that, unless the ship were lightened, the leak would gain upon them; before daylight the men were fainting from fatigue, and cold and wet, and sank from their labour; the ship seemed rapidly settling, and the leak was taking up in water, yet no one dared to sound the well, lest those who already had begun to despair should, if the report were bad, give themselves up for lost, and, by abandoning themselves to their fate, involve the fate of others.

'In the midst of this most awful storm, there gleamed a pale flickering light upon the topmast head: it seemed to burn, unmoved by the contending gusts around it,—in a moment it shifted to the fore-topmast—then darted back to its old position, having touched the iron ring at the main-yard-arm; the undisturbed serenity of the flame, the striking contrast it afforded to the surrounding darkness, coupled with the sad time at which they beheld it, rendered this natural phenomenon deeply interesting, if not positively awful.

'Out of her cabin, and of her bed, was dragged the half-lifeless Fanny, by her husband, contrary to her inclination, and in opposition to her earnest prayers, to look on this; his excellency carried his point, as he was wont to do—and called to Welsted to support her ladyship as she stood on the companion-ladder, in obedience to his excellency's command.

'In the horrors of this night, in the midst of hurricanes and tempests, now lifted to the mountain's top, now buried in the fathomless valley of waters below, the ill-fated Fanny leaned once more for support upon the companion of her youth, the beloved of her heart; again did she experience the gentle solicitude which ever marked his conduct towards her; again did she feel the pressure of that hand which she had so often clasped in friendship and affection: he spoke soothingly to her, and though the words he uttered were lost to her ear in the general din, she felt his breath upon her cheek—her feelings overcame her—she fainted in his arms—in the arms of Welsted, who thus was driven, in conjunction with her husband, to carry her into her cabin. The dangers and difficulties of such a proceeding can only be judged by those who have been partakers of it.—She was at length, however, safely placed on her couch, although insensible to every thing around her.

'"She is a bad passenger in a storm, Mr. Welsted," said his excellency.

'A storm, indeed!—not the wild roarings of the mighty waters, not the rude elemental strife, at whose mercy she was, not the forked lightning, nor the pealing thunder, was half so potent as the storm that raged in her own mind—that was the dreadful conflict of passion with principle.

'As soon as day dawned, and the wretched state of the ship, then almost a wreck, was evident, the master gave orders to commence lightening her; all hands were turned up; the bulk-heads forward were knocked down, and all hands set to work to heave cargo overboard. The difficulty of getting at it, as she was then rolling and pitching, was great; but, after half an hour, a chain of hands was formed aft, and bales, and chests, and barrels, and cases, were promiscuously hoisted upon deck, where the foaming waves took them, and swept them into the bosom of the deep.

'All exertions, however, appeared unavailing, and, though the day had been expended in alternately heaving overboard and pumping, the ship laboured just as much, the leaks continued to gain, the men grew fainter, and the storm, if possible, increased;—birds flocked for shelter to the rigging, and the bravest sailor there stood still and trembled.

'At eight at night the master resolved, if possible, to wear ship, without consulting or communing with a human being, conscious as he was, that the experiment was perilous in the extreme, and would, in all probability, be fatal; he gave the word, and, in a mo-

mentary lull, she went about, without straining a rope-yarn. Hope beamed on his mind then; those who knew not his thoughts, felt increased apprehensions, for she lay in the trough of the sea, rolling gunnel under; no sail set, for none could stand the weather; the small one used to bring her round was blown into ribands from the stay; till, just at midnight, a crash on deck announced the main-mast gone: at one blow, like the stricken deer, she fell toppling with her yards and top-mast over the starboard side; she went about ten feet above the deck, and just above the mizen-stay: and the mizen-mast itself trembled like a reed, as Welsted clung to it, to watch the work of havoc above.

'It was a scene for a painter: the noise was inconceivable, the night inky black, the waves dashing over every part of the vessel. The women, battened down forward, were screaming for mercy, and their cries were mingled with the clashing of axes used by the men cutting away the rigging, by the gleaming light of lanthorns, disposed in the most advantageous points, and the stern bawling of those in command, with the faint reply of others who, in the midst of the stupendous waves, were in the main-chains, over the side, endeavouring to clear the ship of wreck; for the mast clung as it were to the quarter, and the counter beat so heavily upon the main-top, which lay close beneath it, that every moment they expected she would be stove in.

'At this moment three following seas again swept her fore and aft, and a shriek of horror, which overtopped the howlings of the tempest itself, announced some dreadful calamity. All those who were forward were washed at one "fell swoop" from off the bows, and plunged into inevitable destruction. Even Fanny was conscious of the increase of noise, and of a change of motion in the ship; she tabed from her cabin, and caught the arm of her husband, who was encouraging by his presence the hardy sailors in their duty, on the top step of the companion-ladder.

'"Sir Frederick," said she, "what is it?—let me——"

'"Nothing, ma'am, nothing!" said the general, angrily; "go to bed, Lady Brashleigh; there is no danger—all will be well soon, ma'am."

'Another following sea struck her—and another—it was the last!—the dead lights were shivered into splinters—the stern-frame shaft yielded to the shock—the water deluged the decks below, and, carrying every thing before it, burst upwards through the deck itself, driving those who were on the companion, forward.

'Fanny was caught, as she was whirled forward, by Welsted, who seized firmly hold of the binnacle, which broke away from its cleats; Sir Frederick was hurried onward in the mass of waters, and the master of the ship, having uttered an exclamation too clearly indicative that all was over, was seen endeavouring for a moment to "hold on" by the foremast, but, in another instant, the overwhelmed ungovernable ship met a tremendous coming wave, and rose not to meet it—unresisted and unopposed, the huge mountain burst directly upon her; the contending sea, rushing forward from the stern, met the advancing torrent; the ship plunged forward for a moment, as if struggling with destruction, but the effort was vain, and, forging a-head, she sank at once into the fathomless deep.

'Welsted, who had never let go his precious charge, during the important period in which all this was transacting, had lashed his beloved to the binnacle, himself holding on firmly; and, when the whirl of waters, in which the ship seemed to suck down every thing around it, had a little subsided, he awoke to a consciousness of his situation: the binnacle floated beyond the confines of the horrid abyss, and, upon the surface of the mountainous waves, still floated the fond devoted pair.

'The power of endurance with which humanity is gifted is hardly credible to those who have not suffered; here was the delicate Lady Brashleigh, nurtured with the fondest care, and couched on downy beds, the evening breeze itself too rude to blow upon her, exposed to the tremendous wind and constant drenching of the raging sea, through a night of awful misery. She was unconscious of her situation; and it was with the greatest care and toil that Welsted could sustain her in a position which alone secured her from almost entire immersion in the waves. The sickening and dreadful sameness of mounting rapidly on one high billow, followed by the dreadful and impetuous fall from it, only to rise upon another, and that perhaps the last, had worn her out, and it is doubtful whether, at the time, she was sensible whose arm it was that held her in safety, or upon whose bosom her aching head reclined.

'The day had just begun to dawn, when the sound of a gun, deadened by the storm, as if it were muffled, broke upon Welsted's ear. He raised himself to look, but could see nothing but water—water—water! He thought he had been deceived—he spoke to Fanny—she answered, evidently unconscious of her situation. Again the sound struck him: and the day brightening for a moment, as he mounted on the edge of a high-rolling wave, he caught a glimpse of a vessel near them.

'It was a sloop of war returning to the Cape from India. The doubt, the danger, and the difficulty of their situation now arose from the minuteness of the object upon which they floated, and the almost impossibility of rendering them aid even if they were discovered, in so tempestuous a sea; but it was doomed to be otherwise. The man of war had seen the distressed merchantman on the preceding night, and, missing her in the morning, when it was evident she could not have outsailed her, the guns were fired for the purpose of attracting those who might be (as indeed Fanny and Welsted were) still survivors of the fatal catastrophe which the captain of the brig concluded had occurred.

'It was certain, by the increased loudness of the report of the next gun heard, that the vessel was nearing them. Welsted waved, as well as he was able, the shawl in which Fanny had been enveloped, and which he disengaged from her for the purpose; but it was almost hopeless to expect so small an object to attract the eye through such a space or at such a distance. It was not seen; yet Providence guided the brig towards the place where the unhappy creatures still existed; they were actually caught sight of—the weather was somewhat more moderate—the gallant bark ploughed the foaming waves, and neared the sufferers.

'Now was the difficult part of the task to do; no boat could live; and even if a rope could be thrown to Welsted, in all probability, the moment the floating wreck came in contact with the larger object, it would be dashed to atoms along with those upon it. The brig got to windward, and, after many fruitless efforts, at length the rope was hove towards Francis—he caught it—every eye now beamed—every heart beat. "Stand by!" was the word,—"Fend off!"—"Fend off!"—"easy"—"now"—"now"—"now!"

'The moment came;—the wreck touched the quarters of the brig;—four or five good men, boatswain's mates and captains of tops, were ready to seize it in the main chains—the grasp was firm—the hold was certain—the rope was aboard. "Ease off!"—"Ease off!" was the cry. "Avast!"—"avast there!" sounded in the chains. Fanny was safe on deck—the brig gave a sudden heel to windward—the wreck rose sharply under the chains, and Welsted received a mortal blow on the head at the instant of Fanny's preservation.

'She was senseless. She heard not his death-scream—it was momentary—lost in the gush and rush of waters—he was seen but for an instant In his agony he raised his hands, and a huge wave, bursting over him, buried him in its black and relentless bosom.'

Although there is always a great deal of common place stuff in what Mr. Theodore Hook writes, and, although he is perpetually sacrificing the probable for *ad captandum* incidents; yet there is considerable cleverness about him, and we therefore feel somewhat surprised that the work before us should be so poor; it is indeed a sad falling off, and three more such volumes would make the world perfectly indifferent to his Sayings and Doings in future.

A Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jamna, in India; consisting of Twenty-four highly-coloured Views, &c. By Lieut.-Col. Forrest.

(Concluded from p 18.)

We have already spoken in terms of just praise of the beautiful embellishments of this truly splendid work, and all that we can now do is, by a few extracts, to show that the Tour itself is highly interesting. In an account of a visit to the city of Lucknow, we have a curious picture of the manners of the native princes:—

'In the evening the Newab dined with the British resident; he came in state, and the procession, on this occasion, was one of the most striking and magnificent I had yet seen in India. Notice being given of his highness's approach, the resident, with a large suite,

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placed himself at the top of the steps, to receive him. About one hundred *hircarrahs*, armed with spears with silver handles and silver maces, preceded, crying aloud his titles; these were followed by several attendants on horseback, and others on foot, carrying flambeaux; then came the body guard, armed with spears and swords. His highness followed these on a superbly caparisoned elephant, and in a splendid howdah or seat. He was accompanied by five of his sons, each on his own elephant, with their respective attendants, and about ten of his principal nobles; the lights placing themselves on each side the steps leading up to the door, where he was received by the resident, and conducted to the drawing-room. During dinner his highness did not appear to have lost his appetite, though he was far outdone by one of his nobles, named Cossine Ali Khan, who sat opposite to me at table, and ate as much certainly as would have satisfied any five English farmers. He was a good-looking man, of about five feet ten inches in height, but immensely large, so as to weigh upwards of twenty stone. His own servants brought his dinner, which consisted of a large dish of boiled rice, with butter, spices, and a variety of vegetables, which being all placed in a semicircle before him, he took of the several ingredients, and, mixing up a portion of them with his hand, he began to chuck this into his mouth; part he swallowed, but a large portion was denied entrance by his mustachios, and descended on his plate. What amused me most was, this *bon-vivant*, in the midst of his repast, threw handfuls of this mess on the plates of his fellow nobles, who seemed to receive this substantial mark of his favour with profound respect. He described a favourite dish, of which he often indulged in enumerating the several items, like a professed epicure. He gave also the exact measure of the several ingredients, which amounted in all to seven pounds' weight. After stuffing himself thoroughly, his servant brought a ponderous ewer and bason, when his lordship washed his beard and hands, and, rising with a salaam to his master, retired to take his nap. The Newab retired about nine o'clock: the procession was the same as on his arrival, except that there was a much greater display of flambeaux, almost every attendant, servant, guard, &c. bearing one. The night being very dark added to this scene, and produced a brilliant effect, which time never can efface from my memory.

'The following day was the Mahommedan festival of the Ede, corresponding with our Easter, as it is celebrated on the appearance of the new moon, after the month *Ramazan*, which resembles the Lent of the Christians. During its continuance the Mussulmans eat nothing from sunrise to sunset; and some are said to be so punctilious as not even to swallow their saliva during that period. The festivities at the conclusion of the feast are sumptuous: some very curious in their nature; but, in consequence of the death of the Newab's mother, his highness did not attend, and much of the splendour of the festival was lost in consequence.'

Another day was dedicated to an elephant fight, and Colonel Forrest, with the rest of the party, set out in the morning from the palace of the Newab, a sort of country house, where there is an area appropriated for the combatants of elephants and other wild beasts:—

'An elegant breakfast (says Colonel F.) awaited our arrival; after which we passed to a spacious verandah on the east side of the palace, which looked down into the area prepared for the combat: the latter was nearly surrounded by a paling of bamboo, eighteen or twenty feet high. Soon after we were all seated, the crowd were admitted, and presently filled the circumference of the theatre below us. Two very large war-elephants were now brought forward from opposite sides, each preceded by its favourite female, whose presence, it appears, is necessary to arouse the anger of these noble animals. The conflict of this pair, however, gave little sport, one of them appearing very shy, and inferior to his opponent in strength; they were, therefore, withdrawn. Another pair now advanced, led as the first. These approached with a slow and majestic step, until they caught a glimpse of each other; both then raising their trunks, and uttering a shrill and angry cry, rushed with the most tremendous impetuosity together, presenting their heads to receive the first shock. It was awfully grand. The animals, thus stopped in their first career, still continued to strive, by every possible exertion of strength and art, to force their adversary back, or to attack him in flank. Their heads, however, still were firmly pressed together, and they alternately receded and rallied. One was of rather a smaller size than his antagonist, but he appeared to make up for this deficiency by his greater spirit. He retreated a little for a moment, but it was only to renew the charge with increased rage: again they met; the same tremendous concussion took place, and these attacks were several times repeated, until, in a last and most desperate one, a tooth of the smaller elephant was broken in two with a loud crash. Still he was not dispirited, and would have persevered longer in the contest; but being now so decidedly inferior to his adversary, the fireworks were cast between them, which ended the combat.

'The noble animals kept for this sport are unfit, of course, for any other purpose, and are almost ungovernable by their *mahauts*. They are fed, to bring them up in this furious state, on high-seasoned fruit and spices, which in a manner intoxicate them, and render them furious beyond description.

'The *mahauts*, or conductors, sit upon the elephant's back during the contest, and too often fall victims to the mad rage of their own animal, or the opposing foe. There is a large pad, like a mattress, strongly fixed on the animal's back, and covered over with a coarse netting of thick white cotton rope; to this the *mahaut* clings, and, as the elephants approach to the attack, the rider gradually recedes towards the tail, where he usually is at the moment of the shock, stimulating the already furious animal with his voice, and the sharp goad with which the elephant is always driven and guided.'

As no extracts we can make can give a just idea of this excellent work, any more than one drop of a magnificent chandelier can enable a person to judge of its beauty, we shall not quote another line, but refer to the volume itself, which, to persons who have visited India, or have friends there, must prove doubly acceptable.

The Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto.

(Continued from p. 67.)

THE world has generally given the Abbé Sieyes credit for talents, and the man whose verdict against the life of his sovereign was given in five words, may claim the character of decision; it would appear, however, by the following project of his, for forming a government after that of the three consuls, that he was a very silly politician:—

'It was known that the government of Sieyes was to terminate in a pinnacle, in a species of monarchical shaft, erected upon republican foundations; an idea to which he had been for a long time attached: an attention and even impatient curiosity was manifested, till at last he discovered the capital of his constitutional edifice. What was Sieyes' proposal? *A grand elector*, chosen for life by the conservative senate, sitting at Versailles, representing the majority of the nation, with a revenue of six millions, a guard of three thousand men, and having no other functions than to nominate two consuls, one for *peace*, and another for *war*, both independent of each other in the exercise of their functions. And this *grand elector*, in case of a bad choice, could be *absorbed* by the senate, which was invested with the right of drawing back into its own body, without explaining its reasons, every depositary of public authority, the two consuls and the grand elector not excepted; the latter, having become a member of the senate, would no longer have any direct share in the operations of government.

'Here Bonaparte could no longer contain himself; rising up and bursting into a loud laugh, he took the paper from the hands of Sieyes, and, with one dash of his pen, *adorned* what he called metaphysical nonsense. Sieyes, who generally yielded to, instead of resisting objections, defended, nevertheless, his grand elector; and said that, after all, a king ought to be nothing else. Bonaparte replied, with much warmth, that he mistook the shadow for the substance, the abuse for the principle that there could not be in the government any active power without an independence founded upon, and defined by, prerogative. He also made several other preconceived objections, to which Sieyes replied very lamely and becoming gradually more warm, he finished by addressing his colleague thus:—"How could you have supposed, citizen Sieyes, that a man of honour, of talent, and of some capacity in affairs, would ever consent to be nothing but a hog fattened up by a few millions in the royal château of Versailles?" Amused by this sally, the members of the conference began to laugh; and Sieyes, who had already testified indecision

remained confounded, and saw his *grand elector*, sink never to rise again.'

Bonaparte was at one time suspected of wishing to favour the return of the Bourbons; or, at least, such a report was in circulation:—

'The king himself, then at Mittau, deceived by his correspondents in Paris, conceived that the favourable moment was come for him to claim his crown; and transmitted to the consul Lebrun, by means of the Abbé de Montesquiou, his secret agent, a letter addressed to Bonaparte, wherein, in the most nauseating terms, he endeavoured to convince him of the honour he would acquire by replacing him on the throne of his ancestors. "I can do nothing for France without you," said that prince, "and you cannot contribute to the welfare of France without me Hasten, then, to undertake the task."

'At the same time the Count d'Artois sent the Duchess de Guiche, a lady of great attraction and talent, from London, in order, on his side, to open a negotiation of a parallel description, by means of Josephine, who was considered the tutelary angel of the royalists and emigrants. She obtained some interviews, and I was informed of them by Josephine herself, who, in conformity to our mutual treaty, cemented by a thousand francs per day, informed me of all that passed in the interior of the château.'

Among the plots against the life of Bonaparte, that of the Infernal Machine was the nearest of proving fatal:—

'The oratorio of the Creation of the World, by Haydn, was announced for the 24th of December, at the opera; all Paris was aware that the First Consul would be present, with his retinue. So profound was the perversity of the conspiracy that the agents of Georges deliberated whether it would not be more certain to station the infernal machine beneath the foundations of the opera pit, in such a manner as to blow up at the same time Bonaparte and the entire *élite* of his government. Whether it was the idea of so horrible a catastrophe, or the uncertainty of destroying the individual against whom such an outrage was designed, which caused the crime to be put off, I am incapable,—indeed, I tremble, to pronounce. Nevertheless an old officer of the marines, named Saint-Régent, assisted by Carbon, called Little Francis, a subaltern, was directed to station the fatal machine in the Rue Saint-Nicaise, which it was necessary for Bonaparte to pass, and to apply the match in time to blow up his carriage. The burning of the match, the effect of the powder and explosion, was all computed by the time which the coachman of the First Consul ordinarily employed in coming from the Tuileries to that upper portion of the Rue Saint Nicaise where the infernal machine was to be placed.

'The Prefect of Police and myself were apprised, the evening before, that there was much whispering in certain clubs of a great blow that was to be struck on the following day. This information was very vague; besides, notices equally alarming were brought to us every day. The First Consul, however, was instantly apprised of it, by our diurnal reports. He at first appeared to exhibit some hesitation; but, on the report of the counter-police of the palace, that the opera-house had been inspected, and all kinds of precautionary measures taken, he called for his carriage and departed, accompanied by his aids-de-camp. On this occasion, as on so many others, it was Cæsar accompanied by his fortune. It is well known that the hope of the conspirators was only baffled by a slight accident. The First Consul's coachman, being half intoxicated on that day, having driven his horses with more than usual celerity, the explosion, which was computed with rigorous precision, was retarded about two seconds, and that scarcely perceptible fraction of time, deducted from the preconcerted time, sufficed to save the life of the First Consul and consolidate his power*.

'Without expressing any astonishment at the event, Bonaparte exclaimed, on hearing the report of the frightful explosion, "that is the infernal machine;" and, without desiring to retrograde or fly, he made his appearance at the opera.'

The situation of Fouché was one of great difficulty—it was a life of intrigue, and his efforts to guard the life of Bonaparte, and to discover the plots against him, did not always satisfy his master. Fouché takes the merit of having given Bonaparte a great deal of good advice, just as Mr. Dallas does with regard to Lord Byron; we suspect, however, that interest, rather than love, swayed both these counsellors. Fouché in favour appears to have been a sincere friend, but, out of it, an implacable enemy: he is very inveterate against Savary, whom he accuses of wishing to sacrifice the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri, instead of the Duc d'Enghein; but the secret of hostility is, perhaps, to be found in Savary having succeeded to Fouché's post, that of Minister of Police. Fouché, restored to power, became more active than ever; and we shall let him give his own account of his system:—

'It was to the central focus of my cabinet that all the great affairs of state, of which I grasped the strings, finally converged. It will not be doubted, that I had salaried spies in all ranks and all orders; I had them of both sexes, hired at the rate of a thousand or two thousand francs per month, according to their importance and their services. I received their reports directly in writing, having a conventional mark. Every three months I communicated my list to the emperor, in order that there might be no double employment; and also in order that the nature of the service, occasionally permanent, often temporary, might be rewarded either by places or remunerations.

'As to the department of foreign police, it had two essential objects, namely, to watch friendly powers, and counteract hostile governments. In both cases, it was composed of individuals purchased or pensioned, and commissioned to reside near each government, or in each principal town, independent of numerous secret agents sent into all countries, either by the minister of foreign affairs, or by the emperor himself.

'I also had my foreign spies. It was in my department, also, that the foreign gazettes prohibited to the perusal of the French people, and transcripts of which were sent to me, were treasured up. By that means, I held in my hands the most important strings of foreign politics; and I discharged, in conjunction with the chief of the government, a task capable of controlling or balancing that of the minister charged with the function of foreign relations.

'I was thus far from limiting my duties to *espionnage*. All the state prisons were under my control, as well as the *gendarmerie*. The delivery and the *visa* of passports belonged to me. To me was assigned the duty of overlooking amnestied individuals and foreigners. I established general commissariats in the principal towns of the kingdom, which extended the net-work of the police over the whole of France, and especially our frontiers.

'My police acquired so high a renown, that the world went so far as to pretend that I had, among my secret agents, three nobles of the *ancien régime*, distinguished by princely titles, and who daily communicated to me the result of their observations.

'I confess that such an establishment was expensive; it swallowed up several millions, the funds of which were secretly provided from taxes laid upon gambling and prostitution, and from the granting of passports. Notwithstanding all that has been said against gambling, reflecting and decided minds must allow, that in the actual state of society, the legal converting of vice into profit is a necessary evil A proof that all the odium attendant upon the measure is not to be attributed exclusively to the republican governments, is, that at the present day, gambling taxes form part of the budget of the old government now re-established. Since it was an unavoidable evil, it became necessary to employ severe regulations, that the disorder might at least be under control. Under the empire, the establishment of which cost nearly four hundred millions of francs, since there were thirty families to be provided with dignities and honours, it became necessary to organize the gambling-houses upon a much larger scale, for the produce of them was not solely destined to reward my moving phalanxes of spies, I nominated a superintendent-general of the gambling-houses in France; Perrein, the elder, who already farmed them, and who, after the coronation, extended his privilege over all the chief towns of the empire, upon condition of paying fourteen mil-

* 'The infernal machine did not accomplish its design, which was that of destroying the First Consul; but it caused the death of some twenty persons, and wounded fifty-six others, more or less severely. Medical assistance was given to the unfortunate wounded, according to the greater or less severity of their wounds. The *maximum* of that medical assistance was four thousand five hundred francs, and the *minimum* twenty-five francs. The orphans and widows received pensions, as well as the children of those who perished; but only till they arrived at their majority; and then they were entitled to receive two thousand francs for their fitting out.'

lions yearly, independent of three thousand francs daily to the minister of the police. All, however, did not remain in his hands.

'All these elements of an immense power did not reach my cabinet, there to expire without utility. As I was informed of all, it became my duty to centre in myself the public complaints in order to make known to the head of the government the uneasiness and misfortunes of the state.

'I will not therefore dissemble, that it was in my power to act upon the fear or terror which either more or less constantly agitated the possessor of unlimited power. The great searcher into the state, I could complain, censure, and condemn, for the whole of France. In this point of view, what evils have I not prevented? If I found myself unable to reduce, as was my wish, the general police to a mere scarecrow, or rather to a benevolent institution, I have at least the satisfaction of being able to assert, that I have done more good than ill; that is to say, that I have avoided more evil than it was permitted me to do, having almost always to struggle with the prejudices, the passions, and the furious transports of the chief of the state.

'In my second ministry, I succeeded much more by the force of informations and of apprehension, than by restraint and the employment of coercive measures. I revived the ancient police maxim, namely, that three persons could not meet and speak indiscreetly upon public affairs, without its coming the next day to the ears of the minister of police. Certain it is, that I had the address to make it universally believed that wherever four persons assembled, there, in my pay, were eyes to see and ears to hear. Such a belief, no doubt, tended to general corruption and debasement; but, on the other hand, what evils, what wretchedness, what tears has it prevented? Such then was this vast and terrific machine called the general police of the empire. It may easily be conceived that, without neglecting the details, I was chiefly engaged upon its *ensemble* and its results.'

Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c. By George Downes. 8vo. pp. 91. London, 1824. Baldwin and Co.

Although the author has not given us any poem of particular interest or importance, he exhibits promise of a talent that, if duly cultivated, may enable him to achieve some production of no common merit. We are best pleased with the original pieces, and, in these, we think that the descriptive parts are the best. The following extract from the poem on the Death of Don Carlos, is a fair specimen of the author's talent:—

'Sweet are thy shades, Aranjuez! loveliest thou
Of Flora's blossomy realms! the breeze most sweet
That passes o'er thy bowers of blossedness!
The Peri—wafted far on unseen wing
From some fair islet of the eastern wave,
A place of fruits and flowers, by human foot
Untrod, by human hand unrifled—drinks
The racy fragrance from each pouting lip
Of thy rich bell-shrubs; keener perfumes these
Than e'er from fairest islet of the east,
Or Banda, or Amboyna, or the shore
Of old Serendib, breathed along the sea,
Wooing the mariner from his homeward course:
Oft, when the busy hand of evening shuts
The rainbow petals, she enjoys within
A soft imprisonment 'till opening morn.
Sweet are thy shades; and sweet and bright and cool
Thy labyrinth of waters, led along
Thro' many a secret conduit by the hand
Of cunning artists, 'till each silvery jet
Showers renovation on the turf beneath.
'And fair were those two youthful forms that late
Thro' bless'd Aranjuez wandered: emblems true,
In beauty and in fate, of those young forms
Lived in the trellised foliage that enwove
The bower where last they met;—a linden *he*,
Graceful and green and fresh and vigorous,
Transmitted thro' whose leaf the sunlight melts
To emerald lustre,—but whose leaf, alas!
Earliest of all its brothers of the grove,
Is wasted by the worm! The cistus gave
The fairness of *her* cheek; the cistus gave
The semblance of that cheek's decay—its flower,
Perishing as fair, oft scattered in the sigh
Breathed by the wood-nymph as she flits along.
In early youth they loved, and Fortune seemed
Propitious to their love, and Hymen bade
The nuptual torch be lighted, and the wreath
Of flowerets be enwoven to adorn
Elizabeth's young brow; and Carlos wore
His happiest smile,—his happiest, and the last
That lit his features—for the despot came!
Dim grew the torch—faded the nuptial wreath,
When Philip seized his son's betrothed, and bore
The shrinking victim to his altar-throne!'

Having given this picture of southern scenery, we will now present our readers with one of an opposite description, from the 'Expedition to the North Pole:'—

'Few are the shores that greet you on your way.
Remotest land—if land it may be called,
Where snows and snows and snows uninterrupt
Shroud the dead soil—dull Spitzbergen usurps
A portion from the waters: towering high
Its pyramids of ice, at distance viewed
By the lone Scandinavian, as he plies
His twilight bark, seem to his startled gaze
The tents unearthly of that giant race,
The Jotuns; who, as ancient Sagas tell,
By Odin and his Caspian followers
Driven from their homes, fled northward towards the sea,
And, 'mid the isles of lies that girt the pole,
A perilous shelter found. Remotest land,
If land it may be called, where never yet
Dwelt man,—an outcast land, which no man owns,—
A land unbonoured by the proud bright name,
My native country! He, the Russ alone,
Fit denizen of stormy climes, repairs
To chase the white bear from his solitudes—
Himself, perhaps, to fall beneath the shaft
From death's unerring string; the whiten'd bones,
By seamen found upon the charnel shore,
Are their own epitaph. O rest not here,
Adventurous mariners! onward, onward still!
'There is a region where the cloud-king holds
His elemental sway 'mid night and storms,
Unchecked by aught which in soft southern climes
Limits his empire. There no fervid beam
Dispels the mist; no sportive summer breeze
Chases the vapour from the mountain's brow:
Within those valleys drear was never heard
The pipe of pastoral swain; the bleating flock
Within those valleys—never! but the howl
Of famished bears re-echoes fearfully.
No Naiad, hiding in the sedgy stream,
Carols her lay by mortal ear misdeemed
The music of the waters—but hoarse floods
From peaks of ice precipitously dash.
Yet, Greenland, tho' thy desolate extent,
Beyond the smile of nature flung afar,
Sullen and cheerless lies, I love thee still,
Land of my Christian brethren! for the word
Of life hath visited thy frozen shores,
And made thy desolate places sing for joy!
Bless'd be their labours who have won for thee
The blessed privilege to know thy God!
Righteous crusaders they (no red-cross knights
Like those of old, whose baptism was of blood,
The sword *their* eloquence), with accents mild
Conquering the rugged heart. For this they left
The bosom of domestic life, and all
The joys and comforts of a milder clime:
Content to dwell 'mid forms and sights uncouth,
Courting privation, misery *his* bliss,
The patient missionary toils and toils,
And reaps his harvest in another world.'

Illustrations of Lying, in all its Branches. By Amelia Opie. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 556. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

It has been said, and from a very high authority, that we cannot serve God and Mammon; yet still there are many people who try to make this compromise of feeling and principle; and we trust we shall not be suspected of any want of gallantry, if we accuse our fair friend, Mrs. Opie, of this species of trimming. It is, perhaps, not necessary to relate to our readers that this lady has lately joined the Society of Friends, as the adherents of the principles of George Fox are called. Until of late years, painting and poetry were prohibited occupations of this sect. Benjamin West could not be allowed to exert his youthful talents in the fine arts until the permission of a Quaker council was obtained; and poor Scott of Amwell, the first Quaker poet, excited the anger of his sect for wooing the muses. Mrs. Opie seems to have felt this, and, as she is not very confident how closely her straight-laced cross may sit upon her, she is prudent enough not to quarrel with her former friends, the novel-reading public;—the result has been the production of a sort of milk-and-water work, in which there is little to censure, and still less to praise.

Mrs. Opie has divided her subject into various branches, illustrative of the various species of lying. It is, however, a revolting subject, and we propose to get rid of it by selecting one of the shortest of these tales entitled a Tale of Potted Sprats, which comes under the head of lies falsely called Lies of Benevolence:—

'These,' says Mrs. Opie, 'are lies which are occasioned by a selfish dread of losing favour and provoking displeasure, by speak

ing the truth, rather than by real benevolence. Persons, calling themselves benevolent, withhold disagreeable truths, and utter agreeable falsehoods, from a wish to give pleasure, or to avoid giving pain. If you say that you are looking ill, they tell you that you are looking well. If you express a fear that you are growing corpulent, they say that you are only just as fat as you ought to be. If you are hoarse in singing, and painfully conscious of it, they declare that they did not perceive it. And this, not from the desire of flattering you, or from the malignant one of wishing to render you ridiculous, by imposing on your credulity, but from the desire of making you pleased with yourself. In short, they lay it down as a rule, that you must never scruple to sacrifice the truth, when the alternative is, giving the slightest pain or mortification to any one.

'I shall leave my readers to decide whether the lies of fear or benevolence preponderate in the following trifling but characteristic anecdote:—

'*A Tale of Potted Sprats.*

'Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book, and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

'With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days, both at her town and country-house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary lore, but in economy; and was in the habit of setting on her table, even when not alone, whatever her taste or carefulness had led her to pot, pickle, or preserve, for occasional use.

'Before a meagre family dinner was quite over, a dish of POTTED SPRATS was put before the lady of the house, who, expatiating on their excellence, derived from a family receipt of a century old, pressed her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

'The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it; but it had only one peculiarity;—it had a strong flavour of garlic, and to garlic the poor guest had a great dislike.

'But she was a timid woman; and good breeding, and what she called benevolence, said, "persevere and swallow," though her palate said no. "Is it not excellent?" said the hostess.—"Very," faltered out the half-suffocated guest;—and this was lie the first. "Did you ever eat any thing like it before?" —"Never," replied the other more firmly; for *then* she knew that she spoke the truth, and *longing* to add, "and I hope I never shall eat any thing like it again."—"I will give you the receipt," said the lady kindly; "it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper; for it is economical, as well as good, and serves to make out, when we have a scrap dinner. My servants often dine on it."—"I wonder you can get any servants to live with you," thought the guest; "but I dare say you do not get any one to stay long!"—"You do not, however, *eat* as if you liked it." "Oh, yes, *indeed*, I do, very much," (lie the second) she replied; "but you forget I have already eaten a *good dinner*" (lie the third. Alas! what had benevolence, *so called*, to answer for on this occasion!)

'"Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats," said the flattered hostess, while the cloth was removing; adding, "John! do not let these sprats be eaten in the kitchen!" an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

'The next day they were to set off for the country-house, or cottage. When they were seated in the carriage, a large box was put in, and the guest fancied she smelt *garlic*; but—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

'She therefore asked no question; but tried to enjoy the present, regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait their horses. There the guest expected that they should get out and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eye, observed, "I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me." So saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. He then unpacked the box, took out of it knives and forks, plates, &c., and also a jar, which, impregnating the air with its effluvia, even before it was opened, disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats!

'"Alas!" thought she, "Pandora's box was nothing to this! for in that Hope remained behind; but at the bottom of this is Despair!" In vain did the unhappy lady declare (lie the fourth) that "she had no appetite, and (lie the fifth) that she never ate in the morning." Her hostess would take no denial. However, she contrived to get a piece of sprat down, enveloped in bread; and the rest she threw out of the window, when her companion was looking another way—who, however, on turning round, exclaimed, "So, you have soon despatched the first! let me give you another; do not refuse, because you think they are nearly finished; I assure you there are several left; and (delightful information!) we shall have a fresh supply to-morrow!" However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough; and the travellers proceeded to their journey's end.

'This day, the sprats did not appear at dinner;—but there being only a few left, they were kept for a *bonne bouche*, and reserved for supper! a meal of which, this evening, on account of indisposition, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would fain have declined eating also; but it was impossible,—she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an *early dinner*. There was therefore no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her; and eat she must: but, when she again smelt on her plate the nauseous composition which, being near the bottom of the pot, was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more; the scarcely-tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately into the open air, almost disposed to execrate, in her heart, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even benevolence itself.'

In conclusion, we advise Mrs. Opie either to enter into the spirit and feelings of the sect with which she has associated herself, or to renounce it altogether.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1824. 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

OUR worthy friend and contemporary, Sylvanus Urban, the father of periodicals, once borrowed a review from our pages, which he honestly acknowledged.* We, for the first time, shall follow his example, and quote from his own pages a review of the Annual Biography. We do this for two reasons: first, to expose impudent quackery and piracy; and secondly, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. A more slovenly or incomplete work than this said Annual Biography we never saw; how far it is original the following notice from the last number of the Gentleman's Magazine will show:

'In the preface to our last volume we noticed the extensive piracy from our Obituary, committed by the copyist (for editor we cannot call him) of the Annual Biography. We now take the pruning-hook of Sylvanus, and proceed to substantiate our charge.

'The memoir of our highly-respected friend the Rev. Thomas Maurice, has been taken from our numbers; and the copyist has had the assurance to appropriate to himself the merit (which belongs to us) of having collected additional anecdotes respecting our friend, to incorporate with those taken from the "Memoirs of an Author." The copyist has added to our memoir the beautiful epitaph which we referred to as having been printed in a former volume. Our readers will be surprised when we state that 15 pages of this memoir have been pillaged from us almost *verbatim et literatim*, without acknowledgment. Are we thus to incur labour and expense in procuring faithful memoirs, and allow them to be converted to the profit of a literary marauder? Our readers will recollect the declaration of Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), that booksellers drank wine out of the skulls of poets; but we trust that the labours of our brains will not henceforth go to the enrichment of idle editors, without exposure.

'The copyist for the Annual Biography is the most ungrateful pirate we ever encountered. He might have been content with the profits accruing to him from stolen goods, and have allowed us the merit! but no; he deprives us even of that small share.

'The memoir of Charles Grant, Esq. consists of 31 pages; of which *twenty-three* have been copied from our vol. XCIII. ii. pp. 561—569, without acknowledgment.

'The memoirs of Sir Edward Buller, Bart.

* By the bye, a correspondent of the said worthy old gentleman has been less candid in his account of Christmas Festivals, where he has copied largely from No. 32 of *The Literary Chronicle*.

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and Admiral Russell, the former of which occupies 8 pages, and the latter 13, have been taken from vol. xciv. i. p. 465 *et seq.* and part ii. pp. 569—373. That of Baron Masères, which consists of 11 pages, has been printed *verbatim et literatim* from vol. xciv. i. p. 569 *et seq.*

'The principal part of the memoir of Joseph Marryatt, Esq. was copied from vol. xciv. i. pp. 472—374: and the memoir of Lord Erskine, in vol. xciii. ii. pp. 553—558, forms the basis of the memoir in the Annual Biography. Of this we do not complain; but when we see whole pages and sheets of our property bodily introduced without the slightest acknowledgment, we think it high time that some serious notice should be taken.

'The only memoirs, the sources of which are acknowledged, are these, 1. *Rev. Thomas Rennell*, from the Christian Remembrancer, the language of which acknowledgment is copied from us, and hence it appears that the copyist did not see the Christian Remembrancer, but relied on our accuracy.—2. *William Sharpe, Esq.* This memoir is ushered in with a puff for the European Magazine, whence the most material parts of the memoir are copied.—3. *Rev. J. J. Conybeare.* Of this memoir, which originally appeared in the Annals of Philosophy, we gave an abridgment in vol. xciv. ii. pp. 376—378.—4. *Percy B. Shelley*, taken from a note in Medwin's Conversations of Byron.—We think we have an equal right with any of the above publications to an acknowledgment, and we might add a greater right, when the extent of the piracy is considered.

'The memoir of Lord Byron, which is of great extent, is compiled from Dallas's Recollections, Medwin's Conversations, Murray's Answer (whose letters are given), &c.

'We now proceed to the "Biographical Index of Deaths for 1824." [Here the reviewer claims thirty-nine.]

'In the memoir of Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield, we observed that in vol. xciii. ii. p. 178, "we have inserted several particulars of the life of this exemplary prelate, which renders it unnecessary to repeat them here."—These words have been copied into the Annual Biography, only altering the reference to our previous volume into "our last volume, pp. 424 and 425," which also proves that the memoir of Marquis Cornwallis in Annual Biography of 1824, was copied from us.

'The additional facts in the Dictionary of Musicians have not been made use of in the memoirs of Mr. John Day and Mr. H. Smart, which shows what research has been adopted in the compilation of this volume.

'The interesting memoir of Sir H. B. Dudley, taken from vol. xciv. i. p. 273 *et seq.* and 638, has been sadly mutilated in some parts.

'In the memoir of M. Gregson, Esq. the copyist no doubt *forgot* to state that Mr. Gregson was "for many years a valued correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine." The memoir of Thomas Viscount Hampden should have accompanied that of his brother John Viscount Hampden; and would probably have so done, had our number for November appeared in time.

'In the memoir of Dr. Lempriere, taken from vol. xciv. i. 283, we vindicated the learned doctor from the aspersions of his enemies. The editor has adopted the vindication as his own.

'In extracting the memoir of the Rev. W. Madan, the copyist had the *modesty* to put it in inverted commas. It would have been too barefaced to have given the pious effusion of our respected correspondent as a contribution to his own work.

'The memoir of Mr. Hugh O'Neil is imperfect, because the facts in vol. xciv. ii. 566, have not been incorporated.

'We wonder that the copyist's presumption did not allow him to give the concluding sentence of the memoir of William Osgoode, Esq. as it appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine. It would have been rather a bold stroke.

'A highly respectable contemporary 'quoting our memoir of Edward Pearl, M.D.' had the candour to state that "a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine says," &c.; but the wholesale pirate who has conducted the Annual Biography has neither candour nor modesty.

'We abridged the memoir of M. Quill, Esq. from a very long one in the New Times, with due acknowledgment; but this copyist has adopted our abridgment without noticing the acknowledgment.

'In the memoir of Baron Wood, we acknowledged abridging the character of him from a provincial paper; which abridgment is adopted, though the acknowledgment is of course omitted. We wish the copyist for the Annual Biography would specify from what paper we abridged the character.

'If extracting from us matter sufficient to occupy *seventy* pages of the Annual Biography in the larger-sized type, together with *forty* pages in the smaller type, is not a *clear case of piracy*, we would ask the sapient copyist what is?

'We shall conclude with stating, that in many respects the work is very deficient. We could enumerate a host of worthies, of whom no memoirs are to be found in this work; but which may be seen in our Obituary.

'In the notice of Mr. Holditch's death, it is stated that he wrote the "History of *Rowland* Abbey." Now, with all our knowledge of topography, we never heard of such a place; and we wonder the copyist himself should never have heard of the fame of Crowland Abbey, the history of which was written by Mr. Holditch.'

ORIGINAL.

EXPOSURE OF A DANGEROUS INNOVATION.

Mr. Editor,—Loth as I am to appear in the character of an alarmist, I cannot help performing what I consider to be a public duty, by exposing an exceedingly vile and insidious attempt to destroy our reverence for the laws of our country, in an article in the last number of the Westminster Review, on Livingston's project of a new Penal Code for the State of Louisiana. The object of the writer of this most pestiferous and profligate paper is neither more nor less than to recommend to us to remodel and improve that which has justly been pronounced the 'perfection of wisdom.' The signs of the times, Mr. Editor, are indeed awful, and such as no thinking man can contemplate without dread: for my own part, I think that a moral and political volcano is about to break forth; that we are on the eve of a universal earthquake, that a general inundation of the most horrible doctrines will shortly overwhelm us, that a tremendous hurricane threatens to sweep away our prejudices and our principles, that a conflagration of philosophy and radicalism will devastate the whole globe, and that old chaos will come again. Improvement, *alias* innovation, stares us in the face every where; but why cannot we let things be as they were? Wherefore should we set ourselves up as being so much wiser than our forefathers, or attempt to improve upon their excellent institutions. We have hitherto gone on well, very well; but it seems, forsooth, that we must go on better. There is nothing now-a-days secure from the prying and impertinent curiosity of the vulgar—among whom I take the liberty of placing both Livingston and his notable reviewer; such gentry would lay open to public gaze all the secret springs and movements of that complicated piece of machinery, society: nay, it seems that they would even take it all to pieces; but I fear that they will only realize the story of the idiot and his watch, which he spoiled by trying to find out whether he could not see the ticking in the inside of it.

The review-writer in the Westminster would doubtless have us, to use his own horrible language, 'abandon, without reserve and without fear, the prejudices and errors of past ages, handed down under the imposing names of the wisdom and experience of our forefathers; rejecting the crude and contradictory and weak and cruel laws which are imposed by ignorance and passion, and projecting a penal code, uniform, consistent, and mild!' What think you of this, sir; can you for one moment doubt whether this man has a cloven foot? You will, I feel assured, join with me in my abhorrence of all such projectors. But let us examine some of the principles of this precious code, which, it seems, he cannot sufficiently admire or extol: one of these is, 'that penal laws should be written in plain language, clearly and unequivocally expressed, in order that they may be neither misunderstood nor perverted; that they should be so concise as to be remembered with ease; and all the technical phrases and words they contain, should be clearly defined, &c.' Indignant as I am, it almost moves me to mirth to read such stuff;—laws clearly and unequivocally expressed, and so concise as to be remembered with ease!! Why, sir, at this rate, we should soon be reduced to the barbarous state of having only a single gaol. Obscurity has always been allowed to be one source of the *sublime*: and of this quality the law has hitherto possessed a most comfortable share. Law, as I think a man who sets up for a legislator ought to

know, is not a science, but a mystery: its language is accordingly, like that of the oracles of old, most cautiously ambiguous, so that it inspires an instinctive awe and reverence in the uninitiated, the profane vulgar. But let me proceed—that is, if the horror which I feel will permit me to hold my pen, while I write down such pestilential doctrine. Another fundamental principle of this new-fangled code is, 'that such a system of procedure in criminal cases should be established as to be understood without long study; that it should neither suffer the guilty to escape by formal objections, nor involve the innocent in difficulty by errors in pleading.' This is, if possible, still worse: why, this fellow would Mac-Adamize law, and have it a plain, level, straight-forward, turnpike-road, without a single bend or winding. The man has no feeling whatever for the *picturesque*, and would probably not hesitate to denominate crooked ways, those elegant and graceful sinuosities, those serpentine curves, and those pleasingly abrupt angles, that impart such variety and spirit to what would otherwise be most dull and monotonous. He has as little taste as a Chinese painter, for he would have all light, and no shadow: nor would he permit one of those forcible contrasts—I suppose he would term them contradictions—that contribute so much to effect.

This unpicturesque way of legislating may do very well for such barbarous and tasteless animals as those who inhabit the new world, but, believe me, it will never suit those of the old. A mushroom people, possessing no ancient institutions, may affect to despise all that is venerable—all that has been consecrated by ages.

'This code,' says the reviewer, 'is so framed that it may be thoroughly understood by every member of the community. With this view, it is expressed in the language of common parlance*; technical terms are never used when other expressions could be framed to give the same idea: technical terms, however, in many instances are unavoidable; therefore, whenever a phrase or word is either ambiguous or employed in any other sense than that which is given to it in common discourse, it is, in this code, printed in a particular character, which serves as a notice that it is defined and explained. When these definitions shall have been completed, it is intended to submit them to men unversed in the language of the law, and every word not fully understood by them is to be marked for explanation.' So, then, it seems, according to the sagacity of these people, law ought to be written in such a language that he who runs may read, and to be rendered 'intelligible to the meanest capacity.' This really out-Herods Herod: at this rate, we may shortly expect to meet with an advertisement equalling in extravagance those of Mr. Hamilton, who professes to render a person a perfect polyglot in a twelvemonth; and telling us that the language of the law may be acquired, I suppose, in two years. Is not this alarming and awful, for who can look forward to the future without foreboding and dismay, when he even contemplates the remotest possibility of such a profanation occurring among ourselves?

Another most precious maxim is, 'that whenever, from public opinion, or any other cause, a penal law cannot be carried into execution, it should be repealed.' We, thank Heaven, act more wisely, and have the good sense carefully to preserve all our old laws. Such people as this Mr. Edward Livingston may perhaps term dead statutes mere lumber and incumbrances; but we keep them for ornament, just as a prudent housewife decorates her chimney-piece with old broken teacups, and other pieces of crockery, after they have become unfit for service.

But I now come to what the wiseacre of a reviewer terms momentous words, which he has chosen to print in capitals, on account, I presume, of their monstrous absurdity: your criminal code is no longer to be the study of a select few; it is not the design of its formers that it should be exclusively the study even of our own sex; and it is particularly desirable that it should become a branch of early education for our youth'!! Is not this at once most shocking and most ridiculous? Is it possible to conceive greater fatuity than that which recommends the study of law to women and children? Here is innovation with a vengeance: instead of studying the good orthodox precepts of Mrs. Rundall and Dr. Kitchiner, wives are to be conning a penal code, which, I suppose, means a code for plaguing their husbands; and little boys and girls are to become adepts in the criminal law, and qualified for wearing judges' wigs. I think, sir,—and, if you are a reasonable man, I am sure you will agree with me,—that a woman knows enough of what ought to be her law, when she knows her husband's will. And, as to girls, let them amuse themselves as much as they please by scribbling in albums, painting fire-screens, and fingering pianos, but, for Heaven's sake, let neither them nor boys have any thing to do with penal codes.

Did I not fear that my letter would be inconveniently long, there are many other mischievous principles on which I should animadvert; but what I have already said may serve as a public caution, and let us hope that writings of so dangerous a tendency will not be permitted to circulate among us. It is high time that we should have a censorship of the press,—a literary inquisition, and an *index expurgatorius*. Instead of our laws being too complicated, they will often be found too *simple;* instead of being too numerous they are rather too few. I am fully convinced, sir, that the world grows worse and worse every day, and that some very coercive measures ought to be adopted for hindering idle people from prying into, and meddling with, the arcana of the laws.—My advice is, let us leave law to the lawyers, and then, depend upon it, we shall never hear of either its errors or defects. Your's, &c.

CENSOR MINIMUS.

* One expression in this article indeed fills me with disgust and horror: 'the jargon of the English law.' Is it to be endured that the elegant, significant, and mellifluous language, peculiar to those initiated in the law, should be thus designated? Would this leveller have it reduced to a par with our vulgar mother tongue?

ST. CLEMENT DANES—DR. RADCLIFFE—BETTERTON—THE BULL'S HEAD.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—The anecdote introduced in your number for January 29th last, of the celebrated, but eccentric, Dr. Radcliffe, in your notice of the republished work of the late unfortunate Mr. Edward Dayes, has involuntarily led my thoughts away from its professed subjects—Yorkshire and Derbyshire, to the ancient kingdom of *Cockaigne*, and to one particular parish of it, viz. St. Clement Danes, which was, or rather a certain tavern in it, much frequented by Dr. Radcliffe, in his day, as well as the Mitre in Fleet Street, mentioned in the anecdote of Savil. Perhaps a few remarks on parts of that parish, and on Dr. Radcliffe, may not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

In the first place, this same parish of St. Clement Danes has some claim to your especial notice, inasmuch as your paper is both printed and published in it; and your printing-office is within a few houses of one which was anciently a receiving-house for communications sent to the Spectator, then called the Trumpet Tavern, I believe, but now the Duke of York public-house—classic ground this, of course. It is curious to observe what a century has done in changing this neighbourhood, as indeed it has many others. This was quite the *west-end*, or at least part and parcel of it, in the time of Radcliffe and the Spectator; the noble families of Norfolk, Essex, Craven, and Beaufort, lived on their estates here, now marked only by their respective names in Norfolk and Essex Streets, and Beaufort and Craven Buildings.

Spode's immense depot for earthenware, glass, &c. was the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and the mass of buildings in the centre of that (now) filthy place, Bear Yard, consisting of carpenters' work-shops, stabling, cow-houses, and I know not what besides, was of yore the Duke's Theatre, where the first female who ever trod the boards of a public stage made her appearance. And this brings me to the much-frequented haunt of Dr. Radcliffe, the nobility, and principal theatrical characters of that time; it is now called the Bull's Head, quite a common public-house, the resort of journeymen carpenters and bakers, who may be seen in rooms where noblemen have toasted the beauties of the seventeenth century,—where they sported their princely bets, we see men playing at penny dominos, with short pipes in their mouths, and a pot of half and half, or *heavy wet*, between them. In a work published just after the death of Dr. Radcliffe, I have seen it called the Bull Head, but it is evidently the same house, or rather one half of it, for the tavern was originally twice the size of the present house. The front is in Vere Street, Clare Market, and it has still a back entrance in Bear Yard, which, in the flourishing days of the theatre and the tavern,

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must have been very convenient for the performers, who might slip out of the stage-door into the tavern, almost without wetting their shoes; for the carriage-way in Bear Yard is very narrow, and must have puzzled the Jehus of that time exceedingly in their whipping operations;—but, upon recollection, chairs were then the order of the night for the gentry

About twelve months ago, I made some inquiry of a very civil man, Thrupp (since dead), the landlord of the Bull's Head, as to the tradition of the house, and its connection with the theatre; and he told me that he had some of the stage properties still about the house, and would have shown them to me had I possessed any taste for antiquities of this sort; but I declined the dusty search: yet to some collectors they might be valuable, perhaps to Charles Mathews, who has a museum, *I guess*. But, really, when I look at that particular neighbourhood in its present state, and think of this house having been the almost nightly resort of the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Craven, Dr. Radcliffe, Betterton the tragedian, and I know not how many more of the first *bon vivants* of the latter part of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, I can scarcely believe it possible; but so it was. Certainly the great of those days were not so fastidious as to the neighbourhood of a market, as they are now, for it must be recollected that Clare Market was situated then as it is in the present day; and, assuredly, you would not easily persuade a modern man of fashion to pay it a visit.

But, to return to Dr. Radcliffe: he appears to have been the Abernethy of his day in point of bluntness, but with much less acerbity, and very much less distaste to drinking; for, truth to say, he was a *wet one*, and yet, as it should seem by his cures, possessed of vast abilities, and, for the age in which he lived, his fees seem to have been enormous: seldom less, and often much more, than five guineas a visit, as will appear by the latter part of the following anecdote of him and Betterton:—

'A venture had been projected, to be sent by a vessel then called an *interloper*, for the East Indies (a sort of smuggling concern, I suppose), in which Betterton, who had amassed a considerable sum by the success of his professional exertions, and who, it seems, wanted to get rich all at once, risked £2,000; being in the habit of meeting Dr. Radcliffe so continually, and deeming, as do some of the present holders of mine shares, that he should have a golden return for his advance, he persuaded the latter, by many cogent reasons, to come forward with a larger sum. The doctor consented, and disbursed 5,000l. expecting at least a threefold return, if the ship came back safe. The voyage was prosperous till the homeward passage, when the vessel was taken by a French privateer, her cargo being estimated at 12,000l. This loss broke Mr. Betterton's back, but did not, though very considerable, much affect the doctor; for when the news of his disaster was brought him to the Bull Head Tavern in Clare Market, where he was drinking with several persons of the first rank, and they condoled with him on account of his loss, without baulking his glass, he, with a smiling countenance, desired them to go forward with the healths that were then in vogue, saying, *that he had no more to do but to go up two hundred and fifty pair of stairs to make himself whole again.*'

The doctor appears to have been more particularly intimate with Earl Craven and the Duke of Beaufort than with many others; there is a very feeling letter of his extant, written to the Duke of Beaufort, on the death of Lord Craven, which appears to have touched his feelings very closely, as a sort of warning, for they were all free livers (indeed hard drinking appears to have been the besetting sin of that age); and some time after we find the Bull's Head mentioned again, when, on the death of the Duke of Beaufort, news of whichwas, I believe, brought to him at that house, while in company, he said to his friends, 'That now he had lost the only person whom he took pleasure in conversing with, it was high time for him to retire from the world, to make his will, and set his house in order, for he had notices within that told him his abode in this world could not be twelve months longer.' And in much less time he died of grief and gout.

I ought to apologize for intruding upon you anecdotes that are most likely known to all your senior readers, but some of the juniors may find them interesting. In that hope I remain, Yours, &c. J. M. L.

NEW COMPANIES—CHARITIES—DOMESTIC IMPROVEMENTS

At a period when improvements of every description are the order of the day,—when monies, to an incalculable amount, are vested in pursuing objects of questionable value and distant attainment, surely the public will not remain much longer blind to the pressing necessity which exists for a decided amendment in a certain article of home consumption, so deteriorated, of late years, as to have become little better than a downright nuisance.

We have gold-mining companies, to fill our pockets (or empty them); milk companies, to improve our constitution; washing companies, to purify our bodies; and institutions without end to improve our minds. We have rail-road companies, to transport us from John-o-Groat's to Penzance without a single jolt; Hamiltonian lectures, to imbue us with learning without the fatigue of study. We have charitable assistance offered to us in all cases of misfortune, —all inflictions from disease. Yet one evil not only exists, but flourishes among us, which is an enemy pressing on every man's 'business and bosom,'—furnishes complaints in every house, from the establishment of a nobleman to the domicile of a green-grocer, and nothing is done to remove it. Parliamentary reform has been talked of ever since we were born, and has engaged many wise heads and loud tongues, without making much progress. Parlour and kitchen reform advances hitherto in the same ratio. But surely this is the time when the nation, overflowing with money and saturated with talent, will make some grand effort, some virtuous monopoly, or new system, whereby the suffering community may be delivered from the present pestiferous race who falsely style themselves our *servants*, especially the females.

In the present improved state of our manufactures, one would think it was very possible to give such mechanical aids to a set of dressed dolls, as would enable them to go at least as well through the common duties of life as the class yclped housemaids and servants of all work usually adopts; by this means a great expense of food would not only be saved in the household, but the vexation arising from insolent replies, contemptuous sneers, evasion of some services, and refusal of others, would be spared. The complaint of the Jewish king, 'he that hath eaten my bread hath lifted his heel against me,' one of the most galling emotions that can affect the mind, would not be excited,—and that, in the present state of things, it is so perpetually,—admits of no dispute. Neither will many deny, that the real drudgery of their house is commonly done by charwomen or other extra assistance, or that the chief occupation of servants, who demand from ten to eighteen guineas' wages (salary the young ladies call it) is 'to mince, to dress, to roll the wanton eye.'

The duties of cook or lady's maid could not, we must grant, be so well performed by automaton aid, and it is because they have more to think of that they are not found so notoriously defective as the others; but they are quite sufficiently imbued with faults, to be included in the list of proscription which a new order of things, as instituted by a patriotic company, would create. The latter are all given to *airs*, the former universally prefer a *liquid* element: hence, the upper Abigail tosses her head at the most reasonable demand of service; the lower *reels* through her dominions, to the destruction of crockery and the ruin of the roast; and, from the waste of one party, the negligence of another, and the idleness of a third, a man whose fortune ought to insure him all the conveniences as well as comforts of life, finds himself, his prudent wife, and rising family, curtailed in all that portion of personal expenditure to which they have a right.

That the numerous female charity-schools which include in their plan teaching the girls to sew, clean, brew, bake, &c., have only fulfilled their intention in the first instance, experience abundantly proves; teaching them to read has filled every kitchen-drawer and stuffed the pillows of every bed with novels, and the power of writing has extended the mischievous propensities of some and the facility of ruin to others. The fact is, there is a total want of education amongst them in all the *arts* and *accomplishments* befitting their rank in life, in consequence of which, the few who do possess these qualifications set a price on them beyond the purchase of ordinary housekeepers; and the *pretendus* emulate them in raising the market, the result of which is, that our servants have the helplessness of gentlewomen, without their care an-

prudence, and, having neither cultivated minds nor laborious hands, are, at best, 'cumberers of the ground.'

We appeal to the public to decide whether capital could be better expended than in any plan, whether of speculation, whereby good servants could be made, or of charity, by which, as a species of invalids, they could be cured of their vices, and rendered equal to their duties? It is a scheme every one is interested in promoting, for every one would be benefited by it. Two such buildings as now figure in the Regent's Park would contain a great number of damsels of all ages and sizes, who might there learn, under proper teachers,—

'Well ordered home, man's chief delight, to make,'

and, being excited to emulation in their own department, forget to encroach on that of their superiors.

Schools might be appointed for every gradation of labour, a portion of the expense to be paid by taking in washing, sewing, and knitting: rewards instituted, and degrees bestowed; ill-humour, haughtiness, and disobedience, treated as diseases, and cured by regimen, and the subscribers to the college rewarded by their choice of girls who had carried away prizes for grate-cleaning, bedshaking, floor-sweeping, table-rubbing, stair-scouring, shoe-cleaning, carpet-brushing, &c. Nothing should be too great for them to attempt, or too mean for them to submit to, which was in the compass of woman's power; every girl in the establishment must be able to clean a knife, to iron a shirt, or wait on a small party: every one must be neat, but none be fine; and, as human van ty must have some vent, and allowance be made for passions, tastes, and affections, in all the children of Adam, they must be taught to be proud of the pureness and brightness of the beer they brewed, the lightness of the bread they baked, the spotless cleanness of the linen they washed, the transparency of the muslin they starched, the love of the child they nursed, and the esteem of the old governess of the ward. We consider these as the legitimate sources of triumph to servant maids, and infinitely more becoming than the superior knowledge of one 'who has read Don Juan,' another who has got a triple-flounced gown, 'handsomer than the young lady's,' or even than a third, who 'knows very well that her master thinks her beautiful, but she should let him see that his nephew is a more proper man for her taste.'

Let no magnificent schemer affect to think that subject unworthy his cogitations: if he can, either by wealth, knowledge, or activity, redeem but a portion of this ruined race to their due station in society, as useful servants to the rich, worthy wives to the poor, and the future mothers of a race who may be blessings or curses of their country—the brave defenders, the ingenious artisans, the industrious agriculturist, or the idle dissolute, who prey on the worthy and betray the weak, he will have done more service to his country than Mr. Hume and all his clerks can calculate.

Other wants may be dispensed with, other improvements admit of substitutes; but a good or bad servant is found, in a great measure, to constitute the good or bad in our existence. Either we must, in the latter case, submit to perpetual inconvenience, or see our comforts insured by means which harrass and annoy us, so that we lose as much as we gain. The days of scolding wives are past, and those of the vigilant bustling housekeeper have passed with them; yet it is certain that many ladies of our acquaintance, are, in a quiet way, perpetually doing things no husband can endure to think they should do, merely to preserve peace and order in their establishments. The 'cook *must* be kept in good humour;' 'Mrs. Betty, the housemaid, cannot be put out of the way;' 'Marianne does not know how to do any thing;' and 'Lucy would not choose to step out of her place.'

'Discard the lazy vermin of thy hall,' is advice we would be all willing to take, if we could; and, for our own parts, we have often wished that there was patriotism enough in the country, for a large body to be found, who would simultaneously act upon it, if only for a single month, by way of lesson to these 'our most unworthy and disproved masters'

In either that or any other scheme, we are most willing to unite, which promises relief from an affliction which rests on the house and the spirits with a nightmare influence,—under which, every one we meet seems to gasp and groan, but which no one has the power to throw from him. That there are some too capricious to be ever satisfied, others too tyrannical to be well served, and others too negligent of their servants' welfare to merit good ones, admits of no doubt; but, in the present era, such characters are few in comparison of the number of servants whom no kindness awakens to gratitude, and whose total ignorance of their duties renders them incapable of fulfilling them. We have fine forms and fair words, but, alas! these 'butter no parsnips;' and we are compelled to look back with deep regret on a rough-looking but decent race, who were happy themselves and made the houses of our fathers so, and whose hearts and hands were alike always occupied freely, for employers who did not merit them half so much as ourselves.

B.

JOHN NEWBY ON STAGE MORALITY.

SUR,—I've cum to Lunnun for nae other earthly purpose but to vindicate 't great cause of morality on't stage. I tell'd you how I was shock'd to finnd out that Miss Foote, that I thowt seea vartuous a creature, had been really and downright in keeping. Then cums Mr. Kean, the varra man that pretends sea mitch affection for Juliana and Opheliia, and kicks up sike a row for his Desdemona, he, I say, wha professes sike fine and delicate feelings—seduces another man's wife. That's bad eneef in all conscience, but then t' appear on't stage a week after't whole world is disgusted wi' his conduct, is a piece of impudence that it is not easy to overleak. I mentioned all these points at t' Wrekin, but I fand 't folks there teak quite a different view on't matter: they tell me that profligacy is varra common on't stage, and that nae body teak ony notice on't till't affair of Kean. They mentioned Mrs. Jordan, wheea was't mistress of a royal duke, and a Mrs. Johnston, wheea left—aye, abandoned, a fond husband, and half a dozen childre, to live with other men, and even yance wi't varra manager and proprietor of't theatre. I heeard several other cases of stage profligacy. 'Why,' says I, 'that's quite eneef, and, as what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, of course, when Kean has been sea severely reprimanded for his immorality, nae actor, be they man or woman, can hereafter appear on't stage without their karacter's unimpeachable. An act like this will, nae doubt, improve 't karacter of 't stage; but then it will expel seea mony clever folks, male and female, frae't, that I fear it will be lang, varra lang, before we have ony good acting. It's varra likely that you and some of the "righteous over-mutch" people mentioned in Scripture may say, "perish the drama, let morality live;" but, thinking them not incompatible, I wish weel to baith, and remain,

'Your varra obliged sarvant,

'JOHN NEWBY.'

Wrekin Tavern, 1st Feb. 1825.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS: AN ODE.

THE following ode on the birth of Burns was intended, when composed, to have been recited before a select party, who were to meet for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary birth-day of 'auld Scotia's bard, in the United States.' Unforeseen events prevented the assemblage of the company, and the verses were never recited. They were subsequently inserted in The New York Commercial Advertiser, with the hope that they might possibly meet the eye and cheer the heart of the once 'Bonny Jean of Ayr:'—

The guardian spirit of the lyre
O'er Europe wing'd her way,
And bade the baby muse retire,
And hush the childish lay:
For long the chasten'd ear of taste
Had sounds discordant borne,
And Genius wept to view the waste
By Folly done to lore:
And Ignorance, with insulting tongue,
Vaunted the idle song he sung.

The goddess saw 'twas venial all—
The sycophantic strain,
That only knew to rise or fall
As sprung the hope of gain;
As wealth and power, dictators proud,
The fawning minstrel rul'd,
So follow'd he the motley crowd,
To vile subservience school'd;
Debas'd the spirit God had given,
And paid to earth the debt of heaven.

'Twas now o'er Albyn's hills she soar'd,
And chane'd to list the lay
The soul of *Independence* pour'd,
In penury's darkest day.
'In *thee* shall poesy's spirit dwell!'
Was straight the goddess' vow;
And lo! on *Burns* her mantle fell,
And deck'd him at the plough!
Alas! his eye, that hour so bless'd,
Fell on the dying '*Daisy*'s breast!

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Prophetic strains o'er that lone flower
His gentle spirit sang—
Untimely nipp'd in luckless hour,
Bright, blooming, beauteous, young;
His and the daisy's fate were one!
Life's fitful dream is o'er;
The shaft of fate its worst hath done,
And Scotia's bard 's no more:
Immortal strains in him are given,
And *Burns* his '*Mary*' chants in heaven!

Spirit of Scotia's proudest lay!
This social circle greet;
May mutual love our bosoms sway,
And all in friendship meet:
The sons of Albyn hither met,
To celebrate thy birth,
Can ne'er themselves or thee forget,
In weal, or woe, or mirth;
And well *Columbia's* offspring prize
The bard who could a slave despise.

And thou, late partner of his breast,
Accept from friends away,
The wish, that thou and thine be bless'd
Throughout life's latest day;
And from the bard of western skies
Accept the fervent prayer,
That flowers in every path may rise
For '*Bonny* Jean *of Ayr*!'
And may her hairns e'er worthy prove
Of Robby's fame and Jenny's love.

BOSTON BARD.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPITAPH

Designed for Alexander Tilloch, L.L.D., &c. &c.

Let 'storied urn' and 'animated bust'
Proclaim the sepulchre of noble dust.—
This humble stone records the name rever'd
Of TILLOCH, to humanity endear'd,
Who, through protracted life, on Virtue's plan,
Adorn'd the native dignity of man
By strict integrity, by warmth of heart,
And mild benevolence, devoid of art,
For all of suffering human kind!—O thou
Who read'st, and soon shalt be as he is now,
Live as he liv'd, improve each talent given
Of pristine worth, and pass from earth to
Heaven!

RHODAMALDI AND GHERALDINE, A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE: *A Forest—Night—A Storm.*
Rhodomaldi enters.

Rho. Blow on, ye winds! rend heaven and earth, ye fires!
Oh, scathe this sinking frame, and end the work
Fell Misery hath begun! This scene accords
Most deeply with my soul. Thou viewless wind,
Thou canst not 'fright me! I have *that* within—
A storm, a clashing storm, whose blast doth come
With more than tenfold power upon my heart
Than thine on this enfeebled wearied form.
I have a hidden fire, that burns in me,
Whose flash, tho' not so rapid, is more sure,—
More tipt with death than thine, thou hazy fire.
I have deep groans, that bubble from my heart,
More fatal than thy burst, thou loud-voiced fiend,
That laughest in the fiery air. 'Tis dark!
'Tis as my thoughts. To me is nothing left—
No ray of hope, no fissure in my soul
Thro' which a beam, however dim, might come.
No matter,—it is well it is not so!
For then 'twould lead me unto hopefulness.
I must court night—her mantle suits me well;
But day's broad garish look I cannot bear.
There is no moon—the clouds are rolling o'er
Her peering disc.—That orb I hate to view,
For she doth seem to mock my misery,
And gazes on my woe with eye serene,
And aspect mild, unchangeable. This night
She hath her troubles too;—the clouds are dense—
To pierce them is in vain,—and now she pines
She cannot cast her eye upon the earth,
To view, with maiden look, what ought to shock
That placid modesty so oft extolled
Oh, Gheraldine! my heart still clings to thee,
Tho' thou didst cast it off; and thought, at times,
Oft brings thee beaming to my darkened eye,
As thou wert once. Oh, frail one, thou didst blight
A heart and soul that loved thee better far
Than mind can e'er conceive, or words express.
Wife of my bosom! sharer of my bliss!
Why didst thou curse thyself and me by guilt!
Can I shed tears?—I deemed my withered eye
Possessed no cell where drops like these could form.
Blaze forth, thou brain, and scorch the fountain up,—
And with it all my thought! that I may die
An infant's death, with no dark memories
To more than blast my form ere being falls!
[*A horn is sounded.*]
There is my faithful Marco's warning horn—
Day's light will soon arrive, and struggle through
Yon deep convolving clouds. I will retire,
And on my couch will try to woo thee, sleep!
[*Exit.*]

Another portion of the forest.—A lady and attendant enter.

Alice. This way, signora! the air is growing light,
We soon shall reach the castle—'tis not far—
Come, lean on me, the storm is nearly gone.
Lady. And mine but now begins! Oh, hide me still,
Thou night! Sweet girl, I do not need thee now,—
Thou mayst depart.
Alice. I will not leave thee, lady.
Our journey soon will end, for we are near
The castle. Do not fear, I know it well.
Lady. And so do I,—too well, too well!
There, there
It stands! the last flash showed its towers to me.—
Oh, I was happy once. Begone, good girl!—
Or, if thou wouldst die—remain, remain!
No, fly, fly! *thou* hast dreams of happiness,—
The world is pleasant to thy new-born sight,—
To me 'tis dark and witheringly cold.
Alice What troubles, lady, can afflict thy heart?
Thou art high-born and bred, and know not want;
I have felt famine.
Lady. Alice, so have I.
Alice Ay! now I recollect that, when you came
Exhausted to our humble cot, methought
That you looked very pale; were you hungry then?
Lady. Yes! yes!
Alice. But yet you did not eat?
Lady. Dear girl,
Weary me not by questions such as these.
I wish I were as thou art!
Alice. Would you like
To live so poor and work as hard as I?
Lady. Ay, willingly! *thy* thoughts are circumscribed,—
Thy heart and form in health—*thy* soul unstained.
I have a heart with darkest crimes defiled,—
I have a form robbed of its wonted grace,—
I have a soul tremblingly ill with guilt.
Now, wouldst exchange with me?
Alice. Dear lady, hist!
I hear approaching steps.
[*A voice at a distance.*]
What ho! Marco.
Lady. Catch me, Alice! I faint, I faint! rest me
On yon verdant bank—there let me die!
Alice Lean on me, lady! I can bear thy weight!
Lady He comes—Hide me, Alice! hide me from him!
Alice. I see him now—he is noble, lady!
His bearing and his plume bespeak him so.
We need not fear.
Lady. Oh, death, thou 'rt welcome now!
[*Faints.*]
Alice. Awake, dear lady! he is going hence.
She hears me not—nay, then, I'll call him here:
He will assist me to recover her.
[*Alice proceeds after the unknown, and loudly calls on him to stop.*]
Rho. Maiden, thy suit? be quick! for I'm in haste
Alice. Signor, a lady 's dying near this spot.
Oh, haste thee with me,—she may yet revive.
Rho A lady dying—sayst thou? Lei her die!
[*Going.*]
Alice. Stay, I pray thee! she is *so* fair, so good.
Rho. Most fair, no doubt, she is—but is she good?
Art sure of that?
Alice Yes, signor, yes! my life
She is!
Rho. Now will I go with thee, maiden.
'Tis pity she should perish: but, she *will* die;
I know our aid will be in vain, if she
Be good. Heaven takes its own too soon again,
And robs earth of its light! Come, let us go—
[*They approach the bank where the lady is lying insensible. He gazes wildly on her face.*]
Rho. Gheraldine here! the time is come at last!
[*He unsheaths a dagger.*]
Alice. Help! mercy! Lady, wake.
Rho (unheeding her) I cannot kill thee
Sleeping.—Gheraldine, wake! or thou shalt rise
Encircled with eternity! thy time
Is brief! once more, awake—to sleep again!
'Tis Rhodamaldi calls! Will not that name
Spur thy lethargic guilty soul to life?
She hears me not—and *now!* I strike her now.
Alice. Thou shalt not harm her, fiend! or I thou wilt,
Kill her who brought thee to the murderous deed.
[*She throws herself on Gheraldine*
Rho. 'Tis true thou lured me here by telling me
That she was good. Thou fool! thou silly dupe!—
Yet I forgot myself. Thou 'rt one of them;—
But thou appearest honest. Get thee gone,
Or I may pierce thee too, and save thy soul
From future crime.
Alice. Never, thou blackest fiend!
She is good; for myself—I do not care
What fortune may befall me.—View these eyes

See how the tears are trembling on these lids—
These tears have been her drink—and all her talk
Hath been of other worlds.

Rho. Has she shed tears?
And can she talk of other worlds? Tisou liest!
I have an ear too trusting for thy tongue.

Alice. Indeed she died. Signor, do not kill her!
but help me to regain the path that leads
To yonder castle.—Thither are we bound.

Rho. Where?

Alice. To yon high castle—'tis not very far.

Rho. Maiden, that castle owns myself its lord.

Alice Poor lady! now I grieve for thee indeed.
Signor, wilt thou deny her shelter there,—
She who has come so far to view its lord—
She oft has told me that she wished to die
Beneath that roof. Wait but a little time,
Thy dagger will be needless.

Rho. Do I dream!
Is she penitent!—Shedding tears!—that's good,
And tells me she's not hardened in her guilt.
And then her pilgrimage to this old spot,—
If I thought it were so—Oh, Gheraldine.

[*Weeps*]

Alice. Signor, I'm glad to see thee weep such tears.
Thou canst not kill her now.—*What has she done,*
That can thus tempt thy heart to murder her?

Rho. I am strangely altered!—An hour ago,
A question like to this had driven me mad.
But now I hear it asked almost unmoved!
Her guilt appears a dream—wake her, good *girl*:—
I will not harm her. Art afraid of me?

Alice. Her eyes begin to open now.—How fair
She looks. Who can kill thee, sweet one!
Kill thee!
Speak, dear lady! Oh, do not clasp me thus.
The signor says he will not kill thee now.
Do not fear him—there—there!—Now lean on me!
Now, look on him, and speak a gentle word,—
For he is weeping bitterly;—do speak;—
Art better, lady?

Gher. Where am I? tell me!—
I've had a fearful wild imagining,
That haunts me still with all its shadowy might.
Hath it been so? Whose sobs are those I hear,—
They are convulsive ones. Doth misery dwell
In forest-shades—methought it lived where men
More mingled. Oh, I know it all! that voice
I heard—Is he gone? I hope not—for I deemed
To crave forgiveness for my dreadful guilt.
Oh, I could die in peace, if that dear voice
Would sound within mine ear but once again,
As it was wont to do.

Rho. (*Rushing forth, and catching her in his arms.*)
It shall—it shall!
Dear Gheraldine! thy Rhodamaldi calls—
Calls on his love! his wife! his sunniest light!
Awake, sweet love! all is forgiven thee!
Oh, wake thee from thy trance of bitter woe,
To beaming hope! to dearest brightest bliss.—
What, still!—no breath from her pale closing lips!
Growing cold! no tears, no sighs, to tell me
That her sleeping soul begins to wake—Oh,
It must not, cannot be!—she only faints—
Come, tell me, maiden, is it so?

Alice. Alas!
She's dead!—

Rho. Young girl, thy prophecy was true.—
'Wait but a little time, thy dagger would
Be needless.' Thus you spoke. But I have now
Murdered her with words Come, still do thy work!

[*He stabs himself and falls.*]

Rho. Maiden, thou'rt wrong! This dagger opes the way
To join this sweet, where naught can part us more.
It is not needless.—Life owns this blade its lord—
Yet death—is not so painful—as—'tis said.

Marco enters.

Mar. My lord! my lord! what means this dreadful scene!

Rho. (*faintly.*) Take care of yonder maiden, Marco!—she
Was kind to Gheraldine. My eyes are dim—
How dark it grows!—Oh— [*Dies.*]

Edmonton. J. J. L.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Gallery opened on Saturday last, with a collection of pictures, which, if they do not show an improved character in the English school of painting, give ample proofs of the industry of the artists. We have already noticed the premiums offered for the best pictures of the Battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, which have produced a very spirited competition, as not less than thirty-two marine pieces have been admitted to contend for the prize. That they should not all be good, or even passable, will scarcely excite surprise, when we consider, that though artists and sailors are both abundant, yet there are few of the former who have seen a battle, and not many of the latter who use the easel. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that in a country where the navy is its boast and glory, marine painting should have been so little cultivated.

We will not, from the cursory glance we were able to give at the several battle scenes, decide on their comparative merits; but we were particularly struck by those painted by Sharp, G. P. Reinagle, Daniell, Joseph, and Cartwright; the latter gentleman is a lieutenant in the royal navy, who has, we doubt not, witnessed scenes not dissimilar to those his pencil has described. His pictures of both battles possess considerable merit, particularly the battle of the Nile, in which there is a beautiful representation of a British line of battle ship.

Mr. Danby has a very clever picture, the Enchanted Island; it is a poet's paradise, in which his fondest dreams may be said to be realized. Mr. Newton also has a good picture, the *Hypochondriac*—the idea is, however, better than the execution. Eastlake, whose pencil is somewhat of a pugnacious character, has an excellent picture—the *Champion;* and Nasymth has some beautiful landscapes. There are several other pictures in the exhibition of considerable merit, and not a few of a very different character; but want of time at the gallery, and want of room at present, prevent us from dwelling longer on the exhibition; we shall, however, return to it next week, and notice the pictures more in detail.

Illustrations of the Novels and Romances of the Author of Waverley: from Paintings by A. Cooper, R. A.; W. Brockedon; and J. M. Wright. 8vo. London, 1825.

This *livraison* contains seven subjects, illustrative of scenes in the Pirate, the Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, and Quentin Durward; which, as book embellishments, are certainly of a superior class, although we wish that there had been less inequality in point of merit. Of these the one by Cooper, Sir Geoffrey Peveril opposing Bridgenorth in his pursuit of the Countess of Derby, is in every respect the best plate, whether in regard to composition, design, or engraving: the horses are truly noble animals, and admirably grouped and contrasted. There is also one design by Brockedon; all the others are by Wright. As to the former, we like it less than we do any of the others, for we think that the artist has been any thing but happy in his conception of the scene, which is that where Quentin Durward is presenting to the Countess of Croye the letter of her aunt. Wright has also a scene from the same novel,—Quentin rescuing Isabella at the sack of Schonwald, but neither of the figures have much expression, nor are their attitudes the best that might have been imagined. Indeed, this is the least successful of all the artist's attempts, and we suspect that the subject was by no means a congenial one, as there is a want of taste and spirit in this design that we do not find in his others. The scene with Nigel, Trapbois, and Colepepper, is very good, and possesses much character: the next book is one from Peveril, where the meeting of the hero and Alice is interrupted by Bridgenorth. Alice is a charming figure, save that her person seems a little too matronly; but the countenance of the Puritan is somewhat deficient in expression.—Upon the whole, we can recommend these Illustrations to those who can afford to add to the original cost of the novels by the author of Waverley.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—There are few subjects on which the world is more divided than on the value of public opinion: some folks tell us that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, while Roscommon, on the contrary, says—

'Be not blindly guided by the throng,—
The multitude is always in the wrong.'

We, however, are inclined to adopt a sort of middle course, and, although we have great respect for public opinion, yet we by no means deem it infallible. These remarks arise out of the events which have recently occurred at Drury-Lane Theatre, where the expression of public opinion, on Mr. Kean's character and conduct in private life, has generated into a persecution, which seems to rest unsatisfied with any thing short of driving him off the stage. We shall, perhaps, be told what we have heard quoted at least nine hundred and ninety-nine times, that—

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And who would live to please, must please to live.'

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This is, no doubt, true, and, would the drama's patrons mark their censure of actors or actresses whose private errors or peccadillos have become known, by abstaining from the theatres when they perform, we should soon have the votaries of Thalia and Melpomene as chaste, if not as prim, as the Society of Friends.

Public assemblies are never very calm reasoners; and they are frequently led in their decision by a few of the most artful among them. Some of our readers will, perhaps, recollect a meeting at Birmingham for electing a 'legislative attorney' to Parliament, where, although it was declared a positive law, fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, which vary not—that the election should be by ballot, yet Sir Charles Wolsely was chosen by acclamation!

Besides, at a theatre every one conceives he is privileged to do as he pleases, because he pays for admission; and the little urchin who purchases his seat in the upper gallery for sixpence, considers himself entitled to call on a female, exhausted by exertion, to sing a song over again for his individual gratification. This claim of right extends to hissing whom he pleases, to throwing orange-peel into the pit, or to disturbing all around him by his clamour

In regard to the case of Mr. Kean, we admit that he has outraged public decency by his conduct, and that his appearance on the stage so soon after the disgraceful exposure of his amours, had the appearance of braving public opinion; nor do we blame the expression of it against him: morality was by this means vindicated, and the public appeared to show by its censure an honest indignation at his conduct: here it should have ceased; Mr. Kean should have been permitted to pursue his professional duties; those who make no distinction between the actor and the man should have been permitted to see him; and those who felt shocked at his immoralities might have remained at home.

Much has been said of the quality of that part of the audience which supported Mr. Kean; but really we saw little distinction between his friends and his foes; though, certainly, in point of numbers, the former exceeded the latter; so much so, that on Monday night, when he played, or attempted to play, Sir Giles Overreach, they are estimated at one hundred to one, by a daily paper which has been one of his severest opponents.

We shall not enter into any detail of the tumultuous agitation of the assembly on Friday, the 28th ult., when he played *Othello* in dumb show, though the great body of the audience appeared anxious to see and hear the play; a set of young fellows, however, had come for what they call a *row*, and they were not disappointed. All was clamour and confusion, and Mr. Kean seemed the only person in the theatre that was unruffled. His acting was serious pantomime in the highest perfection, and, if he be driven from the boards of Drury, Mr. Ebers should secure him for the Opera, if it be only to play *Otello*.

Mr. Elliston came forward, more from a voluntary eagerness to enter on explanation than from the perseverance of the audience, which had considerably weakened. He addressed the house as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You honour me by your silence. I intreat you to attend to me for a few moments: and if any word fall from me which may appear improper, I trust you will attribute it to the agitation under which I labour.—I stand before you as the servant of the public; I come forward as a peace-maker, and I hope what I shall say will not lower Mr. Kean or myself in your estimation. The engagement which Mr. Kean is now endeavouring to fulfil was made in July last. At that time it was not expected that the question which now agitates the public mind would have undergone any discussion. The engagement was for a period of twenty nights, at £50 a night, to commence on the 1st of January, and end on the 16th of March. The present moment is one of too much interest to me to suffer me to quibble or to go nigh a falsehood. I give you my word as a man—as the manager of this theatre—and, as I trust you have always found me, as an honourable man—that I have stated nothing but the truth. I could not break this engagement.—I wrote to Mr. Kean's solicitor and to his friends, and I learned from them that the cause would not be tried. I also wrote to Mr. Kean, during his progress through the provincial towns, to know whether he could fulfil his engagement? and he answered that he would. I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that the best feelings have always subsisted between Mr. Kean and myself. I have assisted him, and he has assisted me. So anxious was I that he should enjoy the full tide of popularity which your patronage has procured him, that I have had a play written for the sole purpose of displaying his talents. One word more, and I have done. I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that I have not endeavoured, directly or indirectly, by any influence or power I may possess, to procure your judgment in favour of Mr. Kean. I have literally suspended the free list—the public press excepted; and I defy any man to say that I have introduced persons into the house for the purpose of influencing your decision. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Kean is in the house, and if you will have the condescension to hear him, I hope every thing may yet be amicably arranged.'

Mr. Elliston then retired, and, after an interval of nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the audience manifested much impatience, he returned, leading Mr. Kean, who had changed his dress, by the hand. The uproar was now at its highest pitch—and with very considerable difficulty Mr Kean obtained a hearing. Having advanced to the front of the stage, he spoke as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—If you expect from me a vindication of my own private conduct, I am certainly unable to satisfy you. I stand before you as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes. The errors I have committed have been scanned before a public tribunal. On the occasion, ladies and gentlemen, to which I have alluded, I have withheld circumstances from delicacy, and from regard to the feelings of others, not of myself. It appears at this moment that I am a professional victim. If this is the work of a hostile press, I shall endeavour with firmness to withstand it; but if it proceeds from your verdict and decision, I will at once bow to it, and shall retire with deep regret, and with a grateful sense of all the favours which your patronage has hitherto conferred on me.'

On Monday, Mr. Kean appeared, as we have already stated, in the part of Sir Giles Overreach, and, although his enemies were considerably reduced, they succeeded in rendering almost the whole play inaudible, except in the last act, when his inimitable acting seemed to have momentarily subdued the rancour of his foes, and procured him a burst of applause. He preserved the same firmness throughout, except when an orange, thrown on the stage, had nearly hit Miss Smithson, who played Margaret; then his dark eyes flashed with indignation at the ruffianly insult to a female.

After the play, and when our clever little friend, Clara Fisher, was delighting us in the afterpiece of *Old and Young*, Mr. Kean was called for; he appeared, and thus addressed the audience:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have already made all the concessions to an English public that an Englishman ought to do. I hope, for the honour of my country, as I shall, at the expiration of my engagement for twenty nights, take my leave of you for ever (loud cries of no, no)—I hope, for the honour of my country, that this persecution will never reach foreign annals.'

It has been said that Mr. Kean insulted the audience, during his acting, on these stormy nights: an accusation can be more unjust, and no person could have conducted himself more respectfully under the circumstances than he did.

On Wednesday, a new and very pretty ballet, in which there was some good dancing, was produced at this theatre, called *The Rossignol, or the Bird in the Bush*. It was completely successful.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Modern Rome the Depôt of the Arts!—A letter from Rome states that some valuable copper-plates, engraved by Dorigny and Aquilla, from several of the choicest works of Raphael, Annibal Carracci, and other great masters, have been lately destroyed, by order of the librarian of the Holy See, on account of their profane exhibition of the human form divine! Are we returning to the era of vandalism, that such an outrage should be committed in the emporium of the fine arts? or do the Jesuits wish to extinguish every trace of art in Europe, except that of hoodwinking mankind?

Discoveries at Rochester Cathedral.—Mr. Cottingham, in taking down the Corinthian altar-piece, with which this fine Gothic cathedral was deformed at the time of the Re-

formation, has brought to view the whole of the original composition of the east end of the choir, consisting of three beautiful Gothic arched recesses and windows, in the purest style of the thirteenth century; and, on scraping off the whitewash, the decorations of the high altar appeared in nearly all their pristine glory, consisting of birds and beasts, *fleurs-de-lis*, lilies, crescents, stars, scroll foliage, fleury-crosses, lace-work borders, &c. arranged in the most beautiful order, and finely contrasted in the colours, which consist of the brightest crimsons, purples, azures, greens, &c. In addition to this interesting display of architectural elegance, another antiquarian treasure has been discovered, of equal curiosity. This is a monument, with the effigies of one of the early bishops of Rochester, in his pontifical robes, judged to be of that period when the arts of sculpture and architecture were at their zenith of splendour—the reign of Edward III. The crozier, mitre, and robes, are tastefully disposed and gorgeously enriched—the crozier with gilded foliage, and the mitre in diamond compartments of jewellery work, the execution of which is in the highest degree elaborate. A part of the architectural decorations of the tomb have also been found; the beautiful carving, gilding, and colouring of which place them amongst the most perfect specimens of Gothic art. Of this elegant monument, and its incomparably fine effigy, not the slightest mention has ever been made. We understand Mr. Cottingham is engaged in making a perfect restoration of this tomb, from the fragments found on the spot; until which time, both tomb and effigy will be covered up, in order to prevent their sustaining any damage.

Fragments of Cicero.—M. Joseph Victor Leclerc, professor of Latin eloquence to the *Faculté des Lettres*, at Paris, has lately made known to his audience some new fragments of Cicero, recently discovered by M. Amédée Peyron, in a *palimpseste* manuscript, at Turin. The most voluminous relate to the pleadings for Tullius and Scaurus, published some years since, by M. Mar, and, in 1823, by M. Leclerc himself; and if they are not yet complete, they, at least, add some precious morsels to the history of jurisprudence, and to the study of the Latin language and eloquence. But the most interesting discovery is that which fills up a vacancy in the celebrated pleading for Milo. Benjamin Wirske, in 1807, suspected that there was an omission, but M. Leclerc, who accords to the second of two new fragments of this discourse much more authenticity than to the first, intends discussing these different literary questions in the text and translation of these new pages, in the only volume that yet remains to be published, to complete the thirty of his beautiful Latin and French edition of the works of Cicero.—*Journal des Debats.*

New Island.—Captain Hunter, of the Douna Carmelita, has discovered a new island in the Southern Ocean, which he called the Island of Onacuse, or Hunter's Island. An officer landed, and had an interview with the King, and several of the natives. He says, 'All the women and men had their little fingers cut off by the second joint on the left hand, and the former had their cheek bones perforated, and the blood smeared round, about an inch. Some of them were tattooed with a red colour, especially in their arms, mostly in circles about an inch round; they were uncommonly civil, and did not seem at all bashful. The women were all naked, excepting a small covering round their body; and the men mostly wore a kind of mat round their bodies, with leaves of trees woven into them, like a Highlander's kilt.' The island is entirely composed of lava, in some places almost a metal. It lies in the lat. of 15. 31. S. and long. 176. 11. E. by sun and moon, brought up by chronometer, for four days previous.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Dibdin's Criticism and Comforts.—This redoubtable man of large-paper copies and *edi i ones principes*, is treated somewhat irreverently and cavalierly by both Blackwood and The Westminster Review. The enthusiastic admirer of *uncut* copies is himself terribly cut up: even his ecstacies and raptures are exhibited in ludicrous light. As a specimen of how he would guide young, and what kind of comforts he would provide for elderly, gentlemen, it may suffice to observe, that he recommends Gronovius's Antiquities, thirteen volumes, folio! Graevius's, ditto, twelve volumes, folio! five supplementary folios to ditto; thirty-six folios of the Byzantine Historians! and forty folios of Muratori!! This is really tremendous; one hundred and six folio volumes!!—really Mr. Dibdin's comforts would throw us into a fever. These and the Waverley novels would annihilate us, unless he could invent a process of reading by steam, at the rate of two folios per hour.—But, perhaps, after all, our alarm is unnecessary, for Mr Dibdin may probably mean that we should read only the title-pages: *quere*, does he himself read a line beyond them?—We really wish that, in compassion to our nerves, he had not left us in doubt as to this somewhat material point.

On the Marriage of a very Thin Couple.

St. Paul has declared, that when persons,
though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain:
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine pining,
Dr. D—g—s of B—n—t espoused Miss M—n—r—g,
The apostle, no doubt, would have altered his tone,
And have said, 'These two splinters shall now make one bone.'
Had thy spouse, Dr. Drumstick, been ta'en from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou couldst not, like Adam, have gallantly said,
'Thou art flesh of my flesh'—because flesh thou hast none—
Thou with truth might'st have said, 'Thou art bone of my bone.'

Paper Railways.—We have, during the last month, heard enough of iron railways, which, at the best, can be but clumsy heavy concerns: we are therefore glad, for the sake of all whom it may concern, to add, that the new paper *railways*, projected by Messrs. Blackwood, Colburn, and Taylor and Co., are a considerable improvement upon them; and that the *railing* is in the most elegant taste, and on an improved principle. Without a figure, then—Blackwood abuses and quizzes the new series of The London Magazine, the London exposes Mr. Colburn's advertising system, and Colburn *advertises*, might and main, against the London; all for the amusement and edification of the generous, liberal, and enlightened public!

How striking an instance does St. Augustine's Monastery, at Canterbury, exhibit of the mutability of all human grandeur. The site of the church of the monastery where kings and queens and the rich and noble were buried—where

'The mass was sung,
And the bells were rung,'

is now a tennis and fives-court! The stately hall where kings were entertained with that splendour for which our ancestors were so famed, is now a common public-house!—and the stately gateway itself (lately a cock-pit, and now a brewhouse) is fast falling into ruin from the united effects of neglect and moisture!

Superstitions of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

Yarn spun by a girl under the age of seven years possesses extraordinary virtues: linen made of it furnishes the best bandages for gouty patients; and, when wrought into garments, forms a complete coat of mail, not only against the bullet and dagger, but even against the more formidable operations of witchcraft;—nay, the very yarn itself can be wound into an unerring musket-ball.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

When a stranger enters a room, he should be obliged to seat himself, were it only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.

Women who sow flax-seed should, during the process, tell some confounded lies; otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.—Q. Is this the origin of the phrase *white lies?*

Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

When women are stuffing bed-ticks, the men should not remain in the house; otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks.

To rock a cradle, when empty, is injurious to the child.

To eat while the bell is tolling for a funeral causes tooth-ache.

He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in a distant land.

He who proposes moving to a new house must send in beforehand bread, salt, and a new broom.

When children play soldiers on the road-side, it forebodes the approach of war.

When a female drops her garter on the road, it shows that her husband or lover is faithless.

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Paulet, Marquis of Winchester and Lord Treasurer, having served four princes in as various and changeable situations, was questioned by an intimate friend of his, how he stood up for thirty years together, amidst the changes and reigns of so many chancellors and great personages?' 'Why,' quoth the marquis, *ortus sum ex salice, non ex quercu,*'—'I was made of the pliable willow, not of the stubborn oak;' and truly the old man hath taught them all

Pious Gourmanderie.—Behold North, Tickler, O'Doherty, Hogg, and Dr. Mullion, seated at Ambrose's, before five hundred oysters, a dozen lobsters, three-score kidneys, a dish of steaks and onions, another of ham and turkey, an epergne of pots of porter and bottles of ale, and *dew!*—Such is the glorious banquet provided for these knights of the round-table, as the reader may convince himself, by turning to page 117 of the last number of Ebony. Thus seated, they discuss not only oysters, but characters, books, men, politics, publications, religious and profane, godly and ungodly, canonizing some, anathematizing others;—giving or withholding their *imprimatur* as they in their wisdom think fit, carving turkey, or cutting up Barry Cornwall. 'Have you seen Hannah More's new book?' inquires the baronet—the man of maxims: 'On Prayer?—O yes; 'tis far her best A really excellent treatise. It will live.—That water could not have been boiling, Timothy.—A plague on that waiter! he thought that the brass kettle would look better, and so he has half spoiled our jorum.'—How amusingly does North jumble together the pious Haunch, More, and his own jorum! These Ambrosians are really excellent fellows; but, notwithstanding their orthodoxy, they seem to have no inclination to fast with their praying. They would but half relish the devout Nelson: they would keep his feasts, and leave his fasts for the reprobate and ungodly—radicals and reformers.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Jan.	28	34	44	40	30 72	Fair.
....	29	32	42	34	.. 72	Do.
....	30	38	45	45	.. 45	Cloudy.
....	31	45	50	46	.. 52	Do.
Feb.	1	46	46	39	.. 10	Rain.
....	2	32	43	45	.. 28	Cloudy.
....	3	47	47	34	29 50	Stormy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL memoir of the late Dr. Tilloch, Nauticus on Professor Brande's Lectures at the Royal Institution, and a poem on Genius, by Mr. Pennie, in our next.

The article alluded to by R. M. is mislaid, but we have no doubt of finding it, and giving it a place in our next or following number.

Works published since our last notice.—Boaden's Life of Kemble, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l* 8*s*. Dodd's Connoisseur's Repertorium, 12mo. Part I. 7*s*. 6*d*. Bowles's Final Appeal to the Literary Public relative to Pope, 8vo. 7*s*. Airy Nothings, 4to. 28*s*. Brydges's Recollections of Foreign Travels, 2 vols. 18*s*. Gil Blas of the Revolution, 3 vols. 21*s*. Britton's Wells Cathedral,

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No. 300. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1825. Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in South America, during the Years 1819, 20, 21; containing an Account of the present State of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chile. By A. Caldcleugh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 762. London, 1825. Murray.

It may thing could have been wanting to increase the interest which South America excites in Europe, it would have been supplied in the official declaration by the British government of its recognising the independence of three of her states; of its endeavours to induce Portugal to release Brazil from all claim of sovereignty over it; and in the well-known intention of our ministers to form commercial treaties with the other South American states, when even their independence is substantially and unquestionably secured.

The politician and the merchant alike feel a deep interest in our uniting ourselves more closely to the new world;—the one sees in this league a powerful barrier to the despotic views of the Holy Alliance, and the other, a new field for our commerce and manufactures: all acknowledge it as an act of justice to the new states, and a duty owing to this country. In vain will the contemptible bluster of Spain remonstrate; in vain will the French journals regret that we have taken a step so decided; and in vain will be the wailings of the courts of Russia and Austria at a measure which seems to give the death-blow to the principles of the league of which they are the head: the freedom of South America is sealed by this act of the British government, and, ere long, every power in Europe will be compelled to acknowledge it.

The states whose independence has been recognised by this country are Mexico, Columbia, and Buenos Ayres: in only one of these has Mr. Caldcleugh travelled—the last; but he has traversed Brazil and Chile, countries equally interesting; and he appears to have spared no pains in collecting every fact relating to the government, the resources, and prospects of the countries which he visited. For this Mr. Caldcleugh had excellent opportunities, as he was in the suite of Mr. Thornton, our minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro. Of the fidelity of his information and the correctness of his reasoning, we have no doubt, but he is far from being an elegant writer; indeed he often violates the most common rules of grammar.

Mr. Caldcleugh does not detain us long on the voyage, for at page 6 we find him entering and describing the beautiful Bay of Rio de Janeiro, which has been compared to that of Naples, although of a character totally different. He gives a good description of this, from which we make a short extract:—

'One of the streets is filled with the warehouses for slaves, where the unhappy Negro is prepared for sale. It is crowded with planters and merchants, soon after the arrival of any slave-ship. There are several fountains in different parts of the town, with police officers attending to preserve order. They are supplied, for the most part, by an aqueduct of many arches, extending from near the summit of the Corcovado, the highest peak round the bay, being, by barometrical measurement, upwards of 2100 English feet.

'The houses in the city are built either of stone, brought from the numerous quarries in the immediate neighbourhood, or of brick work plastered with shell lime. The rooms are generally large, with little furniture, and that, in most cases, of the commonest description. The houses in the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro, upon which all the skill of the architect has been expended, are mostly surrounded by verandas, which contribute much to their coolness. The Exchange, a neat building, was opened in 1820. The pavement of the streets is very indifferent; and the roads, extending only a short distance round the town, are purposely kept soft, to spare the feet of the blacks.

'The country palace of his Majesty, where he most constantly resides, is at the village of St. Christovem, about four English miles from the city. On the arrival of the king, it was the residence of a merchant, who shortly after made a present of it to the royal family. It is surrounded by a veranda, and commands a fine view of the upper part of the harbour. The queen's country residence was a very small cottage at Catete, on the south of the capital. This is justly considered the most beautiful side of Rio, and is, therefore, thickly studed with the country seats of the more opulent citizens. Botafogo is also justly admired for the beauty of the scenery. This village stretches along the shore of a small, but most romantic bay of the same name.

'The markets in Rio de Janeiro present little worthy of note. The fish-market, indeed, is distinguished for the great variety exposed, caught principally, if not entirely, within the harbour. Fruit is sold in every corner and square. The meat-shambles are very properly confined to particular spots. The public garden, some years ago so much frequented, and consequently kept in excellent order, is now much neglected and fast going to decay.'

Mr. Caldcleugh considers the climate of Brazil as decidedly superior to that of the United States, notwithstanding the more cleared state of the latter country, and the superior cleanliness of the inhabitants. The banana, or plantain, is much cultivated in Brazil, is an essential article of food, and is considered so favourable to the increase of population, that the rich planters surround their estates with banana-trees, and permit their slaves to eat at discretion. In the account of the animals, insects, &c. of Brazil, Mr. C., with a sad confusion of singulars and plurals, says:—

'The spider reaches an enormous size, with different habits from those of Europe. It stretches its web from tree to tree, and no longer appears a solitary insect: many hundreds live together, and form nets of such strength, that I have assisted in liberating a bird of the size of a swallow, quite exhausted with struggling, and ready to fall a prey to its indefatigable enemy.

'It was always said by the Portuguese, that the ant was the inhabitant of Brazil, and it must be confessed there is some truth in the satire: they exist of all sizes and colours, and several towns have been so undermined by them, that they have nearly fallen in. At St. Paul's, there is a variety so large, that, fried, it forms a food by no means contemptible in the eyes of the inhabitants; and, however minute, they contribute much towards repressing a too rapid increase amongst reptiles much larger than themselves. Many winged insects, on touching the ground, become its prey. On one occasion, a spider, of the largest size, had fallen from a tree, and was attacked by millions of a small brown ant: in his attempts to get free, he crushed and destroyed many, but still some managed to get on his feet, and, crawling up to his thighs, remained quiet; by these means, his progress impeded, and, perfectly exhausted and overcome by numbers, he soon became their victim, and, in a short time, few traces of his existence was visible. The carcass of any animal placed in the woods is rendered a perfect skeleton by these insects; and the many stories related of their powers in removing large substances are completely borne out.

'The termites, or white ant, so destructive in the East Indies, is not less so in South America. The mode used to destroy them is a little singular, that of turning the antipathy of the races to good account. As soon as they are observed, a little sugar is put down, which in a moment summons a tribe of brown or black ants, who instantly attack and destroy the termites, to the great amusement of the blacks who witness the defeat of the white insect. Scarcely any article of food, fruit or flower, can be protected from them.'

The agriculture, manufactures, trade, and produce of Brazil next come under our author's observation. The trade Mr C. considers as entirely in the hands of the British,

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as much so as if an exclusive monopoly existed in our favour. As there seems a sort of mania for disembowelling mother earth of her treasures among our speculators, and mining companies are the order of the day, we shall quote Mr C.'s account of the Brazil mines:—

'The internal trade is very much confined to the products of the district of the mines, and is carried on by means of large troops of mules, some of which, from the western provinces of Goaz and Matto Grosso, are four months on the journey. It is not easy to learn with accuracy the produce of the diamond mines, as they are worked by government, and strictly monopolized: much smuggling consequently prevails. In some years, the quantity discovered by government has amounted to as much as 4000 octavas of eighteen carats, but these are years of rare occurrence: taking the average, however, of some years, the number of octavas would come to near 1200. In this quantity there would be, of course, many of large size, adding immensely to the value. It is calculated that about the same quantity is smuggled; and there are strong reasons to suppose, that if no difficulties were thrown in the way, owing to the facility with which they are obtained, the produce of Brazil diamonds, in every way as fine as the oriental, would have considerable effect on the demand.

'With respect to the quantity of gold which comes from the mines, it is immersed in a certain degree of obscurity. The one-fifth due to government is the principal cause that I never could ascertain, in each mine which I visited, its exact produce. I shall have another opportunity of saying more on this head, and explaining why the produce of the gold mines is on the decrease, which I certainly conceive to be the case. Knowing the amount of the workings at the commencement of the century, and from information I collected in Rio de Janeiro and in the mines, and making allowances for that exaggeration so common in Brazil, and all new countries, I consider the annual value of gold certainly does not exceed £900,000, including the contraband.

'No silver is produced in Brazil. As there is lead, it would be too much to affirm that none exists, but probably the quantity would be trifling. The silver coin is mostly Spanish dollars, restamped into three patack pieces, by which a considerable profit is obtained on each.

'The quantity of precious stones shipped is not now very considerable. In most cases they are sent to a losing market, being, in fact, more valuable in Brazil than in London or Paris. Aqua marines, of very large size, have been found. In January, 1811, one was found in the Riberao das Americanas, near the Diamond District, which weighed fifteen pounds, and in the same place, in the October following, one was discovered weighing four pounds. Topazes, of fine quality, but seldom large, amethysts and crisolites, are also articles of exportation, and, at times, some fine specimens of these gems are to be met with in the jeweller's shops.'

Mr. C. gives a good picture of the state of society in Brazil, which differs much, according as the individuals are descendants of the first settlers, Portuguese, or a mixture of both:—

'It is on Sundays and on feast days that all the wealth and magnificence of a Brazilian family is exhibited. At an early hour the household prepares for church, and marches, almost without exception, in the following order: first, the master, with cocked hat, white trousers, blue linen jacket, shoes and buckles, and a gold-headed cane; next follows the mistress, in white muslin, with jewels, a large white fan in her hand, white shoes and stockings; flowers ornament the dark hair: then follow the sons and daughters; afterwards a favourite mulatto girl of the lady, with white shoes and stockings, perhaps two or three of the same rank; next, a black mordomo, or steward, with cocked hat, breeches and buckles; next blacks of both sexes, with shoes and no stockings, and several others without either; and two or three black boys, little incumbered with clothes, bring up the rear.

'Marriages, at least such as I had an opportunity of witnessing, were attended by few. The bride first went into the confessional, and then approached the altar, where the intended husband was waiting for her. Their right hands being then bound firmly together by a gold band, the prayers commenced, and at their termination the hands were loosed and the ceremony was complete. Marriages are formed when the parties are very young, and it is by no means uncommon to meet with mothers not thirteen years old. The climate and the retired habits of the Brazilian women have, early in life, a considerable effect on their appearance. When extremely young, their fine dark eyes and full person make them generally admired, but a few years work a change in their appearance which long continued ill health could scarcely effect in Europe. It may be said, that their youth extends from ten to twenty-five.

'Funerals generally take place at night; the body being conveyed to the church, is exposed to view in full dress, and wearing the most expensive jewels and decorations of the deceased. After the service is performed, the body is removed into the vault, stripped of its richest habits, some pieces of quick lime laid in the coffin, which is then locked, and the nearest relation receives the key. It is then put into a niche in the wall, and the company retires.'

Literature has made little progress in Brazil; and bookselling is so bad a trade, that the stock often literally falls a prey to bookworms. The superstitions of the European Portuguese lose none of their force in Brazil:

'The principal feeling is that which regards evil eyes (olhado) When sickness occurs, the first consideration is, not how to obtain relief, but who has been the evil-eyed person that occasioned it. It is a strong expression in the mouth of an angry Brazilian, "I will fix evil eyes on him." This idea may have derived some strength from the indigenous Indians, who have much dealing with feyticeria, witchcraft, and place, in particular, great faith in evil eyes. Not many years since, the Indians of Marogogipe burnt a young woman alive on the mere suspicion of having set evil eyes on a sick person; and a female relation was obliged to fly on the same accusation. It is, however, satisfactory to think that all evils have a remedy; and in the Rua do Rosario, small bands, made of a black composition called *Maos d'Azebiche*, are sold for the purpose in great numbers. Every Brazilian carries about his person either some preservative of this sort, or some charm which is to render him successful in all his undertakings. My mule-driver, whose charm I examined when he was asleep, and on which it was observed he placed great confidence, had suspended about his neck a small piece of magnetic iron, which was to make him an object of attraction to all fair ladies, and fortunate with them. That witches should exist in Brazil cannot be wondered at, when it is remembered that even in England they have been met with in very modern times.'

Mr. C. might have added, that the belief in witchcraft prevails in this country at the present day, and that to a great extent. Our author calculates the population of Brazil at three millions, and that of Rio de Janeiro at one hundred and thirty-five thousand. The slave-trade, that blot of humanity, flourishes in Brazil:—

'The price of a new slave varies from £25 to £40, according to quality; but a slave possessing the knowledge of any useful trade will sell for £200. On quitting the warehouse, the slaves leave the greatest part of their miseries behind, and, without wishing it to be inferred that they lead an enviable life, nobody can affirm, on seeing them singing and dancing in the streets, that they are watched and continually pining over their unhappy fate. In many cases they appear to do as they please, and completely rule their indolent masters.

'I have before mentioned that their treatment is far from severe. It does sometimes happen that a slave falls into the hands of a poor man, and, like a horse under similar circumstances in England, must work harder and fare worse; and occasional instances of severity are recorded, but these are rare. The laws affecting them have been much softened down or grown into desuetude. It is now stipulated that they shall not be matched with an iron barimba, but with a silver one, by which it is said much pain is avoided. Neither is it any longer a crime in the Negroes to converse in their native tongues, and the prohibition to carry knives is not now so strictly attended to. The owner has the power of giving a certain number of blows, which, if not thought adequate to the offence, he goes to the judge of the police, states the crime, and obtains an order on the public flogger for a certain number of stripes, for which he pays by the hundred. The Brazilian generally takes the law into his own hands, as being more merciful than sending the offender to the common executioner, who, it is presumed, is more skilled in the art of punishment: and they do not hesitate to consider the foreigner who resorts to this latter mode as more cruel than themselves.'

The Brazilians have a very curious idea as to the origin of the black race:—

'At the time, say they, of the creation of Adam, Satan looked on and formed a man of clay, but every thing he touched becoming black, he determined to wash him white in the Jordan: on his approach the river retired, and he had only time to push the black man on the wet sand, which, touching the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands, accounts for the whiteness of these parts. The devil, in a state of irritation, struck his creation on the nose, by which the flatness of that organ was accomplished. The Negro then begged for mercy, and humbly represented that no blame could be attached to him, upon which the other, something pacified, patted him on the head, and, by the heat of his hands, curled his hair in the way it is seen at the present day.'

The annual revenue of Brazil is estimated by Mr. Caldcleugh at two millions and a half sterling; the view he gives of the political state of the country we pass over for the present, nor shall we enter into an analysis of his account of Chile and Buenos Ayres, but quote some further account of the mines of South America. Of Chili, he says:—

'Streams abounding in gold wander through the most luxuriant corn-fields, and the farmer and the miner hold converse together on their banks.

'By far the largest proportion of the gold found in Chile, where it is much more abundant than silver, is procured by means of washing the beds of rivers. It is of a very pure quality; but I met with it in no instance crystallized, but in large flattened grains of a peculiarly bright colour. From this circumstance I should be led to conclude that its matrix had been originally some metallic substance, probably the sulphuret of iron. In confirmation of this it may be stated that not unfrequently beds of gold of several inches thick are fallen in with, which certainly have never been disturbed, for the angles are sharp, and could, therefore, have only been left by some decomposed substance. Some of these beds have produced extraordinary quantities of metal; and if agriculture were more extended, they would be met with more frequently.

'The only gold mine I visited, which properly deserves the name of mine, was on the road to Valparaiso; it existed in a gangue of iron pyrites, but was neither rich nor extensively worked. The auriferous iron pyrites of Chile are found isolated and finely crystallised. At Coquimbo gold is found in a matrix of carbonate of copper.

'The silver mines are of much less importance, and are chiefly confined to that part of the country which borders on the Cordillera. The process of amalgamation in use has been before described. All the ores, whatever they may be, are purified in the same manner. Many of them, pure sulphuret of silver, containing 80 per cent of metal, might be more advantageously deprived of the sulphur, by simply roasting with a moderate heat, than by the expensive process of amalgamation. The muriates and some other ores could not, of course, be subjected to the process, without the addition of an alcali. It is painful to think what a large proportion of the riches of the New World has been lost by the ignorance of the discoverers.

'The silver mines of the Chilian Cordillera are almost entirely worked in veins running through a clay-slate, very similar to that in which the celebrated mine of Potosi exists. Those mines which are situate near the Pacific, such as Huasco and some others, are worked (as I am informed) through a mountain lime-stone. Huasco produces extraordinary rich hand specimens of native silver, with the muriate and carbonate of lime *(metastatique)*. The two metals, lead and silver, do not appear so much united in this country as in others.

'It is a well-known fact that none of the South American mines produce, at the present day, that vast quantity of metal which they used to do in former times. When first discovered the metal was in great abundance, and within a few feet of, and in some instances on, the surface of the earth. All this has been removed, and the great excavations subsequently made have become full of water, from which the proprietors have not a sufficiency of capital to clear them. From this cause many of the mines which yielded a large proportion of silver have become entirely unproductive and closed up. The chief falling off, therefore, has been owing to a deficiency of capital, which the revolution has naturally much aggravated; for the chief capitalists were old Spaniards, who, instead of investing their funds in speculations of this sort, were rather calculating how to withdraw and conceal them. These circumstances, which have been perhaps more apparent in Peru and Mexico than Chile, have nevertheless been felt in the latter country. Molina states that the value of the gold and silver raised in his time (1780) was not under four millions, exclusive of what was smuggled.

'In 1821, the produce of the mines, including an allowance for contraband, according to D. Manuel de Salas, did not exceed a million and a half of dollars—showing a great deficiency, but one easily accounted for by the reasons above stated, together with the unsettled state of the country.

'It seems to me that the first thing to be done, instead of making fresh excavations, is to supply proper machinery to clear the old mines of water. In many situations this would be exceedingly expensive, whether undertaken by means of an adit or by the steam-engine: in using the latter much difficulty would be experienced on the subject of fuel, for it is scarce in the mountainous parts, where the ore exists; and the expense of bringing coal from Conception would be heavy. Could this be overcome, and there is no doubt it might, the mines worked in galleries, and the practical experience of the old workmen, as to the direction of the veins, properly attended to, the produce would be enormous. On the last point I could not ascertain that the viens ran more in one direction than another, or that it was possible to lay down any rule on the subject. If Chile were to become so settled in its government as to afford perfect security of property, the application of capital to the mines would return a large profit. The quantity of metal still remaining in the Andes must be stupendous; but there is this to be considered, that if all the mines were properly worked, it is more than probable that silver would fall in Europe to a very low price.

'The taxes paid to government on the precious metals being moderate, about 8 per cent., it is supposed that little contraband is carried on.'

The following is Mr. Caldcleugh's description of Lima:—

'The streets of Lima are all built at right angles; they are formed of small rounded stones washed down from the mountains, which are extremely fatiguing to the feet; all those in the direction of east and west have a small stream of water running down them, and the Rimac, a mountain torrent, which flows to the sea, passes through a part of the town. The suburb on the other side of the river, to which a bridge crosses, *abajo de la puente*, is inhabited by the less respectable part of the community.

'The *plaça*, or great square, which is said to be five hundred feet above the Pacific, is built on two sides with shops and stalls. The cabildo occupies another side, a building very much in the Chinese style, and in front of it the cathedral, a very handsome pile. The riches which have been lavished at various times upon the interior of this edifice are scarcely to be credited anywhere but in a city which once paved a street with ingots of silver to do honour to a new viceroy. The balustrades surrounding the great altar, and the pipes of the organ, were of silver. It may be mentioned, as a proof of the abundance of silver ornaments, that three weeks prior to my arrival a ton and a half of silver was taken from the various churches, without being missed, to meet the exigencies of the state. The church of San Pedro is remarkable for its architecture, and the small church built by Pizarro, which has never been totally ruined by the earthquakes, and which is situate *abajo de la puente*, is visited by all strangers. The monastic establishments in Lima are very numerous, and of singular extent and splendour. The convent of the Franciscans, which it is calculated covers an eighth part of the whole city, forms a small town within itself. The usual number of its inmates is 160. The other public buildings worthy of notice are the palace of the archbishop, the mint, the palace of the inquisition, when it existed in Peru, and a noble establishment for retired secular clergymen, adjoining the church of San Pedro. The former college of the Jesuits is converted into a foundling hospital. The bridge over the Rimac has nothing to recommend it; but on the right bank of the river, the late Viceroy Amat had out large sums in forming a public walk, called the Paseo d'Agua; at the termination of it the bull-ring is seen. Another object which strangers are directed to visit is the Pantheon, but in my opinion it is taking a long walk for little gratification. It is the burial-place of a part of the city, and is surrounded and divided by walls with niches for

the reception of the dead. The funeral service is performed in the church which adjoins. Many years ago a municipal regulation was published to prevent the towers of the churches being constructed of any other materials than wood and painted canvass. This was in order to obviate the horrors which occurred during earthquakes, owing to the population flying thither; but latterly they have been built of clay, which in time takes the hardness of stone.

'For the same reason the houses have rarely an upper story; but when they have, an overhanging wooden balcony is attached to the windows: they are all constructed of unburnt bricks, with a court and garden in the rear. The walls of the court and gateway are covered with fresco paintings; and when there is a dead wall in front of the house of any respectable person, it is decorated in the same way. The rooms are gaudily adorned with gold and silver, and the floors are generally tiled: an estrada, or long narrow sofa, fills up one side, and a piece of carpet covers two-thirds of the room. The roofs of all the houses are perfectly flat, and, as it never rains, they are merely composed of lath and plaster.'

(To be continued.)

'The Fingerpost; or Direct Road from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End: being a Discussion of the Railway Question. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1825. Cole.

To the merits of railways, as opposed to canals, we have never given that serious attention which, as a source of national utility, the subject demanded; but we have very seldom read so lively, clever, and pleasant a work on any subject as the one before us. The Fingerpost, in a preface full of point and wit, professes to derive its name from the facetiæ, in a late number of the Times, denominated 'Literary Facilities,' the whole of which it quotes. On leaving this to enter on the subject in good earnest, as a matter of argument, we were most agreeably surprised to find the author proceed with all the graceful rapidity of the railway he recommends, and the smoothness of the canal he desires to supersede. The closeness of his arguments, which sometimes rise even to the eloquence and brevity of Bacon, the wide circle he embraces in his views, and the agreeable diversity he has given a subject apparently little capable of it, together with the felicity of his language, which unites the terseness of the scholar, the eloquence of the gentleman, and the freshness of a new and unhackneied writer, spread over the whole pamphlet an unusual charm.

As we cannot give a quotation from the body of the work which would convey any idea of the system of argument pursued, we shall content ourselves with offering the beginning of its introduction, fully persuaded that it only requires to be read, in order to insure it the attention due to the subject, and the admiration due to the author, whoever he may be. The world has long been told that a poem may be written on a broomstick, and what we subjoin is a half-poetical character of a fingerpost:—

'To those bewildered travellers, who, in the course of their journey, are unfortunate enough to meet with a perplexing variety of roads, and, dubious which to choose, are enduring all the miseries of indecision and suspense, it would be difficult to introduce a kinder or more welcome friend than an humble unpretending fingerpost. Yet, plain and unassuming as such a friend may be, he is found to possess qualities of so sterling a nature, as can never fail to be justly appreciated in all cases of trial and emergency. Few, indeed, I should hope, would be disposed to question his character for truth and simplicity; and fewer still can there be to doubt his upright firmness, his candour, and the measured correctness of his speech. He stands "the friend indeed" to each lost wanderer on his way, and in no instance was he known to ask a return for his services. Steady, independent, unbending, and disinterested, he fills his station with uncompromising integrity—a foe to duplicity and concealment, he is at once open, intelligible, and unreserved.—Formal, stiff, or even monotonous, as may be his style and manner, his words are at once lofty and laconic, and invariably speak to the point.—Not veering about with weathercock inconstancy, but standing to his post with signal patience and unremitting perseverance. Unassailable to a bribe, unused to tergiversation, he gives his gratuitous services to his countrymen with uniform benevolence and undeviating impartiality. Neither low nor mercenary, neither treacherous nor underhanded, he exhibits a high example of a public functionary, firm and faithful to his trust, whose authority should be looked up to, and whose direction should be followed.'

The whole preface is amusing, and displays much humour. As to the question of railways, the author advocates them ably and ardently; and if they are so beneficial as he states, and we see no reason to doubt it, we hope no selfish and interested motives—no narrow policy, will be suffered to prevent their adoption wherever they are wanted.

Highways and Byeways; or, Tales of the Roadside: picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Colburn.

Sheridan is universally allowed to have possessed an excellent knowledge of the world, and his classification of puffing, in the Critic, has long been considered as perfect. The world, however, improves in cunning, as in age; and, could Richard Brinsley start from his grave, he would find that his puffing nomenclature was very inadequate to describe the various species of the art resorted to in London, where many a bibliopole spends more money in puffing the works he publishes than he does in paper and printing.

A good name, in man or woman, Shakspeare tells us, is the immediate jewel of their souls: it might have been so in his day, but now a good name in an author is the immediate jewel, not of his own soul, but of his bookseller's. No one knows this better than the publisher of the volumes before us, who finding not only that the first series of Highways and Byways sold well, but that the author's name was Grattan, pounced on him, and, by the puff oblique, intimated, on the forthcoming of a second series, that he was a relation of the Irish orator of that name. Had this been the case, it would have had little influence with us, who review books, not authors; besides, much as we might have admired Mr. Grattan, as a senator, and his early patriotism, we could not forget a sad aberration he made on the conclusion of the late war, when he delivered a speech on the subject of France and its ruler, perfectly at variance with all that he had said in Parliament for twenty years previous.

But, leaving Mr. Grattan, (the late Irish orator, for the work of a namesake (but no relation), we turn to Highways and Byways. When the first series of this work appeared, we stated that it was an indifferent imitation of Washington Irving;—the second is, however, much inferior: and although the author professes to have traversed the French provinces, in order to pick up tales by the way-side, yet we suspect he has rarely proceeded further than Boulogne.

The second series of Highways contains three tales,—Caribert, the Bear Hunter; The Priest and the Garde du Corps; and The Vouée au Blanc. The first is a strange, incoherent, and rambling story, the scene of which is laid in the Pyrennees. A bear-hunter, a romantic innkeeper's daughter attached to him, the author's dog Ranger, and Caribert's favourite bitch, are the most prominent characters in this rambling story. Our friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, would, we dare say, give it a reading, though he would find both Ranger and Fanchette far inferior, in point of intelligence, to his own Sirrah; and their adventures much inferior in interest to those of honest Sirrah in the Flesh Clauch.

Mawkish sentiment and a stilted and extravagant style are the faults of Mr. Grattan; besides, his tales out-herod Herod in improbability. We see Caribert, a rough ferocious mountaineer, whose superior strength and contempt of danger made him a prodigy, pictured as a man of delicate sentiment and fine feeling. We find the whole bear-hunting family *raining tears*, and howling as at an Irish wake (which the author seems to have had in his eye), because their dog had got its legs broken by a bear; and there is such a scene of mock sentimentality thrown over the adventure, as renders it superlatively ludicrous. We will just introduce one scene, in which Caribert, his father, and the wounded Fanchette figure. We must premise that the father has been wounded in his arm, but threatens to fell Caribert to the earth within it, if he is insolent to his mother, though the poor bear-hunter had only asked her for an explanation how his dad had been injured. Caribert then looks to Fanchette as the safest mode:—

"'Aye, you may well look at her, and never hold up your head again," said the old man to Caribert, but less harshly than before; "see how she wags her tail, and wants to lick your hand! Poor thing!"

'Caribert was about to raise her up, when the old man roared out, in the fiercest tone, "What are you going to do? Don't touch her:" and then, as if all at once melted by the misfortune he was about to announce, he turned aside his head, and sobbed out, in smothered accents, "Let her alone, both her hind legs are broken."

"Oh, Heaven! is it possible!" exclaimed Caribert, throwing himself on his knees beside the poor animal, and leaning forwards his face, which she licked with her hot and feverish tongue, as if the rain of tears that flowed from his eyes had brought relief and refreshment to her pain.

"My poor dear Fanchette!" continued he. "Why was not I with you [this was not Fanchette's fault] when this happened? Oh! if you could but speak, *you would not leave me thus cruelly*, without the miserable satisfaction of knowing how all this came about."

'Here poor Fanchette howled piteously, as if sympathizing with the kind and sorrowful tone of her young master. The tender-hearted mother joined her loud sobs to the lamenting tone. Old Larcole turned round towards them, and, seeing the evident sufferings of Caribert, he gave him his hand, and exclaimed,—"Well, well, my boy, hold up. This is too much [who doubts it?]; there's no help now, and crying like children does no good to broken bones." He here wiped his eyes with the *cuff of his knitted flannel waistcoat*, and rose up. He gave a turn or two up and down the room, hemmed and coughed, and opened his shirt-collar, as if he wanted air, struck his chest two or three times with his *open hand* [how considerate!], and spoke as follows:—

"Stand up, Caribert,—be a man! I'll tell you how it happened: though, after all, there's no time for delaying now."

If our readers do not, by this time, 'rain tears,' we despair of inspiring them with half the feeling of Fanchette and her bear-hunting masters. It is, however, not a little remarkable that this sentimental young gentleman, M. Caribert, who rains tears for his wounded dog, afterwards sees his own father killed by a bear without any effort to save him. But we think we hear our readers say we will hear no more.

The second story, The Priest and the Guide du Corps, contains the adventures of a 'sent Irishman,' who, having once seen Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France, determines on performing all impossibilities to serve her; and, of course, gets himself into scrapes. Some of the incidents may find a parallel in the events of the French revolution, but most of them could only have originated with a gentleman of so romantic an imagination as the roadster of Highways and Byways. A few of the characters, particularly the Irishman's and the priest's, are, however, well drawn.

The third story is the most interesting, and perhaps the least improbable in the three volumes; but none of the tales are calculated to add to the reputation of Mr Grattan, or to increase the literary treasures of the year 1825.

The South-Sea Bubble, and the numerous Fraudulent Projects to which it gave Rise in 1720, historically detailed as a Beacon to the Unwary against Modern Schemes (enumerated in an Appendix), equally Visionary and Nefarious. 12mo. pp. 143. London, 1825. Boys.

THE history of the South-Sea Bubble and Law's famous Mississippi scheme would form admirable subjects for history, novel, or drama; they are indeed so fertile in interesting anecdote, that we wonder how any man could have made so dull a book of the former subject as the one now before us. The *dry*, for we will neither call him author nor editor, appears to be totally unacquainted with the real origin and nature of the South-Sea scheme, and has confusedly jumbled together a few statements, which God knows where he picked up. To these he has added an account of the bubbles of 1719 and 1720, from Anderson's History of Commerce, and a list of the present projects, from The Examiner. After concluding what he (the doer) calls the serious part of his narrative, he gives us 'a few of the pasquinades (as he terms them) circulated upon the occasion.' Johnson, we believe, calls a pasquinade a lampoon, and so it is, or should be, for its designation is local and peculiar to Rome. Dryden denominates a lampoon 'censure written, not to reform, but vex.' According to this definition, any person would acquit the 'pasquinades' quoted in this work, for more dull and insipid things we never met with. To convince the publisher, however, how much respect we bear him, and to show to how much better a source the author might have gone, we shall quote, not from his South-Sea Bubble, but from another work, The Percy Histories, in which we believe Mr. Boys has a greater interest, an account of the South-Sea Company and the bubbles to which it gave rise:—

'*South-Sea Company—Bubbles.*—The South-Sea Company is one of the most inert trading corporations in the metropolis, and remains torpid while all around it is life and animation. It was established by act of Parliament, in the year 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain, trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." But although it thus appeared a commercial body, yet its operations were principally financial, and have long been wholly so. It had its origin in the arrears due to the army and navy, which exceeded nine millions; this the South-Sea Company agreed to pay off, and advancing an additional sum of upwards of £800,000, which made the whole loan to Government ten millions;—credit was given to that amount, and the interest fixed at £600,000 a-year.

'As this measure had been executed with success, and the South-Sea stock had advanced above par, the directors made a proposal to government, which, under more favourable circumstances, might have proved equally beneficial, since the plan has been partially acted upon by the present ministers in the reduction of the four per cent. stock. The plan of the directors of the South-Sea Company was, to be allowed to purchase, at different periods, the whole of the funded debts of the crown, and, by reducing the rate of interest, to render the capital more easily redeemable. The debts thus agreed to be purchased amounted to £31,664,551. 1s. 11d. For the privilege of adding this to their capital stock, and for some exclusive advantages to be gained by a treaty with Spain, the directors agreed to advance to government £7,723,809. So immense a sacrifice for a benefit that under any circumstances did not seem to warrant it, had, however, a very contrary effect to what might have been expected. The directors had calculated on gaining one per cent. by receiving five per cent. on the capital from government, and paying only four per cent. to the fundholders: they further anticipated, that the new stock would bear a high premium; and so indeed it did, for no sooner had Parliament passed an act, empowering the directors to raise the money necessary for so great an undertaking, than the company's stock began rapidly to advance. The act authorised the directors "to open books of subscription, and grant annuities to such public creditors as were willing to exchange the security of the crown for that of the South-Sea Company, with the advantage of sharing in the emoluments that might arise from their commerce."

'The public, not then so familiar with a national debt as they have since become, had seen, that while the debts due to the army and navy rested with the government, the seamen's tickets, a substitute for money, were sold at a loss of forty or fifty per cent.: they had also seen, that no sooner had the South-Sea Company guaranteed those debts than they were liquidated; and they felt the utmost confidence in the plan,—so much so, that before the bill received the royal assent South-Sea stock had risen to above three hundred per cent.

'The promoters of the scheme are said to have exaggerated the profits; rumours were at the same time circulated that the company, by monopolizing the whole of the national funds, would reduce government to the necessity of taking loans from them on their own terms, and that by their wealth they would possess such influence in Parliament as to be able to depose ministers when they pleased, and remodel the government at their own pleasure. The public, intoxicated with these ideas, purchased with avidity; and the stock, which, at Christmas, 1719, was only one hundred and twenty-six, rose at the opening of the first subscription, on the 14th of April, to above £326; thus the creditors of the nation made over a debt of £100 for thirty-three and one-third in South-Sea stock. As the frenzy spread, and the desire of making rapid fortunes became contagious, the stock successively rose to above one thousand per cent., at which price the books were opened for the fourth subscription, on the 24th of August; and this subscription, notwithstanding the market price of the established stock was eight hundred, was sold the same day at a premium of thirty or forty per cent.

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'Although this excessively rapid rise was excited by various exaggerated statements of imaginary advantages—of valuable acquisitions in the South Seas, and hidden treasures to be found by the adventurers, yet the public did not altogether go unwarned of the futility of their hopes; and a ballad written on the subject thus alludes to the Utopian dreams of the speculators:—

"What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.
Our South-Sea ships have golden shrouds—
They bring us wealth, 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasures in the clouds,
To hide it till 'tis wanted."

'Whether the directors had deliberately planned the delusion on the public, or only profited by it when they saw the opportunity, there is no doubt that they resorted to desperate means to keep it up, nor had the bubble burst when it did, but that their cupidity, like "vaulting ambition," overleaped itself. The South-Sea schemes had become so contagious, that the whole nation was infected, and became a body of stock-jobbers and projectors. Every day produced some project; and whether it was for "fattening hogs," "importing asses from Spain, in order to improve the breed of mules," "raising silk-worms," "insuring masters from the loss sustained by servants," "rendering quicksilver malleable," or "fishing for wrecks on the Irish coasts" (and these are but a few out of two hundred projects equally ridiculous), subscriptions were soon raised, and the stock sold at a premium.

'Fortunately for the nation, the South-Sea directors took the alarm, and these delusive projects received their first check from the power to which they owed their birth. Jealous of their success, and desirous to monopolize all the money of the speculators, the directors obtained writs of *ariri fiscias* against the conductors of bubbles, and thus put an end to them. But in thus opening the eyes of the deluded multitude, they took away the main prop of their own tottering edifice—the bubble burst,—South-Sea stock fell as rapidly as ever it rose, and in a few weeks sunk from one thousand one hundred and ten, which it had reached, to one hundred and thirty-five. The distress occasioned by such fluctuations was dreadful: government was compelled to interfere, and the public voice called loudly for redress from the directors. An investigation was instituted in Parliament, and the conduct of the directors being condemned, a considerable portion of their estates was confiscated, to the amount of £2,014,000. The property confiscated belonging to each of the directors varied from £68,000 to £233,000, and to each was allowed for subsistence a sum varying from £5000 to £50,000, according to their supposed delinquency.

'Numerous are the anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. The story of the poor maniac "Tom of Ten Thousand," who lost his whole fortune and his reason too by the South-Sea scheme, is well known, as is that of Eustace Budgell.' Others, though less melancholy, are worth recording. A tradesman, at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from one thousand to nine hundred, left Bath with an intention to sell out. On reaching town, it had fallen to two hundred and fifty; he thought the price too low, would not sell, and lost his all. The Duke of Chandos, who had £300,000 in this stock, was advised by the Duke of Newcastle to sell all, or at least a part; but he anticipated it would bring him half a million: he delayed, and lost every shilling. Gay, the poet, had £1000 stock given him by the elder Scraggs, postmaster-general, which, added to the stock he had previously purchased, amounted to £20,000. He consulted his friends: and Dr. Arbuthnot advised him to sell out, but he hesitated, and lost every shilling. Others were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of £20,000. With this sum Sir Gregory built his fine mansion on Blackheath, and purchased three hundred acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to £90,000, sold out when the South-Sea stock was at nine hundred and seventy. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest their money in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of twenty-five per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

'Thousands of persons were, however, totally ruined by this speculation, which occasioned a dreadful panic in the country, and, had it not been for the prudent conduct of Walpole, might have been productive of the most fatal consequences.'

That some of the projects at present on foot may not pay, we think extremely probable; but the worst of them is too rational to be compared with those of 1720, or to be denominated a bubble.

Sonnets, and other Poems. By D. L. Richardson. 12mo. pp. 151. London, 1824. Underwoods.

We confess we are not very partial to sonnets: the idea of limiting the course of Pegasus, like that of a race-horse to a two-mile heat, is ridiculous; and we should as soon think of writing all our reviews of equal length, whatever may be their subject, as of writing some score poems of precisely fourteen lines each, neither more nor less. And yet there are persons who, under such restraints, produce some very charming things, and among those we hesitate not to class Mr. Richardson; several of his sonnets, as well as his other poems, are highly poetical, and breathe of nature and good feeling. Three of the sonnets we subjoin as specimens:—

'SONNET. WRITTEN IN INDIA.

'The storm hath ceased,—but yet the dark clouds lower,
And shroud the rising sun! The distant hill
Lies hid in mist,—the far descending rill
Rolls darkly through the valley,—this lone tower
Frowns drearily above the withered bower,
Where sits the drooping Minah, voiceless still—
Yon blasted tree the gazer's breast doth fill
With awful sense of majesty and power!—
The mighty spirit of the midnight storm
Passed where for ages rose the green-wood's pride,
And what availed its glory? Its proud form,
Cast on the groaning earth, but serves to hide
The serpent's dwelling; and decay's dull worm
Soon in its mouldering bosom shall abide!'

'SONNET.

'How beautiful the scene! The lord of day
No longer wears the countenance of pride
That seared fair nature's bloom! A veil doth hide
The lustre of his brow; his parting ray,
Dim as the lover's smile that melts away
Through farewell tears, is fading tenderly!
And clouds of golden gleam and rosy dye
(His gorgeous robes), are turning into gray.—
Now, like a sad sweet dream, whose shadow steals
O'er the rapt soul in visionary hours,
Meek twilight comes! From zephyr-haunted bowers
Arise the feathered minstrel's evening peals,
Blent with the far wave's murmur, and the songs
Of village maids, that Echo's voice prolongs!'

'SONNET. TO HEALTH.

'Oh! I have sought thee over hill and plain,
In life's bright morn, with temperance my guide,
And youth and laughing pleasure at my side,
Beloved Hygeia! And not all in vain
I wandered then o'er nature's sweet domain,
For we have met where timid dryads hide,
And where proud rivers in their glory glide
Beneath the summer sun. But Care and Pain
Have bound me now with adamantine chain:
Dark thoughts, and images of death, deride
Hope's tender smile, and mock the passions' pride;—
And, oh! no more (malignant fates ordain)
These languid limbs the cheerful haunts shall gain
Where thou and rural happiness abide!'

A Revision and Explanation of the Geographical and Hydrographical Terms, and those of a Nautical Character relating thereto; with Descriptions of Winds, Storms, Clouds, Changes which take place in the Atmosphere, &c. By John Evans, Lieutenant R. N. 12mo. pp. 179. Bristol. Philip Rose.

This clever little work we recommend to all his Majesty's liege subjects who ever touched salt water, from the admiral of the fleet to the humble citizen who takes an annual trip from town to Margate. The inaccuracy of nautical terms and definitions has long been complained of, not only by naval men, but by all who have had occasion to notice the subject; they have also so frequently been erroneously applied by voyagers and travellers, as to render their works often incorrect, and not unfrequently confused and unintelligible. To remedy this deficiency is the object of Lieutenant Evans's work, and he appears to have spared no pains to render it complete. He has not confined himself to mere definitions of terms, but has given such illustrations as render those terms not only clear but interesting. There are also eight lithogra-

phic plates, and numerous hydrographical figures on wood.

Our readers may perhaps think this a more dry and technical work: this, we assure them, is by no means the case, as we shall show by a few extracts:—

'CLIFFS MARITIME.

'Clivus, *Lat.* Clif, Chief, *Saxon*—Johnson, κλιτυς, *Gr.* Littleton,

'Are known familiarly to be the abrupt termination of the land at the margin of the sea.

'Some of the cliffs form precipices of great height, which rise immediately from the water; whilst others are accessible by means of the protuberances or irregularities of their vertical surfaces; and there are many which form inclined planes, by the gradual crumbling of the looser particles of their composition, and these in time become points. This "degradation" of the land, according to geologists, forms a particular feature in the gradual changes which portions of the earth are continually undergoing. It has been observed, that the sea encroaches upon those coasts that are high; and that, on the contrary, a level sea-shore generally increases, especially in the vicinity of large rivers.

'One of the most celebrated maritime cliffs, called Il Salto (*Saltus Capreorum*), is in the Island of Capri, near Naples; it is 700 feet above the sea. Here the tyrant Tiberius exercised his cruelty by obliging those he condemned to jump from this precipice into the sea, in his presence!

'The following lines portray a very lively picture of one the great perils attendant on a maritime life, and are applicable to our subject:—

'"On the wreck'd sailor, from the tow'ring steep
Of some huge cliff, that frowns above the deep,
Pale with despair, and heaving many a sigh,
Wilds o'er the waste of waters rolls his eye!
But ah! though hush'd the waves and fair the gales,
No pitying vessel spreads her welcome sails;
Not though the billows seem to chide his stay,
And in soft murmurs bid him haste away."

'"On several of those stupendous cliffs," says an officer, "which border the north coast of the Great Bermuda, the natives have fixed ladders obliquely from their brows, over the deep below, for the purpose of fishing with the hook and line. Perhaps none but an islander could remain stretched at full length upon one of these precarious projections, for hours together, as they are accustomed to do, without becoming giddy and falling into the gulf beneath them. To a stranger they have a very singular appearance, and I was a long time puzzled to find out for what use they were intended."—*MS. Notes on the Bermudas.*

'WHIRLPOOL

'Hwyrf pole, *Saxon*—Johnson, Hwyrf and pul, *Saxon*—Bailey,

'Is a vortex in the sea or in a river.

'Those of the greatest magnitude and danger are caused, either by the peculiar conformation of the coast which the currents and tides act upon, or by the particular disposition of the rocks beneath the surface of the sea. Those which are less so are occasioned by the revolving of the water in a rapid tide's way, or in the stream of a river.

'Charybdis, on the coast of Sicily, has been long celebrated as a vortex; at a certain state of the current it may be passed in safety by boats.

'That, however, which is most noted and dreaded, from its magnitude and power, is the Malstrom, situated on the coast of Norway: Von Buche gives the following description of this wonderful whirlpool.

'Malstrôm is peculiarly dangerous and terrible to look at when the N.W. wind blows in opposition to the ebbing. We then see waves struggling against waves, which draw down fish and boats that approach them, to the bottom of the abyss. We hear the dashing and roaring of the waves for many miles out at sea; but in summer these violent winds do not prevail, and the stream is then little dreaded, and does not prevent the navigation of the inhabitants of Varoe and Moskenoe. The desire to see here something extraordinary and great is therefore generally disappointed, for travellers for the sake of travelling venture up Norway in summer only, and seldom in winter." "Moskenstrom is not in general in that fame in the north which, from several descriptions, we might be led to expect. This is, in a great measure, owing to the exaggeration of strangers, who would have gladly wished to give rise to the belief of the existence here of some peculiar and unknown natural phenomenon."

'"Saltenstien, at the outlet of the Saltenfiord, and but a few miles from Bodoë, is much more dreaded by the inhabitants. Here also ebbings and flowings are compressed between islands, the water turns round in large and powerful whirlpools, and drags down the boats which approach too near, to the bottom. The unfortunate fishermen then attempt to cling fast to the boat; and it has happened more than once that the whirlpool has thrown out the boat and fishermen at a considerable distance from the place where they were drawn down; but more frequently they never appear again."'

'WATER-SPOUT

'Is an aqueous meteor, occasioned by the action of a whirlwind upon the surface of the sea.

'The air, revolving, rapidly sucks the water up, and the fluid thus attracted is received by the low and dense clouds, always attendant on such occasions, through a trumpet-shaped spout, that moves with, and seems to be guided by, the motion of the particular cloud to which it is attached:—

'"Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.
The swift volution and the enormous train
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!"

Shipwreck, CANTO II.

'During the continuance of calm weather, if many of these spouts surround a vessel, her situation becomes one of much anxiety, and sometimes even of danger; but they are generally dispersed by the concussion of air which the report of a cannon occasions:—

'"The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!"

Shipwreck, CANTO II.

'Doubts have been started as to the certainty of the water being drawn upwards, but the general opinion is consonant with the latter idea. Dr. Perkins, an American philosopher, considers that the water in the spout descends from the clouds, and is not drawn up from the sea, as the generality of observers imagine. He has argued at some length to prove his opinion correct, and gives testimonies from the observations of several masters of American ships in corroboration. His remarks, however, are too lengthy to be inserted here, but we subjoin his closing observation: "I conclude with one short remark, viz. that to believe that the *water ascends in these bodies*, to the region of the clouds, is virtually to admit of a real and essential miracle, without sufficient proof, and contrary to every idea we can form of a divinely wise intention."

'Our celebrated circumnavigator, on the 17th of May, 1773, observed no less than six water-spouts at the same time, off the coast of New Zealand; his account being interesting, we here present it to our readers:—

'"Four rose and spent themselves between us and the land; that is to the S. W. of us; the fifth was without us; the sixth first appeared in the S.W. at the distance of two or three miles from us. Its progressive motion was to the N E. not in a straight, but a crooked line; and passed within fifty yards of our stern, without our feeling any of its effects. The diameter of the base of this spout, I judged to be about fifty or sixty feet; that is, the sea within this space was much agitated, and foamed up to a great height. From this a tube, or round body, was formed, by which the water, or air, or both, was carried in a spiral stream *up to the clouds.* Some of our people said they saw a bird in the one near us, which was whirled round like the fly of a jack, as it *was carried upwards.*"

'"Some of these spouts appeared at times to be stationary, and at other times to have a quick but very unequal motion, and always in a crooked line, sometimes one way and sometimes another, so that once or twice we observed them to cross one another. From the ascending motion of the bird, and several other circumstances, it was very plain to us that these spouts were caused by whirlwinds, and that the water in them was violently hurried upwards, and did not descend from the clouds, as I have heard some assert.

'The first appearance of them is the violent agitation and rising up of the water; and presently after you see a round column or tube forming from the clouds above, which apparently descends till it joins the agitated water below. I say apparently, because I believe it not to be so in reality, but that the tube is already formed from the agitated

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water below, and ascends, though at first it is either too small or too thin to be seen.

'When the tube is formed, or becomes visible, its apparent diameter increases till it is pretty large; after that it decreases; and at last it breaks or becomes invisible towards the lower part. Soon after, the sea below resumes its natural state, and the tube is drawn, by little and little, up to the clouds, where it is dissipated. The same tube would sometimes have a vertical, and sometimes a crooked or inclined direction.'

An Appeal for Ireland, in a Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1825. Allmans.

This pamphlet is evidently written by an Irishman; it has all that florid diction and extravagance of metaphor which distinguish the Irish school. Divesting his harangue of its meretricious ornaments, we find that the author recommends the encouragement of industry, and what, no doubt, would be an excellent thing, if attainable—the reconciliation of the two factions. Had he pointed out how that could be done, we are sure Mr. Canning would have thanked him.

Odd Moments; or, Time Beguiled. 12mo. pp. 290. London, 1825. Boys.

An author may be allowed to speak from his own experience; but, although his Odd Moments may beguile his own time, it is not quite so certain it will be equally successful with his readers. Happy the man—

'Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the very thing he draws;'

yet happier he who hits the taste of the public: whether the author of Odd Moments will do so or not seems doubtful.

The tales, four in number, are entitled The Sisters; Louisa; Agatha, or Contrition; and More Truth than Fiction. They are avowedly an imitation of The May you Like it, but inferior; and yet they are by no means destitute of merit, or wanting in interest,—but they are too wire-drawn, and the substance of the whole four tales might have been well afforded for six *pence* instead of six *shillings*.

The Writer's Clerk; or, the Humours of the Scottish Metropolis. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1120. London, 1825. Whittaker.

We confess we did not think the profession of a writer's clerk sufficiently important to occupy three volumes, even as a tale of fiction; but indeed what subject is there on which a novel may not, and has not, been written? Mr. Galt made an attorney's clerk the hero of one of his tales, and led him through many interesting, though we confess somewhat improbable, adventures;—why then shall not a writer's clerk be immortalized? We cannot, however, congratulate our author in having been very successful in the formation or conducting of his story; but yet there are some good scenes in it, particularly those exhibiting the 'humours of the Scottish metropolis,' which are well hit off; and the 'Writer's Clerk' is entitled to a place in every circulating library, where he is likely to be pretty often disturbed.

A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. Eavestaff; *and English Words,* by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. Eavestaff.

This is the first number of a new work, intended to be confined to six numbers, published every alternate month. It contains three French airs, one of which is also harmonized for three voices. The melodies, which are purely French, are well selected; and the symphonies and accompaniments are in accordance with the spirit and character of the respective airs: the same may be said of the songs, which are original (not translated), and are well adapted to the ease and simplicity of the music. Mr. Bellamy, who has had the last task, very modestly speaks of his own share in the work, in a short and neat advertisement.

The Siege of Dunbarton Castle; and other Poems. By William à Becket, Jun. Student of Lincoln's Inn. 12mo. pp. 84. London, 1824. Chapple.

We do not know whether Mr. à Becket may be descended from the haughty priest of that name, nor is it to our purpose to inquire: we should have said both were ambitious, though in different ways, did we not find that our young author, having written these poems during a month's illness (not very severe, we presume), prints them to oblige 'partial friends and old school-fellows,' who desire 'to be furnished with copies.' The poems, having been written during sickness may account for their plaintive character as well as their want of energy: they will, however, we doubt not, gratify the individuals by whose special desire they have been printed; and we, therefore, will not disturb the good opinion they entertain of their friend's talents by any remark that might lessen it.

ORIGINAL.

MR. BRANDE'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION—VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—Mr. Locke has expressed his regret somewhere (I think in his celebrated essay), that so many gentlemen should pass their time in idle pursuits, instead of enriching themselves with intellectual acquirements: a reflection very natural to one engaged in developing the operations of that noble principle which chiefly distinguishes man from other animals; and, in its cultivation, constitutes the difference between a civilized man and a savage.

If this great philosopher were now alive, he would, I think, still have occasion to make the same reflection, for, in the circle of my acquaintance, I see so many persons pass hours away, either in total listlessness, or, what is worse, in criminal pursuits, that I cannot but acknowledge, with poignant grief, Locke's remark is too applicable.

These reflections, though natural enough to one of a studious and temperate habit, have, lately, more recently forced themselves upon me, on hearing Professor Brande, a few mornings since, unfold the beautiful theory of vegetation, and the physiology of the vegetable kingdom; and, subsequently, at his lecture on vegetable and animal chemistry, at the Royal Institution.

Mr. Brande's intermission from lecturing seemed eminently to have had the effect of accumulating all his powers for that occasion, as a strong and healthy man is restored by rest for the exercise of his vigour in his daily toil. The subject was not new to me, having heard Mr. Brande, I think, thrice before: had it been new, there would have been no surprise at the emotions which this lecturer produced in me; but whether it was the subject or his manner of treating it, that gave me so much delight, I am still unable to determine. Mr. Brande's reasoning and demonstration were conducted in the most beautiful chain of propositions, in which there was no unnecessary, unconnecting, or deficient link, and each word, with wonderful happiness, was most opportunely adapted to its corresponding idea. The whole had such an effect on me as to produce an involuntary, and almost irresistible emotion, to break out in an open plaudit; but the gravity of the subject restrained me. I was not, however, the only person that felt the influence of the lecture: a friend of mine who was present, to express his idea of the force of Mr. Brande's eloquence, said, it *rolled out*: it is indeed, in general, an ample and steady stream, with only here and there a ripple, which has the effect that light and shade have in a picture, in showing the other parts more distinctly.

A lecturer, perhaps, would choose few subjects on which to show the beauty of science and the powers of scientific eloquence, better than the introductory lecture to vegetable chemistry. How well Mr. Brande can acquit himself on this subject, must be judged of by the effects produced, and I should be happy if I could, through the medium of *The Literary Chronicle*, excite a disposition in my friends and your readers to give up some part of their time to scientific pursuits.

To those of your readers already acquainted with this interesting subject I do not presume to address myself; but to such as are unacquainted with the analogies between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, a few words may, perhaps, excite some attention in them to this subject.

A clown whose eye is constantly viewing the vegetable kingdom sees nothing in a plant but the stem, branches, leaves, and, in fine, nothing but what is most obvious to the dullest capacity: but the philosopher will inform him that it has a vascular system, and, abstracting nutrition from the soil by means of absorbents in the roots, transmits it by one set of vessels up the trunk, then laterally by the branches, and ultimately to the leaves, when it undergoes certain changes, and is thence, by another set of vessels, returned downwards to every part of the plant or tree, to form new wood or new parts. How like to the circulation of the blood in man! but this is not the only analogy;—every one knows that, in fractured bones, Providence has so kindly and so wisely ordered it, that an ossi-

our secretion is rapidly formed, which soon covers the broken part, and, in a short time, restores the bone to its former strength; so also, in trees, if you cut off a narrow slip of bark, called ringing, taking care not to cut too deep, so as to wound the vessels which convey the sap upwards, or else you will destroy the branch, a matter soon begins to secrete, which will in time unite the parts of the bark, and the tree receives no further injury. Again, plants respire, giving out one kind of gas, and abstracting another from the atmosphere, just similar to animals: only that the gas which is given out by the one is that which is abstracted by the other, and vice versâ.

On vegetable as well as animal chemistry, new views are continually opening. The analogy between the ultimate elements of two proportionals of olefiant gas and one of water, when compared with one of alcohol (spirit of wine), is truly surprising: that they were composed of the same ultimate elements was before known, but we are indebted to the theory of proportionals to show us that two substances so dissimilar should be composed of the very same quantity and the very same elements; and, further, that either is alcohol, deprived of the elements of half the proportional of water which the latter contains: but how much more surprising is it, that all vegetable substances, whether solid or liquid, should be composed, with trifling exceptions, of the three elements, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen only; and out of these, the Deity, by combining them in different proportions, forms all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom! Our admiration, however, must not stop here, for the whole animal kingdom, also, with few exceptions, is produced from the same three elements, with only the addition of nitrogen, the chief component of our atmosphere! How does this baffle human pride, and ought to subdue human presumption!

I have already taken up so much of your columns, that I have no room to say any thing particular on animal chemistry, and shall only observe generally, that it is not less interesting to the philosopher, and, perhaps, much more so to the medical student.

To conclude, I cannot help expressing my opinion of the very excellent regulation which has been adopted at the Royal Institution, in having Mr. Faraday to lecture alternately with Mr. Brande. It is good for several reasons: it relieves the professor, brings forward a very meritorious young man, and forms an agreeable variety to the student.

NAUTICUS.

Thursday, 3rd Feb. 1825.

LODGE WINTER AND LONDON WOMEN.

PARLIAMENT has once more met; that awful moment, so fatal to the comfort of reporters and the pursuits of sporting members, has arrived. Woodcocks and snipes repose in safety under the gentle reign of gamekeepers and freezing poachers; and the bustle which lately pervaded the lofty halls of nobility and the ancient manor-houses of country gentlemen, is at once transferred to London. The table groaning with costly piles of food, brought from every region, and seasoned by the produce of every clime; wine which, alike in both town and country, 'maketh glad the heart of man;' beauty and dress, gaiety and splendour, the gifts of art and science, of wealth and knowledge: all are now assembled or assembling in the metropolis. Hither, as to the centre of attraction, come orators, to exult in the greatness of the country, or to lament over what they call the imperfections of its government,—Rich and illustrious heirs, to share the pleasures and exhibit the honours which can only be offered and appreciated in the society of their peers,—Poor, but talented speculators, of every description, both male and female, who trust that in this magnificent melée, some turn of the die may give them fortune, or place them in the high road to it. Such are the leeches who fasten on wealthy minors, haunt the ear-parties of well-jointured dowagers, learn to a nicety how many funded thousands are in the name of one heiress, how many acres swell the estates of another. Mothers with marriageable daughters too often run in this class; and daughters themselves, sensible that papa has done his utmost in providing them with a fashionable education, are compelled to unite in the trickery, the solicitude, the thousand disingenuous arts and anxious cares, which belong to a system at which the modesty of youth revolts, whilst the artificial wants of society compel it. With the cunning and the designing on principle, come also the buoyant and aspiring spirits, who are impelled by generous emulation into the proper field for exertion;—the timid, who are driven by friends, drawn by want, or led by the whispers of hope, which is the constant seducer of youth, whether bold or meek. All, *all*, press *here*, as the *heart* which at once receives and dismisses the vital current which circulates through the whole empire, subsisting and animating the mighty mass, from the foot which proudly trampies, and the hand which kindly gives, to the most diminutive fibre and the most worthless excrescence in the frame.

If the history of a single day could be given of the schemes, sufferings, pleasures, hopes, fears, disappointments, imaginations, real or ideal vexations, of a hundred human beings taken promiscuously, from St. James's to St. Giles's inclusive, what a wonderful picture might not be given of the gradations of human existence, in its wealth, poverty, knowledge, ignorance, occupation, morality, crime, suffering, and pleasure! Yet in how many points should we find that close resemblance in sensibility, intention, projected guilt, meditated benevolence, artful contrivance, vindictive passion, and generous propensity; in which nature, unfettered by circumstance, places the peer on a par with the porter, and renders the jewel-crested bosom of the countess as subject to trouble and solicitude as that of the itinerant fishwoman, whose whole dependence for the bread of her hungry children lies in that heavy basket which it almost breaks her neck to support. If we look at the one, robed in the richest produce of the loom, seated on her costly sofa, surrounded by every luxury that can excite appetite, awaken pleasure, procure ease, and add charms to beauty, we can with difficulty persuade ourselves that one thought of the heart of a creature so endowed, so refined, can resemble that of a being at the other extremity of existence. Let us turn one moment from this lovely, high-born, intelligent, and amiable female, to look at the other.

She came into the world very fair, and her still bright-beaming eye was not then her only beautiful feature: labour has enlarged her form, and tanned her skin; the pitiless storm has passed over her, both body and mind. She is coarse in person, vulgar in manners; she can brawl with the loudest, work with the hardest. In a miserable garret she sits on a broken chair, fanning the handful of fire left from her last bushel of coals, that she may warm the beer pottage, anxiously awaited by three hungry urchins now standing round her. She has another yet, that is soothed by the caresses of the sick father, as he lies (where, alas! he has long lain) on the poor pallet which constitutes the bed of the whole family. His Kate blusters hard for a good bargain at Billingsgate, but he knows her to have as kind and as true a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. Here, then, comes the point of resemblance between her and the wife of the earl;—at this moment, both suffer in those they love: the one forgets all the good which surrounds her, in overwhelming solicitude for her sick lord, now on travel; the other remembers not the fatigues of her long day's toil, the many disappointments that have vexed her, and the harrassing employ which, after a short night's rest, she must again encounter; for she has found the husband she loves delighted to behold her, and knows that the food she brings will satisfy her craving brood, each of which is so dear to her heart, that, like the elder-duck, she could tear the down from her breast to nourish them.

Yes, this is equality!—the sisterhood which brings high and low to one level, in situations of life and character least likely to admit of parallel.—And will not the recollection of every Christian whisper one still *nearer*, when he follows in idea the fond wife to her closet, when, forgetful of all earthly greatness, she prostrates herself in humble prayer, whilst Kate, in simple language, but under the same emotion, as she feeds her beloved invalid, looks devoutly to heaven, and cries—'God bless thee, and make it do thee good, my *own dear* Richard.'

B.

BONAPARTE'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL Comte de Segur has recently published a work in France, entitled '*L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée, pendant l'Année* 1812.' It is now in course of translation, or republication, in this country, and when it appears we shall lose no time in noticing it; in the mean time, we can present our readers with a few interesting extracts, for which we are indebted to the last No. of the 'London Magazine,' where there is an article on the subject, written by an officer of

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the Grand Army. We avoid all critical remarks until the work comes regularly before us. Our first extract relates to the battle of Moskowa:—

'It was half-past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket-shots from Poniatowski's detachment. The sun arose, and the Emperor, pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz," but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russ ans, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the Emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began; he soon was informed that one of Prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack, which he had planned as an oblique one, was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the Emperor judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Dessix, and thirty pieces of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy's redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his twenty-second wound. A third general succeeded to him, and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, "Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?" The aide-de-camp replied that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. "No," said Napoleon; "I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity." Ney then, with his three divisions reduced to ten thousand men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed on. The 57th regiment of Campans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and, making another desperate effort, attained the enemy's intrenchments, escaladed them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the Emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy, who had re-appeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements, led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkof, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded, and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had despatched to aid Poniatowsky, after traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy's cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the King at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and, while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and reinspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy's cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

'Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the 5th, on the borders of a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it re-appeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blasé*) to every thing, even to the "rapture of the fight." The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence eighty pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep breaches; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries, redoubling their fire, mowed them down with grape shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded, or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manœuvring rapidly, and without confusion such numerous bodies of troops. In fine these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours to be mowed down, without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

'It was towards four o'clock that the last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle; for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to

stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the Emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiani, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the Emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle but incompletely gained, for the cannon-balls and even the bullets of the enemy still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained some morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory, so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete. Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was immense, and without proportionate result. Every one around the Emperor had to deplore the death of a friend or a relation, for the havoc had been great among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! What triumph for his enemies! What a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany! In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours' fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily, and in disorder, the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The Emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity: they thought, that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners, who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve unbroken a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of the day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier; its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the Emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."'

Alluding to this battle, the reviewer (not Comte de Segur) says:—

'Prince Eugene Beauharnois and King Murat presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death,—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton*, was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying-point of the troops. The bravery of Prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the marquis of the *ancien regime*, was cold, simple, and *de bon ton*. It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day, being on foot, he was obliged to march ankle-deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the Emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. "I cannot remedy that," replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th, until four in the morning, upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy's position, within gun-shot of their lines.'

The scenes which occurred during this campaign were of the most appalling description, particularly after Napoleon had left the army:—

'The winter,' says Comte de Segur, 'now overtook us, and, by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best-conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder; excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak, and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's mouths, like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

'When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment. Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces, like automatons; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and, mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation: this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonizing moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

'Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and were huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon the

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bodies, till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half-dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Jonpranciii, the soldiers set fire to whole houses, in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches, whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushing forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and, with demoniac laughter, precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half-roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips the revolting food.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE IN A COT.

A duet, from an unpublished opera, by Mrs Carey, author of 'Lasting Impressions,' a novel.

Phelim.

WITH pleasure, dear girl, would I toil through the day,
To procure thee the comforts of life;
And, at night, when returning, be cheerful and gay,
If bless'd with my sweet little wife.
And, though Love (it is said)
Flies from Poverty's sled,
Let us hope, dearest girl, when we marry,
That, though frugal our fare,
If Content should be there,
Her smile may induce him to tarry.

Jane.

Heart-cheering Content is oft found in the cot,
Though she flies from the dwelling of Pride;
Then doubt not, dear Phelim, though humble our lot,
With us she will deign to reside —
And, should Envy or Spleen
For a moment be seen
(As the wisest at times may be wrong),
When Love to the sky
Is beginning to fly,
We'll recall him to earth with a song.

GENIUS.

'Then it was that the first dawn of poetic inspiration came upon him; a new world of beauty, of which, till then, he had never had a glimpse, burst upon his sight.'—*Literary Chronicle, No.* 215.

Touched by the enchanted wand of Genius, clad
In robes of light, asunder burst those clouds
Oblivion darkly round the youth had thrown,
And fell the scales of ignorance from his eyes;
Yet the strong fetters of a wayward fate,
A cruel destiny, hung on him still,
Which, as he shook them in exulting joy,
To view the glory of the opening scene,
With sullen sounds prophetic, seemed to say
'From us thou ne'er shalt part!'
The dark wild heath,
Where late he wandered, vex'd with wind and storm,
Without one lovely flower or bloomy shade,
Was to a blissful paradise transformed!—
As Adam from his first soft dream awoke,
On rose-empurpled bank, and Eden saw,—
In all its pomp of blushing fruits and flowers,
Its palmy woods, and cedar forests tall,—
With their gay tenants of a thousand forms,
Of beautiful colour, shape, and radiant wings,—
Golden and azure its delicious bowers,
O'er which the sunbeams their proud glory flung,
And waters with their lustre mocking them,—
While all was music, life, and joy, and love:
so to the youth appeared the immortal fields
Of poesy and fame.
A swell of harps,
Majestic, solemn, plaintive, wild, and soft,
Rung in his ears, like angels' choral lays
By dying martyrs heard!—and they who swept
Those varied harps amid the shades were seen,
Like spirits of brightness in Elysian climes,—
Immortal bards! adorned in glittering robes
Of stately pomp, wove by the hand of Fame.
Among the groves, in classic ease, they strayed
And gathered lily garlands, or reposed
On mossy bank, flinging their idle lyre
To the fond wind-god, who, amid the chords
Wand'ring, awoke wild music—or the sands,
The golden sands, where Castalius flowed,
Gathered abundantly.—
Fired with the scene,
The mad enthusiast forward rushed, and snatched,
With daring hand, that epic lyre, which He,
The mightiest of the bards in the western isles,
Struck to the notes of burning Seraphim!
His faltering hand the strings, o'er which so long
Fate had the awful spell of silence cast,
Rashly awoke, and onward up the path—
The minstrel's path of triumph, spread with flowers,
That to Renown's refulgent temple leads—
Pressed eagerly, striving his heavy chains,
That shackled all his energies, to tear
For ever off—But ah! in vain—Fate bound
Those iron gyves still closer, and increased
Their ponderous burden!—Envy and Neglect *,
That withering fiend to Genius, chok'd his path,
With sharpest thorns and briers, which pierced him through
With many hapless sorrows!—piling still
Eternal Alps to bar his weary way
To Fame's fair mountain temple.—Down he flung,
In deep despair, the harp, no more to wake
Its high cherubic measures!

Lulworth Cottage, Jan. 1825. J. F. PENNIE

FINE ARTS.

HEATH'S VIEWS OF LONDON. NOS. I. AND II.

CONSIDERED as engravings, these views possess much elegance and taste, although we must candidly confess that they are not altogether what we were prepared to behold after reading the prospectus, which is somewhat pompous and quackish. 'The capital of the British empire,' says the address to the public, 'contains a more extensive variety of ancient and magnificent objects for graphic delineation, and, in conjunction with the river Thames, presents a greater number of picturesque scenes to the pencil of the artist and the eye of the connoisseur, than any other city in Europe. In it are comprised the massive remains of rude ages—the simplest and most superb models of pointed architecture—the most stupendous as well as the choicest specimens of Italian style—and some of the best revivals of the classic structures of Greece and Rome.'

We feel mightily disposed to question the correctness of this assertion, and presume that it is to be understood *cum grano salis*. It is, however, comfortable to be told, that our own metropolis is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe; for we had hitherto always been of opinion that, in proportion to its extent, it exhibits much less of either picturesque or architectural scenery than any other: while its general character is certainly any thing but imposing. But very few of its public buildings are on a grand scale, and it exhibits, with one or two solitary exceptions, no splendid private mansions whatever. Among all its numerous squares, there is not one that has any pretension to architectural grandeur; for Fitzroy Square is in an unfinished state, and the south side of St. James's Square is occupied by mean houses. The truth is, there has not hitherto been any popular feeling among us for architecture, else why do not our patrician families and *nouveaux-riches* indulge it? Certainly not because it is too expensive; for as much is sometimes laid out in chalked floors, exotics, and other temporary decorations for a grand *at-home*, as would almost suffice to bestow on the mansion itself a stone front of elegant architecture. The fact is, architecture is not the fashion, and that is saying every thing: there are, however, some indications of a better taste beginning to appear; whether merely transient or, not, time must discover. But we are digressing terribly,—at least, so we fear many of our readers will think.

'Of these diversified and attractive objects,' continues the address, 'either taken separately or in tasteful combination with the waters of the river, and the many other constituents of splendid landscape in London and its vicinity, the work now submitted to the public will be composed. Other graphic publications have heretofore appeared, embracing detached features of the present comprehensive one; but a select series of views, conveying a just and connected representation of the architectural and pictorial beauties of the metropolis and the surrounding country, has hitherto been a *desideratum*.

'In the choice of subjects for so important and patriotic an undertaking, such only have been adopted as, from their intrinsic grandeur or their association with scenes of an impressive character, are capable of interesting and gratifying a refined taste. Among these, the many noble and enchanting views formed by the recent improvements in the environs of London, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, hold a conspicuous place, and add a new adornment to the work.'

* This alludes to that stubborn silence and haughty neglect which *all* those reviewers that pretend to be the chief directors of the public taste, have shown to the author's two epic poems of 'The Royal Minstrel' and 'Rogvald,' which will ever remain a convincing proof of that great *liberality* which marks the present boasted age of literature and universal philanthropy.—ED.

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Now, we should really like to know, what principle of selection was adopted, when the Burlington Arcade was made choice of for one of the subjects. For our own part, we could have wished to have seen Mr. Heath's burin better employed: surely, the court-yard of the adjoining noble mansion would have presented a scene more worthy of representation. Besides, we fear that, if the artists proceed in this manner, they will have completed their proposed number of plates, without noticing many interesting subjects, as the work is limited to sixty plates. We should have liked, too, to have seen them commence with some of those structures which have not yet been delineated,—at least not in any collection of views, or any work of importance,—in preference to such, for instance as the Tower, London Bridge, Richmond Hill, &c. which have been represented over and over again. The new façade of the Bank, and some of the interior courts of that pile,—the beautiful portico of St Pancras, Covent Garden Theatre, St. Paul's School, the University Club-House, the Richmond Terrace at Whitehall, the London Institution, &c.—these untouched subjects would at least have novelty to recommend them, and would not have failed to excite interest and attention at the outset of the work. We are of opinion, also, that the views already given are of rather too general a nature, at least to satisfy those who wish the architectural objects to be as correctly detailed as the size of the plates, which is by no means considerable, will admit. The buildings in the Regent's Park, and many of those connected with the recent improvements in that neighbourhood, will certainly look much better on paper than in reality: we are sorry, however, to perceive that even here the best specimens do not appear to be selected, at least if we may judge from that which is given—namely, that very ugly range of buildings with cupolas, which is altogether in exceedingly bad taste.

Mr. Heath has certainly performed his part of the task in a manner that will not detract from his reputation, but we really cannot say at present that the draftsmen have done much that will add to their's. We trust, however, that the work will improve as it proceeds.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, MOOR FIELDS.

The front of this building, which has for several years been in an unfinished state, is now completed; and, although there certainly is much that might easily be improved, and some parts that do not display the purest architectural taste, the general effect is bold, and by no means devoid of character. This façade may be considered as divided into five intercolumns, by two columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order: of these intercolumns three are open, forming a slightly recessed loggia; and those at the extremities closed, having a door, and a blank window or panel above it. A considerably lofty flight of steps, leading up to the loggia or portico, impart an air of stateliness to the building; but the principal door and the two small windows in the loggia are in as wretched and paltry a taste as can well be conceived. Surely, with a very little exercise of ingenuity, the architect might have contrived some substitute for these loop-hole-looking windows*. With respect to the door, it is to be lamented that Lothbury is at such a tremendous distance from Moorfields, else the architect might perhaps have taken a hint from the entrance to the Bank in Princes Street, and have produced something more tasteful and more appropriate than what, both in hue and every other respect, looks more like a tradesman's shop-shutters than a door to a place of public worship.

Really, when we see those who style themselves architects commit such egregious solecisms in point of taste, we can hardly help suspecting that those features of their buildings which are really good are only accidentally so, for it would be hard indeed if those who seem to pick the different parts of an edifice merely at random, did not now and then chance to introduce something good among much that is poor and trivial. Experiments in architecture should always be made either with models or on paper, not with brick and mortar; for it is not in every case convenient to adopt such a corrective process as that which has been resorted to at Westminster Hall.

Among the pictures sold during the present exhibition at the British Gallery are—the Enchanted Island, by Mr. Danby, purchased by John Gibbons, Esq., for 200 guineas; a Scene in Bristol Harbour, by G. Jones, R. A. for 100 guineas, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Pandora crowned by the Seasons, by Mr. Etty, for 150 guineas, to Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Champion, by Mr. Eastlake, for 150 guineas, by William Hutchinson, Esq.; the Review, by Mr. Farrier, for 70 guineas, by P. Ellams, Esq.; Othello relating his History, by Mr. Fradelle, for 150 guineas, by John Marshall, Esq.; the Burial of Christ, by Mr. Northcote, R.A., for 150 guineas, to the British Institution; Boys launching a Boat, by Mr. Frazer, for 70 guineas, by the Countess de Grey; Rummaging an Old Wardrobe, by Mr. Good, for 80 guineas, by John Hutton, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

STAGE MORALITY—MR. KEAN—MISS FOOTE.

Dramatic criticism has entirely changed its character within the last few weeks: we are no longer called on to express our opinions of plays and performances, since it now becomes our first duty to investigate the moral characters of the individuals who appear before us, and deal our censure or our praise, not in proportion to their histrionic talents, but their private conduct. The treatment of Mr. Kean by the press had almost terrified all our managers, who, we believe, were on the point of consulting the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other learned divines, as to drawing up a catechism by which they might test all future aspirants for the stage; the reception of Miss Foote has, however, given them hopes that they need not resort to such an alternative, at which they heartily rejoice, justly thinking that it would be as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, as for an actor or actress to pass such an ordeal as seemed preparing for them.

There is no doubt that we are the richest, bravest, best-informed, and most moral people on earth; in short, we are 'most wisest, virtuousest, best;' but that we are the most consistent we dare not affirm. We are no apologists for levity of morals, either on or off the stage, but we hate cant, and, above all, we deprecate that personal pique or private animosities should be gratified by stabs under the cloak of morality. We know nothing of Mr. Kean, but as an eminent actor; we never exchanged words with him, and never saw him off the stage but once: we have, therefore, no friend to serve in noticing the rancorous hostility with which he has been treated, and we appreciate too highly the value of morality, in man or woman, to appear the apologist of vice. We have freely expressed our opinion of Mr. Kean's immoralities; we have censured his impudent daring, in appearing on the stage a week after those immoralities had become notorious; we rejoiced that a British audience vindicated its character by expressing, and that most decidedly, its censure on that conduct,—but here our hostility ceased; and from this moment opposition became a wanton or malicious persecution,—we had almost said an illegal combination: and had it been successful in driving Mr. Kean from the stage, and thus making him lose his engagement, he would have had a good ground of action against the persons who had caused it.

A British audience may be intemperate, but it never continues vindictive, and, after the first night, the hostility to Mr. Kean was evidently that of a faction, weak in number, and contemptible as to character; nor could all the goadings of the diurnal press, however earnestly directed to that object, succeed in keeping alive the embers of dissatisfaction. In vain did the Times bully, and call Mr. Kean a baboon; we beg pardon—it did not do this in vain, for it disgusted every person of the least feeling, and excited a suspicion that other motives than those of vindicating public morality actuated the writer. Indeed, the writer in the Times has been openly accused by another journal, the British Press, of wanting to raise Mr. Macready on the ruins of Kean; but although he has made no reply to this, we do not believe it. In abusing Mr. Kean, the Times thought it was taking the popular side of the question, and, although it found the public would not support the continued persecution, it was too obstinate to retrace its steps. We

* The same remark will apply to those in the portico of the new church at Langham Place. Surely it would, in both cases, have been better to have omitted them altogether, as sufficient light for the vestibule might have been obtained by panelling the door with plate glass, protected by rich open or perforated metal work of either bronze or gilt brass, so as to convert an expedient into an ornament;—but architects are the last people to make a virtue of necessity.

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are the less inclined to think the Times has any view of favouring Mr. Macready at the expense of Mr. Kean, because, so far as we recollect, that journal has generally been by much the most favourable to the latter gentleman; but perhaps both these actors might address their critics in the language of Shakspeare:—

——————'Trust ye?
With every minute do ye change a breath,
And he that was your hate is now your darling.'

The good sense of the public, while it has severely reprehended Mr. Kean, has proved that it is not inexorable. As to Miss Foote, she had less to fear: her frailty was not uncommon, and her sex was sufficient, in some degree, to protect her: though the treatment of Mr. Kean might have given her some uneasiness. Whether this was really the case or not, we will not pretend to say; but she braved all dangers, and appeared on Saturday night at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Letitia Hardy, in Mrs. Cowley's comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem*. The house was crowded to excess in every part, and her reception was enthusiastic.

This reception has been invidiously contrasted with that of Kean, by some of the daily journals; we by no means wish to lessen the sympathy felt for a female—

——————'Who stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;'

but it is an act of justice to all parties, and above all to the public, that the case should be fairly stated. Great stress is laid by one journalist on the modesty of Miss Foote, in suffering a few weeks to elapse after her action against Mr. Hayne, before she appeared on the stage; we should be the first to appreciate this modesty, did it exist, although we have no idea of limiting morality to the age of a fortnight or a month; and we are here reluctantly compelled to draw a parallel between Miss Foote and Mr. Kean. It is well known that Mr. Kean was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, and even announced, before the season commenced; his appearance, though ill-timed, was the result of previous arrangement, and was probably urged more earnestly than it would have been, on account of the notorious circumstances which had transpired in the interval between his engagement and appearance. Here we find Mr. Kean under a positive agreement, which Mr. Elliston could, and we doubt not did, insist upon.

How stands the case with Miss Foote? She brings an action for a breach of promise of marriage against a foolish gentleman, who had agreed to take her with all her imperfections on her head, although she had been in keeping with another. She agrees to transfer her affections, and abandon two children she had by her seducer. The trial excites great interest in the theatrical world, and she gains a verdict for £3000. At this time, Miss Foote is without any engagement at any theatre; but such a fillip is this exposure supposed to give her popularity, that the *moral* managers of Covent Garden hasten to her, and, instead of nine guineas a week, her former salary, give her twenty guineas. Her first appearance is fixed, and, we believe, announced in the newspapers within a fortnight after her trial. It is true, that she did not appear for some weeks; but it was not because Miss Foote felt ashamed, or that the managers were afraid of shocking public delicacy: the true secret of her delayed appearance was that the pantomime drew full houses, and it was not deemed necessary to interrupt the tide of success at the moment, well knowing that Miss Foote's appearance would attract at any time. We challenge the Covent Garden managers to deny this, if they can.

We have one more remark to make, as regards the two cases of Mr. Kean and Miss Foote: it was urged, as an additional crime in Mr. Kean, that he selected, for his re-appearance, a play in which so many passages were applicable to his recent conduct, although it is notorious that he has, invariably, for several years, commenced every season with *Richard the Third*. But let that pass; and we will ask, who selected the play of *The Belle's Stratagem* for Miss Foote's first appearance?—and if the choice was not made solely on account of the applicability of numberless passages to her situation. The fact is, that the play abounds with clap-traps which an audience could not fail of applying to her, and which they did so apply. A few of those passages, which the audience marked by obstreperous applause, we shall quote. Thus, when Mrs. Racket, speaking of Letitia Hardy, says, 'Had she not an expecting lover in town all the time? She meets him this morning at the lover's; I hope she'll charm him; she's *the sweetest girl in the world*;' the audience at once 'caught the idea,' as Mathews says in one of his pieces. On her own appearance she has to say, 'It is not my toilette that can serve me;' this produced thunders of applause, as did the following passage:—

'Men are all dissemblers, flatterers, deceivers! Have I not heard a thousand times of my hair, my eyes, my shape—all made for victory! and to-day, when I bent my whole heart on one poor conquest, I have proved that all those imputed charms amount to nothing.'

When she said, 'D'ye think a body does not know how to talk to a sweetheart? It is not the first I had;' and again, when she observes, 'My face is my fortune,' few persons present but must have felt that these were the 'charms' and 'mighty magic' by which she had gained admirers.

On her first entrance, Miss Foote seemed overwhelmed with the kindness of her reception; but she soon recovered her self-possession, and we never saw her play better in any character. In the song 'Where are you going, my pretty maid,' she combined a happy mixture of archness and simplicity, and was encored. She was admirably sustained by Mr. Charles Kemble, Jones, Fawcett, and Mrs. Gibbs. On Tuesday night the play was repeated to a full house, but it was by no means so crowded as on Monday; and this circumstance, as well as the audiences of the rival theatre, convince us that, whatever ephemeral success the frailties of actors or actresses may gain by the public curiosity, in the end, a good moral character will insure the most permanent fame and profit.

We should have been the last to drag the private characters of actors into a dramatic critique, but it has been forced on us by circumstances; and we certainly feel with the John Bull (who has been quiet on this occasion) that 'we cannot see how the public are to be rigidly moral in Russell Street, and amiably liberal in Bow Street.' We shall now take leave of the subject, and trust that, in future, we shall have nothing to do with actors and actresses but to notice their performances on, and not off, the stage.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Giulio Genoino, a popular dramatic writer at Naples, whose comedies have been performed with great success by the Fabbrichesi company, is publishing a series of his pieces, in monthly numbers. The subjects of these dramas are principally founded on the records and traditions of Neapolitan history, as their titles denote: viz. G. B. Vico; G. B. della Porta; the Tailor of Santa Sofia; Sannazarius; the Marriage of the Painter Zingaro, &c. It is rather remarkable that he should not yet have made Salvator Rosa, the hero of any of his compositions, as the life of that remarkable man would furnish more than one event abounding in dramatic interest.

The novel of St. Johnstoun, or the Last Earl of Gowrie (see *Literary Chronicle*, 1823), has been translated into German. A foreign journal, speaking of this work, says, that it has been attributed to a Scotch lady, who has here shown herself a powerful rival of the Great Unknown.

Cicognara is publishing an octavo edition of his history of Modern Sculpture, with additions and corrections. The work will be comprised in seven volumes, four of which have already appeared.

An Italian translation of the *Biographie Universelle* is now in the course of publication at Venice. Several men of letters, among whom are the editors of the *Biblioteca Italiana* and the *Antologia di Firenze* have lent their assistance to the work, and will not only correct many of the former articles of Italian biography, but supply new ones.

At Milan, M. Custodi has published, in two vols. 8vo. a collection of many essays and papers, by the late Joseph Baretti, who died in London, in 1789. This work, entitled *Scritti Scelti inediti e rari*, &c. contains several scarce pieces by Baretti, and some never before published.

An interesting work is announced in the French journals, entitled *Mémoires sur la Grèce*, or a History of the War of Independence, with topographical plans, &c. by Maxime Raybaud, formerly aid-de-camp to the president of the Greek government. The work will contain an historical introduction by Alp Rabbe.

The Stomach Pump.—Mr. Jukes's claim to the merit of first using a pump to clear the stomachs of drunkards and suicides in this country, has called forth Dr Ure, of Glasgow, who asserts that he is 'entitled to the

credit of first having described the employment of a caoutchouc tube and syringe for the purpose of removing poisons or morbid matters from the human stomach.' The doctor adds, with great naiveté, 'It is by no means unusual for a professor to find contrivances of his own, promulgated in his public lectures, afterwards appropriated and pufed off by some individual at a distance. Many of my chemical students repair to London at the end of the session.' Dr. Ure adds a certificate from Mr. Robertson, class assistant in Anderson's Institution, which clearly establishes the facts stated in his letter.

Lieutenant George Lindsay, R. N. has lately invented a machine, which he terms a 'Marine Circuitor,' by which means he can place our largest ships of war in any position immediately, when ships are dismasted in action, or attacked by gun-boats in a calm.

It is a singular but assured fact, that the first printed volume of the great Scotch novelist's new work, The Crusaders, was seen in this town more than two months ago. On what occasion it happened to be here we cannot ascertain. The delay in the appearance of the work, we understand, arises from some essential change which the author thought it advisable to make in the volume.—*Liverpool paper.*

A new journal, called 'The Telegraph,' has appeared at Stockholm, the first number of which has drawn on the publisher an action from the chancellor.

It is stated in accounts from Stockholm, that Sir Walter Scott will pay a visit in the spring to Sweden and Norway, and that this visit is on account of a novel, the subject of which is taken from the Norwegian history, on which he is now engaged.

Two stout carriages arrived on the 2d of this month at Dijon. They are carrying from Marseilles to Paris an Egyptian sarcophagus, ornamented both outside and in with a multitude of hieroglyphics. This tomb weighs of itself nineteen thousand weight, and the cover eleven; it is four feet and a half high, four feet broad, and eight long. This monument of antiquity has been bought by government.—*French paper.*

M. Milbert, who has been seven years in the United States, has sent to Paris an immense number of subjects for the Museum of Natural History, collected on that continent. Among them are 200 mammifera, of which 45 are alive; 400 species of birds, 100 of which were wanting in the museum; 150 species of reptiles, 200 of fish, 500 shells, of which 30 are new species, and about 400 insects, &c. besides botanical and mineralogical subjects.

M. Pons.—M. Pons, famous for his discoveries of comets, astronomer at the Royal Observatory of Malta, in the duchy of Lucca, is no longer director of that establishment. A rather strange reform in the system of public instruction in that country, suppressing some professorships in the Lyceum, has included, it is not known how, a place which is absolutely distinct from them. This measure seems the more singular, because M. Pons, who enjoyed an honourable situation in the Royal Observatory at Marseilles, left it only after repeated invitations, and almost against his will, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of the late queen, Maria Louisa, Duchess of Lucca. A decree was at that time issued, promising M. Pons, if he would come to Lucca, full indemnity for the loss of his place, and of his country, and a provision for his family. Such is the conduct of Austria toward men of science!

Noxious Vapours.—Mr. Roberts having been solicited, by a number of gentlemen, to prove the utility of an apparatus of his own invention for the preservation of life where noxious vapour exists, and for the recovery of property in cases of fire, where it would be utterly impossible for any person, without this apparatus, to exist,—the foundry of the Earl of Balcarras was fixed on for the experiment. At twenty minutes before twelve, the stove (about seven yards long and four wide) having been previously supplied with a quantity of hay, cotton waste, brimstone, &c., which was set fire to, was entered by Roberts, his head being covered with a leathern hood, in which were glass eyes, and to which a long leathern pipe was attached, to serve as a conductor of air, which had been previously purified by passing through water, to his mouth. He remained in the stove twenty minutes, though, from the noxious effluvia which, on occasionally opening the door, we were enabled to inhale, we feel very positive that no individual, without this apparatus, could have remained half a minute. During the time of his being in, he was frequently questioned as to how he felt himself, and his answer was, in every instance, 'Very well;' indeed, after he had remained about half the time, he desired that additional brimstone, &c., might be thrown in, and his wishes were immediately complied with. When he had been confined in the stove fifteen minutes, many of the gentlemen expressed a wish that he might be liberated, but he preferred remaining, to prove the efficacy of his apparatus. On coming out of the place, when the hood was taken off his head, he appeared in an extreme state of perspiration, his shirt being as wet as if recently immersed in water. When questioned as to the effect it had on his breathing, he replied, that he felt not the least incommoded, but could have remained some time longer, if it had been necessary. His appearance bore no indication of that of a man who had been confined in so loathsome a dungeon, but as if heated by great bodily exertion. We feel it necessary to enter into these minute particulars, to draw, if possible, the attention of the public to the valuable invention of a hard-working man, which, we doubt not, will prove of incalculable benefit in the saving of property, and be the means of saving many lives. The Rev. J. Dunn, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. Haliburton, Mr. Paley, and many other scientific gentlemen, were present, and expressed themselves perfectly satisfied. Roberts is by trade a miner, and a native of St. Helen's, in this county. The apparatus has occupied his attention, at intervals, for the last seven years; and, though a very illiterate man, and not at all able to explain, scientifically, the principle of his invention, he has, nevertheless, so far succeeded in bringing it to perfection, that the benefit likely to accrue from it will be great.—*Preston Pilot.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'Clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather.
Feb.	4	32	35	30	29 72	Fair.
....	5	27	35	32	.. 72	Do.
....	6	33	40	33	30 14	Do.
....	7	35	43	40	.. 14	Cloudy.
....	8	40	45	36	.. 02	Fair.
....	9	35	45	40	.. 40	Do.
....	10	40	47	40	.. 52	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

ON WITNESSING THE LATE MR. DANCE'S FUNERAL.

Though Holbein, in the 'Dance of Death,'
Has symbols drawn his race to save,
A DANCE is seldom in a bearse—
And rarely in the *grave.*

A DANGEROUS BEAUTY.

A pretty girl will always have
The softest things said to her;
Mens' eyes will wander after her,
And tune their lips to woo her.
When caught in Hymen's tangled net,
One claims her for his wooing;
But, if she should inconstant be,
Her prettiness is ruin. J. R. P.

Horace. Book I. Ode 38. (Imitated.)

Your costly dinners, boy, I hate,
And all the pageantry of state,
Vast glittering piles of massive plate
Which cover lukewarm fare.
Not joints of burly Bess's days,
But neat, nice—*quelque choses à la braise,*
My palate pleases, and claim my lays:
What can with these compare.

When spread my board, kind fortune send
Some jovial, frank, facetious friend,
With me a social hour to spend,
And share my modrate table.
Then for our wines, madeira, port,
(My means deny each costlier sort,)
Of these the best I'll freely sport,
As long as I am able.

Quebec Mercury.

Newspaper Blunders.—*Physiological Discoveries.*—On Friday night a young woman, living near the Cheshire Cheese porter-house, at Chelsea, was safely delivered of three children. What adds to the singularity of the case is—*they are* ALL *illegitimate.*—*British Traveller, January* 31.

'*Fortunate Escape!*'—On December the 20th, four men, belonging to the parish of Leuk, formed the rash project of penetrating into the Vallais by the Ravylberg, to purchase brandy.' * * 'They ventured on a small bridge, which unites two points of a rock, and one of them, a young man, aged twenty-three, lost his self-command, slipped off, and fell down the terrible precipice beneath.' * * * 'He was a corpse, mutilated and covered with wounds.' And yet doth the Times entitle the adventure a 'fortunate escape.'

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A DUSTMAN'S EPITAPH.

'Dust O!' I cried
Before I died;
Now death, d' ye see,
Cries dust for me:
But when I rise—
Who 'dust O!' cries?
Why living me,—
Not death, d' ye see. J. R. P.

SALE OF A COUNTRY THEATRE.

A sturdy farmer bought the walls; why, then,
What was a barn will be a barn again!
Corn on the stage, not mummers, will be seen,
And oats be thrashed where actors should have been.

An Echo.—The celebrated Cardan relates the following ludicrous circumstance, as having occurred to a friend:—A friend of mine having set out on his journey, had a river to cross, and, not knowing the ford, he cried out—Oh! To which an echo answered, Oh! He imagining it to be a man, called out in Italian, *onde devo passar*, (where can I pass); it answered *passa*, (pass): and when he asked *qui*, (where); it replied *qui*, (here): but, as the water formed a deep whirlpool there, and made a great noise, he was terrified, and again asked *devo passar qui?* (must I pass here?): the echo returned, *passa qui*, (pass here). He repeated the same question often, and still had the same answer: fearing he should be compelled to swim, if he attempted to pass, and the night being dark and tempestuous, he concluded that his correspondent was some evil spirit, that wanted to entice him into the torrent. He therefore returned, and, on relating his story to me, I convinced him it was no demon, but only the sport of nature.

Works published since our last notice.—Lyall's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l* 10*s*.—Sketch of Ireland in 1824, 2*s*.—Brougham's Practical Observations on the Education of the People, 6*d*.—Waddington's Visit to Greece, 8vo 8*s*. 6*d*.—Hamlet, from First Edition, 5*s*.—Marcus's Hebrew Grammar, 10*s* 6*d*.—Paxton's Illustrations of the Scriptures, 3 vols. 1*l* 16*s*.—Caldcleugh's Travels in South America, 2 vols. 30*s*.—The South-Sea Bubble Detailed, 3*s*.—M'Adam on Trusts, 7*s*.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 11. 1*l* 11*s*. 6*d*.—Maclean on Quarantine Laws, 2nd edition, 15*s*.—M'Imson's Principles of Political Economy, 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s*.—Apeology, or Anecdotes of Monkeys, 5*s*. 6*d*.—Leighton on St. Peter, 2 vols 18*s*.—Brayley's Topographical Sketches of Brighton, 7*s*.; col. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Tables of Weights and Measures, 5*s*.

AMERICAN NOVELS.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 18s.

THE VALLEY of SHENANDOAH; or, Memoirs of the Graysons.

New York: printed for Charles Wylie, and re-printed for A. K. Newman and Co., London.

Where may be had, lately re-printed from American Editions,

A WINTER in WASHINGTON, or Memoirs of the Seymour Family 3 vols 18s.

The SPY, a Tale of the Neutral Ground, by Mr. Cooper, 3rd edition, 3 vols. 18s.

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 301. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Italian Novelists: selected from the most approved Authors in that Language, from the earliest Period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century: arranged in an Historical and Chronological Series. Translated from the Original Italian, accompanied with Notes, Critical and Biographical. By THOMAS ROSCOE. 4 vols. post 8vo. pp. 1516. London, 1825. Prowett.

WITHIN the last few years, the attention of the literary world has been attracted to the traditionary history of almost every country, and many interesting treasures, the source of more modern productions, have been rescued from oblivion. Italy, though so fertile in romance, has stared in the general neglect which the early fictions and traditions of other nations have undergone, until lately; and the present work of Mr. Roscoe is the only attempt to do her justice in England—a country which, from the time of Chaucer to the present day, has been indebted to Italy for the origin of those many popular tales on which her poems and her dramas are founded. The Italian novel, as Mr. Roscoe says, 'observes in the prefaces to his truly excellent work, 'has furnished a rich storehouse for the poets and dramatists of other nations, more especially of our own succeeding dramatists, through the times of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, until those of Milman, Byron, Mrs. Hemans, and Cornwall.' It is, therefore, the more remarkable, that while our critics have most industriously laboured to trace the origin of the fable of our plays, they have never thought of giving to the world the tales themselves; if we except the works of Boccaccio and a few other authors, and a collection of tales, which occasionally appeared in the Monthly Magazine, under the title of *L'Ape Italiana*.' Thanks, however, to Mr. Roscoe, to whom and to his family the literary world is much indebted, he has now unfolded to us the whole region of Italian romance; has given to the lovers of fiction a new source of gratification; and to our modern playwrights an almost inexhaustible fund of materials, on which they may graft their superstructures.

The Italian novels, which are so numerous and of a character so pleasing and diversified, are chronologically arranged; they commence with the *Novelle Antiche*, a collection of the earliest prose fictions in the Italian language, and embrace the best productions of the writers of the eighteenth century. To the novels of each author are prefixed a biographical and critical memoir, with a just estimate of their relative merits and character. Considering, as we do, that Mr. Roscoe's 'Italian Novelists' is one of the most entertaining works that has appeared for a long time, we shall return to it in our next; in the mean time, we insert three of the tales, selecting the shortest, not because they are best, which we are well aware is not the case, but because they best suit our own convenience, and will, we are sure, be acceptable to our readers. The first is from the *Novelle Antiche*, and is called an

ANECDOTE OF A CERTAIN TALE-TELLER IN THE SERVICE OF MESSER ASSOLINO.

'Messer Assolino was in the habit of listening to one of his *novellatari*, or story-tellers, previous to going to rest. It happened that one evening the *novellatore*, as well as his master, felt a great inclination to go to sleep, just as he was commanded to furnish one of his best stories. For want of a better, the weary fabalist began to relate the adventures of a certain grazier, who went to market with the whole of his earnings, about two hundred pieces, for the purpose of purchasing sheep, obtaining at least two for a single piece. Returning with his stock in the evening to his farm, he found the river he had crossed so swollen with the rains, that he was greatly puzzled in what way to get them across it. In this dilemma he observed not far off a poor fisherman with a little boat, so small that it would only carry one sheep and the grazier at a passage. So he jumped in with a single fleece, and began to row with all his might. The river was broad, but he rowed and he rowed away . . . . Here the fabalist came to a full stop and nodded. "Well, and what then?" cried his master; "Get on, simpl; what next?" "Why," replied the drowsy story-teller, "let him get over the remainder of the sheep, and then I will proceed; for it will take him a year at least, and in the mean time your excellency may enjoy a very comfortable slumber." And again he nodded his head.'

The next novel is from the Italian of Alessandro Sozzini, and is called 'An Ingenious Expedient of Messer Scacazzone for obtaining a dinner:—

'Scacazzone, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But, resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and, appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank every thing of the best. When he had, at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap, for his journey, he rang the bell, and, with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me any thing relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh yes, signor,—I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss. "For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But life only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more." "Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone, "be quick, be gone!" Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that, on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted with you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."'

We have only room for one novel more; it is by Anton-Francesco Doni, a voluminous writer of the early part of the sixteenth century:—

'There was a certain Greek gentleman, who, with immense wealth, possessed an extremely sociable disposition, which latter quality, however, did not prevent his entertaining great aversion for every kind of scandal and buffoonery. During the summer season he usually kept open house, and invited all the most estimable characters he could meet with in the vicinity, to dine with him. Now it so happened, that having occasion one day to give a splendid feast in his suite of lower rooms, there was introduced to his table, among others, a notorious wit and buffoon of the very stamp to which he had taken such an antipathy. Even before dinner was announced, he began to broach his budget of news and lies and wicked witticisms, in which he was encouraged by the applause of too many of the guests. Per-

ceiving the low turn the conversation was taking, the shrewd and accomplished host, catching his eye, affected at first to take his tricks and witticisms all in good part, observing, "How I love a humorous man! you are heartily welcome, signor; it is an age since I have met with your equal. If I thought that exalting you to the head of the table could add the least jot to your humour, by Jove, you should do the honours of the house for me." Then pointing to the grand repast that lay spread out before them, he insisted upon his first tasting a precious kind of wine before sitting down to table, adding, with a gay and joyous aspect, "You know it has ever been our custom, gentlemen, previous to arranging our places here, to take precedence according to our respective agility. First of all, we must try which can leap the highest over a handkerchief; secondly, which can jump the furthest, making three essays each. Whoever leaps the highest, let him have the second place; but whoever jumps the farthest, surely he will be entitled to the first. Now let me try whether I cannot still preserve my place at the head of my own table;" and bounding up three times to a prodigious height, our alert Greek made the rest of the company almost despair. He begged the buffoon, by way of compliment, to follow him next, and then the other guests; but their efforts to equal him were vain. "Now then," cried the count, "we shall see who will have the first place;" and, taking a start, he made a most astonishing hop, skip, and a jump, the length of the whole room. In fact, he went half-way through the door, while murmurs of applause followed the exploit. Our witty gentleman, intent upon rivalling the count, and securing the first place at table, summoned all his strength, and, with the third leap, succeeded in beating his adversary by at least two feet. When the wily Greek saw that he had jumped himself fairly out of the door, he instantly turned the key upon him, shutting in the other guests and himself, and cried out in a triumphant tone: "Go, for you are beneath our notice; beaten hollow, all to nothing! Let us sit down!" a proposal to which the other guests unanimously assented. The wit then, for the first time in his life, perhaps, perceived that he had been outwitted; he heard the torrent of laughter bursting from the room, and sought a dinner for that day elsewhere. The good host observing that they were well rid of such a scandalous backbiting wretch, who only went about hatching mischief, began to entertain his company, like a true gentleman as he was, and for once feasted with closed instead of open doors, a circumstance, however, which seldom occurred. Oh, that others would take example by him, instead of fostering with their smiles a set of half-starved ragamuffin wits and sycophants, who repay such kindness by poisoning the real pleasure and destroying the proprieties of decent and respectable tables, uttering a thousand falsehoods and defamations, which not unfrequently end in heart-burnings, duels, and death itself!'

(To be continued.)

A Sketch of Ireland in 1824; the Sources of her Evils considered, and their Remedies suggested. By Sir W. Hillary, Bart. 8vo. pp. 37. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

Ireland is to England what a bad wife is to a husband, a source of infinite vexation; and, as in most family disputes, both sides are somewhat to blame. The weaker vessel is, as usual, the loudest in its complaints; and, from the time that Ireland first became an appendage to the British crown, there has not been a sovereign, or an administration, that has satisfied her. To suppose that it can be the interest of England to crush a part of her empire, and render that unproductive which ought to yield a considerable revenue, is absurd; while to imagine, for a moment, that there is an inherent hostility to Ireland in every successive ministry is uncharitable and ridiculous. That Ireland has her grievances no one will deny, but that they are not redressed arises from the difficulty of reconciling the discordant factions by which she is torn, and not from a want of inclination to do her justice. Not a session of Parliament passes without her condition being discussed in every possible shape and form; and it is a matter of fact, that the affairs of Ireland alone usually occupy a full third of the whole session. In the present Parliament, if we may judge from appearances, a larger portion of time will be devoted to this subject, which is certainly one of great interest; and hence are we induced to call the public attention to the pamphlet before us.

'Ireland in 1824' is well and temperately written; the author infers, that the anarchy and misery which have uniformly characterized Ireland for six centuries, must have had their origin rather in the errors of the system pursued by the governors than in any inherent and hereditary defect in the people: this is a cogent, but not a conclusive inference. We will readily admit that all the animosities which are usual between the conquerors and the conquered had long a baneful influence on Ireland; but these, we suspect, assumed a new shape at the reformation, when religious persecution superseded political enmities. The author appears to be sensible of this; though we cannot agree with him, that the national church of Scotland, in some essential points, differs as much from that of England and Ireland as the Roman Catholic does from either.

One serious evil in Ireland is, that while England and Scotland have been rapidly advancing in civilization, and while education has been diffused far and wide in both countries, she has remained stationary—perhaps retrograded. We allude not, of course, to her cities—and yet there is neither a good magazine nor scarcely a work of any value printed in Dublin—but in several of the counties the utmost ignorance prevails, even as to the most common arts of life: as for education, we suspect there are whole baronies where it would be difficult to find a peasant that can read and write. Perhaps we shall be told, that government ought to have provided schools; but be it recollected that the great body of the Irish people are Roman Catholics, that the priesthood have an unbounded influence over them, and that, in the true spirit of their religion, they are decidedly hostile to education, and to the circulation of the scriptures. We speak not rashly when we assert that popery is the curse of Ireland; it is the bar to improvement every where, and we may appeal to Spain and Portugal in support of our assertion;—to Austria, where the sovereign does not want 'learned men, but good subjects;' to Italy, &c. The Roman Catholic religion is unchanged and unchangeable, and is even gaining all its former ascendancy in infidel France, where humanity revolts at the legislation which would punish contempt of, or insult to, a consecrated wafer, with the loss of hand first, and life afterwards!

We certainly agree with the author of Ireland in 1824, that excess of population is not the source of Erin's misery, since, were her fruitful soil well cultivated, she would produce enough to serve thrice the number of persons. Our author thus truly describes the existing miseries of Ireland:—

'Unequal laws, unequally administered; —an absentee nobility and gentry, draining the produce of industry, and the means of future employment, and expending it in another country;—agents and middle men oppressing and impoverishing the people! —the lower orders deplorably neglected, uneducated and unemployed, whilst vast tracts of fertile land remain uncultivated;—all confidence in the tranquillity and prosperity of the kingdom so completely destroyed, by civil and religious discord, that the great capitalists of England, though scarcely able to employ their superabundant wealth, dare not adventure it in Ireland, on plans which otherwise could not fail to give occupation to thousands of almost every class of the inhabitants, and at the same time make ample returns to themselves. To this melancholy catalogue much might be added: that these evils exist to their fullest extent can any one deny? and can such a state of things be compatible with prosperity and happiness in any country? It is the bane and the misery of Ireland, even in times of profound peace; it must be the weakness, and it may be the dismemberment of the empire, should calamity ever attend us in war.'

The question is, how is such a state of things to be remedied? Will Catholic emancipation do it? We unhesitatingly say no; nor would it satisfy the O'Connells and the Shiels, who make it the cat's-paw of their ambition. Our author, after drawing a correct picture of the degraded state, abject poverty, and total ignorance, of the great mass of the Irish people, asks—

'Are men so circumstanced prepared, without any accompanying measures, to be released from all restraint, and to be placed at once in the full possession of political power? You must civilize those whom you would render capable of the rational enjoyment of civil liberty; you must teach them the relative duties of man to man, before you can give them indiscriminately all the immunities of citizens in a well-organized

state: would it otherwise be safe to the community at large, or advantageous to themselves?'

Our author next alludes to the irritation recently sprung up, which, as he truly observes, has 'overclouded the most favourable opportunity which has ever presented itself to the Catholics of Ireland, for attaining, through amicable measures, the avowed object of their wishes.' Never, certainly, was there a ministry more disposed to act liberally towards Ireland, than the present one; but the insolent conduct and absurd pretensions of the Catholic Association have alarmed every one, and called for that legislative interference, which meditates the extinction of that body. The author of Ireland in 1824, offers many useful suggestions, though which, however, we shall not follow him, but strongly recommend his pamphlet to all who feel an interest in Irish affairs. In the following suggestion we cordially concur:—

'The general cultivation of the waste lands; extending manufactures, commerce, and fisheries; working collieries and mines; improving harbours; cutting canals: opening the navigation of rivers; and such other great national undertakings, are well worthy the liberal encouragement of government; and could not fail to give a new impulse to the people: industry and enterprize would be encouraged; British capital would unhesitatingly be employed; and hundreds of thousands of those who now search in vain for occupation abroad, would thus find it at their homes: they would feel that they indeed possessed a country which regarded them as children, and not as aliens and an encumbrance to their native soil; they would feel that those ameliorations of their condition, which, during the late and the present reign, had removed more grievous laws from the statute-book, and done more towards placing them on the footing of their fellow-subjects, than had been accomplished since the establishment of the Protestant church, were only the precursors of a more general system.'

We again recommend this pamphlet to all who love Ireland, or feel an interest in her prosperity.

Peak Scenery; or, the Derbyshire Tourist By E. Rhodes. 8vo. pp. 379. London 1824. Longman and Co.

This is a new edition, in octavo, of a very interesting work, published about two or three years ago, in four parts, quarto, with several beautiful and well-executed engravings of Peak scenery, from sketches by the celebrated sculptor, Chantrey. By some accident (the author's fault, we suspect, but certainly not our's), the first and second parts of the work did not reach us; but we did what we should consider ample justice to Mr. Rhodes and his book, in noticing the third and fourth parts in *The Literary Chronicle* for 1822 and 1823. It is very seldom, even in this age of universal information and cultivated taste, that a reviewer has the good luck to lay his hands on a book like this, where he finds all for which he has a right to look, and more than is necessary for his satisfaction, given with sound judgment, and in a polished style. The author of Peak Scenery is evidently a traveller deeply imbued with the love of nature and of art,—a poetical elegant minded man, capable of adding the delightful dreams of imagination to the pleasures of existing realities, yet never for a moment allowing fancy to encroach upon the integrity of true delineation and sober knowledge.

Description of scenery, which is perhaps the most difficult of all writing, whatever may be the merit of the place described, constitutes, of course, the main subject of the book, and it is but doing bare justice to the author to say, that his powers of painting with the pen are excellent. He is animated in his general conception, correct in his details, and very happy in his intermixture of scenes demanded by the eye, and those called for by the heart, in a work of this nature. He has given us many historical facts of the most touching pathos, and many biographical notices of the greatest value.

By omitting the plates in the present edition, the work is published at a reasonable price, and we consider it as a very excellent and valuable addition to British topography; it is, in fact, an agreeable mixture of biographical notices, antiquarian recollections, scientific notices, and topographical descriptions. With these remarks, we shall conclude by making a few extracts from the first two parts of the work. Middleton Dale has its anecdotes as well as its romantic scenery:

'Passing through Middleton, a high perpendicular rock, called the Lover's Leap, marks the first grand opening into the dale. From the summit of this fearful precipice, about the year 1760, a love-stricken damsel, of the name of Baddeley, threw herself into the chasm below; and, incredible as it may appear, she sustained but little injury from the desperate attempt: her face was a little disfigured, and her body bruised, by the brambles and the rocky projections that interrupted her fall; but she was enabled to walk to her home with very little assistance. Her bonnet, cap, and handkerchief were left on the summit of the rock, and some fragments of her torn garments, that waved in the few bushes through which she had passed, marked the course of her descent: she therefore returned to her dwelling shorn of part of her habiliments. Her marvellous escape made a serious impression on her mind, and gave a new turn to her feelings: her fit of love subsided; and she ever afterwards lived, in a very exemplary manner, in the vicinity of the place which had been the scene of her folly; and she died unmarried.

'The crags which form one side of Middleton Dale are boldly featured, and the parts are broad and massy. Half way from their base they are much broken, and present many smaller projections and recesses; then commences a lofty range of perpendicular rock, the different strata of which are defined by lines running horizontally athwart its sides. The regular tower and turret-like forms which the stony heights in the dale assume, have, in many places, so much the effect of an old castellated building, that viewed from the road below, the eye sometimes doubts whether it contemplates the works of nature or of art. A little foliage, introduced to remove the prevailing appearance of barrenness, and a few trees scattered amongst the declivities to break the regularity of the parts, would render this dale beautiful as well as romantic. This improvement, however, even if it may be admitted to be one, would impair, if not entirely obliterate, its present character of naked and savage grandeur.

'The best view of this stupendous piece of rock scenery is obtained from the base of the ascending ground, which forms the left side of the dale, near the smelting-mill, about half a mile from Stoney Middleton. Before you, seen in distance, is the chasm through which the road winds to Tideswell and Buxton: on the right is the Delve, a deep dell, whose rocky sides are partly covered with verdure, and profusely adorned with underwood, elm, and ash. A little nearer the foreground is Eyam Dale: one side of which is strongly characterised with what I have chosen to denominate castellated rock, and the other is fringed with pine, fir, and sycamore. Directly opposite this dale, another branches out on the left; the whole presenting a singular combination of hills and rocks and deep ravines.'

Mr. Rhodes gives an interesting notice of the Rev. Mr. Mompesson, who, like 'Marseilles' good bishop,' celebrated by Pope, was so bold and ardent in preventing the progress of the great plague in Derbyshire. The following is an interesting account of a mineral phenomenon:—

'Haycliff mine, now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called slickensides. The external appearance of this curious species of Galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety, either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore: the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and it is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and a powdery consistency, intersect and run in oblique directions amongst the mass.

'The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammar, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend those rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of

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a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards, an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than one hundred fathoms.

'When the Hayclift mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the ore. Unfortunately for himself, he paid little attention to the admonitions of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction, through the whole vacuity of Hayclift mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with life. The impression made on his mind by this incident determined him, on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining. He now resides at Manchester, still bearing the marks of his temerity about him.

'Some attempts have been made to account for the wonderful properties of this fulminating ore, but hitherto with little success. A very intelligent miner, with whom I have conversed on the subject, supposes the exploding power to reside in the white powdery veins which fill up the fissures of the rocky substance that produces slickensides; a suggestion that may probably assist in the development of the strange qualities of this mineral phenomenon.

'The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Hayclift mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his Theory of the Formation of the Earth. It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds' weight. During the explosion," he adds, "the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned; and, if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to dissever, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight!'

Almost every part of Derbyshire abounds with the most romantic scenery:—

'From the foot of Topley Pike the road passes by the side of the Wye, through some beautiful scenery, to Buxton. Within about two miles of this fashionable bathing-place the dale again contracts, and becomes a narrow passage through a cleft of rock, singularly romantic. The Wye is here extremely beautiful: its lucid stream is sometimes pent up with fragments of rock that oppose its passage; then breaking the bounds of its confinement, it foams and bubbles down its rugged bed until another interruption occurs to dam up the current. It now dashes against the mound by which it is opposed; repelled by the obstruction it encounters, it circles into revolving eddies, that apparently retire under a shelving rock, until again it returns into the channel; then with an accumulated force it leaps the barrier, and bounds rapidly away. However fanciful, and perhaps even fantastic, this may be, I know not how otherwise to describe the impressions made upon my mind, as I watched the play, the spirit, and the progress of this secluded stream.

'The deep ravine through which the Wye thus sports is rich in picturesque materials, and at the "witching hour of even," the perpendicular rocks on the right of the road, split and broken into columns, and surmounted with bold and rugged battlements, gleam with the soft light of departing day: the opposite side is dark with shadow, that envelops all the lower part of the glen, which, gradually becoming deeper and deeper as the night advances, gives an additional clearness and a more brilliant sparkle to the busy babbling Wye. In this contracted dell I again observed my favourite tree, the ash; —its graceful branches mingled with the varied foliage of the elm, the hazel, and the yew: sometimes they shoot from a cleft or fissure in the rock—sometimes they play at its base, where they bend and dip their light stems in the stream they adorn.

'Near that part of the rock denominated Lover's Leap, a little dell opens its craggy portals to the road. In winter, a more picturesque place can hardly be found; and in summer, when a heavy shower of rain has swollen the mountain streams and filled their channels, a scanty rill, called Shirbrook, which takes its rise near the Ashbourne road, about half a mile from Buxton, becomes in its progress a rapid and impetuous torrent; passing between Staden's Low and the Duke's Ride, it enters a rocky glen near the Lover's Leap, where, dashing over a precipice, it forms a cascade of considerable elevation. The cliffs near it are broken into romantic masses, and the basin into which it falls is composed of fragments of rock; amongst these the water frets itself into the whitest foam; whilst every object in the dell, the fern, the spiral blades of grass, the spreading dock, and every flower that blossoms there, are bright with spray and gemmed with drops of light.'

In the account of Chatsworth, we find the following notice:—

'Chatsworth, as I have before intimated, was for some time the residence, or rather the prison, of Mary Queen of Scots, in remembrance of which a suit of apartments are still known by her name; and near the bridge, by the side of the Derwent, are the remains of an old building, called the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots. A deep moat encompasses the area where this tower stands, and a garden once occupied its summit, wherein that unfortunate princess, shorn of every semblance of royalty, was wont to spend the solitary hours of confinement. Her second letter to Pope Pius is dated from Chatsworth House, October 31, 1570, nearly seventeen years before the sanguinary mandate of Elizabeth had sent her to the block. The murderous cruelty of this measure could only be equalled by the detestable hypocrisy with which it was succeeded: when Elizabeth heard that the unfortunate Mary was no more, she stood for some time mute with horror, and then burst into expressions of sorrow and resentment: she clothed herself in *mourning*, and largely indulged in the luxury of grief and lamentation: her ministers and counsellors were denied her presence, and she charged upon them the crime of putting to death her *dear sister* contrary to her wishes and intentions. Infamous dissimulation! Many years after this event, Marshal Tallard, a French general, who was taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough, at the battle of Blenheim, spent a part of the days of his captivity in England at Chatsworth House, where he appears to have been treated with a kindness and attention that he most forcibly felt: on taking leave of the Duke of Devonshire, he is reported to have said, with true French politeness, "When I return to France, and reckon up the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out all those I have spent at Chatsworth."

'Of all the personages connected with the local history of Chatsworth, who may have been rendered conspicuous either by their situation or their talents, perhaps no one has a more powerful claim to notice than the once-celebrated Latin poet and philosopher, Hobbes: his connection with the Devonshire family began early in life, and Chatsworth, in consequence, became his occasional residence: he was a man originally of a weak constitution, and he is said to have been subject through life to imaginary and unnecessary personal fears, that continually preyed upon and agitated his spirits: yet, by a strict and uniform attention to diet and exercise, he lived to the age of ninety-two! He was a very early riser, and as soon as he had quitted his bed he walked, or rather ran, to the tops of some of the hills about Chatsworth, that he might enjoy a fresher and a purer breeze than circulated through the valley. This practice he continued until he was compelled to relinquish it by the infirmities of age. After breakfast, he visited the Earl and the Countess of Devonshire and their children, until about twelve o'clock, when he dined in a private apartment by himself: he then retired to his own room, where ten or twelve pipes, filled with tobacco, were ranged in a row on his table, ready to be used in succession: he then commenced his usual afternoon's employment of smoking, thinking, and writing, which he continued for several

hours. When thus engaged, he was frequently visited by foreigners of distinction, who were attracted to Chatsworth chiefly by the celebrity that Hobbes had acquired amongst the learned and the great. St. Evremond, in one of his letters to Waller, dated from Chatsworth, details some interesting particulars of this extraordinary man, whom he found, as he expresses it, "like Jupiter, involved in clouds of his own raising."

The Peak Scenery is enriched with an excellent map of Derbyshire, and several road sketches.

Memoirs of the Life of John Philip Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage, from the time of Garrick to the present Period. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1072. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

'Save me from my friends, save me from my friends,' would certainly be the first exclamation of John Philip Kemble, could he rise from the tomb of all the Capulets, to which he has been consigned, and vindicate himself at the bar of the British public; but, alas! the voice which once appealed so powerfully, in the mimic scene, must now be silent even in its own defence, and the memory of a justly respected individual must be left to the guardianship of indiscreet friends or an indifferent public. Such, we feel confident, must be the tenor of the reflections every man will make on coming to page 386 of the second volume of Mr. Boaden's Memoirs of the Life of Kemble.

Mr. Boaden, though a veteran author in dramatic pieces, the names of which have been long since forgotten, has only once appeared at our tribunal. It was on his publication of a work entitled, 'An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Portraits of Shakespeare,' which we noticed in very favourable terms. Possessing, however, as we do, some share of the aristocracy which all editors claim, to say nothing of the infallibility which our profession is so apt to assume, we confess we have some misgivings as to the correctness of our judgment, and for this simple reason, 'Is a gentleman to be expected to judge fairly of the correctness of portraits of a person he never saw, when he blunders, and that most egregiously, in the likeness of a gentleman with whom he was thirty years intimately acquainted?' And yet such is the case with the portrait of Kemble prefixed to these memoirs. Every one has heard of the Irishman who said he was a pretty boy, but changed at nurse; and some of our readers may perhaps know, that strange tricks or blunders are practised as to portraits.—When Louis XVI. was sent to the guillotine, a head, capitally executed (as the old magazines have it), was deemed an attractive subject; to engrave a portrait, however, required time, and therefore a trifling alteration was made on an engraved plate of the late Marquis of Lansdown, and it was ushered forth as a genuine portrait of Louis XVI. To come to later times;—we saw, within the last two years, a life of Ali Pacha of Janina, with a portrait of Mehmet Pacha of Egypt, given by mistake. The mistake we have now to complain of is, that what we should unhesitatingly call a good portrait of Lord Castlereagh has been prefixed to these volumes, as a likeness of John Kemble; and, what is still worse, we are told it is from a picture 'painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty,' and engraved by C. Turner, engraver in ordinary to his Majesty.' Painter and engraver in *ordinary* we should certainly say, were this portrait to be quoted as a proof of their talents. But as Mr. Boaden does not rest the merits of his work on the portrait, we must proceed to the memoirs, dedicated by the special permission of his Majesty, and puffed off by all the means Messrs. Longman and Co. possess, including, of course, the puffs prelusive, oblique, and direct, by their 'Cunnynge Advertyzer,' alias Literary Gazette, which has certainly done its duty to both author and bookseller.

It was one of the faults of our old historians, that, whatever country they wished to write upon, they invariably sought to trace its antiquity to the creation; and we had to go from Abraham and Isaac, and to encounter Noah's flood for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, on a subject which had nothing to do with it. A similar error is committed by modern biographers: they are not content with giving us the life of their hero, but they must write a history of the times in which he lived. Thus, memoirs of Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Melville, and some twenty others, would, according to modern usage, be a mere political history of the period. Into this error Mr. Boaden has fallen; though, had the history of the stage, during the reign of the Kembles, been well done, we should not have quarrelled with the author: but his work is a mere thing of shreds and patches, neither carefully selected nor judiciously arranged. Indeed, it seems little more than a collection of newspaper gleanings respecting Mr. Kemble; and either this gentleman's life must have been most unproductive of interesting incident and anecdote, or the memory of Mr. Boaden must be extremely treacherous, for all his thirty years' acquaintance with Mr. K. produces a mere nothing. Were not the fact of their intimacy notorious, and Mr. Boaden's word unquestionable, we might fairly doubt if they ever saw each other.—That Mr. Boaden was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Kemble, no one will doubt: every page of his work, and two epigraphs, from Tacitus and Shakspeare prove this; he must also have had the reputation of knowing his friend, as his Majesty has given special permission that the memoirs should be dedicated to him.

Mr. Boaden has, as we have already stated, connected the history of the stage with the life of Kemble, and even extended it beyond the connection of that gentleman with the drama; commencing with the death of Garrick, and embracing an account of Sheridan's successful dramas. In noticing this gentleman, Mr. Boaden mentions a singular blunder of Woodfall (Junius's printer), who told Sheridan that he would never be an orator, but afterwards acknowledged it to be the greatest mistake he ever made. Mr. B. relates another curious anecdote of Reddish, the performer, who, in his dotage, played Posthumous admirably for his benefit; though, until pushed on the stage, he fancied Romeo to be his character, and recited nothing else.

It is by no means our intention to give a connected memoir of Mr Kemble. This we have already done in Nos. 200 and 201 of the *Literary Chronicle;* we shall merely ramble over Mr. Boaden's domain, and beating every bush, start game as often as we can find it: by this our readers will perceive that, however severe our remarks may seem, we intend to select the most interesting passages the work contains. Mr. Kemble, it is known, was educated at the Roman Catholic seminary of Douay. While there,—

'His class, for some indiscretions, had fallen under severe censure of the masters, and, with a view to vicarious atonement, an imposition was proposed of two books of Homer to be got off by heart. Kemble modestly but immediately volunteered to accept the task, and, by close application and his uncommon memory, enabled himself to remove the censure by accurately repeating 1500 lines.'

No person, we believe, doubted John Kemble's courage or his honour; an instance of both he gave when playing in Cork with Miss Phillips, afterwards Mrs. Crouch. Her father, being confined by a fit of the gout, requested Mr. Kemble to see her home. Her beauty had, however, led some young officers belonging to a regiment quartered in that city, to aspire to the honour; and, after the play was over, they ranged themselves in a passage through which she must go. Miss Phillips, quite terrified, locked the door of her dressing-room. Mr. Kemble sent to say he waited for her, but she replied that she would not leave her room until the officers had quitted the theatre.

'Upon this intimation they were politely desired to withdraw, as the doors of the theatre were going to be shut. They said "they would not leave the house until Miss Phillips did, as they were waiting to conduct her." Mr. Kemble hearing this, took his sword, and, passing through them, said, with dignity and firmness, "Gentlemen, Mr. Phillips, who is confined by illness, has requested me to conduct his daughter from the theatre; and, as gentlemen, I trust you will not molest her, for, be assured, I will maintain the trust reposed in me."'

Mr. Kemble then led her forth, and gave the officers to understand, that if they were dissatisfied with his conduct, they knew where to find him.—Mr. Boaden is of so erratic a disposition in his lucubrations, that it is really very difficult to keep sight of Mr. Kemble at all; as a proof how much he diverges from his subject, we need only state, that he gives an account of the commemoration of Handel, which has no more to do with Mr. Kemble, than with the little Ex-King of Rome. He also commits some singular blunders: he, in 1823 or 1824, writes a character of Sheridan, which, he tells us 'is written by anticipation.' This is ridi-

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cious; but where, we think we hear our readers ask, is Mr. Kemble? Why, smothered among the actors and actresses, the authors and critics, of his day; and gleaning any thing of him is like collecting ore on the Gold Coast, a work of great labour and little gain;—here, however, we have him, and that too connected with an important event—his marriage with Mrs. Brereton:—

'After they were married, in the morning, Mrs. Bannister, who accompanied the bride to church, asked where they intended to eat their wedding dinner? My friend had made no particular arrangement on this important occasion, and said "he did not know; at home he supposed." Mrs. Bannister, upon this information that they were really disengaged, said, if they would honour Mr. Bannister and herself, by partaking of their family dinner in Frith Street, they should feel flattered by such a mark of their regard. Mr. Kemble, who really esteemed Bannister, cheerfully assented. An early dinner was prepared, for both Bannister and Mrs. Kemble acted in the West Indian that evening. Kemble arrived rather tardily; they began even to fear that he would not come; and some surprise, perhaps alarm, crept among the little circle above stairs, when at last he was seen very deliberately approaching the door, and good humour revived upon his entrance. A Miss Guy, a friend of Mr. Bannister's, dined with them. Soon after the cloth was removed, Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Bannister went off to the theatre, to act the parts of Belcour and Louisa Dudley, in the West Indian; and Gradus and Miss Dolley, in Who's the Dupe? * * * The remainder of the wedding-day is soon told. Kemble sat amusing himself till the evening in the drawing-room, occasionally conversing, but commonly playing with the children in their own way, and, when it got late, he ordered a coach to take him to the playhouse, from which he brought home his wife to the house in Caroline Street, Bedford Square, which had been prepared for him.'

Palmer had estranged himself from Drury; and the interview with Sheridan on his return is amusing:—

'The meeting between these men of *address* was therefore expected to produce something remarkable. Palmer made quite a scene of it. After his profound bow, he approached the author of the School for Scandal with an air of penitent humility; his head declined, the whites of his eyes turned upwards, his hands clasped together, and his whole air exactly that of Joseph Surface before Sir Peter Teazle. He began thus, "My dear Mr. Sheridan, if you could but know what I feel at this moment—here," (laying one hand upon his heart.)

'Sheridan, with inimitable raillery, stopped him, "Why Jack! you forget I *wrote it*."

'Palmer, in telling the story himself, added, that the manager's wit cost him something; "for," said he, "I made him add three pounds per week to the salary I had before my desertion."

'To a friend who complimented him one day upon his address, over their wine, Palmer disclaimed the possession of that quality in any remarkable degree. "No," said he, "I really don't give myself the credit of being so irresistible as you have fancied me. There is, however, one thing in the way of address that I think I am able to do. Whenever I am arrested, I think I can always persuade the sheriffs' officer to bail me.'

Mr. Boaden was not one of the seventeen sages who signed a testimonial in behalf of the authenticity of the play of Vortigern and Rowena, a forgery by William Henry Ireland, when only about seventeen years old, and yet attributed to Shakspeare by the wise men of Gotham, to whom we have alluded. Mr. Malone, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Boaden, and Mr. Kemble, were all sceptical although the last gentleman consented to play in the piece, and then Ireland blamed him for not having done justice to the character. Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Powell also played in the piece:—

'Great importance was naturally attached to the mode in which this sublime work of the author of King Lear should be ushered to the public audience. The laureate was flattered with this complimentary task. That true scholar and upright man, Mr. Pye, in the company of one of our most accomplished antiquaries, visited the mass of papers in Norfolk Street. For a short period, I remember, he believed, and resisted the positive judgment of his friend. But let it in candour or courtesy be remembered, that Mr. Pye's studies had lain chiefly among the Greek and Roman writers, and their earliest imitators, the Italians. Of our ancient language he had made no particular study. But when he came to look at the consequences of a positive affirmation by himself of the truth of at all events a doubtful matter, he drew himself back with the aid of Touchstone, and placed his prologue under the convenient panoply of the virtuous conjunction:—

"If in our scenes your eyes delighted find
Marks that denote the mighty master's mind;
If, at his words, the tears of pity flow,
Your breasts with horror thrill, with rapture glow;—
Demand no other proof:
But IF these proofs should fail,—IF in the strain
Ye seek the drama's awful sire in vain,
Should critics, heralds, antiquaries join
To give their FIAT to each *doubtful* line,
Believe them *not*."

'It may readily be imagined, that this cautious introduction, however approved by the manager, would seem frigid to the flaming faith of old Ireland; but he softened his rejection of it to the decent remark, "that it did not strongly enough assert the authenticity of the play."

'Another poet presented himself, who had not been alarmed into equal discretion, or whose usual critical judgment had been "blasted with ecstacy," and Sir James Bland Burgess assured the audience, in his prologue, with undoubting confidence, that—

"Before the court immortal SHAKSPEARE stands."

That court was thronged to suffocation; but the row in the front boxes, which I had secured, gave me the complete view of the box inhabited by the "great possessors" of the treasures; and no earthly sum could compensate the agonies which I saw them endure that evening. Integrity, talent, profit, were all in jeopardy—

"The storm was up and all things on the hazard."

The fatal mischief was the want of interest in the play—it was a dull chronicle put in action, enlivened occasionally by the lubberly awkwardness of Dignum and Phillimore; and now and then pressed into a laborious comparison with some real flight of the poet, too accurately remembered by the author. Mr. Kemble himself had one of these fine things in his custody, which he gave with remarkable energy to the house:—

"*Vortigern*. Full fifty breathless bodies struck my sight;
And some with gaping mouths did seem to mock me;
What others, smiling in cold death itself,
Scoffing the mode the look on that, which soon
Would wrench from off my brow this sacred crown,
And make me too a subject like themselves.
Subject!—to whom?—to thee, O sovereign Death!
Who hast for thy domain this world immense.
Church-yards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces.
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
O, then thou dost ope wide thy hideous jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
And when the solemn mockery is o'er,
With icy hand thou *tak'st him by the feet*,
And *upwards so*, till thou dost reach the heart,
And wrap him in the cloak of lasting night."

'This passage is a good deal in the taste of Dr. Blair's poem of the Grave, with some palpable struggles after the frantic imagery of King John, and the melancholy of Richard II. The reference to Falstaff's death, and the handy action of poor Mrs. Quickly, convulsed the audience with merriment. "The solemn mockery was indeed over, and a lasting night threatened to enfold the genius of the Pseudo-Shakspeare.

'An epilogue, written by Merry, and still keeping up the positive ascription of the play to Shakspeare, was spoken, with much effect, by Mrs. Jordan; and on the following morning, the treasury accounted with the elder Ireland for the receipts of the night, 206l.; charges being first deducted. The son got 60l., he tells us, out of the 300l. paid down; and 30l. more out of the 103l.; the half of the only receipt out of the promised sixty.

'Such was the close of this unadvised and unprincipled attempt upon the prejudices and the purses of the public. It was a defeat from which there was no rallying—exposure brought on confession—sincerity, if it really spoke at last, spoke without belief; the father refused to credit the talent that was in his son;—alienation, resentment, shame, and unceasing perplexity, have followed from

the opening this modern chest of Pandora, out of which even hope itself had now flown.

'But let me find, in this record of ruin, a few lines to regret, that a really poetical mind should have been sacrificed to this tempting imposition. By whomsoever written, the following lines in the play of Henry the Second came from the same source; and that source, if a man is to be believed upon his oath, was the fancy of a youth not eighteen years of age:—

"*Henry.* That I could mellow now this iron tongue,
And fashion it to music of soft love!
Alas it is that, from my childhood upwards,
I have been used in hoarse and jarring war.
My spring of youth within a camp was spent:
There have I sat upon a soldier's knee;
Whilst *round my neck* was twin'd a GIANT ARM
So mightily set, that one might say indeed,
The *sinews that did work it were of* BRASS."

Surely the young nursling of a camp never sat for his portrait to an abler painter.

'That Mr. Kemble was very deeply concerned at this failure, I do not affect to say. The proprietors of the theatre had thought proper to enter into competition with Mr. Harris for this play of Vortigern. But it was written, with the exception of Mrs Powell, for the people who acted it; and, as an affair of business, perhaps the speculation was worth the trial. But the 300l. down was an extraordinary oversight; because the whole of that sum was lost, and all that had been laid out in scenery and decorations. The play, bad as it was, turned out the only source of profit to the Irelands. The book was detected before it could be subscribed off or sold; and many reams of most magnificent paper hung as a heavy debt over the head of the editor. I incline to think that had the illegible MSS. been kept, at all events longer, from the press, and been rendered the mere heralds of the plays, suspicion, it is true, could not have been banished, but discovery would have been averted or delayed.'

Although young Ireland claimed the sole merit of this forgery, we have reason to believe, that not only his sister, but even Mr. Albany Wallis, of Norfolk Street, assisted in the imposture; that Ireland's father was a dupe appears more than probable.

Mr. Boaden gives a liberal and interesting account of the appearance of Master Betty, the celebrated Roscius, which formed a new era in the history of the drama. Our readers may recollect he was engaged at both houses, and that, so eager were the people to see him, the doors of the theatre were besieged as early as one o'clock. In the winter of 1804 and spring of 1805, he played twenty-eight nights at Drury Lane Theatre, when the receipts amounted to seventeen thousand two hundred and ten pounds eleven shillings, or an average of 614l. 13s. 3d. per night; for these twenty-eight performances, Master Betty received 27821. 10s. independent of four free benefits during the season, producing one thousand guineas each.

Mr. Boaden, though an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Kemble, is very liberal in his remarks on other performers: he acknowledges that Mr. Kean has been 'able to dispute the palm even with Mr. Kemble, for years;' he adds, 'When Mr. Kemble had seen him, he said, I remember, "Our styles of acting are so totally different, that you must not expect me to *like* that of Mr. Kean; but one thing I must say in his favour—he is at all times terribly in earnest."'

Mr. Kemble, however, felt some jealousy of his new rival, and had the indiscretion to beard him in one of his best characters, that of Sir Giles Overreach. Kemble's Sir Giles was a complete failure, as compared with that of Kean, and, although he was announced for a second appearance in it, the play was changed, and Mr. Kean left in undisputed possession of the character.

We shall not follow Mr. Boaden through the closing scene of Mr. Kemble's life, nor quote his tribute to his histrionic talents and private worth; yet we cannot quit the work without regretting, that so boasted a performance as Boaden's Memoirs should be so meagre a production, and must at once say, that justice to John Philip Kemble yet remains to be done. Who can best do it is another question.

CALDCLEUGH'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Continued from p. 100.)

FROM Buenos Ayres Mr. Caldcleugh proceeded on horseback across the Pampas into the province of Santa Fè: his personal adventures were not uninteresting; he was accompanied by a guide, and encountered some Indians, who pursued them into the Sierra de Cordova. Of these people Mr. C. says—

'They remain in the southern parts of the continent, unless called to the north by severity of weather, scarcity of food, or, as in the present instance, by the insinuations of a chief, and a love of plunder. Carrera sent emissaries among them, and, telling them that he was the last relation of the Incas, of whose power they have yet traditionary tales, found no difficulty in getting them to follow his standard. He had otherwise little power over them, and could scarcely obtain the freedom of a prisoner. They are fine well-proportioned men, light copper colour, and with long black hair. They have some notions of a future existence. The cacique is the highest dignity among them. They live mostly on the flesh of mares, and are armed with spears, bows, and, in this case, Carrera had placed fire-arms in their hands.'

The following is an account of a salt-lake, and a description of the author's first view of the Andes:—

'Soon after leaving the Laguna de Chorillo, we arrived on the banks of a salt-lake. It was called Beberero, and was of about seven leagues in circumference. The middle was clear, but to a considerable distance round the edges the most beautiful white salt was encrusted in cubes. It is carried to Mendoza and other adjacent parts. The consumption of salt in these provinces is very trifling, from a strong prejudice existing against its use. The people say that it produces a premature appearance of old age; and the women, in particular, carefully abstain from using it. The road lay through thick woods of mimosa of a sickly aspect;—the heat and dust were excessively annoying. Rain seldom falling in the summer, there is little risk in sleeping in the open air, which appears the common practice. Some distance farther on, we forded the Desaguadero, a salt river, which empties itself into the lake we had before passed; it serves as the boundary between the provinces of San Luiz and Mendoza, or Cuyo. I examined the banks of this river a considerable distance, in the expectation of finding some specimens of sulphate of lime, but could meet with none. The geological formation was that of the red marl.

'Shortly afterwards, the setting sun displayed a spectacle which nothing can efface—no time obliterate from my memory. The lofty curtain of the Andes, the great wall which I had so long anxiously wished to behold, appeared before me:—the country under the Cordillera, as well as the lower summits of the chain, were thrown into a premature darkness—the loftier were covered with eternal snows; of these, Tupungato, the highest, an extinct volcano, was pointed out to me. My only feeling is regret at not being able to describe what was presented to me, and the sensations which it occasioned. The Andes were about seventy leagues distant. We arrived at Chilchitas at seven o'clock, and departed for Coral de Cuero at eight, but the evening being dark, as if a storm was approaching, and being overcome with the heat we had experienced during the day, we stopped at a kind of farm on the track, and laid down to sleep in the yard; never was any thing so bad as the bugs,—my guide, not the most delicate in the world, complained more than the postillion or myself. These insects, between the size of a large English or French *cimex* and a small black beetle, leave the houses at night, and attack their prey in the yard. In the warm weather no one is bold enough to dispute the possession of the interior with them; scarcity of water is a sufficient excuse for this apparent want of cleanliness on the part of the inhabitant.'

The passage of the Cordilleras was, necessarily, one of danger and difficulty: it was in the month of March that Mr. Caldcleugh and his guides crossed these stupendous mountains, by the western pass, called the Sierra de los Punquenos. Owing to a snow-storm, the party was obliged to take shelter in a cave:—

'Every care was taken to make the fuel, of which we had little, last as long as possible, and we laid down to sleep in the hope of being able to move the next morning, as we had only provisions for twelve hours longer. The storm continued all night, and we were frequently awakened by the fall of large masses of rock. The degree of cold was considerable. Although the warmest situation in the cave was conceded to me, and in spite of the fire of the preceding evening, the thermometer did not rise above 30° of Fahrenheit. The river which ran in front of our station was rather above the freezing point, and tasted strongly of sulphur. The mules could obtain nothing to eat, on

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account of the snow, although there is some pasture, which forms the chief inducement to mule-drivers to cross into Chile by this pass.

'19th March.—This morning the snow-storm continued with violence, and the guide, looking towards the summit, declared that it would be next to madness to proceed. Whether the notable discovery that we had some beef, but no fire to dress it, made any alteration in his opinion, did not appear, but about nine o'clock he said the weather looked more favourable, and that we ought to proceed without delay. In consequence of this, the mules, who had come of their own accord to the cave, and remained with their backs to the storm, were instantly saddled, and we lost no time in proceeding. The weather was severely cold, and the snow, as it fell, froze on our ponchos. Our troop had now swelled to twenty-two mules, and a madrina, or mare, going first with a bell round the neck. This latter is a very necessary appendage, on account of the difficulties I have before mentioned, of getting mules into unbeaten tracks; but they follow her readily. As we ascended, the snow-storm increased in violence, and the guide was more than once disposed to turn about and hope for better weather. Alighting from his mule, he led the madrina, and, exploring the ground, was more than once completely buried in the snow. At last, by taking a zigzag direction on the slope of the mountain, we arrived close to the pass, which we were in the expectation of proceeding through in ten minutes, when one of the mules, loaded with silver, fell, and rolled a considerable distance down the slope: the snow with which she was enveloped prevented any accident; but the unloading, getting her up to the track, and saddling another, consumed nearly three quarters of an hour, during which the snow-storm raged with great violence, attended with much thunder and lightning. When we proceeded onwards, the animals would scarcely face the storm.

'This pass was very similar to that of the Portillo, a narrow ridge of about six feet over. The descent was rapid, and, as it was already late in the day, the guide scarcely hoped we should reach the Cueras, where we were to pass the night. By means of hard driving, and the storm having moderated, we descended fast towards the bank of a river, which ran westerly with considerable current, and, crossing it, we at last came, at eight o'clock, to some overhanging rocks (casas de piedra), six leagues from the summit, where we dismounted for the night. The day had been, on the whole, extremely laborious; the snow was so deep that it reached to my knees as I sat on the mule, and the storm was pronounced by the guide to be one of the worst he had ever experienced.'

The following is an account of St. Jago de Santiago, the capital of Chile:—

'Nothing can be more irregular, yet picturesque, than the appearance of St. Jago. Overlooked by the great Cordillera, it rises a mass of vegetation in the centre of the barren plain. The dark foliage of the olive-tree and the fig, with the lighter tints of the mimosas and algorabas, is so blended with steeples and houses, that the effect is novel and imposing. Dissimilar to Paris and other large cities, where each house has its separate garden, but in a manner hidden by the lofty tenements which surround it, here, from the little elevation, the town seen in the distance appeared overshadowed with foliage.

'The river Maypocho runs through a portion of the city. A small bridge connects one part of the city with the other. It rises in the Cordillera, and, like all other mountain streams, is subject to immense overflowings at one season and a deficiency of water in the other. For the safety of the city, a large public work, called the tajamar, or wall, has been constructed on the lower side to restrain the torrent. In spite of this precaution, considerable damage is at times occasioned by the rush of water; and, on my second visit to the capital, I was an eye-witness of much mischief, occasioned by the torrent. In order to supply the town with water, a canal has been constructed from the Maypo, a river more to the southward, to swell the waters of the Maypocho in the dry period of the year.

'The streets are regularly laid out, and the houses, constructed of large unburnt bricks, have only, in a few instances, a second floor; for, on account of the prevalence of earthquakes, there is a municipal regulation to this effect. Most of the houses have extensive gardens, and for a disturbed country no style of building can be better adapted, as they are separately little fortresses. The windows towards the street are few, and those strongly barricaded, and the centre gate into the court is equally protected against intruders. The apartments generally occupied by the family are on the further side of the patio, or court.

'The chief public buildings are the Director's palace, occupying one side of a great square, and the cathedral, at right angles with it. If the other sides or the centre were at all in harmony with them, this square would be, from its situation, a grand feature in the metropolis. The public walk on the bank of the Maypocho, the mint, a large building, the college, and several of the churches, are of course visited by foreigners. The plain, on which this city is built, stands at an elevation of about 2591 English feet above the level of the Pacific.'

'The population of St. Jago has been variously stated; in fact, until very lately, no census was ever taken in the country which could be depended on. It amounts to about 48,000, and the proportion of females to males is stated to be eleven to ten. This may be easily explained by the fact of the various expeditions which have sailed for Peru. The population of the whole of the three intendencies of Coquimbo, St. Jago, and Conception, into which Chile is divided, exceeds 600,000; but this excludes the Indians, who in fact form a very trifling number. Of the population of the Araucanos little or nothing is known. The number of slaves in Chile has always been extremely limited, from the soil being in no ways favourable to the production of those articles which have always led the way to the introduction of Negroes. This is a circumstance upon which the Chilenos can never rejoice too much. The Congress having declared some years ago that all children born of slaves should be free from that time, no slavery will be found in the country after the lapse of a few years.'

'The lower classes in Chile, like those of most countries, have a larger share of the few defects than good qualities of the superiors. The Huasos are more advanced in civilization than the Gauchos of Buenos Ayres, and have the peculiar vices of it. Instead of allowing their passions to run wild like the last, they are fawning and deceitful; and while every confidence can be put in the one, little or no reliance can be placed in the other. To cheat and go undiscovered is the happiness of a Chileno, while nothing perhaps could irritate him to the commission of murder; yet several instances of robbery attended with that crime have happened in the heart of the city. Many of their crimes may be deduced from the spirit of gambling, which is inherent in an extraordinary degree. At cards, at every description of game, and throwing with sticks, the Chileno spends whole days, and, led on from one thing to another, will be sometimes seen taking off the last article of dress to pay for the last unlucky throw! At the corners of the streets there are always some women selling fruit, and more particularly watermelons; several Huasos are generally seen surrounding them and betting whether the inside is red or white—a fair object of wager—and in a short time nothing but cut melons are left. The large quantities of metal formerly raised and lavished through the country have had some influence, no doubt, among the better classes. On the other hand, they are compassionate in an extraordinary degree, and any appearance of distress at once excites their tenderest sympathies, and no pains will be spared in attempts to alleviate it.'

Mr. Caldcleugh gives a good summary account of the revolution and present state of Chile. Of the administration of justice he says:—

'It is a matter as notorious as to be regretted, that, on all occasions, that incorruptibility was found wanting, without which judicial proceedings become a mockery. In enumerating the various tribunals, the establishment will appear large for the extent of population.'

'The supreme tribunal of justice is composed of five members, one of whom, under the nomination of the director, presides. The judges retain their situations during good behaviour. The next tribunal is the Camara de Apelaciones, composed of three judges and a regent. These judges are all paid by the director, and take cognisance of both civil and criminal cases. The authority of this tribunal extends through the whole country. In civil causes, where the property in dispute does not exceed the value of 1,000 dollars, any sentence once confirmed admits of no further appeal. Besides these tribunals there are several others, which confine their operations to commercial, mining, and fiscal questions. To judge from this array of law, it might be supposed that the population was

twenty times greater than it is, and the people much disposed to litigation, which is not in fact the case. Formerly, justice was very tardy in pursuing criminals, who were allowed to remain long periods in prison, awaiting their sentences; but the new governments have acted on several occasions with great energy. Some time since, an Englishman was murdered in his house by two soldiers: they had secreted themselves in his room during his absence; after having unloaded his fire-arms, and as soon as they imagined he was asleep, they attacked and murdered him. A boy, who had been previously shut up by the murderers, gave the alarm as soon as they quitted the house; and pursuit being made, they were discovered at one o'clock in the day, several leagues from the city, with some of the property of the deceased upon them. After sunset, as the remains of the unhappy foreigner were being carried out for interment, the procession met the bodies of the culprits, brought in from execution. They had, in the space of a few hours, been tried and shot.

'The care of the police is entrusted to one of the officers of the Cabildo; and it cannot be said, in spite of the melancholy instance yet adduced, to be on a bad footing. Few street robberies take place, and murders have become very rare, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country. It has been already mentioned, that the southern portion of Chile is still in a disturbed state, and very little personal security is enjoyed there.'

We have already given a description of Lima, and we now quote an account of the ladies of Peru:—

'The ladies have also the full benefit of the various nunneries and establishments for instruction, which abound in this capital. They are generally endowed with great beauty, and their figures boast that rich fullness of person which is the truest symptom of health in a warm country. They have very small feet and ankles, and no means are resorted to to produce this effect.* Their persons are shown to great advantage in the usual walking-dress, the *saya* and *manto*. The former is composed of an elastic silk petticoat, like a stocking, which is drawn over the head down to the ankles, and then fastened round the waist with a buckle;—this is the saya. It is usually worn of a deep blue, black, or cinnamon colour. Its elasticity makes it set perfectly tight, showing the contour of the person; and some ladies wear it so contracted at the ankles that they can scarcely step over the little streams which run down the streets. The manto is formed of a large square piece of black silk, which is first placed behind, and two strings attached to the corners are tied in front; it is then brought over the back of the head down to the waist, and held there by the arms, which are enveloped in it. One eye is alone visible, and generally the left. It appears at first impossible to recognise one's acquaintance in the street in this costume, but custom soon overcomes the difficulty. This is the walking-dress of all the respectable persons, indeed of every class above the menial slaves, and they may be seen occasionally with an old saya that does not fit them, which belonged to their mistress. An Englishman, who arrived at Lima during my stay there, observed a remarkably fine figure in the street, and determined to find out her abode. He followed her down several streets, and as she entered her house she threw back her manto, and to his great regret he discovered a black face. I am informed that the ladies wear, during the warm months, under the saya and manto, merely a shift finely ornamented with lace, and a neckerchief. The ladies, when concealed in this dress, are termed *tapados*, and the appearance of so many in the streets is not a little extraordinary.'

'In the house, the costume partakes more of the ordinary fashion of Spain than of France. The hair is ornamented with flowers, and a black veil is thrown back on the head. The manners of the ladies are extremely agreeable, and they are as kind and attentive to foreigners as the Spanish women every where show themselves. In their persons they are extremely cleanly, taking the cold bath several times a day, although it must be stated that they smoke a little, and occasionally take snuff. They get rid of the unpleasantness which attends the former operation by chewing paper. It is not unusual for them to smoke a little at the theatre, but they always choose small cigars, and, placing their fan before them, retire to the back of the box. This custom may be therefore considered on the wane. It proceeds in a great measure from the almost constant fogs which prevail in Lima, and from an idea, not without foundation, that it prevents stomach attacks. The habits of the people have generally a tropical turn in every thing. Dances are not so common as in Chile, nor any of those games so prevalent in that country. Cards, chess, and music, which require little exertion, and sitting tranquilly at the bull-ring, are the more usual enjoyments of Lima. The people of rank rise early, and their slaves bring them directly a light breakfast of chocolate and fruit; sometimes, it must be confessed, stewed meat is added. Dinner takes place about two o'clock, and consists of excellent fish, meat dressed in a variety of ways, and highly seasoned. The wine is either Peruvian or European. The siesta follows until six o'clock, and about nine o'clock a cup of chocolate forms their supper. At evening parties, which are of constant occurrence, punch is the more usual beverage.'

* 'Some of the most beautiful women in Lima are natives of Guayaquil.'

British Entomology; or, Illustrations and Descriptions of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland: containing Coloured Figures, from Nature, of the most rare and beautiful Species, and of the Plants upon which they are found. By JOHN CURTIS, F. L. S. Parts I. to XIV. 8vo.

WERE Mr. Curtis a mere book-maker, instead of a very clever and a very modest author, he would entitle his work Illustrations of the Twin Sciences of Botany and Entomology,—sciences, particularly the former, which our British fair are fond of studying, and in which they may indulge without any imputation of *bas-bleu*ism. Mr. Curtis's work forms an admirable illustration of the genera of British insects, with correct figures of the most rare, singular, and beautiful species, by which the peculiar characters of each are represented. The insects are not, however, merely exhibited in their perfect state, beautifully coloured, but engravings are given of such sections of each as constitute their respective generic character. The descriptions in letter-press are at once scientific and popular, and hence the work must be equally acceptable to the professor and the amateur. The engravings, which are given with a liberal hand, are beautifully coloured after nature. No pains are spared by the author, who is an enthusiast (yet a rational one) on the subject, of which he is a perfect master. The science of entomology is deeply indebted to him, since he has established four new genera, and given figures of several species which had never before been engraved. His work, which is still in progress, is at once elegant, instructive, and interesting.

ORIGINAL.

ON THE MORALITY OF THE THEATRE.

THERE has been an excessive deal of cant uttered about the stage, and the morality of the drama, by both foes and admirers. If the former have exaggerated on the one side, by representing the drama in the most invidious light, the latter have exaggerated as much on the contrary side by asserting it to be the most effective school of moral instruction and virtuous sentiments. We ourselves join with neither of these parties; for we neither allow with the one that the theatre is a complete sink of vice and depravity, nor can we admit with the other its pretension to moral influence to be remarkably great; but are rather of opinion that it ought to be considered neither more nor less than what it really is—a place of amusement—whence it is well if a man returns no worse than he went. We are aware that it is usual to attribute to the drama very extensive and important effects; yet, whatever they may formerly have been, in the present state of society, they cannot be deemed of any great magnitude. The press and the pulpit are now the great organs of popular opinion and of religious sentiments: the drama, therefore, no longer maintains that political and moral station which it did in ancient Greece and Rome; it is quite preposterous in estimating it at the present day, to encumber the argument by adducing the example of the Grecian tragedy, or to quote the names of Menander, Terence, and Seneca. Neither is it much more to the purpose to dwell ostentatiously upon what the drama might and ought to be: it would be honester and better to come to the point at once, and consider the THEATRE AS IT REALLY IS. And will even the most interested or the most enthusiastic have the boldness to come forward and assert, with any decent gravity, that it is a school of morality? We think not. Let us not be told for the thousandth time, that Shakspeare's dramas

afford the highest mental banquet;—that Milton's Comus, which, *per parenthèse*, would be inevitably damned by a London audience —advocates the cause of virtue and chastity; —that to listen to a Siddons, a Kemble, an O'Neil, or a Young, can be no disparagement to the sternest moralist or the most philosophic intellect,—that many of our actors are deservedly esteemed in private life, both for the elegance of their attainments and the irreproachability of their conduct;—that instances are recorded of persons having been reformed by witnessing some pathetic dramatic representation;—we know all this, and we know also that these are the great points so strenuously urged by the advocates for the moral influence of the stage. We still think, however, that something more is necessary to be proved, before we can admit that it merits all that is claimed for it. In order to sustain the high footing upon which its advocates would place the theatre, it is necessary that it should be not only occasionally, but uniformly, the stern reprover of vice, the encourager of virtue; that not only certain parts, but the representations throughout, should inculcate lessons of moral conduct. But is this really the case?—Of what avail is it that a play be strictly moral, if it be followed by a farce of a very opposite description. Where, we would ask, is the morality of those ballets which it is so much the fashion to introduce? where is the morality of Don Giovanni and Tom and Jerry, with other delectable performances;—of Madame Vestris's breeches and Miss Tree's legs?—Really, let us descend a little from our stilts, and quit our Utopian moral drama, to consider the theatre as it really is: and can any one, we will ask, who knows any thing whatever of a London theatre or a London audience of the present day, persist in maintaining such an egregious piece of solemn humbug, as that the theatre is a school of virtuous principles and good morals? We may have fascinating music, gorgeous scenery, imposing spectacle, incomparable dancing, lively dialogue, clever puns, excellent acting, and occasionally ultra-virtuous speeches, and, nevertheless, the theatre may not be exactly the best school for the improvement of the morals. It may indeed encourage certain showy, romantic, popular virtues, but it is also extremely lenient towards popular vices. Its morality will be found to be mostly of an extremely accommodating and complaisant kind; generosity will receive all the approbation it merits; hypocrisy, meanness, and avarice, be loaded with all the censure they deserve; but how will the tame insipid virtues of patience, frugality, forgiveness, chastity, and similar ones be treated; or in what tone will gallantry, extravagance, and intemperance be reproved?

We will grant, however, that the drama itself is irreproachable; that it uniformly espouses the cause of morality, that it expresses the purest sentiments, that it inspires the most upright principles—we trust that we shall be thought to be quizzing;—yet supposing it to be of most virgin purity, can it be asserted that the theatre is likewise absolutely immaculate, or that there is nothing contagious in its atmosphere—nothing, in short, to counteract the influence of the scenic lesson!—We presume that the staunch thick-and-thin advocates of theatre morality hardly know that there are such appendages as box-lobbies and saloons? or, should that be the case, they may either, in their extreme simplicity or their charity, suppose that the latter splendid apartments are employed as academies, wherein our modern Aspasias deliver lectures and lessons on morality; unless, indeed, viewing every object through the purifying medium of their own imaginations, they rather take the troops of elegantly-dressed ladies, who are to be found there, for Vestal virgins.

It is rather an awkward circumstance that the theatre, which piques itself so greatly on teaching lessons of virtue, should, at the same time, have contrived so much room, and prepared such conveniences, for the practice of vice. This circumstance is surely somewhat suspicious in an institution that affects to direct the conduct and regulate the passions, by holding up virtue to our approbation and vice to our derision and abhorrence. But, as we have before said, it is only particular virtues which the theatre patronizes, and only certain vices on which it frowns. Now, the question is, whether it be not little more than mockery to say, that theatres, constituted and conducted as our's at the present day, can for an instant support the high pretensions on the score of moral influence, which they, or at least the advocates of the stage, put forth? We will not say that the theatre is a 'school where nothing good, and every thing bad, is learned;' yet that it is the 'resort of the vicious,' and, to a considerable extent, 'a seminary of vice,' must be admitted by all who are in the habit of frequenting them. There are, doubtlessly, many persons who can go to a play for an evening's amusement without humbugging themselves by the atmosphere of the playhouse—without being excited by lascivious dances, or without having the ideas of right and wrong confounded by the lax morality of many of our popular pieces. To see a husband duped by his wife, a father by his children—to behold a knavish servant successful in all his schemes—to witness age and infirmity turned into a theme for ridicule, and vices that should excite contempt or disgust rendered merely the subject of facetiousness and pleasantry,—these things may not endanger the man of confirmed integrity or of sound judgment, who can at once detect the sophistry of stage morals; but to the young, the thoughtless, and the inexperienced, they may be pregnant with mischief, and must tend greatly to lower the standard of moral excellence.—We ourselves are no puritans—no favourers of asceticism; we wish not to denounce the theatre as incompatible with morality and religion, but we heartily despise the flimsy cant and humbug that would represent it as eminently favourable to morals. Whatever it has been, or may hereafter be, such it is not, most assuredly, in this country at the present hour. Surely nothing can be more injudicious, to say the least of it, than to put its pretensions on such a footing: as if, forsooth, it could not be tolerated in society without some such plausible excuse. Less ambitious claims might be more prudent; nor do we imagine that theatrical diversions would be at all less popular, if, casting aside a flimsy mask that can impose on no one, save the most imbecile, they assumed to be only what they really are. Are we to imagine that people go to a playhouse out of any fancful idea of being edified and instructed? No; they go thither—at least as far as we can rely on our own observation, for amusement;—to see a good drama and good acting, should such be the case, or to be horrified by a piece of *diablerie*—to agitate their sides at the drollery of Liston's phiz, to criticize a new actress, to hear a fashionable singer, to behold horses capering, babies dancing, and some pailfuls of real water pouring on the stage. Wherefore, then, need we resort to the ridiculous and hypocritical *make-believe*, of being led thither by any other considerations? Are not these inducements enough, but we must be told that dramatic entertainments are favourable to the cause of moral improvement? Are we really so very conscientious regarding the stage alone, that we must needs have some other plea for encouraging it than that of mere amusement? or do we suppose that our playhouses would be quite deserted in this Bible-dispensing age, unless they held out the lure of morality? We presume that love of amusement would fill them equally well as now, without any such pretence. What takes people to horse-races and boxing-matches, or to Almack's, or to Kensington Gardens, or to Sunday concerts, or to Vauxhall?—Why do young ladies learn French, sing Moore's amatory poetry, or dance waltzes?—Shall we say, from a regard for morality? Still it will be urged that its intellectual and moral influence eminently distinguishes the drama from every other species of amusement. Its value, in this respect, has been admitted in every age and in all civilized countries. True: but we think that it has been overrated. As an intellectual recreation, so far as it really is such (to which rank it has not at the present moment the most valid title), it ought not to be depreciated; nay, it claims our attention equally with any other walk of literature. It *might* even be rendered a powerful auxiliary in the cause of morality. Were the drama purified according to Mr. Plumtre's rules, it would be harmless and innocent enough; or should Mrs. Moore's Sacred Dramas be ever brought out at any of our theatres and become popular, we should begin to think that playgoers were in earnest, and were as eager to be edified as to be amused. But, until something of this kind happens, we must be permitted to retain our present opinion. And do we really then, it may be asked, consider the drama as an amusement that ought to be interdicted? By no means: it is much less pernicious and irrational than many others, but we fear it must content itself with this negative merit

We have before said that only particular kinds of vice are held up to ridicule and detestation on the stage; and the portraits that are drawn of it are generally so overcharged

and exaggerated—such monsters of deformity, that they seem to be rather designed to serve as foils to the vices of real life than to reform them. It is indeed to be feared that, in this respect, the drama too often verifies the proverb respecting tinkers, who, for one hole they patch up, make two fresh ones. In all questions relative to the moral effects of the drama, some extraordinary instance of reform is quoted: we are told that the idle and dissolute have sometimes changed their conduct in witnessing such plays as George Barnwell, Jane Shore, and the Gamester. That such has been the case we can readily believe, but it behoves us also to examine the other side of the account as well; and here we fear that a formidable balance will be found. For one that has been recalled from, or deterred from entering on, the paths of dissipation, by such a warning, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have acquired lower notions of morality than they before entertained. In an estimate of this nature, the tendency of particular pieces or occasional precepts, is not so much to be considered as the general impressions which we receive from frequenting the theatre. Now, can it be conscientiously affirmed to inculcate either prudence or virtue, at least in the popular acceptation of these terms? Do the prevailing taste and the present regulations of our theatres, any wise warrant such a conclusion? Will those who are at all familiar with the drama assert that it is calculated to render men better fathers, better husbands, better citizens? Is there not a latitude of expression tolerated on the stage that would not be endured in any decent private society? By way of reply to this last question, another will probably be put to us, that may be considered a complete refutation: are we then so ignorant of society, so very innocent, as to suppose that the conversation of even respectable people is always such as they would care to have proclaimed at Charing Cross? In the midst of convivial gaiety and mirth, do not many things escape that might offend a prudish ear, or transgress the limits of decency? Undoubtedly: but, however willing any one may be to excuse or extenuate the freedom of an after-dinner circle, surely no one could be so obtuse as to maintain, except under the influence of the glass, or in a bacchanalian song, that such conversation was vastly edifying, or exactly according with the standard notions of morality. No one above an ideot would vindicate it as conducive to moral instruction.

And so, we really think, then, that the theatre is 'the devil's hot-bed!' Now, although we will not express ourselves in terms of such coarse illiberality, we must be permitted to say that the stage does require some reform, and that its entertainments might be rendered more rational, without becoming at all more dull.* Without indulging in such intemperate invectives as those of Dr. Styles and the Rev. John Angell James, we are still of opinion that there are many things in our theatres, as at present regulated, which no one can decently defend. Yet, if there is a want of candour on the part of those who attack theatrical performances without the least discrimination, there is an equal want both of that quality and of prudence also, on the side of those who come forward as the champions of the stage. A recent writer, in a pamphlet addressed to the latter of the above-mentioned individuals, inquires: 'Can you also have been ignorant, or have you forgotten, that the Italian Opera has been, of late years, conducted by a committee;—that Drury Lane also has been managed by several of the first nobility and commoners of the highest character and talent?' We are almost tempted to laugh outright at this curious species of reasoning; for we should not think one whit the better of either Drury Lane or the Opera, had we been told that it was managed by the bench of bishops; although we certainly should entertain a less favourable opinion of their right reverend lordships. Many of those establishments elegantly termed 'hells,' may, for aught we know, be patronized, or even managed, by some of our nobility; and many of the peerage, as well as 'commoners of the highest character,' may actually countenance gambling at Newmarket, or may encourage that refined species of blackguardism termed prize-fighting. What then?—This would not in the least alter our opinion as to those diversions, but merely prove to us, that those eminent personages deserved an epithet that we shall not here apply. In the present case we shall content ourselves with observing, that neither the opera, nor the theatre, reflects the highest credit on the moral and intellectual taste of its titled managers and directors. The preceding is, however, by no means a solitary instance of the injudicious manner in which this writer attempts to defend the cause which he has espoused. In vindicating the profession of an actor, after mentioning several who have received a liberal and classical education, he says: 'Kean was partly educated, and early distinguished at Eton.' Alas! then, that he should *lately* have distinguished himself elsewhere. Shortly afterwards he adds: 'As to the present moral character of the English stage,' that is, of the performers, 'it may be boldly asserted, that at no time was it so unblemished;' a remark to which recent circumstances will afford a very significant commment. But, doubtlessly, when the writer penned this sentence, he did not contemplate the possibility that the private indiscretions and frailties of an actress would ever obtain, for her, a public triumph,—raise her into importance, and secure for her a doubled salary! That there have been actors of unblemished private reputation, and capable of lending a lustre to the highest circles, as well by their virtues, as their talents, we admit; at the same time we must confess, that the admiration which has in consequence been bestowed upon them has appeared to us rather a suspicious circumstance, as to the merits of the profession generally, for that they should have preserved themselves virtuous and uncontaminated seems to have been regarded almost as a miracle. But, even granting that performers themselves are little less than saints, and that the green-room be a temple of honour and virtue, it does not, therefore, follow that the theatre is more pure, or that the lessons inculcated from the stage are more moral. A figurante may possibly be a paragon of virtue; if so, we really pity her for being compelled to prostitute her person by attitudes and movements so little accordant with female modesty. Madame Vestris may be 'chaste as the icicle on Dian's temple,' and in private life most exemplary; but then we compassionate her every time she appears in the character of the rakehelly Don Giovanni, and utters the profligate language of a worthless debauchée. Miss Tree may be a pattern of female delicacy,—but, alas! those odious breeches! what a satire, if not on the lady, at least on the taste of the audience, for

'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please must please to live.'

True, most true; but what then is the inference? Why, that the theatre is a school where the teachers are at the mercy of most wayward and unruly pupils, who, in proportion as they require strict discipline, mutiny against it. When a master must humour those whom it is his duty to correct, it is easy to conceive how things will proceed, and to what humiliations he will be obliged to condescend. We do not mean to assert that dramatic composition is essentially immoral; as far as relates to ourselves personally, we have a predilection for this species of literature, and have perused some hundreds of dramas in more than one language, among which are many replete with wit and excellent moral instruction—that is, such as would inevitably be damned by a modern London audience. Yet, allowing that, considered merely as literary compositions to be perused in the closet, plays may be harmless, it by no means follows, therefore, that the theatre is so; for not only are all readable plays, with the exception of those of Shakspeare—which, by the bye, are occasionally *operatized*, to render them palatable—banished from the stage, but, as we have already observed, it is to little purpose that a play be strictly decorous, if it be succeeded by a farce replete with vulgarity and *double entendre*, which double meaning, be it observed, *par parenthèse*, is never taken by an audience in any but one meaning—namely, the worst:—

'Nec astis incestis temerari vocibus aures,
Adnescunt oculis multa pudenda pati.
Cùmque fefellit amans aliquâ novitate maritum,
Plauditur, et magno palma favore datur.
Quoque minus prodest scena est lucrosa poet.'

Such is the picture which Ovid draws of stage morality; we therefore ought hardly to wonder at the diatribes of Jeremy Collyer, when even one who had so little pretensions to rigid precisiveness as the Roman bard makes

* So far are the showy and pompous spectacles, which are the taste of the present day, from being lively, that they are generally compositions of most tremendous dullness, and may justly enough be characterized by the application of the title of one of Mr. Surt's novels, 'splendid Misery.'

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such an admission. The length to which we have extended these remarks warns us that it is time to bring them to a conclusion, although there are one or two points upon which we have not touched at all, and which would afford ample materials for discussion. All that we will now say is, that if, as is contended by its advocates, the theatre be really efficacious in correcting the morals and regulating the passions, it is somewhat extraordinary that those who are most in the habit of frequenting it, and most constantly within its influence, are by no means distinguished for purity of manner, propriety of conduct, or strength of moral feeling. Should it be urged that our's is merely an *argumentum ex abusu*, we still maintain that it affects theatres as at present constituted, which certainly stand in need of much reformation. If not uniformly of a pernicious tendency, most of the performances are characterized by extreme frivolity of taste, so that, setting morality entirely out of the question, the theatre can hardly be said to be any longer a place of elegant entertainment and rational amusement.

THE CATASTROPHE.

I was indulging in my usual morning's walk on the beautiful banks of the Dee, whose circuitous course fertilizes some of the richest and most picturesque valleys in Britain. It was early in July, and the dense clouds which covered the whole heavenly expanse harmonized well with those feelings in which I was about to indulge; when I reached an elbow of the river, before concealed from my view, where I beheld groups of all sexes, ages, and conditions, with such concurring marks of despondency and woe in their countenances, as too clearly bespoke some severe calamity. A sort of whispering conversation ran through the whole crowd; not a smile was visible: not one token of gaiety could be seen.

On the water, immediately opposite to them, were plying a number of boats; and the monotonous splash of drag-chains, as they fell incessantly into the river from the fishermen's hands, at once explained to me the nature of the disaster.

On inquiry, I found that a dance had been given on the previous evening, where all was harmony, good-fellowship, and joy; that, on their return towards home, in crossing the Dee, a boat crowded with visitors—all in the bloom of youth and the height of enjoyment—was struck by the head of a spring tide; which, after spreading over a vast space of sand, here collects itself in one immense body, and, being confined within the high banks of the channel, rolls above the level of the more tranquil water of the river, with an impetuosity and abruptness to which no description can be adequate.

The youthful and ill-fated band, unable to oppose that skill which alone could save, at once felt the awful predicament they were placed in; and, ere time was given for other reflections, were all instantly overwhelmed. That cry of unutterable woe, which struck a cold chill into the hearts of those hardy fishermen who happened to be on the banks, and announced the fearful crisis, was heard but for a moment; the fainter implorations for aid were buried in the dull beating of the tide and the hollow whistling of the wind, and all beyond that was noiseless as death. The white garments of the females, as they now and then were borne to the surface and again hurried along by the stream, were for a moment instantaneously visible in the pale glimmerings of the moon; but the attempt at rescue was opposed by too many insurmountable difficulties to avail them any thing.

There were now, when I was on the spot, eleven bodies still to be redeemed. The first I saw recovered from his watery bed, was the corpse of a fine athletic youth, whom I had seen and conversed with but a few days before; it was disfigured and battered by the fury of the waters, and was some time before it could be recognised by his friends. Scarcely had I recovered from the shock of this scene, when, lying on a ridge of stones which the retiring tide now exposed to view, were seen the bodies of two lovely females, locked in each other's arms, and beautiful in death. They were sisters. Their long dark hair had intermingled by the motion of the waves, and lay shining in its moisture over their fair necks, as if to repair the disorder which their dress had suffered. This was a heart-rending scene to all. The greater part of those who were present were their neighbours. They had been in the habit of joining them in daily converse; they had seen them, on the previous day, in all the pride of youthful beauty: adorned in the simple, though becoming fashions of the neighbourhood, endearing and affectionate to each other, and full of spirits, on their way from that home to which they were never to return. It was a spectacle which did infinite honour to human nature. The harshest countenances, the roughest forms, the rich, the poor, the young, and the old,—all dropt the tribute of a tear to those sad remains, as they moved the luckless sisters from their cold repose. As for me, I was rivetted to the solemn scene; I pursued instinctively the melancholy train, I assisted to lower from its rough bier each of the bodies, and to deposit them in one bed in that once happy, but now hapless cottage, of which they had been inmates. The forlorn mother, whose fondest hopes were now for ever vanished, was seated on a low bench by the side of the fire—her elbows rested on her knees, and her face was hidden by her expanded hands—she cast not a look on our melancholy burden—she had not the resolution to behold that sad change which a few brief hours had wrought; not a voice interrupted the hallowed silence but "my poor Betsey!"—"my poor Jane!" in an under and half-stifled tone, which, at intervals, escaped the lips of the heart-broken and childless widow. The truest sympathy reigned in every bosom, and my feelings were in some measure relieved when I heard the neighbours without, how they exulted in detailing the merits of that afflicted matron—her piety, her industry, her charity: these, thought I, are the surest palliatives to grief—she will derive from them consolation and relief, when the condolence and the soothing of friends would avail her nothing. I had seen enough—I bent not my steps again to that spot of calamity, but I afterwards heard it was many days before the whole of the victims were recovered.

A LOST.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. LXIV.

ONE of the many and highly-gifted correspondents of *The Literary Chronicle*, yclept Jonathan Oldworth, in one of his recent lucubrations, hinted what I might see, 'mark, learn, and inwardly understand,' if, like my great predecessor, I would descend chimneys, and see what was doing in the houses from the attic to the kitchen. Friend Jonathan, who, though no Yankee, *I guess*, has a pretty enlarged idea of liberty, seems to forget that my preceding namesake lived in a different age and a different country; and that going down chimneys is not only a dirty business for a gentleman of my cloth to be engaged in, but it is a somewhat dangerous one in a country, one of whose fundamental laws is that every man's house is his castle; besides, the terrors of the Old Bailey, and the recorder to boot, stare a man in the face who adopts this Irish climbing-boy system of going down chimneys. Happily for me, however, I have no need of such expedients: I can, *nolens volens*, be where I like, and when I like; and if I have lately made more free than welcome in some places, my anxiety to serve you, and please Jonathan, must be my apology.

Within the last three weeks, sir, I have visited persons of all ranks and both sexes, and, unobserved, have watched their various occupations, which, in good truth, differ nearly as much as their features. One exception, I certainly found: out of five and twenty persons, who had got Boaden's Memoirs of Kemble before them, twenty-one were asleep; the only persons not in this condition (the only happy situation with such a work in your hand) were Charles Kemble, who was admiring a new dress, just sent home from his tailor; a gentleman who was in a paroxysm of the gout, and a maiden lady, of a certain age, whose sole attentions were bestowed on Cynthia, a favourite spaniel. So convinced am I, indeed, of the soporific virtues of Boaden's Kemble, that I have transferred my copy from the library to the medicine chest, and duly labelled it 'Narcotics.'

A presbyterian friend, who has since literally trod the flowery path to Hymen's bower, I found at midnight studying the English marriage ceremony; I burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, was recognised, invited to the wedding, and partook of what a certain alderman calls *a déjeuné à la Friesschitz*; the blunder is excusable, for, since the exposure of his wife's frailty, he never likes to hear the name of any thing *forked*, particularly if the handles are of *horn*.

Feeling disposed for a cup of chocolate, and a gossip with a journeyman parson, I set off to the Chapter Coffee House; but, in my way along Paternoster Row, heard a violent altercation between two persons, one

evidently a native of the land of mountain and heather. In I *guess*, and found the editor and proprietor of the 'Cunnynge Advertyzer,' as you maliciously call your rival, quarreling: the former had made a double blunder, not only condemning a book published by Messrs. L. and Co., but actually praising a real publication: the editor apologized, and said, with the most infinite promptitude, 'I am only like the Scotch barrister who pleaded on the wrong side.' It was, however, agreed that, in future, to prevent mistakes, reviews of all works to be praised should be sent ready-written from Messrs. Longman and Co., who engaged either to write the puffs themselves, or to get the authors to do it. I understand the laureates of Hunt's Matchless, Day and Martin's Genuine, and Warren's Jet, have already been engaged on the 'Cunnynge Advertyzer.'

In the city, I found aldermen and common-councilmen putting their heads together how to get an additional feast or two, at the expense to the corporation of a few thousands, while they refuse a few hundreds to afford the public a view of one of the finest works of art they possess, St. Bride's Church.—Poor Quintuple Ex-Sheriff Parkins I found chewing opium, as a last resource, because he finds The Morning Post even has refused to let him make a fool of himself in its columns.

At the west end, my business was principally among the lords and commons of Parliament. I found a certain law lord up to his knees in affidavits, bills, cross-bills, &c.; he was, however, more immediately employed in the double duty of framing a bill to put down the Catholic Association, and an excuse to his wife for having given sixpence a pound more for a piece of salmon than she had limited him to. The members of the opposition in both houses were racking their brains to find out some new grievance: and not a few of both sides of the lower house were equally busy in hunting after some popular question to support, prior to the dissolution of Parliament.

In the course of my rambles, I found the younger portion of both sexes valentine letter-writing, and a few old maids addressing sonnets to their own beauty, to make their friends believe they had not outlived man's liking; but, of all the places I visited, the managers' rooms of the two great houses surprised me most. At one house I found the manager closeted with a new actor, of whom the first question he asked was, 'If he had ever been defendant in an action of crim. con.?' The poor fellow answered in the negative, 'I am glad of it, my boy,' said the great lessee, 'for if you had, I could not bring you out for a fortnight (for that is the age of morality at my theatre), but I will now announce you forthwith.' I was pleased with this compliment to decency, until I went to the rival house, where I saw a very sweet and fair creature turned away without an engagement, merely because she had not previously qualified herself by incontinence and public exposure in a court of justice! 'When she has fitted for our stage,' said the manager, 'your salary shall be liberal,—aye, liberal in proportion to your errors or vices.' If this, said I, be the requisite for stage attraction, perish the stage, rather than that our daughters should purchase popularity at the price of honour; but female incontinence on the stage appears to be at as high a premium as the Real del Monte mining shares, and I can assure the public, that the most seductive offers have been made, by the heads of two houses, to Harriette Wilson, whose obscene memoirs have been published by the particular friend of that saintly peer, Lord Kenyon.

I could fill *The Literary Chronicle* a dozen times over, were I to give an account of all I saw in my last ramble; suffice it, then, to say, that wishing to see what effect the Catholic Association Suppression Bill would have on that body, I hastened to the banks of the Liffey, and found Mr. Daniel O'Connell devising how he could use his *Shield* against Parliament, and blind the Irish Roman Catholics, by throwing *Brick* dust in their eyes. In good faith, they are blind enough already, was the only remark made on the occasion by

ASMODEUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN HUMPHREYS PARRY, ESQ.

It is only two months ago, that, in alluding to a new work by Mr. Parry, we observed,—'We are sure the sons of Cambria will be grateful for the service Mr. Parry has done his country, and will allow that he has entitled himself to a niche at some future, and we hope far distant, period, in The Cambrian Plutarch.' Little, alas! did we dream of our short-sightedness, or expect that we should have the pain of finding that period we hoped so distant arrived so soon. The death of a man of distinguished talents, in the pride of life and the full vigour of intellect, is at all times a melancholy event; but it becomes doubly so, when the individual falls not by the natural operation of disease, but by the hand of violence. Such, alas! was the end of Mr. Parry; and if the terms in which we speak of his death are measured, it is because the perpetrator of it will, in a few days, have to answer for the crime before one of the tribunals of his country.

It appears that, on Saturday evening, the 5th instant, Mr. Parry, who lived in Burton Crescent, had been to Pentonville, and, on his return, he called at the Prince of Wales Tavern in North Street, kept by a man of the name of Pearce; he inquired at the bar after Mrs. Pearce's health, and, on going out, was followed by a bricklayer of the name of Bennet, who had been smoking in the house. Bennet struck Mr. Parry twice on the face and once on the chest, when he fell to rise no more. The landlord, whose conduct disgraces human nature, did not seek immediate medical advice, and, when he did send for a surgeon, told him that Mr Parry had died of an apoplectic fit! One of the morning papers, in its account of the coroner's inquest, states that Mr. Parry's watch and seals are missing: and yet the ruffian by whose hand he fell is committed to prison to be tried for manslaughter only!

Mr. Parry was a native of Wales, and he did honour to the land of his birth, both by his talents and amiable character; he was an excellent classical scholar, an elegant writer, and deeply versed in a knowledge of the literature and history of his country. He was the editor of The Cambro-Briton,—a work which displayed more original talent and deep research than any periodical of the day. He wrote several essays, which were read with great applause before the Cymmrodorion Society, of which he was one of the most active founders. In philology, he perhaps had no equal at the present day; and his death is a serious loss to society and to literature, as he was engaged on a new edition of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. The doctor, it is well known, was quite ignorant of the Welsh language, from which so many of our words are derived, and the etymology of which he entirely mistook.

Mr. Parry's last work was the Cambrian Plutarch, which not only contains well-written memoirs of the worthies of Wales, but an admirable critical history of the literature of the country. He was also an occasional contributor to periodicals, and *The Literary Chronicle* has often been enriched with his productions. His favourite signature, particularly on subjects connected with Wales, was Ordovex. Mr. Parry was of mild and unassuming manners; he possessed strong conversational powers, and there were few subjects with which he was not acquainted.

Though born of a good family, and with the fairest prospects in life, yet fortune shone not on Mr. Parry, and we regret to state that he has left a wife and five children; who had no other dependence than his exertions, and are now left destitute. They have a strong claim on British benevolence, and we trust their appeal to it will not be made in vain.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON HEARING MISS M. TREE SING.

What sounds!—I've listened to the early lark
At morn, when rising to salute the sun,—
When all the air was boisterous, and the flowers
Sent up their perfumes after him—the rose,
The violet, the lily; and I've dreamt
Delightful dreams while listening to his song;
I've heard the linet singing to his mate
From out his early bower,—and every note
Thrilled to my heart, for every note was full
Of harmony, like fond domestic love;
I've listen'd to the red-breast's sweet despair—
Those notes of touching woe, more beautiful
Than all that ever fire-eyed rapture sung,
When kindling blushes answered to his lay;
I've listen'd till the tears, like summer's rays,
Refreshing the parch'd heart,—tears of delight,
Followed the melting sounds; I've sat beside
The summer's fountain, in the shady tree,
When it was doubtful whether the light hues
That tinged the evening skies—those shadowy tints
Of evanescent beauty, that but seem
Spirits of colours, or the fountain song,
That less than whispered music—was more soft,
More sweet, more beautiful; I've hung upon
The last faint dying echoes of the flute,
When moonlit waters bore them to the shore
Like murmur'd perfume;—but the matin song
Of heaven's ward lark, the linet's notes of home,

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The red-breast mourning, nor the mountain's fall,
Nor flute on moonlit waters, ever came
So softly on my soul, awaking dreams
Of rapture chasten'd into tenderness,
As that sweet voice of thine. D. B. D.

FINE ARTS.

M. Sassonov, a Russian artist, resident at Rome, lately exhibited three pictures, two of which were taken from subjects of ancient Russian history, and the third, a scriptural piece —the Tribute-Money. In the first of these pictures is represented Demetrius Donskoi, who, having been wounded in an engagement with the Tartars, has fled into a forest from his pursuers, where he is afterwards discovered by his brother, who has subsequently obtained a victory over the enemy. The composition of this piece is good, and the pencilling bold, but in many other respects it is faulty: the head of the old man, who is binding up the arm of the wounded prince, is disproportionably large. The subject of the second picture is the Princess Morfa conducting her adopted son Miroslav to the hermit Theodorick, to receive the blessing of the holy man, before he proceeds to battle. In these productions, the painter exhibits both the merits and defects peculiar to the artists of his nation, whose works display nothing of the ideal, nor much feeling for the simplicity of nature; but are principally characterized by energy of colouring and freedom of pencil, for they seem to have selected for their models Rubens and Gherardo della Notte. Hence, although by no means deficient in effect or brilliancy, they possess but few of the superior qualities of art, or of that which constitutes grandeur of style.

In Russia itself, an English artist (Mr. Dawe) has been employed by the emperor to paint the portraits of his generals who commanded in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814. He has now been occupied several years in this undertaking, as may be supposed, when we state that the number of portraits now completed by him amount to nearly three hundred, and will form an extensive gallery. He has likewise painted a full-length portrait of his imperial patron, a copy of which is on its way to this country, for the Marquis of Londonderry. The gallery destined to receive the above-mentioned pictures, which is in a wing of the imperial palace, adjoining to the Hermitage, will be farther graced by the portraits of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, Prince Leopold, and the Duke of York.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—A melodrama in five acts was produced at this theatre on Thursday night, under the appellation of a *new* historical play, and called *Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.* If our readers are not already acquainted with the rise and fall of this extraordinary man, who was literally a nine days' wonder, they will not learn it from the drama. The *genuine* story is one of the most romantic and singular events recorded in history: a fisherman exciting a people to revolt; a fisherman setting at defiance the viceroy and his power; a fisherman raising and organizing an army of 114,000 men; a fisherman wresting from the governor the famous charter of a favourite monarch; a fisherman realizing the wish of Jack Straw, that his mouth should be the Parliament, and passing sumptuary laws, to which the very nobles were compelled to yield a prompt and implicit obedience, and yet restraining his followers from excesses by holding up his hands: these are events without parallel in the history of any country, and, in the hands of a skilful dramatist, must have proved highly effective on the stage. The subject is not new, certainly, for Tom D'Urfey wrote a play on it, and with the very title of the new piece, which is said to be by Mr. Swan, who appears to have entirely mistaken the character of Masaniello, for, instead of being the origin and soul of the insurrection, he is made but one of its tools; infirm of purpose and a mere speechifier. He is represented as getting drunk at a banquet given by the Duke, and claiming as a wife, a lady of rank at court. Unfortunately for such a measure and herself, the real wife, whom jealousy had driven to the spot, in male attire, in disguise, forbids the banns, and, being mistaken for a rival, falls by the hands of her husband. This drives Masaniello to madness, and he is assassinated by the rabble, the god of whose idolatry he was an hour or two before. The play was a very tedious one. Kean was the hero, and, whenever he had the least opportunity of making an impression, he succeeded. Wallack was a noble of very doubtful character; Terry as good a bravo as if he had used a stiletto all his life; Mrs. W. West tender, as Mrs. Masaniello; and Mrs. Bunn a very majestic dame of the court of Naples.

The play is got up with a degree of splendour that it possesses no chance of reimbursing, and some of the scenery is extremely beautiful, particularly a view of the Bay of Naples and the interior of a cathedral, both of which are exquisitely painted. Scenery, however, will not make or save a five-act play, and, although we cannot say it was actually condemned, yet we should be further from the mark, if we said it succeeded.

We have not seen the printed play, but we find, in the Morning Herald, an extract, with certain passages marked as expunged by the licenser. All we can say on this subject is, that nearly every one of these expunged passages was retained in the performance, and, though a little radical, they were harmless enough.

English Opera-House.—Our friend Bartley resumes his astronomical lectures and illustrations this Lent, as usual.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mrs. Belzoni the amiable and accomplished widow of the enterprising traveller, is erecting the Egyptian tomb, which, from the very extensive nature of the premises, we understand, she will be enabled to construct on an enlarged scale; we believe it will be opened for exhibition early in March.

The Genders of French Nouns, systematically arranged, will shortly be published.

Improved Safety-Lamp.—A person of the name of Russell, at Halifax, in Yorkshire, has invented a safety lamp, which is of a very superior construction to those in general use. It contains a powerful convex lens, called a reflector, which is affixed to the gauze cover, and which increases the light of the lamp *tenfold;* thus rendering it not only unnecessary, but not desirable even, to open the lamp for an increase of light.—The light is in fact diminished when the cover is taken off, as the reflector is taken off at the same time. This improved lamp also contains a very simple contrivance for snuffing and trimming the lamp without removing the cover: a small piece of wire is introduced through the bottom of the lamp, and the top of this wire, being bent, suffices, when turned round, both to remove the snuff and raise the wick. Further, the lamp can be supplied with oil without taking off the cover.

Capt. Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Lieutenant Back, Mr. Kendall, and eight other persons, forming the Northern Land Expedition, sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, for New York, in the Colombia. On leaving the pier, they were cheered with three times three by the people on shore, which was returned from on board. From New York, the persons composing the expedition proceed to Upper Canada, and then to Fort Chepewyan, on their way to the Polar Sea, by the Mackenzie River. On reaching its northern extremity, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back, with part of the expedition, proceed to the westward, in the hope of reaching Behring's Straits; while Dr. Richardson and Mr. Kendall, with the other party, proceed to the eastward, tracing the coast of America, if possible, to the Copper-Mine River.

Sculpture in the United States.—In common with the rest of the curious world, we have been to see the bust of Apollo, at Morse's painting-room, over Megary's, Broadway. It is from the chisel of a young American—a humble carver in wood, and his *first attempt;* and yet if it were placed in the Louvre, near its splendid original, it would be equally admired. It is a faithful copy, done in fine Italian marble, and with a delicacy of touch and design, which, while it does honour to the artist, is a subject of pride to the country. It is valued at 300 dollars, and we think it superior to any thing of the kind executed in the United States.—*New York paper, 11th January,* 1825.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Feb. 11	36	47	40	30 58	Fair.
.... 12	35	47	35	.. 58	Do.
.... 13	32	37	38	.. 58	Foggy.
.... 14	34	38	37	.. 42	Cloudy.
.... 15	37	40	39	.. 13	Do.
.... 16	30	45	44	.. 04	Do.
.... 17	45	47	45	.. 05	Do.

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THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A NEW MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

Were I to make a man myself
Of nature and condition,
I would pilfer from the public shelf
Parts of an odd collision:—
Scarlet should come to hue my face,
Camp-bell my clapper be,
Con-ner support the aurist's race,
And *Kitchener* be cook to me;

Wellington clean the shirts I wear,
Cruikshanks my legs should muscle,
Miss Paste me pretty feet prepare,
And *Walker* give them bustle;
Wig-man my want of hair supply,
Longman my stature form,
Opie-by cast a kissing eye,
And *Garrot* find me room from storm.

Weightman my size should regulate,
Skinner my flesh embody,
Chatter-by tone my voice for prate,
And *Hazman* make an odd he;
Colbett should teach me how to gulp,
And *Jay* gridiron wagers;
While *Mistress Coutts*, with melon pulp,
Should class me with the stagers.

When speechless, I'd resort to *Clack*,—
M'Pine when given to joking;
Coleman should send me coals, per sack,
And *Wiffen* teach me smoking;
Hawkins should provide me razors new,
Brothers more beard my chin;
Young keep my acting features true,
And *Thyme* preserve me thin.

Then, if I still were incomplete,
I would select nine *Tailors*;
Our *Head*,—they might support my feet
With rows of biting railers:—
Such rare proportions in one beau,
Spruce, *taut* a *fait*, and mellow,
Should eclipse the *ton* of Rotten Row,
To me so fine a fellow. J. B. P.

EPITAPHS IN BRIGHTON CHURCH-YARD.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—As it is possible the following collection of epitaphs, *copied literally* (with one exception) from tomb-stones in the churchyard at Brighton, may afford that amusement to some of your readers which I experienced from them myself, I beg leave to submit them to you. Your obedient servant, R. H.

ON WIVES.

Happy in wedlock we were join'd,
Yet two great sorrows I did find;
First-birth did shake my frame, and lost my infant dear,
Second proved fatal, and we both lie buried here.

ANOTHER.

As God together us did join,
So he did part us in our prime;
Hoping we shall meet again,
With him for ever for to reign.

AGAIN.

Boast not, vain reader, of your partners so,—
How soon the Lord may cut you low;
I'will grieve me to my latest day,
To think how mine was snatch'd away.

FROM LEWES CHURCH-YARD.

Not to record the virtues of a deceased wife:
her sweet temper and gentle manners
are inspirited on the heart;
but to remind the heedless passer-by,
that at five and twenty and five and eighty,
Death is equally near,
was this stone engraven.

Think of this ye fluttering insects, who go to church only to see and be seen, *and examine a tomb-stone, only to read poetry.*

Young and blooming as yourselves was once the object now before you.* Youth and health promised many joyful years: think of this and be happy.

A TOUCH OF THE PATHETIC.

She in affliction bore a son,
Her milk forsook her breast,
Her legs they *mortified and ran*,
But hope she's now at rest.

ON HUSBANDS

But I drop down, like water shed,
My joints in sunder break,
My heart doth in my body melt like wax,
I am so weak.

ANOTHER.

Grace was in all *his* steps—in all
His *gesture* dignity and love.
My life was short, the longer is my rest,
God took me home, because he thought it best.

ON CHILDREN.

By childish play and youthful sport,
I fell, and by a bone was hurt,
That pierced my cheek, which mortified,
And through the fatal stroke I died.

ON TWINS.

These infants here from toil and play do rest,
No tongue or pen is able to express
The happiness that Christ has laid up for those
Who at this age by death *there* eyes are closed.

Breath'd first on Christmas-day,
Short time my Lord call'd me away,
To his heavenly glory for ever to stay.

The following is intended to point out for us the debtor and creditor account between man and his Maker:—

Strangers and pilgrims here we see
Travelling forward to eternity,
And when God calls, we all must go,
Death is a debt we all do owe;
Death is a debt we can't withstand,
But must be paid upon demand.

These, Sir, with half a dozen editions of 'afflictions sore,' complete the poetical attractions of Brighton church-yard.

* That is—the tombstone.

Grammatical Tautology.

I'll prove the word that I have made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that *that*, thus trebled, I may use,
And that that *that* that critics may abuse
May be correct. Farther—the dons to bother—
Five *thats* may closely follow one another!
For be it known that we may safely write
Or say, that that *that* that that man writ was right:—
Nay, e'en, that that *that* that *that* that follow'd
Though six repeats, the grammar's rule hath hallow'd;
And that that *that* (that *that* that *that* began)
Repeated seven times, is right!—Deny't who can. J. B. P.

The Players.

[See Lines in the Courier of Tuesday se'nnight, on the moral part of the town absenting themselves from the theatre.]

When *Doctor* —— I forget his name—
A quack of most notorious fame,
Was twitted by the learned crew
With 'None but fools would come to you!'
He said, 'Tis all that *I* request,
You, sirs, are welcome to the rest—
The fools to me, the wise to you,
And see who'll have the most to do.'
Just so with Kean,—no need of quarrels,
If 'tis a fight concerning *morals*,
And *strict morality* will say,
'Tis *me alone* will stay away;'
For then, as heretofore, you'll see
The house as full as it can be,
Of lords and ladies, knights and dames
(Useless, I guess, to mention names),
And theatres, the ruling passion,
So thronged 'twould seem with *ton* and *fashion!*
But *lip morality*, I ween,
Is the loud noisy foe of Kean.

Spectacles first became known about the beginning of the fourteenth century; an inscription on the tomb of a nobleman, Salvinus Armaties of Florence, who died 1317, states that he was the inventor. The person, however, who first made the invention public was Alexander Spina, a native of Pisa. He happened to see a pair of spectacles in the hands of a person who would or could not explain the principle of them to him; but he succeeded in making a pair for himself, and immediately made the construction public for the good of others.

Perpetual Motion.—Let a hole be bored through the centre of the earth from the top of Catskill Mountain to the Antipodes. Let a forty-four pound ball be dropped in; this ball, by the time it reaches the centre, will have acquired velocity enough to project it exactly the perpendicular height of the mountain, above the surface of the earth on the other side; its force being then spent, it will return to the top of the mountain, and proceed on its second voyage, and so on, *ad infinitum*, to the utter astonishment of the Antipodes, who will be as much puzzled with it, as some of the New England philosophers were when the moon-stones fell among them. —*American paper.*

English Saints.—Amerath Peyral, in his manuscript Chronicle of the Popes, says that England is remarkable for the number of saints whose bodies it has preserved from corruption. He observes, that there is no soil so adapted to preserve corpses from corruption as the soil of this country. Upon this ground it is supposed the Popish writers might imagine relics more plentiful than otherwise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The biographical memoir of Dr. Tillotch, and an Essay on the Mania for Gentility, in our next.

We shall try to make room for N. C.

The lines on an Indian Cupid are too prosaic.

Works published since our last notice.—Roscoe's Italian Novelists, 4 vols. 2l. 2s.—Manzoni's, an historical play, 3s.—Odes and Addresses to Great People, 5s. 6d.—Edgeworth's Tales and Miscellaneous Pieces, 14 vols. footcap. 4l. 4s.—Lord Suffield's Considerations on the Game Laws.

Google

THE late JOHN HUMFFREYS PARRY, Esq. No. 6, Burton Crescent.—The Public are respectfully informed that the report of this unfortunate Gentleman's having come into possession of a large property a short time before his melancholy death, is without the least foundation. He has left a WIDOW and FIVE CHILDREN utterly destitute of the means of support, and their situation is distressing in the extreme. A few friends, who have known the deceased for many years, beg leave to solicit on behalf of his helpless Family, the assistance of the benevolent and humane.—Donations will be gratefully received by Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co., Lothbury; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Mr Green, Solicitor, 4, Hadlow Street, Burton Crescent; Mr. Symes, Surgeon, Judd Street; Mr. D Ellis, Silversmith, 2, John Street, Oxford Street; and Mr. J Parry, No. 26, Oxford Street.

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Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—Virgil.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

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No. 302. LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Odes and Addresses to Great Men. London, 1825. pp. 136. Baldwin and Co.

This may without flattery be designated as a 'right merrie and conceited' little volume, full of pleasantry and humour, although the latter is occasionally rather quaint, and some of the puns too forced. The idea is a peculiarly happy one, nor is the execution unsuccessful, taking that there is here and there a latitude and broadness of expression that might as well have been avoided. The writer here presents us with a collection of poetical addresses to many remarkable individuals and public characters of the day,—to Mr. Graham, the aeronaut; Mr. M'Adam; Mrs Fry; Mr. Martin, the honourable member for Galway; Mr. Dymoke, the Champion; Joe Grimaldi; Mr. Elliston; Dr. Kitchener; Captain Parry; the Great Unknown, &c. &c. Without bearing any resemblance, in point of manner, to the Rejected Addresses, this work possesses much both of the talent and facetiousness that distinguish that highly popular production, and, as a collection of *jeux d'esprit*, may claim place on the same shelf. There is much wit and happiness of application even in the motto which the author has prefixed to his Odes. We shall now present our readers with a few specimens, and, 'commencing at the commencement' of the volume, present them with an extract from the

'ODE TO MR. GRAHAM, THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky."
Wordsworth—on a Lark!

'Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish tie
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my cigar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cast the wind!
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney-tops are far below,
The eagle's left behind!—

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees—
My life is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
The Bedlam, if you please!—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a lilliput this,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks!—that channel,
The mighty Thames!—a proper kennel
For that small isle of Dogs!

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,
Wren must have been a wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
M'Adamized to dust!—

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a mayor!
What is the honour!—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy thro' the roof
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs!—

* * * * * * *

"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heav'n open on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"—
A fig for Southey's laureat lore!
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the angels sing!—

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got!—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up,—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?
Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
Our lading—where is't flown?

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The 'Warren' on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Though Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small!

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.'

The Addresses to Mr. M'Adam, Mrs. Fry, and the Member for Galway, are all very pleasant: as for the two latter, we are willing to regard them merely as *facetiæ*; for we do not suppose that, however he may like his joke, the author seriously wishes to censure the benevolence and humanity of these two individuals; yet we cannot help wishing that he had selected some more appropriate subject for his mirth than a lady whose labours have been zealously directed to offices of true piety—to the implanting moral and religious feelings in the breasts of the most dissolute and depraved. We can, however, laugh heartily with him at jests on the Steam Washing Company, and his satire on the keepers of Westminster Abbey:—

'Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in wax queens, like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Your's surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,
A pursy and well-order'd throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive he to be dumb,—
You keep each hard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread, like Fee faw fum,
And drink from skulls, as Byron did!

The profitable abbey is
A sacred 'change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit's founded on a rock.'

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Death and the doctors in each nave
Bony investments have inum'd,
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which 'no money is return'd!'
Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learned bones,
Shall often come and walk your aisles
Two-shilling fare upon the stones.
Ye have that talisman of wealth,
Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till rain'd out of hope and health:—
The tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat
Your dinnes from your own dead race,
Think, Gray preserv'd,—a 'funeral meat,'
And Dryden devil'd,—after grace,
A relish;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison!

Oh say, of all this famous age,
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage
Or Moore among your ghosts elect?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the great to take
Their ashes to no other heap!

Southey's reversion have ye got?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain!—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
All interest in his *bone* repose?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween;
But should ye not outside the den
Paint up what in-it may be seen?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
Wet white tears weeping o'er a Dryden!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Pops,
A giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton, with a dog and string,
May be the beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
'The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
Stand each of ye a body-guard,
A trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
"All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"
(But when the people are inside,
Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin lid—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,
That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
And be so hurried through the wax!)—
"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
The cheapest house for the defunct!"
Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
And every rude sarmise 'twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connection
(In large)—with any other shop!
And still, to catch the clowns the more,
With samples of your shows in wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
To answer queries with his axe—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his cap!'

The strain of the Ode to the Great Unknown is very ludicrous, and full of shrewd and pleasant, though rather *outré* conceits. Our author thus apostrophizes him:—

'Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The master fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong-tong-paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not him o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A visor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption;
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?
Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy and can't make head or tail
of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disembouging
Not disembouging!
Through such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Anonymous Lt. D.'

In expressing his regret at Joey Grimaldi's retirement from public life, the writer introduces some sly hits against a few individuals, whom he hints that he could better have spared:—

'Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby-pamby Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!
Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go byeway highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!
Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!
Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead-lion-kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long long living gone his ways,
To muse on death at *Pender's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of letters—still I might not grieve!"

Even the worthy Sylvanus Urban does not escape the waggery of our wicked wit:—

'Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—
Lives of right reverends that have never liv'd,
Deaths of good people that have really died,—
Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wiv'd,—
Bankrupts and abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
Famous for nothing many years ago!"

* * * * * * *

'X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.
There is no end of thee,—there is no end,
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets.
Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,
The churches cannot yet be quite run out!
Some parishes must yet have been pass'd by,—
These's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!
Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.'

We have already given so many extracts that we have hardly room left for any more, else the odes to Captain Parry and Dr. Kitchener would furnish us with many good things; we cannot, however, refrain from quoting the two following stanzas, addressed to the Polar navigator:—

'There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *pull* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd?*
Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow-towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man *deals?*
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That ley chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals?*'

As we commenced with the beginning, so will we conclude with the final lines of this humorous little volume, which we now consign to the popularity that it cannot fail to obtain. The Ode to the Secretary of the Mendicity Society terminates in the following epigrammatic manner:—

'Of course thou art what Hamlet meant—
To wretches the last friend;
What ills can mortals have, they can't
With a bare *Bodkin* end?"

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The Star in the East, showing the Analogy which exists between the Lectures of Freemasonry, the Mechanism of Iniation into its Mysteries, and the Christian Religion. By George Oliver, Vicar of Clee, &c. 12mo. pp. 172. London, 1825. Whittaker.

Mr. Oliver has three reasons for printing: first, to vindicate freemasonry from the charge of papacy, that it is inimical to Christianity; secondly, to prevent its being considered an institution established for the purpose of sensual convivality; the third reason is, to establish a preconceited assertion, of the necessary connection which subsists between masonry and Christianity. To render the work more generally acceptable, Mr. Oliver has interwoven in his pages a considerable portion of the lectures of freemasonry, distinguishing the several degrees in which such portion is delivered in the lodges; this is intended as an unobjectionable answer to those cavillers who will not be persuaded that any salutary benefits are derivable from the practice of freemasonry.

Mr. Oliver is unceasing in his endeavours to establish the connection between Christianity and masonry. He says:—

'The whole Jewish ritual was but the perfection of masonry, exhibited in types and emblems of spiritual things. The sublime mark or token of Ezekiel, which was impressed on the foreheads of the Jewish masons, to preserve them amidst the threatened destruction, was doubtless that significant emblem which we now call the masonic level. The most sublime ordinances of Christianity are shadowed in our institution under types and illustrious symbols. In a word, the whole system of ancient religion, whether genuine or spurious, was little else than primitive masonry under various modifications; and, consequently, it contained every thing that was conducive to human happiness both temporal and eternal.'

We, unfortunately, are not among the initiated, and therefore cannot fully appreciate the ardent zeal of Mr. Oliver, though we are disposed to give him every credit for his exertions in behalf of a fraternity to which he is so strongly attached; he asserts that 'Freemasonry was revealed by God himself to the first man.'

Most of our readers have heard the story of King James, and an Earl of Scarborough, who was very anxious to trace the antiquity of his family to a very remote date; he pointed out various men, at different periods, of the name of Lumley, when the British Solomon, out of all patience, exclaimed, 'Stop, man, I verily believe that Adam's surname must have been Lumley.' The Earl of Scarborough and Mr. Oliver may pair off as sticklers for antiquity. We have already said that we are not of the initiated, and therefore necessarily incompetent to decide on the peculiar merits of Mr. Oliver's work; we must therefore let him speak for himself:—

'Freemasonry, as practised at the present day, commemorates particularly five great events in the history of the world, each typical of the Messiah. These are the sacrifice of Isaac, where he beheld the celebrated ladder, reaching from earth to heaven; the offering of Isaac upon Mount Moriah, when it pleased the Lord to substitute a more agreeable victim in his stead; the miraculous deliverance from Egyptian bondage under the conduct of Moses; the offering of David on the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite; and the building of Solomon's Temple. Now, these extraordinary events, which unequivocally point to our Saviour Jesus Christ, are the principal historical events contained in our lectures. This coincidence could not have been accidental, and must, therefore, have been designed. It follows, then, that masonry was intended to perpetuate, in the mind of man, that most important fact, the salvation of his soul through the sacrifice of Christ. To accomplish this design more perfectly, the most prominent types, as they arose, were incorporated by wise and pious brethren into the original system, until it contained a perfect chain of evidence, which could neither be effaced nor misunderstood, illustrative of this fact, so essential to the future welfare of mankind.'

After noticing the attempt of Weishaupt to establish a secret society, the 'Illuminati,' or masonry without religion, Mr. Oliver says:—

'Masonry is a system of loyalty, which attaches us to the king, our patron, and to the soil which gave us birth. And though political disquisitions are prohibited in our assemblies, yet an inherent attachment to our native land can never thus be suppressed. If masonry were a system that possessed the most indirect affinity to rebellion, would it be patronized by the monarch? would it be encouraged by his royal brothers, and the principal nobility of this realm? would it merit or receive the sanction of a deliberate act of the legislation? The reign of Solomon was a perfect era in masonry; and why was it so glorious? Because of the indissoluble union which our order conveyed to his subjects, and their invincible attachment to his person and government, as king and grand-master; which causes his reign to be referred to as the most stupendous specimen of peace and happiness under a monarch feared for his love of justice, beloved for his munificence, and respected for his piety and virtue.'

As we are no masons ourselves, we shall not be accused of betraying secrets, when we retail such as our author chooses to divulge:—

'Every well-governed lodge is furnished with the Holy Bible, the square, and the compass. The Bible points out the path that leads to happiness, and is dedicated to God; the square teaches to regulate our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue, and is dedicated to the master; the compass teaches to limit our desires in every station, and is dedicated to the brethren. The Bible is dedicated to the service of God, because it is the inestimable gift of God to man; the square to the master, because, being the proper masonic emblem of his office, it is constantly to remind him of the duty he owes to the lodge over which he is to preside; and the compass to the craft, because, by a due attention to its use, they are taught to regulate their desires, and keep their passions within due bounds.

'The ornamental parts of a lodge are, the Mosaic pavement, the indented tressel, and the blazing star. The mosaic pavement is emblematic of human life, chequered with good and evil: the beautiful border which surrounds it, those blessings and comforts which surround us, and which we hope to obtain by a faithful reliance on Divine Providence, which is hieroglyphically represented by the blazing star in the centre. The movable and immovable jewels are the square, the level, and the plumb-rule, the rough and perfect ashler, and the tressel-board. These appear to be mere instruments of labour; but the moral to which they respectively point renders them jewels of inestimable value. The square teaches morality and justice, the level equality, and the plumb-rule integrity. By the rough ashler we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; by the perfect ashler, that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive by a virtuous education, aided by divine grace; and the tressel-board reminds us that, as the operative workman erects his temporal building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the master on his tressel-board, so should we endeavour to erect our spiritual building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Supreme Architect of the universe in the Holy Bible, which is a mason's spiritual tressel-board. That book, which is never closed in any lodge, reveals the duties which the great master of all exacts from us; and, were we conversant therein and adherent thereto it would bring us to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Here we stop, but no true mason or eager inquirer will be satisfied with our account of this work:—therefore let him pay his devotions to 'The Star in the East.'

Memoirs of Joseph Fouché.
(Concluded from p. 86.)

Fouché gives an interesting account of the fall of Napoleon, after his reverses in Russia, and of the subsequent negotiations with Austria, which the haughty and ungovernable temper of Bonaparte rendered abortive. In the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon was in some danger:—

'At Warsaw, he himself revealed to his ambassador his situation, and the state of his mind, by those well-known words: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step." Still alive to the fear of never reaching France, he strove to surmount danger by the rapidity of his flight, traversing in an impenetrable incognito. In Silesia, he was very nearly taken by the Prussians; and at Dresden, he only escaped a plot for his seizure, because Lord Walpole, who was at Vienna, dared not to give the signal.

'And, as if fortune had wished to pursue him to extremities, he re-entered the palace of the Tuileries on the 16th of December,

ninth bulletin, which carried mourning into so many families. But this was, on his part, a new snare, held out to the devotedness and credulity of a generous nation; who, struck with consternation, thought that their chief, chastened by misfortune, was ready to seize the first favourable opportunity of bringing back peace, and of, at length, consolidating the foundation of general happiness.

'This was the reason why France willingly made the greatest sacrifices to sustain a man whose only success had been that of spurning the ashes of Moscow, of carrying desolation into a vast extent of country which he had left covered with the corpses of a hundred and fifty thousand of his own subjects, and those of his allies, after abandoning a still greater number of prisoners, and the whole of his artillery and magazines. Of four hundred thousand men in arms who had crossed the Niemen, scarcely thirty thousand repassed that river five months afterwards, and of those two-thirds had not seen the Kremlin.'

While Bonaparte was at Dresden, after he had commenced a new campaign, and gained the battles of Bautzen and Wurtzen, he sent for Fouché, who had been in disgrace:—

'Being informed that the emperor had returned to the palace of Marcolini, in Friederichstadt, I hastened to present myself at his levee. He made me enter his cabinet; I found him there very serious. "You have come late, my lord duke," said he to me. "Sire, I have used the utmost diligence in obeying your majesty's commands." "Why were you not here before my grand discussion with Metternich; you would have fathomed him." "Sire, it was not my fault." "Those people wish to dictate laws to me without a sword being drawn; and do you know who most annoy me at this moment? your two friends, Bernadotte and Metternich; the one makes an open, the other an underhand war against me."—"But, sire!" . . . . . "Call upon Berthier; he will communicate to you every thing respecting our present situation, and will put you *au fait* of all; you must then give me your ideas upon this infernal Austrian negotiation, which is slipping through my fingers; all your ability is required to preserve it. However, I will no way compromise my power or my glory! Those scoundrels are so hard! they want, without fighting, the money and the provinces which I only obtained at the sword's point. I have arranged matters well, as to the chief point: Narbonne has undeceived us: you will see what his opinion is. Speak with Berthier as soon as possible, give the matter mature consideration, and let me see you in two days.'

M. Fouché was afterwards sent to Naples, to endeavour to confirm the wavering Murat to the cause of Napoleon:—

'Joachim's court was certainly a singular one, and his Vesuvian royalty (*royauté du Vesuve*) most precarious. Murat possessed great courage, but little mind; no great personage of his time carried further than himself whatever was ridiculous in ornament, and the affectation of pomp; it was he whom the soldiers called the King Franconi. Napoleon, however, who did not mistake his brother-in-law's character, erroneously supposed that Queen Caroline, his sister, an ambitious and haughty woman, would govern her husband, and that, without her, Murat could not be a king. But, from the commencement of his reign, suspecting the authority to which they wished to subject him as a husband, he endeavoured to free himself from it; and the political circumstances in which he then found himself the more effectually opposed the queen's ascendency, as he was wholly surrounded by advisers who urged him to declare against Napoleon, representing this political veering-about system as a political necessity.

'In a court where policy was nothing but cunning, gallantry but dissoluteness, and external magnificence but theatrical pomp, I found myself nearly, if the comparison be not considered too flattering to myself, as Plato did at the court of Dionysius. Upon my arrival, I was beset by the intriguers of both nations, among whom, under the mask of a kind of ingenuousness, I recognised some emissaries from Paris.'

Murat, however, wished to set up for himself, and entered the Italian states. Tuscany was evacuated by Prince Felix Baciocchi and his wife, the sister of Napoleon:—

'But in Tuscany there was no effusion of blood,—on one side it was nothing but a flight, and on the other but a sarcastic war of words, with which the Florentines pursued the leaders and inferior officers of the government. Thus Baciocchi, upon the change in his fortune, had thought proper to change his name, and adopt that of Felix (the happy) instead of Pascal, a name as ridiculous in Italy as that of Jocrisse in France. The Florentines, therefore, in allusion to this, upon his forced retreat, indulged this *jeu de mots, Quando eri Felice, eravamo Pasquali; adesso che sei ritornato Pasquale, saremo felici.*'

On the restoration of the Bourbons, they only conceded a 'demi-confidence' to Fouché, who entertained no great affection for them, and therefore he was not averse to the return of Bonaparte from Elba, though jealous of his abused power. What share he had in these transactions he shall state for himself:—

'It was not against the Bourbons that I resolved within myself to wage war, but against the dogmas of legitimacy. I was, however, thwarted in my combinations, by the existence of a Bonapartist party, which, exerting all its influence over the army, kept us all in a state of dependence. It was my ancient colleague Thibaudeau, who first disclosed to me the progress of the faction in the Isle of Elba, whose principal agent he was. I saw that there was no time to lose; I, moreover, considered that Napoleon would, at all events, serve as a rallying-point for the army, reserving in my own mind the intention of putting him down afterwards, which appeared to me so much the more easy, as the emperor, to my view, was nothing but a worn-out actor, whose first performance could not be re-enacted. I then consented that Thibaudeau should make overtures to some intimates of Napoleon, and I allowed Regnault, Cambacérès, Davoust, S—, B—, L—, C—, B— de la M—, M. de D—, to be admitted to our confidence. But I exacted concessions and securities, refusing to unite with that party, if their chief, abjuring despotism, did not adopt a system of liberal government. Our coalition was cemented by the reciprocal promise of an equal participation of power, either in the ministry or in the provisional government, at the moment of the explosion. According to the plan arranged with Thibaudeau, I hastened to despatch my emissary, J—, to Murat, to induce him to declare himself the arbiter of Italy; at the same time, the grand committee despatched Doctor R—, to the Isle of Elba. Lyons and Grenoble became the two pivots of the enterprise in the South; in the North a military movement, directed by d'Erlon and Lefevre. Desnouettes was to determine the flight or capture of the royal family, which, in their turn, would occasion the formation of a provisional government, of which I was to form a part, with Carnot, Caulaincourt, Lafayette, and Ney. To resume the supreme power in the midst of the general confusion, such was the drift of our combinations. Solicited to reconcile himself with Napoleon, and hoping to remain master of Italy, Murat, although the ally of Austria, was the first to take up arms on treacherous pretences; this show of hostilities, apparently directed against Louis XVIII., caused great sensation in the king's council. Thirty thousand men were immediately marched towards Grenoble and the Alps, or rather thrown in Napoleon's way. The adroitness of this manœuvre was not duly appreciated. In the meanwhile, the disembarkation of the emperor took place at Cannes; and it may be alleged, in proof that we are not a nation of conspirators, that, for the preceding fortnight, the overthrow of the Bourbons had been publicly avowed by all parties, and had been a subject of universal conversation. The court alone persevered in refusing to see what was as clear as the sun to every body else.'

M. Fouché wished to serve God and Mammon, or, in short, to be on the strongest side; and this he acknowledges. When Bonaparte was preparing for the last act of the drama, Fouché entered into a correspondence with Prince Metternich and Lord Wellington. After some irresolution, he says:—

'The dictates of honour startled me at the thought that the word traitor might ever become an appendage to the name of the Duke d'Otranto; and my resolution remained unsullied. Meantime, in such a conjuncture, what part was to be taken by a statesman, to whom it is never permitted to remain without resources? This is the resolution I took. I knew positively that the unexpected onset of Napoleon's force would occur on the 16th or 18th, at latest; Napoleon, indeed, determined to give battle on the 17th to the English army, after detaching them from the Prussians, and marching to the attack *sur le vetre* of the latter. He was so much the better justified in expecting success from his plan, since Wellington, deceived from false reports, imagined it possible

to delay the opening of the campaign till the 1st of July. The success of Napoleon rested, therefore, on the success of a surprise; I took my measures accordingly. On the very day of Napoleon's departure, I provided Madame D— with notes, written in cipher, disclosing the plan of the campaign, and sent her off. At the same time I occasioned impediments on that part of the frontier which she was to pass, in such a manner as to prevent her reaching the head-quarters of Wellington, till after the result. This is a true explanation of the inconceivable supineness of the generalissimo, which occasioned so universal an astonishment, and conjectures of so opposite a description.

'If, therefore, Napoleon fell, it was owing to his own destiny; treason had nothing to do with his defeat. He, himself, did all that could be done in order to conquer; but he omitted to invest his fall with dignity. If I am asked what I think he ought to have done, I will reply, as old Horace did—he should have died.'

We have let M. Fouché speak for himself, and shall leave our readers to decide whether or no 'the word traitor ought to become an appendage to the name of the Duke d'Otranto,' persuaded they will find no difficulty in deciding this question. From our extracts, it will be seen that the Memoirs of Fouché possess considerable interest; and, although their genuineness has been disputed, yet they certainly bear strong marks of authenticity, and many of the facts stated are indisputable.

1. *A Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac; or, Cento of Notes and Remarkes concerning Rare, Curious, and Valuable Books.* By WILLIAM DAVIS. 8vo. pp. 120. London, 1825. Davis.

2. *The Library Companion; or, the Young Man's Guide, and the Old Man's Comfort, in the Choice of a Library.* By the Rev. T. FROGNALL DIBDIN, F.R.S., A.S. 8vo. pp. 903. London, 1824. Harding, Triphook, and Co.

THE bibliomania is less dangerous, but we suspect quite as incurable, as any other species of insanity; that is, when the party is much infected. In some individuals, such as Mr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin for instance, all prospect of cure is hopeless—unless, perhaps, we could turn his attention to a more lucrative pursuit, in which case he would perhaps imitate the Scotch clergyman, and obey the summons as a call to which it was his duty to attend.

Mr. Brougham once expressed his belief, that an act of Parliament, presented to the nose of a certain precedent-loving speaker-ship-expecting member, would recover him from a fainting fit at any time; and we doubt not that a Caxton or a Wynkyn de Worde would have a similar effect on Mr. Dibdin, who is the greatest and most expensive trifler of his day and generation. We do not mean to deny that his works contain some curious information, but they are certainly not worth the labour bestowed on them; and had half the money that has been fooled away on his pub lications been devoted to the encouragement of genius, both the country and several deserving individuals would have gained by it.

Mr. Dibdin's work now before us is a perfect misnomer; it is not a library companion: it is a bad guide to any young man in the choice of a library, and we know no old man, not in his dotage, to whom it can prove a comfort. The fact is, that the books which Mr Dibdin recommends a young man to purchase would ruin him, unless his fortune were ample indeed, and then they would be as useless a collection as ever was huddled together; it would, in fact, be incomplete in every branch of literature, a perfect giblet-pie of legs and wings of subjects, which no man, Mr. Dibdin excepted, would ever think of intermingling.

We venerate the sacred Scriptures as much as Mr. Dibdin himself, though not ordained to do so; but we certainly do not require that our library should contain as many different Bibles as cost even the prosing Mr. Dibdin thirty-six pages to describe; nor, with all our respect for our church service, do we wish for as many prayer-books as occupy six pages in the description. By the by, it may seem strange, but there is no branch of a library with which Mr. Dibdin appears less acquainted than with that relating to divinity.

That Mr. Dibdin is well versed in black-letter lore we will admit, but he is lamentably ignorant of modern literature, and he therefore commits some grievous blunders of omission and commission: his list of works is invariably incorrect or incomplete; indeed, with the elaborate descriptions and singular commentaries of Mr. Dibdin, a library companion, to be complete, would be as voluminous as Grœnovius's Greek Antiquities, in thirteen volumes folio, or even the Byzantium Historians, in thirty-six volumes of the same size, which he recommends to young men, to beguile the dreary nights of winter: this certainly would be a more instructive employment than reading Mr. Dibdin's Library Companion, but, except as a penance, we do not think either ought to be enforced.

It is the fault of all Mr. Dibdin's works, that they are not complete in themselves: we can forgive his referring continually to his own publications, because there are more last copies to be obtained; but why, in the name of the object of his idolatry, Caxton, does he, when pretending to give a complete library companion, refer us to Pinkerton for a list of books of voyages.

It is well known that Milton, during his life-time, was much more celebrated as a political writer than a poet; and, according to 'the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F.R.S. A.S.' the author of Paradise Lost was not the only person who enjoyed an erroneous reputation. Thus, it appears that Sir Isaac Newton, Locke, and Bacon, ought not to be considered as eminent philosophers or metaphysicians, but as philologists, under which head Mr. Dibdin classes them: we wonder, poor man, under what class the Dibdin of the twentieth century will class his namesake; but why do we talk of a future Dibdin, since of the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin it may truly be said, that—

'None but himself can be his parallel.'

We had, at one time, intended to pass over Mr. Dibdin's Library Companion, as totally unworthy of notice—scarcely, indeed, as a guide worth the binding that covers it, to say nothing of the paper which has been wasted in printing it; but we find that he meditates a similar infliction on the public. God forgive him, we say; but really his estimate of the folly of the age is an insult to it, which ought not to pass unnoticed or unrebuked.

Having done with Mr. Dibdin, whom we placed, as David did Uriah, at the front of the battle, because we like to get over the most painful part of our duty first, we turn to Mr. Davis, who is not exactly a bibliomaniac, though an enthusiast. Were he half as far gone as Mr. Dibdin, we should recommend him quarters in St. George's Fields; he is, however, a far different personage, and, though fond enough of what are termed the amateurs of literature, he contrives to mix with the curious, much interesting information respecting men and books, particularly the latter.

Of Mr. Davis's first tour we spoke, as we considered it deserved, favourably; and his second tour we consider of nearly equal merit. The author, unlike Mr. Dibdin, neither taxes your time nor your pocket very deeply, nor has he the conceit which marks the reverend bibliomaniac.

Mr. Davis has collected many curious facts, respecting books which are by no means generally known, and, as his articles are short, he avoids (were there any danger of it) being long dull on any one subject. With these observations, we proceed to make a few extracts from Mr. Davis's amusing little work. In his account of the Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham in 1333, and lord treasurer of England eleven years afterwards, he thus notices this enlightened prelate:—

'Richard of Bury did in England what Petrarch did in France, Italy, and Germany: he gave much of his attention, and spent great part of his fortune, to discover the manuscripts of ancient authors, and have them copied under his immediate inspection, and kept binders, illuminators, and writers in his palaces. Richard, in his Philobiblion, a treatise which he wrote on the love and choice of books, relates the incredible expense he was at to form his famous library, notwithstanding he made use of the authority which his dignity and favour with the king procured him. He mentions the arts he was obliged to use to compass his design, and informs us that the first Hebrew and Greek grammars that ever appeared were derived from his labours. He had them composed for the English students; persuaded that, without the knowledge of these two languages, and especially the Greek, it was impossible to understand the principles of either the ancient Heathen or Christian writers. Richard de Bury died in 1345, and is said to have possessed more books than all the bishops of England together. Besides the

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fixed libraries, which he had formed in his several palaces, the floor of his common apartment was so covered with books that those who entered could not with due reverence approach his presence.'

The following anecdote relates to the 'Fazio Dita Mundi,' printed in folio, in 1474:—

'A copy of this rare first edition sold at the Vallière sale for 480 francs; M. Crevenna's for 136 francs; Pinelli's, 1789-90, for £5. 10s.; and Floncel's, which, according to Brunet, was a very beautiful copy, for 800 francs;—and "thereby hangs a tale—I'll tell it." Floncel's copy, according to the Abbé St. Leger, no longer exists. An English amateur having commissioned some one to buy it for him without fixing the price, the book was run up to the enormous sum of 800 francs, at which price it was purchased for him, but when he received it he was so irritated at having been made to pay so dearly for his folly, that he threw the book, out of spite, into the fire. "Happily," says the quizzical French bibliographer, "English bibliomaniacs do not act so spitefully now a days for so trifling a matter; otherwise, at the prices which they give for rare books, it might be expected that entire libraries would share the fate of the Dita Mundi."'

We always thought the Rev. Mr. Cole's manuscripts in the British Museum were most incongruous, but we find they have been outdone, and in print too, in 'Arnold's Chronicle, or the Customs of London,' printed in 1502:—

'The collector sets out with a catalogue of the mayors and sheriffs, the customs and charters, of the city of London. Soon afterwards we have receipts to pickle sturgeon, to make vinegar, ink, and gunpowder; how to raise parsley in an hour; the arts of brewery and soap-making; an estimate of the livings in London; an account of the last visitation of St. Magnus's church; the weight of Essex cheese; and a letter to Cardinal Wolsey. The "Nut-Browne Mayde" is introduced between an estimate of some subsidies paid into the Exchequer, and directions for buying goods in Flanders. Oldys, in his "British Librarian" says, this book cannot be better described than by a recital of the contents of the several chapters in the table or calendar prefixed, which recital occupies three closely printed 8vo. pages.'

From Mr. Davis we learn, on the most indisputable authority, that a Londoner, John Palsgrave, was the first person who attempted to reduce the French language to grammatical rules, in a work he published in 1530, entitled 'Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francaysse.'

Cowley, as our readers need scarcely be told, was a precocious poet, and published his 'Poetical Blossoms' at a very early age; they were popular, and a second and third edition called for. To the latter Master Cowley prefixed a preface, which, we agree with Mr. Davis, is 'curious;' it is as follows:—

'"Reader (I know not yet whether gentle or no, some I know have been angry, I dare not assume the honour of their anger), at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other suits—earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum: to the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murther another's fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of poesie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this third edition What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all mens' judgments it suffer shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers; which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my "Pyramus and Thisbe," nay: I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of *ten years of age*. My "Constantia and Philetus" confesseth me *two years older* when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

'"A. COWLEY."'

Here we leave Mr. Davis's really clever work: we have associated it with that of Dibdin, but there is some difference as to the individuals, although Mr. Davis looks up to Thomas Frognall as the supreme head—the very pope of bibliomaniacs. Mr. Davis, a tradesman, and in business, writes *con amore*, while Mr. Dibdin, who ought to spurn such expedients, writes to make money, and charges his works at about a thousand per cent. advance on their sterling value. Of course he finds his account in it, and we leave him to all its enjoyment.

The History of Wales, descriptive of the Government, Wars, Manners, Religion, Laws, Druids, Bards, Pedigrees, and Language of the Ancient and Modern Welsh, and of the remaining Antiquities of the Principality. By JOHN JONES, L.L.D. and Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 351. London, 1824. Hughes.

DR. JONES has so fully stated the nature of his work in the title-page, that he has saved us the trouble of doing it elsewhere; therefore, following the example of Cruger, as relates to his brother candidate for Bristol, Mr. Burke, who, after the latter had made an excellent speech, said 'Ditto to Mr. Burke, ditto to Mr. Burke;' in like manner, then, we say ditto to Mr. Jones, who we need not say is a true Welshman, ardently fond of his country, and every thing connected with it.

Although detached portions of Wales have frequently employed the pen of the historian, the history of the ancient Britons had long been considered a desirable work, which it has been the object of Dr. Jones to supply; a more amplified history may, perhaps, still be called for, but the volume before us possesses a completeness which must render it very acceptable, not only to every Welshman, but to every reader fond of works of this description.

The History of Wales is well written, and the materials well arranged: the author first traces the events connected with the country from the time that Hamilcar opened a communication between Carthage and Britain to the present time; the progress of Christianity, the laws of the Welsh, an account of their bards, druids, pedigrees, language, and antiquities, are all treated of in so many different chapters, with considerable ability. The manners of the Welsh at the commencement of the twelfth century are thus described by Giraldus Cambrensis:—

'The Welsh people are light and active, rather hardy than strong, and universally trained to the use of arms; for when the trumpet sounds the alarm, the husbandman leaves his plough, and rushes to the onset with as much eagerness as the courtier from the palace.

'They live in general upon the produce of their herds, eating flesh in larger proportion than bread, paying no attention to commerce, and anxiously studying the defence of their country and their liberty: for these they fight, endure hardships, and sacrifice their lives, esteeming it a disgrace to die in bed, and an honour to die in the field of battle.

'These people, when by chance unarmed, dare attack an armed foe: the infantry defy the cavalry of the enemy; and, by their activity and courage, generally prove victorious.

'The commonalty use light arms, small breast-plates, bundles of arrows, long lances, helmets, and shields, and sometimes greaves, plated with iron; the higher class go to battle mounted on swift and generous steeds, which their country produces.

'In time of peace, the young men, by penetrating into the recesses of the woods, and climbing the tops of mountains, learn to endure fatigue; and they acquire the art of war by accustoming themselves to athletic exercises, and to the use of the lance.

'King Henry the Second, in answer to the inquiries of Emanuel, emperor of Constantinople, respecting Britain, replied, "That in a part of the island there was a people, called Welsh, so bold and ferocious, that when unarmed, they did not fear to encounter an armed force, being ready to shed their blood in defence of their country, and to sacrifice their lives for military renown."'

'Not addicted to gluttony nor drunkenness, these people, who incur no expense in food or dress, and whose minds are always bent upon the defence of their country, and on the means of plunder, are always engaged in the care of their horses and accoutrements. Accustomed to fast from morning till evening,

and trusting to the care of Providence, they dedicate the whole day to business, and in the evening partake of a moderate meal.

'No one of this nation ever begs, because the houses of all are open; and hospitality in this country is neither offered nor requested by travellers, who, on entering any house, only deliver up their arms.

'Those who arrive in the morning are entertained till evening, with the conversation of young women, and the music of the harp, for each house has its young women and harps allotted to this purpose. In the evening, when no more guests are expected, the meal is prepared according to the number and dignity of the persons assembled, and according to the wealth of the family who entertains: the kitchen does not supply many dishes, nor high-seasoned incitements to eating; the house is not adorned with tables, cloths, and napkins: they study nature more than splendour; for which reason they place all the dishes together upon mats, with large platters or trenchers, full of sweet herbs: they also make use of a thin and broad cake of bread, baked every day, and sometimes add chopped meat with broth.

'While the family are engaged in waiting on the guests, the host and hostess stand up, paying unremitting attention to every one, and take no food till all the company are satisfied, that in case of deficiency it may fall on themselves.

'A bed made of rushes, and covered with a coarse kind of cloth, manufactured in the country, called *Brychan*, or variegated and shaggy rug, made of weavers' web ends, is then placed along the side of the room, and they all in common lie down to sleep.

'The men and women cut their hair close round to the ears and eyes; and the women, after the manner of the Parthians, cover their heads with a large white veil, folded together in the form of a crown; both sexes exceed any other nation in attention to their teeth, which they render like ivory, by rubbing them with the inner peel of the elder, and a woollen cloth; and, for the better preservation, they abstain from hot meats, and only eat at a proper temperature.

'They make use of three musical instruments, the harp, the pipe, and the crwth, or crowd. In playing, they always begin from B. flat, and return to the same, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a pleasing sound; and when they enter into a movement, they conclude it in so delicate a manner, and play the little notes so sportively under the blunter sounds of the base strings, enlivening with wanton levity, or communicating a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, so that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it.

'In their rhymed songs and set speeches they are so subtle and ingenious, that they produce, in their native tongue, ornaments of wonderful and exquisite invention, both in the words and sentences; but they make use of alliteration in preference to all other ornaments of rhetoric, and that particular kind which joins by consonancy the first letters, or syllables, of words. So much do the English and Welsh nations employ this ornament of words in all exquisite composition, that no sentence is esteemed to be elegantly spoken, no oration to be otherwise than uncouth and unrefined, unless it be polished by the file of this rule.

'In their musical concerts they do not sing in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in many separate parts; so that in a company of singers, which one frequently meets with in Wales, we hear as many parts and voices as there are performers, who all at length unite with organic melody in one consonance, in the soft sweetness of B flat. In the northern district of Britain, beyond the Humber, and on the borders of Yorkshire, the inhabitants make use of the same kind of symphonious harmony, but with less variety, singing only in two parts, one murmuring in the base, the other warbling in the acute or treble.

'Neither of the two nations has acquired this peculiarity by art, but by long habit, which has rendered it natural and familiar; and the practice is now so firmly rooted in them, that it is unusual to hear a simple and single melody well sung; and what is still more wonderful, the children, even from their infancy, sing in the same manner.

'As the English in general do not adopt this mode of singing, but only the northern countries, it seems probable that these parts of the island were more frequently invaded, and remained longer under the dominion of the Danes and Norwegians, from whom the natives contracted this mode of singing and style of speaking.

'The Welsh esteem noble birth and generous descent above all things, and are therefore more desirous of marrying into high than rich families: even the common people retain their genealogy, and can not only readily recount the names of their grandfathers and great grandfathers, but refer back to the sixth, seventh, and still more remote generations.

'Being particularly attached to family descent, they revenge with vehemence the injuries which may tend to the disgrace of their blood: and being naturally of a vindictive and passionate disposition, they are ever ready to revenge not only recent but ancient affronts.

'They neither inhabit towns, villages, nor castles, but lead a solitary life in the woods, on the borders of which they do not erect sumptuous palaces, nor lofty stone buildings, but content themselves with small huts, made of the boughs of trees twisted together, constructed with little labour and expense, and sufficient to endure throughout the year: they have neither orchards nor gardens.

'The greater part of their land is laid down in pasture; little is cultivated; a very small quantity is ornamented with herbs and flowers, and a small quantity is sown: they seldom yoke less than four pair of oxen to their ploughs; and the driver walks backwards before them, and, when, he falls down is frequently exposed to danger from their refractory cattle.

'In cutting down their crops, instead of small sickles, they make use of a moderate-sized piece of iron, formed like a knife, with two pieces of wood fixed loosely and flexibly to each end, and this they consider as a more expeditious instrument.

'The boats which they employ in fishing, or in crossing the rivers, are made of twigs, not oblong nor pointed, but almost round, or rather triangular, covered both within and without with raw hides: when a salmon thrown into one of these boats strikes it hard with his tail, he often oversets it, and endangers both the vessel and its navigator. In going to, and returning from the rivers, the fishermen are accustomed to carry these boats upon their shoulders, which made Bledhere say, "There is among us a people, who, when they go out in search of prey, carry their horses on their backs to the place of plunder; they leap upon their horses in order to catch their prey, and, when it is taken, they carry their horses home again upon their shoulders."'

In his account of the Druids, Dr. Jones corrects several errors into which preceding writers have fallen. These we pass over, as well as the account of the Welsh bards, and some specimens of Welsh poetry, which appear very well translated. We cannot, however, omit Dr. Jones's curious account of the *Awendi*:—

'The *Awendi* were Scandinavian rhymers, from *Awend* a verse, and called by the Welsh Awenyddion. Giraldus says, in chap. xvi. "There are certain persons in Cambria, whom you will find no where else, called Awenyddion, a people inspired: when consulted upon any doubtful event, they roar out violently, are rendered beside themselves, and become, as it were, possessed by a spirit: they do not deliver the answer to what is required in a connected manner; but the person who skilfully observes them will find, after many preambles, and many augatory and incoherent, though ornamented speeches, the desired explanation conveyed in some turn of a word; they are then roused from their ecstacy, as from a deep sleep, and as it were by violence compelled to return to their proper senses. After having answered the questions, they do not recover till violently shaken by other people; nor can they remember the replies they have given. If consulted a second or third time upon the same point, they will make use of expressions totally different; perhaps they speak by the means of fanatic and ignorant spirits: these gifts are usually conferred upon them in dreams: some seem to have sweet milk or honey poured on their lips; others fancy that a written schedule is applied to their mouths, and, on awaking, they publicly declare that they have received this gift: they invoke, during their prophecies, the true and living God, and the Holy Trinity, and pray that they may not, by their sins, be prevented from finding the truth."

'This relation of Giraldus is important, as it furnishes us with data for fairer and subsequent conclusions.

'The priests of uncivilized nations have been always accompanied in their barbarous rites by minstrels and soothsayers: the former, by their instrumental and hideous noise, to drown the cries and groans of the agonising

victims, and the latter to draw the attention, and impose on the credulity of the public, by their pretensions to inspiration, and the gift of foretelling national and personal events.

'After the suppression of Druidical rites, and the substitution of the Irish harp for the barbitos, the Bards and Awendi of Wales advanced into the more respectable professions of harpers and singers; and were described by the English under the general name of minstrels. In the time of Edward I. the accompanying singers, in their impromptu rhymes, were for ever prophesying the return of Merddin, Arthur, or some ideal chief, to the delivery of the Britons, and the conquest and expulsion of the Saxons: and hence the severity of Edward towards these promoters of rebellion.

'The enactments of Edward fettered the tongues of the prophets for many years; and the powers of the inspired were limited to a few foretellers of private events, and to the revelation of deeds done, and the criminal actors: but, in the last century, the slumbering muse awoke, and the spirit of prophecy again visited Wales, in the form of men and women, called Jumpers. The practice was encouraged by Daniel Rowland, Howel Harris, William Williams, and other preachers of mysticism.

'When a triumphant hymn has been sung, and hallooed twenty times over, the audience begin to move and recover themselves like a field of standing corn impelled by a succession of passing gusts of wind: worked into a frenzy by this motion, and by the singing of some mad couplets of their own composition, some of the most frantic jump with joy; the women, by singing amorous couplets, jump with love; and others, who fancy themselves non-elected and amongst the damned, jump out of wretchedness and despair. In the course of these reveries, many mortal embraces are interchanged, many heavenly enjoyments are foretold, and even longed for, and, when the flesh becomes willing and the spirit contrite, these determined Awendi retire, and the affectionate females, in due time, become the mothers of Awenyddion and Jumpers.'

These extracts will show that Dr. Jones's history is a very interesting work.

CALDCLEUGH'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from p. 121.)

We have already drawn pretty freely from Mr. Caldcleugh's work, but, as South America is at present a portion of the world to which the public attention is much attracted, we shall glean a few further particulars. Mr. Caldcleugh very truly observes, that our accounts of the Indians, the descendants of the subjects of the Incas, are very deficient, nor does he add much to our information in this particular. Alluding to the Indians at the time of the Incas, he says:—

'That they were far advanced in civilization and in the arts, there are the remains of large national undertakings to give satisfactory proof. Gold, silver, and emeralds, were worked with great skill; canals and roads were planned by the Incas through countries where more than common skill was required. Even near Lima, where it has never been asserted that the great mass of the Peruvians took up their abode, the remains of cities, several leagues in extent, afford a sufficient proof that at one time the population was extensive. The great bulk appears to have dwelt on the side of the Cusco. It is on all hands agreed that they were not the indigenes of the country, and their own traditions point to the west, as the quarter from which they came. Their habit of chewing the leaves of the coca mixed with natron, instead of the betle and chunam, would evidently mark their original country to be India. I am informed, nevertheless, by the best authorities, that there is not any analogy either between any of the languages of the East, or those spoken in the islands of the Southern Pacific, with the Quichua, or language of the Incas, to warrant the assumption of a common origin. More than one dictionary and grammar have been published of this tongue, by the indefatigable Jesuits. It does not appear that the latter were very successful in the conversion of the Peruvians, as I apprehend, for this simple reason, which also holds good with our East India possessions, that while, on the eastern side of the continent, and in Paraguay, they conferred all the benefit on the indigenes, collected them together, fed, nursed, and protected them from the enmities of more powerful tribes; in Peru, on the contrary, the missionaries have been fed by the natives, have been taught the use of a variety of medical plants and herbs, and showed themselves, in fact, ignorant and inferior to the native priests, who had held them in subjection until the conquest, and with whom they still offered up their private adorations. Men who considered themselves descended from the Incas, were unwilling to be baptized, an act by which they lost consideration with their fellows. On an excursion to Magdalena, about a league from the city, to visit the ex-viceroy Pezuela, with General O'Reilly and some other officers, we came to some Indian huacas, or graves, large mounds of earth raised many feet above the level. Several have been opened in different parts of the country, and the remains were found wrapped up in cotton cloth of various colours, in some instances tambourined; they had been deposited in a sitting posture, with their faces towards the rising sun; by their sides were placed vessels to hold water, the number of which was greater or less according to the rank of the deceased. These vessels are of a singular structure, and, as far as I know, dissimilar to any thing which we have any account of among other nations. They are made of earthenware, of a black colour; one side is formed of a round vessel, which holds about a pint and a half, with a long thin tube to pour from; the other part joined to it is sometimes in the figure of a man, sometimes a bird or animal; from this a handle goes over to the part which contains the water: by a simple contrivance of two holes, a whistling noise is made by the water being poured out. While engaged in examining the huacas at Magdalena, an Indian passed by, who was asked by General O'Reilly what the mounds were, or if they contained any thing? He made no reply, but slowly proceeded, with sorrow and regret strongly marked on his countenance. Some days afterwards my whistling jug was shown to one of them, who instantly said the cacique in front of it was nearly related to him. That some of the Peruvians living at a distance from the capital, and who are more immediately descended from the last Inca, still continue to mourn for him, is a fact well known; and the mournful songs, or yarabiés, which lament that unhappy ransaction, are chanted at this hour.'

Mr. Caldcleugh visited Lopez, the governor of Santa Fé, who, as is not uncommon in revolutions, rose from the ranks. The interview was curious:—

'About nine o'clock the governor, Lopez, made his appearance, and as soon as he was seated in an adjoining hut, I went and paid my compliments to him. I found him mixing brandy and water through a tube, no uncommon way of drinking. He was tall, fairer than usual, and apparently thirty years of age. He had the mark of a dreadful sabre cut over his right eye. After the usual salutation, we proceeded to talk of the war and its present appearances; of Buenos Ayres and Cordova; but of Chile and Peru he scarcely knew where they were, and cared little about them. He was extremely frank, told me he knew where Ramirez, the commander of the Orientales, was posted, and added that on Friday he should attack him and cut off his head. In conclusion, I begged to know whether I could be so fortunate as to carry his excellency's despatches to Buenos Ayres? His reply was "Tengo,"*

'Lopez had been for several years a private in the Santa Fé army, before an opportunity occurred of showing his courage and talents for command. He soon rose, however, and, when no higher than a major, was named by the troops governor and captain-general. After his elevation to this rank, various disturbances on all sides afforded him the means of still further distinguishing himself; and it is but proper to state that, putting aside a slight tendency to harshness, he has conducted the affairs of the province with considerable skill. In the year following my interview, the Santa Fecinos declared that the usual gradations of military rank were not sufficiently rapid to reward such merit, and they decreed that he be at once named general.

'With regard to his threat against Ramirez, he put it into execution. On the Friday after, Lopez attacked, beat, and cut off his head, which was successively sent from Cordova to Santa Fé and Buenos Ayres. Nobody regretted the death of this last chief—he was a perfect untaught Gaucho, with considerable natural talents. When he marched down against Buenos Ayres, he remained outside the town, and received the visits of many who were desirous of beholding so singular a character. When matters went as he desired, he seemed to possess scarcely

* 'I have.'

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sufficient life to utter "Esta muy bien,"—it is all very well; but if thwarted in his schemes, his eyes flashed like a wild cat's, and nothing could restrain him. With Lopez he was for some time united in what appeared the strongest bands of friendship. Conjointly they attacked Buenos Ayres, and were successful; but the latter power, by dint of great expense, contrived to make them implacable enemies. Ramirez preserved, on this occasion, the most perfect discipline among his troops; he issued the usual orders against plunder. One of his soldiers took a poncho from a woman who had approached near the head-quarters; Ramirez, observing her distress, inquired the matter, and drove up his whole force to have the soldier recognised. The woman pointed him out, and the poncho was discovered on him.—"Friend," said the general, "step out and kneel down;" he obeyed, and was shot by him through the head. His method of securing the prisoners was quite novel, but after the taste of the country; he belted them round the waist and arms with a wet hide, which, contracting extremely as it dried, caused, in many instances, their death.

To return to the governor of Santa Fé.—When I heard that his excellency had a person with him who officiated as secretary, I was quite relieved, fearing that, if he took the pen in hand himself, I should not get forward until the next morning. After remaining quietly for two hours, I began to suspect that either the governor had forgotten his dispatch, or intended to send it only the next day. I therefore walked up and down before his quarters for two hours, when at last it appeared. One thing I universally remarked in South America, that the people have no idea of time or space. They can neither distinguish one hour from four, nor a quadra from a league.'

To Mr. Caldcleugh's work, which contains much interesting, but not very well digested information, respecting those important states in South America, he has added an appendix, principally of documents connected with the subject. There are also a few engravings, but they are not very well executed, nor are the subjects very striking.

The Leper of Aoste; a Fragment, translated from the French. 12mo. pp. 79. Sherwood and Co.

TRADITION relates that near the city of Aoste was an old castle, in which a tyrannical count, in the fifteenth century, allowed his wife to die with hunger:—at a short distance was a humble tower, in which, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a leper found an asylum, and received subsistence from the hospital of St. Maurice; an interview between this outcast from the world and a soldier, who, in the year 1797, entered the gate of the castle, and conversed with him, forms the subject of this fragment, which possesses a melancholy and painful interest. Pity for the wretched individual who dreaded a human being coming in contact with him is the emotion it is calculated to excite; and this we involuntarily feel in the perusal of this little work.

A Set of Tables of all the Measures of Capacity used generally and provincially within the Dominions, at Home and Abroad, of the British Empire; as collected by orders of Government: and the Wine, Ale, Irish, and Winchester Measures, actually shown in Imperial Measure, as required by Act of Parliament. Together with a variety of other Tables upon the same Subject By WILLIAM GUTTERIDGE, Gauger. 12mo. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

ALTHOUGH nearly thirty centuries have elapsed 'since the wisest man the world e'er saw' declared that 'divers weights and divers measures, both of them alike, are an abomination to the Lord,' and although it was one of the doctrines of our Magna Charta, that there shall be but one weight and one measure throughout the realm, yet certain it is that these precepts, both human and divine, have been disregarded, and that our weights and measures vary extremely in different parts of the country: the inconvenience of such a system has been necessarily felt; and the present ministers, discarding all the petty prejudices which had before clouded or injured so many administrations, have had the courage to reduce our measures to one common standard, founded on philosophical principles. It is true that persons possessing the old measures are not forced into the immediate adoption of the new standard; it is only necessary 'that the ratio or proportion which all such measures and weights shall bear to the standard weights and measures established by this (the new) act, shall become a matter of common notoriety: the ratio or proportion which all such measures shall bear to the said standard measures and weights shall be painted or marked upon all such customary weights and measures respectively.'

This is certainly a great indulgence, but, as the ordinary and imperial measures differ in fractional parts, not easily calculated by ordinary tradesmen, Mr. Gutteridge has prepared a series of valuable tables, in which their relative difference is clearly pointed out. These tables include the conversion of wine and English ale into the imperial measure; the equalization and conversion of Irish liquid into imperial gallons; English Winchester to imperial measure: together with a new set of tables, showing the proportionate charges of the new imperial, as compared with the ordinary wine gallon.

As the new law comes into operation on the 1st of May next, it behoves all wine merchants, licensed victuallers, publicans (and sinners in grain or liquor), all corn merchants, &c. to make themselves well acquainted with the change, and we are not aware of any facility of doing so, equal to an attentive perusal of these tables, which cannot be too widely diffused.

Advice on Playing the Piano-Forte, with Remarks on Singing. 18mo. pp. 62. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THIS is the third edition of an useful little work, calculated for the instruction of children on the piano-forte, with some remarks on singing, worth attending to.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

El Laurel de Apolo. London, 1824. Leclere. and Co.

SPANISH literature, which a few years ago was almost unknown among us, except to a few scholars, has of late received a sudden impulse,* and is cultivated here to a considerable extent; nor have we any doubt but that, as the means of procuring works in that language are facilitated, it will be more and more studied, for it is one of the richest and most expressive of the southern idioms of Europe, and contains treasures that well repay the task of acquiring it. Hitherto Spanish books have been difficult to meet with in this country, and have been very rarely and sparingly imported; but now we have one or two booksellers dealing extensively in them, and not only importing, but occasionally publishing them. The book which we have prefixed to this article is one of those which has issued from the English press; but we cannot say that it appears to us to have been particularly well selected, or one likely to find many readers in this country, although it is the production of no less a writer than the celebrated Lope de Vega Carpio. It is in fact little more than a versified catalogue of Spanish poets, and, therefore, as may be easily conceived, possesses little poetical interest: it might, however, have been rendered really useful to the student of Spanish literature by the addition of biographical and bibliographical notes, and by an index of names: even the latter alone would have been very serviceable. Should such an undertaking seem at all likely to be profitable, we would recommend the publishers to commence a uniform edition, on a small scale, of the best productions of the more voluminous Spanish writers, including a collection of well-chosen tales and narratives. We are of opinion, also, that about a couple of volumes, consisting of the best detached scenes from the fertile stores of the dramatic writers of Spain, would be well received in this country, especially if accompanied by critical and explanatory remarks.

* This impulse has been principally occasioned by the recent political events of Spanish South America. Long debarred from the liberty of thinking freely, the inhabitants are eager to avail themselves of one of the noblest privileges of independence and freedom, and it is to this country at present that they look for literary supplies. In consequence of former restrictions being removed, there has been a great demand for those works hitherto prohibited as *heretical;* and, in order to meet this demand, some speculating and enterprising booksellers in this country have published Spanish translations of several of the most popular French and English writers. We believe that nearly all the Scotch novels have lately received a Spanish dress. In a prospectus appended to a catalogue of Spanish works, by Messrs. Leclere and Co. of the Regent's Quadrant, it is announced, as the intention of that establishment, to reprint editions of Spanish works that are become scarce and out of print, and also to publish translations, in the Spanish language, of all such works, ancient or modern, as are more particularly adapted to the present state of intelligence in Spanish America.

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ORIGINAL.

ON THE MANIA FOR GENTILITY.

Almost every age has its epidemic mania, that sometimes produces matter for laughter, and at others for tears. The mere enumeration of those which history has recorded would fill a volume; indeed, it is often for years but a narrative of the madness of mankind, wars, persecutions, and pageantries: the contentions of empires, superstitions, and modes, are frequently but so many conspicuous instances of the phrenetic folly of humanity.

The present prevailing aberration is a desire of aping the aristocracy. After having been for ages proverbially attached to trade, and acquiring a string of derogatory nicknames, we seem at last to have got above our business, and, like retired dealers, would sink the shop. Several 'light genteel businesses' have grown dissatisfied even with this distinction, and professioned themselves into gentlemen, whilst the regular traders seem ashamed of their employments, and disguise what they cannot deny. The sarcasms of our neighbours will soon be inapplicable: we no longer plead guilty to shopkeeping propensities, but are occupied in commercial avocations or engaged in mercantile pursuits. The counting-house has become an office, and the shop an establishment, whilst both are tenanted by a biformed class, who are patricians one half of their time and plebeians the other,—who worship Mercury in the morning, and sacrifice to the Graces at night.

An epic poet is directed by the critics to avoid an appearance of familiarity in language, and give an air of dignity to his style, by the use of metaphors and foreign derivatives; a rule which has been adopted with exquisite skill by those who are infected with this mania for gentility. Thus, a torturer of hairs is a frisseur or peruquier; a milliner's shop, a magasin des modes; a dealer in feathers has become a plumassier; and a sharper is a chevalier d'industrie. An ear-doctor is an aurist; a corn-cutter a chiropedist; the restaurateur provides us a dejeuner a la fourchette; and we dine at a table d'hote. A milk-woman is transformed into a purveyor; the public are accommodated at an emporium of wares; an artisan has become a machinist; a valet de chambre is a gentleman's gentleman; and the 'spirit of exalted freedom infused into servitude itself' make our maids and footmen condescend to live with us.

Another ingenious way has been discovered of rising above the vulgar, by copying the practices that were peculiar to the aristocracy. It is now as common for a plebeian to flash and flutter in the borrowed notoriety of horses, blacklegs, prostitutes, and prizefists, as it formerly was for a nobleman. The calumniated Southwarkers themselves (accused of being a century behind the rest of the metropolis) have risen from their lethargic sleep, and figure in the annals of gallantry. They have even grown punctilious on 'Change, resigning the merchant's quill for the duellist's pistol, and carrying cards of business and honour in the same pocket, equally prepared for gain or glory, and ready to take your money or your life. Nay, the peculiar pride of nobility 'the bright blazon of the spotless coat,' is borrowed without scruple: our aspiring citizens can no longer bear an 'inglorious obscurity,' but make a daily display of heraldic devices with the most apt misapplication. I am told, a branching pair of antlers is the crest of an honest burgess, though I can discover none of his ancestors who were great hunters, and I believe he never saw a stag-chase but once at Epping; a terrific helmet and nodding plume is the surmounting device of a hatter's arms; and the ensigns armorial of Mr. ———, the furrier, consist of three leopards couchant.

But it is in the increase of *professional gentlemen* that the aristocratical mania is so decidedly shown. The above-mentioned makeshifts, however ingenious, are merely efforts to disguise the truth, which, after all, is but partially concealed. The avocations which give gentility are therefore the general objects of pursuit or envy; and happy is the man who has a profession—happier still he who can live by it. The English, always so celebrated for their healing professors, seemed resolved to increase their caputation, and the sons of Esculapius spring up at every corner, ready, as the case may be, to introduce mankind into this world, or sign their passport for the next: nor, whilst the health of the people is thus attended to, is their property at all neglected. The 'mere mechanical members' of the law are so numerous as to afford matter for wonder how they exist, and if in the multitude of counsellors there be safety, the English people are secure. Even that most beggarly of avocations, the scholar's, is overcrowded, whilst the clergy darken the land like a flight of locusts, coming up into our houses and our chambers, stunning us in the field, and bearding us on the justice-bench, neglecting the eternal welfare of the poor, and assisting the devil in flattering the rich; gormandizing in the hall, tyrannizing in the parish, and meddlingly intrusive in the family; mischievous, in fact, when unengaged in duty, and only contemptible in the pulpit.

The employments, also, which more doubtfully bestow the character of a gentleman, where the rank of the professor depends upon his reputation, are equally overrun. 'Numbers of the lowest vulgar,' by their own folly or that of their parents, are 'taken from the useful arts,' to follow those in which eminence only attains respect, whilst mediocrity can barely procure a subsistence. Professors of painting, sculpture, and architecture, perpetually jostle us, deafening us with philippics against our national barbarity, requiring extensive patronage for the arts, and, by implication, for the ingenious professors who stand before us. Histrionic candidates are continually apppearing,—

'Who strut and fret their hour upon the stage,
And then are heard no more;'

musicians of mature age have increased with even more rapidity than the national taste, and infant prodigies are springing up so rapidly, that precocity of talent ceases to be wonderful, whilst the lowest of the arts is overstocked with practitioners, who seem woefully to feel the disadvantages of competition. The professors of saltation, like the quacks in medicine, disfigure our streets by their rival advertisements, announcing their academies for full-grown gentlemen, and offering (who can desire or expect more) to instruct pupils of any age, in any style or mode of dancing.

What this mania will end in it is not very difficult to determine. Upon these last-mentioned avocations, it will indeed produce but little effect: the majority may pay for their folly by a life of starvation, without doing much injury to those practitioners who derive their lustre from themselves instead of their calling; but on the higher professions this increase of professional men will have a more deteriorating influence. Whilst their members were principally confined to the younger branches of noble or substantial families, the majority were not immediately dependent on their practice for support, and the admittance of more individuals could find employment was an object of little consideration; but when their ranks are swelled by a needy tribe, who must starve or live by their vocation, necessity will force many to the commission of paltry tricks and underhanded practices, in order to procure a subsistence. The public, in a pecuniary point of view, may probably benefit by this, as by other oppositions; but it may destroy the high and liberal spirit becoming the followers of a gentleman's profession, and introduce into employments peculiarly adapted for the younger sons of our nobility and gentry, the pedling and quackery of empiricism, with the forestalling trickery attributed to commerce. Indeed, it appears that, in one of them, conduct more dishonest is a common practice. According to Mr. Adolphus, the difference between the 'profession of the law and a mere trade' is thus exemplified:—the follower of the latter considers himself bound to return payment, if he is unable to fulfil the conditions upon which it was made, whilst the *gentleman* of the bar not only breaks his compact and neglects his duty, endangers your property, or it may be your life, but, after all, retains the fee by which you thought his services were to be secured, or rather—but the act being far from general, we are in want of a word to express the action.

I cannot conclude without noticing another effect which this mania has probably produced. For some years past, a war of rivalship has been carried on between the nobility and gentry and the public in general, the former being anxious to draw a line of demarkation between themselves and their eastern imitators, which they were so anxious to overstep. To accomplish this important undertaking, various plans have been resorted to: the hereditary legislators altered the hours of repast, dined when their ancestors supped, and breakfasted when they dined; they next inverted the order of nature, immersed themselves in cities during summer, spent the Christmas on the sea-coast, went to bed with the stars, and called that part of the day morning when the sun had passed his meridian. All these schemes, however ingenious,

were of no avail. The citizens made a long morning, and dined at night-fall; Russell Square and its vicinities were deserted till January, as was the neighbourhood of the 'Change till ten a. m. (though even then the yawns of many gave token of drowsiness), whilst the walls of Cheapside, as well as of Old Bond Street, echoed to good morning as the sun declined. A few of the patricians attempted to dazzle by splendour, but this was Lombard Street to a bit of riband,—it was meeting the 'Change upon its own ground, and they were beaten without a chance. They next tried the effect of outré equipage and dress; but there were as many fools in one part of London as the other: the east end beaux patronized coachmen's coats and imitatives mail-carts; but the similarity went no further, for they paid for them. The aristocracy were now at a stand, when some ingenious members determined to improve upon the Parthian principle, and vanquish their opponents by retrograding, and thus, whilst the middling classes of society are doing all they can to act like gentlemen, it is apparently the aim of the higher to behave exactly the reverse. NOTER.

THE PRESS—THE MIGHTY PRESS!

THE press has been justly called 'a lever by which to move the world,' and surely we who are living at a period in which its powers are applied like the trunk of the elephant, not only to grapple with the strong and attack the great affairs of life, but to pick up the smallest and investigate the most hidden, are called upon to examine the good or evil of that which we constantly encourage and increase, probably with little reference as to its eventual effects, and without once dreaming that it ought to be a matter of conscientious consideration.

Yet, quietly as we sail with the stream, in pursuit of amusement, down the columns of The Times, The Chronicle, or John Bull, it is certain not one man among us in half a million is uninfected with the dread of Sir David Daw, who considered it a most awful threat to 'put his name in print.' Even those daring wights, yclped authors, though now-a-days so numerous a band that no one need be afraid of standing alone in any party, however small, and whose offences seem more likely to be judged by their peers than any other class,—even they, with all their pretensions to reason and their passion for fame, yet possess the same instinctive dread, and would prefer never seeing their proper names in any place but a title-page or an advertisement, if custom had not, in the present day, called for the aid of reviewers, and even rendered their *silence* a species of infliction. How these finely organized beings writhe under the punishment too often unwisely bestowed, can only be even guessed by those who have seen the nervous agitation, the acute suffering, evidenced by the pallid countenance, the sleepless eye, and the languid frame, as we have. The same remark holds good with all professors of the fine arts—the pleasure of praise does not atone in any case for the pain of censure, for, as every man thinks well of his own works, and builds up for himself a little temple of renown, arising out of their supposed merit, so will he remain perfectly at ease on the subject, if no rude critic tears the film from his sight, compels him to see unwelcome errors, and obligingly informs his friends, through the same medium, that their lately worshipped idol might now 'be written down an ass.'

How many authors and artists, in days of old, enjoyed this happy ignorance, and laid down in the dust, rejoicing in the immortality of those bays which withered ere the sods on their heads were dry; or which, perhaps, were never green, save in their own eyes, for it is not in the nature of things that that which is in itself worthless should flourish. As individuals, these persons were unquestionably enviable, but, as far as regards society, the reverse is the truth; correction might have improved them, severity might have excited them. If the true germ was in them, good would have arisen; if it were not, the false might have been annihilated at once, and a spoiler of pens and paper restored to his true station in society, and no longer 'leave his business for that idle trade.'

It may perhaps be questioned, whether a period in the civilized world ever did exist when a man could so repose upon his laurels, since squibs and lampoons, private sneers and sarcasms, probably did the business of reviewers before their reign, and with more caustic effect. Allowing this to be the case, yet we must suppose it was exercised only on *great* subjects—the heads of the *tallest* poppies might be felled, but multitudes of flowers and weeds in the same garden remained untouched: it is only in our own times that the multiplicity of books meets with a corresponding multiplicity of censors, and that, with most amiable liberality of attention, we are enabled to promise that no man 'shall 'scape a whipping.'

But the universality of writers and readers has, within the present century, led to a much more serious extension of the power of the press, than that deemed hitherto its legitimate subjects of animadversion. Authors, artists, actors, and almanack-makers, were commented upon in print in olden times; but now, to use Parliamentary language, 'the custom has increased and is increasing:' gentle reader, you and your arm-chair, and the very cat purring on your lap, with a subdued respiration, least she should interrupt your reading,—even the fair partner of your comforts, now pouring out your excellent Bohea, may be all put into a newspaper before the next week is out. If once you are there, who knows what kind of a figure you may cut?—If you should be served up in The Herald, depend upon it you will be so caricatured, wire-drawn, and transmogrified, your own child won't know you. How can you escape this, being liable, in common with all of us, to robbery, fire, imposition, and the thousand ills which lead men *per force* to public offices. Have you West India property, and desire to keep it?—The Whig papers will exhibit you as a dealer in human blood, a fattener on sighs and groans. Do you protest on conscientious grounds against such things?—John Bull may expose you as a saint, and rake up the follies of your youth to prove you a sinner.

We have heard of 'every man having a window in his breast,' and, certainly, we live in times when every man seems not only to have a window to his most private actions, but neighbours willing to look through it and report all they see. The great question is, 'will this universality of inquisitorial examination aid the cause of morality, by creating circumspection, and inducing us to weigh the events of action? or will it only harden us in our vices, by the frequency of exposure and the multitude of associates in sin and its punishments, which such a system will necessarily afford us?'

To these queries may be added this very important one—'Will the sufferings of those who are dragged forward in such a manner, although innocent of all fault, be compensated by the just flagellation bestowed on the guilty, in cases where exposure alone can give them their due, and—

'Make those tremble who escape the law?'

These are matters of serious cogitation for us all. The inquiry is not what each would choose for himself or his friend, nor what, from his personal feelings as a very sensitive or a very imperturbable man, he would shrink from on the one hand, or defy on the other. In cases of this kind, we have all some acquaintance who would almost wither and die, like a blighted bud, from a stroke of publicity, at which another would only laugh. No; we must look at the thing as it operates in society, as it affects the manners and morals of the *great* mass; we must consider how far it is a mode of dispensing justice on a broad principle, or of increasing the power of injury possessed by coarse spirits over those of a more delicate organization. The most important point, however, is this: can any good arise to society from the adoption of a system (every day encroaching) of giving publicity to private actions, equivalent to the pleasures of confidence and friendship? which will hereby daily decline, in consequence of the fear and suspicion attached to all communication!

That much may be said on both sides we are fully persuaded; yet being, on the whole, inclined to think that the press, with all its errors, is doing more good than evil in the world,—by which term we at present mean the *periodical* press,—we shall, next week, resume the subject, to which our present consideration was led in consequence of the recent appearance of a work which seems more likely to do harm, by disseminating scandalous anecdote, than any which has lately appeared, and which, therefore, calls upon every thinking man to remember his own weight as an individual, to encourage or repel that which is good or evil. B.

THEANY-DAY BOOK: THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I know no study more important, or half so interesting, as that which connects events with dates. The French have a very voluminous work on the art of verifying dates, and it is a science which I carry so far as to

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record, in my Every-Day Book, the day, hour, and minute, if possible, when my first snowdrop peeps forth,—when my favourite ranunculus buds,—when the cat kittens,—and when my wife makes all her pickles and preserves, not only registering with great care the dates of the latter, but inscribing them, in legible characters, on the covers of the respective jars.

Forty years' close attention to days, and their attendant events, which I have faithfully chronicled in three hundred and sixty-five folio volumes, have of course given me most ample materials; and these I propose to communicate to the world, through the medium of your excellent journal, provided you can afford me, and my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, room for twelve pages, and twice twelve guineas, weekly, for the next seven hundred and thirty years. It would, however, be too much to expect you to rush at once into an engagement of this sort, without knowing something of my talents, and having a specimen of my work. I beg pardon, for, if I am not much, very much mistaken, the latter will supersede all necessity as to the former; besides, literary men have an instinctive repugnance to inquiries into their character.

I shall first commence with January, which is famous for foul weather, short days, the execution of the two monarchs of England and France, Charles I. and Louis XVI.; as well as for the birth of Lord Byron and Mr. Figgins, citizen and drysalter of the ward of Cheap. Mr. Figgins gave promise of being a great man, and rising to the highest eminence in literature: but, alas! he became a citizen and drysalter, and his talents were at once in a pretty pickle. He was, however, the very identical person Gray had in his eye when he wrote the well-known stanza,—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

It would have afforded me much pleasure to have identified the birth of Shakspeare with the first of January; the first of men should certainly have been born on the first of January. With what eclat would a new year then have commenced; and, no doubt, could the immortal bard have had his wish, he would not have waited until the 23rd of April, to come into the world. It is, however, a very extraordinary circumstance, and no less true than extraordinary, that a man cannot be born when he pleases, and that he really has no more influence over his destiny before he comes into the world than he has afterwards. Even monarchs have no influence in this respect, or how would it have gladdened the heart of his present most gracious Majesty, to have first appeared in his heir-apparent dominions on the 23rd of April; when he would not have had occasion to change the celebration of the anniversary of that event from the 12th of August to St. George's Day.

A thought strikes me—there's nothing like precedent; by this happy means, what yesterday was fact to day is doctrine: the King has changed the day of his birth, and the author of the Worthies of Ireland says, the accidental circumstance of a man being born in France, and of Scotch parents, is no reason why he should not be considered as an Irishman. On this principle, then, and it is incontrovertible, I propose that Shakspeare's birthday be changed from the 23rd of April to the 1st of January.

What an extraordinary circumstance that King George should be born on the 12th of August, and Shakspeare on St. George's day! This singular anomaly has attracted the attention of the Royal Society of Literature, who have offered a premium for the best explanation of the cause of so singular a circumstance. As the point is happily one of fact only, and not merely a question of opinion, the arbitrators will have no difficulty in deciding on the merits of the several competitors.

There are a few other important events connected with the first of January. It was on this day that Sir Walter Scott first toddled alone, that Tom Moore was first breeched, and that Tom Campbell first lisped in numbers. in an epigram to a favourite black cat, in which he happily satirizes the conduct of his father's servant. Of this *morceau* I have luckily got a copy, and now for the first time give it to the public:—

'My name is Tom, and you are a tom cat,
But what care either you or I for that?
You are no friend to me; neither
Is our Molly a friend to either.'

The first of January, too, is remarkable for being the day on which Joe Grimaldi first grinned—an event never to be forgotten; it was the day on which Ex-Sheriff Parkins was born, an event ever to be regretted; but were I to tell you all that has occurred on the first of January, 'the line would stretch out to the crack of doom,' or at least stretch so far as to anticipate a large portion of those valuable articles, by which I expect both you, Mr. Editor, and myself, to make an ample fortune; therefore, for the present, *vive vale*. Your's, &c.

AN EVERY-DAY BODY.

SHAKSPEARE'S CHAIR, ALIAS IRELAND'S.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In your notice of Boaden's recently published book,—I will not call it a Life of Kemble,—you have mentioned Ireland, and his celebrated hoax of 'Vortigern and Rowena;' which has called to mind a certain chair, that I met with not a long while back, in the shop of Mr. Kelley, a highly respectable shopkeeper in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn. Having some business with him, I had seated myself in the aforesaid chair, which stands by his counter, when, upon my admiring the extreme solidity and apparent antiquity of it, he told me I was sitting in *Shakspeare's chair*, and, in proof of it, pointed out to me the arms of the poet and his initials carved in the back of it. Being a little incredulous, I did not admit these matters to be at all a proof of what he asserted; I could not but admit that it had all the appearance of being coeval with our immortal bard, but my scepticism required better evidence to confirm the presumed fact of the piece of furniture having been his. Upon a little further inquiry, I found that Mr. Kelley had got this chair of Ireland, and it at once occurred to my mind, that it had been part and parcel of his deception in the matters of Vortigern and Rowena, and I more than suspected, and do still more than suspect, that the arms and the initials were the work of Ireland himself, or some friend of his, concerned in that plot on the play-going and play-reading public. Be this as it may, Mr. Kelley told me he had been offered ten guineas for it *without any warranty*, and that, a short time back, some lady had borrowed it of him to take a sketch of it; so much importance being still attached to this Shakspearian chair of Ireland's, but which, I have no doubt, is as much a forgery as the play. Your mention of William Henry Ireland, and his dramatic imposition, recalled this circumstance to my mind, and, if you do not think it too trifling for the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, it is much at your service.

CROCKERY, JUN.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS AND ALBUMS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—In your column entitled 'The Bee,' I saw, a week or two since, some reference made to a book called 'The Chimney-sweeper's Album,' tending to place it in a ridiculous point of view: a circumstance which could only have arisen from the writer's ignorance of the book. I am certain your bee would have found honey in the Album more sweet to his heart than any play of wit such a black and white subject could offer to his fancy, had it really fallen into his hands, and, therefore, I will not apologize for offering a short account of it.

The design of the Album is twofold, partly to render the situation of those poor little wretches called 'climbing-boys,' objects of universal attention and commiseration, and partly to assist certain funds subscribed for the purpose of bringing their hard state into Parliament, and furthering the use of machinery, to supersede their labour. The work originated with that excellent poet and admirable man, Mr. Montgomery, who wrote to a great number of authors, requesting each to provide an article for the purpose; and, since all answered his letters, in terms of approbation as to the design, it is to be regretted that they held the subject too much in view, and, because it was certainly a very unpoetical one, did not offer a substitute; in consequence of which, the 'Chimney-sweeper's Album' is not so rich as it ought to have been, although far from contemptible.

One half of the book, and in my opinion far the most interesting half, is occupied with details of the hardships suffered by these poor children, as given in evidence before the House of Commons, where a bill passed for abolishing this species of home slavery, but which was lost in the Lords. There is something in these simple truths, homely as they are, which any person of humanity must feel, and they are so presented as to be read

with great interest. The rest of the volume has various pieces of poetry, by the editor, but, it is true, I cannot say his best; a very beautiful narrative poem, by a lady of Hull, whose name I have forgotten; an essay by Mrs. Sterndale, who wrote 'Vignettes of Derbyshire;' some exquisite stanzas by Neele; very affecting, and, as I fear, true story, by Mrs. Holland; and several poetic effusions, of considerable merit, by friends of Mr. Montgomery.

If, by rendering a work, highly meritorious in its design, more known, I should be the means of exciting any person to think on the subject of these infant sufferers, I shall be truly happy, for it is certain that we daily give attention to things far less worthy of it, and that, within the last few days, the public journals have given a new instance of suffering, which indicates the necessity of examining it. I am, sir,

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALEXANDER TILLOCH, LL. D.

A LIFE devoted to literature or science rarely presents those incidents which are considered most interesting to biography; the individual who has but one pursuit in view holds on the even tenour of his way without mixing in those scenes which, although they might enrich his memoirs with anecdote, would probably defeat the first purpose of his heart. There is, however, not only a gratification, but an instructive lesson, to be acquired in tracing the progress of genius from an acorn until it becomes a giant oak, and, if it does not raise its head over the forest, takes a grand station there.

The unobtrusive habits and dispositions of men of letters often prevent us from learning the secret springs and impulses by which their pursuits have been directed, and we only know them by their fruits; and, although the writer of this memoir was long and intimately acquainted with the much-regretted subject of it, yet he fears it will not only be considered an imperfect, but a feeble tribute to his memory.

Alexander Tilloch was a native of Glasgow, where he was born on the 28th of February, 1759; his parents were highly respectable, and he received, what in Scotland is more easily attained than in England,—a college education. We are not aware that in his youth he particularly distinguished himself by his studies; indeed, he was constitutionally a deep thinker, and consequently his education was more solid than specious. Glasgow is a great trading town—by commerce its sons have acquired wealth, and it was natural enough that a young man, who had not displayed any extraordinary inclination for any particular profession should be destined to a pursuit in which the great mass of his fellow citizens were engaged. A mind like that of Mr. Tilloch could not, however, brook the drudgery of trade, and while yet a very young man, we find him devoting his attention to an improvement in printing, although at that time scarcely acquainted with the manual process of the art: how successful he was will at once be perceived, when we state that he discovered and practised stereotype printing.

We shall perhaps be told that this art was practised by Vander Mey and Mullen, at Leyden, about the end of the sixteenth century, and some antiquaries even assert that it was known to the Romans. Without, however, entering into an inquiry which, however interesting, is foreign to our present purpose, we may remark that the art was lost, and that at the death of Vander Mey the art of printing with solid blocks ceased. It is true that about the year 1725 Mr. Ged, a jeweller of Edinburgh, though unacquainted with what Vander Mey had done, devised the plan of printing from plates, and, in 1736, with the aid of a son whom he had apprenticed to a printer, published an edition of Sallust, which was printed from metallic plates. Another work, 'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' was also printed by the Geds in 1742; but so much was this art undervalued, that these works were the only evidences of the art Ged has left; and when, in 1751, his son attempted to prosecute it, he met with so little encouragement that he abandoned his design, and went to Jamaica, where he died. With him the art sunk a second time into utter oblivion.

To Alexander Tilloch the public is indebted for the second revival, or rather discovery (and such, in fact, it really was), of stereotype printing; for, in a brief account which he published in The Philosophical Magazine, vol. 10, he states, in a manner which must convince the most sceptical, that he made the discovery without knowing any thing whatever of Ged's previous attempts. Like Ged, he was no printer himself, and was led solely by the force of what logicians call the *sufficient reason* to see that founding whole plates of types was quite as practicable a thing as founding single types. He communicated his ideas on the subject to Mr. Foulis, the eminent printer to the University of Glasgow, who furnished him with a page of types ready set up, or composed, for his first experiment, which had sufficient success to induce him to try others, and convinced Mr. Foulis that plates could be produced capable of yielding impressions not to be distinguished from those taken from types. Mr. Tilloch and Mr. Foulis agreed to prosecute the art in partnership. They took out patents for it in England and Scotland; and several small volumes were actually printed from plates made by them, and the impressions sold to the booksellers, without any intimation of their being printed out of the common way. Circumstances of a private nature induced them to lay aside the business for a time, and others supervened to prevent them ever resuming it. 'At the time of the discovery,' says Mr. Tilloch, with a great deal of philosophic candour, 'I flattered myself that we were original; and with these sanguine ideas, which are natural to a young man, indulged the hopes of reaping some fame at least from the discovery; nay, I was even weak enough to feel vexed when I afterwards found that I had been anticipated by a Mr. Ged of Edinburgh, who had printed books from letter-press plates about fifty years before. The knowledge of this fact lessened the value of the discovery so much in my estimation, that I felt but little anxiety to be known as a second inventor; and, but for the persevering attempts of others to deprive Ged of the fame his memory so justly merits, and which he dearly earned, I might still have remained silent.'

The attempts here alluded to were made by the French, who are never behind-hand in claiming the merit of a new discovery.

From Glasgow Mr. Tilloch came to London, where, soon after his arrival, he became one of the proprietors of The Star evening newspaper: about this time, the events in France assumed an absorbing interest, and the attention of Mr. Tilloch was diverted from studies more congenial to his taste and habits to politics; he took an active share in conducting that journal, and the articles he wrote were distinguished by their vigour and independence. His mind, however, soon turned to his favourite studies, and, perceiving the want of a monthly scientific journal, he commenced The Philosophical Magazine, which he conducted with great ability; latterly, in conjunction with his able coadjutor, Mr. Taylor. This has been followed by several works of a similar nature, so that almost every science has its distinct journal.

Dr. Tilloch was always an active philanthropist, and he saw with pain and regret the numerous victims which every year suffered for forging Bank of England notes: he rationally felt, that in proportion as forgery was rendered difficult, it would be unfrequent; and he devoted his whole soul to the plan of making such a note as it would be impossible to imitate without detection. In this he felt assured he had succeeded, and he submitted the result of his labours to the governor and directors of the Bank of England. We are far from thinking that these gentlemen did not regret the loss of life their prosecutions annually occasioned, but certain it is that they long issued notes which an engraver's apprentice, who had only been a few months at the business, might imitate, so as to evade ordinary scrutiny. They listened to Mr. Tilloch, admired the ingenuity of the note he exhibited, but did nothing more: so true is the observation of Pope, that—

'Truths would you teach, and save a sinking land,—
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.'

The Bank of England did not adopt the proposed plan, or indeed any other; and, although Dr. Tilloch had devoted years to nature it, and had incurred great expenses, yet he got no compensation; perhaps he disdained to ask it, for the Bank Directors are too liberal a body to be suspected of refusing so fair a claim. The note invented by Dr. Tilloch is extremely curious, but, although we have one of them before us, we are quite at a loss to describe it; we trust, however, that the process by which it was obtained has not perished with its ingenious inventor.

The steam-engine was another subject to which Dr. Tilloch devoted his comprehensive

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mind, and we have the best reasons for stating that the improvement made on this useful and mighty machine which goes under the name of Woolf's engine, were suggested and matured principally by Dr. Tilloch; nor did even age or sickness prevent his labours in order to render the steam-engine still more complete, for, among the list of new patents, we find one dated the 11th of January last, only fifteen days before his death, 'To Alexander Tilloch, of Islington, Doctor of Laws, for his invention or discovery of an improvement in the steam-engine, or in the apparatus connected therewith, and also applicable to other useful purposes.' We trust that this discovery will not be lost to the world, and we intreat his executors to examine, with great care, the papers Dr. Tilloch has left, not doubting but that some of his valuable observations and inventions may be recorded and rendered available.

It was not, however, either to political or scientific subjects that Dr. Tilloch confined his inquiries; he was even partial to theological subjects, and about twelve months ago published a work, on which he had been long engaged, on the Apocalypse. This volume was introductory, and had his health permitted, would have been followed by others on the same subject; it is allowed to be a masterly performance displaying much critical acumen, lingual knowledge, patient investigation, and deep research.

Dr. Tilloch was somewhat of a connoisseur; he has left a few good pictures, a valuable, though not large, collection of medals, an excellent library, and several articles which exhibit a fine taste; the library and medals will, we believe, be sold in the course of the spring, and are well worthy the attention of the public.

In private life, Dr. Tilloch was particularly amiable, in conversation at once cheerful and profound; he possessed great acuteness of observation, and an uncompromising firmness of character: his style of writing was rather strong than elegant, but generally apposite to the subject in hand, and he was never verbose.

We have already stated that Dr. Tilloch was a proprietor of The Star newspaper; he also for many years took an active share in conducting that journal, but other subjects began to attract his attention, and, for the last five years, The Star has been principally, and for the last four years, entirely under the direction of the gentleman who at present conducts it; indeed, the extreme ill health of Dr. Tilloch, for upwards of four years, wholly incapacitated him for the active duties of a daily journal, and few persons, except those of an active mind like himself, would have been able to devote any time to pursuits, literary or scientific. Severe, indeed, were his sufferings, and for three years at least, we believe, he was unable to sleep in his bed; at length, Death (and in such a case he could scarcely be unwelcome) released him from all his sufferings, on the 26th of January last. In person, Dr. Tilloch was rather tall, and well proportioned, with a fine intellectual countenance. He has left one daughter, married to Mr. Galt, the author of The Annals of the Parish, and we know not how many more popular Scotch novels.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE RECENT DEATH OF A BELOVED RELATIVE.

I saw her as in agony she lay
Upon her death-couch.—Gracious heaven! long years
Had flown away since last, in happy days,
That face of paleness and of sorrow I
Beheld with beauty crowned. Ah me, how changed!—
The marble brow was there, but O, how wan!
And on it stood the cold and clammy drops
That suffering nature weeps at every pore,
When soul and body, those companions dear,
Take their eternal parting!—Still there strayed
Upon that brow a raven-shining lock,
Half veiling her sweet eye, like a dark cloud
Upon the sunny west, when the evening ray
Struggles to fling its farewell glory forth —
And O, how changed that cheek, o'er which the rose—
The laughing rose—of high intelligence
Spread its vermilion bloom, and sweetly won
The homage of the heart—the ghastly hue
And dimness of a long dark night usurp
That shrine of loveliness, through which the soul
Shone forth in all its immortality
Of energy and thought, as sunbeams dart
Through the deep crimson-blushing clouds of morn.
Her lips, that once were of the rosebud's dye,
That peeps the green moss through, are paler now
Than the last snowdrop flower!—What wreck is here!
O, there is nothing left of beauty's pomp
Save the full darkness of her star-like eye,
That twinkles feebly o'er the evening cloud
Ere its eternal sitting!
O, to me
This change is sudden, sad, and terrible!
As if a western hurricane had pass'd
Athwart an island paradise, and turned
To desolate ruin all its blooming bowers!
O, as I on thy faded form do gaze,
The thoughts of other days rush o'er my soul:
Thy death-dimmed countenance on me reflects,
Like the pale moon, the shadows of past joys;
When in our early days we walked the groves,
The summer groves, and heard the mountain lark
Pour her sun-lighted music to the morn;
Or listened, in the wood-bower's primrose shade,
To notes of thrush or purple-bosomed dove—
When, on the ocean marge, at set of sun,
We wandered, hand in hand, while from the waves,
And their dim caverns, came aerial strains
Upon the sea-breeze wild, that seemed the song
Of mermaids on some distant surge-laved rock,
Blessing the beauteous peacefulness that reigned
O'er earth and sea and sky.
Then first I dared,
With feeble hand, my new-strung harp to wake,
While on my simple lay thou kindly smil'dst,
Like star-attended Dian, when she flings
Aside her silvery veil, and to the song,—
The first soft song—of the young nightingale,
Her own loved minstrel of the forest, lists.—
Ah, in those hours what dreams of happiness
Our warm imaginations pictured forth,
And fondly thought that Time to them would give
Reality and substance—fondly thought
The world, which lay before us dress'd in flowers
And sunlight smiles, was one vast paradise
Of joy and splendour.—Fate soon parted us,—
And soon I found the world a howling waste,
A desert, beat with storms, whose horrid shades
Haunted a thousand cruel beasts of prey!
Where all the flowers that happiness put forth
Withered beneath chill sorrow's baneful drops,
And pleasure's beam, with momentary glance,
Shone 'mid the clouds of care, as sunlight gleams
Across the darkened firmament, and dies
Amid the thunder-tempest!—Years have pass'd,
And borne their load of misery along,—
And now we meet again, to part for ever!
And this is earth!
O, never, never, till this gloomy hour
Did I mean weeping o'er a dying friend!—
In all the agonies I have endured,
That anguish still was spared me.
'Cease those tears,'
Faintly she whispered, 'do not mourn for me:
I'm past all tears, and dry is sorrow's fount—
I have lost sight of the dull shades of life,
Where all at best is bitterness and change:
The glorious scenes of immortality
Are dawning brighter on me every hour!
There shines a splendour inexpressible,
To which the stars and sunbeams shadows are!
It is the light that from the portal streams
Of heaven and blessedness—no mortal tongue
Can paint what I behold around the gates
Of new Jerusalem—what shapes of pomp
And an unworldly glory wait me there!
I see them brightest when these eyes are closed,
And every earthly object quite shut out.—
O, haste to follow me—the pangs of death
Will soon be o'er—farewell, a last farewell!
Till we shall meet where parting is no more.'

Lulworth Cottage, Jan. 26, 1825. J. P. P.

FINE ARTS.

PARIS IN LONDON.

The Model of Paris now exhibiting at the Western Exchange, Bond Street, is but a very moderate and unsatisfactory kind of affair: it is, in fact, rather clumsily executed than otherwise, nor does it display altogether the best taste; for the pavement of the streets is left quite white,—which is by no means the true Parisian complexion,—and the houses seem to be all of one pattern, and possess as little of the physiognomy of those of the French capital as can well be imagined, being merely general indications of houses, without any attempt at character or verisimilitude. We certainly did not expect to find the fac-simile of each individual dwelling, but we did hope to see a greater degree of accuracy. Such licenses induce us very much to question the exactness of the model as to many other particulars, and we doubt whether the streets are laid down with any precision, either as to width or as to the height of the buildings. We observed to the attendant, that there was no scale marked on any part of it, to enable the spectator to judge of the proportions, on which he informed us that the model was one-thousandth part of Paris itself, which was really a very stupendous piece of information, for we did not know before that the

metropolis of the *Grande Nation* occupied no more ground than the site of our St. Paul's. Even the public buildings, and those architectural objects which ought to have been so furnished as to bear a minute inspection, are but clumsily executed, and are in a style more resembling the little sugar-plum edifices of a confectioner than any thing else; and are of one uniform cold chalky hue. If not all, at least the nearer edifices ought to have exhibited somewhat of neatness and of detail; this, however, is so far from being the case, that the *Barrieres*, many of which are very ornamental structures, are done in a bungling manner. Those who know nothing whatever of Paris,—who have not even studied a map of it, may perhaps be interested in this model, and learn something from it; but few besides will derive either pleasure or information from it; and many will, we have no doubt, be, like ourselves, much disappointed.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—*Masaniello* reigned but one night at this theatre. Why the piece was withdrawn we know not, for we have certainly seen many dramas more decisively condemned, and yet tried for a few nights. We hear that it was withdrawn on account of Mr. Kean's refusing to appear in it a second time. There is no other novelty at this theatre. Kean plays tragedy twice a week to excellent houses.—On Monday night, when he played Glo'ster, in *Richard the Third*, the receipts were £512. The oratorios at this house commence to-morrow (Friday) evening. They boast much attraction, and commence with a new cantata, by Weber, whose fame, as a composer, has been fixed in this country by the excellent music in his *Der Freischutz*. We, of course, shall reserve our opinion until we hear the piece.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—Miss Foote is still the magnet of attraction here, and all the country managers are contending for her, offering about five times the salary they would have given her six months ago. The oratorios have commenced under the direction of Mr. Hawes; they are well got up, and the talents of Braham, Sapio, Miss Paton, Miss Graddon, Miss Stephens, &c. can scarcely fail to be attractive.

English Opera-House.—Mr. Bartley has resumed his admirable astronomical lectures at this theatre; he illustrates this interesting science by some beautiful machinery.

Sadler's Wells is to open on a grand scale, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Dibdin. The house will be much enlarged and splendidly decorated.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

We understand that Mr. Nichols, that Nestor of literature, has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a collection of the Progresses, Processions, and Public Entertainments of King James the First, printed uniformly with the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth. It will contain (by the kind communications of numerous literary friends) many interesting particulars, never before published, of the king's welcome reception in various corporation towns, and of his entertainment in the hospitable mansions of the nobility and gentry whom he honoured by his visits. Complete copies are also repinted of several tracts of extreme rarity, not to be separately obtained but at an enormous expense; amongst which are all the masques at court, during the 22 years of that monarch's reign, including those performed by the gentlemen of the inns of court, and as many of the London Pageants of the period as can be met with. Illustrated by historical, topographical, biographical, and bibliographical notes, collected during the researches of not less than half a century.—This work is printed uniformly with the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth; and will form three handsome volumes.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	9 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 9 o'clock Noon.	Weather
Feb. 18	45	45	45	30 06	Rain.
.... 19	45	49	46	.. 25	Cloudy.
.... 2	47	51	42	.. 35	Fair.
.... 21	37	43	39	.. 50	Foggy.
.... 22	38	44	36	.. 42	Fair.
.... 23	35	38	37	.. 30	Cloudy.
.... 24	37	40	37	.. 35	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

CALCULATIONS ON THE AGE OF MAN.

Supposing a person to have completed his sixty-second year, he will have lived 22,630 days, 543,120 hours, 32,587,200 minutes, and his pulse will have throbbed, reckoning 74 pulsations in a minute, upwards of 2,411 millions of times. R. D. S.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

As the fair rose exceeds its prickly shell,
So wisdom's flowers the brairs of wit excel;
Learn, then, betimes her sacred laws to prize,
And rightly judge of witty men and wise.

THE TAILOR'S IMPROMPTU.

Young Edward's a man of a thousand, you say,
Indeed a most *promising* youth;
He *promises* well, but I'd rather he'd *pay*,
If you wish me to tell you the truth.

The Stirrup Cup.—The cordial stirrup cup of the Scotch and Irish has its origin in the parting cup, the *poculum boni genii*, of the ancients. When the Roman supper was ended, as it began, with libations to the gods, prayers were offered for the safety and prosperity of the host, whose health was drunk at the same time, during the reign of the Cæsars, as that of the emperor; and a last cup was quaffed to one general 'good night.' This custom, which was continued for ages, was long religiously adhered to by our hospitable ancestors, until it was exploded by the cold refinement of modern manners.

Musical Precocity.—Samuel Wesley, the brother of Charles, when three years old, attempted to play 'God save the King,' 'Fisher's Minuet,' and other tunes; and before he was nine years of age, he composed several oratorios, particularly the oratorio of Ruth, composed when he was only eight years old. Dr. Boyce, being on a visit to old Mr. Wesley, was shown this oratorio, when, after perusing it with great attention, he praised it in terms of the highest admiration, and said, 'Nature has given to this child, by intuition, what it has cost me many years of close application to acquire.'

Antidotes and Provocatives.—The ancients imagined that certain plants possessed the quality of preventing intoxication; and, with that view, they bound their heads with wreaths of ivy, vervain, and parsley; yet, with whimsical inconsistency, they used provocatives to promote drinking, which may fairly vie with the anchory toasts and devilled biscuits of the moderns. In Horace, we are told that,—

'Stew'd shrimps and Afric cockles shall excite
A jaded drinker's languid appetite.'

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING MISS TREE'S FAVOURITE AIR, 'BID ME DISCOURSE.'

Lady, your tones, so sweet and free,
Would make bad singers pout;
For though you may not be *A Tree*,
You are a *branch* no doubt.

STRAPPING.

The ladies, God bless 'em, go tighter than ever,
They're *waisted* away, and all strapp'd up so clever,
While around their fine flounces so gaily are flapping,
That they must not much wonder, if husbands so surly,
When wishing to please their *dear* wives, late or early,
Should give, what they seem so to love,—
a good strapping! J. M. L.

Works published since our last notice.—Collier's Poet's Pilgrimage, small 4to.—Going Too Far, 2 vols. 12s.—Gray's Observations on a General Iron-Railway, 5th edition, enlarged, 8s. 6d.—Sir W. Adams's Actual State of the Mexican Mines.—Shades of Character, 3 vols. 23s.—Letters on the State of Ireland, 8vo. 8s.—Nicolas's Catalogue of Heralds' Visitations, 5s.—Percival's Veterinary Lectures, part 2, 8vo. 18s.—A Day in Stowe Gardens, 9s.—Smithers's Liverpool, 8vo. 14s.—Brooker's History of St. Helena, 8vo. 12s.—Lake's Journal of the Chilian Army, 8vo. with 4to. vol. of plates, 26s.—The Bar, a poem, with notes, 5s. 6d.—Pope's Lecture on the Origin, &c. of Shipping and Commerce, 1s. 6d.—Davis's Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac, 8s. 6d.—Williams's Defence of Experimental Religion, 7s.—Jerusalem Regained, a poem, 8vo. 8s.—Lionel Lincoln, by the author of The Spy, 3 vols. 21s.—Sketches of India, 9s.—Duppa's Tour on the Continent, imperial 8vo. 25s.

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Madelon.—He! il pourroit être quelque chose de ce que vous dites.
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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Westminster Hall, &c. 145; Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland, 146; A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, by C. Unlacke, Esq. 150; Apology Addressed to the Traveller's Club, 150; Roscoe's Italian Novelists, 152; Catholic Miracles, 154; Collet's Garland of Wild Flowers, 154; The Young Robinson, 154—*Original:* The Press—the mighty Press! 155; Henrietta Wilson, 155; The Thames Tunnel, 156.—*Original Poetry:* Song, 157—*Fine Arts,* 157—*Drama,* 157—*Literature and Science,* 158.

No. 303. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Westminster Hall; or, Professional Relics and Anecdotes of the Bar and Woolsack.—3 vols. 12mo. pp. 880. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

This is truly an age of wonders; we altitude not to suspension bridges over, and tunnels under, mighty rivers, nor to steam-boats, steam-guns, or steam-carriages: more extraordinary events have occurred than these; we have, within the last few weeks, seen an alderman second the motion for the address in answer to the king's speech, and ending an eloquent harangue with an appropriate Latin quotation; nay, more, we have seen the budget so universally popular, as to elicit the praise of the Morning Chronicle, and even to be deemed an 'enlightened measure' by Messrs. Thompson and Fearon, who, for the first time in their lives, perhaps, approve of an act of the British administration; but these occurrences, extraordinary as they are, do not surprise us so much as to find that three entertaining volumes can be made on the subject of law and lawyers! In good truth, an author who can do this need never despair of finding—

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

But to be serious, for law and lawyers are serious subjects generally, we have met with a very agreeable surprise in finding so much amusing anecdote as these volumes contain. They are replete with curious and interesting matter, collected from various sources, with no ordinary degree of industry. The few books and the memoirs of our lawyers have been ransacked to good advantage. The editor has, however, gone to some works sufficiently well known, and inserted a few anecdotes with which the public is so familiar, that we should rather have not seen them in the present volumes.

In order to confer a somewhat higher character on the work than a mere compilation would be entitled to claim, several original and interesting papers, on subjects connected with the law, have been inserted in the work. Among these we were particularly pleased with the 'Legal Recollections of London,' which display much legal, antiquarian, and topographical information. The work is enriched with several excellent portraits of distinguished lawyers, three neatly engraved title-pages, with vignettes, a sheet of autographs, and other embellishments. Having stated the nature of the work, and its general character, we shall make a few extracts of an amusing and miscellaneous nature:—

'*The Blue Laws of Connecticut.*—Many very curious documents are preserved amongst the archives of the towns in the United States, which were the seats of the early settlers from this country. The peculiar opinions which these people, who were often very strict puritans, carried with them to their new abodes, are visible in the strange laws which they enacted, and in the reports of their judicial proceedings, still in existence. The code of 1650, being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut, with some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of Newhaven Colony, commonly called Blue Law, was lately published, in a small volume, at Hartford, U. S. from which the following cases are extracted. The puritanical strictness of some of these decisions is highly amusing:—

'"*At a court holden July* 1, 1640.

'"Thomas Parsons and John ———, servants to Elias Parkmore, were whipped for their sinful dalliance and folly with Lydia Browne."

'"John Lobell, the miller, was whipped for sinful dalliance with a little wench of Goodman Hall's."

'"Goodman Hunt and wife, for keeping the councils of the said William Hardinge, baking him a pastry and plum cakes, and keeping company with him on the Lord's day, and she suffering Hardinge to kiss her, they being only admitted to sojourn in this plantation on their good behaviour, were ordered to be sent out of this town, within one month from the date hereof; yea, in a shorter time, if any miscarriage be found in them."

'"Edmund Dorman, plaintiff, entered an action of slander or defamation against Jeremiah Johnson, defendant. The plaintiff informed against him, that he had heard that J. Johnson had reported at John Olvarde's house, that he heard Dorman at prayer in a swamp, for a wife, and there were other circumstances of scoffing, &c.

'"The defendant was asked, whether he granted the thing, or denied. The defendant desired proof, and that the witnesses might speak apart: John Olvarde was first called, who testified, that Johnson being at his house, he heard him say that he heard Edmund Dorman at prayer in a swamp (by John Downes's), for a wife, and said, 'Lord, thou knowest my necessity, and canst supply it; Lord, bend and bow her will and make her sensible of my condition or necessity.'

'"The Stephen Bradley being called, also testified the same thing. The defendant being asked what he had got to say for himself, said, he thought Bradley did it out of revenge; but he was told he must prove him a false person upon record, or perjured, or that he doth it out of revenge at this time. The defendant further saith, that he did expect some other persons that were present at John Olvarde's would have been here, therefore did refuse to make his defence further at this time, and desired that the witnesses might not be sworn.

'"Then Jeremiah was told, that it is a fearful thing to come to that height of sin as to sit in the seat of the scorner. Therefore the court told him they should defer this business, and warned him to attend the next particular court to answer thereto."'

During the great fire of 1666, part of the Temple was consumed; and Clarendon relates a very characteristic anecdote of the lawyers on this emergency.

'"The lord mayor, though a very honest man, was much blamed for want of sagacity in the first night of the fire, before the wind gave it much advancement, for though he came with great diligence as soon as he had notice of it, yet never having been used to such spectacles, his consternation was equal to that of other men, nor did he know how to apply his authority to the remedying the present distress, and when, men were less terrified with the object, pressed him very earnestly that he would give order for the present pulling down those houses which were nearest, and by which the fire climbed to go further (the doing whereof at that time, might probably have prevented much of the mischief that succeeded), he thought it not safe, and made no other answer than that he durst not do it without the consent of the owners. His want of skill was the less wondered at, when it was known afterward, that some gentlemen of the Inner Temple would not endeavour to preserve the goods which were in the lodgings of absent persons, because, they said, it was against the law to break up any man's chamber."'

The poet Cowper suggested the idea of poetical law reports; he was probably not aware that an ingenious author had actually verified the substance of Sir Edward Coke's Reports:—

'The point of each case (with the name) is comprised in a couplet, as in the following instances:—

'ARCHER. If he for life enfeoff in fee,
It bars remainders in contingency.

'SNACC. If a person says, "he kill'd my wife,"
No action lies if she be yet alive.'

'FOSTER. Justice of peace may warrant send
To bring before him such as do offend.

'The only other instance which at present occurs to us of a poetical report, is a poor-law case in Burns's Justice, which runs as follows:—

'A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none;

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The question was, he being dead,
If that *she* had was gone.

'Quoth Sir John Pratt, "The settlement
Suspended doth remain,
Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again."

'CHORUS OF THE PUISNE JUDGES.

'"Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again!"'

The following anecdote, entitled 'A Frolic of Lord Thurlow's,' is quoted in Wraxall's Memoirs:—

'Returning, by way of frolic, very late at night, on horseback, to Wimbledon, from Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Jenkinson, near Croydon, where the party had dined, Lord Thurlow, then chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike-gate, situate between Tooting and Streatham, thrown open. Being elevated above their usual prudence, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll; regardless of the remonstrances or threats of the turnpike-man, who, running after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen, who had recently committed some depredations on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily he did no injury.'

The following relates to the same noble lord:—

'*Lord Thurlow and Sir Thomas Davenport.*—The late Sir Thomas Davenport, then Mr Davenport, had been in habits of intimacy with Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and had flattered himself with the hopes of succeeding to the first valuable appointment in his power to confer; but several good things passing by, the patience and temper of Mr. Davenport gave way. The chief justiceship of Chester becoming vacant, he thus shortly wrote to the chancellor: "The chief justiceship of Chester is vacant. Am I to have it?" To which the following laconic and emphatic answer was returned: "*No, by G—, Kenyon shall have it.*"'

'*Lord Keeper Williams's Notion of the Fleet.*—One Beeston, who had been committed from the power of the high Court of Chancery, loathing this captivity, besought this new officer (L. K. Williams) to be released, and was denied; he cries out for mercy to the king, roars out that the parliament might hear him, follows the Lord Buckingham with his clamours, who advised the lord keeper to consider upon it. It is a maxim in old Columella, lib. vi. c. 2 *pervicax contumacia plerumque sevientem fatigat, &c.*; boisterous importunity thinks to fare better than modest innocency; but he gave the lord marquis this answer.—

'"My noble lord,

'"Decrees once made must be put in execution; else I will confess this court to be the greatest imposture and grievance in the kingdom. The damned in hell do never cease repining at the justice of God; nor the prisoners in the Fleet at the decrees in Chancery. In the which hell of prisoners, this one for antiquity and obstinacy may pass for a Lucifer. I neither know him nor his cause, but, as long as he stands in contempt, he is not like to have any more liberty."'

'*Sir Thomas Plumer.*—The forcible and familiar manner in which Sir Thomas always delivered his judgments will be long remembered. In the celebrated case of *Cholmondely* v. *Clinton*, he is said to have thus expressed himself: "Testator says to himself, I'll have the right heir of Samuel Rolle; and he *he* male, or be *he* female, he's the man for my money!"'

'A case was argued before the Court of Chancery, in which there was some dispute about the age of a woman, whom Mr. Graham (now the baron) had stated to be five-and-forty, rather against the evidence. The master of the rolls, (Sir Pepper Arden), disputing a little the position of Mr. Graham, the latter said,—"*I'll lay you a bottle*——my lord, I beg your pardon, I really forgot where I was."'

We have elsewhere alluded to the voluminousness of our statutes, and the reports of law cases are equally so:—

'Already the volumes of the reports amount to upwards of five hundred, and in half a century that number will be doubled. The happy time is long gone by, when, according to Fuller, "all the writers of the common law, with all the year-books belonging thereto, might be bought for three score pounds or thereabouts," for now the library of a modern lawyer requires a serious investment of capital. Yet in what manner is the evil to be remedied? The question is a difficult one, and we do not pretend to offer a solution of it.'

In order to diversify our extracts, we take a poetical one:—

'THE LAWYER AND SAWYER.

'To fit up a village with tackle for tillage,
Jack Carter he took to the saw;
To pluck and to pillage the same little village,
Tim Gordon he took to the law:
Thus angled so pliant for gull and for client,
As sharp as a weasel for rats;
Till, what with their saw-dust and what with their law-dust,
They blinded the eyes of the flats.
Then hey for the sawyer and hey for the lawyer,
Make hay for it's going to rain;
And saw'em and law'em and work'em and quirk'em,
And at'em again and again.

'Jack brought to the people a bill for the steeple,
They swore that they would not be bit;
But out of a saw-pit is into a law-pit,
Tim tickled them up with a writ.
Cried Jack, the saw-rasper, "I say, neighbour Grasper,
We both of us buy in the stocks,
While I for my savings turn blocks into shavings,
You lawyers are shaving the blocks."
Then hey, &c. &c.

'Jack frolick'd in clover, and, when work was over,
Got drunk at the George for a freak;
But Timothy Gordon, he stood for churchwarden,
And ate himself dead in a week.
Jack made him a coffin, but Timothy off in
A loud clap of thunder had flown;
When lawyers lie level, be sure that the devil
Looks sharp enough after his own.
Then hey for the sawyer, &c. &c.'

The following are curious and amusing:—

'*Lord Kenyon's Latinity.*—Lord Kenyon's classical acquirements are well known to have been but slender. He was, nevertheless, exceedingly fond of ornamenting his judgments with Latin quotations, which did not always fall exactly into their right places. Upon one occasion, he is said to have concluded his summing up in the following manner: "Having thus discharged your consciences, gentlemen of the jury, you may retire to your homes and your hearths, in peace; and with the délightful consciousness of having well performed your duties as citizens, you may lay down your heads upon your pillows, and say, '*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!*' Upon another occasion, his lordship, wishing to illustrate, in a strong manner, the conclusiveness of some fact, thus addressed the jury, "Why, gentlemen of the jury, it is as plain as the noses upon your faces!—*Latet anguis in herbâ!*" Even death could not divorce him from his bad Latin. Upon his hatchment, it is said, there was inscribed, *Mors Janua vitO.* On this fact being related to Lord Ellenborough, his lordship observed, "Yes, sir: it was, by his own particular directions,—and, moreover, it saved the expense of a diphthong!"'

'"*The Law of Gibbets.*—One was ordered by the judge of assize to be hanged in chains; the officers hung him *in privato solo*; the owner brought trespass; and, upon not guilty, the jury found for the defendant, and the court would not grant a new trial, it being done for convenience of place, and not to affront the owner."

'"Mich. 10 W. 3 per Holt, Chief Justice,—if a man be hung in chains upon my land, after the body is consumed, I shall have gibbet and chain,—said upon a motion for a new trial."'

(To be continued.)

Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. Post 8vo. pp. 363. London, 1825. Murray.

ALTHOUGH very partial to that species of literature which illustrates the manners, character, and traditions of any people, we fear, if it be much longer cultivated, our new works will be more calculated for the nursery than the library of a full-grown and rational gentleman. In making this remark, we by no means wish to discourage inquiries into the traditions (however absurd) or the prejudices (however unjust) of the people; all we wish is, that they may not be pushed too far. 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step,' as Napoleon once observed, and the remark particularly applies to works of literature. The author of the delightful little volume before us appears to have hit the happy medium; he has not only given us some highly amusing tales, illustrative of the superstitions of the Irish peasantry, but he has proved himself an admirable *raconteur*, and exhibits a very curious but striking picture of Irish society, for it cannot be denied that the superstitions of every people have a powerful

influence on their conduct and manner of thinking.

To Mr. Crofton Croker, the author of the volume before us, the world is already indebted for an excellent work on Ireland: he is not only a very pleasing writer, but has a most intimate knowledge of Ireland, her traditions, and the character, manners, and customs of the people: indeed, we know no writer of the present day whose information on such points is more extensive, and we should almost designate him the Sir Walter Scott of the Emerald Isle: his work contains some admirable tales, illustrative of Irish superstitions, and his notes display a very minute acquaintance with his subject. With these remarks, we shall select two or three of these Irish legends: the first is intitled the—

'LEGEND OF BOTTLE-HILL.

"Come, listen to a tale of times of old,
Come, listen to me."

'It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but, with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—*she* was sold in Mallow and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"'Why, then, Molly," says he, "what 'll we do?"

"'Wisha, then, mavournene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair."

"'And what 'll we do when she 's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully.

"'Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take, that good doctor gentleman at Ballydahin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy; and never left off his goodness till he was quite well."

"'Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm.'"

'Molly told him he should have every thing right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne; as he passed he glanced his eyes upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches.'

"'Oh, then, if I only had half the money that's buried in you, 'tisn't driving this poor cow I'd be now! Why, then, isn't it too bad that it should be there covered over with earth, and many a one besides me wanting it? Well, if it's God's will, I'll have some money myself coming back."'

'So saying, he moved on after his beast; 'twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle Hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was not quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled, yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red; but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at every thing, and, although they were red, they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth he did not much like the little man's company: and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for, though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair Hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

"'Where are you going with the cow, honest man?"

"'To the fair of Cork then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of his voice.

"'Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger.

"'Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?"

"'Will you sell her to me?"

'Mick started—he was afraid to have any thing to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

"'What 'll you give for her?" at last says he.

"'I'll tell you what: I'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

'Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"'Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much."

'Mick laughed again. "Why, then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? indeed, then, I won't."

"'You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it."

"'Why, then, and what would Molly say? I'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?"

"'I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell."

'Mick started.

"'How does he know my name?" thought he.

'The stranger proceeded: "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you: therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to Cork?"

'Mick was going to say, "God forbid!" but the little man went on (and he was too attentive to say any thing to stop him; for Mick was a very civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, don't mind now):

"'And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might be robbed when you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell."

"'Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drank the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name"——

"'Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow; I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and, when you go home, do what I direct exactly."

'Mick hesitated.

"'Well then, good bye, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty, and your wife dying for want—that will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man, with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever.

"'May be, 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—"Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

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"'I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"'And what's that?' says Mick.

"'When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

"'And is this all?' says Mick.

"'No more,' said the stranger. "Good bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"'God grant it!' said Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen.

"'Lord between us and harm!' said Mick: "*He* can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" She too was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

"And what would I do if it broke?" thought he. "Oh! but I'll take care of that;" so he put it into his bosom, and went on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife, balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"'Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you weren't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us every thing about it."

"'Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for he never a know does he know where she is now."

"'Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?"

"'Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."

"'But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.

"'Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you; and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."

'His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what'll we do for the rent, and what"——

"'Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

"'Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be, he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up every thing, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"'Look then! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprung to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight almost took away their appetites; but at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"'Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

'Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"'Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

'Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle; but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys, and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprung from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,—

"'Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
And, thrilling with music, was melting in light."

'Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

"'Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."

"'And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling: "you know what to do with it."

"'Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have."

"'Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would be a rich man."

"'And good bye to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle Hill.—Good bye, sir, good bye:" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle.—Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly—"Oh! sure I've another bottle!"

"'Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

'In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it), and belabboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

"'Well, what do you want now?"

"'Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."

"'Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?"

"'Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

"'Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high upon a shelf

"Ah! ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by."

"Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged."

"They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf."

"Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle Hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!"

The next legend we shall quote is entitled

'THE FIELD OF BOLIACUS.

'Tom Fitzpatrick was the eldest son of a comfortable farmer who lived at Ballincollig. Tom was just turned of nine-and-twenty, when he met the following adventure, and was as clever, clean, tight, good-looking a boy as any in the whole county Cork. One fine day in harvest—it was indeed Lady-day in harvest, that every body knows to be one of the greatest holidays in the year—Tom was taking a ramble through the ground, and went sauntering along the sunny side of a hedge, thinking in himself, where would be the great harm if people, instead of idling and prying about doing nothing at all, were to shake out the hay, and bind and stook the oats that was lying on the ledge, 'specially as the weather had been rather broken of late, he all of a sudden heard a clacking sort of noise a little before him, in the hedge. "Dear me," said Tom, "but isn't it surprising to hear the stonechatters singing so late in the season?" So Tom stole on, going on the tops of his toes to try if he could get a sight of what was making the noise, to see if he was right in his guess. The noise stopped; but as Tom looked sharply through the bushes, what should he see in a nook of the hedge but a brown pitcher that might hold about a gallon and a half of liquor; and by and by a little wee dinny dorry bit of an old man, with a little nasty of a cocked hat stuck upon the top of his head, and a deesky dausky leather apron hanging before him, pulled out a little wooden stool, and stood up upon it and dipped a little piggin into the pitcher, and took out the full of it, and put it beside the stool, and then sat down under the pitcher, and began to work at putting a heel-piece on a bit of a brogue just fitting for himself. "Well, by the powers!" said Tom to himself, "I often heard tell of the Cluricaune; and, to tell God's truth, I never rightly believed in them—but here's one of them in real earnest. If I go knowingly to work, I'm a made man. They say a body must never take their eyes off them, or they'll escape."

'Tom now stole on a little farther, with his eye fixed on the little man, just as a cat does with a mouse, or, as we read in books, the rattle-snake does with the birds he wants to enchant. So when he got up quite close to him, "God bless your work, neighbour," said Tom.

'The little man raised up his head, and "Thank you kindly," said he.

"I wonder you'd be working on the holiday?" said Tom.

"That's my own business, not your's," was the reply.

"Well, may be you'd be civil enough to tell us what you've got in the pitcher there?" said Tom.

"That I will, with pleasure," said he: "it's good beer."

"Beer!" said Tom: "Thunder and fire! where did you get it?"

"Where did I get it, is it? Why, I made it. And what do you think I made it of?"

"Devil a one of me knows," said Tom, "but of malt, I suppose; what else?"

"There you're out. I made it of *heath*."

"Of heath!" said Tom, bursting out laughing: "sure you don't think me to be such a fool as to believe that?"

"Do as you please," said he, "but what I tell you is the truth. Did you never hear tell of the Danes?"

"And that I did," said Tom: "weren't *them* the fellows we gave such a *licking* when they thought to take Limerick from us?"

"Hem!" said the little man drily—"is that all you know about the matter?"

"Well, but about *them* Danes?" said Tom.

"Why, all the about them there is, is that when they were here they taught us to make beer out of the heath, and the secret's in my family ever since."

"Will you give a body a taste of your beer?" said Tom.

"I'll tell you what it is, young man—it would be fitter for you to be looking after your father's property, than to be bothering decent quiet people with your foolish questions. There now, while you're idling away your time here, there's the cows have broke into the oats, and are knocking the corn all about."

'Tom was taken so by surprise with this, that he was just on the very point of turning round, when he recollected himself; so, afraid that the like might happen again, he made a *grab* at the Cluricaune, and caught him up in his hand; but, in his hurry, he overset the pitcher, and spilt all the beer, so that he could not get a taste of it to tell what sort it was. He then swore what he would not do to him, if he did not show him where his money was. Tom looked so wicked and so bloody-minded, that the little man was quite frightened; so, says he, "Come along with me a couple of fields off, and I'll show you a crock of gold."

'So they went, and Tom held the Cluricaune fast in his hand, and never took his eyes from off him, though they had to cross hedges and ditches and a crooked bit of bog (for the Cluricaune seemed, out of pure mischief, to pick out the hardest and most contrary way), till at last they came to a great field, all full of boliaun buies (ragweed), and the Cluricaune pointed to a big boliaun, and, says he, "Dig under that boliaun, and you'll get the great crock all full of guineas."

'Tom, in his hurry, had never minded the bringing a spade with him, so he thought to run home and fetch one; and, that he might know the place again, he took off one of his red garters, and tied it round the boliaun.

"I suppose," said the Cluricaune, very civilly, "you've no farther occasion for me?"

"No," says Tom; "you may go away now, if you please, and God speed you, and may good luck attend you wherever you go."

"Well, good bye to you, Tom Fitzpatrick," said the Cluricaune, "and much good may do you, with what you'll get."

'So Tom ran, for the dear life, till he came home, and got a spade, and then away with him, as hard as he could go, back to the field of boliauns; but when he got there, lo, and behold! not a boliaun in the field but had a red garter, the very identical model of his own, tied about it; and as to digging up the whole field, that was all nonsense, for there was more than forty good Irish acres in it. So Tom came home again with his spade on his shoulder, a little cooler than he went; and many's the hearty curse he gave the Cluricaune every time he thought of the neat turn he had served him.'

The last we shall quote is,—

'THE LITTLE SHOE.

"Now tell me, Molly," said Mr. Coote to Molly Cogan, as he met her on the road one day, close to one of the old gateways of Kilmallock, "did you ever hear of the Cluricaune?"

"Is it the Cluricaune? why, then, sure I did, often and often; many's the time I heard my father, rest his soul! tell about 'em orer and over again."

"But did you ever see one, Molly—did you ever see one yourself?"

"Och! no, I never saw one in my life; but my grandfather, that's my father's father, you know, he *see* one, one time, and caught him too."

"Caught him! Oh! Molly, tell me how was that?"

"Why, then, I'll tell you. My grandfather, you see, was out there above in the bog, drawing home turf, and the poor old mare was tired after her day's work, and the old man went out to the stable to look after her, and to see if she was eating her hay; and when he came to the stable-door there, my dear, he heard something hammering, hammering, hammering, just for all the world like a shoemaker making a shoe, and whistling, all the time, the prettiest tune he ever heard in his whole life before. Well, my grandfather, he thought it was the Cluricaune, and he said to himself, says he, 'I'll catch you, if I can, and then I'll have money enough always.' So he opened the door

very quietly, and didn't make a bit of noise in the world that ever was heard; and he looked all about, but the never a bit of the little man he could see any where, but he heard him hammering and whistling, and so he looked and looked, till at last he see the little fellow; and where was he, do you think, but in the girth under the mare; and there he was, with his little bit of an apron on him, and his hammer in his hand, and a little red nightcap on his head, and he making a shoe; and he was so busy with his work, and he was hammering and whistling so loud, that he never minded my grandfather till he caught him fast in his hand 'Faith, I have you now,' says he, 'and I'll never let you go till I get your purse—that's what I won't; so give it here to me at once, now.' 'Stop, stop,' says the Cluriclune, 'stop, stop,' says he, 'till I get it for you.' So my grandfather, like a fool, you see, opened his hand a little, and the little fellow jumped away laughing, and he never gave him any more, and the never a bit of the purse did he get, only the Cluricaune left his little shoe that he was making; and my grandfather was mad enough angry with himself for letting him go; but he had the shoe all his life, and my own mother told me she often see it, and had it in her hand, and 'twas the prettiest little shoe she ever saw."

"'And did you see it yourself, Molly?"

"'Oh! no, my dear, it was lost long afore I was born; but my mother told me about it often and often enough."'

To each legend Mr. Croker has added some highly-interesting and classical notes. The work is also illustrated with several clever and characteristic wood-cuts, from designs by Brooke.

A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the Necessity and Practicability of forming a Code of the Laws of England: to which is annexed the New Bankrupt Law, arranged in the Method of Domat's Civil Law, and in a Style suited to the humblest Capacity; proposed to be adopted as the Form of the Statute Law of the Realm. By Crofton Uniacke, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law; and late Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court of the Province of Nova Scotia. 8vo. pp. 95. London, 1825. J. and W. T. Clarke.

We know not whether it is owing to there being so many lawyers in Parliament that legislation becomes so vast and complex, but certainly our statutes are not only unnecessarily numerous, but also unwarrantably verbose. It was proposed, by the late Earl Stanhope, to reduce our statute-book, and such a measure is certainly much called for; but it will avail little, if Parliament perseveres in its rage for excessive legislation, and renders its new enactments more complicated than preceding ones. But Parliament itself seems at length to be aware of the evil, and the preamble to the new bankrupt law states, that 'it is expedient to amend the laws relating to bankrupts, and to *simplify the language thereof.*'

Mr. Uniacke, a lawyer and a gentleman, who lately filled an important office in a judicial capacity, stands forward as the advocate of a new digest and simplification of our code of laws—or, rather, the formation of a new British code, 'which shall rival the systems of Justinian and Napoleon, in simplicity and clearness.' Alluding to the latter, he says, 'It would not be difficult to show that the task of forming the imperial code was far greater than the undertaking to digest the laws of this country will be found.' If this remark apply to the mere facility with which the new code might be formed, we may perhaps agree with the author; but if he means the ease with which it might be adapted, we doubt it: for any such important alteration would meet with an opposition which a dictator, like Napoleon, had not to contend against. At all events, the measure is worth trying, and Mr. Uniacke ably advocates its necessity. As a proof of the complexity of modern enactments, compared with those of our ancestors, he gives us an amusing specimen. He says:—

'Let us take, in the first place, this memorable declaration of Magna Charta, which is a motto engraven on the hearts of Britons, and is expressed with a *characteristic force* almost elevated to the sublime.

'MAGNA CHARTA, CAP. 29.

'No FREEMAN SHALL BE TAKEN OR IMPRISONED, UNLESS BY THE LAWFUL JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS—OR BY THE LAW OF THE LAND.

'Now let us view it, not in its bold and original form, as it sprang fresh and vigorous from the minds of our intrepid ancestors, but in the cold and lifeless shape of a regular act of Parliament.

'No freeman or freemen shall be taken, arrested, put in gaol, confined, kept in custody, or imprisoned, or in any other manner whatsoever deprived of his or their liberty, by any detention, holding, or restraint of his or their person or persons, against his or their will or consent, by any pope, king, prince, lord, authority, or power, civil, naval, military, or ecclesiastical, or by any person or persons whomsoever, by, under, or in obedience to any such pope, king, prince, lord, authority, or power, civil, naval, military, or ecclesiastical, acting under and by the authority of any bull or bulls, mandate or mandates, order or orders, warrant or warrants, or any other process of any kind or nature whatsoever, granted by such pope, king, prince, lord, authority, or power as aforesaid, civil, naval, military, or ecclesiastical as aforesaid, authorising and empowering such person or persons so acting as aforesaid, to put in force, execute, and carry into effect, such bull or bulls, mandate or mandates, order or orders, warrant or warrants, or any process of any kind or nature whatsoever, or by any person or persons acting mediately or immediately under the orders, commands, directions, or request of such person or persons so authorised and empowered as aforesaid, to put in force, execute, and carry into effect any or either of the hereinbefore enumerated various kinds and species of delegated power and authority so granted, given, or made as aforesaid, by any or either of the hereinbefore mentioned and particularly enumerated persons or bodies; or shall be confined, kept in custody, or imprisoned, detained, held, or restrained, by any pope, king, prince, lord, or by any authority or power whatsoever, as aforesaid, or by any officer or officers, military or naval, sheriff or sheriffs, their deputy or deputies, gaoler or gaolers, in any tower, castle, monastery, gaol, prison, house of correction, penitentiary-house, bridewell, or any other house or place whatsoever, under the care, direction, power, or control of such pope, king, prince, lord, or power or authority, civil, naval, or military, or of any such sheriff or sheriffs, their deputy or deputies, gaoler or gaolers, or any person or persons under him or them, acting directly or indirectly by their authority or direction, expressed or implied, or by the direction and authority of any or either of them, unless such freeman or freemen shall be so adjudged to be taken, arrested, put in gaol, confined, kept in custody or imprisoned, or detained, held, or restrained of his or their liberty by the lawful judgment or judgments, verdict or verdicts, or other determination or determinations of his or their peers, or by the enactment or enactments, provision or provisions, of any act or acts of Parliament, or by the rules, usages, customs, written or unwritten, called the common law of the land.'

Here is amplification with a vengeance, and Mr. Uniacke very successfully shows that it would be no difficult matter to reduce all our laws to their original simplicity. His letter, which we recommend to all forensic gentlemen and legislators, concludes with the following singular but warm-hearted compliment to Lord Eldon:—

'God bless you, my lord! Whatever your opinion may be of the views which I have respectfully, I trust, submitted to your attention, my sentiments of your lordship's character will remain unchanged.—I shall never cease to consider you a great, a learned, and an honest man.'

Apology addressed to the Travellers' Club; or, Anecdotes of Monkeys. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 183. London, 1825. Murray.

We do not know whether the Travellers' Club will thank the author for dedicating this work to that ultra-marine body, but certain we are that they have few more amusing volumes in their library, while, improbable as some of the anecdotes of monkeys may appear, there is not one that has not been eclipsed by the tales of travellers, who, in all ages, make a pretty good use of the privilege allowed them of dealing in the marvellous.

The author, who is certainly a great wag, has classified his anecdotes; thus, we have anecdotes of sailor-monkeys, commercial, and even moral monkeys. A few of these we select. The first two anecdotes are related of a monkey on board a frigate:—

'This animal was distinguished, like the rest of his tribe, by a propensity to gratuitous mischief, and one of his principal amusements in fine weather was to possess himself of a plate, cup, or saucer, which he would break to pieces in the chains, and throw overboard, watching the fragments descending through the water with infinite gratification. "This" (the reader will perhaps say) "any

monkey might do;" but another of his exploits can hardly, I think, be paralleled by any fact in monk[ey]ish history.

'This monkey was well aware of there being a large store of apples in a locker, in the ward-room; but his thievish tricks were so well known, that he was excluded from all legitimate access to it. Under these circumstances, he provided himself with a piece of wadding, and with, this implement in one hand, and swinging himself from the stern gallery with the other, he broke a pane in the ward-room window with his wadding, and, having carefully picked out the broken glass, introduced himself into the forbidden territory. Here, like the animal in the fable, he gorged himself so fully that he was unable to retreat. Being taken in the fact, he received the discipline of the rope's end, but derived little benefit from his chastisement.'

The following, though the counterpart of a similar story, is sufficiently amusing:—

'It was at this period that a trifling mistake, in wording an order, inundated all England with monkeys. E—— W——, distinguished by his passion for a conservatory, meant to write to his correspondent in the Brazils, to collect and send him the two hundred varieties of the monkey-plant: but unfortunately omitted the word *plant*. In consequence of this order, arrived a letter from his correspondent, informing him that he had sent him one hundred and seventy-three varieties of the monkey, which were all that were known in Rio de Janeiro and its neighbourhood: but he had no doubt that the order could be completed by his agents in the interior.

'Before the unhappy botanist could provide for the disposal of this *wilderness of monkeys*, came another letter, out of which dropped an ominous paper, "half printed and half written," which was a bill of lading in the usual form—"Shipped by the grace of God, sound and in good condition, on board the good ship Friendly Endeavour, one hundred and seventy-three *monkeys, &c. &c. &c.* and so God send the good ship Friendly Endeavour, with her cargo, to a safe port." E—— W——, having a little recovered from his consternation, proceeded to read the letter from which this fearful annunciation had dropped. This was from the captain of the good ship Friendly Endeavour, informing him "that he was arrived in the river with one hundred and sixty-nine out of one hundred and seventy-three monkeys consigned to him, four having died upon the passage; and begging him to have them landed as soon as possible, for they began to be very mischievous."

'They were landed as soon as possible, were disposed of with equal speed, and, in consequence, an unprecedented fall took place in the monkey-market. Exports were now made to the remotest parts of England, and, among these, was a female despatched to Portsmouth, who was bought a bargain by the possessor of the maritime monkey, and given by him in marriage to his favourite.

'For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruize during their honey-moon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows, upon the female persevering in her attentions.

'All were much disappointed and scandalized at the evil success of so promising a union.

'At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure was, however, of short duration, for the traitor, having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore-top-gallant yard, as if to show her something at sea, and set [sat] down with her on the spar, slipped his paw under her sitting part, and tumbled her overboard.'

From Gibraltar monkeys we make an extract. The anecdote is connected, it will be seen, with the memorable siege of that place:

'The Spaniards, a very few weeks before the memorable sally, attempted the surprise of one of our outposts, though Heaven knows what excited them to such an enterprise. Such, however, was their object, which would have inevitably succeeded, if they had not had to pass a party of monkeys, whose assemblage was quite as extraordinary as the project of the Spaniards. These, on being broken in upon by the invaders, set up a loud cry, and alarmed the outpost which was menaced.

'Surely these beasts deserved as well of our garrison as the geese did of that of the Capitol.'

How amusingly our author can illustrate his subjects will be seen by the following extract:—

'General Elliot never suffered the monkeys to be taken or shot. Many different reasons were assigned for this order. Amongst others, it was supposed that he considered them, as Massena did the monks of Genoa, to wit, as a magazine to be resorted to in a case of extremity.

'The joke of the garrison was, that he had some scheme of making them useful as light troops: and, if I could believe that he was much given to such studies, I might suppose that he was indebted to Strabo for such an idea: for Strabo says that Alexander, in his march through India, one morning, received a report of a corps having been seen on the outskirts of a wood, manœuvring after the manner of the Macedonian phalanx. Having verified the truth of this by his own observation, he detached a body of men against them, supported by a second powerful detachment. The enemy, however, did not stand the charge, but, to the amaze of the Macedonians, took refuge in the trees, casting away what appeared to be pikes, but what were in reality long boughs or saplings, with which they had provided themselves.

'It was, in fact, a posse of large monkeys, who looked yet larger in the haze of the morning. These, it seems, had been watching, under cover of their woods, the evolutions of the phalanx, had armed themselves with sticks, longer or shorter, as their position towards the front or rear required, and had at last determined on having a field-day of their own.'

The next, which comes under the head of English monkeys, is eminently ludicrous:—

'The small pox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. ——, secretary to the Bloomsbury Street Vaccinating Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was of course to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He vaccinated two or three boys (whom he first bound, hands and feet) in the presence of an old beboon, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, depositing a guarded lancet and some of the matter upon the table. I need scarcely add, that he placed himself in ambush in a neighbouring room, for the purpose of watching his operations. These were very scientifically conducted. The old monkey threw the young one, bound him, and inoculated him with all the skill of a professor.

'The usual effects followed. Other steady monkeys were thus instructed in the art, after having been themselves previously inoculated, and several are (it is said) now sending out to South America, provided with all necessary means for spreading the beneficial infection. May the attempt succeed, and men and monkeys, throughout that extensive continent, have cause to bless the name of England.'

Under the class of moral monkeys, we find the following note, to an anecdote about monkeys not liking to be in the dark, about a collection of them sitting in a caravan round a table, with a farthing candle upon it, as if for the purpose of conversation:—

'The instinctive alarm of children in the dark is usually attributed, by the lower classes of this country, to the effects of original sin, and this doctrine seems to derive support from the opinions which Dr. Southey has vented in his review of the celebrated letters of Elia.

'I cannot coincide in this doctrine extending (as it necessarily must) to beasts. Monkeys have, no doubt, many sins to answer for, and many sins that are highly original; but I will not believe them so nearly related to us, or of such weight in the scale of nature, as to have inherited the consequences of man's trespass, and to be imbued with what is strictly called *original sin*.'

One anecdote more, and we have done with this amusing volume:—

'An odd defence against fire-arms was used by a monkey belonging to Capt. M——, of the navy. Capt. M—— had two monkeys, an old and a young one, the first of which was often very troublesome, and the captain could only drive him out of his cabin by *blazing-at* him with a pistol loaded with powder and currant jelly; a discharge which produced a painful and very fearful effect. The old monkey was at first astounded at the sight of the weapon which stung him so sore, but he at last learned a mode of defence, and, snatching up the little monkey, who was a favourite, used to interpose him as a shield between the pistol and his body.'

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ROSCOE'S ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

(Continued from p. 115)

THE following story is from the novels of Ortensio Lando, a Milanese, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. His novels, fourteen in number, are in general very lively and pleasing. The first part of the story, about the cauliflower and the pot, is, no doubt, the origin of a very well-known Joe Miller:—

"It was said of Messer Leandro de' Traversari, canon of Ravenna, that, from the opening to the close of his mortal career, he invariably evinced the most decided enmity to truth. He had such a total disregard for this invaluable quality, that if he ever happened to stumble upon the truth, he betrayed as much melancholy and regret, as if he had actually sinned against the Holy Ghost. Besides, he was not merely the most notorious asserter of "the thing which is not" himself, but the cause of falsehood in others, compelling his very friends and dependents to confirm his wicked statements, under penalty of incurring his most severe spiritual displeasure.

"There was a certain Florentine, who had lately entered into his service, and who, perceiving his master's peculiarity in this respect, resolved not merely to humour him in it, but to add something further on his own part, in order the better to recommend himself to his notice. He one day availed himself of an opportunity, when walking with the good canon in the gardens of the archbishop, near the city, to give his master a specimen of his inventive powers. Observing the gardener employed in planting cauliflowers, the prelate happened to remark, "These cauliflowers grow to a surprising size; their bulk is quite prodigious; I believe no one can bring them to such rare perfection as my gardener." As the latter did not care to contradict this testimony, so favourable to his character, Messer Leandro subjoined to the observation of his superior, "Yes, my lord; but if you had ever seen those that grow in Cucagna, you would not think these so very extraordinary in point of size."—"Why, how large may they grow?" inquired the archbishop. "How large?" returned Messer Leandro, "I can scarcely give your lordship an idea of it. In those parts I hear it is no uncommon thing for twenty knights on horseback to take shelter together under their huge cabbage-leaves." The archbishop expressing no slight astonishment at these words, the wily Florentine stepped forward to his master's relief, saying: "Your excellency will not be so much surprised, when I inform your excellency that I have myself seen these magnificent cabbages growing in that strange country; and I have seen the immense cauldrons in which they are boiled, of such a vast construction, that twenty workmen are engaged in framing them at once; and it is said, that the sound of their hammers cannot be heard from opposite sides, as they sit in the huge vessel to complete their work." The noble prelate, whose intellect was not of the highest order, opened his eyes still wider upon the Florentine, exclaiming, that he fancied such a capacious saucepan would contain sufficient food, were it rightly calculated, for the whole people of Cairo at one meal.

"While they were thus engaged, a person made his approach, with an ape upon his shoulders, intended as a present for the venerable archbishop, who, turning towards the canon, with a smiling countenance, noticed the very singular resemblance between the human figure and that of the sagacious animal before them. "It is my serious opinion," continued he, "that if the beast had only a little more intellect, there would not be so much difference between him and ourselves, as some people imagine."—"I trust," replied the worthy canon, "your lordship would not mean to insinuate that monkeys really want sense; for, if so, I can soon, I think, convince your lordship of the contrary, by a story pretty apposite to the purpose:—

"'The noble lord, Almerico, was one day feasting the good Bishop of Vicenza, having given orders to his cook to prepare all the varieties and delicacies of the season. Now the cook was in possession of an excellent method of guarding the treasures of his kitchen; for which purpose he kept an invaluable ape, excellently tutored to the business. No man, not even the boldest, ventured to steal the least thing in his presence, until a certain footman, from Savignano, more greedy than a horse-leech, and unable to check his thieving propensities, hit upon what he considered a safe means of eluding the monkey's observation. He began to cultivate his acquaintance, by performing all kinds of amusing tricks, and bribing him to be in good humour. The moment he perceived the ape busily engaged in imitating what he saw, the rogue, binding a handkerchief over his own eyes, in a short time handed it likewise to the mimic, and with secret pleasure beheld him fastening it over his face; during which time he contrived to lay his hands upon a fat capon, which the ape, though too late, soon afterwards perceived. The head cook, upon this occasion, gave his monkeyship so severe a flogging, that, being doubly cautious, the next time the thievish footman repeated the same tricks, and proceeded to bandage his eyes, the wily animal, instead of imitating him, stared around him with all his eyes, pointing at the same time to his paws, as if advising him to keep his hands from picking and stealing; so that the rogue was, this time, compelled to depart, with his hands as empty as they came. Finding that all his arts were of no avail"—The archbishop here, overpowered with wonder and delight, exclaimed, "If this be only true, it is one of the most astonishing things I ever heard." The assiduous Florentine, upon this, again interposed in his master's behalf, crying out with singular force of gesticulation: "As I hope to be saved at the last day, please your grace, what my honoured patron has just advanced is every particle of it true; and as your grace appears to take a particular pleasure in listening to strange and almost unaccountable events, I will now beg leave to add a single story in addition to those of my noble patron, however inferior in point of excellence:—

"'During the last vintage, I was in the service of a gentleman at Ferrara, of the name of Libanoro, who took singular pleasure in fishing, and used frequently to explore the recesses of the vale of Santo Apollinare. This master of mine had also an ape in his possession, considerably larger than your excellency's, and, while he was in the country, he commissioned me to take along with me to Ferrara this said ape, a barrel of white wine, and a fat pig; in order to present them to a certain convenient ruffian, whom he kept in his service. So I took a boat, and, plying oars and sail, while we were bounding along the waters, I gave the skiff a sudden jerk, which made the pig's fat sides shake, and he went round like a turnspit, performing the strangest antics. So loud and vehement were his lamentations, that they seemed to annoy his apeship excessively, who, after in vain trying to stop his ears and nose, at length seized the plug out of the barrel that stood near him, and fairly thrust it down the pig's throat, just as he was opening it to give another horrible cry. Both the wine and the pig were in extreme jeopardy, the one actually choking, and the other running all away. I tried to save as much of it as I could; but my immoderate laughter almost prevented me; so much was I amused at his ingenious contrivance. So that your grace may perceive," continued the mendacious Florentine, "that my master speaks the simple truth, in asserting that these animals are possessed of great acuteness of intellect." Now, on returning home, the good canon thus addressed his servant: "I thought, sirrah, there was no man living who could tell a lie with a bolder and better face than myself; but you have undeceived me: you are the very prince of liars and impostors; the father of lies himself could not surpass you!"—"You reverence," replied the Florentine, "need not be surprised at that, when I inform you of the advantages I have enjoyed in the society of tailors, millers, and bargemen, who live upon the profit they bring. But if, from this time forth, you insist upon my persevering in confirming so many monstrous untruths as you utter, I trust that you will consent to increase my wages, in consideration of so abominable a business."—"Well, then, listen to me," replied his master; "when it is my intention to come out with some grand and extraordinary falsehood, I will take care to tell you the evening before, and at the same time I will always give you such a gratuity as shall make it worth your while. And if I should happen to tell a good story after dinner, as you stand behind my chair, and you swear to having seen it, very innocently, you may depend upon it you shall be no loser." This his servant agreed to do, upon condition that he would observe some bounds, and keep up some show, at least, of reason and probability; which the honest canon said, so far as he was able, he would try to do; adding, that if they were not reasonable lies, the servant should not be bound by the contract, and might return the gift.

"Thus the most wonderful adventures continued to be related at the good canon's ta-

ble, and, what is more extraordinary, they were all very dexterously confirmed. So going on very amicably together, the canon, one evening intending to impose a monstrous lie upon his friends, took down a pair of old breeches, and presented them to his servant as the requisite gift. In the morning, attending his master to church as usual, he heard him, after service, relating a story to one of the holy brotherhood, who stood swallowing it all, with a very serious face how in the island of Pastinaca the magpies are accustomed to get married in proper form and ceremony; and how, after laying and sitting upon their eggs for the space of a month, they bring forth little men, not larger than ants, but astonishingly bold and clever. The Florentine, upon this, could no longer restrain his feelings, crying out before the whole company: "No, no, I cannot swear to this neither; so you may take back your breeches, master, and get somebody else in my place."'

The next is of a grave character; we speak not punningly: it is from the pen of Domenico Maria Manni. The subject is as follows:—'Ginevra degli Amieri is beloved by Antonio Rondinelli, but compelled to marry Francesco Agolanti: in the year of the great plague, 'Ginevra is taken sick, and, having apparently expired, is buried: she releases herself from the tomb, and, not being admitted by her husband and friends, takes refuge with Antonio, and is married to him.' Now for the story:—

'There is no longer reason to doubt the truth of some very singular circumstances that are said to have occurred between two lovers, Ginevra degli Amieri and Antonio Rondinelli; and particularly when we reflect how generally they have been credited during upwards of three ages. They are as follows,—

'Antonio had become deeply enamoured of the beauties of the lady Ginevra, and had persevered in his attachment for more than four years, subsequent to 1396, against the express wishes of her father, who wished to bestow her hand upon one of the Agolanti family, named Francesco, as being of superior fortune to his rival, although not so agreeable in the eyes of the fair Ginevra. She may be said, therefore, to have been forced into the arms of Francesco, as she yielded a reluctant consent to her parent's will; while unfortunately the passion of Antonio seemed only to acquire fresh vigour from the bitter disappointment of all his hopes. In the wretchedness of his heart, he vowed never to bestow his hand upon another; and he still indulged himself in the sad consolation of gazing upon her at all public festivals, in churches, and private assemblies.

'Now it chanced that in the great plague of 1400, which ravaged so many cities of Italy, and especially Florence, the fair Ginevra was taken sick, and, owing either to the neglect of the physicians, or the malignant nature of the disease, soon after fell an apparent victim to its rage. Strong hysterical affections, then little understood, had preceded her decease; and every one around her supposed that she had ceased to breathe. Immediate interment also taking place, as was usual in those periods of distress, she narrowly escaped the fate, most probably shared by many in such seasons of terror, of being inhumed alive. Borne by a body of priests, she was laid, with little ceremony, in the family-vault belonging to the chapel of her ancestors, and to this day the place is pointed out to the curious stranger who visits the spot. She was greatly lamented by her husband, her friends, and indeed by all who knew her virtues; but the grief of none was equal to that of Antonio Rondinelli, when he heard of her sudden decease.

'Esteemed by all ranks, only a few months a bride, her supposed fate drew tears from many eyes; yet only a few hours of that fatal night had elapsed, when, awakening out of her lethargic slumber, the poor young creature opened her eyes. The moon shone brightly; when, shivering with the cold damp air of the vault (it being the month of October), she attempted to raise herself up, and, in a short time, began to recognise the place in which she lay. Commending herself to the mercy of Heaven and all its guardian saints, she next strove to release herself from her unearthly garments, and, perceiving a glimmer of light through a crevice in the door, she succeeded, though faint and exhausted, in reaching the entrance of the vault. Having mounted the steps, by degrees she removed a portion of the covering least secured, through which she had observed the light, and at length, with extreme difficulty, issued forth. Terror and despair had hitherto given her strength, while the cold air now braced her nerves, and, thinly clad as she was, she pursued her way (hence called Via della Morte) towards her husband's house, along the Corso degli Adimari, now named Via Dei Calzajoli, and along some by streets, until she reached her own door. Her husband, who happened to be sitting sorrowfully over the fire just before retiring to rest, himself went to the door, and, on beholding such a figure, and hearing a low and plaintive voice, he started back, and made the sign of the cross, believing it was a spirit. Then invoking her to depart, he hastily shut the door in her face, and went trembling to bed, vowing to have more masses and alms offered up the following day for the repose of her soul.

'Ginevra wept; "Is this the love," she cried, "he should have borne me! alas, alas, what shall I do! must I perish of cold and hunger in the streets!" Then recollecting her father's house, she pursued her weary way thither; but he was from home, and her mother, from an upper story, hearing a weak plaintive voice, interrupted with sobs and shiverings, exclaimed, in a paroxysm of pious fear, "Get thee gone in peace, blessed spirit;" and shut down the window in hopes that she had laid the ghost. The wretched girl then, wringing her hands, resumed her way, and attempted to reach the house of one of her uncles, resting frequently as she went; yet, after all, she found her toil still unrecompensed, receiving the same reply wherever she went, "Get thee gone in peace;" after which polite reception, the door was closed in her face. At length, weary with suffering, she laid herself down to sleep, or rather to die, under the little lodge of San Bartolommeo, when, just before closing her eyes, she bethought herself, as a last resource, of her former lover, from whom she was then at no great distance. "Yet what reception," she mentally exclaimed, "ought I to expect, after the slights and ill-treatment that he has met with at the hands of me and my family; when I consider, too, how those who professed to love me have driven me from their doors!" It was with a misgiving heart, then, that she knocked at Antonio's door. Whether or not we are to suppose that he possessed superior strength of courage or of love, beyond all her natural relatives whom she had tried, certain it is, that instead of being terrified at her appearance, he advanced boldly and even eagerly towards her, gazing upon her with fixed looks, and drawing his breath deeply; then, apparently recognising her, he exclaimed, in a kind and gentle tone, "Art thou, indeed, Ginevra, or her pure and sainted spirit?" and the next moment he felt her, a living and breathing woman, in his arms! Calling out loudly for assistance, his mother and servants came running to inquire what had happened, most of whom, on beholding her, ran away again faster than they had approached. But the happy Antonio, bearing her in his arms, had her speedily wrapped in warm linen, and placed upon a couch, between his mother and another female, in order to restore her to a natural warmth. Still he indulged fears that she would not revive, while he availed himself of every thing that art or nature could furnish to cherish the vital flame. It would be difficult to decide whether, as he watched her gradually reviving, his feeling of unutterable joy was not greater than had been that of his overwhelming grief, on first hearing tidings that her beloved spirit had fled. He lingered around her bed, or was ever at her side, unwilling to trust her even to the most confidential servants of the household, and administering every cordial to her with his own hand. When she was at last enabled to sit up, she fell at her benefactor's, at her lover's feet, and, while she poured forth her unutterable gratitude in floods of tears and passionate exclamations, she yet, with her characteristic purity and virtue, besought him to have pity on her, to respect her honour, and to add to all his generosity and tenderness the disinterestedness of a true friend. For he knew, she continued, that there was nothing she could, nothing she ought to deny him, after such unheard of kindness, and that she was henceforward his handmaid and his slave. Still, she should prefer death to the loss of virtue or of reputation; and, if he truly loved her, he would respect them; and that he did love her as none ever before loved was evident in the charity, courage, and true tenderness with which he had taken her to his arms, when husband, father, mother, and all friends and relatives forsook her.

'Antonio, delighted to dwell upon her voice, hung enraptured over her, as she spoke, and then, falling before her upon his knees, he entreated her forgiveness, if he had, in the

slightest instance, forgotten himself, or transgressed the strictest bounds prescribed by reverence and honour. She could only answer him with a fresh gush of tears, as she pressed his hands, with tremulous emotion, to her heart and lips; while, soothing her alarm, the kind Antonio assured her that she owed him nothing, that he was more than sufficiently rewarded in beholding her restoration to health and beauty, and that he wished, and would accept nothing from her [but] gratitude alone.

"Did she," he continued, with an expression of anguish and alarm, "insist upon being instantly restored to her husband's arms? then let her speak it. Hesitate not, spare me not," he cried; "I will do it, though I die for it!"—"Ah! never, never," exclaimed the wretched girl; "wedded though I be, I will not see him, I will not dwell with him more. Let me rather fly to a nunnery, and again become buried alive for ever. Besides, death hath dissolved our union: I was dead to him; nay, he interred me, and but now drove me from his presence. Mention him no more," she continued, "for, were it requisite, "I would appeal to our tribunal, to every tribunal upon earth! Have they not all, moreover, numbered me with the dead, and rejected me when I rose from the grave by little less than a miracle?" The delighted Antonio, on receiving these sweet assurances, could only fall at her feet, and thank her with his tears; but they were tears of ecstatic pleasure, soon smiled and kissed away. For, as if to promote the wishes which both, in their secret hearts, indulged, Agolanti, the former husband of the lady, being of a covetous disposition, disposed of the whole of her ornaments and dresses, which Antonio, who had his eye upon all the proceedings of her relations, very soon contrived to get into his own hands. Agolanti, shortly afterwards, meeting with a lady of fortune, paid his addresses to her; upon which, Antonio and his beautiful Ginevra, no longer hesitating what course to pursue, resolved to secure the blissful object they had in view, and to unite their fate everlastingly in one. The new marriage deeds being therefore drawn out according to the usual forms, without the knowledge of even her nearest relatives, who had scarcely yet finished offering up masses for her soul, of which they imagined, from what they had seen, that she stood in the utmost need, she proceeded to church early one Sunday morning to confer her hand upon the happy Antonio. Her future mother-in-law, with a single servant, and Antonio following them, as if going to hear mass, formed the whole of the wedding-party. When just on the point of entering the church, they encountered another procession; it was that of her late husband Agolanti, her mother, and other friends, proceeding exactly on the same destination. What was here to be done, and which did it behove to yield precedence to the other? With the greatest presence of mind, Antonio's bride accosted her mother, who, in some surprise and terror, with the rest of the party, kept at a respectful distance. Yet it being daylight, and observing Ginevra so well dressed, and looking so beautiful and so happy, they felt somewhat re-assured when she accosted them, and briefly informed them, that, as her physicians had given her over, the priest administered extreme unction, and her friends and relatives performed her last obsequies, she had taken her final leave, and no longer belonged to them: that it was plain, moreover, that they wished it to be so, for that, after she had been miraculously restored to them, no one had taken the least notice of her, but, on the other hand, had driven her from her own doors: that he alone, from whom she expected least, had received her like a good Samaritan, and opened his house and arms to her, restoring her to life and love; and that, by all the laws of heaven and earth, she would henceforth be his, for without his assistance she must assuredly have died; so that, having every claim to her gratitude, she had consented to become wholly his. Then taking a hasty farewell of her mother and her friends, the parties separated, not choosing to perform the respective ceremonies at the same time, and in the same church. Upon their return, after the marriage-feast was concluded, a messenger arrived with an order from the bishop, and, in the presence of her former husband, summoned for the occasion, the prelate declared the ecclesiastical sentence, of which the tenor ran: that the fair Ginevra should remain the wife of Antonio, and that her former husband should restore the whole of her dower, since it was clear that the lady had been dead and buried, but, to the glory of the church, had been miraculously restored.'

Catholic Miracles; illustrated with Seven Designs, including a Characteristic Portrait of Prince Hohenlohe, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. *To which is added, a Reply to Cobbett's Defence of Catholicism, and his Libel on the Reformation.* 8vo. pp. 102. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THIS curious little work, which we shall notice more at length hereafter, entitled Catholic Miracles, exposes the frauds and impostures of the Roman Catholic church, and, as ridicule is said to be the test of truth, it is illustrated by some clever caricature designs by George Cruikshank. These miracles are all, with the exception of two, related in the Golden Legend,—which is a regular text-book with the Roman Catholics, and much more highly prized than the Bible, we believe, with some of them. What strange stories they wish to impose on the world let the two following *miracles* show:—

'*The Virgin Mary prevents a Thief from being Hanged.*—There was a thief that oft stole, but he had always a great devotion to the Virgin Mary, and saluted her oft. It was so that on a time he was taken and judged to be hanged.

'Now when he was hanged, the blessed Virgin Mary sustained and held him up with her hands three days, that he died not, nor had no hurt. And they that had caused him to be hanged passed by aventure thereby, and found him living and of glad cheer. And then they supposed that the cord had not been well strained, and would have slain him with a sword, and cut his throat; but our blessed lady set her hands before the strokes, so that they might not slay him nor grieve him.

'And then they knew by that he told to them, that the blessed mother of God helped him. And then they *marvelled*, and took him off, and let him go, in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary. And then he went and entered into a monastery, and was in the service of the mother of God as long as he lived.'

'*The Tongue of St. Nichose reads the Psalter after his Head had been separated from his Body.*—At the time that the Wandales (Vandals) wasted and destroyed many cities and lands, they came to the city of Reynes, in France, in which city St. Nichose was archbishop. And he exhorted the people to go out and receive martyrdom, and St. Eutrope, his sister, did the same. After this they issued out against the Wandales. And St. Nichose said to them, "If ye will slay my people, slay me first;" then the holy man set him to prayer, and, whiles he prayed, his enemies smote off his head, and, after that the head was smitten off, he made an end of his prayers, and said, with his tongue, a verse of his psalter. When St. Eutrope saw her brother martyred, and saw that no man made him ready to be martyred, but strove for her beauty, she ran to him that had slain her brother, and would have scratched his eyes out of his head, but anon, she was martyred, and many others with her. Then the Vandals saw a great company of the chivalry of heaven that came for to avenge the great felony that they had done, and they had so great fear and dread, that they left all their arms and fled, and there appeared a great light and clearness upon the bodies, that it was seen far by night.'

Prince Hohenloe, miracle-monger as he is, cannot achieve prodigies like these; he, therefore, does his best to support the juggles of his religion.

A Garland of Wild Flowers, culled at the Base of Parnassus. By JAMES COLLET. 12mo. pp. 62. London, 1825. Collet.

THIS work is dedicated to the King, not by special permission certainly,—but George IV. is fortunately not obliged to read every thing in which his name occurs, and so he cares little about it. The work is truly a garland of *wild* flowers; how long they will bloom seems doubtful; but, although we cannot conscientiously do any thing to foster, we will not crush them.

The Young Robinson, an interesting Narrative of a French Cabin-Boy, who was Shipwrecked on an uninhabited Island. From the French of Mad. Mallés de Beaulieu. 12mo. pp. 203. London, 1825. Holloway and Thomas.

THE Young Robinson is not a tale calculated to teach the young idea exactly how to shoot though a careful perusal may prevent its shooting in a wrong direction. It points out the evils of headstrong children and too indulgent parents, and, as such, is worthy of perusal.

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ORIGINAL.

THE PRESS—THE MIGHTY PRESS!

(Continued from p. 139.)

It will be generally allowed, that although generous and noble natures are, and may be, governed by principles arising from love, yet that the great mass of mankind are, and have been, ruled by fear. The base and grovelling reptile—the violent and ferocious animal, are alike proper subjects for this species of constraint, since they will yield to no other, until the dispositions inherent in their nature be 'purged away' by the slow, but certain, operation of an education which calls their reason into action, and a religion which coincides with that reason. Hence mankind have, in all ages, been subject to some strong coercive power which has grown out of its necessities, and being wielded generally by intellect not much superior to that of the horde it governed, and frequently more subject to the dominion of passion (since power has ever a tendency to corrupt its possessor), great strength on the one hand, and great suffering on the other, has been exerted and endured to little purpose. Despotic kings have been the most common instruments of flagellation; heroes have proved that 'chiefs were rods' in numerous instances; great legislators, whose Draco-like laws were written in blood, carried the terrors of power for much longer periods than these; whilst republican confederations, like that of the thirty tyrants, or demagogue rulers, springing from the chaotic mass produced by sudden revolution, like Robespierre, for short periods outwent even them. It is certain, however, that no tyranny has been so concentrated in its effects of control over human nature, so ruthless and appalling in its vengeance, or so protracted in the various periods of its reign, as that produced by superstition, whether exercised by the Pagans, Scandinavians, Brahmins, Druids, or those who, uniting the errors and characteristics of *all*, grafted them upon Christianity, and thus rendered that divine mission which was given 'for the healing of the nations,' apparently the severest scourge they had ever encountered.

That it was such, because it extended to the mind,—because it held in durance the very faculties which, duly exercised, would have led to emancipation, will be evident. In blinding the understanding, it perverted the heart, destroyed the best affections and kindest propensities of nature, the most lofty and worthy conception we can entertain of God himself, and in all things made 'evil good, and good evil.'

Now, since man has bowed, age after age, to one or other of these powers, and is so constituted that he must be governed (in the great mass) by that which is strong, that which is adequate to its purpose, how can he be placed under a more safe, and, in fact, merciful control, than that which reforms while it punishes? which warns ere it condemns? and enlightens thousands in reproving one? If the power of the press combines in its despotism the qualities of kings, heroes, legislators, and priests, with that faculty of increasing the knowledge, and inclining the heart to obey the dictates of reason and religion, which so few of these in their individual capacity could possess, does it not become that power to which the wicked ought to bend, and from which the virtuous can have nothing to fear?

It is certain that, as an instrument in the hands of weak and erring creatures, it will be subject to the faults connected with passion, misconception, and prejudice; but it possesses in itself, and in the very action of its crimes against society, a species of antidote, as the honey produced by the bee is the best emollient for the wound of its sting. If one man of talent, in the pride or malice of his heart,—if another, from ignorance and idleness,—or a third, from the mere love of falsehood,—make assertions or draw conclusions injurious to the fair fame, or derogatory to the just pretensions of any individual, in a period of such universal inquiry as the present, it can hardly happen that the aggrieved will not find so many champions, either from love to him personally, anger to his enemy professionally, or from a real hatred to oppression, or a desire for distinction on general grounds, as may be expected to redress his particular wrongs, and even raise him higher in the scale than he would otherwise have stood. Besides, there are a great multitude of thinking and estimable persons, who canvass and comment, though they do not write, and it is the stirring up of their minds by the press, by which, perhaps, it renders its greatest benefits to society. These persons do not necessarily *believe* what they see printed, but they are led, by what they see, to investigate, to reflect, to discriminate, and they become eventually the dispensers of justice, the refuge of the oppressed. In some cases we acknowledge, with sorrow, that reparation has followed injury far too slowly to heal the wounds inflicted by rashness or cruelty; but, in the present state of things, when constant battles are waging between monthly, weekly, and even daily, antagonists, it can hardly happen that the aspersed shall not find all reasonable attention paid to their sufferings where they were unmerited, and the justly punished be excited to fear that increased castigation would follow those now experienced.

The writer who is malevolent for the love of malevolence, and whose propensity to scribbling cannot be restrained by the paucity of his information, or the deficiency of his education, is rarely injurious beyond the hour; nor does the clever satirist, who, in his sweeping censures, involves the innocent and guilty, bring the former into any dispute with those whose good will is worth seeking. Thus, when a correspondent of last week calls the 'scholar's the most *beggarly* of all avocations,' can it be supposed that one human being, endowed with intelligence, therefore concludes a man of learning to be despicable? On the contrary, is he not led to consider the value such a man is of to society, to estimate justly that labour which is above all price, which brings the intellect of past ages into present use, and—but we have no time to touch even the outlines of a subject so inexhaustible. By the same rule we cannot comment on the philippic given by this writer on the clergy, farther than to say that (although a flagrant proof against the cause we are advocating, since it is using the press for the purpose of disseminating unsupported and malignant assertions in the mere wantonness of power) no person will be thereby misled. We all know that, in the overflowing state of our population, wealth, and refinement, every profession is, perhaps, too full of members for all to thrive; but this country is not therefore swarming with clergy, who, like the monks in Spain, infest all our paths, our chambers, and halls. The people who abuse the clergy in this country are not those who are *intimately*, or, generally speaking, at *all* acquainted with them; and to say they are 'only contemptible in the pulpit,' amounts to this, 'I never go into any one of their churches; I hate the whole race; I am sure they do not deserve what they receive, and I wish I could put their livings into my pocket.'

This power of the press to correct its own errors, to elicit truth, awaken mind, and sharpen the general faculties and energies of those whom it governs without subduing, and without fine, imprisonment, or bodily injury, surely gives it a pre-eminence over all former despotic rulers. A free press may be a great tyrant over a free people, but it will certainly prove eventually the best and only ruler they can submit to beneficially. How many crimes will it not prevent of the grossest description, and what a countless number may it not totally eradicate of lighter character, but equally injurious to the well-being of society? By presenting new objects of thought, new matter on which intellect may work and fancy expand, will not the mind be purified, the moral sense increased, and such an improvement of the understanding produced, that it will learn how to reject the light and trashy, the base and deleterious food offered by the same medium? Is it not in fact the only way by which sound principles, and therefore pure morality, can be inculcated?—the vices of the proud and wealthy restrained in a country where riches are greatness?—and, finally, is it not the means by which a pure religion must be most generally and efficiently offered to every man's choice and acceptance?

B.

HARRIETTE WILSON.

COULD we for a single moment imagine that our silence as to the existence of so notorious a work as the memoirs of the woman whose name we have just put at the head of this article, could keep the knowledge of such a circumstance from our readers, we should hesitate as to the propriety of alluding to it in any shape; but as it is *impossible* but that most of them must have heard of it already, it would be but a questionable kind of prudence to suppose that we can be doing any great harm in noticing the book as we are about to do. Has it not already been commented upon in every newspaper, and all the publicity been given to it that a book can obtain? Has it not been reprinted in every shape, and hawked about the most frequented

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streets and thoroughfares of the metropolis, by men who almost force it into our hands? And is not the portrait of Miss Wilson herself stuck up at almost every print-shop?* But more fuss has been made about this production than was necessary: it is not more profligate than 'Don Juan, or more immoral than Wilhelm Meister—that production so cried up by many English critics; not warmer in expression, or looser in sentiment, than Moore's amatory Poems; not grosser in its pictures than the once celebrated Spirit of the Book, or than the Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans; not more polluting, if so much, than many of the details that find their way into the daily newspapers, which, nevertheless, may be seen on the breakfast-tables of very respectable people; nor is it more prurient or lascivious than many productions to be found in a circulating library. This, it will be observed, is not saying much in its favour: we admit it; yet, nevertheless, think that, considered as one of the signs of the times, the publication of this work is not at all more ominous than the unaccountable sympathy which Miss Foote's appearance at Covent Garden excited in the audience: neither is it more pernicious in its tendency than much of the poetry of Moore, who brought, in the shape of elegant poetry, the prurient virus into our very drawing-rooms. We are not, therefore, disposed to think very much the worse of the world in consequence of this publication, or to imagine that society actually deteriorates every day; for if we look not many generations back, shall we find vice displaying itself less unblushingly? What say we to the taste of our fathers and grandfathers who could encourage such vile stuff as The Town and Country Magazine and its scandalous *tête-a-têtes*?

'*Vivere fortes ante Agamemnona*,'

or, in plain English, there have been Kitty Fishers and other celebrated cyprians before Harriette Wilson; and some, too, as witness Mrs. Badeley, &c. who have edified the world with their autobiographies. We do not even think much worse of our patricians and senators than we did before this book was ushered into the world; for we never supposed them to be a very saintly or ascetic race. Why, therefore, some persons should affect to be so greatly scandalized at this production, we do not exactly perceive. Setting aside the personalities and the exposure of individuals,—with whom, by the by, we do not greatly sympathize for the figure which they here cut†, there is but very little to shock the decorum of many very well-bred people. It is, to be sure, not quite right that so much piquant scandal relative to high life and fashionable society should have been permitted to escape from west-end drawing-rooms, and be retailed out—oh, horror! to vulgar plebeians, in sixpenny numbers. Yet we surely do not mean to say that this is not a vile publication, and utterly unfit to be perused by any female pretending to modesty? Certainly not; but there are also many other things, heaven knows, very unbecoming women of character, which they nevertheless do. How, we ask, can any modest woman endure to witness the disgusting exhibitions at the Opera*? how can they venture to a masquerade, where they are elbowed by the most infamous women? how can they bear to take up a newspaper filled with the filthiest details of a case of crim. con.?—The fact is, that both fashionable people and good kind of people do a great many indelicate and indecorous—not to say gross, things.

Let us not be misunderstood: we wish not to exculpate or vindicate such publications as the one that has given rise to these observations. Let the woman who can thus deliberately record her infamy and doubly prostitute herself, be branded with all the obloquy which she merits; and let those, too, whose cupidity tempts them to publish such works, meet with the contempt that they deserve. In however favourable a light this unfortunate woman would place her conduct, the very act of exposing her frailties to the world adds to her criminality, and proves that she has as little delicacy and feeling as she has virtue. There is an Italian proverb, which says, *Peccato celato è mezzo perdonato*, and we certainly wish that females placed in her unhappy situation would adopt it as their wisest maxim. To blazon her own guilt requires a degree of effrontery of which, judging from the memoirs themselves, we should not have supposed this wretched woman capable; nothing less than the extreme of want would, in our opinion, have urged her to this self-degradation,—could have induced her to chronicle herself, as a fit object for the scorn as well as the pity of the world; since she does not appear to have been utterly abandoned, or lost to all the delicacy which should adorn her sex. There are indeed one or two incidents in her history which prove her to have been generous and humane; we say *have* been, because we apprehend that she must have forfeited her only remaining pretensions to esteem, ere she could have sat down to become her own historian. And can it then be possible that the paramour of the titled and the opulent,—that she who was once surrounded by fortune and luxury, has sunk so low, or have fallen into such wretchedness? If such be really the case, what a lesson does her life hold out to her own sex! But even supposing the fashionable courtesan successful to the very extremity of her worldly career, she is but one among ten thousand; and less fortunate wretches find themselves, after a few brief years, abandoned to all the horrors of misery and want.

With respect to the style of the work, many parts of it are written in a romantic sentimental strain, and we might almost believe that the lady was quite Platonic in her attachments, did not the cloven foot suddenly display itself, and prove that there was as much of the satyr as of the grace in her composition; for that the memoirs of a courtesan should not be licentious will hardly be expected. We shall now dismiss a subject which may, in the opinion of many of our readers, have obtained from us more notice than it deserves; but we hardly apprehend that we shall be censured for having commented upon it as we have done, since, if the mere knowledge that there are immoral publications and profligate people in the world be absolutely subversive of all virtue, then we are in a desperate state indeed; but it is one thing to know that depravity exists, and another to indulge in it.

* We observed it, the other day, in a window of the basement floor of Furnival's Inn. Why does Mr. Peto, who is, we believe, a pious man, although not the most tasteful architect of the day, as the building we have just mentioned sufficiently attests, remonstrate against such a profane exhibition? The portrait itself is, however, not eminently attractive, for the lady looks here more like a dowdy than a dashing demirep.

† Some of the individuals exhibited here certainly do make a most ridiculous figure; but we have very little compassion to bestow on them. Sir William Abdy is chronicled as the greatest noodle that it is possible to conceive, and the eldest son of one of our earls as one of the most beggarly wretches that ever disgraced nobility. As for Mrs. Nesbit, we must charitably suppose either that she was drunk at the time, or that the anecdote related of her is a mere fabrication.

* We are not altogether singular in our opinion respecting the ballet at the Opera; for even the author of Sayings and Doings, who is a staunch admirer of the aristocracy, and who asserts that our nobility is 'the most moral nobility in Europe,' and the 'best of people,'—even he does not attempt to defend an exhibition, 'the only merit of which is the gross exposition of person, at which modesty shudders, and from which common decency revolts.' This is tolerably strong language, especially when it is considered that he has just before told us that an 'exemplary countess' applauded one of these disgusting exhibitions, by her 'Brava, brava!' Now, although we certainly should not recommend the pages of Harriette to any modest female, we may safely say that they contain nothing that can either contaminate the morals or shock the delicacy of those 'exemplary' ladies who patronize the Opera and its posture women.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

On Wednesday the tunnel under the river Thames was formally commenced, by ceremoniously laying the first stone, which honour devolved on William Smith, Esq. chairman.

The spot on which the operations are begun, is near to and somewhat to the eastward of Rotherhithe Church, and on the south side of Rotherhithe Street. The preparations consist of a circle of piles of large scantling, bounding a very stout timber curb shod with iron (on the under side), and securely bolted together. This timber curb, which is 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 50 feet diameter, forms the base of a circular brick structure, which is to be 3 feet in thickness and 40 feet in height. The brickwork is to be set in Roman cement, well secured by horizontal band hoops, let into the courses at short intervals from each other, and the whole is to be bound vertically by means of 48 iron ties, the aggregate strength of which is more

than sufficient to carry the whole structure, although its weight will exceed 1000 tons.

A steam engine of 30-horse power, with boiler, &c. is to be set up on the top of this structure, for the purpose of giving motion to a bucket-chain, descending in the middle, intending to act as a common dredging machine for taking up the soil, which is to be removed to give place to the building in question.

In this manner Mr. Brunell purposes to penetrate through the gravel, sand, and water (about 28 feet deep) which forms the upper stratum, or bed of the river. This brick structure, which may be compared to the crib commonly used by well-diggers, is to be sunk down into the blue clay.

The tunnel will be opened between 45 and 65 feet below high-water mark, and carried through the blue clay, of which there will be from 10 to 14 feet on the top of the brickwork in the deepest part of the river. The shaft now preparing is intended for foot passengers. The larger descent, for carriages, which is to be of about 200 feet diameter, will not be begun till the tunnel is carried on to a certain extent under the river.

After the ceremony of laying the first stone had been performed, it was followed by a cold collation, for what work can be carried on without eating or drinking? On the toast of Mr. Brunell and the Arts and Sciences being drunk, Mr. B. returned thanks, and expressed his hope that he should soon have an opportunity of acknowledging a similar compliment at the other side of the water (a laugh); for which occasion a bottle, nay a dozen, of the wine furnished for the present entertainment, should be carefully sealed up and preserved.—(Laughter and applause.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

My heart it is blighted,
My love it is slighted,
And all the soul that was once light and gay;
My lover 's departed,
And I'm broken-hearted,—
My joys are all crush'd, and my hopes flown away.

O, never again
Will the softening rain
Revive in my bosom the verdure of May;
My comforts are sear'd
By the hand I rever'd,—
My joys are all crush'd, and my hopes flown away.

This jessamine seat
Shall be my retreat,
In summer and winter, by night and by day,
While I pensively sing
To the bird on the wing,—
My joys are all crush'd, and my hopes flown away.

Man loves and regrets,
Adores and forgets,
While the heart he forsakes sinks to utter decay;
But woman alone
Is faithful to one,
The her joys are all crush'd, and her hopes flown away.

Alas! that strange feeling
Is not worth revealing,
Which wastes like the strength of the sea-surging spray;
But true passion's course
Is still equal in force,
When its joys are all crush'd, and its hopes flown away.

Man little conceives,
When a mind he deceives,
How he opens a wound which no art can allay;
When she dare not reveal,
Tho' 'tis pain to conceal,
That her joys are all crush'd, and her hopes flown away.

Then go, false one, go,—
Nay, I cannot say so,
Tho' the peace you have stolen you'll never repay;
I could whisper adieu,
But my heart is still true,
Tho' my joys are all crush'd, and my hopes flown away.

O let me forbear
His memory to sear,
Tho' stern and relentless to all I could say;
I fain could regret,
But I cannot forget,
That my joys are all crush'd, and my hopes flown away.

The delicate rose,
Like the dawn of repose,
May be spoil'd by the blast, or the sun's scorching ray;
So fair Isabel's bloom
Will soon sink to the tomb,
Now her joys are all crush'd, and her hopes flown away.

H. C.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM COBBETT, ESQ.

An admirable likeness of Mr. Cobbett has just been published, at a price which will bring it within the reach of all the admirers of that inconsistent but extraordinary man. It is engraved by Adlard, from a crayon in the possession of young Mr. Cobbett; the size is such, that it may be bound up with any of Mr. Cobbett's works, political, theological, or agricultural.

Some old pictures, which had been long in the ancient Hotel of the Finances, have been restored to the Royal Museum of Paris, to which they belonged. One of them, covered with a thick coat of dirt, and hardly distinguishable, has been cleaned and repaired by Count Forbin himself, and proves to be a magnificent Claude, valued at above 30,000 francs. It will be placed in the great gallery.

THE DRAMA.

Italian Opera.—It having been found necessary to repair the King's Theatre, which will require some weeks to get ready, the company has been transferred to the little and ill-constructed theatre in the Haymarket. The boxes have been divided from each other by curtains; an entrance has been made through the centre box into the pit, and the first gallery is also made to communicate with both. The season commenced on Tuesday with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, which, considering the difficulty of the singers adjusting their voices to so small a house, was very well performed. Madame de Begnis, as the countess, was extremely happy; and Susannah, perhaps, never had a better representative than in Madame Vestris. Signor de Begnis had his old character of Figaro, which he played with his usual excellence. The air of *Non piu andrai* was given with the most striking effect. A pretty ballet, or divertissement, called *L'Offrande aux Graces*, followed, in which Madame Vestris excited immense applause.

Argyle Rooms.—Madame Catalini, whose vocal talents have filled all Europe with astonishment, and to whom kings and emperors have listened with rapture, is about to take leave of the British public, previously to which she gives four concerts. The first took place on Thursday evening, and was numerously attended by the fashionable world. She sang several Italian airs with her usual effect,—an effect which power, compass, brilliancy, and sweetness combined to produce. Her greatest triumph was *La Placida Campagna*: this air brought all her talents into action, and we should have said no human effort could go higher, had not an encore proved that she had still something in reserve. Madame Catalini also sang the ballad of *Sweet Home*, with a simplicity which formed the most striking contrast to her usual style. She concluded with our national air of *God save the King*, with a majesty and force which surpass all description.

Oratorios.—Drury Lane has commenced its oratorios successfully, with several pieces by Weber, particularly the cantata of *Kampf und Sieg*, composed in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo; and some pieces from Weber's opera of *Preciosa*. Braham, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, and Miss Stephens are a host in the vocal department; and the instrumental part is well sustained. Kieswetter played an exquisite *fantasia* on the violin. The house was well filled, both on Friday and Wednesday nights.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—A new piece has been produced at this theatre, which we have not seen, called *The Rock of La Charbonnière*; and, from the character given of it in a morning paper remarkable for its critical lenity in theatrical matters, we feel disposed not to lose our time upon it. It is described as 'a raw-head-and-bloody-bone sort of a piece, founded on a French story,' and in which the plot and dialogue are the most objectionable. All the papers consider it so completely damned the first night, that an audience ought not to have been a second time insulted with it.

Mr. Mathews at Home.—Charles Mathews,—the inimitable Charles Mathews, will be At Home next week, when the public are invited to inspect the contents of his *Memorandum Book*. We shall do more: we shall copy a leaf or two out of it.

Mr. Bartley's really entertaining and instructive lectures on astronomy still continue to attract the young and the inquisitive: they are well attended.

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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. H. D. Inglis, author of the Tales of Ardennes, under the assumed name of Derwent Conway, is about to deliver a course of lectures, at the Music Hall, Leeds, on the literature of modern Europe, including notices relative to the arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture

A splendid edition of Milton, with embellishments by Martin, is announced for publication; and when we call to mind the splendid compositions and gorgeous scenery in which this artist has been so eminently successful, we have no doubt but that his pencil and graver will most happily illustrate the sublime conceptions of our great epic bard.

The trustees of the British Museum have applied to Parliament for the means of purchasing the collection of MSS. of the late Mr. Rich, the traveller, consisting of 900 volumes, together with a collection of medals, and other curiosities, valued altogether at £8000.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare has declared his intention of presentnig his collection of books, on Italian history and topography, comprising nearly 18,000 volumes, to the British Museum.

A splendid Egyptian sarcophagus has arrived at Paris, covered both inside and outside with hieroglyphics. These inscriptions, according to the examination of Champolion, indicate that the defunct inhabitant, whose name was Ousirphthaor, had been a priest of Ammon and Lambis, scribe of the great temple of Patha, at Memphis, and attached to the worship of King Psammiticus. The name of this king, frequently repeated on several parts of the sarcophagus, implies that it was commenced about six hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. It was taken from the catacombs of Memphis.

Professor Olbers, of Bremen, has published a curious article on the inundations of the 3d and 4th of February, coinciding with the full moon, which was near to the earth, its perigee being on the 5th of February. The inundation, however, would not, he says, have been so considerable, if it had not been attended with a violent hurricane from the north-west, which caused the sea to rise to a dreadful height. He predicts that if the full moon on the 4th of March should be accompanied with hurricane, the consequences may be dreadful, as the tide of that day, so far as it depends on the action of the sun and moon, will be the highest of all.

The Royal York Baths.—This establishment, which has been recently fitted up in a very extensive building, in the York Terrace, Regent's Park, will be one of the most complete in the metropolis, and will afford every accommodation and convenience which the visitors can desire. Every variety of baths are to be found here,—cold or hot, shower, vapour, fumigating, &c.; and, in addition to the baths themselves, which are very numerous, there are reading-rooms, waiting-rooms, and a spacious billiard-room, the use of which, however, is restricted to those who subscribe to it. The largest bath is a spacious room, decorated with two columns, and a figure of Neptune, at whose feet a dolphin spouts up the water into the bathing-place. The building, which was erected by Mr. James Burton, the architect, is very judiciously laid out, and externally makes a handsome appearance, having an Ionic loggia in its centre.

ON PYROLIGNEOUS ACID.

By George Houston, of New York.

The most valuable use to which this acid may be applied, is that of curing meat of every description, so as to preserve it from flies, and from putrefaction in hot weather. It has been ascertained, by innumerable experiments, that it contains the same properties of preserving animal matters, as smoking them by wood does; and that the only difference in using it and drying by the present mode is merely in the application. In the one case, the meat is acted on during the distillation of the acid while the wood is burning in the smoke-house; in the other, the acid, already formed, is applied by immersion or by the brush.

Since the experiments of Mr. Stotze, at Halle, several successful applications of the acid, in this way, have been noticed in the English journals. Two specimens of meat were, some time ago, exhibited at a meeting of the Philosophical Society, Whitehaven, which had been prepared with the acid on the 7th September, 1819. One of the pieces had been taken to the West Indies to try the effect of the climate, and the other was hung up at home. After the lapse of fifteen months (i. e. January, 1821), they were tasted by all the members of the society, and found to be perfectly sweet, fresh, and fit for use. Our journals also have mentioned instances where the acid has been used in the preparation of meat, and the result has been equally satisfactory. But nothing has appeared of a positive nature, in either country, by which the mode of applying it could be distinctly understood. In one instance, the acid was put into the tub after the meat had been sufficiently saturated with the pickle; and in another, it was not applied till after it was removed from the tub, and had hung in the open air for a day or two. The quantity of the acid used has likewise been differently estimated, according to the different modes of preparation which have been adopted.

With the view of satisfying myself on the subject, I caused six pieces of beef usually selected for smoking, and weighing about fifteen pounds each, to be cured with salt, saltpetre, and sugar, in the ordinary way, and, when they had been about four weeks in the pickle, they were taken out and hung up for twenty-four hours, after which they were moistened by a brush, with nearly a quart of the acid. In a few days they had all the appearance of smoked beef, and, when cut in slices, no difference whatever could be discovered between them in flavour or taste. Some hams and tongues, prepared in the same manner, showed a similar result.

In point of economy, the difference in the two modes is very striking. The expense of smoking a hundred weight of meat is 37 1-2 cents; the cost of the acid for the same quantity is only six cents. But what is of still greater importance is, that when meat returns from the smoke-house, it generally weighs about a third less than when sent thither. Prepared with the acid, no diminution in the weight takes place; while the juices of the beef and hams which are dried up by the fire of the smoke-house are entirely preserved in the new process. Add to this, that in using the acid there is no danger of the meat being changed, or of its passing through the hands of persons who may not be altogether attentive to cleanliness —considerations which are of no small importance to those who are careful in regulating their household affairs.

Accompanying this communication is a piece of beef, prepared by me about two months ago, and a part of the acid used by me on that occasion. The beef has been fully exposed during the whole of that period, and, although the weather has not been so warm as is usual at this season, I have no doubt that it is unassailable by flies, in the hottest part of the year. When sliced and broiled, it relishes as well as the best beef steak.

The acid is in the same state in which it was when it first came from the still. It is divested of its colour by subsequent distillation: but, as this deprives it of its essential oil (the cause of the smoky flavour given to the meat), any alteration in its present state must diminish that flavour, and probably materially affect its antiseptic qualities; consequently, render it unfit for curing meat.

I have been assured that fish may be preserved for any length of time, by the pyroligneous acid. This appears extremely probable. Salmon, shad, and herrings, are cured in smoke-houses, in the same way that meat is cured; and there seems no doubt that the acid would produce a similar effect. It might also be used to preserve beef and pork for a considerable period, without the trouble and expense of salting.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	10 o'Clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather.
Feb. 25	37	40	35	30 40	Cloudy.
.... 26	35	37	37	.. 25	Snow.
.... 27	36	44	40	29 67	Rain.
.... 28	36	42	40	.. 60	Cloudy.
Mar. 2	34	46	39	.. 62	Do.
.... 2	40	45	40	.. 27	Do.
.... 3	34	44	35	.. 48	Fair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'STREET Errata' and the 'Triumph of Bacchus' in our next.

Will P. A. favour us with the conclusion of his 'Trip to Cambridge,' without which we cannot decide on its insertion.

The 'Farming Doctor' is clever, but it has been anticipated in *The Literary Chronicle*, by a poetic tale on the same subject.

We fear the great length of A. B.'s tale will preclude its insertion, in which case it shall be forwarded to his address.

Works published since our last notice.—Fitzalbyne of Berkeley, 2 vols. 13s.—The Real Grievance of the Irish Peasantry, 3s. 6d.—Proceedings of the Catholic Association at Dublin, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Ferrier's Letter to Mr. Canning.—Westminster Hall, or Law and Lawyers, 3 vols. 21s.—Cooke's Cookery and Confectionery, 12mo. 6s.—Jones's Relics of Welsh Bards, 2 vols. 3l. 13s. 6d.—Bell's Examination for Regulating Forms of Process in Scotland, 4s.—Brewer's Beauties of Ireland, vol. 1.—Hans of Iceland, 7s. 6d.—Brunmark's Swedish Grammar, 5s. 6d.—Jeremy's Digest, royal 8vo. 30s.

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SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATURE.—At a Meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, the 25th February, 1825, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of establishing a Society for the Encouragement of Literature—

COLONEL NUGENT IN THE CHAIR,

It was resolved (after reading the subjoined Prospectus), that the undermentioned gentlemen do form a Committee of Directors, for the purpose of carrying the plan into execution; with power to add to their number, and to appoint the Officers of the Institution.

Henry T. Colebrooke, Esq. F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.	Edward Moor, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A., &c.
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PROSPECTUS.

The difficulties with which Authors have to contend, in bringing their works before the Public, have long been the subject of complaint among literary men; and have, doubtless, in numerous instances, repressed the early efforts of genius.

It is therefore, in contemplation to form a 'Society for the Encouragement of Literature,' which, without losing sight of those pecuniary advantages on which its stability must depend, would not look so much to private emolument as to public benefit; and while it would insure to the young Author of merit the fostering aid of its patronage, would reserve for the necessities of his declining age some portion of the profit arising from his labours.

In order to accomplish these objects, it is intended that the Society should purchase the Copyright of Works which may be deemed worthy of public approbation; but it is not meant that the Society should interfere with the established trade of the Bookseller, and the Public will be supplied with the works through the medium of the regular Publishers.

The basis on which it is proposed to establish the Society is as follows:—

The Capital to be £100,000—in Shares of £25—but to be increased, if at any future period such a measure should be deemed advisable by a majority of Proprietors; and, in that event, the Shareholders to have the privilege of subscribing, at Par, in proportion to the amount of their Shares.

One-third of the Directors to vacate their seats annually; but to be eligible to be re-elected.

All Vacancies in the Directorship to be filled up by Ballot among the Shareholders; who are to be allowed to vote in the following ratio:—

1 Share .... 1 Vote.	10 Shares .... 3 Votes.
5 Shares .... 2 Votes.	20 Shares .... 5 Votes.

And one additional Vote for every five Shares exceeding twenty.

Each Share to entitle its possessor to one Copy of every Work published by the Society, at two-thirds of the publication price.

Interest, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, to be paid half yearly, on the amount of the instalments on the Shares.

A Deposit of One Pound per Share to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder by gradual instalments, as the extension of the Society's concerns may demand. But it is supposed that the amount required will not, for a considerable period, exceed £5 per Share; and no instalment beyond that sum will be called for without the sanction of a General Meeting of Proprietors.

The Profits, after payment of the Interest and Disbursements, to be appropriated as follows:—One-fourth to form a Fund for the benefit of Authors,—to be hereafter disposed of at the discretion of the Society; Two-fourths to be divided among the Proprietors, annually; and the remaining fourth to accumulate as Capital during Six Years, when one half of the accumulation will be divided among the Proprietors, and subsequently, every third year, a division of the profits of the three preceding years will be made; by which arrangement a perpetual fund of three years' profits will be formed, to meet any unforeseen expenditure, and to prevent the possibility of loss to the Proprietors.

Although no positive estimate can be formed of the pecuniary advantages which are likely to accrue to the proprietors, yet, from the well-known facts, that the profits on publications are generally large, and that, on many popular works, they exceed the ordinary limits of those on other speculations, it may be reasonably presumed that the annual returns from that source will be considerable; while it is certain that the discounts to be obtained from Printers and Papermakers, by payments in cash, in lieu of the long and burdensome credit now given to the Publishers, will alone afford an ample remuneration for the advance of capital. To which considerations may be added, the power which the Society will possess, through its ample funds and literary connections, of promoting the publication of works of high national importance.

The principal object of this Institution being the general encouragement of Literature, the Society will not suffer itself to be biassed by party feelings; but will be open to the reception of all works that do not militate against good order and morality.

A Deed for the establishment of the Society will be prepared under the sanction of the Directors, and the same is to be deemed the proper Deed for carrying the Plan into effect; by which it will be provided that, as between themselves, the Shareholders shall not be liable beyond the amount of their respective Shares in the capital of the Society. And in order that, as far as possible, no Shareholder may be liable, as between the Society and the Public, beyond the amount of his Shares, it is intended, that all contracts and engagements on behalf of the Society shall be made and entered into with that stipulation, and for immediate payment. But, should it be deemed advisable, an application will be made to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation.

Applications for Shares may be made to Messrs. Allston and Hundleby, the Solicitors of the Society, at their office, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, London, until Tuesday, the 15th March, when the Subscription will be closed, and the applicants be informed of the number of Shares allotted to each, the deposits on which are to be then paid to Messrs. Ransom and Co., Bankers, Pall Mall East.

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We have rarely met with a volume in which so much explanatory and apologetic introduction was deemed necessary. The author endeavours to obviate every objection that can be made to his work, in the outset. If you ask why are they called Tales of the Ardennes? the answer is, because they were written there; and that some of the creations of the mind were produced by the wildness and solitude of the country. The next supposed objection is, that the volume is called tales, when some of the pieces have little pretensions to the name; this is admitted in a qualified degree: 'but, as the longest and principal composition is unquestionably a tale, and as each of the others includes something of a story, it was thought that no better title could be given to them.' But the reader will say, there is a mixture of fact and fiction in the pieces, and it is difficult to distinguish them. O! quoth the author, I'll soon settle that, thus: 'Wherever the author is alone, and speaks in the first person, the narrative is true; but wherever another person is introduced, it becomes fiction.' There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, (and what rule is without them?) but these are very carefully pointed out. The last apology, and by far the most important, is, that one of his tales may be said to be a defence of suicide; and, so far as making a good man free from remorse, embarrassment, love, or jealousy, and in the perfect exercise of his reason, commit self-murder, because the love of life is less than the desire to quit it, the story may be considered in the very light the author anticipates. Indeed he does not deny it, but indulges in some special pleading, to show that if the story has that tendency, it can do no harm. We fear otherwise, and consider the piece bad, but the apology still worse, and both a sad blot in this otherwise interesting volume. Suicide, however, is not the only subject in which the author is at variance with the world generally; he is a great enemy to actions of crim. con.; and asserts that the man who accepts from his wife's seducer a sum of money, as an indemnification for her loss, might as well take a bribe for her virtue: he would not have the seducer go unpunished, but, says this new lawgiver, 'if the punishment is to be pecuniary, let it be the portion of the victim: she needs it the most, and has the best claim to it.' This is a singular doctrine, truly. Why, what punishment would it be to the seducer in high life, when he marries the woman he seduces?—It would be merely transferring the money from one pocket to the other. But to the tales.

There are nine distinct articles in this volume, some of which include more than one story. The author's powers lie rather in description than narrative, and most of his tales are inconclusive, inculcate no moral, and have no distinct object; this is particularly the case with the Fire's Tale. The Travels of Heidelberg is our favorite, but it is too long to quote, and to abridge would be to spoil it. We shall, therefore, select an entire tale, called—

'*A Day by the Danube.*—And this is the Danube! I know not how it is, but almost every one has a desire, from his early youth, to see some objects in preference to others, without being able to assign any reason why; and, of all rivers, the Danube had long been that which I had desired the most to look upon. Perhaps it was the name that impressed me, for there is certainly something sonorous in it. Or it may be that, when a child, I used to stop in the evening, and listen to a blind woman who sang, "Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube." Her voice was sweet, and there is something imposing in the image, "dark rolling Danube." The day I came in sight of it, however, it was not applicable; the sun was bright, the water flowed pure and rapid, and the gay fields of Hungary waved yellow in the summer's breeze. I was disappointed. It was not in accordance with the ideas I had formed of it. I would rather have seen a flood of dark waters flowing through gloomy forests; and I felt somewhat mortified that I should so long have cherished a false image. I shut my eyes, and thought of the Danube; and it rolled before me dark and mighty. I opened them, and beheld it as it is. I had breakfasted at Sefid, about twelve miles distant; and I now sat down under a walnut-tree, close by the river, to refresh myself with the contents of my haversack. There is something soothing in the flowing of a river; and my disagreeable feelings soon gave way to the beauty of the prospect around me. I had not yet determined the future course of my journey: whether I should follow the river down to the Black Sea, or up to its Alpine source; and I determined now to settle the point. When one sits by a river's side, and sees it flowing past, the mind naturally flows with it: it requires something of an effort to mount with it; so I speedily found myself passing through Belgrade, Turkey, and launched into the Black Sea. For a moment, fancy was arrested at Belgrade. Belgrade had been besieged; when, or by whom, I knew not, but it was the same thing.—Belgrade had beeen besieged. But I left Belgrade, and entered Turkey; and then imagination filled up its picture: Constantinople floated before my eyes; and its seraglio of dark-haired beauties; and the Hellespont, and its tale of love and disaster; and then I passed into Asia, and wandered among the ruins of mighty cities and ancient temples, where Arabs and their camels were reposing; and I saw the city of the prophet, and its hundred mosques; and I heard the voice of him who calls the Mussulmen to prayers; and the scenery of the Arabian nights rose before me, and its wonders and enchantments; and I beheld Bagdat in its ancient magnificence, and the caliph and his vizier walking through it in disguise. I shall certainly follow the river down to the Black Sea. There is perhaps no one to whom that name does not convey somewhat of a dismal image; not, perhaps, that any one imagines its colour to be black; but there is always an idea of darkness and gloominess connected with it. If there be any one who is insensible to this association, let the metaphysicians bottle him up as an exception to their theories of suggestion. Whether this idea be inviting or no depends upon the state of the mind; to me it was revolting, after the brightness of my Asiatic visions. I then looked up the river, and thought of ascending to its source. I should pass through Vienna, the proud residence of the court of Austria, that inconceivable mixture of kindness and oppression, paternal with regard to Austria, and despotic to all the world besides. I should then traverse Germany: but here I was again obliged to leave the field to fancy. My ignorance, and not my will, consented; but she travelled not the less blithely on her way, that there was no finger-post to direct her wanderings; but a sad journey she led me, through gay fields and gloomy forests, across plains and round green hills, up rugged steeps, 'mong toppling rocks and foaming cataracts, and at last left me in a desolate place, by the side of a clear fountain, where an eagle and a chamois goat were quenching their thirst. And this is the source of the Danube! I could get no further up, so I was obliged to follow the stream down again; and I determined, the moment light-feathered fancy borne on its bosom should reach me, to arrest it. I was yet ignorant where I should pass the night: the sun was getting low: so I finished my flask of Hungarian wine, and made for a small eminence close at hand, to see if I could discover in which direction lay the nearest village. I perceived a church tower, at about an hour's walk down the river. It is all one, said I to

myself, where I rest to-night,—I can change my direction in the morning; and I had just turned my back upon the Holy Alliance, when I perceived a young girl coming towards me, along the path I had struck into, carrying in her arms one of the prettiest little dogs I had ever seen. Whether it was that the dog was alarmed at the approach of a stranger, or that its mistress was for the moment more occupied with that event than by the care of her favourite, I cannot pretend to determine; but, when within a few paces of me, the dog leaped from her arms, and fell into the river. The damsel screamed, and ran to the edge, but the bank was too high for her to reach the water. I immediately determined to save the dog at all hazards. It may be that I was less incited to the action by the danger of the dog than by the grief of its mistress; and when I call to remembrance her look of affection and agony, I know not which of the two I would prefer to have it recorded as my motive, in my little catalogue of good actions. The dog was carried out from the bank a little way, and was rapidly descending the stream. At a little distance lower down, and only a few yards from the bank, were some rocks, and not more than two or three feet of water betwixt them and the shore. I instantly broke off a branch of a tree, and in a moment gained the rocks. I lay down upon my face, and extended the branch, in hopes that the little animal would lay hold of it. A moment later, and he was lost; but my efforts were crowned with success; he seemed to exhaust his little remaining strength in fixing his teeth in it. I drew him to me, and instantly gained the shore. From the moment that the maiden saw me interest myself in her favour, she had remained silent and motionless, the image of fear and anxiety; but when I presented her favourite to her, joy and gratitude gleamed in her eyes; she clasped it to her bosom, dripping as it was, kissed it over and over again, held out her hand to me, smiled, caressed her dog again, and again gave me her hand, as if to say she could not thank me sufficiently in words. I told her I was well repaid by having saved her favourite; and I was sure that, if he could speak, he would thank me for having restored him to so kind a mistress. She told me she lived with her mother, in a cottage, about half an hour's walk up the river; and that, having met myself in her service, if I would walk along with her, her mother would be glad to receive me as a stranger and still more as the preserver of their favourite. It was not an offer to refuse: she gave me the little dog to carry, and we walked on together. She told me that she had been to see her sister, who was married, and who resided in the village whose tower I had seen; that she had taken the dog with her as a companion, and, thinking it might be tired, had carried it all the way from the village. Innocent tender-hearted creature! What are ye, ye refinements of civilization, in comparison with the confiding innocence and simplicity of the Hungarian girl, who extends her hand to the stranger who has saved her dog, and invites him to her maternal roof, to refreshment and repose! She said the dog had belonged to her brother Theodore, but that when he went to the wars he had made her a present of it, to keep for his sake, and that she and her mother loved it much, both because Theodore loved it, and because it had loved Theodore. As we walked for a few moments in silence, I had leisure to contemplate the form which enshrined so pure a soul. She was above the middle height, slender, but possessed that beautiful roundness of form, which is so captivating in woman; her eyes were blue and mild, but expressive; her mouth was not perhaps quite so small and symmetrical as a limner would die of envy to paint, but two rows of pearly teeth were seen betwixt two parted lips of roses. She held her bonnet in her hand, and abundance of beautiful tresses, gently agitated by the air, showed a forehead of purity, and shaded a neck no less white; her age might be eighteen, but, whatever it was, she seemed yet to preserve the recent impress of the hand of divinity. I asked her if she was not afraid to walk so far alone. "No," said she; "all the country people know me!" "And love you too," I added. "At least," said she, "no one would harm me." Harm thee! I could have pressed her to my heart, and swore to protect her for ever, and I would have kept my word. I asked her if she had never been tempted to follow the example of her sister. "No," said she, "my mother is old and infirm; I shall never leave her." "Heaven will bless thy resolution," said I. But I could not help thinking, as I beheld her charms, and reflected upon her goodness, that destiny would hardly be just, if it should refuse to reward her filial piety, by the holy joys of wedded love. "We live yonder," said she, as we came in sight of a beautiful little cottage with an orchard sloping down to the river. * * * * * * * * I was received as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their corruptions into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. Never shall I forget our evening meal. We talked of the danger of their favourite; "Take care of him, Constance," said the kind old woman, "it is all we have of Theodore;" as she named her son, a tear trickled down her cheek; Constance kissed it off, but her own trickled in its place. I talked to them of distant climes and foreign manners. They had heard of England, but had never before seen one of its natives; they said that henceforth they would love it next to Hungary. They keep early hours in Hungary. After supper, I strolled into the orchard with Constance, and we silently gazed upon the river. She gave me some ripe pears: "These will perhaps refresh you to-morrow," said she. "Ah, Constance," I replied, "they may be sweet to-day, but to-morrow they will be bitter." The bell tolled from the neighbouring village, where I was to sleep, and I knew it was time to part. I trembled every inch of me: "Absurd," said I to myself, "I have known her but three hours; true, but I could live with her for ever." We returned to the cottage. The custom of the country permitted me to embrace at parting,—and never did I press the cheek of youth and beauty with so large an alloy of pain. Fair Constance, where art thou now?—still in thy little cottage, on the banks of the Danube? I see thee strolling among the walnut-trees, and I think that, when gazing on the river, thou wilt perhaps remember that a stranger once gazed upon it with thee. Hungarian girl, farewell!'

The piece called the Ardennes contains an admirable description of this district; we have, however, only room for the boar-hunt:—

'When one resides at St. Hubert, it is absolutely necessary to see a wild boar-hunt; and I determined, therefore, to witness one which was to take place on the morrow. It had snowed for two days; and, if the morning should prove dry, the weather would be precisely that which an *amateur* would choose, as it would be no difficult matter to trace the foot-prints of the game. Expectation was not disappointed, for it was a clear frost. We set off early, nearly a hundred in number, about one half provided with fire-arms, and the rest appointed to track the game. We had about three miles of an open country to cross before reaching the forest. A beautiful mantle of purity covered the lower world; the snow had "caught" no "stain of earth," but lay untrodden and untossed, a network of beauty, woven by the mysterious powers of nature; and, from above, the sun looked down upon it in glory. The moment we entered the forest, we formed into one line, and proceeded in total silence. We had walked for about half a mile, when those in front paused, and pointed out the track of three wolves; but, as these were not the game we were in search of, we continued our march. When we had proceeded about a mile farther, a sudden stop announced that something had been discovered. The prints or from twenty to thirty wild boars crossed our path, which skirted a deep dell, into which they had entered. The forces were immediately disposed; those who were armed proceeded round the valley to the opposite side, each taking his place beside a large tree, and at about one hundred yards distant from one another, there to wait until the trackers should have driven the game forward. As my object was merely curiosity, I chose a station about the centre of the line, beside a venerable oak, and employed the interval in contemplating the scene around me.

'A forest is beautiful in all seasons. It is beautiful in spring, when the leaves are unfolding their virgin charms to the love-sick air, and when the birds chaff welcome to the morning sun. It is beautiful in summer, when scarce a wandering sunbeam can pierce the foliage, and when the nightingale sings in the day-time. It is lovely in autumn, when the painted leaves hang frail; and lovelier still in its progress and decline, when all that is seen is the "little red leaf," and all that is heard is the last note of the woodlark. And is it not beautiful in winter, when leaves there are none, but when the knarled trunks and fantastic branches put forth shapes of picturesqueness more striking than when they were arrayed in the vestment of spring, or their summer garment? But he who has never seen a forest of oak, pendent with its fer-

they burden of purity, has never seen a forest in its most wondrous magnificence.

'I had just had time to be impressed with the beauty of the scene, when I was roused from my reverie by a shot: another and another and another succeeded, rapidly approaching. Immediately I saw a troop of more than twenty wild boars, galloping along the line. At different places they attempted to pass. At last, close to where I had posted myself, they broke through. Two were killed; several others were wounded, as was proved by the red traces in the snow, and the rest escaped. One, a *vieux solitaire*, made a show of resistance, but he was kept employed by two dogs until some of the hunters had reloaded their pieces.'

Greece in 1823 *and* 1824; *being a Series of Letters and other Documents on the Greek Revolution, written during a Visit to that Country.* By the Hon. Col. Stanhope. 8vo. pp. 208. London, 1825. Sherwood and Co.

It is not a little remarkable, that although the Greek revolution excites an immense interest in this country, yet that all the persons we have sent to assist in its consummation (Byron excepted) have proved themselves complete noodles. Blaquiere, who *could* have done better, has been too fond of book-making; and Colonel Stanhope, a military man, who wished to temporize when Byron (an military man) wanted to fight, has written a dull volume of some three hundred pages, which does not add one iota to our knowledge of Greece. It appears that he proceeded, to Greece as agent of the Greek Committee—a circumstance quite sufficient to damn that committee in public estimation, for a man less qualified for the task could not possibly have been selected. His letters are very silly productions, containing no information that was not known twelve months before to the whole of the reading part of the British public. Sometimes he appears wonderfully sapient, particularly when he tells us that 'Greece is big with events.' As Nicholas Bery says, 'we never heard that before.' And yet Col. Stanhope is minute enough, for he tells us the price of goats, geese, honey, milk, rum, rice, new cheese, 'and old cheese without salt.' Of the whole volume, we find nothing worth quoting, save two letters, relating to Greece's friend and England's idol, Lord Byron. These we shall give. The first letter is dated from Missolonghi, July 28, 1824, and is as follows:—

'Capt. York, of the Alacrity, a ten-gun lang, came on shore, a few days ago, to demand an equivalent for an Ionian boat that had been taken in the act of going out of the Gulf of Lepanto, with provisions, arms, &c. and he received two hundred dollars as an equivalent. Lord Byron conducted the business in behalf of the captain. In the evening he conversed with me on the subject. I said the affair was conducted in a bullying manner, and not according to the principles of equity and the law of nations. His lordship started into a passion. He contended, that law, justice, and equity, had nothing to do with politics. That may be; but I will never lend myself to injustice. His lordship than began, according to custom, to attack Mr. Bentham. I said, that it was highly illiberal to make personal attacks on Mr. Bentham before a friend who held him in high estimation. He said, that he only attacked his public principles, which were mere theories, but dangerous;—injurious to Spain, and calculated to do great mischief in Greece. I did not object to his lordship's attacking Mr. B.'s principles; what I objected to were his personalities. His lordship never reasoned on any of Mr. B.'s writings, but merely made sport of them. I would, therefore, ask him what it was that he objected to. Lord Byron mentioned his Panoptiocon as visionary. I said that experience in Pennsylvania, at Milbank, &c had proved it otherwise. I said that Bentham had a truly British heart; but that Lord Byron, after professing liberal principles from his boyhood, had, when called upon to act, proved himself a Turk.—Lord Byron asked, what proofs have you of this?—Your conduct in endeavouring to crush the press, by declaring against it to Mavrocordato, and your general abuse of liberal principles.—Lord Byron said, that if he had held up his finger he could have crushed the press. I replied, with all this power, which, by the way, you never possessed, you went to the prince and poisoned his ear.—Lord Byron declaimed against the liberals whom he knew.—But what liberals? I asked; did he borrow his notions of freemen from the Italians?—Lord Byron. No; from Leigh Hunts, Cartwrights, &c.—And still, said I, you presented Cartwright's Reform Bill, and sided Hunt by praising his poetry, and giving him the sale of your works.—Lord Byron exclaimed, you are worse than Wilson, and should quit the army.—I replied, I am a mere soldier, but never will I abandon my principles. Our principles are diametrically opposite, so let us avoid the subject. If Lord Byron acts up to his professions, he will be the greatest,—if not, the meanest of mankind. He said he hoped his character did not depend on my assertions.—No, said I, your genius has immortalized you. The worst could not deprive you of fame.—Lord Byron. Well; you shall see: judge me by my acts. When he wished me good night, I took up the light to conduct him to the passage, but he said, "What! hold up a light to a Turk!"'

After a very pious letter, in which Col Stanhope wishes God to rest the soul of Sir Thomas Maitland—a sensual beast, but no bad governor—our author gives us the following account of Lord Byron:—

'*Missolonghi, Feb.* 18, 1824.

'Lord Byron was seized, on the 15th inst. with a severe fit. His lordship was sitting in my room, and jesting with Parry, but his eyes and his brow occasionally discovered that he was agitated by strong feelings. On a sudden, he complained of a weakness in one of his legs: he rose, but finding himself unable to walk, called for assistance: he then fell into a violent nervous convulsion, and was placed upon my bed; during this period his face was much distorted: in a few minutes he began to recover his senses, his speech returned, and he was soon well, though exhausted with the struggle. His Piedmontese surgeon and Dr. Millengen both assured me that the fit, though of a dangerous character while it lasted, was not so in its consequences. During the fit, his lordship was as strong as a giant, and after it he behaved with his usual firmness. I conceive that the fit was occasioned by overexcitement. The mind of Byron is like a volcano: it is full of fire, wealth, and combustibles; and, when this matter comes to be strongly agitated, the explosion is dreadful. With respect to the causes that produced this excess of feeling, they are beyond my reach, except one great cause, which was the provoking conduct of the Suliots. Lord Byron had acted towards them with a degree of generosity that could not be exceeded, and then, when his plans were all formed for the attack of Lepanto, and his hopes were raised on the delivery of Western Greece from the inroads of the Turks, these ungrateful soldiers demanded, and extorted, and refused to march till all was settled to gratify their avarice. This was enough to agitate any heart warm in the cause of Greece. Such events are, however, quite natural, and may and ought to be anticipated. The Suliots have since agreed to act agreeably to Lord Byron's pleasure. When you hear these statements, do not hang your head. The cause advances. Every day the Greeks acquire knowledge and the Turks become more impotent. It requires more wisdom than falls to my share to tell you under what rule the Greeks will eventually fall, but of this I am certain—that they can never again be slaves.'

We have no doubt that Col. Stanhope is very brave, but we must send abler men to Greece, if her freedom is to depend on us, or if we wish to have a satisfactory account of her present state.

Westminster Hall; or, Professional Relics and Anecdotes of the Bar, Bench, and Woolsack. (Concluded from p. 145.)

From these amusing tomes we shall enrich our columns with a few more extracts. Horne Tooke, Dunning, Lord Ashburton, and Lord Kenyon were all fellow students of the law:—

'It would appear, however, that none of the parties were very rich at this period, for they lived with a degree of frugality that will be deemed rather singular, when contrasted with their fortune, wealth, and celebrity. I have been repeatedly assured, by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together, during the vacation, at a little eating-house, in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, for the sum of seven-pence halfpenny each! "As to Dunning and myself," added he, "we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny apiece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise!"

The mention of Dunning reminds us of a striking similarity between his autograph in these volumes, and that of Junius, as given

by Woodfall. It is well known that these celebrated Letters have been attributed to Dunning, as well as to several other persons. The next anecdote relates to Sir Jeoffrey Palmer, who was the first attorney-general after the Restoration:—

'During all the troubles of the times he lived quiet in the Temple, a professed and known cavalier; and no temptation or fear ever shook his principles. He lived then in great business of conveyancing, and had no clerks but such as were strict cavaliers. One, I have heard, was so rigid, that he could never be brought to write Oliver with a great O. And, it was said, the attorney chose to purchase the manor of Charleton, because his master's name sounded in the style of it. Such amusements may be allowed to please and divert a zealous old gentleman that lived to see and enjoy all the fruits of his honest ambition. When he was first made attorney-general he had means, by the universal renewal of grants, and the floating of all manner of concerns of the crown, which settling must pass by him, to have amassed vast wealth, as others have done and do. But he was mindful of his old friends, the cavaliers, and generally gave them their fees, and not only to such as he knew poor, for a sort of charity, but to others that had less need, out of generosity, and as a mark of his friendship and recognition of their merits. It was affirmed, that the patents granted to General Monk, passing his office, came to near £2500 in fees, and for honour and gratitude he took not a penny for himself. Such instances are rare, and no wonder, for in our days, the like would fail of due applause, and be despised as a foolish weakness.'

The following account of the rise and progress of the present Lord Chancellor is worth preserving. We are assured that at one time the summit of his lordship's ambition was to be recorder of his native town, Newcastle upon Tyne, and that he was once on the point of relinquishing his profession in despair:—

'The character of Lord Eldon is not yet become matter of history, and it is therefore difficult to appreciate it properly. It will, perhaps, on this account, be better to confine the present brief notice of this very eminent judge to an enumeration of the steps by which, from almost a humble situation in life, he attained the highest honours within the grasp of an English subject. He was admitted a student of the Middle Temple in 1772, and was called to the bar in Hilary Term, 1776. For some time he practised almost exclusively as an equity draughtsman, but, finding so sedentary an occupation injurious to his health, he appeared in court, and quickly rose into notice. In the year 1783, a patent of precedency was granted to him, and soon afterwards he was introduced into Parliament for the borough of Weobly, in Hereford. In 1788, Mr. Scott was knighted on being raised to the office of solicitor-general, and in 1793 he was appointed attorney general. This office he held until the year 1799, when he was created a peer, and made chief justice of the Common Pleas. Four years afterwards he was raised to the woolsack, a seat which he has since continued to occupy, with the exception of the short period during which Lord Erskine held the seals.'

The next anecdote is related of Sergeant Maynard:—

'One afternoon, at the nisi prius court of the Common Pleas, in Westminster Hall, before the judge sat, a poor half-starved old woman, who sold sweet-meats to school-boys and footmen, at the end of the bar, desired the sergeant to pay her two shillings for keeping his hat two terms. She spoke two or three times, and he took no notice of her; and then I told the sergeant, the poor woman wanted her money, and I thought he would do well to pay her. The sergeant fumbled a little, and then said to me, "Lend me a shilling." "Ay, with all my heart," quoth I, "to pay the poor woman." He took it and gave it her; but she asked for another. I said I would lend him that also, to pay the woman. "No, don't, boy," said he, "for I never intend to pay you this." And he was as good as his word; for however he came off with the woman, having been, as they say, a wonderful charitable man, I am sure he died in my debt. But in this manner (as I guess he intended), I stood corrected for meddling.'

The following is related as the ancient practice of retaining lawyers:—

'In Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum* there is the form of a retainer during his life of John de Thorpe, as counsel to the Earl of Westmoreland; and it appears by the household book of Algernon, fifth Earl of Northumberland, that in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. there was in that family a regular establishment of two counsellors and their servants.

'In Selden's Table Talk, we find the following passage:—"Lady Kent articled with Sir Edward Herbert, that he should come to her when she sent for him, and stay with her as long as she would have him, to which he set his hand; then he articled with her, that he should go away when he pleased, and stay as long as he pleased, to which she set her hand."

'"When I read this passage," observes an ingenious writer, "I was at a loss to conceive what was the nature of the connection between her ladyship and Sir Edward; but a legal friend suggested to me, that the latter, who was an eminent lawyer, was probably retained for his advice by Lady Kent, at an annual salary; and he produced to me examples of deeds granted for payments on the same account, one of them so late as the year 1715. Hence it would appear, that the lady had a great deal of law business on her hands, which would render the domestic counsel of such a person as Selden very valuable to her." Selden was conjectured to have been privately married to Lady Kent.'

The account of sergeants' rings is curious, and we quote it:—

'The custom of giving rings on having the degree of sergeant conferred, is one of the few relics of antiquity still retained in the profession. In the account of the great sergeants' feast in 1555, by Dugdale, we have an accurate description of the rings given on that occasion.

'"These sergeants made choice of one Nicholas Deering, goldsmith, to make their rings of gold, who was allowed, for the fashion of those rings, which were given to the king and queen; viz. for each ring xxd. and for the fashion of every other ring xiid.

'"It was also agreed, that all the rings of xx. in gold, and above, should be made with swaies; and all under that value, their fashion should be plain. Likewise that every ring of gold of xxs. value should contain in gold weight 18s. two shillings being allowed for the fashion of every such ring. And that every ring of xvis. in gold to weigh 14s. and two shillings to be allowed for the fashion. Likewise that every ring of vis. viiid. in gold to bear his own marking. And every ring of vs. ivd. in gold, to have allowed 6d. for fashion and no more. And every ring of 4s. in gold to bear his full weight in gold besides the fashion; and, lastly, that all the said several gold rings should be of one value, and contain one weight, *secundum ratum*, as afore, and that every ring do contain one value, without diminution in form severally before agreed on.

'"Note. That each sergeant disbursed and delivered to the goldsmith, towards the provision of rings, viz. in half sovereignes, the weightiest that could be gotten, xxs.

'"The rings given to the king and queen were made of the finest angel gold, every ring being in value, besides fashion, iiil. vs. viiiid."

'The following is Fortescue's account of the sergeants' rings:—"I very well remember when I took upon me the estate and degree of a sergeant at law that my bill for gold rings came to fifty pounds. Each sergeant at the time of his creation gives to every prince of the blood, to every duke, and to each archbishop, who shall be present at the solemnity, to the lord high chancellor, and to the treasurer of England, to each a ring of the value of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; to every earl and bishop, to the keeper of the privy seal, to each chief justice, to the chief baron of the King's Exchequer, a ring worth 20*s.*; and to every other lord of Parliament, to every abbot and to every prelate of distinction, to every worshipful knight then and there present, to the master of the rolls, or to every justice, a ring to the value of one mark; to every baron of the Exchequer, to the chamberlains, and to all the great men at court then in waiting on the king, rings of a less value, in proportion to their rank and quality so that there will not be the meanest clerk especially in the Court of Common Pleas but that he will receive a ring convenient to his degree. Besides they usually make presents of rings to several of their friends and acquaintance."

'In the reign of Charles II. we find Chief Justice Kelynge remonstrating with the sergeants on the weight of their rings, as appears by the following memorandum in 1 *Mod.* p. 1:

'"Seventeen sergeants being made the 14th day of November, a day or two after Sergeant Powis, the junior of them all, coming to the King's Bench bar, lord chief justice

told him, that he had something to say to him, viz. That the rings which he and the rest of the sergeants had given weighed but eighteen shillings a piece; whereas Fortescue, in his book *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* says, 'The rings given to the chief justice and to the chief baron ought to weigh twenty shillings apiece;' and that he spoke not this expecting a recompense, but that it might not be drawn into a precedent, and that the young gentlemen there might take notice of it."

'The motto inscribed on the rings of these seventeen learned sergeants would not have disgraced the gentlemen practising in the courts of Algiers or Constantinople—*A Deo Rex, a Rege Lex!*'

With the two following extracts we conclude:—

'The Strand is quite a legal thoroughfare, whence the old ballad on the destruction of the cross at Charing Cross during the civil war:—

'Undone, undone, are the lawyers all
Who wander about the town;
Nor can find the way to Westminster
Now Charing Cross is down.
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they 're at a loss;
And chafing say, This is not the way,
We must go by Charing Cross.'

'A suit, involving some family transactions having come on for hearing before Lord Manners, "Pray, Mr. ———," said his lordship, addressing himself to the counsel, "should not this cause be settled out of court?" "That 's just my own opinion, my lord," exclaimed the defendant, starting up, "and is it the way I always wished to settle it. Was'nt it this morning I sent my friend to my cousin the plaintiff, to tell him I was ready to give him satisfaction, if he thought I had'nt properly administered my father's will? and did not he refuse to meet me?"

'Westminster Hall' will form a very agreeable relaxation to the legal student, in which he may amuse himself and also acquire some information relative to his profession, while to the general reader it cannot fail of proving interesting.

The Diary of HENRY TEONGE, *Chaplain on Board his Majesty's ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak, Anno* 1675 *to* 1679. *Now first published from the original MS., with biographical and historical Notes.* 8vo. pp. 327. London, 1825. C. Knight.

For a century and a half has the manuscript of this very singular and interesting diary slumbered among the archives of a respectable Warwickshire family, and, like many other records of individual adventures and opinions, had descended as part of an old family library to succeeding generations unnoticed. The last possessor of this literary lake-loom, however, thinking it possessed some interest, offered it to Mr. Knight, as a curious volume that might interest some publisher. Had Mr. Knight been like modern philanthropists, he would have preferred posting an unique copy to diffusing its contents by the press; happily, his views are neither so selfish nor silly—he has printed the work, and has thus presented the public with a very faithful picture of the customs and manners of the English navy nearly a century and a half ago. The fidelity of this narrative we conceive quite unquestionable; and indeed its correctness in the most difficult part, a list of the British navy at the time, is confirmed by a document in the Harleian collection, at the British Museum, an official list, as delivered to the House of Commons, by Mr. Pepys, then secretary of the navy.

The author of the Diary was an old cavalier—a clergyman, who at the age of fifty or more left his cure, the living of Spernall, in Warwickshire, to the care of his son, and went to sea as chaplain in the navy. Mr. Teonge appears to have been an amiable and eccentric *bon-vivant*, who faithfully chronicled what he saw, and recorded the effusions of his muse with a diary of occurrences; nor was he by any means an indifferent poet, making due allowance for the conceits which distinguish the poetry of the period. It would seem that the calls of his family induced him to quit the quiet of home for the bustle of war; not but we suspect he was somewhat partial to the convivial enjoyments of a seafaring life in the relaxed reign of our second Charles. The first voyage of Mr. Teonge details the proceedings of the English fleet against the pirates of the Mediterranean a century and a half ago, when Sir John Narborough brought the Bey of Tripoli as quickly to his senses as Lord Exmouth did the Dey of Algiers in 1816. The character of our naval biographer and chaplain, Mr. Teonge, appears to be very fairly estimated by the editor of his Diary, who says:—

'Its peculiar features may be very easily collected from the following Diary. Writing as he did, without any sort of disguise, he exhibits himself, not, indeed, as possessing any very constant sense of religious obligation, but, considering the laxity of the morals of the period in which he lived, and the society in which he moved, as affording a very respectable specimen of a sea-chaplain of that era.—He enjoys his punch and his claret, and he revels in the most luxurious description of the good cheer by which he was occasionally surrounded; but he appears to have been constant in the observance of the offices of his calling; and on one occasion he exhibits a very spirited and commendable jealousy of any interference with his professional duties. His mind appears to have been remarkably acute and vigorous. He diligently observes whatever is new and curious, and brings to the subject a considerable share of book-learning, sometimes, indeed, inaccurate and ill-digested, and frequently mixed up with a very singular portion of superstition, but altogether affording abundant evidence of his talents and acquirements.'

Mr. Teonge, on leaving his house and family, on the 28th of May, 1675, appears to have deprived them of as little of the goods of this world as possible: his steed, he says, was like that of Hudibras, for 'mettle, courage, and colour,' and 'for flesh like one of Pharaoh's lean mares, ready to seize, for hunger, on those that went before her;' this horse, on his arrival in town, he sold for twenty-six shillings. His stock of money was also proportionable to the rest, being little more than brought him to London, 'in an old coate and britches of the same, an old payre of hose and shoes, and a leathern doublet of 9 years old and upwards.' 'Indeed,' he adds, 'by reason of the suddenness of my journey, I had nothing but what I was ashamed of, save only—

'An old fox broade sword and a good black gowne,
And thus old Henry came to London towne.'

Thus slenderly provided for, he tried to borrow a little money from his friends in town, 'in order,' says he, 'to retreve my cloake, left long since in pawn, not at Troas, as Saint Paule's was; for his was recovered only with demaund, mine could not be got by fayer or foule means.' The ship Assistance had scarcely left the Nore, when she began her warlike achievments; 'for,' says he, 'seeing a merchantman neare us, without taking the least notice of a man of war, wee give him a shott, make him loare his top gallant (*id est*, put off his hat to us), and our gunner presently goes on board him, makes him pay 6s. 6d. for contempt, abating him 2d. because it was the first shott'

How ill appointed this poor chaplain must have been is evident from the following extract from his own narrative. The ship had arrived in the Downs, when he says, 'And here I might tell you what Providence putt into my hands, which, though litell worth of themselves, yet were they of greate use to him that then wanted almost every thing. Early in the morning I mett with a rugged towell on the quarter-deck, which I soon secured; and soone after Providence brought me a piece of an old sayle.'

We will not even insinuate that our chaplain neglected the religious duties of the ship, although we frequently find prayers dispensed with on some excuse, when a bowl of punch is drunk. We suspect Mr. Teonge to have been an old sailor, and that, in undertaking this voyage at an advanced age, he gratified a former and more youthful propensity; else we should hardly find him, when not farther than the Isle of Wight, say, 'No life at the shoare being comparable to this at sea, where we have good meate and good drinke provided for us, and good company and good divertisements, without the least care, sorrow, or trouble.' This is all very well for the chaplain, but some of the men fare worse, as will be seen by the following extract:—

'Midsummar day, and wee are calmed still over against the Ile of Wyte, and within keun of Portland, though 30 leages from us. This day 2 seamen that had stolen a peice or two of befe, were thus shamed: they had their hands tyd behind them, and themselves tyd to the maine mast, each of them a peice of raw beife tyd about their necks in a coard, and the beife bobbing before them like the knott of a crevatt; and the rest of the seamen cam one by one, and rubd them over the mouth with the raw beife; and in this posture they stood 2 howers.'

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At Tangier our chaplain goes on shore, and visits Charles Fort:—

'There the doctor and I (desyring to see the fort) were invited into a fayre roome by Captaine Charles Daniell himselfe, and nobely entertayned, after he had shewed us the strength of his fort.

'Where first of all he gave us a crust of excellent bread and 2 bottles of claret, then tooke us into his gardens, which lye clearely round about the fort, and shadowed with an arboure of vines of all sorts, and of his owne planting. Where he hath also all sorts of sweete herbes and flowers, and all manner of garden stuff; with strawbiarys and mellons of all sorts, figgs, and fruit-trees of his owne planting. Here wee drank severall bottells of wine. After this he took us into his sellar, where he feasted us with rost beife cold, Westfalia polony pudding, parmezant; gave us cucumbers, musk-mellons, salletts, and a reive of Spanish onions as thick as my thigh; stowed us with good wine; and then, loath to let us goe, he sent one of his corporalls with us to see us safe to our pinnace. Such a' hearty entertaynment I never saw before from a meare stranger; nor never shall againe till I returne to the prince-like Capt. Daniell. From here wee goe to the Mole, where wee find our pinnacle; stay a little for our captaine; and then com a board all together, somthing late.'

'Apes Hill is a rock, of a greate hight, and extreame steepe: on the top of it lives a Marabott wizord or inchanter; and what vessell soever of the Turks goes by, gives him a gun as shee goes, to beg a fortunate voyage. Here every on that hath not yet beene in the Straites pays his doller or must be duckt at yard arme.'

In the account of Aligant Mr. Teonge relates a singular anecdote: he says—

'On the east end stands the castle, upon a very high and steepe rock; on way only leading to it, and that narrow and full of turnings. It commaunds the whole towne, being so very much higher; and might batter it all downe with stones only, if they could be but throne over the castle wall. Tis inaccessible save only by that narrow way that leads to it: in so much when the Moores ware driven out of the towne by the Spaniard, som of the Moores did, with a greate deale of difficulty, gett up into the castle, and kept it against the Spaniard, and much anoyd the towne dayly. In a short space, the Moores in the castell were all dead, save only on; whoe himselfe kept the castle a whole yeare after all his companions were dead; which the report is were 600. This single Moore made severall traines of pouder, leading to severall parts of the castle; by which he could at his pleasure fyre many gunns at once, or severally at his pleasure. The enemy (not doubting but that there was a considerable number of men in the castle, and being constantly troubled to kepe a strict watch, for feare of their sallying out, and finding that they could noe way force it) hings up a flagg of truce, and propounds honorable conditions. The Moore refuseth these, but makes articles farr more advantagious for himselfe, and throes them ore the castle wall; to which the enemy gladly yeelded, knowing no other way to have it in their possession. The gates being opened, the single Moore appeares; they ask for the rest, and search, but find non at all; causing much admiration. Tis reported that the mettell was carryd up, and the gunns were cast in the castle.'

Mr. Teonge frequently mingles snatches of verse in his relation: thus, on being joined by the Sattee and sailing from Malta, he says—

'Thus wee, th' Assistance and the new Sattee,
Doe steare our course poyntblanke for Trypoly;
Our ship new riggd, well stord with pigg and
ghoose a,
Hens, ducks, and turkeys, and wine cald Syracoosa.'

Arrived off Tripoli, the Assistance destroys a Moorish vessel, an account of which action our chaplain thus quaintly relates in verse:—

'A RELATION OF THIS CUMBATE!
Composed (for want of better employment) before Trypoly, Aug. 31, 1675.

'No noble acts of Hector I
Nor Priamus doe sing;
But joyfull newes from Trypoly
To England I do bring.

An English frigott trim and tyte,
Cruising with merry glee,
Well furnished with men of might,
An hundred fifty three;

And five and twenty gunns she had
Well mounted on each syd;
Which, when they once began to roare,
The Turks could not abide.

Upon the seven and twentieth day
Of August seventy-five,
That man was wise that thus could say—
This day I 'l be alive.

Our fleete wee leave; alonge we sayle
The coasts of Barbary,
Not far from shoare with pleasant gale
Westward from Trypoly

A prize! a prize! our captaine cryes,
A prize I surely see;
Beyond those rocks a vessell lyes,
Belongs to Trypolee

And now with mee, my merry harts,
Your courage forth advance,
And shew yourselves brave English sparks,
What ever be your chance.

Then in wee make near to the shoare,
Our great shott wee lett flye;
The thunder of our cannons roare
Farther then Trypolye.

The country round the alarm tooke,
And suddenly cam in;
And numbers great of horse and foote
Upon the sands were seene:

Whoe well requite our courtesy,
And, like splenettick men,
For every bullet wee let fly
They freely sent us ten.

Our English valiantly abide,
No fears discourage them,
All though the Turkish rocks doe hide
Their vessell and their men.

'You merry mincing sea men's wives,
That sit at home secure,
Nere thinking of your husbands' lives,
What they on seas endure;

Lament, lament with dolefull cheare,
Whilst so much time is left,
For many of your husbands deare
Are of their lives bereft.

Pinnace and long boat now well mand
Doe boldly venter in,
Twice forcing neare the rocks and sand,
And twice forct back agen.

Long lasted this sam cruell fight,
Which ran with blooddy streames
Untill the sunn, that western light,
Withdrew his glorious beams:

Which gave the Turks that liberty
To carry off their cargoe;
Some say twas full of weate and rye,
And potts of rich potargo.

No sooner did the morne break forth
But wee renew the theame,
And fall upon the Turks as with
Gholya's weaver's beame.

Our greate gunns and our musketeers,
And our petaneroes humming,
The bulletts flew about their eares—
They thought the Devill was coming.

Then soone wee force those craggy rocks,
With Turkish blood all drunk;
Whereas wee find, with sturdy knocks,
Their famous vessell sunk.

Enraged then (with out delay)
That wee had lost our hopes,
Wee haule up and wee carry away
The decks, the mast, the ropes.

The Turks they took it in greate snuff,
And sorely were offended;
But wee did carry off their stuff,
And so the battell ended.

God blesse King Charles; the Duke of York;
The royall family;
From Turks and Jewes that eate no porke
Good Lord deliver me.'

In another poem, Mr. Teonge celebrates the several sorts of wine, and their various effects in the places he went to; we, however, prefer quoting what he calls a sonnet, written in praise of his wife. It is as follows:—

'A SONNET,
Composed October the First, over against the East Part of Candia.

O! Ginnee was a bony lasse,
Which makes the world to woonder
How ever it should com to passe
That wee did part a sunder.

The driven snow, the rose so rare,
The glorious sunn above thee,
Can not with my Ginnee compare,—
Shee was so wonderous lovely.

Her merry lookes, her forhead high,
Her layre like golden-wyer,
Her hand and foote, her lip or eye,
Would set a saint on fyre.

And for to give Ginnee her due,
There no ill part about her;
The turtle-dove's not half so true:
Then who can live without her?

King Solomon, where ere he lay,
Did nere imbrace a kinder:
O! why should Ginnee gang a way,
And I be left behind her?

Then will I search each place and roome
From London to Virginny,
From Dover-peere to Scanderoone,
But I will finde my Ginny.

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But Ginny 's turned back, I feare,
When that I did not mind her;
Then back to England will I steere,
To see where I can find her.

And having Ginnee once againe,
If shee 'l doe her indeavour,
The world shall never make us twaine—
Weel live and dye together.' H. T.

At Tarsus we are told that—

'To this cytty of Tarsus, Jonas would have find, when he should have gon to Nynevy, but was swallowed by the fish; and also was landed againe by the fish about 16 miles from Tarsus, under the mountaine Taurus, and but 2 goed miles from Scanderoond; where to this day the Greekes keepe a monument of white bastard marble, built in the place where Jonas was landed, called by the name of Jonas pillar.

'To this cytty of Tarsus did Solloman send for golde and other provisions for the building of the Temple. And the ruines of the cytty of Ninevy lye with in land (as tis credibly sayd) not above 70 miles from Jonas pillar; so that the fish did him a greate kindnes, in bringing Jonas a nearer way from Joppa to Ninevy, then he could have gon by land; for it is between these two a dyrect line by sea, but must goe by land far about.'

Here we have a curious anecdote of a Turkish headsman, who was sent by the Grand Signior on an affair of business to get a Cow's head:—

'The headsman that was sent for this Cow's head had commaund to bring 4 other cows' heads also, which order he executed; but going over the plaines of Antioch, he had accidently lost on of them: he knowing not what course to take (knowing also that his owne head must goe for that which he had carelessly lost), did in his jurny lite of a poore Arabian, who had a lawdible black beard; the headsman maks no more a doe, but strangles the man, and takes of the skine of his head and face, and stuffs it with cotton (which is their way of beheading, and they doe it so artificially that the very countenance and complexion of the man remaineth firme), and brought it amonge the rest, and it passed currant. The headsman himselfe told mee this sam story at Aleppo.'

To this passage the editor adds the following note:—

'We have the concurrent testimony of various travellers to show the ingenuity of the Turks in performing what, from its frequency, may be considered the favourite (though dreadful) operation of flaying their victims. Sandys informs us, "they frequently stripe criminals of their skins with such precision, that, leaving the navel untouched, the sufferer is kept to linger out a long and tedious death in the mostexcruciating agony." —Travels, lib. i. p. 49.

'Dr. Russell, who resided at Aleppo for many years, states, that "it is usual among them, when an offender has been of any importance, for the whole skin of the head to be taken off and stuffed with chaff; which is done in such manner that even some resemblance to the living countenance is retained; and it is then forwarded to Constantinople, to be laid before the grand signior."

'In the fate of Bragadine, the Venetian governor of Cyprus, we have another instance of their talent in this respect. He was flayed alive and his skin stuffed, and, after being suspended at the yard-arm of the Turkish admiral's galley for two days, sent to Constantinople with the heads of his brave companions, Estor Baillion, Lewis Martinengus, and Quirinus, and there presented to the grand signior, who placed the heads upon the wall of the seraglio. (The brother and nephews of Bragadine in 1596 purchased his skin, and caused it to be buried with great funeral pomp in the church of St. Paul and St. John at Venice.—*Moriti*, v. i. p. 137.)

'It is most probable that this method of stuffing the skin was adopted in all cases where it was considered requisite to send a proof of Turkish vengeance to the grand signior.'

At Scanderoon carrier-pigeons were used for commercial purposes. Mr. Teonge says—

'Here is an art (I mean from the 3 fae torys) to send a pigeon single, and somtimes 2 together, from hence to Aleppo upon any sudden occasion of shipping coming in, or any other busines. The pigions are bread at Aleppo, and brought downe on horseback in cages; and, when occasion serves, a small note made fast to their wing, close to theyr body with a sylke, yet so as not to hurt the wing; and then take them to the topp of the factory, and let him goe, and the pigion will fly home (which any of our pigions would also doe), and the pigion coming home, thinking to creepe in to his old habitation, is caught as it were in a cofer trapt, and taken, and examined.'

Here again we resort to one of the editor's illustrative notes:—

'This practice continued to exist at Aleppo for several years, but at last, by the common consent of all the Europeans settled there for commercial purposes, it was altogether suppressed. The occasion was this: one of these carrier-birds being killed on its way from Scanderoon to Aleppo, the letter conveyed by it, instead of reaching the person for whom it was intended, fell into the hands of an European merchant of a different nation. It contained information of the excessive price to which gall-nuts, the most valuable article of commerce procured from Aleppo, had risen in Europe. The merchant, who had thus obtained the notice, immediately bought up all the gall-nuts he could find, and by this means acquired a very considerable gain. The circumstance naturally produced a great deal of jealousy and ill will among the Europeans, and at length, to prevent the chance of a repetition of such dishonourable conduct, it was resolved by them, that in future no couriers of the kind should be used. Since that period, therefore, the practice has been discontinued.'

CATHOLIC MIRACLES.

(Concluded from p. 86.)

ALTHOUGH we will not go so far as Archbishop Tillotson, who said, he would as soon murder a man for his estate as prosecute him for his religious or speculative errors, yet we are advocates for religious toleration on a broad basis. With regard to the question of Catholic emancipation, it has been so amply discussed, that nothing new remains to be said for or against it: the experience of all ages, and of all countries, clearly proves that popery is inimical to the progress of civilization, and, did we think that the admission of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to a full participation in political rights would tend to the spreading of that religion, we should say that policy and the good of society require that these rights should be withheld; but we have no such fears.

It is, however, one of the principles of the Roman Catholic religion, that it is unchanged and unchangeable; and we can readily account for the alarms of Protestants, who recollect the massacres it has committed, its inquisitions and burnings, and the struggle its professors are now making in France to gain an ascendency. That it does not keep progress with the march of intellect is clearly proved by its pretended miracles, notwithstanding the detections of priestly fraud that have been made; and, extravagant as the miracles related in this volume are, yet they are part of the Roman Catholic creed. Some of them are of so indelicate a nature, that we cannot even quote them; a few of a less objectionable nature, we select:—

'*The holy Infant that prayed as soon as he was born, and sucked but once on Fast Days.*—St. Nicholas was born of rich and holy kin. His father was named Epiphanus, and his mother Joan. He was begotten of them in the first flower of his age.

'The first day he was washed and bayned, he addressed himself right up in the basin and prayed. And he would not take the breast and the pap but once on the Wednesday, and once on the Friday. In his young days he eschewed the plays and japes of other young children, and haunted holy church. When his father and mother had separated out of this life, he began to think how he might distribute his riches, not to the praise of men, but to the honour and glory of God.

'*A Fountain of Oil issueth out of the Body of St. Nicholas.*—After a number of other miraculous adventures, at length Saint Nicholas died; and when he was buried in a tomb of marble, a fountain of oil sprang out from his head unto his feet. And unto this day holy oil issueth out of his body, which is much vailable to the health of sickness of many men. And after him there succeeded in this see a holy man, who by envy was put out of his bishopric; and when he was out of it, the oil ceased to run, and when he was restored to it, the oil ran again.'

* * * * * *

'Spain, whatever be her degenerated state in a political point of view, must be allowed by all orthodox Catholics to be the country of miracles. There we cannot enter church, chapel, or hermitage, without finding one or more miraculous images, whose holy deeds are recorded on canvass of various magnitudes. There is, in Old Castile, near a village called Laguna, an hermitage, on the altar of which is seen a little swarthy

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figure, gaudily dressed in gauze robes, adorned with gold and silver tissues, and a profusion of artificial flowers, the colour of which is now lost in the lapse of years, who has a great reputation in the surrounding districts for her miraculous properties. This image, whose face is tinged with a deep brown hue, assimilating to black, by the smoke of a lamp that is constantly burning before her, has fastened on her cheeks two crystal drops, which it is affirmed are two real coagulated tears, that she dropt on the following occasion, when she performed one of the best authenticated miracles of the numerous ones that adorn the interior walls of the hermitage:—

"There was a time when a band of marauders went about that country at night, committing great depredations in the dwellings and property of the peasantry, who, notwithstanding their vigilance, could never succeed in securing the robbers. On this emergency, they had recourse to their patroness, whose protection they insured by dint of prayers and rich gifts. On the night of the same day, they had been making those offerings, and whilst all the inhabitants were in their beds, they were roused from their sleep by the clamorous ringing of the bells of the hermitage. All the inhabitants took to their arms and proceeded to the spot.

'There was nothing alarming to be seen outside of the hermitage, all the doors being carefully locked, as usual, and the hermit himself was found sleeping on his wooden couch; but, on repairing to the church, they beheld, to their astonishment and distress, the miraculous virgin, stripped of all her wearing apparel, her face suffused with crimson, at the thoughts of being seen in that naked state, and her eyes streaming with tears. Presently, however, she lifted her hand, and suddenly the bells began ringing again. The peasants hastened to the belfry, and were wonderfully surprised at finding several robbers hanging by the neck, from the cords fastened to the bells, and all their ill-earned booty lying in heaps at their feet! From that time no robber ever dared to come within some leagues of the village, so well protected by the holy virgin.'

Of this famous miracle George Cruikshank has given us a very spirited design, as he has of the 'Dog reverently sliding to Church,' the 'Dog hearing Mass,' and 'the holy Dog driving an unholy Dog from the Church-yard for his sacrilegious Indecency.' These pretended miracles are so highly objectionable in a moral point of view, as to represent the virgin as often exercising her powers in behalf of robbers,—nay of even seducing a man from his wife!

The latter part of this work is devoted to a reply to Cobbett's defence of Catholicism. The Catholics have got an able, but an indiscreet advocate in this gentleman; who cuts like a two-edged sword, both ways, and while he vindicates the Catholics, his exposure of the errors of poetry, rise in judgment against him, and defeat his purpose. Let Mr. Cobbett write what he will, we believe the religion of the Roman Catholics has not a more bitter enemy than himself, and, if the age of miracles is not past, we wish for no further proof of their existence, than the conversion of Mr. Cobbett into a *sincere* Roman Catholic.

Letters from an Absent Brother, containing some Account of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and France, in the Summer of 1823. By G. Wilson. 8vo. London, 1824.

This work is a sort of a diary of an invalid, though very unlike that of Mr. Matthews; but Mr. Wilson is an *absent* brother, and therefore we may excuse his aberrations: he is, however, a stout Protestant, and feels quite shocked at finding, on his visit to Nassau, that the shops were open, that there was music at the dinner, a ball at the inn in the evening, and the public places crowded; and why not, when we find afterwards that three noble mountains were guarding a church in the village of Servoz! Mr. Wilson's account of a Catholic service at Martigny, and his comments, are worth quoting:—

'As we entered the church-yard, we saw a priest uttering some prayers, and then sprinkling water on the people who were kneeling around. On coming into the church itself, we found it crowded with people. I asked a lady to lend me a prayer-book; but she could not tell me, nor could I find out, where the priest was reading: one thing I suspect, that but few could understand a word of the prayers—indeed, intelligent worship seemed no part of the object for which the congregation was assembled. The music undoubtedly was beautiful. After half an hour, the priest gave notice that the Pope was dead, and exhorted the people to pray for his soul, and to beg of God to grant him a worthy successor. He then read notices of saints' days, and of the nativity of the Virgin Mary, which falls to-morrow. Next, another priest, the prior, I believe, of the parish, ascended the pulpit, and delivered a sermon on our Lord's words, "Render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." His subject was restitution. After his introduction, I was surprised to observe, that he not only paused and kneeled solemnly down in his pulpit himself, but that the whole congregation knelt down also, in secret prayer to God by the intercession of the Virgin Mary. It was peculiarly impressive, I assure you, and what I never saw before. The sermon was admirable, as an abstract explication of the duty of restitution, chiefly drawn from Chrysostom and Augustine. There was a degree of talent, a force, an acumen, a dignity in all the preacher said, which arrested attention. The whole made a powerful impression. I saw some country-women who stood near me in the aisle, positively quake for fear. Still it was undoubtedly defective, and even unscriptural, as the instruction of a Christian divine—there was not a word as to the way of obtaining pardon for our breaches of this duty; nor a word of the grace of the Holy Spirit as necessary to assist us to keep it for the future; nor a word of the corruption of the heart, as the spring of all sin and evil. Nay, he plainly said, that good works, that is, the performance of this, and other moral duties, would save us.'

ORIGINAL.

JOINT-STOCK CONVERSATION SOCIETY,

Formed in the Metropolis, for the Benefit of Residents in the Country.

Whereas it is notorious that, in small country towns, hamlets, and villages, particularly in the agricultural districts, numerous parties are perpetually meeting for the purposes of social intercourse and friendly communication, between whom, when they are so assembled, no conversation whatever occurs; that the male portion of such companies is, therefore, frequently led to inebriety, and the females driven to cards, however averse the natural disposition of either may be to these resources; whereby the original purposes of convening them together is defeated. A number of patriotic individuals have taken this lamentable case into consideration, and adopted the following plan for ameliorating the sufferings of these silent congregators, by affording them, on easy terms, subjects, ideas, original thoughts, digested opinions, short anecdotes, lively conceits, evident puns, knock-down arguments, for great occasions, light chit-chat between the hour of arrival and dinner or tea-time, and every other requisite for making time pass pleasantly on such occasions.

Agreeably to this plan, they have proceeded to organize a society, consisting of one hundred members, resident in London, fifty of which are remarkable for being great and good talkers, who may, therefore, be deemed adequate to giving instruction in the oral department; whereas the other fifty are singularly silent, but, being all well-known and approved authors, in various departments of literature, it is presumed, can furnish, most advantageously, the raw material on which conversation must work. Of the persons thus selected, twenty are natives of this great city, and are all as diversified in original circumstances, pursuits, and situations, as could possibly be found capable of amalgamating in the extension of so excellent a plan. The rest have been, at some period, long residents as well as natives in the provinces, so that the busy commercialist, the active farmer, the sporting gentleman, the retired student, and the air-hunting valetudinarian, may find themselves represented fairly in this society, and expect to be supplied with subject and matter suitable for their tastes and avocations. It will be the peculiar care of the committee (selected from this heterogeneous number of contributions), to furnish all who apply to their repository, for aid, with the most suitable articles, and they are enabled to pledge themselves for the excellence of each, because the society, although composed of persons of all ranks and degrees, are yet involved in the common lot to which genius has been subject in all ages. They alike desire to empty their heads and fill their pockets: to contribute as philanthropists to the good of

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their fellow creatures, and accept, in return, that paltry recompense which, though far beneath their consideration, is unhappily demanded by their necessities.

A preference will be given to all subscribers, who have therefore a right to expect, from the liberal aid and due attention given to their wants and wishes (which will, as a matter of course, be conducted with the utmost delicacy and most profound secrecy), that, in the period of two years, a gentleman will become a leader in his own circle, and an acquisition to any other, and that a lady, within half that time, will be rendered an 'agreeable chatty person,' in the road to be deemed 'a sensible woman, who knows every thing.' Those who are conscious of possessing some powers from nature, and do not wish for constant assistance, may be furnished with occasional topics, hints, information, and instruction; and those who aspire to be the oracles of club-rooms, political debates, or blue-stocking celebrity, may also be supplied with the information required, and the instructions for style, tone, effect, &c. sent along with it, thereby furnishing the means of exhibiting the mind to its great advantage as a *marchande des modes* could do the person, and even giving an ill-dressed unfashionable visitor said advantage over the beau who wears a costume from Bond Street, or a belle who has received her last dress from St. James's.

As the society would not presume to offer itself to the notice of the public without having first sounded its own depths, and, to a certain degree, ascertained its own resources, without pretending to offer a complete bill of fare, the committee may yet venture to lay a few leading articles, now on hand, before the public—by which they more especially mean the country public; for, although they are persuaded that their assistance in many respects is equally required in London (where knowledge, in the general sense of the word, is at a much lower ebb than in the country), yet, as there are seldom parties here where the fluency of a few does not atone for the paucity of the majority, so they more particularly desire to offer their commodity to the numerous parties, which, as spring advances, will, according to ancient custom, meet to eat chicken and asparagus, drink fine tea, and finish with a good such supper; being, from first to last, dull, weary, and uncomfortable, for want of something to say, and whose only cheerful word is 'good night.' To such they therefore, more especially recommend the following ready-made topics of discussion, as proper to follow the state of the weather, which is the *first* by all precedent, and too often the last also.

1st. Appearance of the grass—value of mangel-wurzel to dairy farms—beauty of own and children—neatness of hay-stacks and dairy-maids—dirtiness and wickedness of all market towns—intolerable thefts practised by the village boys—and state in which some pretty damsels appear—defence of old times—vestry business and poor's rates—scarcity of woodcocks—smallness of partridges, and bad state of the country in general. These are for the fathers of a country party, the elderly gentlemen.

2nd. Your own horse, and all the horses in the last hunt—bad conduct of grooms—desperate leap of an ill-mounted yeoman—sagacity of dogs—learned pig at the fair—sensible geese—pretty girls—good dancers—thick ancles—Lord A.'s great cattle show—trout and minnow—the best fishing-tackle—how to make flies and clean boot-tops—quiz bookish men and novel-reading-misses—praise new songs—good mash for foals—Manton guns—snipe-shooting—and new curate. Boast of seeing a milling—a race—a new assembly-room—a great beauty—killing two birds with one shot—escaping a mad-bull—leaping a wide ditch—drinking down three old ones—having the newest thing in waistcoats, &c. These are for the sons of the party.

3rd. For mammas and their daughters, we recommend—lamentations on the dress of servant-maids—difficulties of raising turkeys—love for rabbits and pet lambs—cultivation of lilies and belles lettres—muffs—French silks—mismanagement of neighbours' houses—misconduct of neighbours' sons—short comments on the last sermon—and the new schools—recipes for pickling—and critiques on Ivanhoe—the last fashion in curls—the newest colour in pelisses—Lord Byron's funeral—and details of heraldic bearings without end.

For a manufacturing party, assembled in a large drawing-room, with splendid furniture, and clothed in the gayest costume, affording strong contrast to those we have left in huge, dark, wainscoted rooms, scantily carpetted, and speaking of times past, rather than times present; we offer

4th. Dissertation on turtle soup, potted lobster, and foreign discounts—new prices of steel, of cotton, French lace, and wines—impossibility of living without claret, of remembering where your father lived—of visiting your uncles and aunts, of persuading children to be obedient, or parents to have genteel notions—education, in all its branches, viz. harp lessons—German ditto—whip-cracking—tandem-driving—velvet painting—sparring à la Spring—opera dancing, the waltz, the bolero, &c.—watering-places—London and Bath—Paris for the highflyers—Buxton and Blackpool for the humble—monstrous expense—infamous charges—poor lords—poor governesses—poor gentry—and all other poor contemptible things: as authors, artists, and parsons—rich cotton-weavers—iron-masters—cloth-cutters—ribandmen—players and lawyers—grand carriages—country-houses—fur trimmings—silver covers and chandeliers.

The limits prescribed in this journal will not permit the society to proceed further in explanation of their plan, but they trust enough has been said to prove its advantages, and to show that strict propriety will be attended to in the hints and information transmitted to their customers; and they beg leave to add, that it is their intention gradually to enlarge and improve the conversation, until that of a parlour of little farmers shall resemble the hall of a great landed proprietor, and a snug coterie of scissor-makers rise to that of the Colebrook Dale Iron Company. With respect to the highest department they embrace, 'that of the arts and literature,' want of room compels them to be silent; but they do not hesitate to predict that the *femme savante* of a village circle may, through their medium, be real and as accomplished, eccentric, ingenious, and incomprehensible, as those who now move in the highest regions of *bas-bleu* notoriety.

B.

NURSE-CRAFT AND NURSERY LITERATURE.

In the third number of The Provincial Magazine, an article, entitled Infant Mythology, protests against the banishment of nursery stories from the library of children, and the substituting for them the books of Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer. In some respects we coincide in opinion with the writer, but in many others we dissent very widely from him. We do not wish that children should be restricted to mere matter-of-fact, histories, or have nothing put into their hands but little elementary treatises and catechisms, *de omni scribili*; nor do we see any great harm in their perusing either fables or fairy tales: still we must protest against much of the barbarous stuff which formerly constituted their reading. Let the infant imagination be amused, and let it have free scope; yet still let us take care that even the imagination be at least innocently directed. Let us not familiarize the infant mind with the horrible and the uncouth; but carefully hold from children those disgusting *fee-fa-fum* tales, which serve only to lay a foundation for superstitious fancies, which it is afterwards difficult to eradicate. We do not object to fiction in the abstract—merely as fiction, but we certainly do wish that it should be employed on other subjects than hags and goblins; for the 'raw head and bloody bones' school is, in our opinion, the very worst school to which our little ones can be put. In many instances, we seem to act towards our children like barbarous tyrants, rather than parents; and torture them with the apprehension of evil powers and malignant beings. Superstition is the great engine of nurse-craft as well as of priestcraft: both resort to pious frauds, for the support of their power and for the better maintenance of their authority; both seek to rule with the iron rod of terror, and both call the powers of darkness to their aid. The nurse threatens the poor child with the 'black man' and with the 'black hole,' or else *amuses* him with some tale of 'accursed sorcery,' until the miserable little wretch is actually afraid of going to bed, or of being left in the dark. We do not object to the imagination being cultivated, but we do think it to be of the utmost importance that it be cultivated so as to be rather a source of pleasure than of pain: also we must say that it would be better that it should not be cultivated at all. The Romish church is sufficiently imaginative: it has its tales, its miracles, and its purgatory; nevertheless, we do not mightily approve of the fancy which it displays on such subjects.

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To speak the truth, we would have the imagination of children directed rather towards the *riant* than the gloomy, and more to the graceful than to the grotesque. We are, too, very far from admiring those fairy tales in which amiable young ladies never open their lips but pearls or diamonds drop out of their mouths; while envious sisters or rivals cannot speak without ugly toads making their escape along with their words. Such extravagances are in the very worst taste; and as stupid as they are monstrous. Even the celebrated fiction of the seven-leagued boots is but a clumsy piece of absurdity, utterly devoid of any of that ingenuity which is indispensable to reconcile us to impossibilities. And as for ogres, dwarfs, and giants, we have an utter aversion to the whole race, at least as they are usually exhibited in tales for children. To be at once fantastic and dull is unpardonable: therefore, it is impossible to say much in favour of such frigid and insipid attempts at the marvellous as the wonderful Red Riding Hood and Cinderella. We can admit the wildest freaks of the imagination, provided that they exhibit something ingenious and clever, or humorous, or playful. Hans in Luck, in the German Popular Stories,—with many others in the same volume, forms an excellent specimen of what a tale of this kind ought to be; while the Butterfly's Ball is an elegant model of another species of composition for the nursery.

Yet, after all, although we by no means object to tales of magic and fancy being put into the hands of children, we do not perceive any good reason why their reading should be limited to these alone. Surely a little rationality and common sense may be occasionally administered to them without at all impairing their imagination; nor will either the writings of Mrs. Barbauld or Mrs. Trimmer—not to mention those of Miss Edgeworth,—prove very dangerous, nor less delightful than many of those tales which profess to amuse without instructing. Even the infant imagination may be indulged too exclusively, so that whatever is not absolutely romance becomes insipid and distasteful. It is very possible to communicate to children a relish for actual knowledge without rendering them pedantical or conceited: and we ourselves are very far from regretting, that, of late years, some attempts of this kind have been made, and should behold, with regret, any return to that barbarous system of infantine instruction, from which we are beginning to emancipate our children. Nay, we would as lieve recall the horrible practice of compressing and fettering the bodies of infants in tight bandages and swathing clothes. But, say the advocates of the former system, barbarous as it was, there were still very clever men and women in the world even then: true, but the present system is calculated to produce them in still greater number. It is undeniable that there is far more intelligence in this country at the present day than at any former period. Let us then proceed, and, instead of regretting the reform in education that has taken place, rather extend it, and continue still to advance in improvement.

COOKERY OF OUR ANCESTORS.

It is the fashion to talk much of, and to extol highly, the simple diet of our forefathers, who, be it remarked by the by, seem, if we may believe certain people, to have absolutely worn out all the virtues, and left us, their unfortunate posterity, only the rags and tatters. On examination, however, we shall discover that the nobles who, as we fancy, regaled themselves only on unsophisticated beef, had as many messes, and as notable a culinary vocabulary, as our Gallic neighbours. In the article cookery, Encyclopedia Metiopolitana, part 14, will be found some curious information relative to this interesting, although every-day, subject. Speaking of that great authority for early English cookery, the *Form of Cury*, composed about 1390, by the master cooks of Richard II., the writer says, 'It consists of 196 receipts, some of them very complicated. The quantities of each ingredient are seldom specified, so that great reliance must have been placed upon the judgment of the individual cook. Entire joints are seldom served, nor are animals often brought to table whole. The mortar was much used, many dishes being named from it *mortreux* or *mortereliys*. Oil-olive and lard (grees, grece, whitegrece) were employed instead of butter; wine was common, and honey, sugar, and spices were largely intermixed in many of the preparations. A cawdel of salmon is made of the parboiled guts of that fish, with leeks, oil, almonds, milk, spices, saffron, and salt. Tartes of flesh are composed of boiled pork ground small, hard eggs and cheese ground also, powdered and whole spices, sugar, saffron, and salt inserted in a crust, with small birds 'hewed to gobbetts.' Should the Society of Antiquaries give a dinner, a cawdel of salmon might make a very appropriate dish, but we would as lieve partake of the doctor's Roman repast, in Peregrine Pickle, for a dormouse pie could not have been a more detestable dish. What a nasty propensity! —as Matthew Grogan, the *correct* landlord of the Imperial Hotel, says, when he hears that Miss Leech is a toad-eater,—to devour a mixture of leeks, oil, milk, spices, saffron, and salt! or, as Mr. Hazlitt would say, what a *gusto!*

FRENCH LAW AGAINST SACRILEGE.

The French are certainly the most fickle people in the world: they pass from an ultra monarchy to the wildest republicanism, and from the grossest superstition to the confines of atheism, and *vice versâ*, like the changes in a magic lantern. One generation has seen them send a sovereign to the block, to whom, a few years previous, they cringed like spaniels; the same generation has seen them pass from the depths of democracy to a monarchy almost absolute; and then, in the hour of calamity, desert him whom they adored. During the same period, we have seen the churches violated and the altars overturned, public processions in honour of infidels, and even the very being of a deity left to be decided by a decree of a deliberative body; nor is this all: the same people have relapsed into superstition; the church has been restored, and with it that terrible power and influence which, in Roman Catholic states, the church claims. Within the last few days, a law has been enacted in France, worthy only of the darkest ages of papal tyranny—a law which is written in characters of blood. By this fiend-like law, whoever insults or treats indecently the sacramental wafer is to be punished with death. Even this did not satisfy some of the Draconian legislators of France, for the clause in the *projet de loi*, which enacted that the offender should, previously to execution, be punished with cutting off his hand, was only negatived by a majority of one! The following are some of the provisions of this inhuman law:—

'Article 4. The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished with death, if it has been accompanied by the two following circumstances:—

'1st. If the sacred vessels contained, at the moment of the crime, the consecrated elements.

'2nd. If the profanation is committed publicly—when it is committed in a public place, and in presence of several persons.

'Art. 5. The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished by perpetual hard labour, when not accompanied by *one* of the two circumstances stated in the preceding article.

'Art. 6. The profanation of the consecrated elements, committed publicly, shall be punished with death. The execution shall be preceded by the *amende honorable* of the condemned person, before the principal church of the place where the crime shall have been committed, or of the place where the court of assize sits.'

The amendment proposed by the Comte de Bastard, and seconded by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and which was rejected by a majority of 108 voices against 104, was as follows:—

'The profanation of the sacred vessels is punished by hard labour for a limited time.

'The profanation of the sacred elements is punished by hard labour for life.'

By the 'consecrated elements,' in the Papal church, is meant the real body and blood of Christ; which real body, the Catholics say, appears to human sense like a bit of wafer, and which real blood seems like, and drinks like, the fruit of the grape; and from these absurdities springs the sanguinary law.

Woe to the poor wretch, then, that violates this decree, for his fate is inevitable, and the law will be as rigidly enforced as it was in former times. How severe that was, the following account of the execution of M. de la Barre will show; it is contained in a letter addressed, by M. Favant, to M. Garrick, and dated July 24, 1766:—

'A young man called M. Lefebvre de la Barre was condemned to have his head cut off and his body burnt, for having insulted an image of Christ. On the day of the execution, when the sentence was read according to the usual practice, he calmly listened to it, and then burst into laughter. The confessor was admitted to him, but the young

man discoursed with him, until the dinner hour arrived, on nothing but light and humorous subjects. They sat down to table, and, after they had abundantly dined, M de la Barre asked the doctor if he might not be allowed to take coffee. "I see no objection to it," replied the priest.—"You are right," resumed the unfortunate man, in a gay tone of voice; "it will neither trouble my digestion nor prevent me from sleeping." The officers came to lead him to execution, but he still displayed the same tranquillity of soul; on setting his foot upon the scaffold, however, a slight change in his countenance was visible. "Ah! you are then afraid of death," exclaimed the priest.—"Not in the least; but I observe, with indignation, several of my enemies among the crowd, who have come to feast their eyes with the spectacle of my death; look, do you not see them here, and also there? Good God! to what an extent are the hatred and animosity of men carried."

'The doctor was desirous of taking advantage of this moment, in order to speak to him of the formidable transition from life to death. "Ah! Mr. Curé," said the young man, "in an instant or two I shall know as much and more than you upon this matter. —What is that piece of paper dancing at the end of a cord?" asked he.—"It is the effigy of your unfortunate accomplice;" a reply which again excited the laughter of M. de la Barre. He then observed, in a more reflecting tone, "that man ought really to be hanged for his honour; he has fled like a poltroon!—Gazing on the other side, at one corner of the scaffold, he perceived seven very well-dressed gentlemen, and he inquired who they were.—The answer was, that they were the executioners. "What! seven executioners for me alone! really, that is droll enough!" He beckoned to one of them to approach.—"You are then an executioner, sir?"—"Yes, sire, from Paris; I have that honour." "Was it you who beheaded M. de Lalli?"—"Yes, sir, I had that honour likewise." "Mark, then, friend, it is said that you went very clumsily to work; that you missed your aim."—"True, sir; but it was not my fault, for he would not have the complaisance to fix himself properly." "Well! tell me how I must hold myself; I confess I am not acquainted with the mode, as this is the first time I have been prepared to have my head chopped off; place me you will."—"Most willingly, my dear sir." The executioner placed him in a certain situation; but the culprit having moved a little, without being aware of it, he heard the executioner say to the priest, in a low tone of voice,—"He holds himself badly." He immediately turned to the operator and exclaimed, "Zounds and the devil! place me better, then; it is your business; if you miss me, you will again lay the fault on me." He was placed a second time. "Am I right?" The executioner replied by a stroke with the sword, which made the head fly off. The body was afterwards thrown upon the pile, and The Philosophical Dictionary, because M. Lefebre de la Barre had boasted that he had read it.'

STATE OF THE PRISONS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As every thing that relates to South America is now of importance, we quote, from the Sixth Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, the following account of the South American Prisons. It is avowedly a translation of extracts, from an article in *La Bibliotera Americana*:—

'In the prisons of South America, like those of Spain, were to be found prisoners of every description; the innocent, the guilty, the young, the old, men and women, all confounded together, and shut up in dark, damp, and unwholesome dungeons. The alcaide, generally chosen from the lower class of the people, was a sort of sultan, and his satellites were so many drivers, to whose harsh decrees the unfortunate prisoner was forced to submit without appeal.

'In many places containing prisons, there was no public provision for the sustenance of poor prisoners, who were confined for short periods, or for correction for slight offences. To prevent the escape of the guilty, every thing was made use of which a weak, indolent, and cruel authority could contrive in all its ramifications. Many were stripped of every thing, and shut up in noisome dungeons for a period almost forgotten. The business of the gaoler was to load the condemned prisoners with heavy chains, by which means the insecurity of the buildings was to be compensated for: he was to keep them totally secluded; to introduce, at his own will and pleasure, such articles of food as the friends of the prisoners, or other charitable persons, presented at the prison; and to strip them of their chains only when they were to be set at liberty. It is an indisputable fact, that prisoners who have had no relations, or who were not fortunate enough to excite the commiseration of their companions, have been known to die from hunger and want.

'In Lima there were only two prisons, that of the City, and the Pescadiria, which together were calculated to hold about two hundred individuals, at a time when the population of the city amounted to 52,627 souls. In 1820, it amounted to 70,000; and these two prisons not being sufficient to contain the delinquents (whose number had increased both with the increase of population, and the political changes on this continent), they were disposed of among the garrison of Callao, Juan Fernandez, and Valdivia; others were confined at the quarters of the troops, or in the dungeons of the inquisition.

'The capital of Chili, the population of which exceeds 50,000 inhabitants, contained but one, and that a very bad prison. At Buenos Ayres, amidst 60,000 inhabitants, there were two prisons; and at Chuquisaca, inhabited by about 30,000 persons, there was but one prison. In the Caraccas, which contains 40,000 souls, was only one gaol. Bogota, with a population of 25,000, contained but one prison. Quito, whose number of inhabitants approaches to 50,000, had also but one prison; and the same may be said of the capital of the province of Guatimala, comprehending a population of 40,000 souls. In Mexico, it appears that the Spanish government paid somewhat more attention to the subject. According to Baron Humboldt, the population of that capital, in 1790, amounted to 104,760 souls; there were at that time seven prisons, in which were confined 770 individuals of both sexes. At the period of the visit of that celebrated traveller (in 1802), the capital of Mexico was estimated to contain 135,000 persons; but we are not informed of the number of delinquents at that time, nor of the number, the construction, or discipline of the prisons.

'The recent political convulsions on our continent, inspired the Spanish authorities with an implacable hatred against the authors of them and their partisans, being fearful lest the dazzling prize of power, which flattered their pride and their covetousness, should escape from their hands. At the commencement of the revolution, the dungeons of the inquisition were destined to contain those suspected of treason; and although this execrable tribunal was soon afterwards abolished, in obedience to the decrees of the Cortes, the situation of those Americans was in no degree better, who, either on account of their wealth or their opinions, had fallen into their hands. The punishments inflicted by this diabolical ecclesiastical institution were as extensively adopted in the civil prisons. In those of Lima, Abascal, the Spanish viceroy, established subterranean dungeons (called "infernillos," or little hells,) which were so constructed, that a person, when shut in them, could not place himself in any natural position of body. Into these dungeons were thrust the victims of despotism; and, if ever they came out of their dreadful abodes, it was only to curse their existence, being rendered helpless for the rest of their lives, crippled, or subject to the most acute, and generally incurable, diseases.

'On the 15th October, 1821, General San Martin visited in person the prisons of Lima, accompanied by the ministers of state, the president of the high court of justice, together with the judges, and various members of the municipality, and other persons calculated to give solemnity to this occasion. The several judges had previously presented him with a list of all the prisoners, and the state of their individual cases; with information on the several offences which had occasioned their removal from society, and the considerations which might have influence in favour of their release. Upon carefully investigating the state of the pending causes, and hearing the objections and proofs of the delinquents, several were set at liberty, and others were relieved of their heavy fetters. His excellency also gave directions, that all the pending causes should be brought to a conclusion in the space of twenty days. Thus did this excellent and humane protector of Peru proceed to banish the cruelty and the abuses which the Spanish administration had introduced, both in the criminal legislation of the state, as well as in its prisons. He abolished for ever all kinds of torture; and prohibited the use in future of any of those

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horrible dungeons, known by the name of Infiernillos; in which, under the former government, human beings were entombed, who had sunk into despair, or had perished. His excellency inspected all the prisons, and gave orders for their improvement, and for the introduction of useful labour, by which means the criminal might be converted into an industrious and useful member of society.

'Among the reforms which have particularly excited the attention of the independent governments, that of the prisons is one of the most laudable. In the midst of the clamour of arms, and when all disposable resources were scarcely sufficient to secure their own existence, great efforts have been made to improve the construction, and to alleviate the miserable condition of the prisons!

'Salutary regulations have been generally promulgated on the police of prisons, and on the maintenance, treatment, and reformation of criminals. The municipal bodies were charged regularly to inspect the prisons; to watch over the conduct of the alcaides, and the inferior officers; and to propose to the government such measures as they judged to be best conducive to humanity and sound policy.

'We will now notice a few of the beneficial improvements which have been recently ordained in the prisons of the several states.

'The city of Buenos Ayres now contains five prisons: one for debtors exclusively; a second, that of the police, destined for the confinement of delinquents who infringe upon its regulations; a third for the military and marines; a fourth, the public prison for untried offenders; a fifth, that of the garrison, for those convicted and condemned to the public works. In the statistical register of this place, there is published monthly, the number of prisoners who have been received or discharged at each prison, with a description of their offences; also the expenses of the respective establishments, with the recent improvements, &c.

'On the 18th July, 1821, the following article, among others, was proposed to the House of Representatives, and sanctioned:—

'"Government shall present a plan and estimate for the construction of two prisons for the provinces; and a set of regulations for their internal management."

'With respect to Chili, we find, that in 1818, by the 22d article of the Provisional Constitution, it was established, that "no citizen shall be confined in fetters." In the same year the senate resolved, that, in the same manner as is practised in the capital (Santiago) "weekly visits shall be paid to every prison in the provinces; which visits shall be made under the immediate cognizance of the governors and lieutenants-governors, with the assistance of the alcaides. The director, or secretary of state, also gives notice, that the said governors and their deputies, in every district, are to transmit accounts of the results of such visits to the court of justice.

'The government of Chili is aware of the insufficiency of the only prison they possess, and, although they have made use of the quarters of the troops, and a house of seclusion for the women, it is thought necessary to re-establish the fortress of Juan Fernandez, instead of erecting a new prison. In this way they are able to dispose of three hundred men, and two hundred women. In the annual estimate for the maintenance of this number, presented by the ministers to government, 17th May, 1822, it is calculated that the expense will amount to 54,769 pesos.

'An establishment capable of containing more than that number, with every means necessary for security and accommodation, would, it is believed, cost a less sum than than that required every year for the support of the population of Juan Fernandez. In this estimate is taken into consideration the produce of their labour, as likewise the gratuitous inspection of persons devoted to the public prosperity.

'On the 23d March, 1822, the government of Peru established a code of rules, for the regulation of all the prisons of the state: this is a valuable document, which is worthy of notice from the friends of humanity, and of the emulation of other states. The code consists of twenty articles. The first determines, that every prison of the territory of this state shall have four separate divisions or departments, as far as local circumstances can permit; the second, specifies, that the first division shall contain those accused of criminal offences; the second females; the third, juvenile prisoners under the age of 15; and the fourth, those committed for debt. Among various excellent regulations, we find that, according to the seventh article, each prison is to have an alcaide, and an adjutant subordinate to the former officer, who shall take his duty when the alcaide is not present; one or other of them shall constantly attend at the prison, and be subject to the strictest responsibility. The eighth article requires of the alcaide, that in the course of every twenty-four hours, the prisoners shall be visited by the surgeon, in order that, if any be ill, he may be passed without delay to the infirmary. The ninth sets forth, that the alcaide shall take care that the doors of the wards are opened at six in the morning in summer, and at seven in winter; that the prisoners shall attend to the cleanliness of their respective wards, and be occupied at the work to which they may be appointed, and that the doors shall be shut at sunset. The tenth allows to the prisoners under seclusion, one hour in the morning, and another in the evening, to quit their quarters, and enjoy the fresh air, under the watchful eye of the guard. The eleventh directs that any prisoner who conducts himself improperly, shall be punished by solitary confinement. The twelfth orders that the alcaide, or deputy, shall visit the several departments of the prison at uncertain times, to observe their order, and shall take particular notice of the cleanliness of the beds, and the cells of the prisoners. The fourteenth forbids the alcaides from employing any prisoner in their personal service. The fifteenth and sixteenth furnish various directions for the keepers. The seventeenth orders that every prisoner, after the three first days of confinement, shall be clothed in a particular dress, to be quite plain, according to a pattern to be decided upon by the government. In the eighteenth and nineteenth articles, are regulations to be observed by the keepers and guards, for the greater security of the prison, and for the preservation of discipline. The twentieth provides that the regulations shall be printed and fixed up in the prisons, for the information of the prisoners.

'The 158th article of the constitution of Columbia, promulgated on the 6th October, 1821, lays down this rule, that "every man shall be presumed to be innocent, until declared guilty by due process of law." The 162d article expresses, that "no alcaide, or gaoler, shall receive or detain any person whatever, until he has received an order for imprisonment or arrest, signed by the proper authorities to whom the laws have assigned that power; the order must set forth the reasons of imprisonment, and a copy of it shall be given to the detained person for his information." Article 163 forbids the alcaide, or gaoler, to prohibit the prisoner from having communication with any person, except in cases where the order of commitment contains a clause for seclusion, and this is not to be continued longer than three days. The 168th article declares, that "any kind of treatment which aggravates the punishment determined by the law is a crime!"

'It is also directed that the prisons shall be regularly visited, once a year, by the supreme ministers of justice; and the results of such visits transmitted immediately from the high court of justice to the president of the republic, and to be published: in addition to which there are to be weekly visits paid every Sabbath. Such is the tendency of the resolutions for reform, laid down by the new government of South America; and from the enlightened, just, and useful principles they hold forth, the most flattering results may be anticipated.'

It is really gratifying to see the new world so far in advance of Spain in point of civilization and just notions of government; and we rejoice that the fetters of a feeble, but galling despotism, are for ever broken.

FALLS OF KAKABIKKA, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—BY MAJOR LONG.

RAPIDS and cataracts abound; among the latter is one of the most magnificent cascades to be witnessed in any country: it is denominated by the Indians the Falls of Kakabikka, or cleft rock, and is situated about thirty miles upwards from the mouth of the river, which is here contracted to the width of about fifty yards, and supplied with a volume of water unusually large for that width. Thus confined, the whole body of the river is precipitated, in a dense sheet, down a perpendicular precipice more than 130 feet, into a deep chasm, bounded by perpendicular cliffs of the height just mentioned; the banks of the river, to the distance of nearly one half of a mile below, are completely insurmountable, rising perpendicularly, and in many places overhanging their bases. The chasm throughout this distance is no wider than is necessary to give free passage to the water, which is mantled with foam and hurried

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down with great rapidity. This scenery, although it is less extensive, yet vies in grandeur and sublimity with that of the Falls of Niagara. In beholding it the spectator is inspired with equal awe, the principal features are equally terrific, while the deep intonation, which is not only heard but felt at the distance of four or five hundred yards, is more sensible than that of its rival, and has a nearer resemblance to the roar of distant thunder and the rumblings of an earthquake. Below the Falls of Kakabikka, the river presents a continued rapid for the distance of about twenty miles, below which it quietly passes through serpentine folds to its mouth, which is an arm of the lake called Kamana Bay. The whole descent of the water from Cold Water Lake (the first water eastward of the dividing ridge on the route) to Lake Superior, may be estimated at about 600 feet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES,

By *Mrs. Carey, author of 'Lasting Impressions,'*

On reading the poetry of J. F. Pennie, and the remark of the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle* on '*the stubborn silence and haughty neglect*' of certain reviewers.

Oh, ye who love the sacred haunts to tread,
Where heav'n-born genius hides his pensive head,
And pours, unheeded by the vulgar throng,
Th woods and wilds his sweetly varied song—
Oh, pause a moment now, to list the strain
That fills on Feeling's ear, not falls in vain.
Yes—pause, and hear no common bard portray
The hopes and fears of life's uncertain day;—
Wander, with him, through Fancy's brightest bow'rs,
And cull a wreath of freshest loveliest flowers:
Then weep, to think how soon those flowers may fade,
Doom'd by Neglect to perish in the shade.
But shall they perish? Shall their lovely bloom
Sink, unregarded, to Oblivion's tomb?
No!—kindred souls shall bid their beauties live,
And Taste accord the meed that Taste alone should give.

THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS: A SONG.

TUNE—*Alley Croker.*

In search of joy,
A glowing boy
Thro' pleasure's garden wander'd,
Compelled to muse
Which path to choose,—
Temptations were so squandered:
First, Friendship tried
The youth to guide,
His lib'ral soul revelling;
Of pleasures won,
Of high deeds done,
He told, by this great feeling,
Friendship—Friendship,
Rare, yet sacred—friendship,
— First of pleasures,
First of treasures,
Heart-rooted friendship.
Sweet Love then strove
His heart to move,—
She pointed to her bower;
All breath and bloom,
With rich perfume,
Sent forth from every flower:
'Behold,' said she
'Prepared for thee,
Yon fragrant bed of roses;
Approach and share,—
'Tis only there
Untainted joy reposes.
O Love! how happy those
Who thy solace borrow!
Deprived of thee,
This world would be
A wilderness of sorrow.
The boy seemed won,
When Jove's bluff son
His foaming goblet tended.
'Pause, youth,' said he;
'In this you see
Both love and friendship blended:
Once freely quaffed,
This magic draught
Joy gushes o'er the spirit,
In such a sea
Of ecstacy
As gods alone inherit.'
Wine! wine! mighty wine!
O despise it never;
The spirit have
In Bacchus' wave,
And joy is thine for ever.
The boy he plied
The purple tide,
And found each drop unsealing
His heart within
(Delicious thing),
A font of gen'rous feeling:
In Bacchus' bowl
He found the soul
Of every dear emotion;—
Then hail him here
With triple cheer,
And pledge him in an ocean.
Wine! wine! mighty wine, &c. R. H.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—On Thursday evening, after Kean's inimitable personation of Sir Giles Overreach, a new farce, which even Mr. John Howard Payne disowns, was produced at this theatre, entitled *Change Partners*: we confess we did not see it, and have nothing to regret on that score, if those veritable chroniclers, the morning papers, are to be credited. The Times says, 'it is a production of such superlative dulness, that we know not to which of the trading dramatists of the day it ought to be attributed. Indeed, it appears too bad even for the worst of these renovators of threadbare jokes and retailers of antiquated puns.'

The Morning Chronicle, an excellent authority in theatrical matters, says, 'It had often been our lot before to sit out prolix and dull performances; but, of all the stupid, vulgar, disconnected, ridiculous exhibitions that ever made their way to the stage, through the congenial and sympathizing spirit of managers, this was certainly the worst we had ever witnessed. The plot was a farrago of common-places, exaggerated and distorted as if with a view to force something like an appearance of novelty into incidents which were worn threadbare in their ordinary shape.' The British Press declares it to be truly the 'dullest of the many dull and insipid pieces we have been condemned from time to time to witness.' The Public Ledger says, 'if absurdity is wit, then it abounds in that excellent quality;' and The Morning Advertiser gives a specimen of the vulgarity of the piece, which we shall not copy. The following additional particulars respecting this precious farce, we quote from The Morning Chronicle:—

'The plot is founded on the absurd circumstance of two sensible young people, Charles Mifty (Mr. Wallack) and Caroline Merrythought (Mrs Yates) falling in love with each other in consequence of the abilities displayed by each in writing billets-doux for their respective servants, who have also felt the influence of the tender passion.—The young man is half distracted when he thinks that he is caught in the toils by a lady's-maid, and the female correspondent is equally chagrined to think that she is smitten by a valet. But how great is their joy, when they discover the real writers of these epistolary prodigies in themselves, and rush into each other's arms. We shall not follow the characters through the two long acts in which they appear with no other effect than that of placing good actors and actresses in the disagreeable predicament of labouring in vain to enliven a dialogue incapable of being sustained by the most vivacious or energetic delivery. Our readers will form some idea of the stupidity peculiar to this piece, when we tell them that a waiter is made to imitate an impediment of speech,—that Mr. Harley, as a servant, is not furnished with one smart repartee or effective situation,—that Mr. Wallack is abandoned to the most miserable pressing,—and that Mrs. Yates, with all her interesting simplicity and grace, is left without a single opportunity of displaying her talents to advantage. Upon the whole, the novelty of Thursday night would have been a disgrace to the very lowest of the minor theatres. Indeed, it is hardly fair to mention these theatres in any way that would imply a general contrast to their disadvantage, for, whether it be that they are improving daily, or that the great ones are becoming daily worse and worse, it is certain that, at the present moment (with the exception of the standard plays), the regular boards, as they are called, do not furnish entertainment one half so intellectual as may be found in others which they affect to despise. The audience showed strong symptoms of impatience during the progress of the scenes, and at the close the contest was so strongly maintained, that Mr. Wallack could only announce it for repetition by pointing to the curtain, a practice which is now growing into a custom, for a reason of which the managers ought to be ashamed. There can be little doubt but that another night will prove fatal to this unworthy trifle, which it would be disgraceful to the town to tolerate any longer.'

English Opera-House.—Oh! Charles Mathews! as you respect our ease and our readers' gratification, never again begin your entertainment on a Thursday evening. We do not like it—those helps, the printers,

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don't like it,—nor our readers do not like it. Who that has given every muscle, and his whole body and mind, up to Momus for four hours, can bring himself, immediately afterwards, to the task of faithfully recording his whole course of gratification; and yet the public expect it. Well, then, as there is no alternative, here goes.

We have often thought that Sheridan must have been the happiest man in the world, when he saw the delight which one of his inimitable comedies gave an audience; if so, with what increased gratification must Mathews view the happy faces that meet his eye in every direction, when he gives one of his entertainments; for, in the case of Sheridan's comedies, the actors share in the merit, but Mathews is 'himself alone;' and we believe he has, in the last six years, sent more people away laughing from the English Opera-House, than all the other theatres and actors in London have done. So allied is the name of Mathews to humour, that his very name sets every cockney in a broad grin, while our country cousins burst into a horse-laugh—but enough of exordium.

Mr. Mathews, whose entertainments are ever various, ever new, and only similar in their effects, this year gives us what he calls his *Memorandum Book*, which those persons who know his keen spirit of observation will expect to find stored with good things. He has, as he says of one of his characters in the present piece, an eye that sees every thing, and a pupil in that eye that forgets nothing. Mr. Mathews commences with introducing to us Mr. Theophilus Outline, an amateur artist, who 'carries his pencil in his eye, and his pallet in his mouth,' and at whose suggestion he gives us a few sketches from his *Memorandum Book*, which he doubts not will draw. Then we have a succession of characters depicted with great skill, and introduced with much ingenuity: there is Mr. Alum (a portrait of 'Death in the Pot,' Accum, who was obliged to leave the country on account of *Accum*-ulating leaves from other person's books). Mr. Alum finds poison in every thing, and, when he sees a person about to eat or drink, bawls out, 'Beware, that's poisonous; I've analysed it, and must know!' he particularly annoys his uncle, a sensitive old gentleman, Mr. Chyle; Mr. Alum declares that he eats nothing, drinks nothing, and only tastes food in order to analyse it. Mr. Chyle has a wife, who spends her whole time and his property in charitable offices, even cutting up his shirts, in order to supply convicts with lint. Mr. Allbut is another excellent character, who is always on the point of making his fortune, but by some accident fails; he had nearly got a twenty thousand pounds prize—only his ticket was the next number. He reminds us of the Irishman who was nearly killed at the battle of Blenheim, only he did not join the regiment until three days after it was fought. Mr. Allbut is also a great schemer: he endeavours to improve on the ingenuity of the projectors of the day, by proposing, in a trip to the city, 'the New, London, Patent, Adonis, Hair-curling Company,' to go by steam, with 'a twenty-barber power;' 'a New, London, Metropolitan, Self-adjusting, Dumb-bell Company;' 'a British Mousetrap Company,' and a 'Tunnel Company' to the Antipodes, through which passengers and parcels are to travel to the other side of the world, through the centre of the earth, in patent 'suspension-buckets.' He complains that the numerous New Milk Companies have monopolized all the pumps in London; that the Water Companies inundate the town, except when there's a fire, and then they are sure not to intrude; and recommends a junction of the two, to be called the Milk and Water Company. Among other vivid portraits of life which Mr. Mathews draws, is that of an old gentleman, a Mr. Methusalem, who observes that, in his *youthful days*, a newspaper would serve a family with amusement for a week, but now it takes a week to read a newspaper. In those 'olden times,' too, we had snow in December and sunshine in May; while, now, snow comes in March and sunshine in September. Such is the entire change in all things, that youth, who formerly thought of nothing but love and the wedding-ring, is now attracted only by fighting and the prize-ring.

In some respects, this entertainment is a continuation of Mr. Mathews's *Youthful Days*, and, among other anecdotes, he relates one of his Tonsonizing an old Irish watchman, who sat in his box reading *Pamela*, by always asking him 'What's o'clock?' whenever he passed him; he also enlists his friends to annoy the poor fellow, and this affords him an opportunity of imitating Braham, Dickey Suett, John Kemble, Munden, and Fawcett, whose varied inquiry of 'What's o'clock?' excited much amusement. Finally, he, Mr. M., was apprehended by the watchman, whose complaint at Bow Street he gives in a dialect perfectly Hibernian, which terminates unsuccessfully, leaving him to pay five shillings 'for being insolent to the gentleman.'

At the police-office, Mathews has some good hits at the recent dicta of the judges as to the illegality of police reports, and the objection to a man confessing his crime because there is a newspaper reporter that will take away his *character*. Another amusing character in the *Memorandum Book* is a General Babbington. The general tells a story about 'Colonel Piper,' and 'Garrick,' and 'Doctor Johnson,' and 'Sir Joshua Reynolds,' the point of which is, that, from his deficiency of teeth and peculiar style of enunciation, not more than one word in three can ever be heard. Mathews acts this little bit admirably; but we have not room to relate the adventure.

The piece is, as usual, interspersed with songs. The first, Memoranda in Confusion, facetiously combines the most heterogeneous matters. The Night Coach is also excellent, particularly the imitation of the cad and a shivering passenger, who mounts outside, and has no great coat, no umbrella, no silk handkerchief, and but one glove. The song of the Sailing-Match is perhaps the best. The arrangement of the family party of nine in the boat—in this last song; the father's taking a pinch of snuff, and the wind carrying the remaining contents of the box into the children's eyes; the gentleman who bends the boat-cushion round his back, because he has the 'lumbago;' and another boy (as the procession passes under Westminster Bridge), who has got his head through the balustrades, and cannot get it back again; all these are points in actual life. There is some humour in the supposed colloquy on this occasion. Boy—with his head through the balustrade (roaring)—'Oh! Oh! What will become of me!' Waterman (passing under the bridge, in a tone of commiseration)—'Did you see the show when it started?' Boy (still roaring)—'Oh yes! Oh yes!—dear me!' Waterman—'Ah! then, if you keep your head where you are, you'll be like to see it when it comes back again.' The boat adventure concludes tragically: Mr. Brownrigg, the father of a family, is suddenly missing; and, after a rigorous search throughout the wherry, the solution is, that he must have fallen overboard unperceived; and the circumstance would have been known before, only another rather impertinent gentleman had been told by Mr. B. not to notice him any more during the voyage.

The third part of the evening's amusement, which, according to the old toast, 'will bear the morning's reflection,' is called THE CROWN INN DANGER, introduces most of the characters, and some new ones, particularly Molly Grammachree, an old beggar woman, who 'has walked all the way from *ould* Ireland with her son Thady on her back.' The transitions in personal appearance, voice, and character, were rapid and astonishing; we were, however, most pleased with a sentimental German Cook, who weeps over the Sorrows of Werther, and exclaims, 'Oh Charlotte, oh Werther—what it is to have too much sensibility—I must skin dem tam eels,—oh Charlotte, oh Werther,—I go put dem eels in the pan.' Brother Simper, a free-mason, is also well drawn, and excited much amusement, as indeed did the whole of the performance. The audience, which filled the house, was often convulsed with laughter, and rewarded the arduous exertions of Mr. Mathews with the loudest applause.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

John Young, Esq.—The arts have lost a valuable supporter in the death of this gentleman. Mr. Young was mezzotinto engraver to His Majesty, keeper of the British Institution, and honorary secretary of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund. He was himself an artist. His outline engravings of the Stafford and other distinguished collections of pictures are a valuable addition to the graphic treasures of the country. He was engaged in a similar work on the pictures at Carlton Palace, by the gracious permission of his Majesty. One of the best works of Mr. Young is a mezzotinto print, from a picture of Mortimer, representing the memorable contest between Broughton and Stevenson, Sir Wm. Wyndham's coachman. The manner in which Mr. Young arranged the pictures generally exhibited in the British Gallery, whether the productions of former

masters, copies, or original productions of native genius, evinced his taste, judgment, and impartiality. His private life was marked by good sense, good humour, varied knowledge, and probity. Mr. Young died, on the 7th inst., at his house, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.—*Evening paper.*

Effects of Vaccination on the General Mortality.—There exists even at the present day sufficient discrepancy of opinion on this subject to make every thing in the shape of respectable evidence valuable. M. Casper's work on the Influence of Vaccination in Prussia proves that not only the mortality among infants, but even the general mortality, has been incontestably lessened by it in that kingdom; thus disproving the idea of its causing other maladies to become more fatal to mankind. The following important conclusions are the result of M. Casper's investigations:—

'1. The small-pox formerly carried off from one-twelfth to one-tenth of the population.

'2. Of twelve children born at Berlin, one formerly perished of small-pox; at present, not more than one in 116 dies from the same cause.

'3. The diseases of infancy are more common than before the introduction of vaccination, because the number of infants which survive is more considerable than it used to be.

'4. Those diseases formerly destroyed 39 infants in 100; at present only 34 in 100 perish by them: so that before the introduction of vaccination 51 children in 100 died, whilst at present only 43 die out of the same number. There is, therefore, a sensible diminution in the mortality among infants of a tender age.

'5. Formerly, the general calculation was of one death in every 28 inhabitants; it is at present not more than one in 34. There is, therefore, a sensible diminution in the general mortality.'

The French Academy have, we believe, appointed M. de Chateauneuf to collect information on this very important subject in France.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11½ o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar.	4	34	42	35	29 80	Cloudy.
...	5	33	42	36	30 30	Do.
...	6	37	44	40	.. 11	Do.
...	7	40	46	44	29 70	Do.
...	8	40	48	44	30 20	Fair.
...	9	44	50	50	.. 18	Cloudy.
...	10	50	51	50	.. 30	Foggy.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

'Pray Mr.,' said a judge to a counsel, 'are you concerned for the prosecutor?' 'No, my lord, I am employed for the prosecutor; but I am concerned for the prisoner.'

Report of a committee appointed to investigate the state of a madhouse, in the borough of B——:

IMPROMPTU.

Your committee reports that, with infinite care,
It has mark'd all the wants of essential repair,
In the madhouse belonging to this ancient borough,
And they e'en must be such as are mostly call'd thorough:
In the first place, the *upper works* all must be chang'd,
And the whole of the *inlets for light* are *deranged;*
In short, not to make this report dull and hazy,
The whole building is found to be *terribly crazy!*

J. M. L.

The Hippocratic Oath.—This relic of remote antiquity has for many years slipped from the common view of the profession. We cannot imagine that affording it a place here can give of nce elsewhere:—

'I swear by Apollo the physician, and Æsculapius the surgeon, likewise Hygeia and Panacea, and call all the gods and goddesses to witness, that I will observe and keep this underwritten oath, to the utmost of my power and judgment.

'I will reverence my master, who taught me the art. Equally with my parents, will I allow him things necessary for his support, and will consider his sons as brothers. I will teach them my art without reward or agreement; and I will impart all my acquirements, instructions, and whatever I know, to my master's children, as to my own; and likewise to all my pupils, who shall bind and tie themselves by a professional oath, but to none else.

'With regard to healing the sick, I will devise and order for them the best diet, according to my judgment and means; and I will take care that they suffer no hurt or damage. Nor shall any man's entreaties prevail upon me to administer poison to any one; neither will I counsel any man so to do. Moreover, I will give no sort of medicine to any pregnant woman, with a view to destroy the child. Further, I will comfort myself and use my knowledge in a godly manner. I will not cut for the stone, but will commit that affair entirely to the surgeons.

'Whatsoever house I may enter, my visit shall be for the convenience and advantage of the patient; and I will willingly refrain from doing any injury or wrong from falsehood, and (in an especial manner) from acts of an amorous nature, whatever may be the rank of those whom it may be my duty to cure, whether mistress or servant, bond or free.

'Whatever, in the course of my practice, I may see or hear (even when not invited), whatever I may happen to obtain knowledge of, if it be not proper to repeat it, I will keep sacred and secret within my own breast.

'If I faithfully observe this oath, may I thrive and prosper in my fortune and profession, and live in the estimation of posterity; or, on breach thereof, may the reverse be my fate.'—*Dr. G. Smith's Analysis of Medical Evidence.*

TO A LAND TORTOISE.

Guid morsie' frien', ye 're early creepin',
Wi' head erect about ye peepin',
And steady gait ye always keep in,
Aye sure an' slaw;
I doubt the time ye tak' to sleep in
Is unco sma'.

Your crawlin' pits me aye in mind
O' turtles o' the human kind;
How mony crawlers do we find
'Mang sons o' men,
Wi' thoughts unto the earth inclined
Until the end!

Ye'd live a hunder years, they say,
An' mony a weary mile ye gae,
An' mony a hunder eggs ye lay,
Ye queer auld beast—
Whilk gies the snake, your mortal fae,
Fa' mony a feast.

Ah! now ye've shut yoursel' up tight—
Ise think ye're in an awsome plight,
At seein' sic an unco sight
As my queer face;
Gang on your gate—I'm na the wight
Wad barm your race!

Aiblins, I might, for fun or fame,
Just carve upo' your hard auld wame,
The twa initials o' my name;
An' wham I met ye,
Whilk done, nae lither right I'd claim
Than down to set ye.

But fare ye weel! I now maun leave ye;
I ken my absence will na grieve ye;
Wi' jingling Scotch I'll nae mair deave ye,
An' libera too;
So once for a' I freely give ye
A lang adieu!

United States' Paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our concluding notice of Mr. Roscoe's 'Italian Novelists,' Street Errata, and a few other articles are unavoidably deferred until our next, when we shall give a biographical memoir of the late Dr. Parr.

We have been requested, or rather called upon, to reprint the original plan of the *Literary Gazette*, as projected by Sir Richard Phillips in 1814, and adopted three years afterwards by his most inveterate rival in trade, who had previously pirated the title of one of his periodicals. We shall obey the call and give it in our next.

Works published since our last notice.—Memoirs of Mad. de Genlis, 3 vols. 18s.—Tiernaine, or the Man of Refinement, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Don Giovanni, in two cantos 3s. 6d.—Platt's Universal Biography, 8vo. vol. 1.—Remarks on Joint Stock Companies.—Colonel Berkeley and his Friends, 3 vols. 18s.—Howard's Beauties of Literature, 3s. 6d.—Parin's Medical Chemistry, 8vo. 18s.—Laing's Travels in Africa, 8vo. 14s.—Gray's Works, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s., fine paper, 24s.—Memoirs of Mendelssohn, 7s. 6d.—The English Graityne, 4s.—Britton's History of Bath Abbey Church, imp. 4to. 3l. 3s., medium, 1l. 11s.—Advice for Playing the Piano, 3s. —Jardine's Outlines of Philosophical Education, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—H—tt's Four Hundred Questions on the Latin Grammar, 2s.—Hazlitt's Select Poets, vol. 1, 8vo. 18s.—Virgadamium, Satires by J. Hall, 2s.—Abduction, or the Adventures of Major Sarney, 3 vols. 21s. —Tales for Ellen, 2 vols. 5s.—Schuller's Latin Grammar, 3 vols. 30s.—Jones's Continuation of Hume and Smollett, 3 vols. 24s.—Elementary Description of the Anatomy of the Brain, 2s.—Smith's Catechism on the Works of Creation, 18mo. 6d.—Bennett's Lectures on the History of Christ, 3 vols. 36s.—Burder's Essential of Religion, 8s.—Telemaco, Iradotto da Petroni, 2 vols. 6s.—Byron on Italia et ea Græca, 18s.—Segur's Campaign in Russia, 3 vols. 28s.—Conway's Tales of the Arbigenes, 8s.—The Vision of Hades, 6s.—St. Hubert, 3 vols. 18s.—La Henriade (Whittingham's French Classics), 3s.—Scientia Biblica, 3 vols 8vo. 3l., large paper, 6l.

In a few days will be published, the Second Edition of

THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD, Number I. price 6s.

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*** The Second Number will appear in the course of this month.

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Col NUGENT in the Chair,

It was Resolved,—That the undermentioned Gentlemen do form a Committee of Directors, for the purpose of carrying the plan then submitted into execution; with power to add to their number, and to appoint the officers of the Institution.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of Messrs. Alliston and Hundleby, the Solicitors of the Society, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, London; to whom applications for shares may be made until Tuesday, the 15th of March, when the subscription will be closed, and the applicants be informed of the number of shares allotted to each, the Deposits on which are to be then paid to Messrs. Ransom and Co., Bankers, Pall Mall East.

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No. 305. LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gaieties and Gravities; a Series of Essays, Comic Tales, and Fugitive Vagaries. Now first Collected. By one of the Authors of Rejected Addresses. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1035. London, 1825. Colburn.

Mr. James Smith, who, with his brother Horace, wrote the Rejected Addresses, now in their teens of editions, has fairly disappointed us; from the manner in which Gaieties and Gravities has been announced and puffed off in the newspapers, we expected a new work from this spirited and amusing writer, instead of which, we have a mere collection of articles from The New Monthly Magazine and other periodicals; many of them are extremely well known, and not a few of the shortest pieces have run the gauntlet of the daily newspapers. This is certainly a complimentary merit, and, in good truth, though there are few of the essays or tales in the volumes before us, of which we can say, with Mathews's Nicholas Bray, 'I have heard that before,' yet most of them will bear a second reading. Gaieties and Gravities is a good lounge-book, well suited for a parlour, a parlour window, or the ante-rooms of ministers of state, Bank cashiers, and all other gentlemen who make a point of keeping their visitors waiting; as to members of Parliament, a new election is so near at hand, that they are courteous enough to see all persons that call on them (particularly electors) as soon as possible, or rather, as soon as their servants will let them. The M.P.s may therefore keep their copies of The Gaieties and Gravities to read during a debate on a Turnpike, Rail-Road, or Canal Bill.

The author, in a brief preface, says, if he be asked, 'Why such productions (many of them very frivolous in their nature), should be preserved from that fate which condemns so much literature of better quality to be strictly fugitive, he is really unprepared with an answer; unless it may be surmised that their very lightness may keep them awhile from sinking, as straws and bubbles will float upon those waters of oblivion wherein things of greater weight and value are daily doomed to be engulfed. He may urge in extenuation, that he is only following the example of other periodicalists, whose collections have been not unfavourably received by the public;—and, lastly, he may advance a plea which most scribblers, whatever may be the opinion of their readers, will consider valid,—that he ventures upon the present work at the solicitation of his publisher.'

We have already stated, and the author indeed avows it, that most of the papers have appeared, and many of them very recently, in The New Monthly Magazine; some of them, however, are older acquaintances. Thus, in the 'Hint to Pedestrians,' the author has introduced rules for joking in company, which were printed in a review of some Jest Book (we believe) in Cumberland's London Review: but it is a very clever article, and will bear printing and reprinting frequently before the public will be weary of it. The poetical pieces are, generally, ingenious versifications of some old and well-known anecdote or joke; the essays are all of a lively and often a satirical character. The peculiar talents of the author are too well known to render it necessary we should expatiate on them; we shall, therefore, transfer three of his papers into our Chronicle. The first is a Joe Miller in verse:—

'THE ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

'A Frenchman seeing, as he walk'd,
A friend of his across the street,
Cried "Hem!" exactly as there stalk'd
An Englishman along the road,
One of those Johnny Bulls we meet
In every sea-port town abroad,
Prepared to take and give offence,
Partly, perhaps, because they speak
About as much of French as Greek,
And partly from the want of sense!

'The Briton thought this exclamation
Meant some reflection on his nation,
So bustling to the Frenchman's side,
"Monsieur Jack Frog," he fiercely cried,
"Pourquoi vous faire 'Hem!' quand moi passe?"
Eyeing the querist with his glass.
The Gaul replied, "Monsieur God-dem,
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi faire "Hem?"'

The following essay will remind the reader of one on the same subject, by Charles Lamb, of which, however, it is no imitation:—

'A LAMENTATION UPON THE DECLINE OF BARBERS.

'When they who lived to puff, by fortune cross'd,
Must puff to live; when they whose fame was spread
From pole to pole are in oblivion lost,
And having others pinch'd, are pinch'd for bread;—
When by more sad reverse they're environ'd
Than any told of emperor or caliph,
And they, who once toupees and queues have iron'd,
Must mind their P.s and Q.s to 'sea pethe bailiff,—
Well may they cry—"The age that treats us thus,
When most un-barber'd is most barberous."

'In tracing the changes produced by the alteration of human habits in the different ages and nations of the world, nothing is more affecting than to contemplate the reverses to which whole classes of our fellow-creatures are exposed by sudden fluctuations of fashion; and in all the sad records of prostration from eminence and favour to obscurity and neglect, we doubt whether any can offer a more melancholy contrast than the past and present situation of our barbers. With the embalmers of the dead, and forgers of armour for the living, whose "occupation's gone," we sympathise no more than we shall with the keepers of lottery offices, who will shortly be in the same predicament: their pursuits are associated with death, blood, and rapine; but the barber's profession (for by a statute of Henry the Eighth, it is termed a science and a mystery) holds affinity with every thing that is gentle, touching, and endearing. Perhaps it would not be too much to affirm that the civilization of a state cannot be measured by any surer criterion than the estimation in which these professors are held; and that we may not be deemed overweening in our veneration for their craft, we will endeavour to support our assertion by such historical evidence as more immediately occurs to our recollection.

'Beginning with the Jews, as the most ancient people, and one to whom the barber's soothing influence was utterly unknown, we may remark that their whole annals are a tissue of violence, horror, and abomination, which finally condemned them to become a rejected race, a doom from which a portion of them have escaped, in modern days by subjecting themselves to those great civilizers, the wielders of the razor; while the lower orders, who still wear the badge of reprobation upon their chins, continue in a state of comparative barbarism. And yet the dangers of this adherence to their hair were manifested to them at a very early age. When David sent ambassadors to the king of the Ammonites, he cut off one half of their beards from the side of the face, as the greatest insult he could offer, and in this plight escorted them back to their master—an indignity which could not have been inflicted had their chins been in a more advanced state of civilization. Joab, the chief captain of David, seeing Absalom hanging upon an oak-tree by the hair of the head, pierced him to death; and the same Joab, while he took Amassa by the beard to kiss it, treacherously plunged a poniard into his body,—two acts of barbarity which could not have been perpetrated had the victims been submitted to the benign practitioners of the scizzors and the razor. The men most remarkable for their hair seem to have been

always the most hardened in iniquity, and to have been generally singled out for some calamitous fate. To that of Absalom we have already adverted; Samson, whose strength was in his hair, after having been blinded, was crushed for his wickedness; and Esau, another hairy man, is expressly stated by St. Paul to have been a profane person, and one hated of God.

'During the most barbarous period of their history, that is to say, up to the time of Alexander the Great, the Greeks wore their beards; but that prince ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, lest this appendage should afford a handle to their enemies—a most sufficing reason, for one can hardly conceive a less enviable situation, than to find a vigorous adversary grasping your beard with his left hand, and flourishing a sword over your head with his right. The Conqueror himself, as might have been expected from so polished and magnanimous a character, kept a special barber in his house; and the same is recorded of Julius Cæsar,—an evidence of refinement and good taste for which the latter was abundantly rewarded, for at a grand entertainment which he gave to Cleopatra, this identical barber being, as Plutarch says, "led by his natural caution to inquire into every thing, and to listen every where about the palace," overheard Achillas the general, and Photinus the eunuch, plotting against his master, whose life he saved by giving immediate information of the conspiracy. His successors, to this hour, it may be remarked, are equally inquisitive, and not less faithful to their employers.

'That the barber's shop was the common resort of newsmongers in the most polished days of Athens, is attested by the way in which they first learnt the great defeat of their general Nicias at Syracuse. A stranger who landed in the Piræus, mentioned this event as he sat to be shaved, and the barber, before he could communicate it to any one else, running into the city to inform the magistrates, was interrogated from whom he received the intelligence: not being able to give any satisfactory answer, he was seized as a forger of false news, fastened to the wheel, and put to the torture, which he endured with tonsorial fortitude till several credible persons arrived, who fully confirmed his statement,—another testimony to the zeal, constancy, and veracity, by which the class has ever been distinguished.

'Pliny observes, that up to the 454th year of Rome, precisely the most uncivilized period of their empire, the Romans had no barbers; but that, at that epoch, P. Ticinus imported a supply of these artists from Sicily. He adds, that Scipio Africanus was the first who introduced the fashion of shaving every day,—an improvement which confers additional credit on that illustrious personage. The fourteen first emperors continued this laudable practice, until the reign of Adrian, who, for the purpose of concealing some ugly scars upon his face, resumed the long beard. Julian the apostate, it is said, drove all the barbers from his court, and took every opportunity of evincing that his love of beards was, at least, commensurate with his hatred of the Christians; both equally derogatory to his memory. Of his uncivilized habits and inattention to cleanliness, we may sufficiently judge by his condescending to joke about the populousness of his beard; and though there may be some merit in his only noticing the lampoons of the people of Antioch, by writing against them his celebrated Misopogon, or Beard-hater, it would have been much better never to have deserved their satire. He wanted but a barber and a confessor, to have made him a great character.

'The Lombards, or Longobardi, so called from the length of their beards, were of course enemies to the barbers, and it is unnecessary to add that they were a cruel, ferocious, and savage race. Peter the Great, of Russia was so impressed with the importance of barbers in polishing a nation, that, when he set about civilizing his subjects, one of his first edicts was to command them to cut off their beards, and government operators were appointed, with instructions to shave the refractory by force. Without going into any more minute detail, it may be sufficient to observe, that at the present moment all the enlightened and civilized portions of the earth are under tonsorial subjection, which is rejected by none but savages and barbarians. How can we expect the Turks to do otherwise than massacre their Greek prisoners, when they swear by one another's beards, and their most common form of benediction is to exclaim—"Allah for ever preserve your blessed beard!"

'Perhaps the golden age of the knights of the razor and the comb is to be sought in that glorious period of our history when they were yclept barber-chirurgions, from their uniting both sciences, and a lute or viol was provided in every shop for the entertainment of waiting customers, who in these degenerate days are fain to solace themselves with a play-bill, or a yesterday's newspaper. Then was it that their party-coloured ensign, the pole, like the ivy-bound Thyrsus of the Bacchanalian Menades, was upreared at each shop to typify the staff put into the hand of every patient undergoing the operation of phlebotomy; while the fillet was represented by the white band with which the pole was encircled. But alas! what are all sublunary glories and distinctions? By a statute of the 32nd Henry the Eighth, it was decreed that —— "No person using any shaving or barbery in London, shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood, or other matter; drawing of teeth only excepted. And no person using the mystery or craft of surgery shall occupy or exercise the feat or craft of barbery or shaving, neither by himself, nor any other for his use." Thus were two noble professions for ever dissevered; nor was it any sufficing compensation that the whole head was abandoned to the barbers, for in process of time the dentists, a hungry generation, living as it were from hand to mouth, usurped jurisdiction over the interior, and left to the defrauded barbers nothing but the miserable exterior of the skull for their entire patrimony.'

'Even with these limited means, however, they contrived, at no distant date, to render themselves opulent and illustrious. He that is old enough to remember the reign of Pulvilio and Pomatum, now utterly passed away, will do full justice to the former dignity and importance of these practitioners. When a cushion reposed amid the umbrageous labyrinth of every female head, into which pins of nine inches long were thrust to support the intricate expansion of her outfrizzed hair, while the artist busily plied his puff, surcharged with *marèchale*, or brown powder, redolent of spice;—when every gentleman's sconce was wavy with voluminous and irrolled curls, and he sat daily in his powdering room, *then* an indispensable apartment, gazing through the horny eyes of his mask upon his puffing decorator, dim amid the cloud of dust as the Juno of Ixion; when all this complicated *titivation* was to be incurred with aggravated detail before every dinner-party or ball—then was the time that the barbers, like the celestial bodies, which have great glory and little rest, were harrassed and honoured, *tipped* and tormented, coaxed and cursed. Then was the time that a Courtois could amass a princely fortune, which an audacious Mrs. Phipoe, not having tonsorial fear before her eyes, vainly endeavoured to appropriate. And I appeal to the experienced reader, whether the profession did not, at this busy period, when there was an absolute contention for their favours, conduct themselves in their high calling with an indefatigable alertness and suavity, shooting like meteors from street to street, plying the puff morning and evening, overnight and all night, and often sacrificing their own health in ministering to the pleasures of others.

'Where, indeed, is the barber of any age or country against whom an imputation can be justly levelled? His is one of the fine arts which pre-eminently "*smelling more nearly esse firm.*" As iron, by attrition with the magnet, obtains some of its power of attraction, so does he, by always associating with his superiors, acquire a portion of their polish and urbanity. Shoemakers, tailors, and other artisans of lonely and sedentary life, are generally morose, melancholy, atrabilarious, subject to religious hypochondriacism; but the patron of the puff is locomotive and social in his habits, buoyant, brisk and hilarious in his temperament. There is not, perhaps, a single instance of a fanatic barber: and how many traits are recorded of their generous forbearance! Alfieri was so nervously sensitive, that if one hair was pulled a little tighter than the rest, he would fly into a paroxysm of rage, draw his sword, and threaten to destroy the offender; yet such was his confidence, that he would the next moment submit his throat to his razor. How calm and dignified was the reply of one of this class to the pimple-faced madman, who with a loaded pistol in his hand, compelled him to take off his beard, declaring that if he cut him in a single place, he would instantly blow out his brains. After successfully accomplishing his difficult task, he was asked

whether he had not been terrified during the operation. "No, sir," he replied, "for the moment I had drawn blood, I had made up my mind to cut your throat."

In corroboration of our estimate of this character, let it be added, that though none has been more frequently handled by authors, the barber is never placed in a degrading or unworthy light. True to nature, they may occasionally render him ridiculous, but never odious. On the stage we have been delighted with his eccentricities, from him of Seville down to Dicky Gossip, whose representative, Suett, with his rapid and ready cackle, will not easily be forgotten. Which of us has not laughed at the chattering impertinent of the Arabian Nights, who, being sent for to shave a customer in all haste, spent a long time in preparing his apparatus, took a handsome astrolabe out of his budget, very gravely measured the height of the sun, and exclaimed—"Sir, you will be pleased to know that this day is Friday, the 14th of the month Saffur, in the year 653 from the retreat of our great Prophet from Mecca to Medina, and in the year 7320 of the epocha of the great Iskender with two horns,"—and finally drove the poor man out of his wits with his dilatory loquacity?—Cervantes expressly informs us that the curate, and Mr. Nicholas, the barber, were two of Don Quixote's "best friends and companions:" and it is remarkable that he not only selects the latter, as one of the most enlightened personages in the neighbourhood, to assist the licentiate in the expurgation of the knight's library, but avails himself of his talents throughout the whole work, and mentions him upon all occasions with singular respect and affection. Moreover, upon Sancho's resolving to have a barber of his own, soon after the affair of Mambrino's helmet, Don Quixote applauds his resolution, places that functionary above a master of the horse, and exclaims—"Truly, it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse."—Nay, upon another occasion, he even elevates it above divinity; for, when it was proposed that they should invite the curate and the barber to join them in their Arcadian scheme, and assist them in becoming pastoral and poetical, Don Quixote observes,—"Of the curate I shall say nothing, though I should lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical: and that Master Nicholas is in the same fashion I do not at all doubt, for people of his profession are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitar."

Signor Diego, the barber of Olmedo, is represented in Gil Blas as a generous and hospitable personage; while the sprightly, quick-witted, and faithful Fabricio, the poet, inherited his virtues and his talents from old Nicolas, another operator upon the chin. Strap, the equally faithful companion and servant of Roderick Random, will occur to all readers; and a hundred others, "*quæ commorare taceat*," might easily be adduced, but it is quite sufficient to state, in conclusion, that honourable mention has been made of the tonsorial adept both by Shakspeare and Sir William Curtis!

'What and where are they now, the representatives of this illustrious line of ancestors! They may indeed exclaim, "*Eheu! fuimus! fuimus!*" With the exception of a few who still coldly furnish forth the heads of our divinity and law professors, they are all

"Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from their high estate,"

and languishing in inactivity and poverty. Each supports his reverses with a meek though dignified resignation, and each, in rebuke of this ungrateful era, may proudly exclaim with Lord Verulam in his Will—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages."'

The following is a good poetical version of a well-known joke, or affair, which, so far as the shift is concerned, happened at Hatton Garden Police Office, some time ago:—

'MILLER REDIVIVUS; OR, AN OLD JOE IN A NEW DRESS.

'*Mrs. Rose Grob.*

'None would have known that Siegmund Grob
Lived foreman to a sugar-baker,
But that he died, and left the job
Of tombstone-making to an undertaker;
Who, being a mason also, was a poet,—
So he engraved a skull upon the stone,
(The sexton of Whitechapel Church will show it,)
Then carved the following couplet from his own—

"STOP, READER, STOP, AND GIVE A SOB
FOR SIEGMUND GROB!"

'Grob's widow had been christen'd *Rose*,
But why, no human being knows,
Unless when young she might disclose,
Like other blooming misses,
Roses, which quickly fled in scorn,
But left upon her chin the thorn,
To guard her lips from kisses.
She relish'd tea and butter'd toast
Better than being snubb'd and school'd;
Liking no less to rule the roast
Than feast upon the roast she ruled—
And though profuse of tongue withal,
Of cash was economical.

'Now, as she was a truly loving wife,
As well as provident in all her dealings,
She made her German spouse insure his life,
Just as a little hedge against her feelings—
So that when Siegmund died, in her distress
She call'd upon the Phœnix for redress.
Two thousand pounds, besides her savings,
Was quite enough all care to drown;
No wonder then she soon felt cravings
To quit the melancholy city,
And take a cottage out of town,
And live genteel and pretty.

'Accordingly in Mile End Road
She quickly chose a snug retreat;
'Twas quite a pastoral abode,
Its situation truly sweet!
Although it stood in Prospect Row,
'Twas luckily the corner house,
With a side-window and a bow:
Next to it was the milkman's yard, whose cows,
When there were neither grains nor chaff to browse,
Under the very casement stood to low.
That was a pleasant window altogether;
It raked the road a mile or more,
And when there was no dust or foggy weather
The monument you might explore,
And see, without a glass, the people
Walking round and round its steeple.

'Across the road, half down a street,
You caught a field, with hoofs well beaten;
For cattle there were put to eat,
Till they were wanted to be eaten.
Then as for shops, want what you will,
You hadn't twenty steps to go,—
There was a butcher's in the row,
A tallow-chandler's nearer still;
And as to stages by the door,
Besides the Patent Coach, or Dandy,
There were the Mile End, Stratford, Bow,
A dozen in an hour or more—
One dust was never gone before
Another came:—'twas monstrous handy!

'Behind a strip of garden teem'd
With cabbages and kitchen shrubs;
'Twas a good crop when she redeem'd
Half from the worms and slugs and grubs.
Beyond these was a brick-kiln, small
But always smoking; she must needs
Confess she liked the smell, and all
Agreed 'twas good for invalids.
In town she always had a teasing
Tightness on her chest, and wheezing;
Here she was quite a different creature:—
Well, let the worldly waste their health
Toiling in dirt and smoke for wealth,
Give *her* the country air and nature!

'Her cottage front was stucco'd white;
Before it two fine poplars grew,
Which nearly reach'd the roof, or quite,
And in one corner, painted blue,
Stood a large water-tub with wooden spout—
(She never put a rag of washing out):
Upon the house-top, on a plaster shell,
"Rose Cottage" was inscribed, its name to dub:
The green door look'd particularly well,
Pick'd out with blue to match the tub;
The children round about were smitten
Whene'er they stopp'd to fix their eye on
The flaming knocker ('twas a lion);
Beneath it was a large brass knob,
And on a plate above was written—
"MRS. ROSE GROB."

'Here she resided free from strife,
Except perpetual scolds with Betty,
For the main objects of her life
Were two, and form'd her daily trade,—
To cram herself and starve her maid—
For one no savings were too petty,
For t'other no tid-bit too nice.
After her dinner, in a trice,
She lock'd the fragments up in towels;
She weigh'd out bread and cheese and butter,
And in all cases show'd an utter
Disregard for Betty's bowels;
As if, in penance for her sins,
She made her dine on shanks and shins,
(Was ever such a stingy hussey!)
And reckon'd it a treat to give her
Half a pound of tripe or liver,
First cutting off a slice for pussey;—
Nay, of all perquisites the damsel stripping,
She wouldn't even let her sell the dripping!

'No wonder Betty's unrepleni'sh'd maw
Vented itself in constant grumbling,
Which was in fact her stomach's rumbling
Reduced to words and utter'd from her jaw;
But not content with this, the maid
Took all advantages within the law
(And some without, I am afraid),
So as to balance her forlorn condition,
And get full payment for her inanition.

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'The washing week approach'd: an awful question
Now agitated Rose with pangs inhuman,
How to supply the mammoth-like digestion
Of that carnivorous beast—a washer-woman!
A camel's paunch for ten days' drink is hollow'd,
So their's takes in at once a ten days' munching;
At twelve o'clock you hear them say they've swallow'd
Nothing to speak of since their second luncheon,
And, as they will not dine till one,
'Tis time their third-lunch was begun.
At length provisions being got—all proper,
And every thing put out, starch, blue, soap, gin;
A fire being duly laid beneath the copper,
The clothes in soak all ready to begin,—
Up to her room the industrious Betty goes,
To fetch her sheets, and screams down stairs to Rose,
'La, goodness me! why here's a job!
You ha'n't put out a second pair.
No more I have, said Mrs. Grob;
Well, that's a good one, I declare!
Sure, I've the most forgetful head—
And there's no time to air another!
So take one sheet from off your bed—
And make a shift to-night with t'other.
'On Rose's part this was a *ruse de guerre*,
To save th' expense of washing half a pair,—
But as the biter's sometimes bitten,
So in this instance it occur'd;
For Betty took her at her word,
And, with the bright conception smitten,
Sat up all night, and, with good thrift
Of needle, scissors, thimble, thread,
Cut up one sheet into a *shift*,
And took the *other* off the bed!
Next morn, when Mrs. Grob, at three o'clock,
Went up to call the maid,
And saw the mischief done by aid
Of scissors, thread, and needle—
There's no describing what a shock
It gave her to behold the sheets in tatters;
And so, by way of mending matters,
She call'd her thief and slut and jade,
And talk'd of sending for the beadle!
'La! ma'am, quoth Betty, don't make such a pother,
I've only done exactly what you said—
Taken one sheet from off the bed,
And *made a shift to-night with t'other!*'

Sylvan Sketches; or, a Companion to the Park and Shrubbery. By the Author of 'The Flora Domestica.' 8vo. London. Taylor and Hessey.

THIS very agreeable and clever book will be found not only an excellent companion to its predecessor, but in itself a most valuable present, and of such utility that we think few have been published for many years of greater interest. No family in the country should be without it, as it will give a zest, in the knowledge it imparts, to every ramble, and add a charm to every prospect. In town it will be found still more indispensable, by supplying not only the information so generally required on sylvan subjects, but awakening the memory and the imagination, calling forth the latent poetry of the mind, and purifying the heart, by exercising devout contemplation.

The peculiar merit of this work lies in the elegant simplicity with which the author conveys instruction, the completeness and research manifested in her details, and the richness of those illustrations from our best poets, with which she adorns her descriptions. It is not often found that persons endowed with considerable original talent will submit to the labour of tedious research and minute investigation,—that they will be content to retrace the steps of others, and become quoters instead of dictators; but when they do thus condescend, the effect is always highly beneficial to the reader. The bee of genius selects honey of a higher flavour and fashions his hive in a superior form—his industry assumes, in every particular, the character of intellect, and gives the zest of originality alike to that which he selects from others and supplies from himself.

These observations will be found to apply in every page of her present work to the fair writer before us, whose very choice of subject, as well as the masterly manner in which she has treated it, proves the excellence of her taste and the soundness of her understanding. It is rather difficult to select any portion from a work in which every section presents us with an equally well-written and interesting account, embellished (pretty generally) by quotations from our ancient and modern bards: we must, therefore, content ourselves with offering a few striking circumstances related of different trees as they occur. To us (and we have little doubt to our readers also) there is captivation in all trees, from the venerable and majestic fathers of the forest to the flowering shrub of the decorative conservatory, to render every anecdote connected with their natural history attractive.

On the growth of the cedar-trees, after the account of those which remain on Mount Lebanon, it is said—

'There is little doubt but these trees are now far more numerous in England than in their native place. Miller expresses surprise "that the cultivation of the cedar was so long neglected in this country, when it would be so ornamental on barren and bleak mountains, where few others could flourish so well as this, which is a native of the colder parts of Mount Lebanon, where the snow lies nearly all the year." "That these trees are of quick growth," continues he, "is evident from four of those in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, which, as I have been credibly informed, were placed there in 1683, and at that time not above three feet high. Two of these trees were, in 1766, upwards of twelve feet and a half in girth, at two feet above the ground, and their branches extended more than twenty feet on every side their trunks: which branches, though they were produced twelve or fourteen feet above the surface, did at every termination bend very near the ground, and thereby afford a goodly shade in the hottest season of the year."

'When once the cedar-tree has left the nursery, no knife or hatchet must be suffered to touch it; even the lopping of the lowest branches is injurious, both retarding the growth and injuring the beauty.'

In the article on the oak we find—.

'At Mosley, in Cheshire, grew an oak, supposed, when measured, to be 800 years old; the trunk, which was hollow, was forty-two feet in circumference; it had for many years been used for housing cattle. Tradition says that Edward the Black Prince once dined under its shade. The boughs of an oak in Worksop Park measured from one extremity to another 180 feet; another, measuring but half this width, is remarkable for uniting under its shade the counties of York, Derby, and Nottingham, whence it is called the Shire Oak.

'The Cowthorpe Oak, in Yorkshire, of which there are prints in Hunter's Evelyn, was eighty-five feet high, and the trunk seventy-eight feet round.

'An oak in Shropshire measured sixty-eight feet round, and one in Welbeck Park, Nottinghamshire, called the Duke's Walking Stick, was 111 feet high.

'The trunk of Damary's Oak, in Dorsetshire, measured sixty-eight feet round: as this large trunk decayed, it formed a cavity, fifteen feet wide and seventeen high, capable of containing twenty men. During the civil war after the Restoration, this was inhabited by an old man, who sold ale in it. By the storm of 1703 it lost some of its noblest limbs. In 1755, when it fit for nothing but firewood, it was sold for £14.*

'There is an oak in the New Forest, near Cadenham, and called the Cadenham Oak, which is remarkable for budding every year in winter, like the Glastonbury Thorn. It is said by the country people to produce its buds always on Christmas Day. Those premature buds, after unfolding themselves, make no further progress, but wither away, and the tree again vegetates in the usual season, in the same manner as others of its species.'

'The oak at Boscobel, which sheltered Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, was in great repute during the last century, and many trees were raised from the acorns. The king visiting the spot some time after, took some of the acorns away, which he set in St. James's Park, and used to tend and watch their growth himself. It is said that one of those trees was removed from thence on the building of Marlborough House. It is still customary, on the 29th of May, the Restoration of Charles II. for the common people to wear oak-leaves or oak-apples in their hats; some adorn them with leaf gold, but this custom is gradually declining.

'"A tree is still shown in Windsor Forest, as Hearne's Oak," says Martyn, but, from its size and vigour, he doubts whether it could have been a proper tree for Hearne the hunter to have danced round more than two centuries ago. Whether the tree be actually standing or not, its memory will live while there lives a man to cherish it:—

'The fairies from their nightly haunt,
In copse, or dell, or round the trunk revered
Of Herne's moon-silvered oak, shall chase away
Each fog, each blight, and dedicate to peace
Thy classic shade.—W. TIGHE.

* We cannot forbear to enter our protest against those who could sell and those who could burn this venerable ruin: it was barbarity—almost sacrilege.—ED.

"The oak," observes Mr. Gilpin, "is confessedly the most picturesque tree in itself, and the most accommodating in composition. It refuses no subject either in natural or in artificial landscape. It is suited to the grandest, and may, with propriety, be introduced into the most pastoral. It adds new dignity to the ruined tower and Gothic arch; it throws its arms over the mantling pool, and may be happily introduced even into the lowest scene."

The chesnut, cypress, elm, yew, and many others, furnish abundance of similar facts to the few here selected from the natural history of that tree we generally denominate British oak; but the work is, we apprehend, so calculated for general reading, and so likely to excite general attention, that we shall not detain the reader further than to add, that it is preceded by a sensible well-written preface, of much importance as an introduction.

ROSCOE'S ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

(Concluded from p. 114.)

We shall select two more of these novels: the first is by Celio Malespini, a Florentine gentleman, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and wrote two hundred novels, remarkable for their faults as to language and expression, yet skilful and humorous:—

'Many years ago, there dwelt in the city of Ainalto, a certain merchant, who, among his other speculations, was unlucky enough to venture in the matrimonial lottery, and to draw a very bold and artful woman for his wife. Now his business frequently leading him to a distance from home, the lady was at full liberty to indulge "her love of pleasure and her love of sway," neglecting no opportunity of domineering over her household, and coquetting with the prettiest young fellows she could find. One of these at length became so particular a favourite, as to excite the notice of one of the merchant's neighbours, who often amused himself with counting the number of visits paid to her by her gentle cavalier, during the husband's absence. He next resolved to add to his amusement by acquainting the poor gentleman with his suspicions, who, expressing all the surprise and concern possible upon the occasion, thanked his friend for his advice, observing that he would take care to provide a remedy. And in order to convince himself the more effectually of what he did not in the least wish to know, he fixed to return suddenly to his own house the very first night he should be supposed to be at a distance. So, to be as good as his word, he feigned a pretty long journey, but, retracing his steps towards evening, he went straight to his friend's house, situated just opposite his own, whence he could easily descry the motions of his enemy, if such indeed were lurking about his premises that night. His friend, who had stationed himself at his side, when he was just on the point of dropping to sleep, about midnight, was suddenly roused by an exclamation of horror from the poor merchant, and, looking out of the window, beheld the lover standing at his usual station. The door not being immediately opened, the latter took a few turns before the house with an easy and confident air, by no means an auspicious sign in the eyes of our jealous spectator, who pronounced himself to be a very unhappy man. With his friend's advice, therefore, he resolved to employ the following stratagem. After disguising himself as well as he could, he very quietly stepped down stairs, and joined the gentleman upon the terrace; he accosted him in a low tone, as follows: "My mistress, signor, knows very well who it is, and has sent me to say, that, fearing her husband's return, she wishes me to introduce you some other way into the house, lest any one should observe you walking before the door." Signor Drudo, believing him of course one of the lady's domestics, consented to accompany him, and, upon approaching another entrance, the husband took a key from his pocket, and led the unconscious lover up a back staircase, into a room where lay a huge chest. "My mistress begs me to conceal you a few moments in this trunk, signor, until my foolish master goes; when you may depend that she will not delay a moment in coming for you herself, and will give you the best entertainment that the house can afford. So jump in, signor; plenty of room and plenty of air; and you will not have to wait many minutes." Accordingly, with a becoming deference for the lady's orders, the bold youth stepped in, and the husband, locking him fast, put the key into his pocket, and hastened back again to the house of his friend. "He is caught," he cried; "the rat is fast in the trap; what will be the best way, think you, of disposing of him?" This soon became a very general question, all his friends and relations being summoned to decide upon it, especially the female portion, who were quite delighted to hear the tidings, having long owed the merchant's wife a grudge, for the haughtiness and intolerance of her manners. To add to the publicity of the affair, the lady's parents were roused from their beds in the middle of the night, and requested to attend; and even her brothers and sisters, and cousins from the country, were not spared upon the occasion: all being assembled in council, to strike the souls of the guilty pair with teufold awe, confusion, and despair. With this charitable view, the whole procession directed their steps towards the house of their victims, while in the meantime the unhappy lover had been rather anxiously awaiting the arrival of his beloved, who, on her part, was looking as anxiously out of the windows, wondering what could possibly delay him so long, as he was accustomed to anticipate the hour. Hearing footsteps passing in all directions, but none approaching near, the poor lover, already half stifled, began to kick and cry out with all his strength, in which he was successful enough to attract the lady's ear in the next apartment, who inquired, in a great fright, what it was. "It is I, my dear soul," returned a feeble voice, "I am just dead; I wonder you can be so cruel as to keep me here." "Why, how did you get there, in the name of all the saints? it is none of my doing, I am sure." "I do not know," said the voice, "but your servant put me here by your orders, lest your husband should see me." "Oh, Lord! help me, then," she cried, "I see how it all is; it is my husband's doing. It is all discovered. What, in the name of Heaven, shall we do? "Let me out, by all means," cried the voice, "unless you wish to see me perish." "Oh! dear, dear, but my husband has got the key, and it is impossible to break it open; besides, he would murder me if I did." "Look for another key, then," said the voice. "That is a good thought; so I will," said the lady: and, directing her search very effectually, she hit upon the right key, and was happy enough to liberate her lover.

'Once free, after drawing many deep sighs, not for love, but to recover his breathing, he was about to take his leave of the lady, and secure his escape while there was yet time; when, seizing him half frantic in her arms, she conjured him not to abandon her alone to death and to dishonour. "But what can be done?" cried he, "how can you contrive to escape?" "Why," said she, "if we could put somebody else into the trunk, there might be some excuse for letting you out?" "True," said her lover; "but who can we find to take my place, so that I may go, for it is quite time?" "Now I think of it," returned the lady, "there is a young ass in the stable, if you would assist me to get it here, and shut it up in the box." "Certainly, I will do that," replied the lover, though not much flattered at the idea of his successor, "I will do that; and let us go about it quickly." So having achieved this feat, and kissed his fair deliverer tenderly, he ran out of the house; while the lady, having locked up the little donkey, very quietly went to rest. Ere long, however, she was roused by a tremendous noise at the door; all the relations she had in the world were arrived, and she went down stairs to welcome them herself. "Now," cried the enraged husband, rushing in, followed by the whole troop, "I will convince you of the truth of all I have said; go in, go in, and you shall take this vile daughter of your's home with you, after we have despatched her wretched paramour before her face. This they one and all promised him to do, proceeding with lighted torches and drawn swords to the scene of action, and followed at a convenient distance by the women, extremely curious to behold the termination of the tragedy. The lady expressing the utmost astonishment at these proceedings, and the strange reception she met with on all hands, her husband, without deigning to reply, lent her a pretty severe box on the ear, a species of compliment which was as eagerly returned. "Mind whom you have to deal with, and what you say," exclaimed the insulted fair one; "do you think I will be thus treated in the presence of my parents?"—"Oh, thou vile abandoned woman!" he returned, "what will you say when I show them your wicked paramour, whom we are going to kill before your face;" and upon this a volley of abuse was launched on her from all sides; not a single one of her friends or relatives joining their voice to her's. "Yes; go on, go on," she cried; "call me by all the horrid names you please; for I have the satisfaction of knowing that you all lie in your

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throats; yes, you do, you do; or else you are all stark mad: my husband must have driven you out of your wits." "Let us inquire of this chest," retorted he; "let us hear what that will say." "Oh villain!" cried his wife, "you know I never had the key in my life, and whoever you may have hidden there, I swear I have never had any thing to say to him in all my life, and I trust that Heaven will help me, and make my innocence manifest to the world. Yes, and Heaven will interfere, for it is all a vile conspiracy to rob a poor inoffensive and injured woman of her chief crown and jewel, her innocence and honour!"

""Come, no whining," cried her husband, "I have long known your practices; but I hardly thought that he could have made such a complete hypocrite of you: he seems to have taught you to some purpose, indeed! Your time is at length come. I will give such proofs of your depravity! Come along, I am going to open the box. But first, my good friends, have your weapons ready, and draw closer round. Strike sure, and take good care he does not escape; for I can assure you he is a fierce and powerful fellow." "Never fear," they all cried at once; we will do his business; I think we are a match for him;" and, wrapping their mantles around them and brandishing their swords, they entreated him to proceed. One of them even cried, in an insulting tone, "Have you confessed yourself, villain? for you are likely to have no other priests to officiate than ourselves." As the jealous husband was unlocking the trunk, his mother and sisters turned their heads aside, as if desirous of shunning the horrid sight, even the shedding of a wicked adulterer's blood.

'With hands and eyes intent upon the approaching slaughter, the men of vengeance stood; the box opened, and the ass, uneasy at having been so long confined, got upon his legs, and, the better to take his breath, brayed a long and discordant welcome to his friends. Such was the sudden shock he gave them, that some of the spectators fainted; the more fortunate ran away, and great was the terror and confusion before order could be restored. The more devout cried out that it was a miracle sent to prove the innocence of the lady, and the wicked design of injuring her reputation; so that, with one accord, changing the object of their resentment, they began to revile the poor merchant, and accuse him of the most flagitious conduct in attempting to ruin the reputation of his own wife: indeed, had he not quickly sought refuge elsewhere, the lady's brothers would have consigned him to the fate they had prepared for her lover. It was some time before he was again received into favour by the lady and her friends, nor was he ever afterwards known to make the least complaint, although the visits of the lover were so often renewed, as to attract the notice of every body but himself.'

The next and last is by Carlo Gozzi:—

'As more lucky adepts than the lady, in the art of thieving, I shall proceed to give an account of three very accomplished geniuses in their way: namely, Carlo Foschino, Girolamo Petrani, and Menico Cedola, belonging to the city of ——. And, perhaps, as the scene of action did not lie in a church, and the spoils were but of inconsiderable value, heaven permitted the rogues to make their escape; otherwise they would have been placed in an awkward predicament, and might have found the grapes they plucked uncommonly sour, and such as would effectually have disgusted them with the fingering art in future.

'I happened to be a year of great scarcity, and more especially in the province of O—; insomuch that the villagers died of hunger, while the grain, and vines of every kind, looked as if they had been ridden over by troops of horse, affording such a prospect as nearly drove the farmers and their landlords distracted. A fine time indeed for those who had nothing to do but eat the fruits of others! So that the owners were compelled to keep watch day and night, though the harvest was hardly worth the pains. More for whim than want, Carlo Foschino agreed with his companions to make an attack on one of the vineyards, celebrated for the sweetness of its grapes, at Santo Martino di ——, which is situated at a short distance from the city; intending not only to eat as much as they liked, but to fill a good basket or two for future use. With this view each of them took his pannier under his arm, and, sallying forth about midnight, they arrived at the land of promise, into which they cautiously entered. When once fairly in possession, they proceeded to clear the ground before them in great style, whispering one another at intervals, "How good they are!" "Yes, so sweet! what a flavour! quite exquisite! It is a real paradise for us hapless mortals;" and thus feasting and applauding, they did great execution, sweeping every thing before them, in order to get at fresh bunches, until they were fairly weary, and in danger of suffocation. Then drawing their well-sharpened knives, they began afresh the work of destruction, filling their panniers with all the expedition in their power. They were proceeding merrily through a fine plantation, having finished the better half of their task, but could not avoid making a rustling noise with the branches, and scattering a few leaves; and the night being so still that a nest of ants at work would have been heard, this was enough to rouse the jealousy of three armed myrmidons on watch, who, like men of war, were scouring those coasts, to give all freebooters a warm reception with their great rusty blunderbusses, and enormous slugs in any shape but round. Hearing a noise of the crashing of branches, one of the watchmen discharged his piece in that direction, while a sudden rush was made, and a cry set up, enough to shake the soul of a hero: "Thieves, thieves, that way! leap the ditch, shoot, kill them! oh, that is good, by San Bellino!" Yet heaven willed that the shot should miss its aim; and the wily robbers, not forgetting their panniers, started off at the sounds of vengeance they heard, using their utmost efforts to escape along a narrow path. The night was dark, and they often stumbled over the stalks of the vine or of the Indian corn, growing in the field, though without paying attention to the circumstance, the entangling and tearing and trampling of leaves giving them little chance of escape from their fierce pursuers, whose threatening cries sounded nearer and nearer, till they imagined they felt themselves run through the body. In this extremity Petrani whispered in a soft voice, as he continued running, "My friends, let us throw our panniers away, and have a chance for our lives!" To this Cedola replied, hardly able to draw his breath, "You say well, let them go." "No, no," cried Foschino, take heart, brothers, and leave the matter to me!" So forthwith he began to bellow as loud as he could, "Mercy upon me, that last shot has pierced me through; I am dying, though I did not feel it before; my blood is spouting out like new wine from the barrel!—Confirm what I say, you blockheads, and make your escape." Then Cedola began to cry, "Mercy, mercy upon us, try to get a little further; the wound is perhaps not mortal, and we will fetch you a surgeon." "No," replied the wily Foschino, in a dying voice, the better to keep up the cheat, "it is all over with me. Those cruel rascals have murdered a poor Christian for eating a bunch of grapes; yet, by the Holy Virgin, they will have to swing for it! that is some consolation!" and thus saying, they proceeded with flying colours, their panniers heaped up with grapes. For the stupid watchmen, imagining all they heard to be true, began to consider the matter and take more time. "Do you hear what he says?" cried one. "That I do," cried the second. "And you, do you hear?" they added to the third, one of the oldest cut-throats in all Italy. "Let them take it, by all the saints, it is very well; they will obey the seventh commandment in future! I will go nearer, for I dare say they must have left loads of grapes behind them, the wretches!" and they proceeded more cautiously in pursuit. Foschino hearing footsteps stealing along, afraid of discovery, and at the same time of losing the grapes, and receiving a good bastinado from the watchmen, resolved, as he felt himself quite wearied out, to go no further. "Leave me here to die, dear friends: I am only grieved that there is no priest at hand to confess me, but Heaven's will be done! fly, save yourselves! Remember me to my poor wife and children, and perform my last wish!" During this time the foolish watchmen were listening, as he continued to add, "Be witness that I leave my wife all I have, in trust for the benefit of our children after her, in equal portions; be kind to her and to them, and assist them to bring my body away to-morrow, that I may receive Christian burial, and persuade my friends to offer up a few alms and masses for my poor soul. I feel that I am going now, and do you go too!" The rustics hearing these sad words, stopped, and now began to hold a colloquy upon this unlucky case; while Cedola and Petrani set up the most horrid lamentations, wringing their hands and sobbing as if their hearts would break. "Nay, do not give way to despair, a plague upon the watchmen! they will hang for it; and upon the grapes! we may indeed call them sour. Well, we have the comfort to think that the watchmen will be hanged if you die,

they were only to take us into custody, not to take our lives. There never was such a piece of barbarity, such a wilful murder, since the world began. See how he bleeds, poor fellow! he will not live long. Come, let them even kill us all, since they have killed our best friend, a gentleman who only joined us for a frolic. Let the wretches dip their hands in the blood of us all! but we are men of quality, and they shall smart for it." Upon hearing these words and cries so boldly uttered, the guards concluded it to be a serious affair, and, being really afraid that they had killed the gentleman, began to think of running in their turn. But when they next heard him say, in a feeble and lamentable voice, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*," they could no longer control their fright, but took to their heels, just as they heard the others utter, "He is dead, he is gone for ever; cold, cold, my friend!" and a fresh ululation was set up, which added wings to the flight of the watchmen. This done, they departed at their leisure, the dead man leading the way with the panniers. When the watch ventured to stop, one of them said, "Who shot him, think you? it was not I, I am sure;" "Nor I;" "Nor I." "Well, but," said another, "you agreed that I should fire." "True, but you should have shot over his head, and not through his body." "Well," replied the man, "I thought I did shoot high up, into the air: I wonder how it could have killed him;" and thus, each speaking in his own defence, full of fear and trembling, they returned home, but were unable to sleep a wink that night; while the three knaves, having recovered from their terror, were enjoying themselves comfortably over their panniers of grapes. In the morning, the thieves gave an account of their adventure, which threw their auditors into such fits of laughter, that some have not ceased, even to this day. As for the poor rustics, although they never found the corpse, or had any charge brought against them, they yet continue uneasy and suspicious, having the fear of the gallows perpetually before their eyes, and not having courage to make any inquiries into the affair, lest they should betray themselves, and raise suspicions that they had been guilty of so wicked a homicide.'

In concluding our notice of this work, we must, in some degree, qualify our praise; we thank Mr. Roscoe for what he has done—but he might have done more. He does not appear to us to have recurred to the works of the several writers of which he gives specimens, but to some miscellaneous collections of tales. Thus, most of the specimens of recent novelists seem taken from a collection of Italian tales, by Nardini, and which were published in this country, under the title of *Novelle Scelte*. It is singular that all the tales given by Mr. Roscoe from Albergati, Casarelli, Altanesi Lodoli, Manni, Padovoni, and the Autore Ignoto, are to be found in the collection of Nardini. Of Gozzi, however, he has not given the same specimens as Nardini, but does he appear to have been so happy in his choice. Why did he not give us the amusing tale of Albon Casern's Slippers, by that author?

The explanatory notes of Mr. Roscoe are interesting as far as they go, but they would have been doubly so, had they presented us with the history and manners of the period; had Mr. R. attended to this, he would not have committed such blunders as to costume, as to talk of lord mayors and common-councilmen in Italy; nor does the modern term drawing-room appear very happily applied to tales of the 15th and 16th centuries. With these qualifications we approve o Mr. Roscoe's work.

History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1812. By General Count Philip de Segur. With a map and five engravings, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 774 London, 1825. Treuttel and Wurtz.

Thickly studded as the pages of history are with the deeds of heroes, and abounding as they do in records of 'grim-visaged war,' their annals present no parallel to the campaign of Napoleon in Russia. Rarely indeed was ever seen so large an army assembled, and never was there one so complete in all its *matériel* and appointments. It was led, too, by one who had for years driven the chariot of victory, with a host of heroes under him, who had proved their valour and their skill by numberless successes; yet this army was, in a few short months, almost annihilated—an army which seemed to bid defiance to human power, and even to dare that of Heaven, was destroyed by the elements. Such an interference seemed almost necessary, to punish inordinate ambition, and to put a stop to the havoc which twenty years' war had made in desolate Europe.

It would be idle to speculate on what would have been the consequence, had Napoleon conquered Russia, and thus possessed unlimited and uncontrolled sway from the Seine to the Don. His ambition, instead of being satisfied, would have still craved, and who could say whither his unbounded daring would have led him; we put the question hypothetically, for we are of opinion that it is in the very nature of a mixed and too extended power to dissolve itself, and that, although nations may for a time yield to the conqueror, the very seeds of resistance are sown in the conquest. To Great Britain alone are the sovereigns of Europe indebted for the overthrow of Napoleon, and their delivery from a degrading thraldom: by turns our pensioned allies and enemies, until at last we had to maintain the contest unaided, Spain and Portugal had been overrun by French troops, and their armies transferred to maintain the supremacy of France in other countries, when at length we were enabled to rouse a few individuals from the lethargy into which all Europe seemed sunk. British money and men fanned the little spark which was enkindled into a flame; a large army, continually reinforced, became necessary to maintain the contest in the Peninsula, when Bonaparte, the spoiled child of fortune, had the impolicy to quarrel with Russia, and even to attempt to subjugate her. Whatever Russia may be abroad, at home, her widely extended country and brave but rude population, together with 'her frightful climate,' as Napoleon called it, render her almost invulnerable—if any thing could resist an army of half a million of men, with all its appurtenances to boot. We have considered the failure of Napoleon's expedition to Russia as a fortunate circumstance; the honest and intelligent author of these volumes, however, thinks otherwise: he thinks that the legions of the north will, as of old, press southward, and that it will be difficult to resist the current. Alluding to a former period, he says, 'scarcely had the science of modern war penetrated among the Scandinavians, when Russian armies were seen on the Elbe, and shortly afterwards in Italy; they came to reconnoitre these countries; some day they will come and settle there.' The Count de Segur then proceeds:

'During the last century, either from philanthropy or vanity, Europe was eager in contributing to civilize these men of the north, of whom Peter had already made formidable warriors. She acted wisely, in so far as she diminished for herself the danger of falling back into fresh barbarism; if we allow that a second relapse into the darkness of the middle ages is possible, war having become so scientific that mind predominates in it, so that to succeed in it, a degree of instruction is required, which nations that still remain barbarous can only acquire by civilization.

'But, in hastening the civilization of these Normans, Europe has probably hastened the epoch of their next invasion. For let no one believe that their pompous cities, their exotic and forced luxury, will be able to retain them; that, by softening them, they will be kept stationary, or rendered less formidable. The luxury and effeminacy which are enjoyed in spite of a barbarous climate, can only be the privilege of a few. The masses, which are incessantly increasing by an administration which is gradually becoming more enlightened, will continue sufferers by their climate, barbarous like that, and always more and more envious; and the invasion of the south by the north, recommended by Catherine II., will continue.

'Who is there that can fancy that the great struggle between the north and south is at an end? Is it not, in its full grandeur, the war of privation against enjoyment, the eternal war of the poor against the rich, that which devours the interior of every empire?

'Comrades, whatever was the motive of our expedition, this was the point which made it of importance to Europe. Its object was to wrest Poland from Russia; its result would have been to throw the danger of a fresh invasion of the men of the north, at a greater distance, to weaken the torrent, and oppose a new barrier to it; and was there ever a man, or a combination of circumstances, so well calculated to insure the success of so great an enterprise?

'After fifteen hundred years of victories, the revolution of the fourth century, that of the kings and nobles against the people, was, in its turn, vanquished by the revolution of the nineteenth century, that of the people against the nobles and kings. Napoleon was

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born of this conflagration; he obtained such complete power over it, that it seemed as if that great convulsion had only been that of bringing into the world one man. He commanded the revolution as if he had been the genius of that terrible element. At his voice she became tranquil. Ashamed of her excesses, she admired herself in him, and, precipitating herself into his glory, she had united Europe under his sceptre, and obedient Europe rose at his call to drive back Russia within her ancient limits. It seemed as if the North was in his turn about to be vanquished, even among his own ices.

'And yet this great man, with these great circumstances in his favour, could not subdue nature! In this powerful effort to renascend that rapid declivity, so many forces failed him! After reaching these icy regions of Europe, he was precipitated from their very summit. The North, victorious over the South in her defensive war, as she had been in the middle ages in her offensive one, now believes herself invulnerable and irresistible.'

But leaving posterity to protect itself against northern usurpation, as well as to reform all the continental governments and pay off our national debt and other important matters, let us turn to the Count de Segur's valuable history, which we in some degree anticipated in No. 300 of *The Literary Chronicle*: it is, however, one of those 'cut-and-come-again' sort of works, in which one may indulge freely without satiety. The author was a general of brigade in the memorable campaign of 1812; he had previously been a prisoner in Russia, but had he made no better use of that circumstance (we scarcely can call it an advantage) than his countryman General Pillet did of his imprisonment in England—we should not have named it; he, however, is evidently well acquainted with Russia and the Russians, and his work is not only an admirable history of the most memorable campaign in history, but contains much profound political remark and reflection: his work is a candid narrative of the events he witnessed, and in which he participated; he is a true Frenchman, who prizes the glory of his country and her arms, who is ready to do justice to Bonaparte, and is not blind to the faults he committed, particularly in the Russian campaign. Count de Segur is, however, wrong, when he calls France and Russia the two great Colossuses, since England was the real Colossus, and, if she did not bestride the world, she has proved herself able to prevent any other power from doing so.

Count de Segur condemns, and that very justly, the bad policy of Napoleon, in not at once emancipating Poland; he also notices his antipathy to Prussia. 'Whenever,' says he, 'he followed with his finger the traces of the Prussian frontiers upon the map, he seemed to be angry at seeing them still so extensive, and exclaimed, "Is it possible that I have left this man so large a territory?"'

'This dislike to a mild and pacific monarch was surprising. As there is nothing in the character of Napoleon unworthy of historical remembrance, it is worth while to examine the cause of it. Some persons trace back the origin of it to the refusal which he experienced, when first consul, from Louis XVIII. of the propositions which he made to him through the medium of the King of Prussia; and they suppose that Napoleon laid the blame of this refusal upon the mediator. Others attribute it to the seizure of Rumbold, the English agent at Hamburgh, by the orders of Napoleon, and to his being compelled to give him up by Frederick, as protector of the neutrality of the north of Germany. Before that time, Frederick and Napoleon had carried on a secret correspondence, which was of so intimate a nature, that they used to confide to each other even the details of their household; that circumstance put an end to it.'

Bonaparte enlisted eight sovereigns under his banners in the campaign against Russia in 1807; the wily Bernadotte, king of Sweden, and the Sultan, were only wanting to complete the alliance; but they had formed treaties with Russia, and, what is more extraordinary, adhered to them: we shall not, however, dwell on the events, intrigues, or negotiations that preceded the great campaign; they are all important in history, and well treated in these volumes. Bonaparte, who never hesitated in his policy, offered the Crimea to Turkey, when it became desirable to court her, and afterwards would have given a portion of Turkey to Alexander, to secure him. Indeed, the spoliation of Turkey is said to have been agreed upon at the interview at Tilsit. With regard to Bernadotte, he certainly proved himself an ingrate. Bonaparte could have nominated a king for Sweden—but he left her to elect one, and, when Bernadotte was chosen, and about to depart poor, 'unwilling that he should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state, like a mere adventurer, the emperor generously gave him two millions out of his own treasury; he even granted to his family the donations which, as a foreign prince, he could no longer retain himself.' It appears, after all, that had Bonaparte supplied a good subsidy, or been base enough to rob his faithful ally—Denmark, of Norway, and give it to Sweden, he might (as long as it was his interest) have counted on the assistance of Carl John Bernadotte. To the honour of Bonaparte, in this instance, he refused to purchase an ally by means so base. The proposition threw him into a passion. What 'He, the rascal!' said he, 'he presume to give me advice! to dictate the law to me! to dare propose such an infamous act to me! and this from a man who owes every thing to my bounty! What ingratitude!' We should not blame Carl John for preferring the interests of Sweden to any other consideration, could we be convinced that this was the case; but we all know how he skulked in his march in Germany, previous to the battle of Leipsic, until the present Marquis of Londonderry compelled him to declare himself; nor is it possible to deny, that when Bonaparte re-entered France from Elba, the shuffling conduct of Carl John proved that he was only anxious to be on the strongest side.

The Russian campaign appears to have been considered of serious import in France; and Napoleon, who, on former occasions, looked for nothing but implicit and blind obedience, became jealous of the taciturnity with which his officers received his plans. Much as we admire Count de Segur's work, and we have rarely taken up one by which we have been so much gratified, we are frequently compelled to differ from the author. We do not, for instance, think that Napoleon could for a moment dread, though he might fancy, 'the northern throne of Alexander ever ready to overshadow him by its eternally-menacing position.' It appears that, previously to the campaign, Russian bank-bills were forged to a great extent; but Count de Segur seems to doubt whether ever Napoleon made use of them in the campaign.

It appears that, determined as Napoleon was, as to the war against Russia, he had some misgiving on the subject, and endeavoured to get it sanctioned by his ministers. They, however, were generally averse to it; and even Poniatowski, to whom the expedition held out the prospect of a throne, warned the emperor of its dangers. All, however, would not do, and Napoleon, who was a great fatalist, thought himself impelled to the contest. To the arguments of his ministers, he said:—

'"Do you dread the war, as endangering my life? It was thus that, in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges; he was everywhere to be found upon my track: that wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had! He would at the utmost have killed my aide-camp: but to kill me was impossible! Had it at that time accomplished the decrees of fate? I feel myself impelled towards a gaol of which I am ignorant. As soon as I shall have reached it, so soon shall I no longer be of service,—an atom will then suffice to put me down; but, till then, all human efforts can avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris, or with the army, is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour is come, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet: our days are registered."'

Bonaparte had other motives, which he revealed to his family:—

'"Can you not see," said he to them, "that, as I was not born upon a throne, I must support myself upon it, as I ascended it, by my renown? that it is necessary for it to go on increasing; that a private individual, become a sovereign like myself, can no longer stop; that he must be continually ascending, and that to be stationary is to be lost?"'

On the 9th of May, 1812, Napoleon set out from Paris on the Russian campaign. Arrived at Dresden, he assembled round him the sovereigns and princes of the continent:

'He was then in the centre of Germany, exhibiting it to his spouse, the daughter of its emperors, sitting by his side. Whole nations had quitted their homes to throng his path; rich and poor, nobles and plebeians, friends and enemies, all hurried to the scene. Their curious and anxious groups were seen collecting in the streets, the roads, and the

public places; they passed whole days and nights with their eyes fixed on the door and windows of his palace. It was not his crown, his rank, the luxury of his court, but him—himself—on whom they desired to feast their eyes; a memento of his features which they were anxious to obtain: they wished to be able to say to their less fortunate countrymen and posterity, that they had seen Napoleon.

'On the stage, poets so far degraded themselves as to make him a divinity. It was in this manner that whole nations became his flatterers.'

Between Königsberg and Gumbinnen he viewed several of his armies; and,—

'According to custom, he promenaded before the ranks. Knowing in which of his wars each regiment had been with him, at the sight of the oldest soldiers he occasionally hailed; to one he recalled the battle of the Pyramids; another he reminded of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, or Friedland, and always by a single word, accompanied by a familiar caress. The veteran, who believed himself personally recognised by his emperor, rose in consequence in the estimation of his junior companions, who considered him an object of envy. Napoleon, in this manner, continued his inspection; he overlooked not even the youngest soldiers; it would seem that every thing which concerned them was to him matter of interest; their least wants were familiar to him; he interrogated them: did their captains take care of them? had they received their pay? were they in want of any requisite? he wished to see their knapsacks.

'At length he stopped at the centre of the regiment; there being apprised of the places that were vacant, he required aloud the names of the most meritorious in the ranks; he called those who were so designated before him, and questioned them. How many years' service? how many campaigns? what wounds? what exploits? He then appointed them officers, and caused them to be immediately installed, himself prescribing the forms;—all particularities which delighted the soldier. They told each other how the great emperor, the judge of nations in the time, occupied himself with them in their minutest details; that they composed his oldest and his real family! Thus it was that he instilled into them the love of war, of glory, and himself.'

(To be continued.)

THE DIARY OF HENRY TEONGE, &c.

(Concluded from p. 167.)

Our worthy chaplain, Henry Teonge, like all agreeable old gentlemen, improves on acquaintance; the interest and fidelity of his narrative, the quaintness of his manner, and the good humour he displays, are all eminently fascinating to a reader who cares not for the antiquity of the style and orthography. Mr. Teonge is evidently well versed in history, and introduces much interesting and curious matter with his narrative; his work is finally interesting, as containing a description of various countries a century and a half ago, and an account of the customs of our navy at the same period. At Christmas, 1675, we find, on December the 24th and 25th, the following entries:—

'24. Very ruffe to day. No land yet. Our decks are washt for Chrismas.

'25. Chrismas day wee keepe thus:—At four in the morning our trumpeters all doe flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabine doore, and bidding good morrow, wishing a merry Chrismas. After they goe to their station, viz. on the poope, and sound three levitts in honour of the morning. At ten wee goe to prayers and sermon; text, Zacc. ix. 9. Our captaine had all his officers and gentlemen to dinner with him, where wee had excellent good fayre: a ribb of beife, plum-puddings, minct pyes, &c. and plenty of good wines of severall sorts; dranke healths to the king, to our wives and friends; and ended the day with much civill myth.'

On New-Year's Day, Mr Teonge writes a complimentary acrostic to his captain, William Houlding, and on the sixth of January (Twelfth Night), we find the following entry:

'Wee are now past Zante: had wee beene there this day, wee had seene a greate solemnity; for this day being 12 Day, the Greeke Bishop of Zante doth (as they call it) baptise the sea, with a great deale of ceremony; sprinkling their gallys and fishing-tackle with holy water. But wee had much myth on board, for wee had a greate kake made, in which was put a beane for the king, a pease for the queen, a cloave for the knave, a forked stick for the cookold, a ragg for the shutt. The kake was cutt into severall pieces in the great cabin, and all putt into a napkin, out of which every one took his piece, as out of a lottery, then each piece is brooken to see what was in it, which caused much laughter, to see our leieutenant prove the coockold, and more to see us tumble one over the other in the cabin, by reason of the ruff weather.'

A few days afterwards, we find the following singular naval punishment recorded:—

'David Thomas, and Marlin the coock, and our master's boy, had their hand stretched out, and with their backs to the rayles, and the master's boy with his back to the maine mast, all looking on upon the other, and in each of their mouths a muullen-spike, viz. an iron pinn clapt closse into their mouths, and tyd behind their heads; and there they stood a whole houre, till their mouths were very bloody: an excellent cure for swearers.'

Though mixed with much eccentricity, there is an air of benevolence runs through the whole narrative of Mr. Teonge. Thus we find one of his entries, 'God blesse those that are at sea! The weather is very bad.' A ship-launch at Malta is thus described. It was on the 22nd February:—

'This day wee saw a greate deale of solemnity at the lanehing of a new bryganteene of twenty-three oares, built on the shoare very neare the water. They hoysted three flaggs in her yesterday, and this day by twelve they had turnd her head neare the water; when as a greate multitude of people gathered together, with severall of their knights and men of quality, and a clowd of fryars and churchmen. They were at least two howers in their benedictions, in the nature of hymns or anthems, and other their ceremonys; their trumpetts and other musick playing often. At last, two friars and an attendant went in to her, and kneeling downe, prayd halfe an howre, and layd their hands on every mast, and other places of the vessell, and sprinkled her all over with holy water. Then they cam out and hoysted a pendent, to signify shee was a man of warr; and then at once thrust her into the water, where shee no sooner was, but they fyred twenty-one chambers, and rowed to our admirall and gave him a gunn, whoe gave them another. Then she went into the cove where all their gallys lye, and was welcomed with abundance of gunns.'

In our former notice of this work, we spoke rather hesitatingly of the age of Mr. Teonge; and even the editor of his Diary seems to have overlooked his own record of it: under date of March 18th, 1676, we find him thus noticing the day: 'My birth-day; nat. 55.' He must, therefore, have been upwards of fifty-four when he went on this voyage; and, at his death, on the 20th of March, 1690, could not have been quite seventy years old, although the editor makes him between seventy and eighty. The following singular ceremony, of which it is, we believe, the only record, took place at Aleppo:—

'I was, by the noble consull, Mr. Gamaliell Nitingule, and the captaine, and the rest of the English gentry, created knight of the Malhoe, or Vally of Salt. The manner of it was as followeth:—

'First, there was a dispensation voted, for my not goeing to the Vally of Salt, in regard of our present affayres. Then taking into my mouth som salt from the poynt of the sword, which was in lew of a bitt of the mould of the vally, which, had I beene there, I should have taken from the sword's poynt into my mouth, which was as bad as salt could be, I kneeld downe; the consull takes the sword in his hand (but it had no hilt on it, yet was it, as they tell you, King David's sword), and then brandishing it over his head three thimes, and lookeing bigg awhile, at last with a more wild countenance, he pronounces these ensueing words:—

"Thou hardy wite, I dubb thee knight
With this old rusty blade:
Rise up Sir H. T., Knight of the Malhoe
As good as ever was made."

'Then I riseing up, and kissing the sword with a greate deal of gravity, doe make loe obesance to all the company, and give them all thanks; after which, the chawes first reads these ensuing verses alowd to me, and after presents them fayre written unto me:—

"Now heare what y're obligt to do,
You noble knights of the Malhoe;
Or as som others please to call't,
Brave knights of the Vally of Sallt.
First you must love, and help each other,
With the affection of a brother.
Anger or wrath must not appeare
To have a motion in your spheare.
But merke as lambs, or sheepe, or wether;
So you must love and live together.

From virtue let not ought intice,
Or steale your minds. Eschew all vice.
Be to all pleasing, gentle, kinde,
Brave symptoms of a knight-like mind.
You must indeavour to redresse
All tiat's amisse. And if distresse
On brother, widdow, wife, or mayd
Fall, you must stand up to their ayd.
Your promises to all these rights,
You must performe as you are knights."

'These are the orders to be observed by the noble knights of the Mallhue, or Vally of Salt, which is twenty miles beyond Aleppo. Dated May 16, 1676.'

The following strange story is also connected with Aleppo:—

'Not above halfe a yeare before I cam thither, cam a noble English man, who must be namelesse: he had not beene many weekes in towne; but by his walking about to see the cytty, he was taken notice of by on of the chiefe Turks' ladys of the cytty, whoe sent a Turke to him, to acquaint him, that his lady, a person of greate quality, did desyre his company; with assurances that he should have courteouse reception, and returne as safe as he cam thither, and with all that she would have no denyall.

'The gentleman consults with the consull; whoe, in short, told him he must goe, or expect to to be stabd the next time he went out. Seeing no remeddy, he goes with the Turke, whoe brings him by back ways into a stately house, and there to a beautifull lady, whoe entertayned him above what was promised; and with her he stayd three nights, and was after safly convoyd back, and with a greate gratuity. Severall passages he related to the consull. Much about a fortnight after, the sam Turke cams to him againe, with whom he went, stayd three nights, and returnd as before. With in the same compas of time she sends a third time; he goes and stays two nights, and the third night shee told him that her husband was unexpectedly com home; but bad him not trouble himselfe at all, for that he should be as secure as ever he was before, and that shee would lye with him that night also; which she performed accordingly, and the gentleman returned safe and well rewarded. But being so neare being discovered, and knowinge that the lady would not be longe without his company, he went suddenly out of the cytty; whose departure was much lamented by the lady, as was after known to the consull, by the Turke which used to com for him; and this shows they love the English.'

The second voyage of our worthy chaplain commenced on the 31st of March, 1678. In the former voyage he 'gott a good summ of moneys, and spent greate part of it;' in the latter, he went 'resolved to make another voyage, with a full intention to keepe what he could gett.' At Mahon, we find the following entry under date of February 4:—

'This is on of the most joviall days in the yeare, on the shoare. All people are eyther in the open streets, or at their doores. The men fling oringes at the women, and they fling oringes or water at the men; and 'tis a greate favor if you are hit with any of them: this they doe all the day longe, and no exception is to be taken at any thing; and they are most esteemed that make the most myrth. At night, they sing and dance and banquet, till twelve o'clock; and then they begin their Lent. This is Shrove Tuesday with them; and after this day they use no manner of merriment.'

Here we conclude our extracts, for justice to the publisher will not permit us to go further. The work is one of peculiar interest, and we have by no means anticipated its details.

Lines written for the Benefit of the Inhabitants of the Island of Portland, who suffered from the late Storm, November, 1824. 12mo. pp. 30. London, 1825. Underwood.

The present or late winter, for we scarcely know how to designate it, has been remarkable for its excessive inundations. St. Petersburgh has been overflowed; in Holland, the Low Countries, Hanover, and Hamburgh, there have been floods which have done much damage; nor has our own island been spared, along our coasts much injury has been done by storms and inundations, particularly in the island of Portland, where the loss of property was great, and even some of our fellow-creatures perished. In behalf of the sufferers, a subscription has been commenced, but, we regret to say, not with the success it claimed. The author of the little poem before us (who, by the by, we suspect to be an old, though truant, contributor to *The Literary Chronicle*) has made a powerful appeal in their behalf, and, as the profits arising from the sale are appropriated for the benefit of the wretched sufferers, those who cannot give their guinea, may contribute to the relief of the distressed by purchasing this work, which is really worth double the money it is published at. It is a descriptive poem, of very considerable merit, as will be seen by the following brief extracts:—

Night comes—and with her o'er the wat'ry vast
The driving tempest too; the creaking mast,
Though yet unhurt amid the giant shocks
Of angry Neptune, to its centre rocks.
And now, as louder from the distant shore
White with the foaming surf the billows roar,
What breast can brave, what power of language speak
The heartfelt anguish of that one wild shriek!
When, as the vessel still the storm outrides,
And Hope, still hovering round, their terrors chides,
"Great God! a breaker!" is th' appalling cry;
"She strikes—she splits—she sinks—we die, we die!"
Or say what verse, however sad, can tell
The thrilling horror of that last farewell,
Which, now all hush'd amid the billowy wave,
Told all was o'er;—that billow was their grave!"

* * * * * * * *

'Stretch'd on the sands of Weymouth's beauteous bay,
How many a corse that fatal morning lay!
Sire, sister, daughter, youth, and hoary age,
Alike had sunk before the tempest's rage;
Whilst each dark wave, as to the shore it roll'd
Surcharg'd with wreck, the wide-spread ruin told.
But 'twas not only where the sea-god's car
Rode safe amid the elemental war,
Destruction's sword had been—the forest oak
Bowed its proud head beneath the lightning's stroke;
Te wood-crown'd upland and the lowlier vale
Felt the fierce fury of that fearful gale;
Rills turn'd to rivers—rivers unconfin'd
It wish'd hurrying on, nor fear'd the mocking wind,
With headlong flood o'erswept the verdant lea—
A mighty deluge—one vast inland sea.
Then might be heard the voice of woe,—the cry
Of some poor wretched being doom'd to die—
Then might be heard the loud or feebler shout
Of those with hopes of life and those without—
Then, too, as haply some wese sav'd, the prayer
Of thanks to Heaven came through the midnight air.
Then houses fell to earth with sudden crash—
Then came the tempest-squall—the billowy dash—
Here the light boat 'neath its unwonted load
Went down, and perish'd in th' o'erwhelming flood—
Here some brought death who fain had brought relief,
And dire confusion swell'd the tide of grief.'

A Synopsis of the Evidences of Religion, natural and revealed; designed as a Manual for Youth. By the Rev. John Topham, M.A., F.R., S.L. 12mo. pp. 58. London. Whittaker.

This little, but really admirable synopsis of the evidences of religion, is avowedly drawn from the writings of Butler, Paley, Doddridge, and Marsh. It presents, in a concise manner, a view of the principal evidences of religion, and is well calculated as an antidote to infidelity for the young, and to furnish the mature in life with simple arguments to refute the querulous on the subject of Christianity.

Juliana Oakley. By Mrs. Sherwood. 12mo. pp. 58. London, 1825.

The infant generation is much indebted to Mrs. Sherwood, for her continued exertions to teach 'the young idea how to shoot' in a proper direction. Juliana Oakley is a pretty nursery tale, embellished with about thirty wood-cuts, and may very safely be put into the hands of children.

Solitude on the Mind and the Heart. By M. Zimmerman. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1825. Griffiths.

Zimmerman's gloomy, but excellent work on solitude, is so well known, that we should as soon think of describing the Book of Common Prayer, or Moore's Almanac, as of stating the nature of Zimmerman's work. The present edition has nothing in particular to recommend it, except its high price, and two designs by Stothard, by no means felicitous. The work, we believe, may be had anywhere for four shillings. In Walker's Classics, we think it is published at that price, with a design, and an engraved title-page. Why the present edition should be charged half a guinea, we know not, for it might certainly be afforded at half the price. There is also

something particularly impudent, to say the least of it, in announcing the work as containing Stothard's Designs, when it has the lowest plural of engravings.

ORIGINAL.

A SUNDAY WALK IN IRELAND.

This ought to be—alas! I wish I could say, is, a day of rest to man and beast; but a being must remove far from Dublin before that happy consummation will bless his sight. The poor brutes here, with their worse than brutal drivers, seem as if they had more work to do this day than on any other in the week; for we see them galloping and cantering and trotting and crawling along, according to their several degrees of youth and condition, with heavy burdens tacked to them, incessantly from sunrise till long after sunset.

'How strange and inexplicable it appears,' thought I, as a vile-looking ragamuffin was furiously driving along a poor half-starved unhappy horse,—'how strange, that a Providence, which we know to be infinitely merciful, just, and considerate, should permit such wanton inflictions as these, on a part of his creation so little less than man in perfection.' I was awakened to many such reflections as these, on walking towards the park, to see it for the first time, as the thoughtless and cruel throng were hurrying away, through thick and thin, at the expense of the luckless beasts that carried them; and those who have seen Irish cattle and Irish drivers will exonerate me from any charge of affected sympathy which these remarks might excite in a strange bosom.

When I got to the park, I looked in vain for those clean gravel walks and stately trees which we see in such beauty pervade Hyde Park; and, instead of the well-dressed and orderly promenaders who are seen there in abundance, admiring God's most admirable of all animated things, the thousands of lovely women that caper about, in their gay garments, like flowers of the field, I beheld only ragged and almost breechless boys, in number enough, rending the air with their shouts, as they endeavoured to forget their hungered and woeful condition in flourishing the national shillalee with their well-known adroitness. At length, the viceroyal lodge, surrounded with no guards but blackguards, burst on my view: it is a handsome stone building, such as one might expect to see in the residence of an English baronet with moderate fortune; having a portico of pillars in front, and flanked by wings,—from hence there is a view of the Wicklow hills, or mountains, as they are termed by the Dublin cockneys.

Having yet a long morning before me, I extended my walk through a beautiful country, which separates the little town of Lucan from this capital. I was fortunate in having, for my pilot, a very worthy little gentleman, far advanced in the meridian of life, an excellent local chronologist, and well acquainted with every inch of the ground. It was an elegant morning (to use an Irishism), as if created to reanimate all creatures with hope and happiness, and we trudged away, duly sensible of the many blessings of a fine day. Our road first lay through the Phœnix Park, which, in many points, is well worthy of a visit, and then we came into the main turnpike road. The Liffey, here rapid and tortuous, lay on one side, and on the other a high ridge of land, almost inclining to a perpendicular, which is exclusively devoted to the cultivation of strawberries, and is a fashionable resort for the ladies of the city and their attendant swains, to enjoy that delicious fruit; which, by the care bestowed on its cultivation, and the fine southern aspect it is exposed to, attains great perfection. The accommodations for this indulgence consist of neat white cottages, of an English cleanliness, which stand at the foot of these gardens, where numbers of families get a comfortable subsistence in conducting the visitors, notwithstanding they pay a rent of ten guineas an acre for the privilege. A bad season, now and then, well nigh ruins them; yet they make ample amends when favoured with a good one.

We passed through the little villages of Nockmaroon and Luttrell's Town, and then got to Lucan, which presented a lively appearance. We crossed the Liffey to it, over a handsome bridge of one arch, with iron pilasters, just as the good people were coming from church and chapel; the shouts which the latter poured out were wonderful. Well may Ireland be called the most populous country in Europe, and well may the Catholics boast that, in number with the Protestants, they are as seven to one! The band of the militia was tuning the staff home, and the whole scene wore more the appearance of some public rejoicing than the mere formality of a Sunday. We were willing to extend our walk to a famous spa, about two miles farther on; which, until it became the vogue at the union, with all that was fashionable, to quit for England, was the resort of the rich and gay, as Bath is now. But I had not time for this, and, after some refreshment, returned by another route home. I perceived, on my way, a black tablet, erected by the road side, on which was the following inscription:—

'Here prematurely fell, by lawless violence,
The Rev J. M'Carten, on the 3rd of June, 1807:
Talents rich, refined, and splendid,
Innate benevolence and peculiar urbanity of mind
distinguished through life this zealous minister of the Catholic Faith and generous friend of Humanity.'

The unfortunate man was murdered by two ruffians, on his return home, early in the evening; they were both executed on the spot.

The villages through which this road led us, were 'Cursad Stream,' 'Newtown Clarke,' 'Palmerston,' which gives title to the noble secretary at war, and 'Chapel Izod;' they were *all Irish*: crowded with inhabitants, forlorn, impoverished, dirty, and wretched; and made one shudder to think how bad management and depraved habits will debase our species. We passed by the demains of any Lords Carhampton, Perry, Donoughmore, and Palmerston, besides a few of minor note,—most of them displaying the melancholy consequences of that dearth of patriotism, which leads the great men of this island to squander their hard-wrung wealth on foreign shores!

ALOST.

DEGRADED STATE OF THE DRAMA.

That the drama has now declined to almost the lowest ebb, is universally acknowledged:—very various are the causes which have been assigned for this circumstance, and we some time since pointed out, what we considered to be one of those which have co-operated to this degradation—namely, the obstacles thrown in the way of writers for the stage, by the managers themselves. There is hardly any walk of literature in which a man of talent, looking towards a fair emolument, has less encouragement to apply himself, than the dramatic. As what are termed plays are now constructed, an author has become far less indispensable than either scene-painter, machinist, tailor, or composer; and this is, probably, one reason why the office is so frequently committed to mere, understrappers, who vamp up old pieces, or adapt French farces and German melodramas. Formerly, the author was considered, if not altogether the sole, at least, the principal agent in the production of a drama; but now is become a very subordinate one, and must be content to share the honour, such as it is, with numerous competitors for public favour. Nothing, in our opinion, has contributed so much to the deterioration of our theatrical taste, as the undue importance which has, of late years, been attached to spectacle and song. If we proceed at this rate, we shall very shortly arrive at the literary bathos of the Italian Opera, which is mere dramatic water-gruel, and palpable—not palatable—insipidity.

We are aware that it is the fashion to exclaim—that there is absolutely no dramatic taste among us, and that the spirit of comedy is utterly worn out. So far, however, are we from coinciding in this opinion, that we could name several very popular writers, whose works exhibit much of this spirit, and who are pre-eminently successful in dialogue, Why then do they not write for the stage?—We answer that they are much wiser than to attempt any such thing. No writer of ability will submit to write in shackles, as he must inevitably do in composing for the stage, or encounter all the inevitable delays and vexations arising from the hauteur of managers, or the caprices of actors, when he can find access to the public so much more speedily, and profitably too, through the medium of the press. He must write a character for this performer, a song for that actress, must *dove-tail* his dialogue with airs and duetts; must gain access to the manager, and the favour of the green-room; and, after writing and soliciting even the chance of being damned, may, at length, be refused. And wherefore should any one, we ask, put his patience to such a trial, when he may write *ad libitum*, and then walk quietly with his manuscript to a publisher, knowing, too, that

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as a *pis-aller*, he may print it at his own risk. The system of dramatic authorship is altogether altered: the stage no longer presents that tempting prospect of either profit or fame which it once did; but talent finds another and a readier market.

We shall not make any inquiry, here, into the causes which have tended to vitiate public taste, as regards the drama; but vitiated, and most deplorably, it certainly is. Managers have, doubtlessly, contributed much to this state of things, by not merely indulging the popular fondness for spectacle, but even pampering it into morbidity. But the mischief is done, for, however willing they may be to correct the evil, it is no longer in their power to do so. The public is a spoiled child, which has been humoured, until it is become tyrannical; it will have spectacle and singing, singing and spectacle, and new scenery, and new dresses; so that the getting-up a new piece is a very expensive speculation; it must be played its 'hundred and one nights', or the managers cannot reimburse themselves. But, as the most determined play-goer cannot endure to see the same piece throughout a whole season, the natural result is, that people are weaned of their attachment to theatrical amusements, and playgoing is no longer the fashion. In the meanwhile, managers expend so much on the accessories of the drama, on scenes and play-wrights, that they cannot afford to pay play-writers;—and lay out so much on bad pieces, that they have no money to lay out on good ones.

Such appears to us to be pretty nearly the state of the case, and not that there is any dearth of dramatic talent or able writers. Never, perhaps, were the latter more numerous; but they either understand their own interest better, or will not condescend to write for the stage, as the stage is at present conducted. There is, however, a proverb—very consoling indeed, just now—which says, 'when things get to their worst, they are sure to mend.' If, therefore, there be any truth in this adage, we are justified in anticipating a speedy improvement, and better things for the future—worse there cannot possibly be.

ORIGIN OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

We believe we are as little inclined to pugnacity as any of our profession, but Adam Smith observes, that a man who does not resent an injury is morally as much mutilated as he is physically who has lost a leg or an arm. It is on this principle that we are at length roused to expose the repeated wrongs, and resist the continued aggressions, we have borne from the taunts, innuendoes, and boastings of Longuemanne's Cunnynge Advertyzer, alias the Literary Gazette. Works of this description, backed by extensive connections and powerful influence, are peculiarly liable to give a first impression of an author's talent, and should, if possible, be kept free from the control of any dealer in literature. We are by no means inimical to booksellers—we respect them; our labours are beneficial to the whole body; without us their general interests might be sacrificed to the designs of cunning schemers, and, while we fear none, and show fair play to all, we may still say truly of the whole community, in the language of our immortal Shakspeare—

'You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts.'

There is a common observation, show that you are useful to the public, and the public will support you: the public have patronized us, and, in the course of new exertions for more extensive favours, we have found in many parts, wherever the travellers and connections of this bookselling firm prevail, that we are unduly decried as imitators and plagiarists, and that the Cunnynge Advertyzer, forsooth, is the paper of all papers distinguished for impartiality, originality, and ability.

That a house like that of Longman and Co., which, from the magnitude of its business and the extent of its connections, ought (to say nothing about principle) to be above shifts like these, should resort to such expedients, argues a fear of *The Literary Chronicle*, which it ill attempts to conceal. Let the conductor of the Literary Gazette puff off their publications as he may—or, perhaps, we ought to say, as he *must*—but, unless they are afraid of the way in which they are made, not written, why fear to subject them to honest, nay we will go further, and say, liberal criticism? Our offence, we believe, is that we are not to be bought—we are too honest (not a very common crime), and therefore these traders would hant us down; but they now know that it is impossible, and are beginning to draw in their horns, as the adage is. Some points, however, require explanation: for years it has been the constant practice of the editor of the Literary Gazette, on the commencement of a new volume and other occasions, to talk of the originality of his work and the injustice of imitators. Its want of originality we have already exposed. We have clearly shown that the plan was suggested by Sir Richard Phillips—that it was adopted or purloined by Mr. Colburn, who had previously begun a *New* Monthly Magazine in opposition to the Bridge Street knight; and, having been called upon to reprint the original prospectus, we quote it from the *Monthly Magazine* of June, 1814:—

'Sir Richard Phillips has been induced to submit to the public the plan of a NEW REVIEW, to be published every Saturday, under the title of *The Literary Gazette*, calculating as a ground of public favour on his approved conduct of the Monthly Magazine, during a period of nearly twenty years. Being disengaged from speculations in new books as a publisher, and having no other literary engagement besides the Monthly Magazine, he is likely to be uninfluenced by those feelings of self-interest which actuate too many proprietors of reviews; while his known experience in the economy of the press qualifies him in a peculiar manner for the practical details of such an undertaking. At the same time, his engagements in the Monthly Magazine, by leading to an extensive intercourse with men of letters, will constantly afford him the means of connecting with a critical journal such an association of able writers, as will secure to its pages all the requisites of accurate knowledge, critical acumen, and elegant composition. His reiterated observations in the Monthly Magazine, on the conduct of other reviews, may serve as a pledge that he will endeavour to avoid their errors; and he avows himself as the responsible editor, for the express purpose of affording the public the best security which the editor of any journal can give for the fairness and integrity of his conduct. The new plan of his review is, he conceives, better adapted to the actual state of literature, modern habits and manners, and the means of circulation, than any existing work of the same kind; while it embraces every other feature which, in a general or particular manner, recommends them to liberal patronage. The aspect and form of his publication are imitated from the famous Literary Gazette published at Jena, which for many years has enjoyed an unrivalled celebrity in every part of Europe. That journal is printed in small quarto, for circulation by post as a newspaper; and it is proposed to publish this English "Literary Gazette," on the same plan; that is to say, on a very large sheet, folded into sixteen pages to be stamped like a newspaper, for the advantage of being franked by post, and to publish it every Saturday. This form of publication will insure the early notice of books, a rapid circulation, and a corresponding gratification of public curiosity. The other proposed features are the notice of all books without exception; regular accounts of continental literature; and such a mixture of analysis and extract, with criticism, as will instruct the reader, while he is enabled to judge for himself. The fifty-two numbers will form one annual volume, containing nearly double the quantity of letter-press which is now given within the year by any other monthly or quarterly review. The price will be one shilling, and the first number will be published in a few weeks, of which due notice will be given in the principal newspapers. In the interim orders are received by all booksellers and dealers in newspapers, or by the editor, if sent free of postage, to the office of the Monthly Magazine, No. 1, Paternoster Row, or to his private residence in Tavistock Square.'

That after the publication of this prospectus the proprietors of the Literary Gazette should lay the slightest claim to originality, or talk of imitators, is a proof of the most consummate impudence; and yet, in the 'Address' to the volume of 1819, we find the editor stating, that his work is 'novel in its plan.' In the advertisement 'To our readers' of 1820, he denominates his work in Italics 'a *new* species of literary production,' and, 'heaven bless the mark,' boasts of its dependence and impartiality!!! In the 'Address' of the year 1822, the editor of the Literary Gazette talks of 'imitators,' and requests his correspondents 'to be particular in their superscriptions and communications.' This is the true patent medicine style: 'Be sure to order Anderson's Scots pills (name on the wrapper) for no other are genuine.'

Since this period, we believe, the editor of Longuemanne's Cunnynge Advertyzer, alias the Quack's Gazette, has been pretty quiet in the puff direct—not so in the puff oblique; we are, however, promised some curious information respecting the conducting of this work, which we shall give to the public, though reluctantly, if we find the persons connected with it continue those illiberal artifices we have felt it our duty to expose.

THE BURNING WELL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our readers will recollect that, about a year ago, we mentioned the burning gas on the surface of the little river, Calf Killer, which meanders the north and west borders of our little village. At the salt well of Mr. Simpson, three miles above this, and a short distance below Mr. Denton's well, where the gas made its appearance last year, this singular effect of nature is again presented to our view with additional brilliancy and beauty, which, if ever equalled, has not been surpassed in America. We know ourselves incompetent to the task of giving a proper description of the natural cause, the transcendent, beautiful, and interesting operations of this work of mysterious nature; we shall not attempt to go further than a description of the well from whence the gas issues, and its luminous effects on the surrounding mountains, &c.

The well is on the margin of the river; a hole of three inches in diameter is perforated in a limestone rock to the depth of four hundred feet; at the top of this rock a wooden tube is inserted, of fifty feet in length, which stands erect; at the top of which, a copper tube, eight feet in length, is inserted, to prevent the flame from burning the timbers below; at the distance of about forty-five feet above the surface of the rock, a copper faucet is inserted into the wooden tube, and then into another of the same kind, which stands two feet from the first one. The salt water is forced, by the gas, up through the hole in the rock, into the first-mentioned tube, and continues to ascend until it arrives at the copper faucet, which conducts the water into the second tube, where it descends about twenty-five feet into a conductor that conveys the water into a cistern, which holds about twenty thousand gallons. The water making its escape from the first to the second tube, by means of the faucet, the gas has then an uninterrupted passage to the top of the first tube; here the gas makes its escape, mixes with the atmospheric air, and, by the application of a burning candle, instantly flashes into a flame, that ascends to the height of twenty or thirty feet in the air, which, while it fills the beholder with a pleasing admiration of the beauty and solemnity of the prospect before him, naturally and imperceptibly conveys the mind into reflections on the moving cause which is productive of the hidden mystery, and to adore, whilst it adores, the wisdom of Him who is the great first cause of all things, and who is continually giving us new proofs of His greatness and goodness, from which it would seem as if He intended continually to remind us of our present and future dependence upon Him.

When the shades of night begin to close in, surrounding objects faintly show the reflection of the flame, which gradually increases, until complete darkness overspreads the earth. It is then that the surrounding country, which is encircled by high mountains on nearly three sides, exhibits the most pleasing, grand, and sublime appearance: an amphitheatre, brilliantly illuminated, but vastly more extensive, and consequently more imposing, and opens a much wider field for pleasing contemplation to the philosophic and inquiring mind. A person may see, distinctly, to read the finest print at the distance of eighty yards, by the light from the gas. A flickering glare is seen at the distance of five or six miles, which resembles distant lightning. The benighted traveller who is not informed of the phenomenon, when he reaches the western verge of Cumberland Mountain, and beholds the illuminated scenery in the valley below suddenly bursting on his view, is struck with awe and astonishment; and almost concludes himself in the infernal regions, or that the general conflagration is at hand, and is ready to 'call to the mountains and rocks to fall on, and hide him;' but a few moments' reflection proves his first impressions to be erroneous—he then discovers that which, at first view, had filled his mind with sensations of fear and horror, is the operation of those secret and hidden mysteries in nature, which an overruling Providence never intended for the mind of man fully to comprehend.—*Sparta (Tennessee) Review.*

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LATE JOHN HUMFFREYS PARRY, ESQ.

In a former number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we gave a brief notice of this gentleman, for whose melancholy death, Bennet has been tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The following additional particulars, from The Morning Post of Tuesday, will be read with interest by our readers, who, we are sure, have often derived much gratification from the articles which he wrote in our journal. The subjoined memoir is written by Mr. John Parry, editor of the Welsh Melodies, in whose tribute to the memory of the deceased (to whom he was not related) we cordially join. Mr. Parry's account of our late friend is somewhat egotistical, but this is no new weakness in authors.

'Mr. Parry was born in 1787, near Mold, in Flintshire. His father (then rector of Llanferas) was a gentleman of high literary attainments, and he took infinite pains with his son, whom he sent, at a proper age, to the grammar school at Ruthin, where he gave many promises of future excellence.—He was afterwards placed in the office of his maternal uncle, Mr. Wynn, a highly respectable solicitor at Mold, with a view of making the law his profession. On the death of his father, he became possessed of property, which enabled him to enter himself a student at the Middle Temple; and in 1811 he was called to the bar.

'He married a daughter of Mr. Thomas, a respectable solicitor of Llanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire; being thus connected with Wales, he chose the Chester circuit, and for some time practised with every prospect of a splendid career. He resided in London, and participated in its gaieties and pleasures, and, as he was not solely dependent on "dry briefs" for a maintenance, he did not exert himself to increase his practice, which, of course, dwindled, by degrees, to nothing. His property in Wales was encumbered, and, owing probably to mismanagement, it became so much so, that poor Mr. Parry found himself surrounded by a young family, without the means of supporting them!

'Having unfortunately lost all connection at the bar, it was high time for him to turn his literary acquirements to some advantage; besides the dead languages, he had made himself master of several modern ones, but his chief study was the Welsh, his mother tongue: he took such delight in the history and antiquities of his native land, that all other pursuits were neglected. He wrote occasional essays on various subjects for periodical publications, and two or three poems; one entitled "The Suicide's Grave," was much admired; he also wrote "The Death of Llywellyn," and "The Heroes of Cambria," in my second volume of Welsh Melodies. In 1819, he issued an anonymous prospectus, with a view of drawing the attention of the natives of Wales to a monthly magazine, to be called "The Cambro-Briton," which was to consist of translations from the works of the ancient bards, and other records, which tended to throw light on the early history of the Britons. I wrote to the then unknown projector, to offer any assistance in my power, also a promise of an introduction to Mr. W. O. Pughe, now Doctor Pughe; Mr. Parry called on me immediately, and avowed himself the author of the address.

'The first number appeared in September, and it met with general approbation.

'Dr. Pughe and I are proud of this acknowledgment now. Two volumes more were published, but under such restricted means, and, I may add, privations and distress, that rendered the situation of the editor a most deplorable one. His whole time was devoted to the work, and he passed many hours daily at the British Museum, searching for materials connected with the object of the publication. He had not the means of advertising the work, and, as he printed it on his own account, he was greatly involved, and eventually sustained a serious loss, which obliged him to make great sacrifices, and to discontinue the publication!

'This was a severe blow to him, for his heart and soul were in The Cambro-Briton; and I doubt not but it will now be deemed worthy of the attention of those who denied their support when it was mostly required.

'The second volume is dedicated to his friend, Dr. W. O. Pughe, wherein the services of that worthy man, in the cause of Welsh literature, are warmly acknowledged. The third volume is dedicated to another valuable friend to Cambria, the learned Dr. Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, founder of the Welsh College at Lampeter.

'In 1820, Dr. O. Pughe, Mr. Parry, and

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I, proposed to establish a Cambrian Literary Society in London, and we were soon joined by many noblemen and gentlemen connected with Wales, and we had the pleasure of seeing our wishes realized. Mr. J. H. Parry acted as honorary secretary to the institution for some time, and he was afterwards appointed editor of its Transactions, the second part of which has just been published, containing much valuable information.

'Mr. Parry has gained several prizes for essays, &c. on various subjects, proposed by the Cambrian Societies—viz.: one, "On the Antiquity of the Welsh Language," the Cymmrodorion medal; others at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod; also at Ruthin, Mold, and two at Carmarthen, in 1823; on which occasion he wrote a poem, which was recited by the Rev. J. Williams, vicar of Lampeter, at the commencement of the Eisteddfod. The following lines, alluding to the right reverend patron of the society, the Bishop of St. David's, were enthusiastically received:

'Pride of our land! the patriot and the sage,
Rival of all that fills the storied page,
Where sainted piety and deep-drawn lore
Reveal the fame Menevia * knew before;
Pride of our land! to thee our hopes ascend,
Learning's, Religion's, Cambria's truest friend."

About two years ago, Mr Parry turned his thoughts towards publishing the lives of those ancient Britons who had distinguished themselves for learning, piety, heroic deeds, &c. &c. under the title of The Cambrian Plutarch; but he only lived to complete one volume, which has been extremely well received, and highly spoken of by several of our principal reviewers, who, I trust, will be pleased to hear that their kind encouragement and liberality gave the anxious author the most heartfelt pleasure—he has repeatedly named it to his friends with great exultation. He had been recently appointed to superintend that part of the General National History, about to be published by Government, relating to the ancient Britons, their laws, and customs, a task which he was eminently qualified to perform.

'Mr. Parry wrote an extremely neat hand, with great facility; he was remarkably intelligent, and gentlemanly in his conversation, perfectly inoffensive, but, in consequence of severe applications, he was overcome by the least excess, and rendered comparatively helpless: this, I conclude, was his unfortunate situation when he was assaulted by Bennett, who knocked him down, to rise no more alive!

'Having brought my plain, but I trust, correct sketch so far, permit me to add, that I visited the widow shortly after the melancholy occurrence, whom I found, as may be well imagined, overwhelmed in grief.

'There are three daughters, whose ages are fourteen, twelve, and eight; and two sons, one nine, and the other six years old. It is intended to fix Mrs. Parry in a ladies' boarding-school, and so afford her an opportunity of maintaining that respectable rank in society which she has hitherto held; and to give her children a good education, which was ever the most earnest wish of their poor father's heart. Mr. Parry entertained the highest principles of honour, but his pecuniary embarrassments frequently made his conduct appear otherwise; he repeatedly expressed, lately, that to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he had unfortunately been involved, would be his most anxious endeavour. He had but recently returned, with Mrs. Parry, from a visit to Wales, the object of which was partly to examine the valuable Welsh MSS. in Col. Vaughan's Library, at Rhug, and others.

'The estimation in which his talents and services were held by the Cymmrodorion in London, may be gathered from the following copy of a minute, made at a meeting of the council on the 5th instant:—

'"The lamentable death of the late John Humffreys Parry, Esq. (whose services in support of this institution, and in the cause of Cambrian literature generally, have been invaluable) is most deeply felt by the members present, who consider it a national loss; and they feel it their duty to draw the attention of the Cymmrodorion and of the natives of the principality in general, resident in London, towards the distressed situation of his widow and five children, who have been left utterly destitute; and earnestly to solicit their benevolent aid in the efforts making on their behalf."

'The Literary Fund, with a feeling that reflects the highest honour on its conductors, has given a donation of thirty pounds.

JOHN PARRY.'

* 'The ancient monastery of St. David's.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SEND round the wine!—nor thus abuse
With dull discourse, ou church and state,
The means and moments we may use
To make us bless'd in spite of fate;
Since seldom's joy the lot of man,
'Tis wise to catch it when we can.

Let surly sages rail at wine:
Do all the arguments they try
Prove that the deity's design
Is grapes should crow to droop and die;
No; 'tis the balm—a boon from heaven,
To heal the heart by anguish riven!

Behold, around our banquet-board—
Behold, how flushes every face,
That with the wine-god's well accord,
In laughing look and goodly grace!
How smootha with smiles of gayest glance
Each lately care-marked countenance!

Bring me a branch from Gallia's groves!—
The broad vine-leaves bind on my brows,
And he who wine and woman loves
Weave in his wreath the ruddy rose;
Then beauty's blossom mix in mine,
As ye my shining temples twine!

This glowing glass, how dear its dye!
It minds me of my charmer's cheek;
It sparkles like young Ellen's eye,—
Yet oh! what words her sparkles speak!—
But bring the bowl, that I may sip
Balm like unto my loved one's lip!

O! seek'st thou, pensive pilgrim, say,
A Paradise through Palestine?
Ungird thy loins, cast staff away,
And fill thy water-shell with wine;
The godly saint and gifted seer
Might prove that place of promise here!

Hand here my harp!—I'll wake its wires,
While pleasure pours the song of soul,
And you Castalian cup inspires
The minstrel's muse—the blushing bowl;
While o'er the strings my fingers steal,
Companions swell the choral peal! ISLAH.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

SINCE our last notice of this gallery, we perceive that several more of the pictures have been sold: among these, No. 386, Glover's Welcome Visitant, and No. 146, Singleton's Cottage Children, have been purchased by the Countess de Grey. The former of these pieces is one of the most pleasing ones in the exhibition: it is mellow and richly toned, and possesses a transparency in its shadows that renders it peculiarly brilliant. The subject, which is that of a lady visiting a cottage, for the purpose of bringing articles of apparel for its inmates, is naturally and very interestingly treated. Nos. 22, 64, 75, 188, and 190, all from the pencil of Mr. Good, have been purchased by J. Hutton, Esq. The subjects of this artist, which are almost uniformly domestic scenes, display a superior and very peculiar talent, and are remarkable for a very singular effect of light, at which he invariably aims, and always with the happiest success—namely, that of the rays of the sun gleaming aslant upon his figures; this is executed in the most deceptive manner, yet unaffectedly, and without any violent contrast of shadow. His happiest effort, we think, is No. 22, the Study of a Boy: this figure is represented in the open air, and the sun shines upon his face, hand, and knee, so as to produce the most perfect relief. The countenance, too, is as sunny and happy as the light that beams upon it: it is one of those frank, ingenuous, gay faces, which it is impossible not to admire. Ocular Demonstration, or Two and Two make Four, No. 75, is a subject of much whim, very humorously treated. It represents an old schoolmaster, who is solving that difficult arithmetical problem on a slate, for a pupil, who gapes in wonderment at the sagacity of his instructor. A younger boy is jeeringly holding up to him two fingers of either hands, thus demonstrating it ocularly to him. No. 76, a Cottage Scene, by Nasmyth, a charming little landscape, is also among those which are sold. His View near East Grinstead, at sunset, is a particularly clear, brilliant picture, and a very pleasing specimen of English village scenery; but the outline of the trees is in places rather too hard. Cawse has several good subjects, one or two of which are well conceived, but the colouring is cold and dismal, and the shadows harsh and black. We give the preference to his Hudibras and the Widow, as being the happiest, in point of character and expression, and the best with regard to execution. No. 58, Northcote's grand composition, the Burial of Christ, has been purchased by the Institution. Etty's two sketches, Venus at the Bath, and a Nymph and Cupid, are likewise both sold. The latter of these

is particularly admirable, vigorously drawn and coloured: the forms of the female figure are perhaps somewhat too robust, but there is a certain *gusto* in this and all this artist's pieces that fascinates the spectator. Hurlstone's Head of an Old Woman (sold) is a fine specimen of art: yet we cannot say that it is a very attractive subject, so ghastly cadaverous is the countenance. One of the cleverest productions of the class to which it belongs, in the present exhibition, is No. 182, The Review, by Farrier; in which there is a great deal of humour and badinage. The hearty glee and jollity of the urchin who, with a rusty pair of tongs dangling by his side, is acting the captain to this notable little troop, is sufficient to cure a fit of the blue devils. In his transport, either at his own dignity or the valiant appearance of his soldiery, he has unfortunately flung off his shoe, and thereby discovered that he is not armed exactly *cap-a-pie*, as his toe is displaying itself in the most barefaced manner. But *n' importe*,—the greatest generals and commanders have their foibles and bare places, and it would be well if no where else than at their toes' ends.

In our first notice, we cursorily mentioned Danby's Enchanted Island: let us now examine it more in detail. What a scene of poetry and fairyism does this singular and delightful composition exhibit! What fancy in the conception! What happiness in the execution! The rich sunny glow that streams over the waters, and illumines the foreground, is admirably contrasted by the colder, yet more vivid light that issues from the shrine or grotto, embowered among lofty trees. The a ton, too, are in perfect union with the scene, particularly the two winged nymphs, or genii, who are sportively hovering in the air, while the sun tips their plumage with a brilliant golden light—they are truly 'gay creatures of the element.' This is assuredly a work of genius, and worthy of the artist, who produced that wonderful picture in the last exhibition at Somerset House—the Sunset at Sea after a Storm.

The approaching exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery, which opens on the 28th of the present month, will not be inferior in attraction to the first; and will have an accession of several able artists. This infant institution is already in a flourishing condition, owing to the energy of its members and the liberality of its patrons. His Grace the Duke of Bedford has recently sent the noble donation of one hundred pounds.

Mr. Soane has issued cards of invitation to many of the nobility and persons of distinguished taste, for next Wednesday and Saturday evenings, to inspect the Belzoni Sarcophagus, which has lately excited so much interest, and which is one of the most valuable relics of ancient art in any private collection in Europe. On this occasion, all the galleries and suit of rooms will be thrown open and splendidly illuminated. It is not, perhaps, generally known that Mr. Soane's mansion is fitted up in the most *recherché* and elegant style, that the various apartments and courts are arranged so as to produce the most striking and picturesque effect, and that his museum, unique in its kind, is one of the most valuable and complete in this country.

The Views of the Pavilion at Brighton, which we lately mentioned as being about to be published by Mr. Ackermann, will be one of the most splendid graphic works ever produced in this country. The prints are coloured up so as to equal in effect the original drawings, and convey a most accurate idea of the various apartments. Independently of the magnificence of the rooms themselves, an additional interest is imparted to these representations of them by the numerous figures introduced; in which respect this publication possesses a decided advantage over Pyne's Royal Residences, and similar productions. The view of the banquetting-room shows the King, and a party of guests, at dinner; and in that of the Concert Room, there is represented a musical performance, also in the presence of his Majesty. Thus, much of the pomp and splendour of a court are exhibited, by which means the work is rendered far more generally attractive, than it could possible be by views of empty rooms, however rich in architectural decoration and costly furniture. There is an air of oriental luxury in many of the apartments, that seems to realize the palaces of the Arabian Tales, and which certainly does not merit the epithet *gew-gaw*, that has so frequently been applied to this edifice.

THE DRAMA.

There is nothing new in the dramatic world since our last. Mathews carries every thing before him at the English Opera House. Every night the theatre is crowded. His *Memorandum Book* produces a greater variety of laughs than even Brother Simper (one of the characters) describes. It promises to be quite as popular as any of his preceding entertainments, and presents more diversity of character. The new farce of *Change Partners*, at Drury Lane Theatre, is withdrawn. Kean and Miss Foote continue as attractive as ever, and the oratorios are well attended.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Rev. Dr. Nares, regius professor of modern history in the University of Oxford, is preparing for publication, Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with extracts from his private and official correspondence, and other papers, not previously investigated. The work is to form two volumes in quarto, and to be accompanied by portraits and other engravings, by the first artists.

Mr. Phillips, author of Pomarium Britannicum, and other works, has just committed to the press a new volume, entitled 'Floral Emblems.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom.	3 o'clock Noon.	Weather
Mar. 11	47	52	47	.. 14		Rain.
.... 12	44	50	42	30 24		Fair.
.... 13	43	45	46	.. 13		Rain.
.... 14	33	36	34	.. 14		Cloudy.
.... 15	33	36	32	.. 25		Do.
.... 16	34	37	32	.. 26		Fair.
.... 17	28	36	31	.. 40		Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

In the course of a trial lately held at Albany, in the United States, an eminent counsellor, well known as a *practitioner* in bombastic, inflated, and ridiculous language, put the following questions to a witness:—

Counsellor.—Did not you see Mr. —— raise his muscular arm, and attempt to enforce and coerce a preponderation of the timidity and fears of my client?

Witness.—Sir?

C.—Did not Mr. —— attempt the infliction of the most violent and outrageous corporeal contusion and chastisement.

W.—Sir?

C.—Did not Mr. —— attempt to strike the plaintiff?

W.—Yes, Sir.

C.—From your situation, could you not have the most commanding view of the altercation; and was there any thing interfering between you and the objects, that could in any wise dim your optical faculties, or create any obtuseness of vision?

W.—Sir?

C.—I say, sir, were not your organs of sight in a situation to have a most clear, unclouded, and bright, view of this most villainous, foul, and rancorous transactions?

W.—Sir!

C.—Did you not plainly see Mr. —— knock Mr. —— down?

W.—Yes, sir I did.

Works published since our last notice.—Laing's Travels in the Timannee, &c. 8vo. plates, 18s.—Daniell's Meteorological Essays and Observations, 18s.—Cochrane's Journal of a Residence in Columbia, 2 vols. 1l. 10s.—Sylvan Sketches, or Companions to Parks and Shrubberies, 8vo 12s.—Brande's Manual of Pharmacy, 8vo. 14s.—Latham on the Diseases of the Peritoneum, 8s.—Brame's Cards of Euclid.—Tales of Fault and Feeling, 3 vols.—Galeties and Gravities, 3 vols. 27s.—Lincoln Lionel, 3 vols 21s.—Poinsett's Notes on Mexico, 8vo. 12s.—North American Review, No. 31.—Quarterly Review, No. 62.—Oxford Quarterly Magazine, No. 1, 6s.—Mia Britannorum; Remarks on Geography, 10s. 6d. —History of the County of Lincoln, Part 1, 20s.—Benson's Life of the Rev. J. Fletcher, 8s.—Chronology of 1834, 1s. 6d.—Sutcliffe's English Catylus and English Grammar, 4s.—Corrected Report of Mr. Canning's Speech on the Bill for Suppression of Unlawful Societies in Ireland, 8.—Overton's Description of the Faults or Dykes of the Mineral Basin of South Wales, 4to. Part 1, 2l.—Vallance on the Expediency of Sinking Capital in Loans, 2s. 6d.—M'Dermott on the Secret Politics of the Times Newspaper Detected, 2s.—Orcelli's Operative Surgery, 12mo. 7s.—Historical Works of Sir James Balfour, 4 vols. 3l.—Legends of Galloway, 7s.—Common Events, 10s. 6d.—Hansard's Practice in Parliament, 5s.—Whittaker's Sermons, 8s.—Magendie's Elements of Physiology, 8vo. 12s.—Wright's Solution of Cambridge Problems, 2 vols. 8vo plates, 3l. 3s.—Letters of a Sceptic, 4s.—Segur's Memoirs and Recollections, 1 vols. 8vo. 12s.—West's Journal of a Residence at Red River Colony, 8s. 6d.—Scott's Village Doctor, 3s. 6d.—A Voice from Ireland in 1833.

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'Mascarille.—Je ne sais si je me trompe, mais vous avez la mine d'avoir fait quelque comédie.

Madelon.—Hé! il pourroit être quelque chose de ce que vous dites.

Mascarille.—Oh! ma foi, il faudra que nous la voyions.'

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Common Events: a Continuation of 'Rich and Poor,' Post 8vo. pp 382. Edinburgh and London, 1825. Blackwood.

The author of Common Events commences by observing that a 'twice-told tale is proverbially tedious;' and he might have added, that a half-told tale is very provoking. We recollect with what misery, in our younger days, we have waited for the second or third volume of even a Minerva-Press novel from some circulating library, when we had reached the middle of the story; and every one who knows the art of experienced novel-writers in concluding a volume at some interesting passage, in order to excite interest for the future, will sympathize with us. No grass grew in the path from our dwelling to that of the bookseller, and his patience was almost exhausted in our *Tressumming* him about the divided novel. If waiting a few hours or a few days created so much mortification, what are we to say to publishing novels piecemeal, at intervals of twelve or eighteen months. We were just on the point of protesting against this system, when we recollected that, although Common Events form a continuation of Rich and Poor, yet that the latter work was complete in itself. They may, in short, be compared to the Youthful Days of Charles Mathews and his present entertainment,—both perfect in themselves, yet harmonizing together.

Such of our readers as bear in mind our notice of Rich and Poor, or have read the book, will at once recollect that the author is a very rigid moralist, and that the work is as much one of ethics as of fiction. Common Events is precisely of the same character; the author resumes the story where he or she (for we suspect the sex) left it off. The volume now before us is, however, much more interesting in its story and incidents than its predecessor, and there is more vigour of character throughout. There is, certainly, the same inculcation of religious principle, and the same denunciations against vice and infidelity. We shall now make an extract from the least serious part of the work:—

'Dintheroat was, in all respects, like any other country town. It contained one principal street, in which there was the Silver Key, and a few shops, in which small quantities of all things might be had. The working part of the population were, some of them, at the loom, and some of them in the fields; but the street, as usual, displayed a proportion of old men and old women, children, ducks, chickens, dogs, and; at the door of the Silver Key, there were several carriages and gigs and carricles; and there were boys riding through the town on horses newly caught, without any furniture whatever. The weather had brightened up so considerably, that some of the party from Roe Park were half repenting of their expedition, but it would rain the players were they now to return. It was an uncommonly comfortable commodious theatre, built by subscription, and the marchioness's patronage was expected to fill it. The town of Dintheroat had given it free to the strollers, who were, as usual, in a state of the greatest poverty. There was little amusement expected from the excellence of the performance, yet much might be derived from its absurdity. There were flaming handbills posted up in various parts of the street, intimating that, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Vainall, would be performed the tragedy of Macbeth; and never was such a pennyworth to be given for the money, for Macbeth was to recite between acts the adventures of Cornet Flash, and to sing several favourite songs; and Miss Flowers was to dance the shawl dance, and to sing the Maid of Windsor, and to go through a fire balloon upon horseback; and the whole was to conclude with a new pantomimic farce, never before performed in Dintheroat, called the Interesting Clown. Many a boy and girl loitered on their way to school to spell this attractive bill. Dr. Spleen Harris and Sir Philip Hum found themselves engaged in the same occupation as they were loitering about before dinner.

'"I am not quite convinced," said Dr Spleen Harris, "that it adds much to our friend the marchioness's dignity, to have her name flourishing as patroness to such a set of ragamuffins, as the names in this bill would indicate them to be."

'"We must not be scrupulous about trifles in this bustling world," said Sir Philip Hum.

'Strolling players have been frequently and well described. Hogarth's admirable delineation brings them before our eyes in all their wretched trappings; and Crabbe has not lessened the horror that a mind alive to humanity, and not perverted by satire, must experience in contemplating this degrading occupation of our brothers and sisters of the human race. The earnings of many a labourer in Dintheroat were destined to be spent this evening in the encouragement of this band; the ale-houses and inferior inns expected much custom on the dismissal of the theatre; and it would be early on the Lord's day ere the cottages received again their inmates. Many a farmer's wife and daughter decked themselves in their best array, their Sunday's clothes, to attend this amusement, sanctioned by the Marchioness of Vainall. But, had they seen the wretchedness of the beings who were labouring to divert them, we shall hope that better feelings would have prompted them so to bestow their money as to have enabled the poor vagabonds to rest their wearied bodies, to look after their famishing children, to fly from the contamination of one another.

'The landlord of the Silver Key, Joseph Macbill, had been in bad health for some years, and *set by*, as his wife expressed it. She had been a cook before her marriage, and talked of him with much the same respect as she would have done of an old tureen, and uttered her sorrows concerning him in this manner to Jerkins, the marchioness's maid, in reply to her inquiry after his health.

'"Thank you for speerin' for him—hech me! he'll no mend noo—I think he's got an income in his arm—he's noo clean cracked and broken! wae's me, he's been a silly man a' his days. The maintenance o' him is a sair brawback upon me, for I'm but a silly woman myself, no able to fight and stour about the house as I used to do."

'"But I hope your customers still frequent the Silver Key?" said Jerkins.

'"I canna compleen," said Mrs. Macbill; "but they cum a' at once, and I may say, speak a' at once; thae Englishmen are sometimes like to pit me woof, when they cum doun wi' their guns an' their dougs, and their valys.—But wha is yon?" continued she, looking out at the door, and pointing to the gentleman.

'"It's Doctor Spleen Harris," said Jerkins.

'"Houts, woman, I ken him weel enough," said Mrs. Macbill, "he's often here: but whae is he yon who is walken wi' him?"

'"He's a grand Englishman," said Jerkins; "a Sir Philip Hum, with a great deal of money; he's one of those who come into the country with the moor-fowl, and depart with the partridges."

'"I thaena seen a patrick the year," said Mrs. Macbill:—"but surely I'm no wise! I hae little need to stand cracken here, when it's on my shoulthers, and when I hae sa muckle ado."

'"How do you do, Mrs. Macbill?" said a man who came up to them.

'"I'm gaely; how's a' wi' ye yourself, John?"

'It was John Pow the barber, who, seeing so much company arrive at the inn, came to see if there was any employment for him.

'"Just stap in and tak your chance, John," said Mrs. Macbill, as she ran off to the kitchen, to bustle the cook and hurry the waiter. Next an degree appeared Betty

Broom, to receive from the lips of Jerkins instructions how the noble party liked their pillows and blankets and mattresses arranged. There is no station in society exempt from the inroads of pride and ambition; and Mrs. Machill, of the Silver Key, had her own share of it. She was not overstocked with any sense, and certainly not with what is called common sense, else she would have known how impossible it was for her to have vied with Cochon, the marquis's French cook; but this she had the ambitious daring presumption to attempt, and gave herself a prodigious deal of ill-bestowed trouble in preparing badly-cooked fine dishes, which, privately, the family of the Vainalls were tired of at home, even when cooked with the best materials, and in Cochon's best style. Whereas she might have given them the highest pleasure of a gourmand, an agreeable variety, by preparing for them what she was quite an adept at, a well-cooked plain dinner.

"'This soup is precisely negus," said the marquis, putting away his plate.

"'Pray don't remture upon that curry," said Sir Philip, "it has nearly flayed my throat."

"'This cream is made especially for the ladies," said Dr. Spleen Harris, "quite brandy posset."

"'The chickens are very nice, I can assure you," said Lady Amelia.

"'I thought I recognised some of their relations in the court of the inn," said the marchioness, "which is enough for me."

'The marquis, as has been before remarked, loved his dinner, and he could not dine upon Mrs. Machill's dressed dishes; but, upon inquiry, he discovered that the house contained a vulgar piece of cold beef, intended for Mrs. Machill's domestics, and on this, to her great mortification, the marquis and his party made a hearty repast.

"'Great folks are great plagues," said Mrs. Machill; "couldna they eat what was served up, but they bid to hae the beef too, I'se warrant!"

'We hope there may be some hints in the foregoing detail, which may prove useful to people of moderate establishments, when they wish to feed their betters. But there were no real idolaters of their stomach in this party, none who were enthusiastic and glorified in their shame. The gourmand alone can tell whether the remembrance of having eaten a good dinner conveys any pleasure to his soul; he, too, can tell the delight of the present enjoyment, and what degree of delight there is in the anticipation of pleasure to come.'

Common Events, it will be seen, is well written, and we recommend it on this account, as well as for the excellent moral it inculcates.

Travels in Russia, the Krimea, the Caucasus, and Georgia. By ROBERT LYALL, M.D. F.L.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Cadell.

THIS is the third work Dr. Lyall has published within the last eighteen months, on the subject of Russia. On two of these we have freely expressed our opinion; the third now awaits us. A gentleman of the doctor's observation, residing many years in Russia, knowing her language, mixing in her society, and travelling through her provinces, could not fail of gleaning much interesting and novel information. The doctor is, however, somewhat too fond of giving opinions and explaining the cause of every thing; and if he gives a true, he is somewhat too partial to a gloomy, picture of what he sees. His character of the higher classes of society in Russia represented them in a very unfavourable light indeed, both as to morals and manners, and has drawn upon the doctor not only their displeasure, but that of the Emperor of Russia himself: at the same time, however, Dr. Lyall pays a high compliment to Russian hospitality. His present work is entitled Travels, but it includes many observations made before the journey, as well as some intelligence received since his return. In his travels, he was accompanied by two Italian noblemen and an English (or rather Welsh, we presume) gentleman, Edward Penrhyn, Esq. Reserving for a future occasion all critical remarks on these volumes, we shall proceed to make a few extracts.

Dr. Lyall gives some interesting anecdotes of the rude, but brave and generous leader of the Cossacks, Platof, who was born on the 6th of August, 1751, and died on the 3rd of January, 1818. Platof had a very retentive memory, and could name, without error, all the staff and superior officers of about forty thousand troops, and even many of the Cossacks:—

'He had an excellent custom of praising the common Kozáks for the good and zealous fulfilment of their duties. He ordered those who had so distinguished themselves to be presented to him, and generally asked, in the most affable manner, what was their own and their fathers' names. Having received an answer as to the name of the father, he often remembered the name of the regiment in which he had served, and on such an occasion, turning to those around him, he said, "Behold, gentlemen, I will tell you*, I well remember his father; he was a very brave Kozák, and, like myself, robust; I served with him in the Turkish campaign, and he did many important actions. Know, I will tell you, he partly resembles him, even in his gait. Now I am glad: God bless the colonel, that he named him for this commission; from him I expect all that is good." Then turning to the Kozák, "Thou art the conductor of the Kurmonastinskoi station?" and being answered in the affirmative;—"So I remember. Do you know, gentlemen, that I even remember their house; his father was respected in the station. It happened that I once rode there, and scarcely remained any time with them; I saw your house,"—again turning to the Kozák;—"having entered the *stanitsa*, and having ascended the little hill upon the left in the cross-street—this well, well I remember; they are even, I will tell you, good economists: tell me, does thy mother, at least live, good old woman; and is there not some one besides in the family? It is time for thee to marry. I am happy to assist such punctual persons, and who have finished their time of service; to say nothing of bravery, it would be shameful for a Kozák not to be brave, and it is necessary to endeavour even more. What thinkest thou? Now God bless thee also: thanks from me to the colonel: endeavour in future to conduct thyself thus—increase confidence; yes, and I will look further after thy conduct;—thus, perhaps, I will advance thee: pray God for our gracious bátushka*, the emperor." And when the Kozák was elated with joy, making his obeisance to his chief—his father, he only wished to depart, when the count detained him with a new question: "Dost thou drink vodki?" and if he received a negative answer, he generally continued thus: "that is very well, I will tell you;—yet it is necessary for a Don Kozák, by little and little, to accustom himself: there happen bad weather and snow-storms; and the Donskoi Kozák is always upon his horse, and in the field:—it sometimes happens that he is not like himself; there, I will tell you, the best medicine is a small glass of something warm, and especially of spirits with mustard. Stop, I will treat thee with wine." Then, having called for wine, he presented it with his own hands.'

Platof had his weaknesses, too, as will be seen by the following anecdote:—

"'In the reign of Catharine II., there existed a custom, as a token of the monarch's benevolence to the Voiskovoi Atamán of the forces of the don, of making a present annually to his spouse of those clothes with which her majesty had been dressed on the first day of the year. Although Platof did not hold that station, yet by his eminent services he had the happiness of being known and distinguished by the empress; and at various times he received marks of her benevolence. Whether by the instigation of his spouse, or through his own wish to gratify her by a *monarchical* favour from the sovereign, which was then allowed only to the spouse of the Atamán of the Don, he resolved to endeavour to procure this favour for himself, by means of individuals who were placed about her majesty. But he was refused, and no doubt without the knowledge of the empress. From this he inferred that the empress was disaffected towards him, an idea which threw him into such deep affliction, that he soon became seriously ill, and the consequences might have been fatal, if his friend, the late Count Valerian Zíibof, had not set the affair right. Having heard of Platof's affliction and disease, without informing him, that nobleman made them known, as well as their cause, to the empress. The great Catharine received the news with feeling, and, moreover, manifested her anger at those who had dared, without her knowledge, to refuse the object of Platof's prayer, and, at the same

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* 'I will tell you was a proverbial expression of the count's in every conversation, and was by far too often repeated.'

* 'Bátushka means grandfather, literally; but is also a term of the highest compliment bestowed on those we revere.'

time, ordered the clothes to be sent to his spouse. This altogether unexpected favour of the monarch soon recovered Platóf's health, and restored his drooping spirit."

Some time ago, there were several very excellent articles in Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of Italian Hoaxing, consisting of humorous tales of fiction; a volume equally amusing might be made, by collecting all the fabrications which, during the last war, were resorted to, in order to rouse John Bull's indignation against Napoleon, and encourage him to continue the war. One of these, which will be at once recollected, is exposed by Dr. Lyall; it relates to Platof:—

'The veteran was said to have offered his daughter in marriage, and her weight of gold as her dowry, to the individual who should deliver to him the conqueror of Europe, Napoleon, dead or alive. This fable, under a modification, even found a place in a justly celebrated review. There it is said that "the veteran Platóf, whose blood had been so often shed in the defence of Russia on former occasions, now showed his ardour for the cause in which he was engaged, by promising his daughter and 200,000 roubles, to the hero who should rid the world of the invader." The said lady was painted in the brightest colours of fancy, and her portrait caught the attention of the passers-by, in the shop-windows of London and Edinburgh, and even in the provincial towns of our island. She was beautiful, her father was a hero, and riches abounded at Nóvo-Tcherkásk. But thus for the Atamán's successors, there was no foundation for such reports: Platóf was never rich. I believe he was in difficulty, if not in debt; and, what is more extraordinary, he had no daughter *unmarried* in 1812. But such a report, though an imposition, was congenial to the general feeling of the British nation at the time, and thus it met with ready belief. When we lately had the pleasure of dining at the table of Platóf's successor, I repeated the story as told above, and in the language of the country, so that all present understood. The recital was followed by bursts of laughter; at the cessation of which, one of his best friends told us, that it was indeed a great mistake. "Platóf," said he, "was always poor, because he was always liberal; and, had he had a daughter to marry in 1812, instead of thousands of roubles, or her weight of gold, if he could have given the weight *of one of her ears in that metal in dowry*, it was his utmost!"'

Dr. Lyall gives a very unfavourable character of Russian tradesmen. He says:—

'The character of dishonesty seems to have clung to this class of subjects at least for some hundred years, for even one of the best historians of Russia, Karamzin, frankly avows, "That in the times of the great dukes, the Moscow merchants knew and confirmed the proverb, that 'A merchant will sell his soul;' and he adds, that "Their *finesse* in buying and selling astonished the Germans, who said, "Satan alone could cheat a Russian!"'

'The servants, who purchase for their masters, are generally bribed; but Russia is not the only country in which this system prevails:

'To such an extent does this mode of giving and receiving premiums extend, that the servant who carries a receipt to the apothecary's shop universally gets his reward; for if he did not, he would contrive, by some means or other, to carry the next prescription to another apothecary, who, he knew, *would not forget him:* respectable apothecaries are therefore necessitated to comply with a revolting custom, or they might shut their shops. As elsewhere, many of the noble families are in the custom of running quarterly, or half yearly, or annual accounts with the apothecaries; and, when the bills are paid, the servants obtain a handsome present.

'But this practice of presents also prevails among a higher class of individuals. Soon after my arrival in Russia, I had occasion to purchase a quantity of medicines. Sometime afterwards, when the bill was paid, I was rather surprised at receiving a handsome present from the apothecary. On mentioning the circumstance to a friend, my surprise ceased. The fact is, that it is well understood that all medical men, if they choose, receive ten, and sometimes even fifteen per cent. profit, upon medicines they purchase for public charities, or for private apothecary shops upon the estates of the nobility in the interior; and five or ten per cent. upon the value of all medicines made up by their prescriptions throughout the empire.'

Every person has read or heard of the ice palace, constructed at St. Petersburgh, in the year 1740; yet we are indebted to Dr. Lyall for the best account of it, translated from the description of Kraft, the celebrated academician, which was published the year after its erection:—

'From the author's statement it appears that, seven years anterior to the erection of the palace in question, an ice castle and garrison had been built upon the river Néva. But the ice bent under their weight, and that of the soldiers who guarded them. At the whimsical marriage of Prince Gallitsin, it was resolved to erect a palace of ice, and, to avoid the same occurrence, a situation between the Admiralty and the Winter Palace was chosen for its foundation on *terra firma*, and Mr. A. D. Tatistchef, one of the lords of the bed-chamber, was instructed to superintend the execution of the scheme according to a regular plan. It may be difficult to determine whether the expenses of the erection of this ice palace, or the purpose for which it was destined, as the temporary residence of the prince already mentioned and his bride, demonstrated the highest degree of folly.

'The ice palace was constructed of blocks of ice cut out of the winter covering of the Néva, which were from two to three feet in thickness, according to necessity. Being properly formed and adjusted to each other, water was poured between them, which, being soon frozen, acted the part of cement; so that the whole edice, with its furniture, may be said to have consisted of one immense mass of ice.

'The length of the edifice was fifty-six, its breadth seventeen and a half, and its height twenty-one feet. It was constructed according to the strictest rules of art, and was adorned with a portico, columns, and statues It consisted of a single story, whose front was provided with a door and fourteen windows, the frames of the latter, as well as the panes, being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble.

'On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouths of which, by means of naphtha, volumes of flame were emitted in the evening. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty-pounders, from which many bombs were thrown, a quarter of a pound of powder being used for each charge. On each side of the mortars stood three cannons, equal to three-pounders, mounted upon carriages and with wheels, which were often used. In the presence of a number of persons attached to the court, a bullet was driven through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces, by one of these cannon; a quarter of a pound of powder being also used for a charge.

'The interior of the edifice had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments; one on each side, which were well furnished and painted in the most elegant manner, though merely formed of ice. Tables, chairs, statues, looking-glasses, candlesticks, watches, and other ornaments, besides tea-dishes, tumblers, wine-glasses, and even plates with provisions, were seen in one apartment, also formed of ice and painted of their natural colours; while in the other was remarked a state bed, with curtains, bed, pillows, and bed-clothes, two pairs of slippers, and two night-caps of the same cold material.

'Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a small entrance, pots with flowers, and orange-trees, partly formed of ice and partly natural, on which birds sat. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids. On the right of one of them stood an elephant, which was hollow, and so contrived as to throw out burning naphtha, while a person within it, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of this animal. On the left of the other pyramid was seen the never-failing concomitant of all princely dwellings in Russia, a *banya*, or bath, apparently formed of balks, which is said to have been sometimes heated, and even to have been appropriated to use.

'The appearance of the ice palace, it is said, was remarkably splendid when lighted up in the evening with numerous candles. Amusing transparencies were usually suspended in the windows to increase the effect, and the emission of flames by the dolphins and the elephant all tended to excite great surprise, while the people beheld the crystalline mass.

'As was naturally to be expected, crowds of visitors were continually seen around this fantastic and unique construction, which remained entire from the beginning of January almost to the middle of March. At the end of the latter month, however, the glassy fabric began to melt, and soon afterwards it was broken into pieces, which were conveyed to the imperial ice-cellar.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Memoirs of Moses Mendelsohn, the Jewish Philosopher; including the celebrated Correspondence on the Christian Religion, with J. C. Lavater, Minister of Zurich. By M. Samuels. 8vo. pp. 171. London, 1825.

Moses Mendelsohn was one of the most extraordinary men of the age: to superior learning and eminent talents, he added wisdom the most profound and qualities the most amiable. 'When,' as his biographer well observes in the preface, 'we see an individual excel in various sciences, who is the offspring of humble and indigent parents, born in an obscure town, amongst a scanty and poor community;—when we see him soar, eagle-like, to the grand luminary of science and knowledge, nothing appalled, though living in an age that had but just began to emerge from the mist of bigotry and prejudice, in which so many of its predecessors had been enveloped;—when we discover an eloquent writer, a great philosopher, amongst a people deteriorated and paralysed by ill treatment and oppression; amongst a people cruelly neglected, and impolitely excluded from the emporiums of polite learning and useful knowledge;—when we consider that this individual left his native home, a solitary wanderer, unpatronised, unrecommended, without money, decent clothing, or expectation, without any thing on earth, indeed, but a firm reliance on Providence;—when we know that he had no example to stimulate, no encouragement to solace, not even an alluring probability to speculate upon;—we shall find ample cause for wonder and admiration. And if it appears that this individual had moreover to struggle through life against some of the bitterest opposers of study and meditation, namely, a feeble constitution, pinching want, the bereavement of an only teacher, and the machinations of jealousy, and nevertheless attained to an almost unparalleled degree of perfection in every science he applied himself to, ultimately towering above all his competitors;—we may, without being thought enthusiasts, hail him as the harbinger of better days to a fallen—but not an irreclaimable—people, and of its redemption from the trammels of supineness, and the spell of superstition, in which it had so long previously been lingering.'

Such was Moses Mendelsohn, the son of a transcriber of the Pentateuch, who also kept a Hebrew day-school at Dessau, in Germany, where Moses was born, in September, 1729. According to the then prevailing system of educating Jew boys, young Mendelsohn was sent to the public seminary, where children were taught to prattle mechanically the *Mishna* and *Gemarra*, concerning laws of betrothing, divorce, and other irrelevant matters, before they were able to write a single text of Scripture correctly. Yet so anxious was his father, who was very poor, that he should acquire even this limited education, that, when young Moses was only seven years old, he 'would make him rise at three or four o'clock in winter mornings, and, after giving him a cup of tea, would carry him, wrapped in a roquelaure, to the Jewish seminary.' Young Mendelsohn soon found that he was not pursuing the proper course to arrive at solid knowledge: he began to study the Hebrew language grammatically; was soon able to write it with purity and elegance; and, when in his tenth year, composed Hebrew verses, which, in after-life, pleased him so little, that he resolved to write no more original poetry in that language: 'I have no genius for poetry,' he used modestly to say; 'my mind is more disposed to penetrate into the deep recesses of the understanding than to roam in the lighter regions of fancy.' His metrical translations of the Psalms are, however, allowed to be beautiful compositions. So industrious was Mendelsohn, that he soon made himself master of the text of the Talmud, and knew the whole of the *Law* and the *Prophets* by heart.

Rabbi D. Frankel, the tutor of Mendelsohn, leaving Dessau for Berlin, his pupil, at the age of fourteen, followed him, and reached the capital of Prussia, without money sufficient to provide even a single meal: a benevolent Jew, Mr. Hyam Bamberg, gave young Mendelsohn an attic room in his house, and two days' board weekly, while he prosecuted his studies under his former teacher. So limited were the finances of this embryo Plato, that, when he purchased a loaf of brown bread, he notched it according to the standard of his pocket, never eating according to his appetite, but to his finances. Self-taught, he learned Latin, and instructed a friend in it, Israel Moses, who, in return, taught Mendelsohn geometry. Mendelsohn now studied the French and English languages, with which he made himself acquainted. Mr. Bernard, an opulent man of the Jewish persuasion, noticed Mendelsohn, and, being strongly interested in his favour, admitted him into his house and entrusted him with the education of his children. He had now the means of prosecuting his studies, and there was scarcely any branch of science or literature that he neglected. His talents soon recommended him to Mr. Bernard, who made him first clerk, then cashier, and afterwards manager, of his silk manufactory, with a liberal income.

The quibbles and quiddities of the Jewish Rabbins disgusted Mendelsohn, who wished to direct them to more rational studies. With a literary coadjutor, he commenced a Hebrew periodical, under the title of Koheleth Museat, i. e. the *Moral Preacher*, containing chiefly inquiries into natural history, essays on the beauties of the creation, &c.

Having now conducted Mendelsohn from poverty to comfort, and shown the triumph of genius and perseverance over all the obstacles that humble birth, religious prejudices, and limited means of education, could interpose; we shall not pursue his history, step by step, to the eminence he ultimately attained, but refer to the work before us, the details of which are truly interesting. One of the most important eras in the life of Mendelsohn, was his acquaintance with Lessing, of whom there is an interesting biographical memoir given, in an appendix to this volume. Lessing and Mendelsohn became fast friends. A pretty anecdote is related in this memoir of that friendship:—

'Lessing once brought to Mendelsohn a work written by a celebrated character, to hear his opinion on it. Having given it a reading, he told his friend, that he deemed himself a match for the author, and would refute him. Nothing could be more welcome to Lessing, and he strongly encouraged the idea. Accordingly, Mendelsohn sat down and wrote his Philosophical Dialogues, on the most abstruse subjects, in which he strictly redeemed his pledge of confuting the author, though, for quietness' sake, he forbore mentioning his name, and carried the manuscript to Lessing for examination. "When I am at leisure," said Lessing, "I will peruse it." After a convenient interval, he repeated his visit, when Lessing kept up a miscellaneous conversation, without once mentioning the manuscript in question; and the other being too bashful to put him in mind of it, he was obliged to depart, no better informed than when he came, which was also the case at several subsequent meetings. At last, however, he mustered sufficient resolution to inquire after it, and still Lessing withheld his opinion. Want of leisure was pleaded as before, but *now* he would certainly read it; Mr. Mendelsohn might, in the meantime, take yonder small volume home with him, and let him know his thoughts on it. On opening it, Mendelsohn was not a little surprised to behold his own Dialogues in print. "Put it into your pocket," said Lessing, good-naturedly, "and this Mammon along with it. It is what I got for the copyright; it will be of service to you."'

Lavater was another friend Mendelsohn made, and whom he tried to convert; the latter, however, in an able and manly letter, avowed his attachment to the religion of his forefathers, and disavowed all wish to make converts. Mendelsohn had now become one of the most eloquent writers of the age; some of his works are compared to Tully's Orations, and in all there was an originality and a vigour rarely met with: in controversy, he perhaps rarely had an equal. We must now draw to a close. Mendelsohn died on the 4th of January, 1786, at the age of fifty-seven years and four months:—

'Mendelsohn died as he had lived, calm and placid: and took an earthly smile with him into eternity. When his death became known, the whole city of Berlin was a scene of unfeigned sorrow. The citizens of all denominations looked upon the event as a national calamity. The nobility, the court, sent letters of condolence to the widow: Professor Rammler, amongst several other celebrated poets, wrote a beautiful elegy on his death in alternate stanzas by the Jewish and Christian nations, represented by two mourning females, Sulamith and Eusebia; and the learned of all parts of Europe, where his writings were known, paid him a tribute of their respect by joining the general lamentation.

'Mendelsohn was of a short stature, very thin, and deformed in the back. His complexion was very dark and sallow; hair black and curly; nose rather large and aquiline.

A gentle smile constantly played round his mouth, which was always a little open. Nothing could exceed the fire of his eyes; and there was so much kindness, modesty, and benevolence portrayed on his countenance, that he won every heart at first sight. His vaulted brow, and the general cast of his features, bespoke a vast intellect and noble heart.

'Intense meditation, to which he had dedicated almost the whole of his life, could not but become injurious to a frame so delicate and so untowardly constructed. Still this excellent man continued his pursuits without any sensible deterioration of his health, so long as his labours were merely speculative; but when Lavater's challenge involved his *feelings* also, he then suddenly felt the most dreadful consequences of his mode of living; and, had it not been for the fortitude with which, as a truly practical sage, he renounced, for entire years, all physical and mental enjoyment, he would have probably been much earlier snatched away from the world and from his friends. From sensual gratification he abstained firmly to the end. It was inconceivable, that the quantity of food, to which he restricted himself, could sustain a human being; and, at the same time, it was affecting to see him press his guests, good-humouredly, to partake of viands and liquors, which himself, though ever so desirous, durst not venture to taste. But the spiritual enjoyment of reading, and the still more attractive one of composing, he, who was all spirit, could not continue to forego. Short compositions, on which he might have ventured with impunity in his serene hours, enticed him further and further. He began to rake up his former favourite ideas, and, had the world but suffered him to go on in his own way, had they not forced him, once more, out of the sphere of tranquil speculation, he would, probably, have preserved his life several years longer.

'He was very fond of company, and never courted solitude, except from four or five o'clock in the morning till about eight or nine, when he adjourned to his counting-house, and remained there till noon. After dinner, he generally attended to business again, till about four in the afternoon. About this hour, his friends and pupils used to meet at his house, and on his return he usually found a numerous assembly in his room, who anxiously awaited his appearance. There were theologians, literati, philosophers, public functionaries, merchants, natives, foreigners, old and young, in promiscuous groups, with whom he conversed till eight o'clock on various topics.

'He possessed, in an eminent degree, the talent of conversing with each person on his individual pursuits; and that, with such judgment and technicality, as if the pursuit had been peculiarly his own. He would never maintain any thing positively, but always made his assertions appear like a problem, beginning his remarks, for instance, with the words, "I should think," "It may be said," "What is your opinion?" "Suppose we say," &c. In his discourses, indeed, we never lose sight of his illustrious model, Socrates.'

'The great Frederic once sent for him, to come to Potzdam. It happened to be Saturday, on which day Jews are not allowed to ride on horseback or in coaches. Mendelsohn, therefore, entered the royal residence on foot. The officer on duty, a sprig of nobility, who, of course, had never read either Phædon or the Philosophical Letters, being informed that he was a Jew, called Mendelsohn, asked, amidst a volley of swearing and guard-room wit, what could have procured him the honour of being called to the king? The terrified philosopher replied, with the true causticity of Diogenes, "I am a slight-of-hand player." "Oh!" says the lieutenant, "that's another affair," and suffered the *juggler* Mendelsohn to pass, when he would have examined—who knows how long!—the *philosopher* Mendelsohn, and perhaps have arrested him in the guard-room; since it is well known that more jugglers than philosophers pass through palace gates.'

Comment on a work of this nature is unnecessary. It is a well-written memoir of one of the most extraordinary individuals the world has produced.

The Oxford Quarterly Magazine, No. 1, *March*, 1825. 8vo. pp. 248. London. Pickering.

We are always ready to foster first attempts, if they give the least promise, and trust it will never be said, that we intentionally merited the reproach of Gray,—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd cave of ocean bears;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The only return we require for our kindness is, that the authors or editors should merit it; but this, alas! is by no means common. For instance, the other day we spoke favourably of the first number of a Provincial Magazine. Our praise has been bandied about in all the newspapers, and the succeeding numbers of the work have been so much inferior, that we believe it has been abandoned. Well, no matter; we had rather foster an ungrateful editor than participate involuntarily in discouraging a deserving one. With these feelings we took up the first number of the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, a work which displays very considerable talent. Some of the articles are, perhaps, too long, and it may be necessary to render its contents more diversified. The first essay is on Oxford and its studies, and it is, as may be expected, a defence of that university and its system of education. Next follow reviews of two works on the education of the clergy, and of Redgauntlet (which is highly praised.) A very interesting tale, under the name of an Italian Legend, comes next; and this is followed by an Oxford Prize Essay on the study of Moral Evidence; and an article on the principles of Biblical Criticism and Translation, which displays much critical acumen. A review of Campbell's poem of Theodric, which, to use a vile pun of our contemporary in a new sense, it was an *odd trick* of him to publish, is the next article. A dozen times, at least, have we taken up this volume to review it, and laid it down again, fancying, from the previous celebrity of the author, that there was some latent merit in the poem which we had overlooked. In vain, however, did we search for those beauties which the 'Pleasures of Hope' had taught us to expect from Campbell's pen. The reviewer of Theodric, in the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, is severe, but just. Mr. Campbell has, in fact, frittered away his talents in the New Monthly, as far as poetry goes; but he has an admirable article in the last number, on ancient Greece, which must considerably enhance his reputation as a writer in prose.

One of our public and celebrated schools has lately exhibited a melancholy instance of the encroaching prevalence of pugilism, and we therefore are not much surprised to find that Pierce Egan has a niche in an Oxford Magazine; but in what company Pierce Egan appears, we would defy Scottish second-sight, or even Prince Hohenlohe, to divine. Gentle reader, prepare thyself for surprise, when we state that Pierce Egan has entered the ring with Virgilius Maro! This is really a very clever article. The writer commences by observing, that there are a thousand works which, though possessing as much merit as the finest and most boasted of antiquity, have only the misfortune of not being equally known. A comparison is then instituted between the battle scenes of Virgil and the pugilistic descriptions (converted into verse) of Mr. Egan—of course, decidedly in favour of the latter. From this article we are tempted to make a few extracts:—

'We are not going to boast of having discovered new and original beauties in any antiquated author, or place perhaps some acknowledged excellence in a novel point of view. The gentleman whose genius we are about to celebrate is not one of those who wrap themselves up in philosophical seclusion, and pour out the treasures of their minds like the secret oracles of the ancient gods: he mixes daily in the scenes of *ordinary* life; and, so far from affecting any superiority to the wants of our common nature, he is perhaps at this moment bibulating a pot of beer in the classical purlieus of the Coal-hole or the Cyder-cellar.

'Yes, Mr. Egan!—Pierce Egan let me call thee, since no one talks of *Mr.* Shakspeare, or of *Mr.* Milton; let me hail thee not only as the most graphic of historians, but as the first of poets! As one to whom we are indebted not only for the greatest purity of our old language, but for the absolute invention of a new. Who before thee imagined that the prosaic word neckcloth could be so poetically supplied by the *fogle?* Who could anticipate that what vulgar men denominate a neck has by thee been embalmed to posterity as a *squeeze?*

'In the two passages upon the consideration of which we are about to enter, the classical reader may maintain that our author has copied rather too closely the style and incidents of his Roman rival; but we shall in a very few words reply to this. In any two battles, we are convinced that many circumstances must occur which are not only remarkably similar, but even precisely the same.

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Thus we have no doubt that the sacred band died at Cheronea in nearly the same way as the Forty-second did at Waterloo: and are we for this reason to imagine that his Grace of Wellington, in his despatches home, became a plagiarist from the Greeian historian? Much less, then, is such a charge to be brought against an author who details real circumstances and things which actually did occur, while his supposed model wrote in a professedly poetical and imaginative manner.

'Our readers remember that the fifth book of the Euclid of Virgil is occupied with an account of the games instituted by Æneas, to celebrate the anniversary of his father's death. But we hope they will pardon us, if, in order to give the modern a fair chance with the ancient, we have clothed his description in the garb of poetry, so that the hexameters of the Roman may not blind the judgment, to the perhaps chaster beauties of the fancyman's style. We shall suppose, then, that the boat-race, and all the other shows, are concluded, and that the populace are waiting impatiently for the boxers. Hear how the Roman commences his accounts:—

"' Post, ubi confecti cursus, et dona peregit:
Nunc, si cui virtus animusque in pectore præsens
Adsit, et evinctis attollit brachia palmis.
Sic ait, et geminum pugnæ proponit honorem:
Victori velamum auro vitisque juvencum;
Ensem, atque insignem galeam, solatia victo."
Æn V. 362.

'We have always heard it proposed as one of the superiorities of the Latin language over our own, that it could express its ideas in much fewer words. But mark with what graceful ease the same ideas are expressed by the Britons:—

"' The races now were ended, and 'twas whispe'd all around,
That a purse had been collected for a fight upon the ground;
Ten guineas to the beating cove, a couple to the beat,
When up arose, intent on blows, the mighty Mr. Neate."

'We must, however, do the Roman the justice to allow, that in a style almost as gracefully abrupt, he introduces the tremendous Dares, but no one will deny to the modern the praise of a more natural anecdote:—

"' Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnaque virum se murmure tollit.
Solus, qui Paridem solitus contendere contra:
Idemque ad tumulum, quo maximus occubat Hector,
Victorem Buten immanid corpore, qui se
Bebrycia veniens Amycl de gente ferebat,
Percuit, et fulvâ moribundum extendit arenâ."
Æn. V. 369.

'It will be perceived, that the two first lines of the Latin have been already equally well expressed by the English historian. And we come now to a comparison of the two episodes, or as it were characteristic remembrances, brought in for the purpose of introducing the champions more particularly to our observation. The mention accordingly of the name of Mr. Neate calls forth this animated recollection of a former achievement:—

"'I was he, our readers recollect, who once in Bristol town,
Just opposite the market, knocked a butting heifer down,
And swore, as reeking dead it lay, himself he'd ne'er allow
To be cow'd by any bull, or be bullied by a cow.
Such was the man, who started up, while all were overawed,
To see his arms like ox's legs, his shoulders rough and broad,
And when he buff'd, and shew'd his blow, and strength of wind and limb,
The knowing ones thought Cribb himself no customer for him."

'We shall transcribe the account of Dares without offering any remark, as we are convinced that the classical beauty of the comparison of the butcher's arms to the ox's legs beats to nothing the empty boasting of the "humeres latos," and the "caput altum:"

"' Talis prima Dares caput altum in prœlia tollit
Ostenditque humeros latos, alternaque jactat
Brachia protendens, et verberat ictibus auras.
Quæritur huic alius, nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
Audet adire virum manibusque inducere cæstus,
Ergo alacris, cunctosque putans excedere palma,
Æneæ stetit ante pedes; nec plura moratus,
Tum læva taurum cornu tenet, atque ita fatur;
Nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnæ
Quæ finis stando? quo me decet usque teneri?
Ducere dona jube. Cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidæ, reddique viro promissa jubebant."

'Here again are nine long lines taken up in saying what by the modern is said in two.

'We shall proceed to give the modern's most animated account of the manner in which his champion is incited to accept the bravo's challenge; and we confess that we cannot help thinking, that the change from the lofty strain of the narrative, to the homely and natural style of the colloquial part, possesses an infinite superiority over the continued *ornatus* of the Mantuan:—

"' No one took up his challenge; so he vapour'd worse and worse,
Kicked up a row, and scraped a bow—then begg'd for that 'ere purse."

'How glowingly superior is this to the pompous parade of Dares holding the cow by the horns, and only waiting the permission of Æneas to drive her away. Now what a picture do the following lines present. The honest face of Cribb, redolent of other *rounds* besides those of the prize ring, lightening up with indignation at the blustering style of the Bristol hero; his jaws becoming gradually elongated as he sees the lengthened visages of the fancy assembled round him, and at last a flash of hope glimmering across his countenance as he taps the shoulder of Mr. Spring in a way which would dislocate any ordinary individual's arm-bone, and adjures him by his past triumphs and his future hopes "to snatch the laurel from the recreant's brow." You almost fancy you can hear the deep tones of the veteran, like the low notes of a violoncello, distinctly audible amid the hum and bustle of a crowded stand:—

"' Tom Cribb was very near him in the middle of the ring,
And turned at last, with rage aghast, and back'd up Mr. Spring.
'What, Jack, must that there chaffing cove take off the blunt to-day;
Oh what will Randall, Belcher—what will Burn and Scroggie say?'
'Say? any thing,' said Mr. Spring, 'it's all the same to me;
But e'er that Jack dub up the spack, 'egad we'll have a spree.'
So saying, in indignant heat, up bolted Mr. Spring,
And peel'd his togs, and bundled then his castor in the ring."

'What do we find equal to this in the lumbering flow of the hexameters? What are all the arguments of the *spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis* (like pumpkins from the roof of a farmer's kitchen), compared to the dread of shame and the raillery of his companions, suggested to the honourable Spring by the politic Mr. Cribb? And then how much more heroically does the champion follow his friend's advice; evidently induced by his insinuations, though he pretends at the same time to despise them!

'Instead, however, of throwing his hat—perhaps the Trojans wore none—into the ring, the ancient combatant Entellus (and here we mean no reflection upon his years, which, by his own account, were girdled on by "tardante senecta") contents himself with casting down his cæstus. The effect, however, created by both is very much the same:—

"' Obstuquere animi: tantorum ingentia septem
Terga boum plumbo insurto ferroque rigebant.
Ante omnes stupet ipse Dares longeque recusat
Magnanimusque Anchisiades, et pondus, et ipsa
Huc illuc vinclorum immensa volumina versat."
Æn. V. 404.

'It will be remarked that in the same manner as Virgil takes this opportunity of describing these gauntlets, our modern gives us a description of his hero's hat. That a strong man should have accoutrements of great weight, is not more remarkable than that a tall man should wear a long surtout; but what can be a circumstance more naturally productive of wonder than that Spring's beaver was brimmed like a quaker's!

"' This castor was his father's, and it scarcely fitted him,
As it almost drown'd his face, and was all made up of brim;
So broad indeed the ledges spread, that some began to judge,
That Spring was of the quaker tribe—but that was all a fudge.
The umpires's self was so amazed, he view'd it with a smile,
And swore 'as how 'twas very hodd, a very knowing tile.'
But Spring said then, 'My merry men, I vonder what you'd say,
T' ha' seen 't upo' my feyther's head a driving on a dray?'
He vote 't, d'ye hear, for seven year, and still some old stains stop,
To tell a tale of beer and hale—I wish I had a drop!'"

'The critics labour very often to point out even the most obvious beauties in a composition, and generally their labours are unsuccessful after all. We are told of a country

'squire, who could see no peculiar force in Macduff's exclamation, "He has no children!" and replied to the learned explanations of his friend, that he congratulated the gentleman very sincerely, for he himself had thirteen, and really he found them very expensive! And in the present case we are convinced that the man who does not in a moment perceive the classical beauty and moral force of the exclamation, "I wish I had a drop," will never see any thing in it at all'

'We shall now hurry on with the modern's very animated account of the combat and its issue, without taking the trouble to transcribe the Roman's description. And at the same time that we of course claim the principal glory to the Briton's labours, we must candidly confess that the Mantuan's are tolerably good. There is a sort of stiffness, however, about the hexameters, which, though it gives perhaps superior dignity to pathos or declamation, seems quite foreign to the easiness of a homebred or natural detail. The manner adopted by the English poet is equally applicable to all sorts of subjects. It can wail and whine over the woes of defeated courage, and shout and triumph in its success: but this is perhaps a superiority more of the language than of the individual; and therefore it is not too great a compliment to say, that had Virgil been born in our times, his words would have been precisely the same as those of Mr. Egan:—

"'Round first.—The men, when fairly peeled,
seem'd such an equal match,
That neither liked to be the first in coming to
the scratch.
They squared away, made little play, for both
fought rather shy,
As Spring had art, but ne'er in strength with
Silver-Mug could vie."

'Caius Marcius had the surname of Coriolanus from his capture of Corioli; and Mr. Neate is honoured by his historiographer with an appellation which must recall to him the happiest hour in his existence; that happy hour, when, amid a circle of admiring friends, he returned them his thanks for the honour they did him in presenting him with a silver tankard—a gift which they bestowed upon him, he was sure, more as an encouragement to attempt something greater, than as a reward for any thing he had done:—

"'The blows at last fell thick and fast, and
claret 'gan to spout,
The ivories flew, the cheeks grew blue, and
nobb'd was either snout.
Spring told his bits by starts and fits, till Neate
began to fail,
The blows fell down on chaps and crown—it
sounded like a flail.
Then like an ox he stood the knocks, or warded
them in play,
And planted right and lefters, then—shied and
got away."

'There is peculiar beauty in the working up of this. The similes begin to thicken as the bard gets more animated. But when his hero, when the mighty Mr. Spring falls, then is the proof of the poet's powers:—

"'Neate saw his aim, before it came, and down
his body slopes,
And Spring's own blow, it brought him low—
he fell upon the ropes!
He stopp'd, and flopp'd, and dropp'd—all rattle,
pat and smack,
Like skater on the Serpentine, who falls upon
his back."

'What a comparison is there! In the first place, let us observe the art of the poet in making Spring fall beneath the weight of no blow but his own; and then the image he presents to us of some tall gigantic skater coming suddenly on his back, and the horrified retreat of those near him; the crackling of the ice, and all the other concomitants of that most uncomfortable situation. But behold how vigorously he is described as rousing his strength again:—

"'Mr. Spring up springs again; fight, slash,
and fire away!
His anger's up—he will not stop—no more, no
more delay:
Now right, now left, now here, now there, now
everywhere he flies;
Now taps the sconce, now tucks the ribs, now
pins up both his eyes.
No rest, no spell—like hull, like h-ll—he bangs
him back and breast,
Till Neate falls down, all spent and blown, and
woefully oppress'd!"

'We hope we have now said enough to convince our readers of the extraordinary merits of Mr. Egan's reports of the prize ring; and, though we take to ourselves the praise of converting his prose into rhyme, what is that compared to the applause due to him? And it is nothing, we hope, derogatory to the high character which we have endeavoured to assume for him for genius and imagination, that those expressions which we have most admired are taken not from any one of his fights, but culled like sweet posies from them all. It was in order to avoid the appearance of parodying any one of his admirable accounts in particular, that we fixed upon an imaginary fight for the subject of our essay; but even in this our argument will hold equally good as in a real one.'

After these specimens, none of our readers would thank us for dwelling on the original poetry in this magazine, which is really good, or the Gaelic songs; and who would quit the prize ring and the Fives' Court, for the contest at an university examination! But, jesting apart, there is much that is useful and much that is agreeable in the first number of the Oxford Quarterly Magazine, and we wish it every possible success.

The Abduction; or, the Adventures of Major Sarney; a Story of the Times of Charles the Second. 3 vols 8vo. pp. 790. London, 1825. C. Knight.

From the title of this work, our readers will, we doubt not, at once fix the scene of the novel in Ireland, where, by the by, abduction is not novel. They will be right, although the tale is by no means confined to Ireland: indeed, it is scattered over all parts of the united kingdom, and includes a greater variety of situations, characters, dialects, and events, than almost any novel we ever met with. We have dialogues in the Irish, Scotch, and English languages, and of course individuals who figure in these volumes as natives of these countries, independent of Dutchmen, and we know not how many other foreigners. We have king, lords, and commons, catholic priests, soldiers, provosts, bailiffs, serving-men, traitors, &c. Then we have battles, murders, and burnings, not forgetting the memorable fire of London itself, a catastrophe sufficient for a dozen novels; and yet all these events and characters are in good keeping, and form a connected and interesting story. It is true we have seen characters more original and description more elegant, but, after all, the 'Abduction' is much superior to the ordinary class of novels, even at the present day.

The time of Charles II. certainly was fertile in events as romantic and extraordinary as fiction could invent, and a novel of sterling interest might be founded on them, without grossly deviating from history; what a glorious chapter the Boscobel Oak would make in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, and with what caustic severity could he treat the giving-up of the first Charles to his enemies. The author of the volume before us is, however, by no means unsuccessful. Some of his characters are extremely well drawn, particularly Major Sarney, the hero of the tale, and Slypes Dordrecht, a Dutch skipper: the portrait of the former (Major Sarney) we subjoin:—

'He was of the lowest extraction, his father having been a blacksmith, in a small village in the county of Armagh, in the north of Ireland. This person, as soon as he could escape from the sparks of his father's smithy, signalized himself by enlisting in an infantry regiment, the head-quarters of which were at Belfast; from which, before his drill had been completed, he deserted, preferring the accoutrements of a dragoon in the service of Argyle, to those of a foot soldier in that of Montrose, for whom the infantry had been raised. At his very outset in life, therefore, he was a subaltern in the cause of the covenant; and in all his after-life, slightly as he regarded religion of any kind, he still retained a sprinkling of the predilections he had imbibed for the Presbyterian discipline, at the humble and secluded fire-side of his parents. He afterwards entered the army under Cromwell, where he so much distinguished himself as to attract the notice of that discriminating general, who subsequently raised him to the rank of major, while with the English forces in Ireland. Bold, intriguing, and ambitious, he was able to turn the gospel mania of his fellow-officers to account, and command the confidence of his superiors. His valour was unquestionabled but the circumventing nature of his project; more than his bravery, oftentimes carries him over difficulties that would have proved fatal to a less wary or more open commander.

'At an early period of his military career, he had been recommended to the Duke of Buckingham, as a fit instrument for carrying into force some of his meaner intrigues; so, that, before Arthur Sarney had climbed beyond the rank of a parliamentary army ensign, he had shown considerable talent as an officer in the espionage department of that nobleman. Indeed, never minister or states-

man employed a more accomplished envoy, or one of better address, in the line of character he required. With a puritan preacher, no one knew better how to succeed. A fifth-monarchy man he could wind round his finger. He could encompass an outlawed or unindulged presbyterian pastor in the snares of argument, and fight him single-handed upon any text of scripture he chose to name, to his heart's content. He was brimful of the cant and conventicle slang of the times; and, from the scraps of bible lore in his father's kitchen, he had borne away such a sample as materially conduced to elevate his subsequent fortune. With the high-churchman he was equally qualified to wrestle; and he has not unfrequently sharpened the despondency of an expelled vicar, over a stoop of canary. In the same way has he rung changes with a reduced loyalist, groatless since the pension-list had been erased; and bandied about an oath and a tankard with some poor cavalier, necessitated to drink "d—n Cromwell," in brown beer instead of brandy. At a "love-feast," or a "bonsing bout," Arthur had been equally distinguished; and, when his object was to gain intelligence, or to trepan a barmaid for his noble patron, he did not hesitate to become the orator of the vilest rabble, and shine in scenes of the lowest dissipation.'

This man, 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil,' headed an insurrection in Ireland, and in Scotland was sent to convert the covenanters into episcopalians, with *steel* lozenges.—It is, however, by no means our intention to forestall our readers by giving a detail of the story of this novel, as they will find more pleasure in its developing itself as they proceed. We have already mentioned its diversified character; and we may add, that the author appears most happy in his Irish and Scotch scenes, although the awful conflagration of London, in 1666, is very well described. The account of the covenanters, and the portrait of Gideon Zooncloots, are drawn with a masterly hand. The 'taking of the covenant,' when the persecuted presbyterians had been goaded beyond endurance, is well described. They had assembled to the number of fifteen hundred, and wished to confirm each other in the spirit of resistance by a religious ordinance.

'At first they marched to Dumfries, and issued a declaration expressive of their loyalty to the king; but assigning as a reason for their appearing in a hostile attitude, their attachment to the presbyterian religion, their hatred of bishops, and the unmerited persecution they had endured in adhering to the ancient forms and ordinances of the Scottish kirk.

'No concession being made them by the English government, they retired into their fastnesses in Galloway and Ayrshire, acquiring strength in their progress, observing the strictest discipline, and even offering no molestation to any of the deans or curates in the towns or villages through which they passed.

'But, as they understood that, instead of concession, the government were resolved to try the effects of Dalzel's regimen upon them in the first instance, a course of practice, by the by, which all governments are in the habit of following with refractory subjects, because it consisteth not with the dignity of kings to cry "Mercy" before they are beaten, or before that portentous crisis when treason threatens to change sides;—being apprized of this determination on the part of Charles, and learning moreover that Dalzel was actually on his march to Ayr, with about six hundred horse and two thousand foot, they became exasperated in the extreme; and, so far from dreading the superior strength and the "king's name," which Crookback in the play says is a "tower of strength," quoting, as we opine, some adage of holy writ, all which was on the side of their enemy, they made a precipitate march to Lanerie, and on a sabbath-day, in full armour, they solemnly swore to maintain the articles of the covenant inviolate, against all opposition from within or from without, and never to lay down their trusty swords, till they should restore the supremacy and independency of the true presbyterian kirk of Scotland.

'The royal burgh of Lanerie, darkly pulverized as its soil had been with the lambent ashes of the martyrs, never saw such a day. Many times, in sooth, had her ancient spire been illumined with the funeral piles of justice, on which hags profane, the earthly ambassadresses of Satan, suffered amid popular acclamations, for the sins of witchcraft: but the most splendid and popular of these fiery inhumations were exceeded in awful grandeur on this occasion. Ay! many a pious burgess and deacon, not more than verging upon the teens of similty, could attest what their grandfathers and great-grandmothers had told them they had seen of the glories of bypast times, and how multitudes, thirsting after knowledge, came pouring from the four winds of heaven to hear the oracles expounded by the famous Knox himself. But these solemn assemblies—even these appeals of the great reformer to living masses of converts from popery, bore with them no awe equal to this—no thrilling sympathy over wrongs long endured, but now crying out to Heaven for redress, as was excited by Glorifie Zooncloots and his reverend associates on this occasion.

'It was a cloudy and sultry day, towards the end of harvest. Early in the morning the roads leading to the venerable churchyard of this ancient burgh were thronged with multitudes of all ages, arrayed in their best attire, and wearing the demure and serious air which the sanctity of the Lord's day, and the solemnity of the service in which they were about to join, called upon them to assume. In all directions groups were seen climbing the steep winding path by which the town was approached by the bridge from the northward. The ascent in the distance appeared like a variegated flower-plot; the purple, russet, and silver-grey linsey-woolsey gown of the matron—the crimson and blue, the claret and lilac-coloured kirtles of the damosels—the hoods of all shades of the former, and the silken snoods of every hue of the latter, interspersed with the grey coats and blue bonnets of the men and the boys, gave a peculiar and picturesque effect to the natural beauty of the landscape. Over all, the town itself towered high in the welkin; while the low mournful murmur of the Clyde, sweeping its transparent waters through the deep dell, and roaring in white foam over its hundred falls in its progress, seemed a hymn of praise poured out by nature to her eternal Author. What distinguished the meeting from ordinary assemblies of presbyterians at divine service, were the numbers of armed men, who lined the precincts of the churchyard. The sword and belt, the musket, and carbine, and the holster-pistol; the leathern vallis appendaged to the back, or forming a seat for its owner; the horses drawn up behind the dry stone wall, accoutred for the field, had rather a warlike appearance beside the bible, the pulpit-tent, and the solemn visages of the preachers and hearers.

'The services of the day commenced in the usual form, by one of the ministers' reading the psalm which was to be sung, which had a remarkable affinity to the state of the times, the acerbity of public feeling, and the object of their meeting. The book of psalms is fraught with delineations of human life, and none knew better than the Scottish covenanters the value and importance of a well-timed application of the text. We quote the psalm used on the occasion, by premising that the singers considered the king as the prime source of all their sufferings, and they accordingly applied the denunciations of the royal poet to him whom they considered a perjured and an apostate monarch. Perhaps in the whole range of scripture exclamation there is nothing to equal the following stanzas:

'Few be his days, and in his room
His charge another take;
His children let be fatherless,
His wife a widow make.
His children let be vagabonds,
And beg continually;
And from their places desolate,
Seek bread for a supply.

Let covetous extortioners
Catch all he hath away;
Of all for which he laboured hath
Let strangers make a prey.
Let there be none to pity him,
Let there be none at all
That on his children fatherless
Will let his mercy fall.

Let his posterity from earth
Cut off for ever be,
And in the following age their name
Be blotted out by thee.
Let God his father's wickedness
Upon his head to fall,
And never let his mother's sin
Be blotted out at all.

But let them all before the Lord
Appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
Cut off their memory.
Because he mercy minded not,
But persecuted still
The poor and needy, that he might
The broken-hearted kill.

'One preacher succeeded another, and the theme of the discourse of all was the per-

secution which they had suffered in the cause of religion. The last who addressed the multitude was the expelled pastor of Cairnryuple. His dark haggard aspect wore that day a more wild and impassionate appearance. He seemed as one lost in the commotions of his own bosom, and insensible to everything around him. As if enveloped in a trance, he looked as if he held no communication with the earth but to denounce it as the abode of sin and wretchedness; where the arrow flieth by day, and the pestilence walketh by night; and where blood alone could expiate the crimes, the wrongs, the oppressions, and the slaughterings, with which prelacy had stained it.

'His text was taken from his favourite prophet, Jeremiah—

"Woe! be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord."

He expatiated on the sufferings of his presbyterian brethren, and on the desolation with which Scotland had been visited since the restoration of the king; on the insulting domination of bishops, whom, he said, the people abhorred, and the oppressions which had driven the faithful to the hills and moorses for the sake of the gospel. "Ah! my friends," said he, in conclusion, "our wrangs can be borne naa langer; the day of Sion's redemption is at last at hand; the captivity of Babylon will soon be at an end The Lord hath girded on your swords wi' his ain uplifted arm, and in the words o' my text, 'woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep.'—Woe be unto the prelates—to the wolves that prey on the green pastures o' Scotland! The time is at last come when we will avenge the blood that hath been shed—when the souls of the nearest and dearest of our kindred, wha were slain before our een, will sing the song of triumph over our success. But think na," he continued, "my dear friends, when ye have ta'en up arms in the cause o' the gospel, that you are to lay them down before the vineyard be weeded, or till the ark of the covenant be borne out o' the wilderness. The strife, my brethren, an' the werfare, may be long and ardnous, as was that o' Elijah the prophet with the cruel Jezebel, or that o' the good Obadiah with the wicked Ahab; but trust in Him, and ye shall prevail at last. Ay, my dear brethren, though the fires be extinguished in our cottages—though the crow flees over the ruined wa's, whareance the morning and the evening hymn rang to the praise o' the Creator—though the wild glen be our tabernacle, the barren moor our home—the flo' moos and the heather our sacramental table, and the sword alone our protection frae utter destruction, still I see a day when our hames will be mair sacred, and when our altars and our priests will be restored to us again; when Sáthan will be humbled in the dust, and our proud enemies convinced that *richt* will triumph over *micht*. I see it, my friends—the day is at hand!"

After the service of the day was concluded, the articles of the covenant were read aloud, and the male part of the audience were solemnly invoked by the minister, to adhere to and maintain them against all opposition. At each clause, the preacher called upon his hearers to give their assent and sanction to the instrument, by holding up their right hands. Every arm was stretched towards the firmament; and when, in a solemn sonorous voice, he ejaculated, "*May God enable us to fulfil this covenant*,"—"Amen! amen!" responded from every lip. With the last exclamation, an awful peal of thunder rolled through the heavens. The forked lightning, in the still gloom of the afternoon, flashed among the trees and the gothic arches of the church, and peal upon peal appalled every breast with dread, as the vast multitude dispersed from the scene of devotion. The sky that had been lowering through the day, thus divested of its combustibles, poured forth torrents of rain, which, in an instant, drenched the throng, all the while exposed in the fields.

'This finale to the "Taking of the Covenant," as it was called, was considered by the ministers and ruling elders, and by most of the brethren, as a happy presage of the favour of the Almighty, and demonstrated the ratification of their vows above, in the same way as was manifested on Mount Sinai, at the deliverance of the ten tables to Moses. But Deacon Peerie, a satirical wag, who lived in those days, and who was always suspected of having a warm side to the prelacy of the government, used to say, that when the godly boasted so much of the favour which the thunder and lightning had done them, "they ne'er spak ae word," quoth the deacon, "o' the guid drouking the maist o' them got afterwards."'

These extracts will be sufficient to show the talents of the author of Abduction; who, if we are not much mistaken, will have an honourable station among the novelists of the present day.

Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht. 4to. pp. 571. London, 1824. Murray.

LORD JOHN RUSSEL, the author of the volume before us, is certainly an author among lords, but as certainly he will never be a lord among authors. He is, however, an ornament to the peerage, and, in particular, to the house of Russel, which is more distinguished for its patriotism than its talents. Lord John is one of those 'at all in the ring' sort of authors, who, though clever, cannot expect to attain the first rank in literature, while they do not keep their eye on some particular pursuit. He has written a tragedy, an Essay on the English Constitution, and the volume before us, all within the last two years. Hume, simple soul! could only make about three modern octavos out of the history of about eighteen centuries—thanks to the modern discovery of amplification, Lord John Russel has formed a bulky quarto out of about ten years' history. Were the example to be followed, and we are threatened that it will by the noble author, a history of Europe, on the same scale, from the birth of Christ to the present day, would be comprised in 182 quarto volumes of 571 pages each, or in the whole, somewhat more than one hundred thousand quarto pages.

Lord John Russell is certainly an agreeable writer, and, if he occasionally disturbs the gravity of history by amusing anecdotes, he relieves its tedium. That he takes a Whiggish view of the subject cannot be denied, but we do not believe he has omitted or discoloured any important fact, and this circumstance alone is a strong, perhaps the highest, recommendation of him, as an historian.

The work is, after all, somewhat misnamed; for it is rather a history of France in the reign of Louis XIV. and its influence on Europe, than what it professes to be We will not, however, quarrel with the author on this account, for his volume is really instructive and interesting, and we have seldom seen the dry and barren facts of history so enriched and enlivened with anecdote. We shall quote one or two extracts, to show the author's style and manner. The first relates to chivalry. Alluding to the mixed nature of our ancient laws, the author says—

'Much of this strange mixture of ferocious cruelty with refined gallantry is undoubtedly to be attributed to the intercourse of the Christians with the Moors and the Arabs; in the wars of Spain and the Crusades were learnt those refinements with which an eastern imagination had adorned the exercise of brute force and animal courage. But, be its origin what it might, the spirit of chivalry produced a system of manners totally distinct from the government, and forming as it were a separate code, which the laws of the state had not created, and could not suppress. The member of an ancient state could hear himself grossly abused by his fellow-citizen, without any obligation to retaliate, otherwise than by words; the noble or knight of Germany or France was compelled either to draw his sword against his accuser, or to lose his character in society. No form of law, no species of tribunal, could dispense with the necessity of revenge: and from the Bay of Naples to the Mountains of Inverness, he who had been wronged by word or deed thought himself bound to seek satisfaction in the blood of his adversary. In Italy and in Scotland, the death of the aggressor procured by any means was considered a lawful atonement; and so far was this principle extended, that not many years have elapsed since a judge was slain at Edinburgh by the party against whom he had pronounced a legal decision. In other parts of Europe, the practice of single combat was usual, honourable—nay, almost indispensable; and there can be no better proof of the supremacy of opinion over law, than the fact that Louis the XIVth, who affixed the most severe penalties to the offence of fighting a duel, would allow no man in his own regiment to refuse a challenge.'

The next extract is an anecdote of Louis XIV.:—

'- - - - It must be confessed, that Louis was pursued by flattery in a manner that it was difficult for any man to resist, and which affords much excuses for his faults of every description. One or two of the most extraordinary effects of the common and general spirit may be worth relating. In 1666,

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La Feuillade, a private gentleman, hearing that St. Aunay, a person who had left the kingdom from discontent, had written a letter, and afterwards adopted a devise, disparaging to the King of France, went to Madrid and sent him a challenge: upon which St. Aunay made an apology for his conduct. This gallantry of adulation being found extremely acceptable, the same person erected a statue to Louis on the Place des Victoires. The statue was inaugurated, or rather consecrated, with music and genuflections: La Feuillade went three times round it, at the head of the regiment of guards, making the same prostrations that were made by the Romans before their deified emperors: the event was celebrated by illuminations; the inscription placed on the base was, "Viro immortali;" and the author of this pompous flattery intended to have kept a lamp burning there by day as well as by night. The lamp, however, was ordered not to be lighted in the day time, and an image of the Virgin veiled in some degree the gross idolatry of the original intention. After the defeat of the Marshal Créqui in 1675, the same La Feuillade came post to Versailles, where he went directly to the king, and said, "Sire, some make their wives come to them to the army; others come to see them; for my part, I come to see your Majesty for an hour, and thank you a thousand and a thousand times; I shall see no one but your Majesty, for to your Majesty I owe every thing." He talked for some time, and then said, "Sire, I am now going; I beg you to make my compliments to the queen, to the dauphin, and to my wife and children." He then set off on his return to the army, and left the king much pleased with his adroit flattery.'

Of the morality of the court of Louis XIV. the following will suffice as specimens:—

'A gentleman well known at court, of the name of Villarceaux, when speaking to the king of another subject, took occasion to say, that there were persons who told his niece (Madame de Grancé) that his majesty had designs upon her; that, if it were so, he begged him to make use of him; that the affair would be safe in his hands, and he would answer for success. The king laughed, and turned it off with a joke. In those days any conduct was tolerated in society. Every one knows that the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was never married, lived for several years with Villarceaux at his house; that she had many children by different lovers, and that the paternity of one of these being disputed between two gentlemen, was decided by throwing lots. There is nothing singular in this career; what is extraordinary is, that Ninon de l'Enclos was the bosom friend of Madame de Maintenon, and the admiration of all Paris.'

The next is related of Madame de Longueville:—

'This celebrated woman had been in early life any thing but over scrupulous, as the histories of the time relate. Being once in Normandy with her husband, those about her saw that she was overcome with ennui: they proposed to her a hunting-party: "No, I do not like hunting." Work? "No, I do not like work." Walking, or play? "No, I do not like either." Then what would you have? "What can I say? I do not like innocent pleasures."'

Such is the agreeable way in which Lord John Russel writes history.

Considerations on the Expediency of Sinking Capital in Railways. By JOHN VALLANCE. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1825. Wightman.

WHEN Canute bade the ocean approach no farther, and declared that its proud waves should be stayed, it was thought, as indeed it proved, an idle threat. Eight centuries, however, have made strange alterations in the world, and it is not so easy to limit the power of man over the elements. We now 'saw the air' in balloons, dive down to the depths of the sea, and despoil the ocean of its treasures; and we glide along her surface in defiance of wind and tide. A century ago, such discoveries would have insured the man who hinted at their possibility a certain refuge in a lunatic asylum; but who would now think of putting a strait waistcoat on any scientific dreamer, after Professor Guithuisen has seen the moon's towers and methodist chapels in the moon? We deem these remarks necessary, as a prelude to our notice of Mr. Vallance's work, lest some of our readers might think that 'much learning' had had the same effect on him that Felix supposed it had on Saul, alias Paul, that is,—made him mad.

Without, however, denying the consequence, we do most positively assert, that it has not resulted from the cause so *happily* imagined by Felix. Passing over the first thirty-nine pages of Mr. Vallance's work on railways, to which he seems somewhat averse, though without any new or even satisfactory reason, we come to his favourite hobby—his plan of plans—his scheme of schemes—and his project of projects—namely, an essay 'on the facility of intercourse.' We thought that the author had been visited with a lucid interval, when he adopted for his epigraph, 'though this be madness;' but, when we heard him add, 'yet there's method in it,' we involuntarily thought of Doctors Willis and Munro.

The preposterous experiments of our alchymists laid the foundation of chemistry; and it would be illiberal, as well as unjust, to suppose that even the reveries of Mr. Vallance may prove unavailing as to their results. After asserting that all the known modes of conveyance are deficient, either as to certainty, speed, or capability, and after showing that even railways are deficient, inasmuch as they are 'liable to the obstruction arising from deep snows,' Mr. Vallance proceeds to his own plan, which is certainly unique. It will neither be obstructed by wind nor tide: the frost which locks up the canal, and the snow which chokes up the road, will have no influence on this new and singular mode of intercourse;—and then, as to its rapidity, why the flights of an eagle, or the speed of a racehorse, are nothing to it.

Mr Vallance, observing how cleverly the gas is propelled along three hundred miles of cast-iron pipe in the streets of London, means to apply the principle to the conveyance of goods and passengers:—

'It can be conceived, that the gas-pipes in London might have been laid in one continuous line, reaching, we will suppose, from the metropolis to Falmouth. It can also be conceived that pumps, such as have been referred to, could be arranged at the latter place to exhaust air from this line of pipe, and cause a current through it. Supposing this to be done, and that there were any very light body, such as a bladder, or rather a hollow copper ball, which nearly filled its bore, in the pipe, would not this ball be driven toward Falmouth, at a rate proportioned to the velocity with which the pumps exhausted the air from the pipe? And as it is well known that, by operating on this principle in the proper manner, air may be caused to move with a velocity so great that it may be prudent not to particularize it, have we not a principle of motion held out to us, which, though it might not be one-tenth of the almost inconceivable velocity adverted to for the purpose of illustration, it may yet be possible to elaborate into means of intercourse rapid to a degree of which we have hitherto had no instance.'

'Suppose a line of large pipes, or cylinders, such as have been adverted to, were laid down and connected (though differently to the manner in which the joints of water and gas-pipes are made, to guard against contraction and expansion), it may be conceived that a channel (a rail-way in effect), on which a vehicle might run, could be fixed on the inside of them. As these cylinders would be large enough for a waggon to go in, it may also be conceived that a vehicle, of a description capable of moving on this rail-way, might be arranged. It may, in addition, be conceived that, instead of being like a coach, the body of this vehicle might be so shaped as to fit, and nearly to fill the cylinder; while the inside should give ample room for persons to sit; and the outside actually touched the cylinder in no part but where the wheel ran on the rail-way. As these things may be conceived, it will not be denied that a vehicle to move inside this cylinder might be so constructed and arranged, as to run equally light with a carriage on a railway.'

On this principle Mr. Vallance proposes cylinders to be constructed all over the country, where rapid and uninterrupted intercourse is desirable; but, although he has no doubt of the practicability of his plan, yet he hesitates to say of what it is capable. We are sure he believes that, when it is once adopted, the inhabitants of Edinburgh will send their servants to Covent Garden market every day, for fruit and vegetables; while the Londoners will go to see the view of Holyrood Chapel at the Diorama in the morning, and visit the actual ruins in the afternoon in order to prove the correctness of the picture. This plan, with its other excellences, combines the rapidity of communication of the telegraph:—

'Communication will always take place between the ends of the cylinder immediately prior to a vehicle being sent off, and soon

as it arrives. How this will be done, cannot be explained here; but in the proper place it will be shown, that a method of communication, independent of itself, will exist between the ends of the cylinder: that this method will be instantaneous: and that those who direct operations at either end can inform their fellows at the other of any circumstance it may be necessary to communicate: such as, that they want the exhausting apparatus stopped—that they want it set going again—that an extra vehicle is about to be sent off—that the night's load of goods will be a very heavy, or very light one, &c. &c. This method of instantaneous transmission will be seen to be equally efficient by night as by day. A description of it may be had at the publisher's of this treatise.'

Only think of the interesting colloquy the London book-keeper may hold with his friend Saunders, at the other end of the pipe in Edinburgh! and, after the compliments of the day, their detailing to each other the nature and quantity of the live and dead stock that was forthwith to be transferred from the modern Athens to Babylon the Great. But Mr. Vallance does not wish his readers to take his plan on trust—the gas-pipes prove what may be done by air; but he gives a stronger proof. Some years ago, the proprietor of an ironwork in Wales erected an additional furnace at a distance of (Mr. Vallance thinks) three quarters of a mile from his old one:—

'The blast apparatus of these old works being large enough to supply this new furnace in addition to the old ones, he conceived it would prove much cheaper, if, instead of having power and blast cylinders erected at the new work, he were to lay a pipe from the old ones, to convey to the new one the superfluous blast. This he accordingly did; and, as soon as the pipe was completed, set the apparatus going to ascertain the strength of the blast he could thus apply to the new furnace. To his great surprise, however, no blast was produced; a gentle current, which would not blow a candle out, being all that was perceptible. For a result so adverse to his expectations, he could account in no way, but by supposing that, from accident or design, the pipe was stopped up. As the readiest way to ascertain whether it was so, he put a cat in at one end, and blocked it up, leaving her to find her way to the other.

'The pipe, though large enough to allow her to move forward, not admitting of her turning round, pass had no alternative but that of seeking an exit at the other end; this she accordingly did, and, contrary to his expectations, soon made her appearance.'

They must be pretty considerable sceptical, we guess, as Jonathan says, that doubt the success of Mr. Vallance's plan after this illustration of it. We, therefore, advise him to throw away his diffidence, and, before a single railroad bill passes either house of Parliament, let him issue a prospectus for establishing a Patent Cylinder Company, to supersede all canals, boats, waggons, vans, coaches, and horses, in the intercourse of one part of the island with another. No matter the amount of capital required, for, in this speculating age, it would soon be forthcoming. Canal and coach proprietors, extortionate tavern-keepers, wagoners, and coachmen, might, perhaps, petition against it; but they must be sacrificed for the general good, and give way to a greater *bore* than themselves.

Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon.

(Continued from p. 183.)

In our notice of this work, in our last, we did not penetrate far, but are much mistaken if our readers will not thank us for resuming the subject. When Napoleon commenced the gigantic campaign of 1812, he was at the head of four hundred thousand foot and eighty thousand horse. Arrived at the Niemen, he mounted his horse at two o'clock at the morning:—

"He reconnoitred the Russian river, without disguising himself, as has been falsely asserted, and under cover of the night crossed this boundary, which five months afterwards he was only able to repass under cover of the same obscurity. When he came up to the bank, his horse suddenly stumbled, and threw him on the sand. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen; a Roman would recoil!" It is not known whether it was himself, or one of his retinue, who pronounced these words.'

The French soldiers were full of enthusiasm:—

'So great was their ardour, that two divisions of the advanced guard, in disputing for the honour of being the first to pass the Niemen, were near coming to blows; and some exertions were necessary to restore order. Napoleon hastened to plant his foot on the Russian territory. He took this first step towards his ruin without hesitation. At first he stationed himself near the bridge, encouraging the soldiers with his looks. The latter all saluted him with their accustomed acclamations. They appeared, indeed, more animated than he; whether it was that he felt oppressed by the weight of so great an aggression, or that his enfeebled frame could not support the effect of the excessive heat, or that he was already intimidated by finding nothing to conquer.

'At length, his natural impatience returned. He suddenly dashed into the country, and penetrated the forest which girt the sides of the river. He set spurs to his horse: he appeared on fire to come in contact with the enemy alone. He rode more than a league in the same direction, surrounded throughout by the same solitude; upon which he found it necessary to return in the vicinity of the bridges, whence he re-descended the river with his guard towards Kowno.'

'At Kowno, Napoleon was exasperated against the Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had broken down, and which opposed the passage of Oudinot. He affected to despise it, like everything else that opposed him, and ordered a squadron of the Polish guard to swim the river. These picked men obeyed the order without hesitation. At first, they proceeded in good order, and when out of their depths redoubled their exertions. They soon reached the middle of the river by swimming. But there the rapidity of the current broke their order. Their horses there became frightened, quitted their ranks, and were carried away by the violence of the waves. They no longer swam, but floated about in scattered groups. Their riders struggled in vain; at length their strength gave way, and they resigned themselves to their fate. Their destruction was certain; but it was for their country: it was in her presence, and for the sake of their deliverers, that they devoted themseves; and even when on the point of being engulfed for ever, they suspended their unavailing struggles, turned their faces toward Napoleon, and exclaimed "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Three of them were especially remarked, who, with their heads still above the billows, repeated this cry and perished instantly. The army was struck with mingled horror and admiration.'

'But Murat was the individual whose incitements were most frequent and animated. Tired of repose, and insatiable of glory, that monarch, who considered the enemy to be within his grasp, was unable to repress his emotion. He quitted the advance-guard, went to Witepsk, and, in a private interview with the emperor, gave way to his impetuosity. He accused the Russian army of cowardice; according to him, it had failed in the rendezvous before Witepsk, as if it had been an affair of a duel. It was a panic-struck army, which his light cavalry alone was sufficient to put to flight. This ebullition extorted a smile from Napoleon; but, in order to moderate his fervour, he said to him: "Murat! the first campaign in Russia is finished; let us here plant our eagles. Two great rivers mark out our position; let us raise block-houses on that line; let our fires cross each other on all sides. Let us form in square battalion; cannons at the angles and the exterior: let the interior contain our quarters and our magazines: 1813 will see us at Moscow—1814 at Petersburgh. The Russian war is a war of three years!"

'It was thus that his genius conceived every thing in masses, and his eye expatiated over an army of four hundred thousand men as if it were a regiment.'

On Napoleon's birth-day—

'Murat and Ney, however, in reporting their success to the emperor, paid homage to that anniversary. They caused a salute of one hundred guns to be fired. The emperor remarked, with displeasure, that in Russia it was necessary to be more sparing of French powder; he was answered that it was Russian powder taken the preceding day. The idea of hearing his birth-day celebrated at the expense of the enemy drew a smile from Napoleon. It was admitted that this very rare species of flattery became such men.'

It appears that there was a want of cordiality between the two principal commanders of the Russian army. Barclay, a cool, calculating, and skilful officer, was against fighting, but by retreating to draw the enemy further from his resources. Bagration, on the other hand, was an old general of the school of Suvanof, who trembled with shame at the idea of retreating without fighting. Nor

were the French generals unanimous, for, when the army had arrived on the Dneiper, and the Russians still avoided battle, Murat wished Napoleon to advance no farther, and threw himself on his knees to entreat he would not march to Moscow. Some useless attacks were made on Smolensk, which cost the French five or six thousand men, when possession of the town was unexpectedly gained :—

'Night came on—Napoleon retired to his tent, which had been placed more prudently than the day before; and the Count de Lobau, who had made himself master of the ditch, but could no longer maintain his ground there, ordered shells to be thrown into the city to dislodge the enemy. Thick black columns of smoke were presently seen rising from several points; these were soon lighted at intervals by flickering flashes, then by sparks, and at last long spires of flame burst from all parts. It was like a great number of distinct fires. It was not long before they united and formed but one vast blaze, which, whirling about as it rose, covered Smolensk, and entirely consumed it with a dismal roaring.

'Count de Lobau was dismayed by so great a disaster, which he believed to be his work. The emperor, seated before his tent, contemplated in silence this awful light. It was as yet impossible to ascertain either the cause or the result, and the night was passed under arms.

'About three in the morning, one of Davoust's subalterns ventured to the foot of the wall, which he scaled without noise. Emboldened by the silence which reigned around him, he penetrated into the city; all at once several voices and the Sclavonian accent were heard, and the Frenchman, surprised and surrounded, thought that he had nothing to do but to sell his life dearly, or surrender. The first rays of the dawn, however, showed him, in those whom he mistook for enemies, some of Poniatowski's Poles. They were the first to enter the city, which Barclay had just evacuated.'

Climate, sickness, want of provisions, and fatigue, rapidly thinned the French armies. The surgeons at Wilna tore up their own shirts for lint for the wounded soldiers, where the hospitals, which held six thousand, were insufficient :—

'At Smolensk, there was no want of hospitals; fifteen spacious brick buildings were rescued from the flames: there were even found some wine, brandy, a few medical stores; and our reserve-waggons for the wounded at length rejoined us: but every thing ran short. The surgeons were at work night and day, but the very second night, all the materials for dressing the wounded were exhausted: there was no more linen, and they were forced to use paper, found in the archieves, in its stead. Parchment served for splinters, and coarse cloth for compresses; and they had no other substitute for lint than tow and birch down (*coton du bouleau*).

'Our surgeons were overwhelmed with dismay: for three days an hospital of a hundred wounded had been forgotten; an accident led to this discovery: Rapp penetrated into that abode of despair. I will spare my reader the horror of a description. Wherefore communicate those terrible impressions which harrow up the soul? Rapp did not spare them to Napoleon, who caused his own wine, and several pieces of gold, to be distributed among such of those unfortunate men as a tenacious life still animated, or whom a disgusting food had supported.'

Although there had been several engagements, and great havoc of men on both sides, yet up to this time there had been no general engagement; the Russians became impatient of the prudent policy of Barclay, and, like Young Norval, longed for battle. Barclay was therefore removed from the command, which was given to Kutusof; the former general showed his patriotism by voluntarily serving under the man who had superseded him, and thus obeying with the same zeal as he had commanded.

The French were equally impatient of a battle, and all were soon gratified with it. On the 6th of September the armies were in sight of each other on the plains of Borodino; they were nearly equal there, being about one hundred and twenty thousand men and six hundred pieces of cannon on each side Napoleon addressed his army in the following terms :—

'"Soldiers," said he, "here is the battle which you have so ardently desired. The victory will now depend upon yourselves; it is needful for us; it will give us abundance, good winter-quarters, and a speedy return home! Behave as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, and at Smolensk, and afford to remotest posterity occasion to cite your conduct on that day: let it be said of you, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"'

'About the middle of the day, Napoleon remarked an extraordinary movement in the enemy's camp; in fact the whole Russian army was drawn up and under arms, and Kutusof, surrounded with every species of religious and military pomp, took his station in the middle of it. He had made his popes and his archimandrites dress themselves in those splendid and majestic insignia which they have inherited from the Greeks. They marched before him, carrying the venerated symbols of their religion, and particularly that divine image, formerly the protectress of Smolensk, which, by their account, had been miraculously saved from the profanation of the sacrilegious French.'

Comte de Segur gives a very circumstantial account of the battle of Borodino. It appears that Napoleon was enfeebled by sickness, and his usual vigour had almost forsaken him. It was during this action, that Belliard, after an inte view with Napoleon, made his situation known.

'Belliard, in consternation, returned to the king of Naples, and informed him of the impossibility of moving the emperor; he said, "he had found him still seated in the same place, with a suffering and dejected air, his features sunk, and a dull look; giving his orders languishingly, in the midst of these dreadful warlike noises, to which he seemed completely a stranger!" At this account, Ney, furious, and hurried away by his ardent and unmeasured character, exclaimed, "Are they then come so far, to be satisfied with a field of battle? What business has the emperor in the rear of the army? There he is only within reach of reverse and not of victory. Since he will no longer make war himself, since he is no longer the general, as he wishes to be the emperor everywhere, let him return to the Tuilleries, and leave us to be generals for him!"'

We have no room for the details of this destructive engagement, but shall quote a few traits of character in this and preceding combats. On one occasion—

'Murat had gone on a few leagues before. Ever since the arrival of Kutusof, troops of Cossacks had been incessantly hovering about the heads of our columns. Murat was exasperated at seeing his cavalry forced to deploy against so feeble an obstacle. We are assured that, on that day, from one of those first impulses worthy of the ages of chivalry, he dashed suddenly and alone towards their line, stopped short a few paces from them, and there, sword in hand, made a sign for them to retire, with an air and gesture so commanding, that these barbarians obeyed and fell back in amazement.'

During the battle of Borodino—

'The soldiers at Friand, drew up in front of Semenowska, repelled the first charges, but, when they were assailed with a shower of balls and grape-shot, they began to give way; one of their leaders got tired, and gave orders to retreat. At that critical moment, Murat ran up to him, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, "What are you about?" The colonel, pointing to the ground, covered with half his troops, answered, "You see well enough that it is impossible to stand here."—"Very well, I will remain!" exclaimed the king. These words stopped the officer: he looked Murat steadily in the face, and turning round, coolly said, "You are right! Soldiers, face to the enemy! Let us go and be killed!"'

In the same battle—

'It was that Fabvier, the aide-de-camp of Marmont, who had arrived but the day before from the heart of Spain, made himself conspicuous: he went as a volunteer, and on foot, at the head of the most advanced sharp-shooters, as if he had come there to represent the army of Spain, in the midst of the great army; and, inspired with that rivalry of glory which makes heroes, wished to exhibit it at the head, and the first in every danger.

'He fell wounded in that too famous redoubt; for the triumph was short-lived; the attack wanted concert, either from precipitation in the first assault, or too great slowness in those who followed.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

This day was most delightful! Such a sky, such an air, such firm dry walking, is not often to be met with in this country; and, accordingly, always anxious to 'make hay

while the sun shines,' after taking a mutton chop and two cups of Souchong for my breakfast, I pat on my easy shoes, and set off, not for the noisy bustling street, nor the crowded highway, nor the unfashionable park.—No! I set off for the ever-varying, and always interesting ocean: that monument of past, present, and to come,—that mighty and commanding prince of this world's grandeur. Here I found, what I never cease to find on its venerable shores, the most delightful food for contemplation, and repose from all the bubbles of this life. It is the resting-place of the thoughts, the quietude of the mind, the Lethe of all mortal anxiety; for, with such a noble book before our eyes, is it possible, for a moment, to allow the busy intrusive cares of our insignificant selves to interfere. With me, it is not possible. I compare myself with this magnificence, and vastness, and sublimity, which lie before me, shrink into my own unimportance, become, mentally, a nonentity and enter into the very depths of the sea, and roam to its extremest verge, as if a part of itself.

If any thing, made by mortal hands, could presume to sit by side of the majesty of nature, certainly this was of all places the one; for what was there in perspective?—A huge mass of elegantly constructed stone-work, carrying its wondrous barrier far into the sea, offering a bold defiance to the fury of storms, and a welcome protection to the tempest-driven mariner. This, then,—this proud specimen of man's agency, was not the most appropriate spot in the world to talk about nonentities, and that indefatigable little biped, in the same breath! True—it was not, but I am a roving writer, and always give free colour to my thoughts; so that I indulged in a strange mixture of humility and pride this day: another sad instance of poor human frailty!

I was, in truth, walking on that grand pier, which is well known in this country as the 'Pigeon-House Promenade.' I could have dwelt there for hours. It was really a most fascinating scene. I was strutting along, on this gigantic causeway, mile after mile, full out towards the main ocean: the sea, on each side, laving the walls, which already begin to look venerable, with a profusion of aquatic plants, that grow on their abrupt ascents. Just peeping from under the horizon, the royal mail steam-packet was driving along at her usual rate, passing all the sailing vessels, on her way from Holyhead to Dunleary; with a long curl of smoke, hanging in the air, from her chimney, like a swaggering pennon floating on the breeze. To the westward, the sun was gilding beyond the summits of the mountains, tinging the neighbouring sky with that rich redness, which we often see closing a fresh day; to the south-east, the moon, now nearly at her full, had already risen, as if to dare comparison, in her own beautiful pellucid sweetness with the gaudy splendour of her great rival; and to smile a benediction on his departure. These matchless perfections of an omnipotent hand seemed to be motionless, as if willing to gaze as long as possible on each other. Their faces were reflected from the water, which lay calm and bright as a vast mirror, giving a faithful copy of all that surrounded and hung over it.

I stood so long to behold this mixture of heavenly and earthly beauty, that it was almost dark by the time I reached land again. I certainly had left the earth for a short time, but I soon found myself once more on *terra firma*, and, as I thought, in a fair way to quit it altogether; for I had to march through such streets, and pass such company on my road, that, a speedy release, in good earnest, from all the uncertainties of this life was by no means an impossible occurrence. However, I got home in safety to eat my roast beef with zeal, and to look back on the day's employment with pleasure. ALOST.

QUERIES ANENT ASMODEUS.

MR. EDITOR,—Pray what is become of that merry, agreeable devil hight Asmodeus? Can it be possible that you have cashiered him, for it is not in the nature of things that he should be actually defunct; which would be almost the only satisfactory reason that could be assigned for his silence at such an interesting and critical period as the present, when both scandal and folly are so rife. Is he making candle for Miss P—n, who has, in spite of Malthus, the calculating theories of political economists, and the laws of female virtue, published to the world the fruits of her *labour*—*query*, professional? in the form of a chopping boy,—greatly, it is said, to the scandal of a certain writer, who had just prepared a very powerful defence for the morals of the stage? But as this reads very much like a digression, let me again ask, what is become of Asmodeus? Can it be possible—you see to what an extremity my doubts drive me;—can it be possible that he is busy in concocting, or in helping the too notorious Harriette to concoct, her precious budget of meretricious scandal and boudoir morality! or is he suggesting to her delicate and sensitive publisher the prudence of defending his honour from the imputations of certain journalists, and of seeking legal redress by actions for libel? It should be loth, however, to imagine that our friend Asmodeus has any thing to do with such loose productions or unchaste characters; perhaps, therefore, he is employed in purer and holier occupations,—in preparing sacred legal ties for Maria and her repentant pea-green squire. If such be really the case, what an honour to have achieved an union that must astound the whole town,—save and excepting the knowing ones. By the by though, Mr. Editor, I think that the lady has not behaved very handsomely towards many of her ultra-sentimental defenders, who sympathized with her most pathetically, and bemoaned over her most lugubriously, as the most ill-treated of her sex, and the most unfortunate of all the unfortunate damsels in this vast metropolis. Now, out of mere decency or gratitude, she ought either to have pined herself to death, or hanged herself in her garters; or at least have abjured the faithless world and the odious sex. But lo! while some good bodies, in the simplicity of their hearts, imagined that she was doing penance in sackcloth and ashes, and hiding her shame from the world, the pert hussey comes giggling and coquetting before the whole town—dancing and singing, and looking most archly and killingly—and comes, not as a conscious trembling frail one, but as a proud victor, and is received with acclamations from an overflowing house—and then, too, the luxury of those delightful newspaper paragraphs, worth a thousand times their weight in gold, filled with such phrases as 'house crowded to suffocation,'—'intense interest of the audience,'—'sympathy of the boxes,'—'fifty guineas a night offered by provincial managers!' Now all this is really—notwithstanding what a few old-fashioned folks may think of it, a prize in the lottery; and we make no doubt that the lady herself thinks so:—therefore, 'let the devil wear black.'

But this has been a tolerably long *by the by*: so let us return to Asmodeus. And where,—if he is making neither candle nor wedding-cake—where can he be, or how is he employed? I can hardly imagine that he is assisting, aiding, and abetting old Porcupine in his history of the Protestant Reformation, and his defence of Catholicism. I will not even suppose, for an instant, that he instigated the valorous Colonel Berkeley to horsewhip the Cheltenham editor; much less can I imagine that he is amusing himself in such low freaks as inspiring fraudulent barbers to swindle 'respectable' females who resort to so singular a method of improving their finances,—out of the curling honours of their heads.

Can it, after all, have actually happened, that Asmodeus has lost himself in attempting to assist Mr. M'Dermot to discover the secret politics of the Times: if so, I should be greatly concerned. But I am rather inclined to suspect that he is playing the truant, and the real author many sly practical jokes in various parts of the town. Indeed, I think it willcome out, by and by, that it is he who has been so mischievously amusing himself in undermining the foundations of the Custom House, and loosening the walls of the Opera House; which are, be it remarked, *en passant*, not the only *loose* part of that establishment. I feel confident, too, it was he who instigated poor George Hale, the peaceable and pacific, to attempt to introduce a very summary reform into our church liturgy, and to enter into a very queer kind of polemical controversy with the officiating clergyman at St. Clement's, during divine service. I shall, however, be extremely glad if you can satisfy me that my apprehensions are groundless, or, rather, if Asmodeus himself would do it under his own hand and seal.

PHILO-ASMODEUS.

* I intend shortly to publish, for the illumination of society, a dissertation on the term 'respectable,' and its nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine meanings, a work which I may venture to term unequalled for extent of research and for philological acumen, to say nothing of the curious anecdote, by way of illustration, with which it will abound.

THE POETS CAMPBELL AND BYRON.

[In justice to Mr. Campbell, we deem it necessary to print his letter in defence of the originality of one of his poems.]

'*To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.*

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—The criticisms in your review of my last volume of poems can form no proper subject for any printed animadversions of mine; but I hope the readers of this letter will excuse me for answering one of your observations, which relates rather to a matter of fact, than to a matter of opinion.

'You say that my poem, the *Last Man*, seems to have been suggested by Lord Byron's poem, *Darkness*.—Now the truth is, that fifteen, or it may be more, years ago, I called on Lord Byron, who at that time had lodgings near St. James's Street; and we had a long, and to me a very memorable conversation, from which, I have not a doubt, that his lordship imbibed those few ideas in the poem Darkness, which have any resemblance to mine in the Last Man. I remember my saying to him, that I thought the idea of a being witnessing the extinction of his species and of the creation, and of his looking, under the fading eye of nature, at desolate cities, ships floating at sea with the dead, would make a striking subject for a poem. I met those very ideas, many years afterwards, when I read Lord Byron's poem, 'Darkness.' It may be asked, why I did not then appeal to Lord Byron about the originality of those few ideas? As circumstances have turned out, I now wish that I had done so. Lord Byron's most attached friend has given me his opinion, that if his lordship had not forgotten the conversation, and was conscious of using an idea which I had suggested to him, he did so prepared to give me credit for the suggestion whenever I should claim that credit. Had I taken this view of the case, and had I also then finished my little poem, I should, in all probability, have written to Lord B. But I had not written the piece, and at that time thought I never should write it. Unimportant as the leading idea was, I was discouraged by its being taken from me. There seemed to me to be no use in setting on foot a correspondence with Lord Byron, merely to dun him for an acknowledgment of my right to a stray idea. He might, or he might not, have recollected our conversation; but if he had forgotten it, his telling me so would have only increased a petty mortification. Then, as for ascertaining the matter by proofs, after years had past, how was I to rake up the recollections of those persons to whom I might have, long ago, mentioned the design of my poem? One might be dead; a second might be uncertain as to dates; and a third certainly had so domestic a relation to me, that the evidence was no better than my own. In reality, I abandoned, for a great many years, the idea of fulfilling my sketch. But I was provoked to change my mind, when my friend Barry Cornwall informed me, that an acquaintance of his intended to write a long poem, entitled the 'Last Man.' I thought this hard! The conception of the Last Man had been mine fifteen years ago; even Lord Byron had spared the title to me: I therefore wrote my poem so called, and sent it to the press; for not one idea in which was I indebted to Lord Byron, or to any other person.

'Had I foreseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron, during his life-time, on this subject; but I could, no more than any one else, foreknow the loss of his mighty genius to the world.

'If it should be alleged that this declaration of mine implies a reflection on Lord Byron's memory, I have to answer, that it by no means necessarily does so. His glory goes against the supposition that he was a conscious plagiary from me; and I am only affirming, what I feel to be true, that I could not be either consciously or unconsciously a plagiary from him. There are really not many ideas in the two pieces which are similar. But supposing my statement to be true, do I depreciate Lord Byron?—No! He either thought my suggestions "fair game," or forgot that it was not himself who had started them. A poor man easily remembers from what quarter he has received each of his few pieces of money or bank-notes; but a rich man easily forgets where he got this or that coin or bank-note, amidst his accumulated thousands! In like manner, Lord Byron was the most likely person in the world to forget the sources of his ideas.

'For the acceptance of what I have declared, I have nothing more to rely upon than my own character and credibility. It would be attaching a ludicrous importance to this matter, for me to offer any stronger affirmation than my word of honour. How few, or how many will believe that word, must depend on the common notions of my veracity; but, supposing me conscious that this is truth, I ask if I have not a right to state it? I am your's, very truly,

'T. CAMPBELL.

'*London, Feb. 28th, 1825.*
10, *Upper Seymour Street, West.*'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

In Imitation of Horace.

LET others, foolish, talk of love,
To captivate the willing fair;
No more that trifle me shall move,
Or give my mind one gloomy care.

Young Cupid, throw aside thy dart,
Nor vainly use the killing trade;
For needless here will prove thy art,
Where no impression can be made.

Long praetis'd in the little ways
Which lead directly to the heart,
'Twas Laura's charms, 'twas Laura's praise,
That to my soul did joy impart.

No other wish but this I crav'd,
To be possess'd of all her charms;
The greatest dangers I'd have brav'd,
Nor fear'd a rival's fierce alarms.

But how mistaken is our bliss,
When we in woman put our trust:
They, smiling, yield a tempting kiss,
But faithless prove to him that's just.

Adieu, then, all the senseless pleasure
That in female forms we take;
All we gain is empty treasure,
'For every woman is a rake.' J. C. F.

AN OUTLAW'S DEATH.

DARK's the night, and black clouds lower
O'er spray-washed rock and moss-grown tower;
But yet on yonder bank there lies
A figure who outfrowns the skies:
Cold is the night, the damps are chill,
But his lone heart is colder still.
See where, at length, the struggling moon
Surmounts obscuring clouds. Now soon
All will be silvered in her light,
And sable scenes exchanged for bright;
A quivering ray beams on his eye,—
Mark you its rolling agony;
His cheeks are blanched with hue of death,
Clenched are his teeth and low his breath
Hark! heard you not a groan arise,
In trembling murmur to the skies;
On that same sigh an outcast's soul—
Broken its chain—to heaven it stole. R. E. S. T.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

THE second exhibition of this infant, but promising institution, will open to the public on Monday; and, if any proof were wanting of the progress of the fine arts in this country, and the necessity there was for a new gallery, open to every department of the art, the success of the Society of British Artists would supply it. Commenced as a sister institution (not a rival or competitor, save in exertion to advance the fine arts) to the Royal Academy and British Institution, it rallied, in a few short months, such a number of artists and patrons of art, as to erect the finest galleries, for the display of pictures, in town, and to fill them with the productions of living British artists.

The second year's exhibition will, we feel confident, meet with increased patronage and support. It contains upwards of seven hundred works of art, in the various branches of oil painting, water-colour drawings, sculpture, architecture, &c. We have neither time nor space to dwell on the respective pictures, but, when we say that Northcote, Heaphy, Holland, Linton, Martin, Haydon, Glover, Sharp, Cartwright, Stanfield, Meyer, Miss Sharples, Nasmyth, Rossi, and the Hennings, with a host of other eminent artists, have distinguished themselves in their respective walks, we shall do sufficent to excite public interest, and cause our readers to expect a treat.

Martin has a picture of singular grandeur, the Creation. Holland has some beautiful landscapes. Linton has a fine composition, Delos, the subject taken from the Æneid, and a most delightful view of The Vale and Lakes of Keswick, in Cumberland. Glover's Ullswater is a fine picture, and Cartwright has a sweet view, the Mole Head at Santa Maura, sunset. John Burnett, the celebrated engraver, has an excellent portrait in oil (the first he ever painted, we believe) of Mr. Copland Hutchinson, the eminent surgeon.

The veteran Northcote exhibits a fine painting of a striking incident in the life of the Emperor of Russia, when his majesty recovered a peasant apparently drowned — There is a charming candle-light scene of a gentleman reading, in which the light is admirably managed Then there are groups of game, which, though hanging head downward, any cockney would fire at on the 1st of September, and such a larder of Christmas fare as would make any poor author's mouth water. In sculpture the Hennings have some clever things, but of those and the gallery generally more anon.

THE DIORAMA.

This splendid exhibition, which neither diminishes in exciting surprise or attraction, is just re-opened to the public. The view of Best Harbour has been withdrawn, and a new view, by moonlight, of Holyrood Chapel has been substituted. The change is much for the better, and we shall be surprised if the new view does not prove one of the greatest favourites that has been presented in this novel and beautiful exhibition. Reserving, however, a more detailed description until we have paid the Diorama another visit, we shall merely remark, that the beautiful view of Chartres Cathedral is retained.

THE DRAMA.

We never new our great theatres less active than they have been lately; it is true that Astley's supported one house, and Miss Foote the other (thanks to their peccadillos) and that the Oratorios filled up another night in the week; yet surely we might have been treated with a new farce, if not a comedy, since the theatres opened for the season. Any person knows that a comedy or a farce can be brought out with little or no expense, and we do think, in justice to dramatic writers, that they should afford them more frequent opportunity of trying their talents before the public. The melodrama of Puss in Boots cost upwards of 2000l. in producing it, and it lived but a single night. Elliston has had equally expensive pieces damned. What a spirit of competition would a sum like this excite among dramatists, did they know they would have, what Englishmen only want, 'a clear stage and no favour.' Speaking of Elliston reminds us that he has a new melodrama in hand, founded on that exhaustless source, the *Arabian Nights*. We hope Mr. Cosby has not been foolish enough to attempt a second thing of the sort. His *Enchanted Courser* ought to convince him that his talent does not lie this way, at least. We had almost forgotten to state, that Mrs Inchbald's insipid comedy of 'Wives as they were, and Maids as they are,' has been renewed at Covent-Garden Theatre; but nothing but the attraction of Miss Foote could make it tolerated.

Madame Catalani's last concert was on Thursday night, when the Argyle Rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. We trust, however, that it will not be her last public appearance in England.

The concerts of Madame Catalani will be succeeded, we understand, by those of the celebrated Madame Szymanousky, who has recently come to town. This lady, who is first pianist to the Empress of Russia, and has astonished all Europe by her talents, gave four concerts last year in London, which were attended by all the rank and fashion in the metropolis.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A SERIES of tables, by C. R. Sanders, Esq. of the Royal Engineers, in which the weights and measures of France are reduced to the English standard, will be published in a few days.

The author of 'Smiles and Tears' is preparing for the press a second series, which will appear in the course of the spring.

The Last Days of Lord Byron is the title of a work which Captain Parry, of Lord Byron's brigade, who was with him at his death, and possessed his confidence in life, means to publish in a short time. The account which he gives of the death of his friend is said to be calculated to add, if any thing could add, to the national regret for his loss; and to excite feelings even stronger than surprise, at the conduct of some persons connected with Lord Byron.

Early in April will be published, a Complete Treatise on Rail-Roads, their Necessity, Advantages, History, and Description; accompanied by a great variety of original experiments on steam-carriages, &c. &c. with numerous drawings and plans, &c. &c. By Nicholas Wood, Esq.

A sort of theological review has appeared in Rome under the title of *Giornale Ecclesiastico*, two numbers of which have already been published. It professes to give a reasoned analysis of all new works on the subject of religion, whether for or against the doctrines of the Catholic church; and it will also contain the decrees and judgments of the sacred college in matters ecclesiastical.

Among the literary on-dits of the day, it appears that the Twenty-ninth of May, an historical novel, now in the press, which has excited much curiosity, will be confined to the description of what happened in London, at Whitehall and Windsor, on the memorable day of the Restoration, when the arrival of Charles le Debonnaire suddenly dispelled the national gloom, and all was banqueting, revelry, and joy. These volumes will be succeeded by a continuation of the history of that extraordinary reign—a subject we should think peculiarly adapted to the descriptive powers of the pen of the author of Wine and Walnuts.

A contrivance, invented by Mr. Sperring, of Buckland, near Frome, to relieve the wheel-horse of a two-wheel carriage going down hill, was tried at Frome on the 9th instant, before several scientific gentlemen and others, and found to answer the purpose to their entire satisfaction. It takes the whole weight from the horse's back, without removing the load; and very much retards the motion of carriages, without being in any way connected with the wheels. It is very simple in its construction, and may be altered at the top or bottom of the hill in a few seconds, with great ease; it may also be disengaged from the carriage in two minutes.

New Theory of Vision.—For the last century, at least, the *retina*, or membrane which lines the bottom of the eye, has been uniformly assumed by metaphysicians, mathematicians, and physiologists, as the seat of vision. M. Lehot, an officer of a royal engineer corps, in a volume which he has recently published in Paris, has started a new opinion; and contends that the *vitreous humour* is the seat of the impression of luminous rays. He denies that there is any direct proof of the popular opinion, that our ideas of external objects are derived from images of them painted on the retina. He argues that the retina is pierced by numerous vessels; that in many animals this membrane is folded, and consequently that its surface is irregular, and incapable of conveying clear and distinct impressions to the mind. Those who suppose the retina to be the immediate seat of vision, he adds, have never been able to explain the power we possess of adapting the eye to different distances; and he announces that his hypothesis has led to the discovery of a methematical law for the estimation of distances, and the real and apparent magnitude of bodies.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	18	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather
Mar.	18	32	44	32	30 58	Fair.
....	19	32	45	37	.. 67	Do.
....	20	35	50	40	.. 65	Do.
....	21	36	47	40	.. 56	Do.
....	22	36	40	38	.. 32	Cloudy.
....	23	40	46	35	.. 17	Fair.
....	24	34	46	38	.. 03	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A SEXTON'S EPITAPH,

Supposed to be inscribed on the tail-*stone.*

I *toll'd* the bell to ring for all
Brought hither underneath the pall;
Now dead, so changed is the decree,
The bell is *told* to ring for me.

Your name is *Miss Cross*, it is true,
And a *cross* miss I sometimes may see;
But so sweetly your smiles are, that you
Are never a cross miss to me.

ENIGMA.

In Rome I dwell,
The pope knows well,
And I am beard
In every word.

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

In Eden's day—the present day,
One law of Nature seems to guide;
Americans accured their CLAY,
And made an ADAM (*e*) to preside. J. R. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SONNETS to Charity in our next; when we are promised a Ramble from Asmodeus.

A pedestrian Trip to Cambridge is intended for insertion.

S——n's articles are good, but we have already so large a stock of such materials on hand, that we cannot increase it on his terms.

Google

Works published since our last notice.—Crosse's Account of the Grand Musical Festival at York, Sept. 1823, with a Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Musical Festivals in England, royal 4to. plates, 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Pictures and the Betrothing, from Tieck, 9*s.*—History of Paris, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Journal of an Exile, 2 vols.—Percival's History of Italy, 2 vols. 30*s.*—Scenes in Palestine, a dramatic sketch, 6*s.*—White's Compendium of the British Peerage, 7*s.*—Don Esteban, or the Memoirs of a Spaniard, 3 vols. 27*s.*—Hazlitt's Select Poets of Great Britain, 15*s.*—Life of Schiller, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Douglas on the Advancement of Society in Knowledge and Religion, 8*s.*—Impressions of the Heart, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Every-Day Occurrences, 2 vols. 14*s.*—Colquhoun on Promises, 14*s.*—Oliver's Critical Grammar of the English Language, on a novel system, 8vo. 16*s.*—Analecta Latina Majora, on the plan of Dalzell's Analecta Græca, 10*s.*

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL EAST.

The SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION for the Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom, will OPEN to the Public on MONDAY next, at Twelve o'Clock. W. LINTON, Secretary.

Admittance, One Shilling—Catalogue, One Shilling.

The ANNUAL DINNER will be held this Day, in the Galleries, where Tickets may be had, £1. 1s. each. Dinner on Table at Six o'Clock.

Dedicated, by permission, to the King.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, illustrated by JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

The first Part of this Work is now ready. The subjects of the Plates in the Quarto Edition are—The Fall of the Rebel Angels and Pandemonium; and in the Octavo Edition—The Fall of the Rebel Angels and Satan Rousing the Fallen Angels.

*** Prospectuses may be had, and Specimens of the Plates seen, at the Publisher's.

RETSCH'S DESIGNS to The FIGHT of the DRAGON, by Schiller.

Mr Henry Moses is now Engraving, in Outline, a Series of Sixteen Designs, by Retsch, to illustrate Schiller's Ballad of The Fight of the Dragon. The First Part, containing four Engravings, will be ready in a few days.

Printed for Septimus Prowett, 23, Old Bond Street.

Of whom may be had,

SCHILLER'S Ballad of Fridolin, or the Road to the Iron Foundry, with eight illustrative designs by Retsch, engraved by Henry Moses, quarto, price 8s. sewed, or 9s. 6d. in extra boards.

This day is published, price 1s. 6d.

A LECTURE on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of SHIPPING, NAVIGATION, and COMMERCE, read before the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, on Thursday, Feb. 10, 1825; together with an Abstract of the Produce of the Revenue of the United Kingdom, in the years ended Jan. 5, 1824, and Jan. 5, 1825.

By CHARLES POPE, Esq.

A Member of the Society.

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Alexander Fifth,	Cardinal Alberoni,
Cardinal Ximenes,	Dr. Franklin,
Hadrian Sixth,	King of Sweden.
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Professor of the Spanish Language in London.

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On the 31st,

THE ALBUM, No. VIII. The following original Papers form part of the Contents:—Another Twopenny to Mr. Andrews—The Literature of the New World—On Beards—Ancient Athens and Paris before the Revolution—Wilful Breezes—John Kemble—Bulls—A German's Note Book on England—My Vagabond days (concluded)—Return of Francis the First from Captivity—Recollections of Oxford—Katharine Parr Complaint of a School-Mistress—Captivity of Cervantes in Algiers—Country Curate—Ru ned City (concluded)—Wild Water Pond—The Bath Man (concluded).

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day, 209; The Laughing Philosopher, 212; Outlines of Philosophical Education, 212; The Two Mines and the Spanish Guerillas, 213; Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, 215.—*Original:* Hair-dressers, Gentilities, Troubles, and Affectations, 217; Rambles of Amandeus, 218; New Steam Engine, 219.—*Original Poetry:* Sonnet to Charity, 219; The Parson and the Nose, 220.—*Fine Arts:* Society of British Artists, 220; Diorama, 221; Mr. Soane's Sarcophagus, 221; Lady Bell's Pictures, 222.—*Drama*, 222.—*Literature and Science*, 222.—*Bee*, 223.

No. 307. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day, containing a Description of its Antiquities, Public Buildings, Civil, Religious, Scientific, and Commercial Institutions, with numerous Historical Facts and Anecdotes hitherto unpublished, tending to illustrate the different Eras of French History, particularly the eventful Period of the Revolution. To which is added an Appendix, containing a Notice of the Church of St. Denis, an Account of the Violation of the Royal Tombs, important Statistical Tables, derived from Official Sources, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1364. London and Paris, 1825. Whittaker.

We have copied the whole of this title, which, though long, is not out of proportion to the size and value of the work; and yet, considering the quantity of letter-press it contains, few works of the present day are published so cheap. A few years ago France was, so far as its people and customs are concerned, almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen; we were assiduously taught to hate and despise it and its sons. That the French were slaves and wore wooden shoes, that one Englishman would beat ten Frenchmen, and that they were our natural enemies, appeared to be an essential part of our creed, from which it was little better than treason to dissent. A peace of ten years, a free and uninterrupted intercourse between the two countries, and a pretty general acquaintance with the French language, have, however, done much in dispelling these prejudices, which were not only illiberal but unjust. Indeed, the tide seemed for some time to have set in an opposite direction, and we were in danger of relinquishing all our study of English customs, habits, and bluntness, for French fashions, dress, and politeness. It was then that our old friend, Joe Grimaldi, sang with so much truth—

> 'London now is out of town;
> Who in England tarries?
> Who can bear to linger there,
> When all the world 's in Paris?'

But although a trip to France was no more thought of than a trip to Highgate, yet, with the exception of a 'Picture of Paris' and a few descriptive sketches in magazines, the British public who did not cross the Channel have had few means of judging of the French metropolis. This is the more remarkable, as the history of the capital of any kingdom is in some degree that of the nation, and Paris is so rich in architecture and institutions, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants differ so much from those of the British metropolis, that one would have expected some person to have become the historian of the French capital before this time.

At length the task has been undertaken, and executed with no ordinary share of ability, by the author of the volumes before us, who has no occasion to beg indulgence for his labours, which he modestly does in a brief preface. He states, truly enough, that no similar work has ever appeared on the subject, and says, we believe truly, that 'the materials have been selected from authors of the highest reputation,' adding that 'no small pains have been taken to ascertain the truth relative to points upon which a difference of opinion exists.' In order to have as correct an account as possible of the present state of the public establishments in Paris, the author has procured information from the best and most authentic sources.

The work commences with an account of the origin and foundation of Paris, and proceeds to describe its state, and trace its history, under the Romans, Franks, and the Capetian dynasties, down to the present period. The more immediately descriptive part here commences with the ecclesiastical history and account of the churches, convents, monasteries, &c. These finish the first volume: the second includes an historical and descriptive account of the royal and other palaces, gardens, the public buildings, hotels ancient and modern, the scientific institutions, charitable institutions and prisons, libraries and museums, theatres, public gardens, &c. The third volume contains an account of the royal manufactories, markets, slaughter-houses, &c. the places and triumphal arches, rivers, aqueducts, fountains, bridges, quays, city walls, boulevards, streets, catacombs, cemetries, &c.

Such are the heads of some of the main subjects so admirably treated of in these volumes; they, however, necessarily branch out into many others, all of which are described with accuracy and minuteness. The work is one of fact, and not of dissertation. From the intimate acquaintance the author displays with his subject, we feel almost convinced that he is a Frenchman; and yet there is a straight-forward John Bullishness about the work, which would make us half dispute our own conviction.

In the introduction the author gives a rapid but succinct view of the history of the French metropolis, leaving, however, the more striking events of a local character to be narrated in the description of the places with which they are associated. Rejecting the ingenious fiction of those who ascribe the origin of Paris to the prince of that name who escaped the sacking of Troy, our author ascribes its foundation to the Parisii, who are supposed to have been natives of Belgium, and who, escaping the swords of their enemies, established a settlement on the banks of the Seine. The Senones, a powerful nation, who yielded to them a territory of some ten or twelve leagues, are supposed to have imposed on them certain conditions. The Seine, in traversing this limited territory, formed, at the point where Paris is now situated, five islands, the largest of which was selected by the Parisians as their fortress. It received the name of *Lutèce* or *Leucotece*, and afterwards was called *Isle de la Cité*. The fortress had no walls, and was only defended by the course of the Seine. It was not then a city, for the Parisii dwelt in huts scattered over their fields; and, when an attack was apprehended, they retired with their families, provisions, and cattle, into their fortress, where they built huts for their temporary accommodation. Such was the humble origin of the Parisian nation, the extent of their territory, and the destination of the fortress of Lutèce.

At the time of the Roman invasion, Gaul was divided into sixty-four tribes, of which the Parisii were one. They had thus begun to acquire importance; and, in the fourth century, their town of Lutèce, which had increased considerably, changed its name for that of Parisii, or Paris. It now became a municipal city, and had its *ordo municipalis*. Towards the end of the Roman power, Paris had two palaces; and its growth from this time, if not rapid, was at least regular. Numerous antiquities, evidences of the Roman sway, have, from time to time, been found in France, an interesting account of which our author gives in a note. Paris suffered severely by the marauding incursions of the Danes and the Normans. During the religious and political contests which took place so frequently in the early part of the sway of the Capetian dynasty, Paris was often the scene of outrage and assassination. It was in Paris that the most wanton and bloody massacre ever perpetrated was committed, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of which there is a well-written and circumstantial account in these volumes. The facts are generally known, but they ought never to be forgotten. During this dreadful scene:—

> "The city," says the historian, De Thou, "was nothing but a scene of horror and carnage; all the *places* and streets resounded with the shouts of the madmen who had given themselves up to slaughter and pillage; from every quarter the shrieks of the wounded and dying met the ear. Wherever the eye turned, it fixed upon dead bodies thrown out of the windows; the chambers and the courts were filled with the slain, whose corpses were

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dragged through the kennels. In the streets the tide of blood was so great, that it flowed in torrents: in short, there was an innumerable multitude of persons massacred, men, women, and children."

'Another contemporary writer speaks of this day as follows:—'Sunday (August 24) was employed in murder, violation, and pillage. The streets were covered with dead bodies, the river was dyed with blood, the gates and entrances of the king's palace were stained with gore. The paper would weep, were I to recite the horrible blasphemies uttered by these monsters, these incarnate devils. The uproar, the continual report of muskets and pistols, the lamentable and terrifying cries of the tormented, the shouting of the murderers, the bodies cast out of the windows, and the sacking of more than six hundred houses, may present to the reader's mind the picture of these excesses, and the diversity of the miseries and crimes. The commissaries, captains, *quarteniers*, and *diriemiers* of Paris, went, with their subalterns, from house to house, wherever they thought Huguenots might be found; forced the doors, and then cruelly massacred all who fell into their hands, without regard to sex or age, being encouraged in their work by the Dukes d'Aumale, de Guise, and de Nevers, who ran about the streets, crying, "Kill, kill every one! the king commands it!" Waggon-loads of the dead bodies of men, women, and children, were thrown into the river. The court of the Louvre and different parts of the city streamed with blood."'

These were not the acts of insurgents throwing off their allegiance. Oh, no; the murders were committed by the command of the fiend-like King Charles IX. at the instigation of his more fiendish mother, Catharine de Médicis, and was to them a feast, which they witnessed with transports of joy. The king even assisted in the massacre:—

'A day-break, Charles IX. placed himself at a window of the Hotel du Petit Bourbon, which projected upon the bank of the Seine, and, with carbines charged for the purpose, fired upon the miserable fugitives, who, having escaped the dagger, were swimming across the river for safety; and, to encourage the assassins, he incessantly exclaimed: "Kill, kill; let us fire; *Mordieu!* they escape."

'By an unaccountable error, during the revolution, an inscription was fixed at the balcony of the Salon d'Apollon, in the Louvre, stating, that Charles IX. fired upon the Protestants from that window. Bonaparte, when first consul, ordered it to be removed.'

We shall not follow our author through the remaining part of his introductory history, but merely observe, that his sketches of the events of the revolution are slight, but accurate. He does justice to the genius of Bonaparte, while he condemns his ambition; he repeats, however, what no one can deny, that 'Paris, considered in relation to public establishments, is under great obligations to Napoleon Bonaparte.'

The descriptive part of these volumes commences with the churches, and, first, with the cathedral church of Nôtre Dame. The first Christian church built in Paris was about the year 375. The origin of the church of Nôtre Dame is lost in obscurity, and, leaving to antiquaries to solve the mystery, we shall quote an account of some customs performed at this church about this season of the year:—

'In 1449, some notable personages, master-goldsmiths of Paris, agreed, as an act of devotion, to present annually, on the first of May, at midnight, a *May* before the principal door of this church. They elected a prince for one year only, who was to settle the expenses of the said *May*.

'The *May* was placed on a pillar in the form of a tabernacle, in the several faces of which were small niches, occupied by different figures of silk, gold, and silver, representing certain histories, and below them were explanatory inscriptions in French verse. The *May* remained at the great door from midnight till after vespers the next day, when it was transported, together with the pillar, before the image of the Virgin near the choir, and the old *May* of the preceding year was removed into the chapel of St. Anne, to be kept there also a year. This ceremony was regularly observed till 1607, when the goldsmiths presented to the church a triangular tabernacle of wood, very curiously wrought, in which three paintings were inclosed; these paintings were changed annually, and the old ones hung up in the chapel of St. Anne.

'Every year, on Palm Sunday, the clergy of the churches and villages subject to the Bishop of Paris having assembled at Nôtre Dame, the prelate, attended by his canons, and two *cheveciers*, who carried the shrine of Saint Marcel, joined them, and they went in procession to the church of St. Geneviève. There the bishop consecrated the palms with the usual prayers, and, when the service was over, they proceeded by the Rue St. Jacques to the *Porte de la Cité*, or the *Petit Châtelet*. All the houses were covered with tapestry, and on each side there were benches for the canons. A response having been sung, the bishop chanted before the door of the prison *Attollite portas*, and, entering, delivered and brought out a prisoner, according to custom, who followed him back to Nôtre Dame, bearing his train. The canons, singing various anthems, entered the church and dispersed.

'On Maunday-Thursday, in Holy Week, the canons of Nôtre Dame performed the ceremony of washing the feet of fifty poor men, to each of whom they gave four *deniers*. This ceremony was called *Mandatum*, because Jesus Christ, having washed the feet of his disciples, said to them, *Mandatum novum do vobis ut diligatis invicem*; and these words were sung during the service. Moreover, from the first Monday in Lent to Maunday Thursday, the priest of the week, with the deacon and sub-deacon, washed the feet of thirteen poor men every day, except Sunday, and gave to each of them four *deniers*. The priests, deacon, and sub-deacon, received the same sum each, and three chorister-boys, who assisted, had each one *denier*. The ceremony took place in the refectory, at the beginning of which, towards the west, along the wall, were stones hollowed out for the feet of fifteen poor persons, and in the middle of each stone was a hole, through which the water ran underground, and was lost. When the *Mandatum* was concluded, the poor men could not depart till they had joined in some prayers, which were said for Eudes, seventy-first Bishop of Paris, who left a bushel of corn per annum to support this charity; and also for Maistre Pierre, sub-chanter who left a perpetual annuity of twenty *sols Parisis* for the same purpose.

'During part of the middle ages, particularly in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a very extraordinary ceremony, called *Fête des Fous*, was performed annually in the church of Nôtre Dame. It began by the *Fête des Sous Diacres*, called in derision *Fête des Diacres Soûls*, which was celebrated on the 26th of December, the fête of St. Stephen, ancient patron of this church. It served as a prelude to the *Fête des Fous*, the celebration of which commenced on the 1st of January, and terminated on Twelfth-Day.

'In the first *fête*, an *évêque des fous*, chosen from among the deacons and sub-deacons of the cathedral, was consecrated with some ridiculous words and actions. The clergy then walked in procession towards the church, carrying the mitre and crosier before the new bishop, who, being installed, and seated on the episcopal throne, pronounced his benediction upon the people with an assumed gravity, which was the more ridiculous, as the terms of the benediction were the opposite of a blessing.

'The ceremonies of the *Fête des Fous* were even more extravagant. The clergy went in procession to the *évêque des fous*, and conducted him with solemnity to the church, where his entrance was announced by the ring ng of bells. Upon arriving at the chœur, he placed himself on the bishop's seat, when the high mass began, and, at the same time, the most ridiculous actions and most scandalous scenes.

'The clergy appeared in different costumes, some dressed like mountebanks, others as women, their faces blackened with soot, or covered with hideous bearded masks; on which account this and similar *fêtes* were sometimes called *Barbatoires*.

'Thus disguised, the clergy gave themselves up to all sorts of folly and disorder. Some sang and danced during the celebration of mass; some played at dice even upon the altar, although it was a game at that time strictly prohibited; others drank, or ate soup and sausages, which they offered to the officiating priest, without suffering him to take any; they also burnt old shoes, the smoke of which they caused him to inhale instead of incense.

'After mass, the same orgies were carried on to still greater excess, and were not unfrequently accompanied by quarrels and fighting. At length the performers left the church, and spread themselves through the streets; some, mounting on scavengers' carts, amused themselves with throwing dirt upon the crowd which followed them; others, mixed with laymen, ascended a sort of stage, and exhibited the most extravagant scenes.

'Many attempts were made in vain, by sober and religious people, to abolish this scandalous exhibition. It was condemned by several councils, and proscribed by royal ordinances; but it continued to exist until the fifteenth century, and appears only to have given way before the progress of manners and knowledge.'

In the church of Nôtre Dame were a few relics, of which the spoliation of 1791 has not left the slightest vestige. The coronation of Bonaparte by Pope Pius VII. took place in this church on the 3d of December, 1804, and our author gives a very ample and interesting account of this august ceremony. But, passing for the present from the churches to the prisons (and the passage was quick and frequent enough formerly), we find in them dreadful proofs of the barbarity of the ages in which they were constructed, and suffered to exist; and, first, of the prison of the chapter of Nôtre Dame:—

'The jurisdiction of the chapter of Notre Dame extended over their cloister and into the Rue d'Arras, near the Rue St. Victor. The officers of their court were a bailiff, a lieutenant, a procureur-fiscal, &c. The precise situation of their prison is unknown; it appears, however, to have been in the *cité*, not far from the cathedral.

'In the year 1252, the chapter levied a heavy contribution upon several villages belonging to them in the environs of Paris. The inhabitants of Châtenay refusing to raise the contribution, the canons caused them to be apprehended, and committed to their prisons, which was very small.

'Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, being informed that these prisoners were destitute of both food and air, begged the chapter to set them at liberty, and offered to give bail for them. The canons replied, that no person had a right to interfere with their subjects or their privileges, and that they could put them to death if they thought proper: moreover, in order to show their defiance of the queen, they apprehended the wives and children of the prisoners, and committed them to the same prison.

'Exhausted by hunger, thirst, and want of air, some of the prisoners fell victims daily; when the queen, exasperated at the conduct of the canons, went to the prison with some servants, whom she commanded to break open the door. The servants refused, not daring to attack the rights of the church. The queen, determined to accomplish her design, began beating the door, which being once struck, the charm was dissolved, and the servants, following the example of their royal mistress, forced it open. A multitude of men, women, and children, pallid, and tottering through weakness, immediately came forth, and, dreading to be subjected to fresh punishment, implored protection of the queen, who succeeded in delivering them from their state of bondage to the chapter.'

In the Prison du Grand Châtelet, the most wanton tortures appear to have been committed:—

'In the accounts of the *prevôté* of Paris, there is this article:—"Brass pulley for the use of the prison de la Fosse at the Châtelet." It appears that the prisoners were lowered into the dungeon, named *la Fosse*, by an opening contrived in the vault, in the same manner as a bucket descends into a well.

'Perhaps this *fosse* was the same that was called *Chaussée d'Hypocras*, where the prisoners' feet were in water, and they could neither stand upright nor lie down. Its form must have been that of an inverted cone. In general, the prisoners confined here died after a fortnight's detention.

'Another dungeon, filled with ordure and reptiles, was called *Fin d'Aise*. In short, most of the names of these prisons, and especially *Les Oubliettes*, present a dreadful idea of them to the mind. This prison was demolished in 1802, with the other buildings of the Châtelet.'

The Bastile, retained by the Bourbons to the last, had also its instruments of torture. The Bastile was composed of eight towers:—

'It was in one of the towers of this fortress that Louis XI., in 1475, caused the celebrated wooden cage to be constructed for Guillaume de Haranecourt, bishop of Verdun. It was extremely substantial, being composed of thick planks, fastened together by iron bars, and so heavy, that it was necessary to build a new arch for it to rest upon. Nineteen carpenters were employed twenty days in its construction.

'In this cage, or one similar to it, Anne Dubourg, councillor of the *Parlement*, condemned to be burnt for heresy, was shut up in 1559.

'The Bastile contained, also, dark and humid dungeons, *basse-fosses*, and *oubliettes*, where the prisoners were left to die of hunger. At the time of its demolition, there appeared sufficient proof of the atrocious cruelty committed within its walls. Four human skeletons in chains were discovered, and transported to the cemetry of the parish of St. Paul.'

The capture of the Bastile, though often described, will always be read with interest, and we therefore quote our author's account of it:—

'The capture of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, is one of the most remarkable events that signalized the French revolution. At that period, the ramparts were mounted with fifteen pieces of cannon, and in the court opposite the entrance were three pieces charged with case-shot. The apprehension that an attack would be made upon this fortress, led to extraordinary measures of precaution; stones were piled up upon the bastions and ramparts, and, on the 12th of July, twenty thousand pounds' weight of gunpowder were introduced: the invalids were all at their post, but the assault against which they had to defend themselves was that of the whole population of Paris. On the evening of the 13th, the plan of attack was formed, but the fury of the populace superseded all plans. At an early hour on the morning of the 14th, cries of *à la Bastile, à la Bastile*, resounded through Paris, and groups of the populace began to form in the vicinity of the fortress. The governor, M. de Launoy, presented himself, and, braving the fury of the multitude, ordered the cannon to be directed upon the capital. M. Thuriot de la Rosière besought the governor to remove the cannon, which tended only to increase the rage of the people. This was done, and M. de la Rosière was hailed with acclamations. Shortly afterwards, a deputation from the Commune of Paris, with the Abbé Fauchet at its head, demanded a conference with the governor, who ordered the drawbridge to be lowered for their admission: but they had scarcely entered the first court, when they were precipitately followed by the multitude, demanding arms and ammunition. On seeing this, the governor ordered the bridge to be raised, and a discharge of musketry to be directed upon the intruders. The shrieks of the wounded and dying redoubled the rage of the assailants, who shouted "Assassination! Treason!" Two of them immediately mounted a guard-house, from whence they leaped beyond the drawbridge, and with an axe broke its chains, and lowered it, under a brisk fire from the fortress. The populace immediately rushed into the court, but were driven back by a discharge of musketry. The attack soon recommenced with redoubled violence, and the arrival of a detachment of grenadiers, and a troop of citizens with cannon, gave fresh energy to the besiegers. Waggon-loads of straw were set on fire below the ramparts, the smoke of which concealed from the besieged the manœuvres of the assailants, some of whom pushed the attack upon the entrance, whilst others fired from the roofs of the adjacent houses upon those who manned the ramparts.

'During this attack, a body of the populace forced the arsenal, and brought ammunition of every kind to the besiegers. Having made themselves masters of the first bridge by this impetuous attack, the assailants dragged three pieces of cannon before the second bridge.

'The governor, seized with terror, determined to blow up the fortress; but the match was wrested from his hand by one of the invalids. He then entreated a barrel of gunpowder for his own destruction, which was denied him. At length a white flag was hoisted on the battlements, and the garrison offered to capitulate. After some hesitation, the capitulation was accepted. The bridges were then lowered, and the soldiers and populace rushed into the inner part of the fortress. The invalids laid down their arms, and the populace seized the governor, to conduct him to the Hôtel de Ville; but, before he arrived there, his head was severed from his body, and carried upon a pike in triumph.

'Many of the populace, who now thronged the ramparts and battlements, were killed by the fire of the assailants, who were ignorant of the capitulation. At length, a grenadier waved his cap from the parapet, and the firing ceased. The prisons and dungeons were then broken open, and the prisoners set at liberty. The fetters, iron corslets, armour, keys of the dungeons, and instruments of torture, were taken by the populace, and borne as trophies to the Hôtel de Ville.

'The Bastile was demolished in May and June, 1790, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly; part of the materials

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were employed in the construction of the Pont Louis XIV. Its site now forms the Place de la Bastile, and the moat is converted into a basin for vessels passing through the new canal.'

(To be continued.)

The Laughing Philosopher, being the entire Works of Momus, Justice of Olympus, Democritus, the merry Philosopher of Greece, and their illustrious Disciples, Ben Jonson, Butler, Swift, Gay, Joseph Miller, Esq. Churchill, Voltaire, Foote, Steevens, Wolcot, Sheridan, Curran, Colman, and others. Translated into our vernacular English tongue. By JOHN BULL, Esq. pp. 767. London, 1825. Sherwood and Jones.

SOME mischievous wag, who wished to libel the only person in this transitory globe that discovered how the world was created, has ascribed the Laughing Philosopher to Sir Richard Phillips. That he is a philosopher who will doubt that has read his essay 'on the Proximate Causes of the Material Phenomena of the Universe;' but, if he is a laughing philosopher, he is not like Sir John Falstaff, witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, for we assure our readers it is no laughing matter to read the essays to which we have alluded.

The Laughing Philosopher is a collection of facetiæ, tales of humour, &c. all perfectly original, as we shall prove. Among other novelties, it contains Dean Swift's Directions for Servants; Monsieur Tonson; a tale, by John Taylor, Esq. of the Sun—by the bye, the only *shining* thing he ever did; then there is Madame Blaize, by one Oliver Goldsmith, now printed for the *first* time. We have also that rare anecdote preserved either in the Harleian, Bodleian, or Cracherode MSS. or else in the Vatican, of Queen Elizabeth visiting Coventry, when the mayor thus addressed her *Highness*—

'We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see,' &c.

We would fain quote the whole of this anecdote, but are afraid the publisher would get an injunction in Chancery against us. We will even hazard this to appropriate an unique epitaph (never printed before) on a man who had acquired money by dishonourable means, and died just when his frauds were detected. It is as follows:—

'Lie still if you're wise,
You'll be damn'd if you rise.'

One of the choicest things that the volume presents is an entirely new song, beginning—

'Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
Full of mirth and full of glee,
And his mind he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.'

The excellences of this work are, however, so numerous, that we scarcely know how to particularize them;—but plague on those ancients, and moderns too! they have robbed The Laughing Philosopher of so many good things. There is the Edinburgh Magazine, published about eighteen months before The Laughing Philosopher, has, by a sort of second-sight robbery, stolen the Steam-Boat, commencing—

'If smack to London thou would'st wish to go.'

Then Cowper, that saintly creature, has notually, by anticipation, stolen John Gilpin. How to examine a Witness was purloined in the Encyclopædia of Wit, twenty years ago. An Essay on the Melancholy of Tailors, audaciously claimed by Charles Lamb some dozen years since, belongs of right to The Laughing Philosopher, where it now appears. George Colman, as we find, for the latter half of his life, has been rifling this volume; but his plagiarisms are exposed, by putting his name to them. This is not the case with the Peter Pindarics and other good things, which the New Monthly Magazine, by some singular artifice, appears to have abstracted monthly from the portfolio of The Laughing Philosopher, who now prints them in this volume, where they ought originally to have appeared. Among the articles surreptitiously obtained, are 'Thaddy Mahone and Sylvia Sprat,' 'Mrs. Dobbs at Home,' 'Love among the Law-Books,' and we know not how many other good things. We might pursue the subject, but we shall conclude, with asking Blackwood how he came by his 'Letter from a First-floor Lodger!'—the brothers Percy, where they got some dozen or score articles, which appear in The Laughing Philosopher. We wish, also, to know, how our once-contemporary, The Literary Museum, possessed itself of the Pyramid of Drink; and by what dishonest means some of the twopennies were enabled to forestall the work before us, in the articles 'How to break Ill News to a Friend,' 'Grimaldi's Lament,' 'The Matrimonial Ladder,' &c. &c.

We might pursue the subject much farther; but we have done quite enough to show of how many good things The Laughing Philosopher has been deprived by the forestalling, regrating, and engrossing of his predecessors. We say nothing of the Beau Tibbs, the Prologue to the School for Scandal, the Pilgrim and Peas, Nose and Eyes, The Bashful Man, &c. for which, we trust, Goldsmith, Garrick, Peter Pindar, Cowper, &c. will be able to vindicate themselves.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge, jesting apart, that The Laughing Philosopher is a very amusing companion, and that he gives us a liberal pennyworth for our penny.

Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of Teaching the Logic Classes in the University of Glasgow; together with Observations on the Expediency of extending the Practical System to other Academical Establishments; and on the Propriety of making certain Additions to the Course of Philosophical Education in Universities. By GEORGE JARDINE, A. M. F.R.S.E. Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in that university. Second Edition enlarged. Post 8vo. pp. 528. London, 1825.

IF an experience of half a century in one particular branch of education may be considered as qualifying a person to write on the subject, then would Professor Jardine require no other recommendation; since he has been employed for the long period of fifty years in the department of the first philosophy class in the University of Glasgow. If in the course of his superintendence he has not struck out new paths, nor discovered a royal road to literary and scientific arguments, he has at least cast off the prejudices of the schoolman, and has not closed his eyes to the possibility of making improvements in our systems of education.

Professor Jardine is of opinion that the system of philosophical education, as at present conducted in the universities, 'is too much confined to the mere communication of knowledge, and that too little attention is bestowed on the formation of those intellectual habits of thinking, judging, reasoning, and communication, upon which the farther prosecution of science and the business of active life almost entirely depend.' This applies in a great measure to every branch of education, the philosophy of which is not sufficiently attended to.

In the course of his public lectures, while Professor Jardine explained the first principles of the philosophy of the human mind, he uniformly accompanied the lectures with a system of active discipline on the part of his students, with a view to investigate and improve the important habits of inquiry and of communication.

The 'Outlines of Philosophical Education,' by Professor Jardine, are divided into two parts: the first exhibits a view of the lectures which are delivered to the students, combining in a simple and intelligible form the elements of the science of the mind with an analysis of the different intellectual powers, in the order of their connection and dependence—the theory of language, as illustrative of human thought—the principles of taste and criticism, and the means of improving the powers of communication by speech and writing.

The second part, considered by the professor as the most useful department of his labours, is devoted to an account of the practical system of discipline to which the students of the class are regularly subjected for the purpose of acquiring habits of inquiry and communication.

As this is a second edition (and we rarely notice second editions at all), we shall not review at such length as we should otherwise have done, this excellent work; it develops an admirable system of education, which ought invariably to be adopted in universities and public seminaries where the higher branches of education are taught.

Nothing could certainly be more absurd than the old jog-trot system of confining youths for seven or eight months to the study of logic and metaphysics; this has, however, given way to a more rational system, which will be still further extended if the enlightened views of Professor Jardine are allowed to prevail. Alluding to the plan of instruction pursued in the English universities, Professor Jardine says—

'It has been maintained, that, with all their defects, these institutions have sent out into the world more great men—a larger number of persons distinguished in the different walks of science and literature, as well as in all the pursuits of public life—than almost all other establishments of the same kind. The views upon which this argument

is founded are extremely fallacious, and prove rather that native genius cannot be depressed by defective systems of education, than that eminent talent, or even great acquirements, are to be attributed to any mode of teaching. The greatest men whom the world has produced have owed but a very slight obligation to the care or skill of masters; and, when we peruse the biography of Milton, Locke, Newton, and Johnson, we are at a loss to discover upon what other ground, than that their names were entered in a college record, any merit has been taken by the seminaries wherein they happen to keep their terms. Is it imagined that, if men of genius were to give the history of the various steps of their secret studies, and the accidental aids by which they gradually attained celebrity, they would have much to ascribe to the forms, and lessons, and commentaries, of a college tutor? It were to be wished, indeed, in order to place this mode of reasoning on its proper foundation, that we had a list of the thousands who might have been scholars and men of science, if they had been suitably instructed; for, it is worthy of remark, that the merit of academical institutions is to be estimated, not by the few men of uncommon talents who have been there educated, but by their success in cultivating ordinary ability; in raising the lowest mental endowments to that degree of eminence which nature has placed within their reach; and, above all, by the tendency which they have to confirm habits of industry and a love of research. In short, we must not draw our conclusions in this field of inquiry from particular instances; and we have it not, in general, in our power to found them upon a comparative estimate of what is actually performed; because we cannot determine how much is due in every single case to natural gifts, how much is to be ascribed to individual exertion, and, of course, how much belongs to the teacher, and how much to the system of the school.'

In this we perfectly agree, as well as in the observations that follow:—

'By a system of practical education, well regulated and judiciously enforced, the student is enabled to become his own teacher; and, when he has been accustomed to exercise his own faculties,—to arrange his thoughts, whether for prosecuting his researches, or for committing them to paper, he finds that he can do for himself what the most learned professor, without such means, could never have qualified him to perform. The result, on the whole, is, that, unless professors condescend to become teachers, not only communicating instructions to their students, but subjecting them to a regular course of active labour, and thus obtaining an opportunity of knowing the progress of their minds, of correcting their labours, and of directing them to the means of higher degrees of excellence, the effects of education will only be experienced by the chosen few, whose natural talents enable them to follow out, and profit by the ingenious lectures of the professor.

'In the university with which I have so long been connected, the practical mode of education is zealously followed in all the departments of the under-graduate course.—In the class of moral philosophy, which succeeds that of the logic, the professor meets his students at two separate hours, each day, during the session. At the first of these, he delivers a lecture on the principles of ethical science, embracing such inquiries into the nature of the human mind, as are connected with the character of man, considered as a moral agent, and are necessary to unfold those states of thought and feeling, known by the terms instinct, appetite, desire, passion, and affection. In this way the student is led to consider the origin and authority of moral sentiment, and to trace the rise of those energetic principles which actuate and impel the vast mechanism of human society;—as, also, the source and distinction of moral good and evil, of praise and blame, of reward and punishment. He is made acquainted with the opinions of the learned, in ancient and modern times, respecting the obligation of morality, the qualities of mind and of action in which virtue consists, and the various standards of moral excellence which have been proposed, in different ages and nations, to determine the true source of approbation in the human mind.

'Those subjects are followed by a consideration of the principles of law and government, so far as these are founded on the moral nature of man;—tending to illustrate the gradual progress of refinement in the history of civil society.

'At the second hour of meeting, the students are examined on the various topics of the lecture which I have just described;—or they listen to the remarks of the professor on the essays they are enjoined to write, which he reads daily in the class; or, according to a practice long established in that department, they translate to him a portion of some of the ethical works of Cicero, or of the Novum Organon of Lord Bacon. This latter exercise, like the lectures of the college-tutors in English universities, is accompanied with a commentary on the part of the professor.

'In the class of natural philosophy, the last in the under-graduate course, the professor likewise meets his students at two separate hours every day. At the one, he gives lectures on the elements of matter and motion,—on mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy. It being understood that the students have previously made some progress in mathematics, he applies demonstrative reasoning to those parts of his subjects which admit of it; while, in other branches, he illustrates the laws and processes of nature by a regular course of experiments carefully prepared, and exhibited by means of a very expensive and ingenious apparatus, enlarged from time to time, as the progress of the arts required.

'But it is chiefly by following out a regular system of examinations and exercises, that my respected colleagues, in these two departments, render their labours available to the great object of academical instruction, nor is there any part of the business of the class more agreeable to the young men themselves: as a proof of this, it deserves to be mentioned, that, besides the exercises which are required from the whole class, there are not a few presented as the fruits of voluntary study and exertion on the part of individuals. The spirit of emulation and the desire of improvement, which are thus excited, make the labour light, and even pleasant. The student has the pride of appearing before his master and his companions in the character of an author; and, however incorrect or trivial his performances may be, they afford him at least the means of regulating thought, of improving his reasoning and his style, and of measuring the progress which he makes under the training to which his mind is subjected. In a word, the manifold advantages of this system, both to teachers and pupils, can only be appreciated by those who have had the experience of their happy effects; and, that this practical method of philosophical instruction is not more generally adopted in our academical institutions, is only to be accounted for, by the very familiar fact that public functionaries are, for the most part, more inclined to rest satisfied with merely following out the line of duty which custom has prescribed, than to inquire very anxiously how their offices might be rendered more efficient for promoting the interests of the community.'

Independent of the merits of this work as combining an excellent system of education, it includes some admirable andwell-written essays on the science of the human mind, the origin and progress of written language, the improvement of the memory, the culture of the imagination, the elements of taste, and a variety of other subjects.

The Two Minas and the Spanish Guerillas. Extracted and Translated from a Work 'on Spain,' written by Captain Von Brandt, a Prussian Officer, who served in one of the Polish Regiments attached to the French Army during the Peninsula War. By a British Officer. 8vo. pp. 77. London, 1825. Egerton.

A few months ago, General Mina published, for the benefit of his exiled and suffering compatriots in this country, a very brief notice of his life and exploits in the Peninsula. There are few persons, we believe, whose hearts did not glow on perusing this memoir, and who did not rejoice to find that, sunk and degraded as Spain was, lower than any nation in the world, in ancient or modern times, yet that, from among her peasants, she had produced one man at least worthy of the best period of her history, whose talents and patriotism would have done honour to any age or country. It appears, however, from the work before us, that there is at least one person who entertains a different opinion of Mina's merits from that of the public in general. This person is a Prussian officer, who served in a Polish regiment, under a monarch who was neither a Pole nor Prussian, and in a cause which, under any other circumstances but those of war and military discipline, would degrade any man.

Capt. Von Brandt is, we doubt not, a brave officer, but we cannot congratulate him even

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as a generous enemy; for he was opposed to Mina, and perhaps felt stung by the celerity of his movements, his successful skirmishes, and the manner in which he eluded all attempts to seize upon him. Capt. Von Brandt, too, was the officer who executed the praiseworthy task of raising Mina's humble cottage to the ground—a piece of petty malignity, for which he certainly was not answerable, but which was very disgraceful to an enemy powerful and civilized, as we had been led to believe the French were.

It is allowed, by the author of this little volume, that the Minas were remarkable men: so far is good; but why, then, seek to throw obloquy on their origin? 'Some admirers of these remarkable men,' says Capt. Von Brandt, 'have asserted, that they are descended from the family of the celebrated Marquis de la Mina, who commanded in Italy, and who still lives in the memory of all Spaniards.' We certainly know not what some persons may say; but General Mina boasts no higher origin than that of being the son of an honest farmer and brought up to the labours of husbandry.

As to the charge against young Mina, that his early life was disreputable, and that he associated himself with a band of highwaymen, we certainly cannot assert that it was not so, though we have good reason for believing the charge a gross calumny. At all events, it is ungenerous to make it, when the gallant hero thus accused is no longer in this world to defend himself. The sneers against young Mina becoming a great patriot are worthy of a man who, with his fellow-countrymen, tamely submit to a military despotism, and wait for the long-promised constitution with much less anxiety than the Jews did for that distant event—the coming of the Messiah. Without denying to young Mina the merit of great talents, Capt. Von Brandt seems anxious to exhibit him as a mere marauder. He says:—

'In the year 1809, however, when a great part of the French army quitted Spain and Portugal, when the Spanish army advanced even upon Vitoria, and the most exaggerated reports of victories gained in Germany soon afterwards increased the enthusiasm of the Spaniards, then *Partidas* were formed in Navarre, at the head of which Mina, whom the people only distinguished by the name of *el estudiante* (the student), suddenly appeared. According to the account given by some of his friends, he forsook the army after Blake's defeats at Santa Fé and Belchite, to gain, if possible, a smile from fortune in his native country. But even this part of his history is enveloped in obscurity, since others assert, that they had frequently seen him during that time in Navarre. He recommenced action in the wood of Tafalla, by the capture of some waggons laden with money; and his enterprises followed each other so rapidly, that the governor of the province was very soon under the necessity of adopting severe measures respecting him. 'It was here that Mina displayed, by his rapid movements in all directions, an uncommon talent for directing the operations of light troops. More than twenty times defeated and dispersed by detachments, he was as often ready again to show front to his enemies; and not unfrequently, after a defeat, he reappeared with increased strength. From that time, no individual ventured to leave the walls of Pampeluna; and the troops which marched out to preserve the communication with the fortified magazines might be compared to the Maturins, who roam about in that country to liberate prisoners.

'The following anecdote may suffice to give an idea of the warfare which Mina carried on. Being once pursued by several columns, he saw himself under the necessity of seeking refuge on a nearly isolated rock, which rises almost perpendicularly in the neighbourhood of Estella. His men defended the only accessible side with great firmness, and our *voltigeurs* did not succeed in establishing themselves upon it until late in the evening. As we were not aware of Mina's being present with this little corps, and felt confident of taking them prisoners on the following morning with the greatest ease, the contest was suspended. Mina, in the mean time, took advantage of the night in a most peculiar way. At the steepest side of the rock, which might be from 150 to 160 feet high, he and his men descended by a rope; so that, when we climbed up in the morning to take the nest, the birds had fled. We found nothing but a piece of paper attached to a tree, which contained a still more ungracious compliment than that which Solon, the high priest of Heliopolis, once caused to fall into the hands of the Greeks.

'By means of *ruses de guerre*, which were generally attended with success, Mina's party increased wonderfully. He even began to think of acting on the offensive, and was no longer obliged to fix his night-quarters upon almost inaccessible mountains in the region of thunder and lightning. Of this, his sudden and unexpected attacks at Borja and Tafalla afford sufficient proofs'

'Young Mina began singly to oppose the whole of the armed power of Navarre; in a short time, he had twelve hundred men, who, according to our author, had rallied round him, in consequence of his 'enterprising and chivalrous spirit, his youthful vivacity, his military talents, and particularly the good fortune which accompanied all his undertakings.' Success, which had hitherto attended his exploits, for once forsook him, and, in endeavouring to surprise a considerable number of waggons laden with treasure, he was himself taken, owing to a change as to time of the vehicles setting out, and an increased escort:—

'He set out in the night, accompanied by only one of his confidants, to take cognisance himself of any circumstances which might tend to favour an attack. It was a beautiful moonlight night, when, mounted and well armed, with a mantle thrown round him, he quitted his followers. Little did he think that his fate would overtake him only a few hundred paces from the wood. The French, fearing their enemy's decision and coolness, and still more his proximity, had, contrary to custom, taken the precaution of forming a double line of outposts; and patroles were likewise diligently scouring the country. Two *gens d'armes* had even pushed on as far as the wood which concealed Mina's troops. As soon as they heard the noise of hoofs, they hastily retired, and, concealing themselves under some trees, awaited the arrival of the two riders, who approached them carelessly, and in close conversation. They then suddenly pressed forward, and, before the Spaniards had time to turn their horses for flight, they were attacked, dismounted, and secured. Mina's hat, which remained upon the ground, and enabled his followers to account in some measure for his disappearance, was preserved by them as a precious relic; and a hundred affecting songs and elegies, of which he was the object, announced to the Spaniards the loss they had suffered. This successful event was made known to the inhabitants of Pampeluna and Saragossa by placards, in which Suchet was not ashamed to denominate the young hero a chief of banditti.

'Of all the insurgent generals of Spain, and there was a great number in every province, Mina decidedly possessed the greatest talents. He united in himself all the virtues of a Guerilla chief, in an eminent degree. Indefatigable, brave, disinterested, reserved, shrewd, and, at the same time, inspired by chivalrous sentiments, he was on the way to become a second *Viriatus*. The remainder of his political life, and his unfortunate end in so glorious a career, afford evident proofs of his enterprising spirit. However unimportant his fall may have appeared, I believe it was of more service to the French than a gained battle.'

This is generous in our author; he cannot, however, omit any opportunity of alluding to the humble birth of the Minas, as if they had not ennobled themselves far beyond hereditary titles or dignities. The present General Mina, we are told, was a peasant, living in great poverty, and that his dwelling-house was 'a wretched building, such as are usually occupied by poor peasants in Navarre.' And yet this wretched building was deemed of so much importance, that Capt. Von Brandt was sent with 'a few companies to destroy it;'—a chivalrous enterprise truly. We do not blame, but pity Capt. Von Brandt; and heartily despise the petty malignity and revenge of those who sent him on such a service.

Capt. Von Brandt is very anxious to convince his readers that Espoz y Mina and his Guerillas were hunted about by the French, or Prussian, or Polish troops, when it is well known that, on the contrary, they were a source of incessant annoyance to the invaders. He, however, acknowledges him to have been sometimes successful:—

'In October (1811) he had already collected several thousands, with which he surprised and beat, on the 16th of that month, a column of 1200 men, scarcely one of whom escaped. He then turned his arms towards the Cinco-Villas, with the intention of taking revenge for a great insult which he conceived to have been offered to his authority. The commander of his cavalry, a certain Pesadiuo, had fallen into the hands of a patrol, and was hanged by order of the general-in-chief. He had formerly been a smuggler,

and had been condemned to death many years previously; but, by escaping from prison, he also escaped from punishment. The events of the time had subsequently made a great patriot of him, and his country, in return for his bravery, had appointed him to the rank of a major of cavalry. The tribunal at Ezea de los Caballeros, which had condemned him, received orders to have him hanged in presence of a strong detachment; this sentence was executed, although the rope broke three times, a circumstance which, according to the Spanish laws, entitled him to a pardon. The officer who presided at the execution remained with sixty foot-soldiers and twenty-five mounted *gens d'armes*, forming the garrison of the place, in a convent which had been fitted up for this purpose. Hither came Mina, thirsting for vengeance. His summons to surrender was, as might be expected, disregarded by the officer (whose name I am sorry I cannot now recollect), and several attacks were most courageously repelled. Towards evening, Mina put a stop to the firing. The officer in the convent, who was aware that, if taken, the next day would bring him unconditionally to the place of the hanged Pesaduro, succeeded in effecting his escape, in a manner which brought as much honour upon him as it did disgrace upon his enemy. Under cover of a very heavy fire, he caused an opening to be made in a wall which faced the plain. His infantry marched through first, and succeeded in surprising and taking prisoners a post of six men, and in retreating undisturbed through the desert of Castejon de Val de Jasa to Saragossa. The cavalry soon followed the infantry upon the road to Zuera, where they surprised a detachment of twenty dragoons, whom they routed, and arrived without any loss at Saragossa. Although the favourable situation of the convent greatly facilitated the execution of this affair, it nevertheless cast a reproach upon Mina's military talents, and many successful enterprises were required to remove the evil impression it had made upon his followers.'

Capt. Von Brandt thinks that Mina, with the forces under him at one time, might have done much more; but he does not, we think, make sufficient allowance for an undisciplined peasantry, commanded by one of themselves, when opposed to armies brought up in the trade of war; we, however, fully agree with him, that it was 'the brave troops of Albion' who drove the French across the Pyrenees. There is, we think, much truth in the observation of our author as to the Guerillas changing their system of warfare. He says:—

'The French were certainly in possession of the places and the ground which they actually occupied, but very often only, as Monsieur de Pradt says, "*de la tête de la colonne au dernier rang.*" They were obliged to be constantly armed against an enemy, who, continually flying, always re-appeared; and who, without being actually seen, was everywhere. It was neither battles nor engagements which exhausted their forces, but the incessant molestations of an invisible enemy, who, if pursued, became lost among the people, out of which he re-appeared immediately afterwards with renewed strength. The lion in the fable, tormented to death by a gnat, gives us a true picture of the French army at that period.

"Guerillas of this kind," as the author of the article upon the Spanish Guerillas, in the first volume of the Austrian Military Journal for 1821, expresses himself, "carry their *basis* in themselves as it were; and every operation against them terminates in the disappearance of its *object*."

"But, even in the first year of the rise of these bands, they lost this character, and absurdly aped the regularity and economy of the military profession. They lost, in particular, the activity which they had shown in the earlier part of their formation, and gave to their enemies, by means of the heaviness to which the regular form of their altered system had accustomed them, a thousand opportunities of combating them with success. They ceased to become the concern of whole districts, and fell into the hands of a few leaders, who made such use of them as was most suitable to their own views. In other respects, like the ancient Iberians, every one took part in the excursions; each came and went away at pleasure. No progressive subordination secured the will of the guerilla: any attempt at this would have cost the leader his life. The good fortune of the chief was all that gave him authority over this turbulent host; a few unsuccessful enterprises placed him again on a par with his comrades.'

There is, no doubt, much truth in this, and, as we have written ourselves into a good humour with Capt. Von Brandt, we shall not, like Sir Charles and Lady Racket, in the farce of Three Weeks after Marriage, recur to the subject of our difference, lest it produce a new broil.

Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon.

(Concluded from p. 265.)

We concluded our last notice of this work at the battle of Borodino. After this engagement the Russians continued to retire, and the French to advance. Moscow now became alarmed; and Rostopchin, the governor, endeavoured, by proclamations, to rouse the Russians to resist the invader. Different writers have given us various accounts of the fire of Moscow. Comte de Segur ascribes all the merit of the sacrifice to the patriotism of Rostopchin, though the Russian government, as if in order to perpetuate the antipathy to the French, describe it as their act. Although the details of the fire of Moscow have already been given in *The Literary Chronicle*, and they are so well known that our author passes over them slightly, yet we shall select a few passages. One anecdote he gives is striking and characteristic:—

'On that day, a terrific scene terminated that melancholy drama. This, the last day of Moscow, having arrived, Rostopchin collected together all whom he had been able to retain and arm. The prisons were thrown open. A squalid and disgusting crew tumultuously issued from them. These wretches rushed into the streets with a ferocious joy. Two men, a Russian and a Frenchman, the one accused of treason, the other of political indiscretion, were selected from among this horde, and dragged before Rostopchin, who reproached the Russian with his crime. The latter was the son of a tradesman: he had been apprehended while exciting the people to insurrection. A circumstance which occasioned alarm was the discovery that he belonged to a sect of German illuminati, called Martinists, a society of superstitious Independents. His audacity had never failed him in prison. It was imagined for a moment that the spirit of equality had penetrated into Russia. At any rate, he did not impeach any accomplices.

'At this crisis his father arrived. It was expected that he would intercede for his son: on the contrary, he insisted on his death. The governor granted him a few moments, that he might once more speak to and bless him. "What!! I bless a traitor!" exclaimed the enraged Russian, and, turning to his son, he, with horrid voice and gesture, pronounced a curse upon him.

'This was the signal for his execution. The poor wretch was struck down by an ill-directed blow of a sabre. He fell, but wounded only; and perhaps the arrival of the French might have saved him, had not the people perceived that he was yet alive. They forced the barriers, fell upon him, and tore him in pieces.

'The Frenchman during this scene was petrified with terror. "As for thee," said Rostopchin, turning towards him, "being a Frenchman, thou canst not but wish for the arrival of the French army: be free, then, but go and tell thy countrymen, that Russia had but a single traitor, and that he is punished." Then addressing himself to the wretches who surrounded him, he called them sons of Russia, and exhorted them to make atonement for their crimes by serving their country. He was the last to quit that unfortunate city, and he then rejoined the Russian army.'

The pride of Bonaparte was flattered when he entered the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars. He saw the fire with surprise and disappointment:—

'Napoleon, in possession of the palace of the Czars, was bent on not yielding that conquest even to the conflagration, when all at once the shout of "the Kremlin is on fire!" passed from mouth to mouth, and roused us from the contemplative stupor with which we had been seized. The emperor went out to reconnoitre the danger. Twice had the fire communicated to the building in which he was, and twice had it been extinguished; but the tower of the arsenal was still burning. A soldier of the police had been found in it. He was brought, and Napoleon caused him to be interrogated in his presence. This man was the incendiary: he had executed his commission at the signal given by his chief. It was evident that every thing was devoted to destruction, the ancient and sacred Kremlin itself not excepted.

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'The gestures of the emperor betokened disdain and vexation: the wretch was hurried into the first court, where the enraged grenadiers despatched him with their bayonets.'

Fatal as Moscow was to Napoleon, he proposed to march with the remains of his army to St. Petersburgh; his generals were against it, and indeed it was not practicable. The disasters of the retreat we had given, previous to the publication in England of these volumes. The army which left Moscow one hundred and thirty-five thousand strong was, in twenty-five days, reduced to thirty-six thousand men. Davoust's division had, during the campaign, been reduced from seventy thousand to four thousand men:—

'This marshal had lost every thing, was without linen, and emaciated with hunger. He seized upon a loaf which was offered him by one of his companions in arms, and devoured it. A handkerchief was given him to wipe his face, which was covered with rime. He exclaimed, "that none but men of iron constitutions could support such trials; that it was physically impossible to resist them; that there were limits to human strength, the farthest of which had been exceeded."

'He it was who at first supported the retreat as far as Wiazma. He was still, according to his custom, halting at all the defiles, and remaining there the very last, sending every one to his ranks, and struggling with the disorder He made his soldiers insult and strip of their booty such of their companions as threw away their arms—the only means of retaining the first and punishing the last. Nevertheless, his methodical and severe genius, so much out of its element in that scene of universal confusion, has been accused of being too much astonished at it.'

The French fought with their usual ardour and gallantry on every occasion:—

'The distance between Smolensk and Orcha is hardly five days' march. In that short passage, what glory had been acquired! how little space and time are required to establish an immortal renown! Of what nature, then, are these great inspirations—that invisible and impalpable germ of great devotion, produced in a few moments, issuing from a single heart, and which must fill time and eternity?

'When Napoleon, who was two leagues farther on, heard that Ney had just re-appeared, he leaped and shouted for joy, and exclaimed, "I have then saved my eagles! I would have given three hundred millions from my treasury, sooner than have lost such a man."'

Napoleon bore his disasters with great firmness; but, if we consider it in reference to a fine army destroyed, we perhaps ought to call it apathy or indifference which he manifested. Another class of persons was equally cool,—we mean the officers of the scientific corps. Around Napoleon every bivouac was marked by a heap of dead bodies:—

'There were collected men of all classes, of all ranks, of all ages; ministers, generals, administrators. Among them was remarked an elderly nobleman of the times long passed, when light and brilliant graces held sovereign sway. This general officer of sixty was seen sitting on the snow-covered trunk of a tree, occupying himself with unruffled gaiety every morning with the details of his toilette; in the midst of the hurricane, he had his hair elegantly dressed, and powdered with the greatest care, amusing himself in this manner with all the calamities, and with the fury of the combined elements which assailed him.

'Near him were officers of the scientific corps, still finding subjects of discussion. Imbued with the spirit of an age, which a few discoveries have encouraged to find explanations for every thing, the latter, amidst the acute sufferings which were inflicted upon them by the north wind, were endeavouring to ascertain the cause of its constant direction. According to them, since his departure for the antarctic pole, the sun, by warming the southern hemisphere, converted all its emanations into vapour, elevated them, and left on the surface of that zone a vacuum, into which the vapours of our hemisphere, which were lower, on account of being less rarefied, rushed with violence. From one to another, and from a similar cause, the Russian pole, completely surcharged with vapours which it had emanated, received, and cooled, since the last spring, greedily followed that direction. It discharged itself from it by an impetuous and icy current, which swept the Russian territory quite bare, and stiffened or destroyed every thing which it encountered in its passage.

'Several others of these officers remarked with curious attention the regular hexagonal crystallization of each of the flakes of snow which covered their garments.

'The phenomenon of parhelias, or simultaneous appearances of several images of the sun, reflected to their eyes by means of icicles suspended in the atmosphere, was also the subject of their observations, and occurred several times to divert them from their sufferings.'

At Kowno the Russians came up with Ney, not for the first time:—

'The first firing was heard at the Walna gate; Ney ran thither, with a view to drive away Platof's artillery with his own; but he found his cannon had been already spiked, and that the artillerymen had fled! Enraged, he darted forward, and, elevating his sword, would have killed the officer who commanded them, had it not been for his aide-de-camp, who warded off the blow, and enabled this miserable fellow to make his escape.

'Ney then summoned his infantry, but only one of the two feeble battalions of which it was composed had taken up arms; these were the three hundred Germans of the garrison. He drew them up, encouraged them, and, as the enemy was approaching, was just about to give them the order to fire, when a Russian cannon-ball, grazing the palisade, came and broke the thigh of their commanding officer. He fell, and, without the least hesitation, finding that his wound was mortal, he coolly drew out his pistols and blew out his brains before his troop. Terrified at this act of despair, his soldiers were completely scared; all of them at once threw down their arms, and fled in disorder.

'Ney, abandoned by all, neither deserted himself nor his post. After vain efforts to detain these fugitives, he collected their muskets, which were still loaded, became once more a common soldier, and with only four others, kept facing thousands of the Russians. His audacity stopped them; it made some of his artillerymen ashamed, who imitated their marshal; it gave time to his aide-de-camp Heymès, and to Gen. Gérard, to embody thirty soldiers, bring forward two or three light pieces, and to Marchand to collect the only battalion which remained.'

The defection of the Prussians under Yorck put the finishing stroke to the French army. Comte de Segur says—

'Thus commenced the defection of our allies. I shall not venture to set myself up as a judge of the morality of this event; posterity will decide. As a contemporaneous historian, however, I conceive myself bound, not only to state the facts, but also the impression they have left, and such as it still remains, in the minds of the principal leaders of the two corps of the allied army, either as actors or sufferers.

'The Prussians only waited for an opportunity to break our alliance, which was forced upon them; when the moment arrived, they embraced it. Not only, however, did they refuse to betray Macdonald, but they did not even wish to quit him until they had, as it may be said, drawn him out of Russia and placed him in safety. On his side, when Macdonald became sensible that he was abandoned, but without having positive proofs of it, he obstinately remained at Tilsit, at the mercy of the Prussians, sooner than give them a motive of defection, by too speedy a retreat.

'The Prussians did not abuse this noble conduct. There was defection on their part, but no treachery; which, in this age, and after the evils they had endured, may still appear meritorious; they did not join themselves with the Russians. When they arrived on their own frontier, they could not resign themselves to aid their conqueror in defending their native soil against those who came in the character of their deliverers, and who were so; they became neutral, and this was not, I must repeat, until Macdonald, disengaged from Russia and the Russians, had his retreat free.'

'It should be remarked that the Prussian nation, which drew its sovereign towards Yorck, only ventured to rise successively, as the Russians came in sight, and by degrees, as our feeble remains quitted their territory. A single fact, which took place during the retreat, will paint the dispositions of the people, and show how much, notwithstanding the hatred they bore us, they were curbed, under the ascendancy of our victories.

'When Davoust was recalled to France, he passed, with only two others, through the town of X * * *. The Russians were daily expected there; its population were incensed at the sight of these last Frenchmen. Murmurs, mutual excitations, and, finally, outcries, rapidly succeeded each other; the most violent speedily surrounded the carriage of the marshal, and were already about to un-

harness the horses, when Davoust made his appearance, rushed upon the most insolent of these insurgents, dragged him behind his carriage, and made his servants fasten him to it. Frightened at this action, the people stopped short, seized with motionless consternation, and then quietly and silently opened a passage for the marshal, who passed through the midst of them, carrying off his prisoner.'

Comte de Segur concludes his valuable history with the defection of Austria. From the fidelity which characterizes his narrative, and the minuteness with which he describes events, we wish, if he had similar means of observation, that he would follow these volumes with the campaign which ensued that of Russia.

ORIGINAL.

HAIRDRESSERS, GENTILITIES, TROUBLES, AND AFFECTATIONS.

A Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

Mr. Editor,—I have been exceedingly amused by your extracted praise of the barbers, from Gaieties and Gravities, a work I will not be three days longer without; but it has so strongly recalled to my mind the tremendous influence possessed by that 'gentle craft,' in the days of my youth, that I cannot forbear deprecating the return of its power. Well do I remember when Nonnet was the rage at Bath, and ran from street to street, trying his irons on a paper in his fingers, that he might be ready to pounce on the head of a lady, the moment the door was opened: in what absolute slavery he held the movements of my mother and sisters, and how often my pleasures have been curtailed, and my schemes thwarted, by his supreme authority! In those days of research and memoir-giving, I wonder we have no authentic anecdotes dished into a wire-wove hot-pressed volume of the same Nonnet, who was really the handsomest Frenchman I remember to have seen, at a time when the emigrant noblesse of France were swarming in that city, and exhibited many respectable specimens. He came to England to seek his fortune, conscious of possessing that knowledge of the sublime art he possessed, which ought to insure success among a people whom he fully believed incapable of attaining it, and conscious also that he had no other means of keeping body and soul together than the speedy application of his talents to his necessities.

An English lad of eighteen, thrown into a foreign country, with little of its language and none of its cash, unknown to those who might introduce him, and sensible that his outward-man was as shabby as his inward-man was empty, would either have been driven to despair by his misery, or to crime by his wants; not so M. Nonnet: he neither found work for the coroner as a suicide, nor the executioner as a highwayman: 'Sare, ven I am here alone, une stranger, in large distress, no money, no fren, I run about vid my tongs, run, run, run, up von street, down another,—sometime I sing, sometime I swear, mon dieu! but alway I *run*. So at last say de ladiss "vot busy man is dat yong Frenchman! he is hurry to death," and then von vill have me, and anoder vill have me.—I ask mach, n'importe dey give, and see vot is Nonnet now?' 'Sare! no man will get his bread, if he say he have no bread.' Such was Nonnet's account of himself, when he had a large family, a good establishment, and took the same money for dressing a lady's hair, per week, that her husband paid him for a good lodging-house, viz. seven guineas. His profits in the season were immense, but his sight was greatly injured, it was thought, by the use of marechalle powder, which was pungent and inflammatory; so that, as the midnight oil is said to affect the sight of those students who learn to improve the interior of the human head, this worthy practitioner on its surface was a fellow-sufferer; but it was the only point of resemblance, for I never heard of a dresser of brains that taught 'the young idea how to shoot,' who found the employment half so lucrative.

Nonnet was most gallantly appropriated to the ladies, for whom he always prescribed certain pans and cushions, which were not less indispensable than the magic touch of his own fingers; and the whole expense of preparing a family of females for a ball became a most serious consideration for papas of moderate estates, which were certainly *puffed* away by the girls of that day with more celerity than the dancing, singing, and harp-mastering system we have now. Tis true, there was more to show for it: a young woman's head in full curl was a kind of glacier in the world of beauty, covered with diurnal snows, contrasting exquisitely with the rouge on her cheeks below. Well! well! thank God I am not yet old enough to extol the days of my youth *per excellence*. I thank Mr. Pitt, the French revolution, the progress of education, or whatever else had a hand in restoring us to natural forms and colours, and delivering us from the most ridiculous tyranny that Fashion ever has imposed, though her whimsical dictates have been many.

In lately reading Sayings and Doings, I have been exceedingly struck with the pains taken by the author to show that he is completely initiated in the habits, luxuries, and peculiarities, of what *he* deems the highest circles of society: he is a clever young fellow, and knows London thoroughly; but he has so much of *this*, as to make one sick very often. It is true, a gentleman may have a good deal of that kind of nonsense about him; but he is not less a gentleman if he has it not: for, in so far as it belongs to fashion, whether native or imported, it is an ephemeral adoption, and will float away to make room for other feathers of taste, habit, and connoisseurship. All those luxuries which are connected with the pride of show and the indulgence of appetite rapidly make their way into the houses of the most illiterate and illiberal of mankind, provided they have money wherewith to purchase them; and, with the uneducated and purse-proud, and *them* only, will elegancies of this description be deemed the criterion of gentility. I remember, five and twenty years since, in one of my northern journeys, dining at the house of an old baronet in Staffordshire, where there were no silver forks at table, though the handles of both knives and forks were of massy silver, and the sideboard groaned under old plate; but at Birmingham and Manchester, even then, this article of luxury was found on the tables of men whose fathers were literally working mechanics, and who had buttered their bread with their thumbs. About this period, bidets or no bidets were the sure proof of being genteel or vulgar in the eyes of provincial ladies. Turtle and lace veils, silver venison-dishes, carriages low enough to smother you with dust, or high enough to be dangerous, tall footmen or little ones, Grecian lamps, very dear wines, very scarce meats, very extravagant furniture, —all have their turn as objects which the great adopt and the rich affect; and so speedily does the man of wealth overtake the man of rank in this race for notoriety, that there are some who never join in the pursuit. I *guess* that, up and down, one might muster a *pretty considerable* number of persons, highly educated and naturally well endowed, of ancient and present importance, who, without blushing for their ignorance, could plead guilty to many of the sins charged upon the *semi-gentility* of the inhabitants of Russel and Bloomsbury Squares, in the pages of this ultra fashionable.

'*We*, of the Upper House,' says my lord duke, in the farce of *High Life below Stairs*, continually; and this important *we* has unquestionably an amazing effect in all the affairs of this sublunary life. *We*, who dance quadrilles, duly despise all who figure in country dances. *We*, who use attar of roses, shudder at coming in contact with lavender-water. *We*, who require fifty choice *morceaux* to constitute our dinner, consider a rump-steak and a tart food only for barbarians. *We*, who use Grecian lamps, turn up our noses at tallow candles. *We*, who drink French wines, cannot relish humble port, or even endure pale sherry: and we are all proportionably afflicted with these *nausea* to the *novelty* of our perceptions, and the *rapidity* with which we have made our acquirements. *We* should now and then be reminded, that, even in these days of French cookery, the Beef Steak Club boasts not only wit, talents, and learning, the proudest blood, and the highest genius in the land, but *fashion* also; and that it is one of the peculiar privileges of the fickle goddess to be inconsistent as well as mutable, so that really a man may occasionally move in a certain circle, who condescends to spend all the most happy and rational hours of his existence completely out of it.

When I reflect on the various modes of affecting superiority over their fellow-creatures, so prevalent among the little-great and the would-be elegant, it strikes me, I confess, as a great deficiency in those superior personages, that they give us no new modes of dying genteely, and that sickness is found as great a leveller as death. For aught I could ever learn, there is the same tossing in a fever, the same pain in an inflammation, the same wearisome complaining

and disgusting process, observable in a sick room in St. James's Street, as could meet the eye in the dwelling of a rich merchant in Finsbury Square, or a rusticated squire in Yorkshire. Night-caps and flannel bed-gowns, vile emetics, and catharics, disgrace the dandified forms of our most superb exquisites, and pollute the lips of the most polished gourmands. Surely this is a great fault! The king of terrors, one would think, in this age of science and refinement, might be taught to approach his victim in a gentlemanly manner at least, and leave to the canaille those degrading indications of mortality, which say 'to the worm thou art my sister, and to corruption, thou art my mother.' It should be sufficient to the vulgar and the poor, that they might be fearfully solicitous on the subject of reception in another state of existence, and uneasy about their souls; for it is surely inconsistent for the very high-bred to doubt their own right of entering anywhere; and, not less so, to be anxious about that portion of them, which has been ill-fed, ill-taught, ill-dressed, all the years of their existence, and never excited attention till the time they were called to part with it, by the most ungenteel, commonplace, old fashioned, and vulgar method imaginable.

In the hope that something new and appropriate, to which neither the cit, the rustic, the *beggarly scholar*, nor the poor genius, can aspire, will soon appear amongst us in this very important particular, I remain, my good Sir, your very teachable friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXV.

DENYING, as I do, the right of any person to call me to account for my sayings or doings, or even misdoings—by which I mean, doing nothing,—I should be wanting in that courtesy for which the members of my family have ever been distinguished, were I to omit thanking your new correspondent, Philo-Asmodeus, for the very handsome terms in which he has spoken of me and my labours. I can, however, assure both him and your readers, that I have been otherwise employed than in making caudle for Miss Paton, or concocting meretricious scandal for the deputy grand master of the English orange-lodge's Harriette. It is not my *custom* to undermine *custom*-houses, and I have other *work* than that of loosening the walls of the *Opera* House. Although the editor of the 'Cheltenham Journal' was so bad a *Judge* as to provoke a horse-whipping from Colonel Berkeley, I had no hand in it.

But, after stating what I have not, I shall now proceed to say what I have really achieved. My talent at invention being pretty well known, I have been applied to by all the monied men, needy solicitors, and half-starved brokers, to furnish plans for new companies: a few of my projects, all of which will be brought into the market in a few days, I subjoin:—

1. THE METROPOLITAN GAS BED-WARMING COMPANY, capital one million, in twenty thousand shares of £50. each. Patron, his Grace the Duke of *Bedford*; secretary, George *Bedwell*, Esq. The list of directors is not filled up, but they will be selected from persons of the first respectability, who will take a *warm* interest in promoting the success of the company. It is calculated, from the bills of mortality and the reports of the most eminent persons of the faculty, that sleeping in damp beds is the incipient cause of nine tenths of the fatal diseases that prevail in London. It is due to the public to state that the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians intend to oppose the bill in Parliament.

2. THE UNITED EEL-CATCHING COMPANY, capital, £200,000. in five thousand shares of £40. each. Humanity is the basis of this company, for its object is to abolish the horrible barbarity of skinning eels. This will be done by boiling them alive and unskinned. Mr. Martin of Galway offered to be the patron of the association, but this name is not sweet enough for a fish company.

3. THE LONDON FLY-CATCHING COMPANY.—The capital of this company, the formation of which I have entrusted to the Rev. Dr. Fly, Stable Yard, St. James's, is not yet fixed; but I have already had applications for forty-nine thousand three hundred and forty-nine shares from the grocers, druggists, confectioners, &c of the metropolis. This company is intended as an auxiliary to the London Drug Company; and, as it will act positively and negatively—that is, convert an annoying and destructive insect into an excellent ingredient in medicine,—the profits are estimated at twenty-nine and a half per cent. per annum.

4. PATENT SHOE-BLACKING ASSOCIATION, capital £250,000. in twenty-five thousand shares of £10. each. It has been ascertained that within the bills of mortality there are every day three hundred thousand pairs of boots, and nine hundred thousand pairs of shoes cleaned, which, at the moderate charge of 2d. per pair for the former, and one penny per pair for the latter, amounts to £6,250. per day, or £2,281,250. per annum, allowing nothing for leap-year. Now, an apparatus has been discovered for cleaning boots and shoes at the rate of one hundred pairs per minute; it may either be worked by a steam-engine or attached to the tread-mill; and, as blacking can be made at ninety-five per cent. less than it is sold for, the profit to this company must be immense. The *sole* object of the directors is to benefit the public, with whom they are particularly anxious to be on a good *understanding*. The hostility of Mr. Hunt, Day and Martin, Turner, and Lamder, to *boot*, is calculated upon.

5. THE BRITISH CINDER-SIFTING COMPANY.—If it be true, as the poet says, that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires,' no argument can be necessary to induce the public to take an *ardent* interest in the success of this company. The loss to the inhabitants of London in ashes is immense, and the profits to the contractors for them so great, that they call them *pearl* ashes. While millions are investing in torturing the bowels of the earth for the precious ores, and disturbing the ocean on its bed for pearls and corals, it is not a little extraordinary that no association has been formed for separating the precious metals from ashes, which they are known to contain to a large amount. Besides, the ores in mines, pearl, and coral require much expense in procuring and manufacturing, while the silver spoons, knives, soup-ladles, &c. to be found among London ashes, are all ready-manufactured. To the valuables we lose by the carelessness of our servants, we must add the depredations of the dustmen, who lay their hands on everything, from a silver salver to an old shoe. Every objection to this company has been *sifted* to the bottom; and his Majesty, who cannot even sell the ashes of his own palace, has declared himself patron of the association. The company may, to use a vulgar expression, kick up a *dust* in certain quarters, which, however, may be kept down without throwing cold water on the project.

I have several other companies on the *tapis*; but, as I never wish my company to be intrusive to any one, I shall not dwell on the subject. There is, however, one company which, although I have no share, I cannot omit noticing: it is called the 'National Poultry Joint-Stock Company,' with a capital of only £200,000. The projector, well aware that there are more *geese* than fly, has formed this company. He assures us there will be fowl, but no foul play, and that, although the poultry will require to be stuffed, yet the public swallow greedily enough without that process. One great object of the company is the extermination of *quacks*, which they pledge themselves to do, or endure a *ducking* themselves. All the *hen*-pecked and *chicken*-hearted husbands have already, at the instigation of their helpmeats, become subscribers. One of the advantages of this company will be the great reduction in the price of poultry, so much so, that a *guinea*-fowl will not cost more than nine or ten shillings. Should the demand for poultry exceed the supply, the new chicken-hatching apparatus, by means of steam, will be applied; poultry reared this way will require less cooking, as they will be parboiled. It is also intended to attach to the establishment an apparatus for boiling eggs, and thus supplying the whole of the metropolis with this luxury.

I have already vindicated myself from the insinuations of Philo-Asmodeus; and, lest some other devilries lately practised should be imputed to me, I shall at once disavow them. I had no share in inducing the inhabitants of St. Martin's parish to present Archdeacon Pott with a second-hand vase, which had once graced the sideboard of a house of ill fame. I did not write the report in The Morning Chronicle, which stated that, at the dinner of the Society of British Artists, the *health* of the Royal Academy and British Institution was drunk: nor was it I that altered the numbers in the sculpture room of the Suffolk Street Gallery, so as to make Romeo Coates, though a curiosity in his way, 'A Restoration from the Parthenon,' convert a bust of Mrs. Siddons into Mr. Mudford, make a chevalier of the latter gentleman, set George Rose, Esq. to his prayers, transform Musidora into Achilles; nor did I

denominate a 'Cricketer' a 'Battle,' although he deals in balls. These are freaks, all of which have been played without my assistance.

I have been otherwise employed: it was I that drew up the ukase of the Emperor of Russia, commanding the Samoides, living in the government of Archangel, to become not angels, but Christians; and thus effected, with a stroke of the pen, what would have cost our Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge many years' labour, besides money and missionaries. It was I that prevented the Yankee Hannibal, General Jackson, from becoming president: but why do I talk of my distant occupations, since I have been busy enough at home, in enabling the Lord Chancellor to settle a point, which he has been upwards of seventy years in deciding—it is, whether he should put his right or left stocking on first. I could not, I confess, prevail on his lordship to make a positive award for some time: I therefore suggested a compromise between the shoes and stockings, by putting the right stocking and the left shoe on first; but it soon occurred to the acute mind of his lordship, that the same difficulty occurred as to the inexpressibles, without the same means of obviating it. At last, after several hearings, his lordship determined that it is right to begin with the left stocking, shoe, &c. first; though he facetiously observed, that it was but a sort of German left-handed union of the parties after all.

Well, no matter—in the present changing times, we must not always hope to be sanctioned by precedent. Oh no! men, manners, principles, all change. Why, within the last few weeks, I have seen Alderman Waithman and Mr. Samuel Dixon agree in common council, and the secretary to the Admiralty, Mr Croker, actually second a motion made by Sir Francis Burdett!

Only think of an alderman of the city of London recording the motion for an address to his majesty at the opening of a session, and concluding his speech with a Latin quotation, and what is more extraordinary, correctly given. But these changes, striking as they are, are nothing to what follows. Only think of Mr. Hunt, of Spa Fields, of blacking and roasted-corn notoriety, who a few years ago entered London at the head of 300,000 mob admirers, actually pelted and insulted a few days ago. Then we have ministers reducing taxes, reforming the laws, and extending our commerce by the removal of vexatious restrictions, in a way that reduces the duty of the opposition to a mere sinecure, and leaves them actually without a single grievance to complain of. But all this is nothing to a change that has taken place in the West Indies. Tell it not at Liverpool, or Bristol; publish it not in London, lest the slave-holders rejoice, and the dealers in human blood triumph. The ink freezes in my pen as I write it—no, I will not write it, but follow the example set me by the editor of a leading journal, who, when he would not soil his fingers with one of Cobbett's pamphlets, handed it with a pair of tongs to the printer. I will give the newspaper that contains the offensive article to the devil, and let him convey it to the printer. It is an extract of a letter from Jamaica, and is as follows:—

'*Kingston, Jan.* 24.

'Interested as you are in this island, it will no doubt be pleasing to you to learn that the minds of the Negroes appear to be quiet: they seem to know that they have been imposed upon. The accounts from all parts of the island are, that the Negroes have passed the Christmas holidays with more good humour, and have enjoyed their drumming and dancing better than they have done for three years before. There are, no doubt, and ever will be, some disaffected among them, but in general they appear quiet and contented.

'In Spanish Town the Negroes carried about an effigy of Mr. Wilberforce, gave it several floggings, and then burnt it on the race-course. At each flogging they sung a song they had made on him, indicating that he had deceived them, by promising to make them free, but had not sent the money to buy them; that he was a liar, and had only made a quarrel between them and their masters. I trust everything will now remain quiet.'

When Mr. Wilberforce read this paragraph at his breakfast, the muffin dropped from his hand, and he unconsciously exclaimed, 'Othello's occupation's gone.' As soon as he recovered, he resigned his seat in the House of Commons, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, which, when the Negroes hear, they will be still more indignant, and say, 'Why does he not send us de hundreds, to make us free?'

We all laugh at the folly of the old Grecian who carried a brick as a sample by which he might sell his house; had he left the brick to be disposed of a thousand years after his death, it would have produced more than his house did at the time,—at least, if we may judge by the cylindrical brick in Rich's Museum, which is valued at £50. I must draw to a close, but not without relating a couple of *bon mots* by Sam Rogers, and recommending you, if you want to see a curiosity in a parish clerk, to go to Paddington Church, when the regular clerk has got the gout, and his assistant officiates. Then you will hear the Belief read in a way beyond all belief—the fellow is a genuine cockney, and is not ashamed of it; if, therefore, he reads 'werry God of werry God, begotten not made,' let those 'who go to laugh remain to pray.'

The *bon-mots* both relate to foreign singers. A gentleman was reading in the newspapers that Signor Gulmini, the tenor singer, had lately died in Italy, at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-eight years, when Rogers remarked, that he must have held on 'the even *tenor* of his way.' The next relates to Veluti, who made a fortune by singing, and has lately lost it by speculations. 'Well,' said Rogers, on being told of this, 'it was natural enough. It was only Veluti in *speculum*.' But I think I hear your readers say, enough, enough for the present, good

ASMODEUS.

NEW STEAM ENGINE.

The United States' papers contain an account of a new steam engine without a boiler, which has been invented by Mr John Babcock, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island. It was tried in crossing Bristol Ferry, and is said to have been completely successful. The Newport Mercury even goes so far as to say that the experiment has for ever settled the question that steam may be generated in quantities sufficient for any power without the aid of a boiler. The Providence Journal, however, says—

'Gentlemen in whose knowledge of mechanical principles we have much confidence, express doubts of the success of this invention. The following is the description of the engine:—

'The substitute for a boiler of a ten-horse-power engine consists of two sections of cast-iron tubes, one inch thick, each sixteen feet in length, in lengths of 3 1-2 feet, and averaging 1 3-4 inch bore, and containing about three gallons, placed horizontally in a small furnace, 3 1-2 by 4 1-2 feet and three feet high: the end of one tube enters into the top of a cylinder 6 1-4 inches in diameter; the end of the other enters into the bottom; the other ends go out on the opposite sides of the furnace, and to each is attached a small forcing-pump one inch in diameter, and they are alternately worked by gearing attached to the cross head—the cylinder is also enclosed in the furnace, and the length of the stroke of the piston is two feet two inches—the motion is communicated by shackle bars, in the usual way, and there is no variation from the common construction of a high-pressure engine—to set it in motion, a fire is made in the furnace with a few sticks of small wood, or half a bushel of coal, and, when the tubes are heated, only three cubic inches of water is injected from the forcing-pump upon the hot iron, and is instantly converted into steam; a valve at the same time being open into the cylinder, it forces down the piston; the other pump then forces the same quantity into the tube, another valve is opened, and the piston ascends; and it continues to operate with unabated vigour, as long as it is supplied with water. The number of strokes made by the piston in a minute is about forty, while propelling the boat; and the quantity of water then used is only a gallon in four minutes—it is necessary that it should be fresh water, as the tubes are so small that they get clogged by either salt or sediment; but this is no objection, as, by adding a condenser, nearly the whole can be retained, and we believe it will be found to combine the four requisites, cheapness, simplicity, strength, and utility, of a perfect machine. The whole space occupied by it does not exceed that of a small tea-table, and the power may be indefinitely enlarged without much increasing the size, and with few alterations it can be easily adapted to any engine now in use.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS TO CHARITY*.

Daughter of Pity, from thy throne on high
Descend,—for it is thou that I invoke—
Fair Charity! Alas! Fate's wayward stroke,

* Written in reference to the Lines for the Benefit of the Sufferers in the Island of Portland from the late Storms.

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Sad source of many a heart-throb and sigh,
Hath so oppress'd the race of poverty
(Whilst dark despair, torpedo of the soul,
View'd her o'erwhelming wave all darkling roll),
That they, on whom the sun of Industry
So lately shone, with warm and fostering ray,
Have seen at length that last support give way.
Then, Heaven-born maiden, haste! since thy bright smile
Can call them up again to life and light,—
Can bid Hope, Health, and Happiness, beguile
Their lonesome hours, and gild Misfortune's night.

Yet, let no faint, no common smile be thine,
For 'twas no common woe that pall'd, with dark
And murky shroud, Misfortune's little bark,
And bade my muse the cypress garland twine,
And notes of saddest minstrelsy combine
With those of Hope, sweet Hope, though distant, fair.
What time o'er Portland, rude, and bleak, and bare,
Burst Ocean's billowy flood of waters, mine
Has only been the mournful tale to tell,
To soft compassion melt the soul, and ask
The widow's mite, the rich man's wealthier gift;
But thine must be a prouder mightier spell,—
To raise the weak in spirit, and uplift
The fallen; that be, Charity, thy task! H. B.

THE PARSON AND THE NOSE.

'Twas on a shining summer's day,
As stories, quite old-fashion'd, say,
A sleepy set of sinners
Agreed that they to church would go,
Their zealous piety to show,
After their *gourmand* dinners.

Scarce had the parson ta'en his text'd,
When he felt most confounded vext,
To see his neighbours nod;
Proceeding with religious fore,
He quickly heard the sleepers snore,—
Forgetting him,—and God.

When, lo! descending from his seat,
Our rev'rend, full of holy heat
At losing all his labour,
Tweak'd one's stout nose; then, graceful, bow'd,
And said, '*Dear sir, you snore so loud,*
I fear you'll wake your neighbour.' J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL.

In the hurried notice, written just as our last number was going to press, we could do no more than merely enumerate some of the principal subjects and exhibitors; we have now leisure to notice them more in detail, but, before doing so, we must make some mention of the second annual dinner, which took place this day week. It is not our intention, however, to give a formal report, in which we have been anticipated by the daily papers, but shall principally dwell on a few of the more prominent opinions and remarks elicited during the evening. In returning thanks to a toast which had been given by the Hon. Agar Ellis—'The President and Society of British Artists,' Mr. Hofland (the president) explained the motives which had led to their establishment, for the purpose of counteracting any invidious misrepresentation that may arise—or, we may say, that has been made in certain quarters, as to the opposition of the present society to the Royal Academy. It was of vital importance, he remarked, that their views should not be misunderstood: they entertained no feelings of hostility towards the Academy, for which he himself entertained the highest respect, as the earliest institution in this country for the encouragement of the fine arts; but the very success of that institution,—the taste for art, and the consequent increase of artists which it had created, had obliged a numerous body of artists to colonize from the parent stock, and to build a hive of their own,—to procure for themselves an opportunity of placing their works before the public, for exhibition and sale. And he was most happy to be able to state, that their success had far exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The liberality of their patrons had already enabled them to pay off £1000. of the £5000. incurred by building the gallery. That all the members of the Royal Academy do not consider this society as opposed to them, any otherwise than in a spirit of laudable rivalry, is evident, from the munificence of the Professor of architecture towards this infant institution, who, with a liberality—not merely pecuniary, that does honour to art, sent a second donation of twenty-five guineas, accompanying a letter expressing his regret at not being able to be present; and offering his best wishes for their prosperity. Such conduct testifies a mind above ungenerous suspicions or mean jealousy,—but Mr. Soane is uniformly ready to patronize art and assist artists. Nor should the liberality of the Duke of Bedford and Sir Gerard Noel be unnoticed. The latter not only sent the society, at their formation, a hundred guineas, but desired that, if on the casting up of their accounts there should be any deficiency, they would consider his purse at their service. The success, however, of their first season left them no room for availing themselves of this truly noble offer. This year, Sir Gerard sent a second donation of thirty guineas. In the course of the evening, 'The Donors and Subscribers to the Society' being drunk, Mr. Baring Wall rose to return thanks, apologizing for so doing, as he was conscious, from the smallness of his subscription, that he had little right to arrogate such an honour to himself, but, in the absence of gentlemen who had contributed more liberally, he took upon himself to state, that the compliment just paid them was duly appreciated: he then complimented the society upon the amicable feelings which had been expressed by the chair, towards similar institutions, and concluded, by saying, that their grand object should be to form 'as many friends and as few enemies as possible.' We have no doubt, in our own minds, that feeling as well as policy will ever induce the 'Society of British Artists' to act upon this principle, and to avoid those jealousies and feuds which have unfortunately too often proved derogatory to the humanizing character of the fine arts, and embittered the lives of those who profess them. But we are happy to say that, on the present occasion, there was not the slightest indication of any such feeling: on the contrary, although without any thing like flattery, a candid acknowledgment of the merits of rivals. The visit of the Princess Augusta to the rooms, on the preceding Thursday, when her royal highness was pleased to express the delight she had received at beholding so many excellent specimens of British art, and said that she should report her opinion of its merits in the highest quarter, will, we hope, effectually tend to remove whatever impression there may be, on a certain portion of the public mind, that this society ought to be regarded with a jealous eye by those who would seem to favour the Royal Academy, or that it wants a certain *ton* of fashion, or an importance possessed by that body.

The present exhibition is, we think, taken altogether, not at all inferior to the first:—there is no indication of relaxed energy—no falling off; and, if some artists who sent pictures last year have not done so now, their room has been ably supplied by an accession of fresh exhibitors; among whom are Fraser, Sharp, &c. We remember that those who were not very anxious for the success of the institution, when they could not deny that it really did display many clever works at its first opening, said, that every effort had been strained to make a goodly show at the outset, and predicted, that this year it would fall off considerably. So far, however, is this from being the case, that it has in some points improved. It is true there are not many domestic subjects, and, among these, no single picture of so generally attractive a character as Richter's, in the last exhibition; but there are a few clever and well painted pictures belonging to this class, and a considerable number representing objects of still-life, one or two of which, especially No. 64, by Blake, may, without flattery, be termed *chefs d'œuvre*. It is in these subjects and in landscape,—from the magnificent scenes of Glover and Linton to the most homely and familiar appearance of nature,—that the strength of the exhibition consists. There are but few attempts at historic painting, and those not pre-eminently successful or important; neither can we indeed affirm that there are any portraits of extraordinary merit. Those by Mr. Haydon are sadly deficient in amenity and grace; nor is the absence of these qualities, which may be considered almost indispensable in this branch of art, atoned for by superior truth of character or expression, or by an unaffected imitation of nature. In fact, they possess nothing of individual character; while there is, in some instances, a coarseness and extravagance that is pushed nearly to the verge of the ridiculous. His figures seem all taken from another race of beings than gentlemen and ladies of the present day: in fact, the artist seems to have been perpetually labouring to idealize them, and to impart to his sitters a *non so che di grandioso*, that certainly did not belong to them.—If Mr. Haydon would paint portraits, especially female ones, we would recommend to him to sacrifice to the Graces. In some of these productions, we allow that there is a richness and harmony of

colouring that captivates the eye and produces a good general effect; although the local tints are not correct, and the deep red shadows of the flesh anything than either natural or pleasing. Burnet's portrait of Dr. Hutchison is one of the best-painted and best-composed in the exhibition; and if, as we understand, it be his first attempt at portrait-painting, augurs most favourably for his future success in this walk of art.

There is one production in the gallery that we can refer to none of the preceding classes; it being perfectly *sui generis*—we mean Martin's splendid composition, the Creation; which may be better characterized by the epithet poetical, than by any other single term. With some extravagance, there is much sublimity in this production, which displays as much energy as any of his former ones. If it does not satisfy the spectator, it is merely because it is beyond the powers of the human mind adequately to conceive, or of art to represent it. In daring to exhibit the figure of the Deity, he has judiciously shown it dimly and indistinctly; but he would, in our opinion, have done better, had he in this case followed the example of Timanthes, who concealed the countenance of Agamemnon, and have entirely veiled in clouds all but the hand and arm of the Omnipotent. As it is, the artist has certainly produced a brilliant effect out of the most scanty materials, for he had here none of that gorgeous architecture, which has imparted such a pomp and splendour to his preceding works.

Mr. Linton's large landscape picture, the Vale and Lakes of Keswick, is a masterly representation of a most interesting scene, and of one of the finest specimens of landscape to be met with in this country. The tone of colouring is good; and it is painted in a free and bold manner. The rude, narrow, rustic bridge in the foreground, thrown across a chasm, comes in well, as do the figures and sheep. We certainly prefer this picture to his other large landscape, the Landing of the Trojans at Delos, although this has great merits: the site is as romantic as can well be conceived, and the buildings are well situated and judiciously arranged, with a view to effect.

(To be continued.)

THE DIORAMA.

The oftener we visit this truly fascinating exhibition, the more we are of opinion that we can discover the principle to which the paintings are indebted for that powerful illusion attainable no other way: namely, that the picture is only partially transparent, so that the shadows are actual—not merely painted shadows. But even its excellence in this respect, and the deceptive truth of effect thus produced, destroys in some degree the pleasure arising from painting as an art. Paradoxical as it may sound, the illusion is too complete to permit us to admire the paintings as paintings: we are rather affected by them as we should be by the real objects. This species of representation seems to be to painting in general what wax-work is to either painting or sculpture: the effect is too purely mechanical. Whether this be precisely the case or not with diornamic paintings, we cannot say; for, never having seen any by other artists, we cannot judge how far the illusion is mechanical, or how far it depends upon the ability of the artist In point of effect, the moonlight view of Holyrood Chapel is truly admirable; still we do not consider a moonlight scene as by any means the best adapted for representation, for, with the exception of a small extent of wall, the greater part of the picture is little better than a mere blank of obscurity; and we are rather surprised that the artist did not select a more perfect building, where the moon-beams playing on the tracery of the windows would have produced a variety of sparkling lights, and where, again, the shadows of the tracery on the floor and walls of the edifice would have created a richness that might have compensated in a great degree for the monotony and want of colour inseparable from such a subject. We certainly prefer the Cathedral of Chartres to Holyrood Chapel. As it is in the power of M. Daguerre to transport us wherever he pleases, we wish that he would in future always conduct us to some really beautiful and interesting place.

MR. SOANE'S SOIREE—BELZONI SARCOPHAGUS.

Mr. Soane opened his house for a third time, on Wednesday evening last, when about five hundred visitors were assembled to view the Belzoni Sarcophagus, and the other numerous works of art with which the museum is so abundantly stored. All the apartments on the ground-floor were thrown open, and the effect was most enchanting, owing to the beautiful architectural forms that everywhere meet the eye; the truly picturesque arrangement of the principal gallery is considerably heightened by the striking and brilliant effect of light and shade; and the profusion of richly-stained glass that is introduced in the most tasteful manner in almost every room: add to all these attractions the costly folios and splendid architectural works that were laid on the tables, and some faint idea may be formed of the rich banquet prepared for the lovers of art. We believe each individual present must have felt that he needed all the eyes of Argus, not excepting a single one, in order to enjoy fully the numerous objects that struck his gaze on every side; since the contents of a single room would have demanded a day to examine them. We suspect, therefore, that in the midst of such a multiplicity of other attractions, the Sarcophagus itself was little heeded by the majority of the company. This curious relic is deposited in a lower part of the gallery, on a level with the basement floor, and the effect of it, as viewed from above, strongly lighted as it was, was striking in the extreme. The Monk's Parlour, with its splendid painted window, powerfully illuminated from without, was certainly not the least attractive point in this scene of fascination. The Picture Cabinet, immediately above this room, and opening into it, by means of moveable panels or shutters, to which the paintings are affixed, and of which the construction is quite novel, was another charming spot, and was continually crowded. Splendid and costly as all these apartments are, they are any thing but gaudy; every ornament is most elegant and *recherché*. There are mansions in this metropolis more extensive, more splendid, as far as relates to furniture and upholstery, but, perhaps, not one exhibiting so much taste, such picturesque arrangement, such a happy economy of room, and such richness, yet chastity, of decoration.

Among the company present were the Earl of Darrowby, Mr. Peel, the Marquis of Hertford, and many other distinguished characters; we also observed two foreigners, in a rich oriental costume, and a number of artists and men of letters.

The following interesting description of Mr Soane's house and gallery is written by Mr. Britton, and appears in No. X. of the 'Illustrations of London,' by that gentleman and Mr. Pugin:—

'The house of Mr. Soane was built by himself, in the year 1812, on a piece of freehold ground, situated on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Its frontage is about thirty feet in width only, but its depth extends to about eighty feet. The ground floor, or principal suite of rooms, consists of a hall and staircase; a refreshment room, serving also as a library, measuring twenty-two feet by thirty-nine, and thirteen in height; and other apartments. The sides of the library are occupied by glazed bookcases, filled with choice and valuable books, many vases, and fragments of antiquity, some fine architectural drawings, and is fitted up with several mirrors, which tend to give space, variety, and picturesque effect to the whole. Behind the central part of this room is an open court, adorned by numerous architectural fragments. On one side of this court is a breakfast-room, with a dome ceiling in the centre, and two lantern windows peculiarly disposed at the ends to throw the whole light on the walls, or rather on the objects that adorn them. This apartment is filled with books and drawings, and communicates with the front room by double doors, one of which is glazed with painted glass. It also opens to the entrance-hall, and to a museum behind, by two other glazed doors. Plate I. shows the style and fitting-up of this room, looking from the fire-place towards the court already mentioned. The central window has one large piece of plate-glass in the centre. Over the glazed book-case, on the left hand, are drawings of the Bank of England, which are lighted from above. On the opposite side of the court is a narrow gallery of communication, between the front room and the museum, furnished with books and choice specimens of bronze and marble antiques. Behind these rooms and the court are a museum, an office, and picture galleries, occupying the whole width of three houses in front. The part of the museum, and forming a portion of it, is the architect's office, supported on columns, and insulated from the walls, by which novel and ingenious design, the lantern windows afford abundant light, both to the office and to the museum. Another part of the museum is open from the basement-floor to a lofty glazed dome; the latter rests on four arched and

piers, detached from the main walls, and allowing a passage or gallery round. The walls and every part of this museum are richly stored with choice and valuable fragments of ancient architecture and sculpture, interspersed with casts from architectural members and relics of various kinds. On the basement-floor is placed a far-famed and highly interesting Egyptian *Sarcophagus*, lately bought by Mr. Soane from the agents of Messrs. Salt and Belzoni, for £2000. sterling. This unique specimen of the arts, and of the sacred funeral rites of the ancient Egyptians, is perfectly important to the antiquary and historian. Its whole surface, externally and internally, is covered with hieroglyphic characters, the meaning of which has hitherto set learning at defiance, and baffled human sagacity. At the western end of the museum is a picture gallery, the general design and form of which are delineated in Plate II. A large bay-window, of stained glass, occupies nearly one side of this room, and the wall opposite is covered with pictures, among which is the justly celebrated and admirable series of the Rake's Progress, by Hogarth.—Many other pictures, drawings, books, &c. are displayed in this tasteful and truly beautiful apartment. A groined ceiling, apparently suspended, extends over the centre of the room, whilst at each side is a lantern window, rising above the ceiling, and extending the whole length of the gallery. This admirable mode of introducing light into a picture gallery, is calculated to exhibit every painting to advantage; and Mr. Soane has adopted a similar plan, with variations in form and position, in other parts of his interesting house. This room has been deprived of its pictures, and other ornaments, which are removed to a new gallery on the eastern side of the museum. The latter is novel in design, and highly rich in decoration. Within a space of 17 feet by 13, and 11 feet in height, above the bookcases, the architect has most ingeniously formed a surface of 1656 square feet for the display of paintings, and has occupied nearly the whole of that surface by a series of valuable and interesting works of art. The four much valued and inimitable pictures by Hogarth, representing so many stages in an election of a member of Parliament, first attract attention.'

'Opening a pair of folding doors, on which two of these pictures hang, the spectator is presented with eight other works by the same powerful artist, representing as many scenes, or events, in a rake's progress, from a state of innocent adolescence, through different degrees of dissipation and vice, to ruin and to madness. Much interesting history and anecdote is connected with the two sets of pictures just noticed; but I must forbear to dilate on subjects that, it must be acknowledged, are not strictly architectural. Three other sides of this apartment are enriched with other pictures, by Carmaletti, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Bird, Westall, Howard, Barrett, Sir Francis Bourgeois, Angelica Kaufman, Fuseli, Cosway, Gandy, Piranesi, &c. These are disposed on the exterior surface of the walls, or rather pannels, and also on the interior surface of the same pannels, which move upon hinges; and likewise on the walls behind those doors. Thus three surfaces are given in the usual space of one. At one side of the gallery there are four doors, or revolving pannels, presenting so many faces for the display of pictures. All these surfaces are hung with paintings of various classes, and, from the manner in which the light is admitted, all are seen to advantage. The ceiling of this room is highly ornamented, the chimney-piece is novel and beautiful, the doors of the dwarf bookcases are of the choicest mahogany, ornamented with brass, and the whole is finished in the most skilful manner. On opening the folding pannels, at one side of the room, a new and singular scene is presented; a second gallery is displayed, with its ends and sides adorned with pictures, and numerous architectural casts and fragments. Over the dwarf bookcases, which form a sort of balustrade, the spectator looks down several feet, into a highly decorated room, with a large window of painted glass, &c. and up to a lantern light of stained glass. This unexpected glance into such a singular subterranean museum, rouses curiosity, and makes the observer impatient to inspect its whole form and contents. Descending a flight of stairs, 'the monk's room,' as it is called, is approached through a door of painted glass, and cannot fail to excite both astonishment and delight. With mirrors, reflecting its numerous 'gothic' ornaments; with niches, groining, canopies, masks, crucifix, hourglass, &c.; with a ruined cloister, and its analogous appendages, on the outside; this apartment presents a most impressive, novel, and interesting scene. The room thus noticed, as well as many other parts of the house, may be adduced as proofs to verify, or impeach, the professor's opinion, as inculcated in his lectures at the Royal Academy and Royal Institution,—that architecture is not not only a science but an art, that it is capable of producing simple, beautiful, and sublime scenes,—that it is the nurse, or guardian, of the other fine arts, and that it is susceptible of producing high poetical effects.'

BELZONI'S EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Mrs. Belzoni, with an ardour and talent which prove how fit a consort she was for her late husband, who fell a victim to his zeal in exploring Africa, will, on Monday, open a new exhibition of the Egyptian tombs, in Leicester Square. On Thursday we were favoured with an ample view of this specimen of the arts three thousand years ago. It must not be thought that this is the same exhibition as that which Mr. Belzoni fitted up in Piccadilly; in some parts they are alike, but there is an entirely new room, richer in hieroglyphics than any of the former ones; and the antiquary may here pursue his investigations into the writings of the Egyptians to great advantage.

The writing of that people was of four kinds: first, the hieroglyphic, which was two-fold, the more rude being called curiologic, and the more artificial tropical; the second, symbolic, and this likewise was two-fold; the more simple, and the more mysterious,—that tropical, this allegorical. These two kinds of writing which went under the generic term of hieroglyphics, distinguished into proper and symbolic hieroglyphics, were not composed of the letters of an alphabet, but of marks or characters which stood for things, not words: a distinction which St. Austin has very happily illustrated by his expression, 'Signa sint verba visibilia, verba signa audibilia.' The third kind of Egyptian writing was designated epistolic, so called from its being first applied to civil matters; and the fourth hiero-grammatic, from being used only in religion—these two last expressed words, and were formed by letters of an alphabet.

A French author has been very successful in explaining the nature of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; and the catalogue of Mrs. Belzoni's exhibition will, we understand, contain some elucidation of that subject. We earnestly and confidently recommend this exhibition, not only on account of its merit and curiosity, but as a reward to a virtuous and accomplished lady, who accompanied Mr. Belzoni in adventures and through countries which would appal ordinary travellers, male or female, and who has been widowed by the exertions of her husband to enlarge the boundaries of science.

LADY BELL'S PICTURES.

It is well known that this amiable and much-regretted lady possessed great talents as a painter, which were fostered in early life by her brother, J. Hamilton, Esq. R. A., Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others; and that, during the long period of her married life, they constituted the delight of her husband, Sir Thos. Bell, and occupied much of her time. She was particularly felicitous in the copies she made from Sir Joshua, many of which are the more valuable, because they retain that fine colouring of which time has deprived the originals. Nor was she less successful in certain copies of Rubens, which his Majesty graciously permitted her to make in Carlton Palace within the last three or four years, for they boast the most striking similarity in colour and style to that great master we have ever seen attained by any painter of the present day.

The whole of her copies, amounting to a numerous collection, together with some fancy subjects, we understand, are likely to be soon sold by Mr. Christie. We think they will not fail to insure great admiration, and be deemed highly valuable to those who are partial to the masters in question. One picture of a Holy Family, the size of the original, abounds in all the truth, beauty, and grace, for which it has been long celebrated, and the colour is exquisite.

THE DRAMA.

This being Passion Week, there are no dramatic representations in town. The actors and actresses are most of them in the country, where a similar restriction does not ex-

st. The only circumstance connected with the theatre we have to notice, is Mr. Kean's 'taking leave of the stage,' as the conclusion of his engagement was impudently called. This *coup de theatre*, equally disgraceful to Mr. Elliston and himself, we should have passed over, had it not been for the unblushing effrontery with which Mr. Kean came forward, at the conclusion of the play (Othello), and, in an address to the audience, reminded them of his adultery. Our readers will recollect, that although we never palliated Mr. Kean's offence, yet we did interpose, to prevent his being driven from the stage. The audience and the public forgave him, and silence certainly was not only the best policy, but a positive duty, on the part of Mr. Kean. But what did he do?—Why, boasted that he had triumphed over 'one of the most malignant attacks ever made on any individual,' and denominated the press as 'a most powerful engine placed for his destruction.'—Had the press generally had any such feeling, with all the assurance Mr. Kean possesses, he would not have been able thus to insult the public. After Mr. Kean had concluded his address, and Mr Elliston had 'embraced him,' the latter gentleman thought he would, on being called, try his hand at a speech, notwithstanding the friendly warning of a good-natured fellow in the pit, who exclaimed, 'Good night, Elliston, they only want to make a fool of you.' A speech, however, Mr. Elliston made, amidst shouts of laughter and applause. The gist of it was that what Mr. Kean had done, 'might be any man's case;' that is to say, adultery is an accidental circumstance. Mr. Kean commences a new engagement in June, with the laudable view, on the part of Mr. Elliston, no doubt, to crush the summer theatres.

At the minors, all is activity. Sadler's Wells opens under the management of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, and the Surrey, under the direction of his brother Charles. Thus have these gentlemen exchanged their former scenes of action. Astley's (we insist on calling it by its old name) will open under Ducrow.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The valuable library of the late Mr. Langlès, the King's librarian, is now selling at Paris. This collection of books is, in several departments, one of the most extensive ever collected by a private individual, and, in some departments, as the history and geography of Asia, it is almost without a rival. It contains a number of extremely scarce travels.

The original prayer-book, in black letter, which belonged to King Charles the First, and was used by the monarch on the scaffold, which was to have been sold by auction by Mr. Thomas on Saturday, was withdrawn, in consequence of the documents which establish its authenticity not having arrived. This prayer-book was given by Dr. Hutton, the King's physician, to the Presbytery of Dumfries, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman, since deceased, whose library was sold, and this book was then bought by the present owner.

A singularly curious manuscript volume was sold by Evans on Wednesday. It contained the accounts of the executors of the celebrated painter, Sir Peter Lely, signed with their respective autographs. From this document it appears that Lely painted many portraits, which are lost to the world, especially a head of Richard Cromwell. The volume is rather voluminous, and on subjects of art exceedingly interesting. We believe the book was purchased by Molteno, either for his Majesty or the British Museum.

The curious library of the late Dr. Parr will shortly be brought to the hammer. It will be found very extensive, and peculiarly rich in Latin classics, especially in the almost numberless editions of Homer. In some of the early numbers of the British Critic, our readers will remember an elaborate and most minute examination of the splendid edition of Homer, by the late Dr. Coombe, of Bloomsbury Square, father of one of the present curators of the British Museum, which was written by Dr. Parr. The article in question had the effect, for a time, of depressing the value of Dr. Coombe's literary labours, and nearly destroying the sale of his book. It has, however, since recovered, and is is now considered scarce and valuable. The bitter character of this criticism, backed by its accuracy, occasioned a long correspondence between the editor of Homer, and the 'Occasional Writer in the British Critic,' whose 'biting satire,' after many 'hard hits' on both sides, eventually triumphed.

Important Anatomical Invention.—M. Ouroux, a physician in Paris, has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, a piece of artificial anatomy, representing the body of a man, according to its natural dimensions. The solidity of the materials employed permits the taking to pieces, and putting together again, all the various pieces of mechanism, in their very fullest details, and with such scientific accuracy, that a student may, with a book of anatomy in his hand, find out any trace into its most minute particulars, and on every portion of the human frame. Immediately under the skin, are exhibited the veinous system, and the superficial coat of muscles. Each muscle may be separately detached, and with it the vessels and nerves that run along its surface, or go through it. The succeeding coats of muscles, &c may, in like manner, be detached and studied separately, or in selection with the other organs of the system, until the student at length arrives at the bare skeleton. A portion of the last coat of muscles and of the vascular and nervous system, the separation of which offered no advantage, remain attached to the bones. In the cavities are found all the organs proper to them. The eye, detached from its orbit, may be studied apart. The muscles, the vessels, the nerves, and the membranes of this delicate organ are represented with scrupulous accuracy; the transparent parts are imitated in glass. The organization of the throat may be examined by means of this piece of mechanism, with greater precision than on a natural subject. In the thoracic cavity is seen the heart, and vessels that branch off from it, and which may be followed to their remotest ramification. One portion of the lungs is divided in two, in order to exhibit the pulmonary circulation. In the abdominal cavity, separated from the preceding by the diaphragm, are found an exact representation of the *viscera*. On removing the intestinal mass, the veins, the spleen, the liver, &c. are disclosed to view. The preparation of the organs contained in the cavity of the *pelvis* is particularly worthy of attention. The removal of all these parts leaves open to inspection the azigos, the thoracic canal, and the grand lymphatic nerve attached to the vertebral column. This piece of mechanical anatomy has, over all other representations of the human system, great advantages. From the solidity of its materials, it can be taken to pieces, and handled and examined in its minutest details, without suffering any injury; it is not liable to be influenced by the variations in the temperature of the atmosphere; besides its offering the student the greatest possible facility for the examination of even the remotest part of the body, not only in relation with the whole, but separately, it is the least expensive succedaneum for the human subject that has been yet discovered. The price set upon this very ingenious and eminently useful piece of mechanism is 3,000 francs. Now it is well known that the wax figure of a man, in the natural proportions, exhibiting merely the outward coat of muscles (the skin being taken off,) cannot be had for a less sum than between 30 and 40,000 francs. The Academy of Sciences has named a commission to draw up a report upon this invention of M. Ouroux. The Royal Academy of Medicine and the Society of Emulation have already made such favourable reports upon M. Ouroux's first essays in this way, as to secure to him the countenance and encouragement of government.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 25	40	42	39	29 85	Fair.
.... 26	40	54	41	30 05	Do.
.... 27	40	51	42	.. 04	Do.
.... 28	42	51	43	.. 05	Cloudy.
.... 29	38	45	41	29 98	Do.
.... 30	41	44	40	30 05	Do.
.... 31	41	50	43	.. 33	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Company—Lord Orrery (Dr. Bentley's antagonist) was fond of two sorts of company. He either improved himself by conversing with men of real genius and learning, or else diverted himself with those in whose composition there was a mixture of the odd and ridiculous: the foibles of such he would touch with a delicacy and tenderness that prevented any offence from being taken even by the parties themselves, who enjoyed the humour and joined in the laugh as heartily as the rest of the company.

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Archbishop Williams.—It was a rule with Archbishop Williams to give himself some recreation before he sate down to compose, and that in proportion to the importance of the composition.—(His Life in Lloyd's Worthies.) Dr. H. More, after finishing one of his most laborious and painful works, exclaimed, 'Now, for these three months, I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, nor do an ill thing.'

Imitation of Style.—Every man has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking, which he spoils by a too close and servile imitation of another; as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed, '*I had almost marred my own natural trot by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble.*'

Preferment.—As men are preferred, their zeal and diligence often remit instead of increasing. Urban III. thus inscribed a letter to Archbishop Baldwin, 'Monacho *ferventissimo*, abbati *calido*, episcopo *tepido*, archiepiscopo *remisso*.' Most *fervent* as a monk, *warm* as an abbot, *lukewarm* as a bishop, *cold* as an archbishop.—When Bishop Andrews first became Bishop of Winton, a distant relation, a blacksmith, applied to him to be *made a gentleman*; that is, to be ordained and provided with a benefice. 'No,' said the bishop, 'you shall have the best *forge* in the country;—but every man in his own order and station.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of Mr. Pennie's 'Scenes in Palestine,' 'Tremaine,' 'Blaquiere's Second Visit to Greece,' and the concluding notice of 'Dr. Lyall's Travels in Russia,' 'Noter's Essay on Assurance,' 'Hope,' by S. K., and the 'Smuggler's Cave,' in our next, when we shall also notice that very elegant and instructive novelty, the Myrianthea.

Works published since our last notice.—Letters of an Exile, 2 vols.—Taylor's Key to the Knowledge of Nature, 8vo. plates, 18s.—Benson's Hulsean Lectures, vol. 2d, second edition, 12s.—Buckingham's Travels among the Arab Tribes, 4to. 3*l.* 13s 6*d*.—Greves on Calvinistic Predestination, 8vo. 12s.—Parry's Posthumous Essays, 8vo. 18s.—Blaquiere's Second Visit to Greece, 8vo. 12s.—Taylor's Itenerary of a Traveller, 5s. 6*d*.—Pocket Annual Register for 1825, 7s. 6*d*.—Hunt's Bacchus in Tuscany, 7s.—Parnell's Penal Law against Catholics, 5s. 6*d*.—Sheridan's Songs of Greece, 8vo. 13s.—Popish Errors Exposed, 18mo. 3s.—La Diable Diplomatique, 6s.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Second Visit to Greece, including Facts connected with the Last Days of Lord Byron, Extracts from Correspondence, Official Documents, &c. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq. author of The Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution, &c. 8vo. pp. 342. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE cause in which Byron perished, and which has for its object the rescuing a Christian people from the odious and besotting tyranny of the Turks, can never fail of exciting interest among Britons. Such is the cause of Greece, and yet neither the ardour manifested nor the support given to the Greeks has been at all adequate,—at least, to our expectations. To what cause this is to be attributed we know not, unless it is that the revolution in Spain and the attempted revolutions in Naples and Sardinia have terminated so woefully. With Greece, however, the case is very different—there we have seen a gallant people without resources, unacquainted with the principles of union or even combination, and in spite of civil dissensions, successfully shaking off the domination of Turkey, defeating her armies, and annihilating her navies. History, perhaps, scarcely records more striking traits of heroism than the Greeks have displayed during this war of revolution. Thermopylæ has been distinguished by new triumphs; while at sea the Greeks have shown instances of succès unparalleled during, that have not been surpassed even in the British navy, in which to go forth and to conquer are almost synonymous terms. The Greeks have, however, still much to do. That they will never return under the yoke of the Ottomans, we feel assured; although they are threatened with another and a formidable campaign: some of the rapacious leaders, who took an active share in the revolution, have been raising dissensions, and the government is by no means well provided with the sinews of war—money. The last, we trust, will be provided either in the way of loan or subsidy. An energetic appeal to the people of England could not fail of producing much. Surely, the men who have given their hundreds or their thousands to an individual, or to an institution of a limited nature, would not be less liberal to emancipate a brave people, where, perhaps, every shilling would rescue a whole family from a degrading and barbarous tyranny. Neutrality is, no doubt, the interest of our government, and such general arrangement shall be made among the powers of Europe, as shall guarantee the independence of Greece: individual effort may, however, do much; and, as public opinion is decidedly in favour of the Greek cause, an appeal in its behalf could scarcely fail of success: but we are talking of Greece and forgetting Mr. Blaquiere, who, somewhat less than twelve months ago, gave us a volume on this subject.

This gentleman is a sort of amateur in revolutions: we know he has been very active in those of Spain and Greece, and we have his own authority for stating, that he exerted himself 'to promote the cause of freedom and humanity in the new world.' This will of course be deemed an unpardonable offence, by the members of that unlawful combination or conspiracy yclept the Holy Alliance; but it is but due to Mr. Blaquiere to say, that all these revolutions are legitimate in their objects, and that their success would have been advantageous to the sacred cause of liberty.

Mr. Blaquiere is, we are convinced, a sincere friend to the liberty of Greece: he is, however, not blind to the injurious effects of those dissensions which distract the Morea, and calls on the sovereigns of Europe to interfere, and thinks that a well-regulated monarchy, sanctioned by those powers, would be a blessing to Greece. The question, however, is, who shall be that sovereign? None of her native princes or chieftains seem to be sufficiently popular to be raised to that honour, without exciting much jealousy; and, although there is scarcely one of the allied powers that could not spare a prince or two for the purpose; yet it is doubtful that they will agree as to the choice of the individual. These difficulties ought not, however, to deter the cabinets of Europe from interfering to put an end to the war of extermination now waging in the Morea.

The first part of Mr. Blaquiere's work consists of a personal narrative of his several journeys in Greece, statistical details, observations, &c.; he points out the difficulties the Greek government has had to encounter, owing to the want of money occasioned by the detention, at Zante, of a portion of the English loan, and still more so from the factions of the Greek chiefs. In the course of his narative, Mr. Blaquiere relates many little incidents, illustrative of the manners and habits of the Greeks. The following is the account he gives of his entertainment at the convent of St. Eleusis, where he remained a night:—

'Supper was announced soon after ten o'clock; it was served in a room adjoining the balcony, and consisted of the usual dishes of pilaf, a capital preparation of rice and fowls well spiced, boiled mutton and *paramaisto*, or, in plain English, a lamb roasted whole, stuffed with a variety of ingredients, among which almonds, raisins, rice, and garlic, were the most predominant. This is indeed considered by many good judges as one of the greatest luxuries furnished by the culinary art, either in Greece or any other country. Though the wine was strongly impregnated with rosin, a practice continued from the earliest ages by the Greeks, it did not prevent us from drinking many bumpers, as well to the cause of the cross, as to its friends and supporters all over the world.'

'In giving an account of the modern Greek repasts, I ought not to omit noticing the practice of consulting the blade-bone of the victim, which, being divested of the flesh, is handed round and examined by each of the party, who decide the fate of the campaign according to the marks they happen to discover on this novel source of divination.'

At Gastrouni, Mr. Blaquiere paid a visit to the heroine of Mistras, Costanza Zacari, whom he found at the door of her cottage playing with a child. Costanza encountered all the privations and fatigues of two campaigns, and was present in several engagements under the walls of Patras, where she was severely wounded for the second time. Costanza excited great enthusiasm among the soldiery, and was always the foremost in battle, although she is of a slight and delicate frame, and has not yet attained her twentieth year. The dissensions among the Greek chiefs, some of whom wished to perpetuate anarchy, in order to enrich themselves by plunder, are feelingly deplored by Mr. Blaquiere: but even one man was drawn into the conspiracy, who was free from such motives; this was Nikitas, the nephew of the rebel Colocotroni:

'The disinterested conduct and generous ardour shown by Nikitas, in the early stages of the revolution, gave rise to his being called the modern Aristides. Many traits which are related of him seem to justify this high honour, while his bravery in the field has given him the appellation of *Turcophagus*. Nikitas is perhaps the only captain who has abstained from participating in any of the rich booty made during the war. His only trophies are the arms which he may have taken from a fallen enemy: but even these have, on more than one occasion, been offered to the government in lieu of a subscription to the wants of the state. I shall only cite a single fact connected with this subject, and which occurred a short time previous to my first visit to the Morea. Having heard that the Turkish fleet was out, and threatening various points of the confederation, while that of his own country could not sail for want of funds, Nikitas sent a magnificently mounted sabre, which he had taken from the Pacha of Drama a few months before, to the Primates of Hydra, begging they would dispose of it,

and appropriate the money in aid of sending out the fleet. This generous trait produced effects which were but little contemplated by the donor. It electrified the Hydriotes; a subscription was immediately commenced; and the fleet sailed in a few days. Nikitas had probably forgotten an act which placed him on a level with the most celebrated hero of Greece, in her best days, when a messenger arrived with a letter from the Primates, in which, after expressing their gratitude for his late proof of patriotism and public virtue, also adding that their fleet was at sea, they requested he would take back his sword, as it could not be wielded by a braver soldier or more generous patriot!'

While at Messolonghi, Mr. Blaquiere witnessed the *pyria*, or fishing by fire, which is noticed by the earliest historians of Greece. Mr. B. accompanied Prince Marrocordate on board one of two canoes, about thirty feet long, on the extensive lake in front of the town:—

'On the canoes being put off from the shore, I observed that, besides the gondolier at the stern, there was another man close to the prow, busily occupied in placing some dry chips in an iron cramp, that extended about eighteen inches from the prow; he soon after applied a torch to these, which immediately burst forth into a brilliant blaze. This was the signal for commencing, and, in a moment more, I saw him stand on the very end of the prow, with a long trident raised in both hands, and ready to strike his prey. The canoe was now set forward with increased velocity, when, instead of being displaced from his position, the trident-bearer not only remained, but began to use the instrument of death, and seldom drew it back without bringing up a large carp or bream, which he safely deposited in the canoe without ever moving from his place. On looking over the side, the water seemed teeming with the finny tribe, of which an infinite variety were darting under and about the boat in every direction. Whenever the blaze slackened, it was renewed by a fresh supply of chips. As we advanced towards the centre of the lagune, there were above fifty boats employed in the same way as ourselves; nor would it be easy to describe the singularly pleasing effect produced by the canoes darting across each other, while some seemed to be running a race, and came so near, that we could often touch them as they glided past us. The darkness of the night added greatly to the general effect of this novel and interesting scene. On returning, after being out little more than two hours, we found that the quantity of fish taken weighed above forty pounds; a few of these being selected for supper, the rest became the property of the boatmen.'

Mr. Blaquiere visited all the places most celebrated in Greece for the events of the war, and bears testimony to the sanguinary nature of the conflict: the beach of Corinth was strewed with human bones and skulls; and, from the best information, it appears that the Turks lost 10,000 men in the neighbourhood of Corinth alone. Mr. B., at Corinth, was accompanied by the late Lord Charles Murray, and they agreed to visit the Temple of Neptune:—

'The temple is finely situated, and commands a view of the gulf, extending beyond Salona on the north, and to Sycion on the west. There are not more than seven of the columns standing, and only five entire. The order is Doric, and composed of fell-stone, which has suffered greatly from the ravages of time. There are numerous other ruins seen in different parts of the town, but all in a state of undistinguishable dilapidation. While going over them, Lord Charles observed on the singularity of there not being one solitary pillar of the most elegant architectural order, on the very spot whence it derives its name, and in which, as Dryden says—

"All below is strength, and all above is grace!"

'I replied that, by a scarcely less singular coincidence, the same observation applied to the raisins of Corinth, as we saw no appearance of vineyards, the whole of its extensive plain being either down with corn, or covered by olive plantations, which extend for some miles on the western side of the town.'

Mr. Blaquiere, in his account of the Turkish massacre at Ipsara, confirms the previous statements in the newspapers, that several Ipsariot mothers, rather than fall into the hands of the barbarians, rushed to the nearest rocks, and, dashing their infants into the surge below, plunged after them. The Greeks, finding themselves unable to maintain Fort St. Nicholas, opened its gates, when 2,000 Turks rushed in: a preconcerted signal was then given to a Greek soldier, who was placed at the powder-mine; he applied the match, and in another instant every soul within the wall's of the forts perished. Men like these, who will fight to the utmost and then make their own lives so dear a purchase to their enemies, may be slain, but never can be conquered. It is painful to think that such noble spirits should be sacrificed in a cause which a well-timed interference on the part of the European sovereigns would prevent.

At Athens Mr. Blaquiere visited the Parthenon and Temple of Erectheus, but these have so often been described, that we shall pass them over. On the attempts to introduce the press into Greece, Mr. B. pays a warm tribute of praise to Colonel Leicester Stanhope, as having displayed the most zeal, in convincing the Greeks that, without education and a free press, their liberty would be merely nominal, and unproductive of benefit. The types and printing-press which the colonel presented to the Athenians, are now employed by a Greek, who has recently commenced a journal, entitled 'The Ephemerides of Athens.'

"The Friend of the Laws" has been edited for some months at Hydra, by M. Chiappa, an Italian, who seems to be very well suited to the task he has undertaken. "The Greek Chronicle," the first paper which appeared in Greece, is conducted by Dr. Meyer a German, who has become a Greek citizen through his marriage with a native of Messolunghi, where his journal is published. Though what the French call *une tête exaltée*, and rather too fond of indulging in personalities, Meyer unites a degree of enthusiasm with a love of improvement, which will make him a very useful citizen of his adopted country. Another paper, entitled "The Greek Telegraph," was commenced under the auspices of Lord Byron, and but for his lordship's death, and consequent departure of Count Gamba, who was its chief support, would have been extremely useful to the cause. This journal has been conducted in so obtrusive a manner ever since, that its extinction will not be a very great loss to Greece.'

Mr. Blaquiere estimates that part of continental Greece which is in the possession of the Greeks at six hundred thousand souls, of whom forty thousand are capable of bearing arms. What a handful of men to resist the whole Ottoman power!

The second part of Mr. Blaquiere's very interesting volume consists of documents and correspondence, including 'The Last Days of Lord Byron,' a considerable portion of which has already appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and been thence copied into the newspapers. The two following anecdotes, related of Lord Byron by his servant Fletcher, we do not recollect to have seen before:—

"While we were one day walking in the woods near Ravenna, my master saw an old woman decrepid with age, gathering sticks; he inquired into her circumstances, and immediately granted her a pension for her future maintenance. It was customary to dress a dinner daily for his lordship while at the above place; as the servants were all on board wages, and my master scarcely ever dined at home, I had orders to find out twelve of the most helpless poor of the city, to whom the victuals were always given.

"One of the dogs happening to get into a mill-dam, a man, who saw he was likely to be carried into the wheel, leaned over the brink so far, that he fell in, and was unfortunately drowned. My master seemed to suffer very much from this accident, and not only defrayed the expenses of the funeral, but settled fifteen shillings a week on his children, till they should grow up, and he otherwise provided for. These are, indeed, only a few instances of his lordship's goodness; but, should you require any more, I could furnish you with a thousand."

The letters, correspondence, documents, &c. in the second division of Mr Blaquiere's volume, will throw much valuable light on the present state of Greek affairs, and we recommend the work as a faithful and candid view of the present state and future prospects of one of the most interesting revolutions the world has witnessed.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.

(Continued from p. 212.)

In the description of the Tuileries our author gives an account of many interesting scenes which occurred there during the eventful revolution; the return of Bonaparte from Elba to this palace is not the least curious. It was on the 15th of March, 1815, eight days after the landing of Napoleon, that intelligence reached the Tuileries, that General Lefebvre Desnouettes was marching on

Paris; this created great consternation. Next day, Louis XVIII. proceeded to the Chamber of Deputies, and renewed his oath to maintain the charter.

On the 19th the Tuileries were put in a state of defence; but the departure of the king was fixed for midnight:—

'The effort to keep this measure secret was rendered abortive by the bustle that prevailed in the palace. All suspected what was about to take place, and yet no one knew that it was fixed. At length all doubt was removed by the arrival of the travelling-carriages. The king's carriage drew up at the Pavillon de Flore. The national guards, officers and men, hastened to throng the staircase by which his majesty was to descend. Deep silence prevailed, and every eye was eagerly fixed upon the door by which he was to pass, when a bustle was heard in the adjoining apartment, and the king appeared, preceded by a single usher, bearing candles, and supported by the Duke de Duras and the Count de Blacas. His majesty seemed deeply affected, and a powerful emotion was visible in those who surrounded him. The king having ascended his carriage, it immediately drove off, under the escort of a detachment of the body guards. Monsieur departed an hour afterwards, and was immediately followed by the persons of the king's suite.

'The night passed without any particular occurrence. The architect and adjutant of the palace came to take measures to protect the property from injury and pillage. Early in the morning of the 20th, the rumour of the king's departure was spread in the city, and the people flocked to the gates of the Tuileries and the terraces of the garden. During the morning several altercations took place between the opposing parties, but no serious breach of the public peace occurred.

'About one o'clock, a troop of half-pay officers arrived from St. Denis, with two pieces of cannon, and a detachment of cuirassiers, to mount guard at the Tuileries. The national guards refused to open the gates. At this moment a general rode up and announced that Bonaparte would shortly arrive. It was then agreed to admit officers only into the court of the Tuileries. The latter demanded to perform the duty with the national guards, and soon the singular spectacle was presented of an officer on guard with the tricoloured cockade, in the name of the emperor, by the side of a grenadier of the national guard, with the white cockade, who acknowledged only the king.

'In the meantime, new personages from all quarters arrived at the Tuileries; officers of state, ministers and chamberlains in their ancient costume, pages in uniform and in livery, came and resumed their stations, as though Bonaparte had merely made a short excursion, and his house had been kept for him in the meanwhile. Ladies, elegantly dressed, ascended the stairs and filled the saloons; and, what is still more singular, the same ushers placed themselves at the doors of the apartments, to enforce the imperial etiquette.

'Bonaparte was expected to arrive by the Arc du Carrousel, and guards were stationed there to preserve order. At length fifty grenadiers were ordered to the door of the Pavillion de Flore. The officers of the army, seeing this movement, flocked there in a crowd; the persons in the apartments of the Tuileries hurried to the grand staircase; a rushing of horses and carriages was heard upon the quay; a troop of lancers with drawn swords, carrying all before them, galloped through the gate; a berlin was in the midst of them; it stopped upon the same spot from which the king's carriage had started, less than twenty-four hours before; the coach-door opened, and upon the steps appeared Napoleon, in the same grey *redingote*, with the same hat, that he always wore. He would have entered, but, finding it impossible to penetrate the crowd, a troop of generals and officers took him up, and bore him, as in triumph, into the interior of the pavilion, amidst shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

'Whilst Napoleon was re-establishing himself in the palace, detachments of all the corps arrived in the court; cannon were drawn up in the midst of them; the cavalry fastened their horses to the palisades, and all the avenues to the Tuileries resembled a grand headquarters after a victory.

'The national guards maintained their stations during the rest of the night.'

A more striking instance of revolutionary frenzy can scarcely be found than in the honours paid to the wretch Marat, who was assassinated by Charlotte Corday, in 1793, when the Jacobins decreed the highest honours to the monster:—

'The painter David delivered an emphatic panegyric of him in the Convention, and declared that his art should reproduce the *traits chéris du vertueux ami du peuple*. He afterwards painted him at the moment of assassination, the blood streaming from the wound. The picture, hideous from its resemblance and expression, was exposed for several days on an altar in the court of the Louvre. The Convention afterwards caused it to be placed in the hall of their sittings. The heart of Marat was enclosed in the richest and most costly urn out of the *garde meuble de la couronne*, and Robespierre pronounced over him a funeral oration. A tomb was raised to his memory on the Place du Carrousel, by the side of that of Latouski, a Pole, who perished on the 10th of August, 1792, during the attack on the Tuileries. The tomb was of turf, surrounded with an iron railing, and in the centre was constructed a small *sacellum*, in which were placed his bust, his lamp, his bathing-tub, and his inkstand. A sentinel guarded this singular monument night and day.—Every week, the *clubistes*, in red woollen caps, traversed the streets in procession, and took their stations upon the Place du Carrousel.'

An account of the Luxembourg follows that of the Tuileries. During the revolution this palace was used as a prison, and was, with singular levity, called the *Magazine à Guillotine*. It was at this period that—

'A painter on china, named Marino, was appointed, in 1793, superintendent of the police and inspector of prisons. This Marino, going to the Luxembourg, and finding fifteen nobles confined together in a large room on the first floor, told the keeper, who accompanied him, to put *sans culottes* into that room, and the nobles into the stable. A naval captain, the Marquis de * * * *, said, "Director, do not blame the keeper; it is I who begged him to put together in this room, nobles who, like myself, defy your guillotine. An old sailor does not fear villains such as you." Marino, astonished, inquired his name. "The Marqu's de * * * *."—"Have you been long at Paris?—Three years.—Were you at Paris ten years ago?—Yes.—Do you remember having crossed the court of the Palais de Justice, at the moment when two officers were insulting a young woman?—Yes.—You defended her?—Yes, I remember it.—Well, that was a relation of mine, and, to show you my gratitude, you may go out of this prison, for it is *notre magazin à guillotine*."—"I accept your offer, upon the condition only that all my comrades may go out with me."—"That is impossible; but I will return to-morrow. Make a list of seven or eight, and I will remove them with you to another prison, where you will be secure from the guillotine." The next day Marino returned, and said to the marquis: "Give me your list."—"There it is, the number is twenty-one; I can make no diminution, I would rather remain here for the guillotine, than be guilty of cowardice." Marino yielded, and the twenty-one were transferred the same evening to the prison called *Des Oiseaux*, upon the *Boulevards Neufs*.'

At the *Sainte Chapelle*, attached to the *Palais de Justice*—

'A singular ceremony was performed annually, on the night of Good Friday. All persons who believed themselves possessed by the devil came to be delivered from his bondage; they threw themselves into a thousand forms, and sent forth horrid cries and shrieks. The chanter, after some time, used to make his appearance with the wood of the true cross, which immediately restored order, and the convulsive motions and cries were succeeded by a perfect calm. This ceremony continued to the reign of Louis XV. and last took place in 1770.'

As, in the description of the *Palais de Justice*, our author gives an historical account of the courts of law and laws, so in the account of the *Hôtel de Monnaies* he describes the French coins at different periods. The description of the French hotels is prefaced by a singular account of the bars formerly placed in front of the houses of princes and other distinguished individuals:—

'The princes of the blood, in former times, had unlimited jurisdiction over their domestics. The great officers of the crown had the same authority over all those who held any charge, employment, or office, under them. In case of popular tumult, or if the people had any urgent complaint to make, they assembled before the house of the governor, the grand almoner, the *connétable*, the grand chamberlain, the grand equerry, the chancellor, a prince of the blood, or, in short, before the house of any one who had authority to judge and punish the persons of whom they had to complain. The prince or officer ap-

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peared at his door, where there was a bar, that he might not be pressed upon by the people, and on which he leant, to hear their complaints. Such was the origin of the bars which, before the revolution, were seen in front of different hotels in Paris.'

To Charlemagne Paris was indebted for the foundation of the university; his object was rather to promote religion than general knowledge:—

'Charlemagne himself examined the scholars. In imitation of the last judgment, he placed the diligent on his right hand, and the idle on his left; saying to the former, "As you have been faithful to my orders, I will give you the most valuable bishoprics and abbeys in my kingdom;" and to those on the left hand, "Unless you make up by diligence what you have lost by negligence, you will never obtain the smallest favour." This prince did not wish to form Ciceros or Virgils in his schools, but rather Jeromes and Augustins.'

Our author, we suspect, is not very correct in his English names: we never heard of a Lord Harnouester, nor is Goustand an English name; nor are the titles of some of the French institutions correctly translated: the exhibition in Paris of *Les Produits de l'Industrie Française* is not merely an exhibition of the products of French industry, but of French manufactures.

In the early period of the history of France the maintenance of foundlings was at the charge of feudal lords; hospitals were in later years erected for them, but they were not well managed:—

'In 1570, the foundlings were removed from the Hôpital de la Trinité to a house in the *cité*, ceded by the chapter of Notre Dame, for a pecuniary consideration. The children received into this house, which took the name of *Maison de la Couche*, were placed daily in a large cradle in the church of Notre Dame, to excite the public liberality, and thereby diminish the expenses of the lords.

'The foundlings of this establishment being grievously neglected, a widow lady, residing in the vicinity, received them into her house; but her servants, weary of their employment, made them an article of traffic. These infants were sold to beggars to obtain alms, to nurses whose sucklings were dead, and to magicians, who put them to death in the exercise of their profession. The price of each infant was fixed at twenty sous.

'This dreadful abuse at length became public, and Vincent de Paule, a man celebrated for his zeal and benevolence, incensed at the abominable traffic in foundlings, procured for them, in 1638, a new asylum, near the Porte St. Victor, and engaged the *Dames de la Charité* to take charge of them. The funds for their support being found very inadequate to the object, the superintendents of this establishment determined by lot which of the infants should be preserved and fed. The others were abandoned.

'In 1640, Vincent de Paule assembled together the *dames* who had the care of these foundlings, and enjoined them to renounce the barbarous decision by lot, and to preserve the lives of all the unfortunate children. The zeal of this philanthropist in the cause of humanity rendered him superior to the repulses he met with in soliciting contributions. In 1641, he obtained of the court an annuity of 3,000 livres for the foundlings, and 1,000 livres for their nurses. In 1644, he obtained an additional annuity of 8,000 livres, and in 1648, part of the château of Bicêtre was, at his request, granted for an asylum.'

In the account of the Italian Opera some amusing anecdotes are related of Vestris and his son, who performed there during the reign of Louis XVI.:—

'In 1784, the King of Sweden being at Paris, and wishing to be present at the performance of an opera, her majesty, Marie-Antoinette, requested Vestris, junior, who had sprained his foot, to dance in the best manner he could. Vestris, after having been solicited three times, made such a reply that the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the department of Paris, sent him to prison. "Alas," said his father, who was surnamed the God of dancing, and whose talents were exceeded only by his vanity, "this is the first rupture between our house and the family of the Bourbons!"

'At the time of the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guemené, Vestris said to his son: "My son, I have allowed you to bear my name, but unless you diminish your expenses you shall do so no longer. Hearken, my son—I will have no de Guemené in my family!"

'The same Vestris, when his son was sent to prison with several other dancers and actors, for having made a disturbance at the Opera House, said to him—"Go, my son, this is the best day of your life. Take my carriage, and ask for the apartments of my friend the King of Poland: I will pay for all!"'

Our author devotes a chapter to magic, which was in high repute among the Franks; in March, 1615, however, the devil is said to have strangled two magicians in Paris:—

'The one was Huggieri, abbot of St. Mahé, of whom we have before spoken; he was assailed amidst a thundering noise by the devil, who strangled him in the night. The other, named *Cesar*, produced hail and thunder storms at pleasure, possessed a familiar spirit, and a dog who carried his letters, and brought back answers. He made a waxen image to occasion the death of a certain gentleman. He composed philters for young men that they might be beloved by young girls, went to the *Sabbat*, and boasted of having obtained the favours of a great lady at court. Whilst a prisoner in the Bastile, on the 11th of March, 1615, the devil came with a frightful noise, and strangled him in his bed. A fact more certain is, that he made a trade of showing the devil to any one who would pay to see him.

'The following account of the manner in which this impostor produced the devil and his infernal court, is recorded by a contemporary author in the words of Cesar, whom he calls *Perdidor*: "You would scarcely believe how many gallants and young *sérapiens* (Parisians) importune me to show them the devil. Seeing this, I thought of a most ludicrous contrivance to gain money. At a quarter of a league from this city, towards Gentilly, is a very deep quarry, with long recesses to the right and left. When any one comes to see the devil, I lead him into this quarry; but, before we enter, I demand at least forty or fifty pistoles, and require him to swear never to speak of it, not to be afraid, to invoke neither god nor demi-god, nor to utter any holy word.

"'I then enter first into the cavern, and, before we advance far, I make circles and recite invocations, and some pieces composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner uttered than the curious fool and I hear the rattling of heavy iron chains, and the growling of large mastiffs. I then ask him whether he is afraid; if he says yes, as there are some who dare not go farther, I conduct him back, and, having thus cured him of his impertinent curiosity, keep the money which he gave me.

"'But should he not be afraid, I advance farther, muttering horrid imprecations. On arriving at a place with which I am acquainted, I redouble my invocations, and rave as though I were mad. Immediately, six men, whom I keep in this cavern, throw out flames of rosin on the right and left of us. Through the flames I show to my dupe a large goat laden with huge chains painted red to make them appear as if red hot. On the right and left are two large mastiffs, whose heads are thrust into wooden instruments broad at one end, and narrow at the other. In proportion as these men exasperate them, they howl, and their howling resounds in such a manner in the instruments on their heads, and makes such a terrific noise in the cavern, that, although I know the cause of it, the very hair of my head stands on end with horror. The goat, which I have trained for the purpose, shakes his chains, tosses his horns, and plays his part so well, that no one would believe but that he is the devil himself. My six actors, who have been well tutored, are also laden with red chains, and clothed like furies. There is no light in the cavern but what they make at intervals with rosin.

"'After having thus played the devil for some time, two of them come and torment my inquisitive fool with long sand-bags, with which they beat him about the body so unmercifully, that I am at length obliged to drag him half-dead out of the cavern. When he has somewhat recovered his senses, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to wish to see the devil, and beg him to resist the temptation; and, I assure you, no one ever came to see him a second time."'

Scenes in Palestine; or, Dramatic Sketches from the Bible. To which is added, The Fair Avenger, or the Destroyer Destroyed, an Academic Drama. By J. F. Pennie. 12mo. pp. 201. London, 1825. Cole.

Without in the least wishing to place Mr. Pennie in a higher rank among living poets than that to which he is entitled, we may, we think, fairly state that no writer of equal talents has been so unaccountably neglected. To what circumstance this neglect is to be attributed we know not: it is sufficient that it exists, to account for his feeling somewhat mortified, and complaining of

having been treated with 'cruel neglect and unfeeling apathy.' 'It will,' says the author, who does not conceal his disappointment, 'be for other and more liberal days, when this heart shall long have ceased to throb with the disappointment of all its hopes, to judge if I have merited such chilling treatment from these self-boasted fosterers of rising merit and genius.'

This is evidently the language of a man of acute feelings, who, with a modest consciousness of his talents, feels that he has been unfortunate in their being so little noticed In the preface, which contains this expression of his sentiments, Mr. Pennie labours to prove that scriptural subjects are neither unsuited to poetical versification nor the public taste. We know not why they should be: we are not aware of any work which contains in itself so much true and sublime poetry, as the sacred writings; and we trust that, vitiated as the public taste may be, the Bible has not ceased to be looked on with veneration.

Mr. Pennie's 'Dramatic Sketches' are eight in number. The subjects are Cain and Abel, Jacob and Rachel, the Fall of Jericho, Ruth, the Deluge, Absolom, the Judgment of Solomon, and the Phœnician Fugitives. They are, it will be seen, well chosen, and many of them are in themselves highly dramatic; they have, however, been rendered doubly so by Mr. Pennie, who is extremely felicitous in his treatment of sacred subjects: there is a richness of versification often rising into sublimity in some of these pieces, which would do credit to any poet of the present day. This, we think, will be evident from the extracts we shall make; the first is the concluding portion of the Fall of Jericho:—

'Scene II.—The outside of the Walls of Jericho.—The Israelitish camp at a distance.

'Enter Joshua, Eliasphan, Prince of Zebulun, Shelomi, Prince of Judah, other Princes, and part of the Hebrew army.

'Joshua. The sun in smiling glory up the sky
Triumphant rides; all nature gladly hails
His sense-delighting presence. Sweet the birds
Their wild lays pour: but there are other sounds
On the soft winds afloat, that to the hearts
Of Israel's sons speak sweeter melody.
The horn of battle rings for the last time,
O Jericho, around thy lofty walls.
And now, brave princes and assembled hosts,
This day another miracle behold:
Ye shall not lift a spear, nor draw a bow,
Yet, ere yon sun his mid-sky height attains,
The city shall be ours.

'Eliasphan. Brave Joshua, we
Long to behold its boasted bulwarks fall;
And in the blood of its inhabitants
Our thirsty weapons bathe.

'Joshua. For the last time,
The fearful watchmen on thy sun-gilt towers
View the young dawn; and, turning to the east,
Where shine a thousand radiant dies of light,
Worship the redly flaming king of day.
Vain are thy walls of hewn and massy stone,
Thy tower-crowned palaces, thy trophied halls,
Thy swelling battlements, and golden spires!
Vain is the valour of thy men of might,
And warlike lifters of the brazen spear;
And vain the ponderous bars of thy proud gates!
Our sacred banners, floating on the winds,
Emblazoned with the golden signs of heaven,
And cherub-shadowed ark, by holy priests
Borne 'twixt two dreadful hosts of armed men,
The shining of whose mail, like lightning, streams
Along thy walls and turrets, hath, since dawn,
In awful silence six times thee begirt.
See! once again, the last, seventh time they come.
And hark! the seven times seventh loud blast doth ring
Of horn and trump: valley, and hill, and tower,
Re-echo back the death-song of thy fall;
For thou shalt sink, proud city, and be found
No more among the nations of the earth!'

[*The ark appears borne by the priests, the twelve standards and a host of warriors, in solemn procession,—trumpets, &c.*]

Wave high your glittering banners on the air,
Mail clad gonfaloniers; blow the shrill trump
And martial horn, loud, and still louder yet.
Break, break the mystic silence, all ye hosts
Of joyful Israel; shake the glancing spear,
And strike your sounding buckles; lift the shout,
The shout triumphant, o'er yon trembling city,
Till shake th' eternal hills, and heaven resounds
With crash of falling walls, down-tumbling towers,
The shrieks of horror, and the cries of death!

[*Flourish, shouts, &c —The city falls.*]

It falls! it falls! and Jericho's no more!
Temple and palace, dome and battlement,
With hideous shock, down on each other rush!
The sun is darkened with thick clouds of dust,
And from the city comes a dreadful wail
Of anguish and despair! Draw forth your swords,
Ye valiant princes, and ye men of war;
Mount o'er the ruins of their gates and towers;
Let none of all the Baal adorers live,
Save Rahab and her house, who hid our spies.—
The sword of Israel, and the wasting fire,
Shall to the end of time, O Jericho,
Make thee a desolation! In thy halls
Of bannered pride, the wolf and bear shall dwell;
The crested cormorant from thy window cry;
Thy temples shall be made a dwelling-place
For the ale-lion's whelps, who from the reeds
Of Jordan's flood shall come with thee to dwell;
The hideous snake, with eye of fire in dign,
Shall in thy regal chambers hiss the raven,
Perched on thy blackened walls; and thou remain,
O'ergrown with weeds, a lonely heap of stones!
Haste to the work of death!—On, on to victory!

The little pastoral drama of Ruth (one of the most interesting narratives in a work rich beyond all others) is full of truth and beauty, and contains some excellent choruses. We shall, however, pass it over, to select part of a scene in the Judgment of Solomon, which is complete in itself:—

'Scene II.—The Hall of Judgment.

'Solomon on his throne of ivory.—A guard of warriors.—Ahinadab and Amazah with the sword of justice.—Rabbah and Zobath, one with a dead, and the other a living child, standing in front of the throne.

'Rabbah. Hearken, O king, on whom the wisdom dwells
Of God himself, and mayst thou ever live!
I and this woman in one house abode
As friends, alone. No strangers visited
Our humble home; and we two lovely boys
Brought forth almost together. Tenderly
These babes by us were nursed; and they grew up
Like twin kids of the flock. But O, my lord,
Two nights ago this hapless babe that lies
Cold in my arms, was by its mother pressed
Unconsciously to death. At the dark hour
Of midnight Zobath rose, and, finding that
Her ill-starred boy was dead, she crept to where
I stretched my weary limbs in slumberous rest,
And softly from my bosom as it slept,
Close nestled like a callow bird beneath
Its parent's fostering wing, my child did steal,
Placing her own dead infant on this breast:
But when I rose at dawning of the day,
I soon perceived the child, that in my arms
Lay motionless and silent, was not mine.

'Zobath. 'Tis false, O king, which she hath told. This child
Of life and beauty, in these arms, that springs
So readily to meet its mother's kiss,
Is mine.

'Rab. Pity, renowned prince of peace,
The anguish of a mother, who beholds
Her dear, her only child torn from her arms:
Who for yon lovely babe, that bless'd her eyes
With smiles and rosy beauty, and whose lips
The lacteal streams from her fond bosom drained,
As rapturously she pressed him to her heart,
Hath now another's death-cold infant thrust
Enforcedly upon her. Give me my child!
O, how he stretches out his little hands,
And smiles upon me. Give him, give him back,
Thou false and treacherous Zobath!

'Zob. Give him to thee! No we will never part!
Shall I my son give up, and to these arms
Take thy pale lifeless brat!

'Rab. O, let me not
Behold my infant, for whom I endured
Such pangs of child-birth, whom so tenderly
I've cherished with a mother's fondest hopes,
Become an alien to me. Let me not,
Thou far-famed king of Israel, see him nursed
On that base woman's lap, who vilely stole
Him from my sleeping arms.

'Solomon. Elders and chiefs
Renowned of Israel, how can I decide
The strange distracting claims to yonder child.
The sword the rightful mother's love shall prove,
And demonstrate the justice of my throne.—
Draw, Amazah, the flaming brand that guards
The judgment-seat: advance, and seize yon child,
Yon living child, and cleave it to the chine.
Then to those women each a bloody part
Give, to appease their clamours.

'Rab O, my lord,
In mercy, mercy, spare the lovely boy!
Thus on my knees I do beseech thee, bid
The executioner of wrath put up
His deadly-gleaming weapon, or on me
Let fall its horrid edge, that I may not
Behold the death-pangs of my slaughtered child!
O, thou dost hurt him with thine iron grasp,
Thou stern and bloody man! Thy looks do fright
The trembling innocent! O spare him! spare him!—
Take pity on my tears: compassionate
The agonies I for my child endure.—
Give back, O king, give back the guiltless babe
To her who claims him! To that ruthless woman
I yield him up, a mother's title quit,
And to her arms my boy resign for ever.

'Zob. Heed not her words,
Thou king of Israel. Deathsman, do thy work!
Divide the boy with thy uplifted falchion:

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Be half of him but mine, and I'm content.
Why should a living son be her's, when mine—
(*Aside.*)
Must sleep i' th' hopeless grave?
'*Sal.* Hold! stay him not.
Put up thy dreadful sword, and give the boy
Back, Amazah, in safety to her arms,
Who with a real mother's anguish pleads
So strongly for his life.—She who, to save
Her innocent from the sword, would with him part,
And yield him to a cruel stranger's care,
Is the true mother of the living boy.
[*The people shout applause.*]'

The Phœnician Fugitives is written under an impression that some of the Canaanites who fled from the conquering arms of Joshua might have reached Malta as well as the opposite coast of Africa. The Fair Avenger is avowedly written for a school drama, in which 'all the characters may be sustained by pupils without awakening any improper ideas in their young minds.' In this Mr. Pennie has succeeded, and, so far as morality is concerned, we believe he has written—

'No line which dying he would wish to blot.'

The Fair Avenger is full of interest, and we have rarely met with a volume which contains more genuine poetry, or displays a better feeling, than Mr. Pennie's 'Scenes in Palestine.'

Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement. 3 vols. pp. 1115. London, 1825. Colburn.

Mysteries and Moralities are less nearly allied than they were formerly; there is, however, as much or more art used in both at the present day, than at the period to which we have alluded. By the mysteries of the present time, we do not mean those dramatic pieces which once went by the name, for really in such dramas as have been produced lately, there is no mystery at all. We mean the mysteries with which authors and booksellers seek to envelop their productions. First, there is the mystery about the Great Unknown, as he is somewhat irreverently called, whom everybody knows,—but we cannot stop to enumerate all those artifices of trade by which a fictitious interest is so often sought to be given to new works; one, however, connected with *Tremaine*, is of so impudent a character, that we cannot suffer it to pass.

For several weeks previous to the publication of this novel, the newspapers were inundated with paid-for paragraphs, not merely insinuating, but boldly asserting, that Tremaine was written by the Right Honourable Richard Ryder, formerly secretary of state for the home department, and brother of the Earl of Harrowby. A sort of collateral puff intimated that the work would contain characters of some of his colleagues, and of individuals in high life. What, however, turns out to be the fact? Why that Mr. Ryder is not the author of Tremaine, and that he has never even read or seen it! This he has deemed it necessary to state, in a letter which appeared in the John Bull of Sunday last. Another report was at one time bruited, that Tremaine was written by young Spencer Perceval; but it gained little credit, and excited no interest.

Now all this quackery is the less essential to Mr. Colburn, because he really has, of late years, published several works of sufficient merit to become popular without it; and even Tremaine is of that class, by whomsoever it may have been written, which to us is a matter of no importance. The author commences with a sort of lackadaisical preface, addressed to the Right Honourable William Sturges Bourne, M. P. who has been selected for this honour, as being, in the writer's opinion, 'the most wisest, virtuousest, best,' of mankind. The author's reason for writing is, that his work 'may possibly do good, and cannot do harm;' and his object is to recommend 'good sense, proper moderation, and sound theology,' ingredients now for the first time thought of in the composition of a novel.

After the author's preface comes one from the editor: the author tells us that it is of no consequence how he came by the story of the novel; and the editor assures us it is equally uninteresting how he came by the manuscript, and story to boot. He then insinuates a doubt whether the work is one of fiction or of reality. This is in the true Conduit-street style of puffing, and is very disgusting and quite unnecessary; for, as we have said, Tremaine has considerable merit. It is a didactic novel, in which the writer is somewhat too diffusive, but generally correct in his remarks: his pictures of high life, or good society, are well drawn, and the characters, if not strictly original, are sketched with a vigorous hand. One error of the author is that he does not discriminate well on what subjects to dilate, and what to dismiss briefly. The hero, Tremaine, is a man who retires from the world in disgust, a sceptic, and nearly an infidel; he is, however, neither vicious nor unreflecting, and is reclaimed by the labours of Evelyn and his daughters. Evelyn is a clever, sermonizing, old gentleman, who for every why has a wherefore, and corrects the follies, and refutes the errors of Tremaine, with a modest but unsparing consciousness of the correctness of his own opinions. Though the novel is generally of a grave character, and the third volume is almost entirely devoted to polemical discussion, yet there are several scenes in which a chastened humour is displayed. One of the best of these, perhaps, is a dinner-party in the second volume, in which the booing complaisance of a Scotch doctor, M'Ginnis, is well hit off. At the table, which was in the house of Lord Bellenden, with whom the doctor wished to ingratiate himself, the conversation turned on the abolition of capital punishments, by the Empress of Russia, and the sanguinary nature of the English law:—

'In this emergency, some assertion of the traveller in respect to the great King of Prussia staggered the noble host, particularly as Evelyn said it was a good argument, if the fact were true; and all he had to do was to doubt the fact, until better informed.

'Appeal was made to Tremaine, as having been at Berlin, but he protested the King of Prussia had been so long dead when he was there, that he could say nothing with accuracy on the subject. It was then that the doctor's good star presided, for Lord Bellenden, recollecting he had travelled many years before, and had seen the great Frederic alive, determined to appeal to him; which he accordingly did in a voice quite loud enough to be heard. The doctor felt great pleasure at being thus appealed to; but, though Lord Bellenden's language was as clear as his lungs were good, he nevertheless protested, with many apologies, that he happened to be so vary deef that day with a cauld, that he had not the honour of being able to make oot his lordship's quastion.

'"Suppose you come among us," said Lord Bellenden? "we can make room for you.

'"Weellingly, my Lord," answered the delighted doctor, and then, with his napkin and dessert-plate in his hand, he bade adieu to his more ordinary neighbours, to follow fortune in a higher circle.

'The question was whether Frederic the Great had not *imitated* the example of Elizabeth.

'"I suppose," said the doctor, with a grave and wise air, as becoming one who had been chosen a referee, "ye all know he was called *Le Roi philosophe et guerrier*."

'"To be sure we do," answered the traveller; "who does not?"

'"I confess I did not," said Mr. Beaumont, with great seriousness; "I should be glad to hear Dr. M'Ginnis."

'"Sir, you do me great honour," returned the doctor bowing: "and, sir," turning to the traveller, "you will never aingu if you hurry thengs; you are too *raypid* by half."

'"I am not arguing," replied the traveller, "I am only advancing a fact which you cannot deny;—if you do, I only refer you to Baron Reisbach's account of Frederic the Great."

'"Sir," rejoined the historian, "it is not I that am to be referred to any account of a man whose life I have made it my *business* to study: but the theng lies much deeper: ye are upon the nature of laws, and, as I collected where I sat, upon cay-pital punishments."

'"I thought you were so damned deaf, you could not hear," said Sir Marmaduke.

'The doctor looked adust, but Mr. Beaumont gravely observed, he knew from experience, that it was the nature of deafness, to hear at one time, and not at another.

'"I thank ye, sir, again," said the doctor, "ye have explained it vary philosophically."

'"But the King of Prussia," again cried the traveller, with increased eagerness.

'"We are not yet ripe for him," answered the phlegmatic jurisconsult; "a mere fact will do nothing, tell ye have settled the whol theory and nature of laws in general: I presume you have never read Ulpian or Papinian"—

'"No! thank Heaven," said the traveller, quite vexed.

'"And yet no one," replied the doctor unmoved, need thank Heaven for his own ignorance:" at which many of the company

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laughed, to the annoyance of the traveller. "Perhaps," continued the doctor, enjoying his advantage, "ye have not canvassed the laws of the twelve tables, founded upon those of Solon, and sent for express from Rome to Athens—but ye possibly have heard of Draco."

"This is quite unbearable," groaned the traveller.

"Depend upon it he cannot contradict your fact," whispered Mr. Beaumont, encouraging him.

"When my gude Lord Bellenden and this gude company," continued the doctor, "shall have heard the end of my argument"——

"I own I have not heard the beginning of it," said Lord Bellenden; to which Sir Marmaduke added, it was a damned dry argument, and desired they would push about the bottle.

"Shall we go to the ladies?" asked Tremaine, almost dead with ennui.

"They have not sent for us," said Lord Bellenden.

"We are not milksops," roared Sir Marmaduke.

"My good doctor," said Lord Bellenden, "all we want to know is, whether the King of Prussia *imitated* the example of the Empress Elizabeth, as Sir William Wagstaff says (and I venture to deny), in abolishing capital punishments."

"Your lordship is parfectly corract," returned the doctor.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the traveller. "I will show it you in Baron Reisbach's eulogy, and it was always so held when I was at Berlin; I cannot be mistaken. O! if I had but a Reisbach!"

"I do not exactly deny or affirm any thing," replied the doctor, not willing to hazard himself as to the fact; but only that he did not *consitate* Elezabeth."

This is too much, thought Tremaine, and, jumping on his legs, fairly walked through a garden door, to recover himself from a disgust no longer bearable.

Not so Mr. Beaumont, who rather enjoyed the scene.

"I think your discrimination is perfectly just," cried he to Dr M'Ginnis, and I own I come over to you."

"I thought you would," observed the doctor, looking at Lord Bellenden for approbation.

Lord Bellenden was, however, too just to accept of such doubtful assistance, and, moreover, not very much delighted with his auxiliary: he therefore begged him to say candidly, as far as he knew, whether Frederic did or did not enact the abolition.

"To say as far as I know upon any subject," said the historian, with great dignity, "would be to say a great deal."

"Then out with it all at once," cried Sir Marmaduke, filling his glass.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Evelyn.

"We shall never get at the point," observed Lord Bellenden.

"I am quite satisfied," exclaimed the traveller.

"So am I," echoed Evelyn.

"I confess I am not," returned the doctor; "for we have jumped to a conclusion in defiance of all method, which I hold to be treason against the laws of true ratiocination."

"Do you say he abolished or not?" cried the traveller, with petulance.

"He did, and he didn't," answered M'Ginnis.

"What's coming now!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Gentlemen, I see ye are none of ye metaphyseecians," observed M'Ginnis.

"Metaphysicians or not," said Lord Bellenden, "we seem to have lost the King of Prussia, and, as the ladies have sent for us, we will finish the argument some other time."

Tremaine, a sceptic, but not an obstinate one, has an interesting discussion with Evelyn on the immortality of the soul. Tremaine wished to have the reality of a future state proved, and Evelyn asks what will content him. The return of one who had lived in the other world, was the reply:—

"Christ alone is that person," answered Evelyn; "and, for this, I agree our argument is not ripe. But on my side let me ask the reason for doubt?"

"Why this, if nothing else; and I am willing to allow I have little else: the total destruction, annihilation, and disappearance of everything belonging to us.—That is *positive* on the one side; while, on the other, not a vestige beyond conjecture (how pleasing or beautiful soever that dear illusive field!) that anything lives again.

"Take the most exquisite work of art—the Jupiter of Phidias. It seems to live, to breathe; fire is in its eye; intellect and dignity on its brow; we acknowledge the father of Gods and men,—we worship, we adore! Suppose, for a moment, this statue hollowed out, and filled with an extraordinary mechanism of clockwork. It begins to move; it nods; it thunders; it may even be made to produce death. It stalks with dignity round a given space; and, for a time, the ignorant believe it to be what it appears. But of a sudden, it stops; the moving power is at an end; its faculties are lost. A barbarian seizes and dashes it to pieces. It is crumbled and reduced to powder; it can no more return to the marble whence it came, but is mixed with ignominious mud, and can be even traced no longer. I know this statue had not real life; but, barring the blood and breathing, the vision and bearing of our bodies (which are all mere modes of matter, even as this divine work of Phidias was), what difference, when they come to be destroyed by death, or the hand of the barbarian, seems there to be between the statue and the man? The last appears a mere machine as well as the first; more nicely put together indeed; more exquisitely contrived; with a more wonderful apparatus in the senses, and leading therefore to more powerful effects; but all of them to be accounted for in these senses, which you yourself, I imagine, will not deny to be simple matter. I ask the end and finish of all, when these senses decay, and the life-blood is out? The machine of the man, like the machine of the statue, equally falls to pieces, and is trodden into dust. Hence, with Lucretius, may we not say?—

"Nunc quoniam quassatis undique vasis,
Diffluere humorem et laticem discedere cernis,
Crede animam quoque diffundi."'

"In short, the excellent warm motion has become a kneaded clod; and the issue of all seems to be,—

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot."'

Tremaine here paused, seemingly moved with his own account of himself. "You put this well," said Evelyn, "and I beseech you to proceed."

"I have little more to add," said Tremaine, "but that, after the most anxious investigation I am able to make of our intellectual powers, and all I have read of the nature of thought, I cannot convince myself that it is not what Lucretius and others have fancied it—a very subtle, and very wonderful effect, for a given time, of the nice and extraordinary adaptation of parts in the wonderful machine; in the same manner, though not in the same degree, and by no means in the same manner to be discovered, as the machine of clockwork I have supposed. But both are broken to pieces; I see all the fragments before me; I can put almost all together again, or at least account for those which I cannot: who, then, shall tell me that one of these machines is to live again, and not the other? Or who shall say there is nothing in the clockwork (because we cannot *see* that there is), which will either continue to live itself, or to make that work live again; and yet that there is something in the man which is to produce all this effect, although, any more than in the clockwork, no one has ever seen it, will see it, or can see it?"

"Again, I say," observed Evelyn, "you put this matter exceedingly well; Voltaire himself would have been obliged to you. You beat him all to nothing with his bellows and its clapper, which, he says, is its soul."

"Whatever I may once have thought, I have long felt that to be a very foolish sally," said Tremaine.

"Not so foolish for his profligate purpose," answered Evelyn, "which was to sap, by ridicule and disrespect, what he could not beat down by argument. And yet, as an argument, though your image is the nobler, his (excuse me) is at least as convincing."

"I meant it as a mere illustration," said Tremaine, "to show, that if one machine was destroyed, and confessedly could not be restored, so must it be with the other. But I shall rejoice if you can show my supposition to be a fallacy."

"Voltaire meant no more than you," replied Evelyn, "and both of you are open to this answer,—you both take for granted, that the mind of man, as well as his body, is a machine."

"It is even so," said Tremaine. "Everything I see, everything I know, is lost and closed in death. Without revelation (to which, as you say, we have not yet come, and I agree it is better for the argument that we should keep it for its own place), who ever heard of the other world, except in the fond

fancies of poets and philosophers? Who ever visited it? Who ever knew that any one was carried to it, much less returned from it, or was brought to judgment before its tribunals? Who ever saw or felt either Heaven or Hell?—But as, like children in the dark, we generally fear what we are uncertain about, and this fear is at least a convenient instrument for our nurses, and afterwards for our governors, can I think that sentiment either very foolish or very impious, which has caused so much altercation on both sides—

"'Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor!'"

"'Let us take you up upon your own supposition," answered Evelyn, "and see, practically, to what this would amount."

"'I desire nothing better," said Tremaine.

"'Suppose a ship were periodically to arrive from some far-off and unknown country; that a band of armed men should land from it without opposition; should call upon all the chiefs and rulers of the place, and, like the famous Cretan ship of old, should demand from them a certain number of victims, which should be obediently supplied to them; suppose the armed men themselves should point out these victims, at their will and pleasure, without any known rule or principle,—seizing upon the young, the gay, and the happy, the innocent infant, or the blooming bride; and, although the most bitter grief and lamentation possessed everybody, no one had ever the thought, much less the power, of resisting the demand; on the contrary, that all should submit to it in silent awe. Suppose, farther, that these victims, once embarked, were never known to return, so that every one was utterly ignorant of their fate; but that the ship regularly returned for more, until all the inhabitants of the place were carried off, and new generations succeeded to await the same fate."

"'Your supposition is awful enough," cried Tremaine; "and it is evident that by your ship you mean death."

"'I do," said Evelyn; "and I ask you, or any thinking man, whether you could possibly behold this regular arrival and regular departure with indifference?"

"'I could not," answered Tremaine.

"'I ask you farther," continued Evelyn, "whether you could possibly refrain from wondering whence this ship came, or whither she returned? Or if any thoughtless, or even thoughtful man were to say she came from no place, and returned to no place; and because you could not tell what became of the victims, that therefore nothing became of them; would you be satisfied with this, and set the whole matter at rest, as if the ship had never come, or never would come again?"

"'I should not," replied Tremaine.

"'You would observe," pursued Evelyn, "I say nothing of the influence of this periodical visit upon conduct, but merely upon opinion. You would then, probably, speculate upon the destination of this ship, and not easily believe those who said she had no destination at all."

"'It is natural so to suppose," said Tremaine.

"'And if," asked Evelyn, "during one or two visits, the head of this armed band were to point his dart at you, or to throw his eyes over you, as if examining whether you might not be a proper addition to the next cargo of victims;—if, indeed, he were to tell you in terms, to prepare, for that your turn would be next'——

"'What then!" said Tremaine.

"'Why, then, your curiosity and speculation would probably increase; and you would not deem it satisfactory to be told by any of your friends, however sincere in their opinions, that it ought not to concern you, except in so far as that it took you from your family, and the good things you were enjoying; for as nothing ever was known of the fate of these victims that had gone before you, it was presumable they had no fate at all. Would this be a reasonable supposition?" asked Evelyn.

'Tremaine owned it would not.

"'But what," continued the doctor, "if you were told (still upon no evidence but a presumption, and that a capricious one), that at least they all fell asleep, never again to wake? Once more I ask, if this would satisfy, would make you indifferent as to what was to happen to you when your turn came to obey the summons?"

"'I allow it would not," answered Tremaine; "yet, I think, there is this fallacy in your illustration:—We see the ship sail away, and you suppose these victims carried off alive; whereas, in death, we see no being whatever carried off, and the poor remnants of mortality still remain, mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before our eyes. Thus, death is a mere privation, a negation, as it were, of the powers we see in the body during life; but the body itself remains, and we know what becomes of it. How does this tally with *your* supposition, under which the body (that is the victim) disappears at the same moment with the powers of life?"

"'I understand you," said Evelyn; "and your observation requires the fullest answer. Perhaps you will be surprised if I say that, for all that, mine is the true picture, your's the fallacious one. Most true it is, in mine I have supposed, for the sake of illustration, the mortal part to be carried off in my ship, in the same manner as all authors, sacred and profane, all prophets, poets, painters, and every mind warmed with genius, have imagined the mere *negation* death, to be an actual person, a king crowned with terrors. But it is evident, that by the persons of my victims, I mean the soul, which being invisible, intangible, and, in short, imperceptible to sense, it is impossible to demonstrate, to that sense at least, what may be its fate."

"'In your illustration, then," observed Tremaine, "your visible being is put for an invisible one."

"'It is," answered Evelyn; "and, as I contend, it sufficiently refutes the charge that the illustration itself is fallacious."

"'Mine is, at least, the simpler," rejoined Tremaine: "it rests itself upon the absolute demonstration of the senses; while your's is conjecture only. To conjecture mine can never be subject; its material nature, its oneness (if I may so call it), protects it from that."

"'Be not too sure," observed Evelyn, pointedly.

'Tremaine looked surprised.

"'I have said," continued his friend, "your's was the fallacious picture; and it is so in this,—that you assume, in respect to the clockwork you have supposed, that the whole of it is material, and obvious to sense, as you have changed me with having supposed the soul."

"'And is it not so?"

"'No! for you forgot the most important part of it, the *primum mobile* that sets it going."

"'Not so," answered Tremaine with eagerness. "I know that it goes not of itself, and must have a weight, or spring, or some great mechanical power, to give it its impetus; but all this experiences the same palpable destruction with the rest of the machine."

"'Aye; but what gives impetus to the mechanical power itself?" asked Evelyn, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes in scrutiny upon his friend. Tremaine hesitated.

"'Pursue this," continued Evelyn, "and you will find that, even in your material machine, something immaterial, but of amazing force, something quite as unobvious to sense as the soul, and only, like the soul, to be known by its effects, must cause, in reality, every one of its operations. Your weight is nothing but the attraction of gravity; your spring the attraction of cohesion; yet, whence these are, or how they operate, no man that ever lived, or, probably, ever will live, can tell." Tremaine was obviously struck.

"'You will, at least, not say," pursued Evelyn, "that these attractions, even if *material*, are visible, or tangible, or perceptible to sense. You cannot, therefore, include them among the fragments which you say you see mouldering to nothing, or actually mixing into other substances before your eyes."

'Tremaine owned he had not considered this, and that the argument was of the greatest consequence against his own conclusions.'

In a chapter on Providence, there is a most extravagant eulogy on the late Spencer Perceval, who is described as 'so pure, so honest, so clear in his great office, so perfect in private life, that to name him seemed to be to name virtue;' then his talents were so commanding and his genius so penetrating, that, in fact, he was a divine perfection of a man. We could forgive all this, and much more, were we sure that Tremaine was written, as one of the report states, by the son of the murdered minister; but truth compels us to state that, however amiable Mr. Perceval might be in private life, as a statesman, his talents were mediocre, and his system of policy piddling and undecisive. A more striking proof of this could not be adduced than his frittering away our resources in the war in Spain, which became successful and triumphant from the moment of his melancholy death. But it may be said, Mr. Perceval was not minister for foreign affairs, and was only one in the cabinet; this is true, but

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we at least know the means by which he gained his authority, and what a despotic sway he held over his colleagues, bearding even royalty itself, and acting with as much assurance as if every department of the state centered in himself.

Every-Day Occurrences. 2 vols. pp. 489. London, 1825. C. Knight.

This is a very light and agreeable novel, in which, if there is nothing to astonish, there is much to amuse the reader. It embraces a considerable range and diversity of character. We have a sentimental young lady, just escaped from the boarding-school, a pedantic doctor; a fickle curiosity-hunting, sporting, country gentleman; a very vulgar lady, a Mrs. Bloxam; a few hunting squires, ladies, lords, and the lord known what besides. Little importance appears to be attached to the story by the author, who wishes his work to be considered only as a portfolio, in which he has deposited the sketches of common life he has made; and highly graphic sketches some of them are. Of all the characters, we have been most amused with Mrs. Bloxam, who may be considered as the Mrs. Ramsbottom of the novel; a scene in which she figures, we must quote:—

'Soon after breakfast the following morning, a bustle was heard in the little hall of the parsonage, while a shrill voice exclaimed to the footman, 'Never mind, Jeemes, I know I'm heavy, but they'll hadmit me;' when, redder than a full-blown peony, in sailed Mrs. Bloxam.

'Mrs. B., while Suky Dawson, had for some time presided over the culinary concerns of Mr. Bloxam; when Cupid, that best of marksmen, who can take aim as well from the ambush of a meat-screen as an opera-box, discharged an arrow plump at the heart of the hitherto unconquered old bachelor. On a sudden, he began to think that a well-turned arm was seen to as much advantage in setting on a saucepan as in handling a harp, and that a pair of black eyes beamed as brightly in a mob cap as a mob at a London rout. From his cook she shortly became his consort; she was handsome and good-humoured; she pleased his palate, and soothed his temper; nor did he ever, for a moment, repent having raised her from the dripping-pan to the drawing-room.

'"Good morning, good folks," said the portly matron, "well, ere I ham, as full of news as the County Crocodile. Not a harm-chair, I thank you, I'm so ot.'

'"I am sure,' said Mrs. Burleigh, "whatever your news may be, I may venture to offer my congratulations, for your eyes tell me the intelligence is very satisfactory."

'"Well, then," returned Mrs. Bloxam, "my heyes don't tell no huntruths. Well, then, you must know, my heldest ope, Hauguste, is returned from Hingsea, hand I'm come to hask for the pleasure of hall your companies to dinner, on Tuesday next, to celebrate is return.. I could not postpone it to a hearlier day, hon haccount of hother harrangements."

An assenting bow from the assembled party announced their acceptance of the invitation.

'"Matilda," resumed Mrs. Bloxam, "wished hit to be a sort of rustic feet in the ayfield; but I told er, in my funny way, that has the weather was so hinvariable, perhaps there might be wet feet, he! he! he!"

Jane expressed regret that the Misses Bloxam had not accompanied their mama.

'"Oh! bless you," replied Mrs. B., "I left them hat their studies; they never hallow themselves a mouthful of hair before two o'clock."

'"They must be very accomplished," said Laura.

'"They are never hidle, Miss. I left the heldest at her horgan, practising Waters of Helle; Helinor making a moddle of an Erclines from the hantique; and Matilda, with her joggrify master, hasecertaining the latitude between the Catgut and Cape Pattypan."

'"Geography," said George, with a suppressed laugh, "is a most fascinating science."

'"Yes, sir," replied she, "but I wish it was made more genteel. I ate to ear my girls talking habout *Mall* Davia and *Ress* Arabia; hit sounds so low."

'"You are fortunate in your family, madam," said Dr. Burleigh.

'"Very much so, hindeed, doctor; Mr. Mudge compares me to Cornelian, the mother of the Blacki, in the Grecian story. Well, *hon repos*, as Helinor says. I've an hundred places to call at. Pray don't stir, I can find my way hout; my clogs, hif you please, Jeemes; alf past five to a hinstant. Good bye. Bless me, how black it looks; I wish I'd brought my humbrella. I don't mind the walk a bit; I'm grown quite a predestinarian."

This lady exasperates the h, as Mathews has it in one of his amusing characters, with a vengeance. The character of the young lady, who expected to find Philomels and Corydons at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from town, is also well drawn. This young lady, walking out met a shepherd, with his crook: 'Youth,' said she, 'why have you not your pipe with you?' 'Bekase, ma'am,' answered the fellow, 'I hant got no baccee.' Oh! the wretch; we think we hear our readers say, but we, leave them to deal with Hodge as they please, when they read Every-Day Occurrences, which we recommend to everybody.

The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By Dr. F. Antommarchi, his Physician. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 702. London, 1825. Colburn.

We confess we are not sufficiently versed in the art, science, or craft of craniology, to know whether there is a bump indicative of the faculty of amplification; but, if there is, Dr. Antommarchi must have it in a most extraordinary degree, since he has contrived to make a couple of 8vo. volumes out of materials which were scarcely worth collecting, much less printing, and which might easily have been given in a half-crown pamphlet,—at least, all that was worth giving; for the slip-slop silly gossip which he puts into the mouth of Napoleon, must either have been said when the ex-emperor was half asleep, or when he was in some degree dementated.

We know not what Dr. Antommarchi means by last moments. Certainly, when we took up the work, we thought Bonaparte must have talked in his last moments as rapidly as he marched when in the zenith of his glory. We soon found, however, that the personal history of the worthy doctor forms no inconsiderable share of these volumes. Dr. Antommarchi was sent out by the Bonaparte family to attend Napoleon. He sailed from Gravesend in July, 1819, in the ship Snipe, which he describes as of very inferior description, and leaning all on one side, so that 'the passengers had no space in which to move.' The doctor next complains of the incivility of the captain, and the insufficiency of provisions. Fortunately, however, for the doctor, he suffered much by sea-sickness, 'therefore, cared little about living on short commons.'

Dr. Antommarchi evidently set out with a determination to find fault with everything, and therefore we are not surprised at his dissatisfaction when he reached St. Helena, where, God knows, the agents of our ministers played sad antics with their authority. These, however, have sometimes been exaggerated. If we mistake not, one great accusation made against Sir Hudson Lowe by Dr. O'Meara was, that he refused Napoleon the use of newspapers, and particularly the Morning Chronicle. Now it so happens, that, on Dr. Antommarchi's arrival at St. Helena, he found Napoleon reading that very paper, having 'just received newspapers from London.'

Bonaparte does not at first appear to have given the doctor a good reception, thinking he was rather an anatomist than a physician. He was, however, received as surgeon, with a salary of 9000 francs a year. The doctor was a Corsican; and, although he and his family were quite unknown to Napoleon, yet he gives us the following colloquy between them:—

'Napoleon.—"If I had known your mother I should have left Macinajo, and landed at Morsiglia."

'Doctor.—"At Centuri?"

'Napoleon.—"Right, at Centuri; there is no port at Morsiglia. Is your mother still alive?"

'Doctor.—"No, Sire; she died when I was yet in infancy."

'Napoleon.—"Was she pretty, graceful, bewitching?"

'Doctor.—"She was a pretty woman, and an excellent mother."

'Napoleon.—"Just the thing. Oh! I should certainly have landed at Centuri, and should have gone to Morsiglia to pay my court to an amiable *capo Corsine*, to Madame Antommarchi."

This is really sad trash to be put into a book of this price; and yet the work abounds with such idle and silly gossip. When, however, Napoleon gets on the subject of his military glory, he talks rationally, and gives some interesting details of his battles and

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victories. In one of their conversations Napoleon said,—

'In all battles a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel disposed to fly. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them: the great art is to give rise to the opportunity, and to invent the pretence.

'At Arcole I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen; I seized that moment of lassitude in the two armies; I perceived that the Austrians, although old soldiers, would not have been sorry to be in their camp; and that our Frenchmen, however brave, wished themselves under their tents. The whole of my forces had been engaged. I had been obliged to re-form them in order of battle several times, and had only twenty-five guides left. These I sent on the flank of the enemy, with three trumpets sounding the charge A general cry was heard throughout the Austrian ranks of '*Here is the French cavalry!*' and they fled. It is true that the proper moment must be seized: one minute sooner or later that attempt would have proved useless, even though I had sent two thousand horse; for the infantry would have made a conversion covered by its artillery, and opened its fire, and the cavalry would not even have attacked.

'You thus see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavour to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage.'

Dr. Antommarchi had carried to Napoleon his unpublished correspondence with his generals in Egypt, from which many interesting but somewhat incorrect extracts are made. Indeed the whole work is a singular and incongruous mixture of Napoleon's recollections of his infancy, military exploits, complaints of his treatment, conversations about the state of his health, medicines, &c. On all occasions in which the subject was mentioned, Napoleon displayed the strongest and most sincere attachment to Maria Louisa, and affection for his boy:—

'He took pleasure in retracing numberless details and circumstances which proved the tender affection he felt for Maria Louisa.—"Her *accouchement* was extremely painful, and I may say that it is in a great measure to my care that she owes her existence. I was reposing in an adjoining closet, when Dubois ran to inform me of her danger. He was alarmed: the child presented itself in a wrong position; he knew not what to do. I endeavoured to quiet him, and asked him if he had never met with similar cases in the course of his practice.—' Yes, certainly,' replied he; 'but they occur once in a thousand times, and is it not dreadful for me that such an extraordinary occurrence should happen to the empress?—' Forget her rank, and treat her like a shopkeeper of the *Rue St. Dénis;* I ask nothing more of you.'—' But may I use instruments? and, if further accidents happen, which am I to save, the mother or the child?'—' The mother: it is her right!' I then went to Maria Louisa: I quieted her, and supported her; she was delivered, and the child lived. Unfortunate being!" Napoleon stopped: I respected his silence, and withdrew.'

Perhaps the most interesting part of the work is that which really relates to the last moments of Napoleon, when a mind which the greatest reverse of fortune ever experienced by a human being could not subdue, began to yield to sickness and disease. The progress of his disorder is very circumstantially traced by Dr. Antommarchi. On the 2d of April, he says,—

'At seven, some of the servants brought in a report that they had seen a comet towards the east. "A comet," exclaimed Napoleon, with emotion, "that was the sign precursor of the death of Cæsar." I came in in the midst of the agitation into which this report had thrown him. "You have seen, doctor?" . . .—' No, Sire, nothing.' "How so, the comet?"—' There is no comet to be seen." "It has been observed."—"That is a mistake: I have looked at the sky for a length of time without being able to discover anything of the kind." "Labour lost, doctor; I am at the end of my career, everything tells me so; you alone persist in concealing the fact from me: but to what purpose? why should I deceive myself? I am, however, wrong to complain. You are attached to me, and wish to save me the agony of knowing my fate: I feel grateful for your intention.'

On another occasion he sent for the Abbé Vignali:—

'"Abbé," said he, "do you know what a *chambre ardente*[9] is?"—' Yes, Sire." "Have you ever officiated in one?"—" Never, Sire." "Well, you shall officiate in mine." He then entered into the most minute detail on that subject, and gave the priest his instructions at considerable length. His face was animated and convulsive, and I was following with uneasiness the contraction of his features, when he observed in mine I know not what expression which displeased him. "You are above those weaknesses," said he, "but what is to be done? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not everybody who *can* be an Atheist." Then turning again to the priest—" I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil the duties prescribed by the Catholic religion, and receive the assistance it administers. You will say mass every day in the chapel, and will expose the holy sacrament during forty hours. After my death, you will place your altar at my head in the room in which I shall lie in state. You will continue to say mass, and perform all the customary ceremonies, and will not cease to do so until I am under ground." '

The closing scene of Napoleon's eventful life was now rapidly approaching. On the 5th of May, 1821, the children of Madame Bertrand were admitted to take a last farewell of their benefactor. His faithful servant, Noverraz, though very ill himself, could not be detained from seeing his master:—

'The poor fellow, weakened by forty-eight days' sufferings of an acute hepatitis, accompanied by syncha, was scarcely beginning to be convalescent; but, having heard of the dangerous state in which the emperor was, he had caused himself to be brought down, and entered the apartment, bathed in tears, to see once more a master whom he had served so many years. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to withdraw, but his emotion increased as I spoke to him. He fancied that the emperor was threatened, and was calling him to his assistance, and he would not leave him, but would fight and die for him. He was quite light-headed: I flattered his zeal, succeeded in calming him, and returned to the patient.'

At six o'clock in the evening of that day Napoleon expired.—To this narrative Dr. Antommarchi has added the will of Napoleon, and some other documents. Those who have in their library the journals of Las Cases and Montholon will probably add Dr. Antommarchi's work to them; but we must repeat that the narrative should not have been extended by inserting uninteresting and trivial details.

[9] 'A room in which dead bodies lie in state.'

The Destroying Angel; a Fragment: The Captive Boy; and other Poems. By Wilmington Fleming. 8vo. pp. 27. London, 1825.

The author of this little work is by no means destitute of poetical talent, though not certainly of the highest order. The principal poem possesses merit, and some of the minor pieces are pretty.

Universal Stenography; or, a New, Easy, and Practical System of Short-Hand. By William Harding, Teacher of the Art.

This is a second edition of a very clever manual of short-hand, of which we have already spoken favourably. The rules are brief and explicit, and the present edition is considerably improved. The author has added the alphabet suggested by the late Mr. Blair, the surgeon, a gentleman, who, to our knowledge, devoted much attention to the subject of stenography, and was the author of the elaborate article on cipher, in Rees's Cyclopædia. Mr. Harding's Stenography is calculated for private tuition as well as schools.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SPANISH ELEMENTARY WORKS.

1. *Catecismo de Historia de los Imperos Antiguos.* 18mo. pp. 273.
2. *Catecismo de Historia de Grecia.* 18mo. pp. 225.
3. *Catecismo de Historia Romano.* 18mo. pp. 205.
4. *Catecismo de Moral.* D. Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva. 18mo. pp. 96.
5. *Catecismo de Geografia o Introduccion al Conocimiento del Mundo, y de sus Habitantes.* 18mo. pp. 93.
6. *Catecismo de Agricultura.* 18mo. pp. 101.
7. *Catecismo de Industria Rural y Domestica.* 18mo. pp. 102.

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8. *Catecismo de Química.* 18mo. pp. 114. 1825. Ackermann.

GREAT BRITAIN has formally recognised three of the South American republics, and virtually the whole of them by commercial intercourse; it therefore becomes our duty, as well as our interest, to promote, as far as it in our power, a diffusion of knowledge among them. In proportion as they advance in civilization and refinement, will the demand for our manufactures be increased, to say nothing of the principle which ought never to be lost sight of, that of promoting the extension of those arts which so essentially contribute to the glory of nations. The more we enlighten the inhabitants of the New World, the more shall we advance their prosperity, and increase the demand for those luxuries of polished life, which we can so well supply; indeed, having, as it were, taken them under our protection, they have a sort of claim on us, as a foster-father to attend to their advancement in life.

Although as to the best system of education some difference of opinion may exist, yet there is no doubt that we are far, very far in advance of the rest of the world, and that the interrogative system possesses innumerable advantages.

On this plan a series of very excellent elementary works has been published by Pinnock and Maunder and other booksellers, which have received the stamp of approbation by a sale not less extensive than merited. On this plan the eight elementary treatises, which grace the head of this article, have been constructed. They are admirably adapted for the purpose of teaching the several subjects of which they treat, whether of history, science, the arts, &c.

The first volume contains an excellent epitome of ancient history, from the earliest period to within little more than a century of the birth of our Saviour, when Macedonia became a Roman province. The next contains a history of Greece—a country which, from its present glorious struggle, as well as from the classical recollections with which it is associated, must ever excite a deep interest in every quarter of the globe. The third little volume is the History of Rome, from its foundation to the death of Constantine. The fourth volume in our arrangement (which is arbitrary) treats of ethics. The fifth is devoted to geography, and gives a brief but correct account of the several known countries of the globe, including a map of the world. The next volume is a catechism of agriculture—one of Nature's arts, and her first, but which has derived much valuable improvement from science and experience. The *Catecismo de Industria Rural y Domestica* contains very numerous formula, very essential in domestic life, as to cookery, confectionery, &c. calculated especially for the inhabitants of South America. The last, but not the least important work in our list, is the Catechism of Chemistry, with an engraving of chemical apparatus and utensils.

We have not dwelt on each of these several elementary works, because we have found them all well adapted to the purpose of instruction, and we put it to the good sense of the directors and subscribers of the South American companies, formed and forming in this country, whether they would not contribute more to advance the civilization of South America, by facilitating the diffusion of knowledge, by means of works such as we have noticed, than by other projects; and whether such an extension of civilization would not contribute more to the success and profit of their adventure, than any other schemes they can devise. We ought to add that the young student in Spanish may facilitate his acquisition of that language, and at the same time acquire much useful knowledge, by the means of these works.

ORIGINAL.

ON ASSURANCE.

WHEN I remember how I have seen men of real merit outstripped by persons not only every way their inferiors, but without a single qualification to recommend them, I cannot help thinking that a ready assurance is one of the most useful articles a man can carry about with him. A friend in the pocket is undoubtedly serviceable, but, unluckily, every demand upon its friendship lessens its power of befriending, whereas impudence is a quality that increases by employment, and is even strengthened by defeat. Nay, like the purse of the fabled Fortunatus, its supplies are inexhaustible, and that man is possessed of perpetual ways and means, whose confident invention enables him to speculate skilfully on the weakness or wickedness of mankind.

The most perfect impudence is of that sort which operates insensibly, and is commonly termed a gentlemanly assurance, enabling a man to be insolent without appearing so, and to conceal his effrontery by an appearance of openness, simplicity, or freedom. Of this sustained confidence, there are several eminent plebe an examples; but, as a general quality, it is principally confined to the aristocracy. The members of this ancient, though not venerable, body, can fleece an equal or cheat an inferior with complete vocational facility, propose prostitution to a woman with greater ease than a plebeian could offer matrimony, and ruin a friend, or seduce his wife, with all the unconcern of habit. Yet, however superior this sort may be, plain downright impudence is not to be despised: not only have many, by its assistance, risen to eminence, but there are numbers at present, in this vast metropolis, who gain a very comfortable livelihood by dint of this quality alone, and whose face, in the words of the song, may be truly said to be their fortune.

To point out the various situations where assurance is useful, the callings in which it is necessary, or the professions in which it is indispensable, would embrace the whole circle of civilized life. To describe its different appearances is beyond my power, and might require the pens of some of its professors, whilst to give directions for its exercise are surely unnecessary, when so many are figuring on the stage of life who exemplify its rules so well; but there are two situations in a private path where this quality is peculiarly serviceable,—one, in getting acquaintances and making them useful when they are obtained; the other, in keeping up a family connection with one's rich relations.

It is needless to inform the poor that acquired friends are very often kinder than their own kindred, who (putting services out of the question) not unfrequently seem ashamed of their acquaintance, especially if they intrude when they have other company. Their behaviour is unceremonious, without heartiness; their civilities, to speak paradoxically, are rude; their familiarity is generally insulting; and their 'always happy to see you,' at parting, is a lip invitation and a lie. On these subjects I have probably not succeeded in clearly conveying my ideas, and I had better, like other bad illustrators, explain my meaning by an example.

Charles and Ned were cousins, and both left orphans at an early age, dependent upon the kindness of their relations for any support beyond a bare subsistence. The former was a medical student, the latter a limb, or rather a finger, of the law. Charles was a youth of good abilities, sensitive, retiring, and very proud, though it never appeared in its own shape, but took sometimes the garb of modesty, sometimes of politeness, and sometimes of humility. Conscious of his talents, he expected to be noticed merely for possessing them, and to be courted for that of which the germ had scarcely appeared, without reflecting that the majority value genius for the reputation which accompanies it, and measure desert by success. Though not what is commonly understood by the term modest, his delicacy, taste, or pride, or probably a mixture of the three, which we want a word to express, disabled him from shining in that ladies' prattle which dubs its possessor a 'nice young man,' and the same cause prevented him from excelling his cousin as a flatterer. He also allowed his feelings to get the better of his prudence, and paid more heartfelt attention to handsome visitors than to the daughters of the house; and, although he did his best to laugh at the stories of his host, or the nursery narratives of his hostess, it was generally too forced to give satisfaction. Ashamed to beg, either directly or indirectly, he struggled hard, with his scanty pittance, to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, without applying to his kindred for assistance; and it will readily be believed that they never thwarted him in this laudable plan. Those, says the vulgar adage, who will do, may: the man who prefers struggling with poverty to soliciting favours may struggle on. His relations either totally forget him, or silently applaud his patience, but reserve their substantial favours for those who are not ashamed of displaying their wants and demanding relief. To return, however, to Charles and his peculiarities, he had a bad habit of asking people to give reasons for their opinions, which was far from making him friends amongst that numerous class of persons who take their notions upon trust; he would often introduce topics above the comprehension of the company, and, though not violently addicted to argument, he was

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sometimes foolish enough to confute his host, or, even when he declined disputing (as he generally did), he preserved and avowed his principles by an unconsenting silence.

Ned had less talent than his cousin, but, what was more useful, he was unburdened with any kind of delicacy. His pride, too, was of that accommodating species, which never stands in its owner's light, being always ready to render to the great the homage it exacts from the little; but the greatest advantages he possessed was a confident self-possession, a power of face, and a ready willingness to receive favours. Whoever asked him once, had no need to repeat the invitation, and wherever he went he was generally welcome a second time; a desirable end, that was chiefly effected by flattery, for which art Ned was happily qualified by his assurance, that enabled him to lie glibly, and, if requisite, bespatter with praise. His compliments, it is true, were often gross, and sometimes fulsome; but his auditors were generally leniently disposed, praise being, even when offensive, an offence which is readily forgiven. He could also listen with the profoundest attention to that most irksome class of stories, a tale of Master John or Miss Charlotte, and frame his face to the expression of laughter, wonder, or applause. In addition to this, he was a perfect connoisseur in the hanging of window-curtains, the patterns of carpets, and the fittings-up of rooms; knew to a nicety the arrangement of a table, or the management of a party; and, by a curious coincidence of circumstances, these things were always the most perfect in the house where he happened to be. It was another of his rules never to dispute with his host, or any of his friends whom he thought might be useful, and, when discussing the merits of wine, he generally considered that the best which he had before him. Being unshackled, too, by party or theological tenets, he was never placed in the awkward situation of deciding between his interest and his principles, but could drink the sovereign or the sovereign people, fast (upon fish) with a Catholic, forswear pork at a Jew's, cry amen with upturned eye to a Methodist's thanksgiving, or say grace with any parasitical parson in the country.

There are persons in the world who would rather want than ask a favour, but Ned had no sullen independence of this sort about his character; for he justly argued that, even if refused, he was in no worse condition than before. Now, many good-natured persons never volunteer their services, either from a habit of negligence or a want of thought, who are yet ready enough to assist you when requested, whilst others may be teazed into that which they have naturally no desire to perform; and with either of these parties Ned was certain of success. At the same time, I must do justice to his placability when refused. He neither railed at the party nor cut their acquaintance, thinking that, if they declined being useful in his way, they must be so in their own, and holding that man as little better than a fool who lost a dinner for a punctilio.

Ned used to consider it a peculiar blessing that his parents had left him partially dependent on his relatives, without assigning him to any one in particular, as by this means he had a claim upon them all. Whenever he wanted either clothes or money, he put on a suit sufficiently shabby to touch their pride, yet brushed and clean, as if worn with care. No one could beg by innuendo better than Ned. He would lament how rapidly money flew when you had everything to purchase yourself, bewail the fate that made him a lawyer without giving him the means to appear like a gentleman, and declare that parchment and papers were greater destroyers of clothes than anything he could name.

If these hints were unsuccessful, as was sometimes the case, he would request the loan of four or five pounds for a coat, which could neither be decently refused or granted other than as a gift, so that, if dress and liquors be at all analogous, Ned not only drank the best wine, but wore the best clothes.

The reader need hardly be told which of the cousins was the most successful. On the expiration of his articles, Ned was in possession of some money and an extensive acquaintance; by their united assistance, he procured a clerkship in an established house, which shortly ended in a partnership. A few years afterwards, he married the daughter of a gentleman of property, and, with this addition to his fortune and connection, soon became a man of consequence, and is now an *eminent solicitor*, keeps a splendid establishment in town, with a villa in the country, and talks of shortly purchasing a close borough and going into Parliament.

Charles, whose income was barely sufficient for his daily expenditure, found himself as poor when his indentures expired as when they were signed. Fearful of contracting debts by remaining inactive, whilst he established a connection or inquired for a better situation, he continued with his master as an assistant, and wore out the best years of his life at a trifling salary. On Mr. ———'s retirement, the business was sold to a stranger, for he had not money enough to purchase it himself, and, having been refused assistance by one of his relations, he had not sufficient confidence to make other applications. He then opened a petty shop in the neighbourhood, but Charles was too modest, perhaps too honourable, for a trading surgeon: he could neither force his medicines nor forestall the patients of his late master; and his talents are buried in poverty and obscurity, for want of a pliability of temper and a modest assurance.

NOTER.

LETTER FROM MRS. BELZONI.—THE EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

28, *Leicester Square, April 5th*, 1825.

SIR,—In your account of Mr. Soane's late Soirée, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, you have given a description of that gentleman's house, from the 'Illustrations of London,' by Messrs. Britton and Pugin. The account there given of the sale of the sarcophagus has perfectly astonished me. That it has been sold by the agent of Mr. Salt is undoubtedly true; but no agent of Mr. Belzoni sanctioned that sale, nor have I, as is the general opinion, derived from it any benefit whatever.

As you have, through the medium of your columns, extended the publicity of this misstatement, I appeal to your candour to set the matter in its true light; the assertion of my participating in that sale being of a tendency to injure me most seriously.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

S. BELZONI.

[We give this letter immediate insertion, and should feel sorry indeed if any article in *The Literary Chronicle* could, by the most remote possibility, injure one who has such a strong claim on public sympathy and public patronage as Mrs. Belzoni.—*Ed.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOPE.

COME, thou gift of heav'nly nature,
Lend thine aereal form to me;
Teach me well to meet the future,
Or scenes of joy or misery.

Ev'ry ill that man can suffer,
'Tis thou alone canst heal the pain;
Who would not wish new ills t' offer,
If but to greet thee once again?

Whence the mother's fond endearment?
Why watch, with joy, her nurtur'd son?
Oh, 'tis the spring of thy allurement,
That leadeth on to bliss unknown.

Whence the lover's term of tremor?
Whence the sad desponding mind?
But now he clings to idle rumour,
But now she cannot be unkind.

Hope alone adds firmer vigour,
Still urges him to seek her more;
And, though she marries with another,
Ev'n then the contest is not o'er.

What makes the poor man suffer want,
Who knows not where to seek supply,
Would he support life's covenant,
But Hope still points to Him on High?

What supports in pain and sickness
Ills which man is doomed to bear?
Is 't not Hope that preps up weakness,
And bids him never know despair?

Whence the Christian's resignation,
When Death attacks, to claim its slave?
Is 't not Faith, through Christ's salvation,
That carries Hope beyond the grave?

Hoxton Square. S. K.

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

WILD was the wind that whirl'd the wave,
And roar'd around the smuggler's cave;
And dark and drear the night cloud then
Gathered o'er the gloomy glen.

Bright was the flash that spread the sky,
And loud the peal that roll'd on high,
While tumbling torrents rush'd along,
And roar'd the craggy rocks among.

Pale was the cheek of her who sate,
And watched the wounded smuggler's fate,
For short and burden'd was his breath,
And o'er him hung the dart of death.

Deep was the groan the smuggler gave,
Hearing the tempest round him rave,
And, struggling hard, he seem'd to say,—
O, pray for him that cannot pray!

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Short was the broken pray'r she made,
For scarce breath'd he for whom she pray'd,
And, when his eyeballs upward start,
A secret horror chill'd her heart.

Sad was the thought that seiz'd her soul,
When thrice she heard a death-bell toll,
And, from a crag, where billows broke,
Thrice she heard the raven croak.

Shrill was the shriek that pierc'd the main,
When phrenzy fasten'd on her brain,
As, rushing from the dismal dell,
She wander'd on, her woes to tell.

Now, on a dark and stormy night,
She 'll hurry to the rocky height,
And, ask'd the cause that makes her rave,
She 'll point towards the Smuggler's Cave.

JESSE HAMMOND.

FINE ARTS.

THE MYRIANTHEA.

The public is indebted to Mr. Burgis for this very elegant and instructive source of amusement. It consists of numberless groups of changeable flowers, intended to teach, by means the most ready and easy, the art of composing, drawing, and colouring groups of flowers. As the pieces are moveable and very numerous, and include specimens of almost the whole garden of Flora, the combinations that may be formed are beyond all calculation.

The *Myrianthea* and its accompanying description not only teach the young how to draw and colour flowers after nature, but how to compose groups of infinite variety; as bouquets for card-racks, hand-screens, vases, baskets, &c. The flowers are beautifully coloured, and we recommend the Myrianthea as an elegant present and amusement for the fair sex, while those who wish to learn as well as to be amused may gain much instruction in the elegant accomplishment of flower-painting.

PANORAMA OF EDINBURGH.

This view of the northern metropolis is one of the most interesting and picturesque that has been exhibited for many years, and conveys a clearer idea of the exceedingly romantic position of the city and of the surrounding country than an entire series of single views. Standing on the Calton Hill, just below Nelson's Monument, and turning with his back to that structure, the spectator has immediately beneath him the full extent of Princes Street, looking down on Waterloo Place; beyond which is seen the dome of the Register Office, and further, on the opposite side of the street, at the end of the North Mound, the Doric portico of the newly-erected building for the Royal Society and Society of Antiquaries. To the right of the Register Office rises the Melville Monument, a noble column, one hundred and thirty six feet high; beyond which, in the distance, is seen the spire of St. Andrew's and the dome of St. George's Church. Turning to the right, the eye embraces a fine extended view, overlooking the Observatory and the intervening country to the Frith of Forth, with the island of Inchkeith and the opposite shores. This part of the picture is particularly finely painted, and conveys as deceptive a representation of extent and space as we ever saw produced by the pencil. And this view of the blue waters of the Forth, over the town of Leith, justifies the panegyrical tone in which the situation of the Northern Athens has been described. On the opposite side, the towering forms of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs present features of peculiar grandeur and such as are to be met with perhaps in the vicinity of no other city. It is not, indeed, easy to conceive a subject better adapted for panoramic representation than Edinburgh, where inequality of ground, lofty ridges of hill and rock, and noble buildings, and the distant sea, combine to present the most piquant and characteristic elements of landscape and architectural scenery. And all these are beautifully and naturally delineated, whether we regard drawing, perspective, or colouring. Every object is rendered with a truth absolutely illusive, and the longer the spectator gazes the more he is convinced of the ability of the artist and the merit of the picture. Whether taken as a whole or in parts, it is equally captivating. In fact, many of the detached portions would form perfect pictures, such as an artist might transfer at once to his canvass, as if he were sketching from the objects themselves. And many even of the groups of figures, which are mere accessories to the scene, would form admirable pictures if detached; this is particularly the case with that of a party engaged in a game of golf, or some similar sport. The only fault we are inclined to find with Messrs. Burford, is, that we are pounded in on a little space of the Calton Hill, and not permitted to walk up Prince's Street, that lies so invitingly before us; to explore the interior of the town, or else to climb up those beautiful sunny crags, clothed with such soft and delicate tints of rock and verdure. But, as this is a defect beyond even the potency of their magic to remove, it must even be endured with what patience we may.

While we have still our pen in our hand, let us be permitted to express a wish that, ere long, some able artist will give us a complete series of views of the principal architectural objects in Edinburgh; for, strange to say, such a work still remains, most unaccountably, a desideratum. With the exception of Storer's Views, which are any thing but satisfactory, and of which it is difficult to say whether they were made to tack to the book, or the book written to tack to them, we are not aware that any work of the kind is yet in existence. And yet there are surely some very interesting, and certainly not hackneyed, subjects for the pencil, both of the landscape and architectural draftsman.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by John Martin, Esq. Part I. Imperial 8vo. Prowett.

Mr. Prowett is one of the most enterprising young publishers in London, and the public is already indebted to him for some excellent works on the fine arts, to which he is now going to add an edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, illustrated with twenty-four engravings, designed and executed in mezzotinto by Mr. Martin, whose genius and studies are so peculiarly suited to the task. The painter of *Belshazzar's Feast*, the *Seventh Plague*, exhibited last year in the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, and the splendid picture of the *Creation* in the same exhibition for the present year, might well be selected for the task, bold as it is, of embodying the sublime and preternatural imagery of Milton, and representing those scenes which the poet has so powerfully described.

The first part of the work has just appeared, and contains two engravings; but it is, we think, injudiciously unaccompanied by any prospectus or account of the plan of the work. This we are left to seek elsewhere, and find that two editions will be published, in imperial quarto and imperial octavo; and each edition will contain twenty-four engravings.

'It is a circumstance which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the connoisseur, that Mr. Martin, by a rare effort of art, has wholly composed and designed his subjects on the plates themselves; the engravings therefore possess, as originals, the charm of being the first conceptions of the artist, and have all the spirit and finish of the painter's touch.' We are not so certain that this is an advantage, though it is certainly a curiosity. The two engravings in the first part are the Fall of the Angels, and Satan rousing them after their Fall. In the front the gigantic forms of the fallen are seen hurled headlong to perdition, pursued by the avenging fire of heaven, which sheds a fine light over a scene of utter darkness. Satan casts a look of mixed defiance and disappointment on that height from whence he is so rapidly descending, interposing his shield, as if to avert some new storm that threatens him. In the next engraving, Satan appears standing on the brink of a projecting promontory, in that gulf into which he has been cast, haranguing his rebellious coadjutors in a voice so loud,—

——'That all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

This engraving is taken from that part of the first book in which he calls on them to rally, in that well-known speech, commencing 'princes, potentates,' &c., and ending with the well-known, and often-quoted line, 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!' There is a degree of awful grandeur and sublimity in both the engravings, and the effect is very striking; but we shall reserve further remark until some of the other parts appear. Mr. Prowett pledges himself to the correctness of the text; and the work, which is altogether well got up, will be a splendid edition of a poem which has tended so much to raise the literary glory of this country.

A beautiful *Claude Lorraine*, which had been covered with a thick crust of dust and varnish, so as to be quite undistinguishable, was lately discovered on removing the furniture from the old *Hotel de Finances* at Paris to the new apartments in the Rue de Rivoli. This picture after having been cleaned and restored under the care of Count Forbin, was found to be a beautiful landscape in Claude's

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best manner, and has in consequence been placed in the gallery of the Louvre: it is valued at 2,000 guineas.

Four magnificient vases, the production of W. Van Mieris, and considered as his chief-d'œuvres, have lately been imported into this country. They formerly ornamented the library of the late MEERMAN, at the Hague, after whose death so many valuable curiosities in literature and the arts were sold in 1824. The vases were modelled in 1702-3-4, as the Hague Catalogue observes, 'Comme un hommage de sa reconnaisance envers M. P. DE LA COURT, à Leyde, ayeul du feu M. J. MEERMAN.' They are composed of a mixed metal, and stand on pedestals of *pierre de taille*. The exteriors represent, in *basso relievo*, scenery and grouping, of the most elaborate and admirable workmanship, corresponding with the four seasons of the year. They are spoken of in the highest terms in the *Dict. Hist.* of HOOGSTRATEN, and in the *Vie des Peintres* of VAN GOOL; and are, of the kind, in point of excellence and grandeur, said to be unequalled in England.

The present Pope, Leo. XII, ever since his accession, has laboured to increase the vast store of literature, antiquities, and arts, of which the Vatican is the receptacle. To the *Biblioteca Vaticana* he has added the Cavaliere Cicognara's collection of books, amounting to 5,000. He has formed a Cabinet of Mosaics. He has caused some hundreds of inscriptions on ancient marbles to be systematically arranged. In the Borgia Saloons are now to be seen seven surprisingly fine bas-reliefs, of which four came from the Forum of Trajan. Many other curiosities are only awaiting the care of Monsignore Marazzani to be arranged and exhibited to the public. Among these we may notice the collection of exquisite terra cottas, which belonged to the Prince of modern Sculptors, Canova; the ornaments of gold found last year in the Antonian baths; the large urn of bassalt from Egypt, which has been illustrated by the Chevalier Nibbey; and the two beautiful fawns found last year by Signor Vescovali, at Santa Lucca, in Selce.

Finally, the museum will be still further enriched when it receives the collection (already purchased by the papal government) of Verentine antiquities, and the noble assemblage of monuments of art, which, with a munificence truly royal, was bequeathed to the Palace of the Arts by the late Duchess of Chablaist.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Easter Monday produced a new piece at this theatre, entitled *Abon Hassan*. It is founded on the story in that delightful work and fertile source for melodrama, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and is said to have been adapted from the German by Mr. Dimond. At all events, it has the music of Weber. The original story is too well known to render it necessary we should point out where the dramatist agrees with, or differs from it. The plot of the new operatic melodrama is as follows:—

Abon Hassan (Mr. Horn), was the favourite of the Caliph (Mr. Bedford), until he had the good or ill fortune of meeting with Zulima (Miss Graddon,) whom he makes his wife. Zulima was also in favour with the Sultaness, Zobeide (Mrs. Orger), until she enters into matrimony; for it so happened that the two potentates had an antipathy to the individual preferred by the other respectively. Abon Hassan and Zulima were consequently both outcasts, nor could their utmost endeavours restore them to the good graces of their superiors. In the extremity of want, their faithful slave, Zaboue (Mr. Harley), proposed, as the only means of obtaining support, that Abon should tell the Caliph his wife had died, while Zulima told Zobeide that she had lost her husband. The imposition succeeds; they are both taken into favour, and supplied with money; but the caliph and his wife having received two different accounts of the transaction, lay a wager upon the question, whether Abon or Zulima was the defunct person; they each send their emissaries to inquire, and Abon and Zulima exhibit as corpses alternately, according to the visitor who comes to inspect. Zaboue acts a most effective part in weeping upon each occasion, until at length the whole court come to inspect the affair, when both parties are stretched at full length to receive them. Zaboue then fe gns madness to avoid explanation, but is brought to his senses by a threat of blood-letting: the same moment the reported dead are roused by a promise of reward to the person who unravels the mystery. The dead alive are then pardoned, and all are reconciled.

This is a very lively piece, containing much good music, and some excellent scenery. The dialogue is smart, and some of the jokes tell admirably. Horne, Bedford, and Miss Graddon sung extremely well the parts assigned to them. Harley was very amusing as Zaboue, and the piece was successful.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—The revived *Aladdin* was deemed sufficiently attractive at this theatre without getting up an eastern spectacle. Indeed, a holiday audience is not hard to please.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—If it be true that—

'Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
While every grin so merry pulls one out,'

Charles Mathews must have diminished considerably the bills of mortality during the last few years that he has been 'at home' at this theatre. On Easter Monday, notwithstanding the varied attractions of a cockney *spill* at the Epping hunt, a roll down the hill at Greenwich, and the scenes of love and battle at the minors—we say, notwithstanding all these, Mathews had a bumper on Monday to see him unfold his *Memorandum Book*. The audience, which was as varied as his entertainment, was highly delighted, if we may judge by those unequivocal expressions of voice and countenance, cheers and laughter.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE opened for the season on Monday, under the auspices of Mr. T. Dibdin. Three new pieces were produced, yclept *Here we are*, *Under the Rose*, and the *Foundling Prince*, all of which were received with great applause by a crowded audience. The old custom of selling wine within the theatre has been revived, so that the gentleman who has been put on short commons at home may indulge in the double luxury of drama and drink at the same time.

SURREY THEATRE.—This theatre opened under the *spirited* proprietorship of Mr. Honeyman, the tavern-keeper, and under the management of Mr. Charles Dibdin, with three new pieces, entitled, *Wale Surrey*, *Murder and Madness*, and *Atala and Chactas, or the Loves of the Desert*: all approved, and of course repeated.

ASTLEY'S, the COBURG, and the ROYALTY all, according to the newspapers, opened with successful new pieces; but, not having been there, we cannot give particulars.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Danish Literature.—Ingemann, the popular Danish poet, whom we have before mentioned, has lately produced an epic composition, in twenty-one cantos, entitled *Valdemar den Store*, Waldemar the Great, founded on an epoch of Danish history, in the middle of the 12th century, which was remarkable not only for the civil dissensions that agitated the country, but likewise for the celebrated characters who then distinguished themselves, among whom was Saxo Grammaticus. Unfortunately, however, M. Ingemann has by no means satisfied public expectation, or done justice either to his subject and the materials it afforded, or to his own reputation: for he is not only extravagant, but, what is still more unpardonable, sometimes burlesque; and his style, too, is disfigured by a number of mean and trivial expressions and vulgar proverbs. When he represents Saxo Grammaticus as a ridiculous pedant, speaking a barbarous jargon of Latin and Danish, we are justly disgusted at the want of good taste, and at the character of buffoonery thus imparted to what should be a serious heroic poem. There are, however, some beauties and some fine passages, but these are not sufficient to constitute a good epic. Such a production is still a desideratum in the literature of Denmark, for even *Sterkodder*, that truly beautiful poem of the late M. Præn, is a composition rather belonging to the class of the Orlando Furioso, than the regular epics of Homer and Virgil.

Syv Aar.—The Seven Years, an historical romance, in four vols. (1824), by M. Kruse, the author of several works of merit, is not only one of the best that has hitherto appeared in Denmark, where there has been a paucity of original productions of this species, but will bear a comparison with many of the most celebrated ones of the class to which it belongs, in the literature of other European nations. The subject, we are connected with the tragic catastrophe of Gustavus III. of Sweden; but the principal interest arises from the faithful manner in which the scenery of the country and the character of its inhabitants are delineated.

An important addition to the history of ancient music has just been finished, in the discovered *metal tablets*, of a date 709 years be

the Christian era, on which is engraved, in *ancient Greek*, an account of a Music Feast at Epyrne (Corinth), in the third year of the xxteenth Olympiad, or in the year before Christ 709, by Lasus, of Hermione.

The Crusaders, by the author of Waverley, was sold to the trade on Tuesday, and is expected to appear early in May. It is in four volumes, post 8vo. and contains two tales, The Betrothed and The Talisman.

The famous French song-writer, Beranger, has sold another volume, containing fifty-two songs, to the booksellers, Bandou and Ladvocat, for 22,000 francs.

The second volume of The Life of the late Pope Pius VII., by Signor Erasmo Pistolesi, containing the whole of the correspondence between his holiness and Bonaparte, has just issued from the Roman press.

Mr. William Sturgeon, of Woolwich, has shown that a magnetic bar, mounted freely on its axis passing through its two poles, and in this state subjected to currents of electricity, passing from its equator, or middle point towards each pole, is thereby caused to revolve on its axis.

The celebrated Goëthe has presented an address to the German Diet, to obtain from it a license to print his works, so that he may have a guarantee against pirated editions. It does not appear how the diet will be able to hinder the practice of literary piracy, which is so common in Germany.

Dr. Kyber, who accompanied Baron Wrangell and Lieut. Anjou, on their expedition to North-East Siberia, and the coasts of the Frozen Sea, in 1820-1824, declares, in the journal of St. Petersburgh, that the accounts given of that expedition, in French and German journals, are false or incorrect, and promises shortly to give extracts from the official journal of the expedition.

It appears that the experiments of M. Majendie, the French physician, in physiology, are mere plagiarisms from Mr. Bell, the celebrated surgeon. It is stated, that, so far back as 1809, Mr. B. commenced his observations on the nervous system; that, in 1811, he had distributed among his friends printed copies of the conclusions to which he had then come. It also appears, that the principal experiments lately made by M. Majendie were little else than a repetition of those which had been performed, many years before, by Mr. Bell, to confirm the discoveries which he had made, by a comparison of the structure of man and animals. Indeed, it has been already proved to the medical profession, by communications made by pupils of Mr. Bell to the Journal of Science, that he had not only made these discoveries long before M. Majendie commenced his career as a physiologist, but that the latter had committed the most gross plagiarisms. One indisputable proof of plagiarism was, that Mr. Shaw, a friend of Mr. Bell, being in Paris in 1821, gave to M. Majendie, then ignorant of the discoveries, drawings and plans in illustration of them; and showed the same experiments to him and other scientific men, at Charenton (near Paris), which M. Majendie exhibited as his own, before the public of London, in 1824.

Within a short time a society has been formed at Paris, under the title of the *Religieux Hospitaliers de la Charité de l'Ordre de Saint Jean de Dieu.* The object of this society is, 'to wait on the sick in the establishments belonging to the order;' but, they add, 'their attention is now particularly directed towards those who are deranged, as the most neglected and the most suffering.' They have already several establishments, and have fixed themselves at Paris, under the direction of R. P. Jean de Dieu Magallon. They receive gifts and collect alms; they go into the different houses of the capital and ask for money, and distribute their prospectuses. They say their object is to obtain possession of their ancient establishment; that formerly they possessed thirty-four hospitals in France, and they hope to recover their property. Charenton, which formerly belonged to them, is to be restored in a fortnight. Lately a collection was made for them; and the Abbé Landrieu attacked the management of our hospitals, particularly the management of lunatics. He compared the present mode of treating them with that adopted by the order of Saint Jean de Dieu, and gave the latter the preference. But what were the houses of *Charitains* before the revolution? The place for arbitrary imprisonments, the prisons of the victims of *lettres de catchet* and for the unhappy sufferers under mental derangement, and places of torment. The physicians found those who were deranged in a state of slavery and degradation unworthy the respect due to misfortune. Their chains were broken—they were raised to the dignity of men, and restored to society. To take the deranged from the care of medical men would be both barbarous and absurd; it would be taking from science one of its most noble conquests, and from humanity one of the most precious gifts it ever received.

M. Peltier.—M de Peltier, the author of several political pamphlets, has just died at the age of 55 years. Although at first professing republican principles, during the revolution, as he has himself allowed in some of his writings published in England, he soon joined himself with Champeenez and Rivarol, and in concert with them published the Acts of the Apostles, a periodical work, principally directed against the measures of the Constitutional Assembly. Obliged to quit France after the day of the 10th August, in which he asserted that he took an active part, he fled to England, where he published, with other French emigrants, several works against France, and, among others, a paper entitled *L'Ambigu.* In the short interval of the peace of Amiens, M Peltier, instead of lowering the hostile tone that he had adopted towards the different forms of government that had succeeded one another in his native country, redoubled his former exertions, and even attacked Bonaparte, then First Consul. The latter was foolish enough to be offended at what fell from his pen, and weak enough to apply to the English cabinet for the suppression of the calumnies that had appeared against him. The answer that he received was, that it was an affair that did not come under the cognisance of the government, and that the courts of justice were as open to him as to any other person who had to complain of the license of the press. Napoleon embraced the only course that he had, and brought an action against M. Peltier in the Court of King's Bench. It was Mr. Mackintosh, now one of the most leading members of the opposition, who undertook his defence; but, with all his eloquence, he was unable to save his client from being condemned as a libeller. The rupture of the treaty of Ameins, however, prevented the judgment from being carried into execution. Although M. Peltier published many works, he has left nothing by which he will be remembered; he had more gall than talent, and, while his death will be but little felt in the republic of letters, it will most likely save a good round pension to the royal purse.—*Le Courier Français.*

Statistics.—Recent calculations give the following as the amount of the population, and of the extent of territory, of the five principal monarchies of Europe:—

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.
Russia, in Europe - -	75,154	47,690,000
——, out of Europe -	292,339	11,714,000
England, in Europe, -	5,554	21,400,000
——, out of Europe,	176,971	115,141,000
France, in Europe, - -	10,086	30,749,000
——, out of Europe,	667	469,000
Austria - - - - -	12,265	29,691,000
Prussia, - - - - -	5,014	11,400,000
Total - -	578,044	268,224,000

Supposing the earth's surface to be 2,512,000 square miles, and its inhabitants to amount to 938 millions, then these five monarchies occupy nearly a fourth part of the surface, and rule over two sevenths of the human race. Europe having 155,220 square miles, and a population of 206,780,000 inhabitants, the five powers possess more than two thirds of its territory and of its population. The empire of China, however, is more extensive, and more densely peopled, than all Europe. The Spanish monarchy, before its dissolution, reckoned 30 millions of people.—*Journal des Debats.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	3 o'clock Noon.	1 o'clock Night.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 8 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April	1	40	44	36	30 47		Fair.
....	2	35	56	43	.. 44		Do.
....	3	40	61	45	.. 34		Do.
....	4	44	63	44	.. 27		Do.
....	5	40	60	40	29 30		Do.
....	6	40	55	41	30 37		Do.
....	7	41	55	82	.. 40		Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A wag once reading in an American paper an account of the marriage of Mr. Thistle, aged 18, to Mrs. Clark, a widow, aged 36, observed, if old Ben Franklin had recorded this marriage in his journal, he would probably have added some such doggrel as follows:—

'Experience soon will tell this tender thistle,
That he has paid too dearly for his whistle.'

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In Connecticut, a certain justice was called to a gaol to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth £5. 'Well, Johnny,' said the justice, as he entered, 'can you swear you are not worth £5. and never will be?' 'Why,' answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, 'I can swear I'm not worth that sum at present.' 'Well, well,' resumed the justice, 'I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny.'

Napoleon.—Napoleon was about to breathe his last! a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—such is the end of all human glory!—*Antommarchi's* '*Last Days of Napoleon.*'

'Tis not the end—he will live again
In the days and years to come:
His name shall stir the hearts of men
As 'twere a battle-drum;
And kings, whose sires he had uncrown'd,
Shall shrink and tremble at the sound.

'Tis not the end—although his life
So darkly pass'd away,
Not, as it should pass, in the strife
Of some great battle-day;
Yet men shall turn from might and power,
To think upon that lonely hour.

'Tis not the end—for many an age,
The high-soul'd and the brave
Shall dare the ocean pilgrimage
To seek his silent grave;
There to forget his faults and pride,
While fancy shadows HOW HE DIED.

New Monthly Magazine.

A German Literary Lady.—Never shall I forget the first appearance, to me, of Madame De B. She was sitting or rather reclining, in the most unaffected posture, with her legs crossed, and her hands clasped behind her head, on a large sofa—an old one indeed, and crazy, but doubtlessly endeared to her by some association, perhaps with the days of her childhood; for, from its colour and dilapidations and fashion, it could scarcely be more modern. Behind her and on each side extended a floor, or rather an ocean of books, rising in volumes, like wave upon wave, tossing and tumbling, and some, as it were, foaming open and revealing their white margins. In the midst of these, like an island, stood a large old-fashioned mahogany table, covered with various articles, which I might forbear to enumerate, if it were not interesting to the sensible mind to learn even the most trifling attributes of genius. Such persons will readily forgive me that I mention a large black teapot, teacup of antique china, an inkstand, with the owner's cipher, apparently scratched on the metal; a pair of saucers, of divers patterns; a large vial labelled 'laudanum;' a tortoise-shell watch-case, a small plate of bread crusts, and a long hair-comb; a tall wine-glass half filled with sugar of the brown description, a snuff-box, a pair of snuffers, a small miniature, a few twisted fragments of brown and blue paper, two slender candles, some small pieces of copper coin, and a single stocking, marked D. R. A. B.

Ciphers.—Lord Grenville, when he came into office as secretary of state, had some doubts respecting the certainty of deciphering. He wrote down two or three sentences in the Swedish language, and afterwards put them into such arbitrary marks or characters as his mind suggested to him. He then sent the paper to the late Dr. Willis, who returned it the next day, informing his lordship, that the characters he had sent to him formed certain words, which he had written beneath the cipher, but that he did not understand the language. Lord Grenville declared, that the words were exactly those which he had first written before he put them into cipher.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN 'Observant Recluse,' who so kindly wishes to instruct us in the law of divorce, is in error when he states that the seducer of a married woman cannot marry her in case of divorce There is no specific law against it; although, in the private bills, Parliament has the power to make that a condition of every divorce that comes before it. An 'Observant Recluse' is further mistaken, when he says we cannot name an instance of the sort. The marriage of Sir Arthur Paget is a case in point. If our correspondent will read the work to which he alludes (which he confesses he has not seen), he will perceive that we have neither committed 'an unfortunate mistake,' nor treated the author 'unjustly.'

'Good Shooting,' 'Natural Attractions,' 'The Martyrs,' 'the Twenty-Sixth Ramble of Asmodeus,' and 'the Broken Heart, a fragment, which reached us too late for insertion this week, shall appear in our next.

'Imlah' in an early number.

'The Misanthropist' is too prosaic.

Robert Sparkle and H. shall have a place

Some reviews and continued reviews, intended for insertion this week, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

Works published since our last notice.—Thoughts in Rhyme, 8vo. 7s.—Ned Chirton, or the Commissary, 3 vols. 21s—John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen, 7s.—Tales of the O'Hara Family, 3 vols 30s.—Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard, 2 vols. 16s.—Drummond's Origines, or the Origin of Empires, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s—Common-Place Book of Epigrams, 4s.—Benson's Thelscam Lectures, vol. 2, 2nd edition, 12s—Marianne, 3 vols. 18s—Match between the London and Edinburgh Chess Clubs, 3s.—Joyce's Lay of Truth, 8vo. 6s.—Cruttwell on Currency, 8vo. 12s.

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 309. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By George Perceval, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1178. London, 1825. Whittaker.

There are two things that please us in this work—the first is the modesty of the author, who says he is aware that the deep interest and value of the subject demanded an abler pen; and the second is the manner in which it is printed: the date and abstract on the margin, like an act of Parliament, reminding us of works of this description, as they were published half a century ago, and affording a ready clue to any period or subject.

It might seem extraordinary that we should have so long remained without any consecutive history of Italy, from its fall, were not aware that it required no ordinary share of confidence in an author to become the continuator of Gibbon. It is, however, still more remarkable that no foreign author has executed this task, for even Sismondi's elegant but voluminous work only embraces a part of the subject, more amplified, and occupying a wider range than Mr. Hallam's Middle Ages, but equally incomplete as a history of Italy: neither of them give an account of that inglorious period of five centuries which succeeded the fall of the western empire, or the three centuries that have elapsed since the second fall of Italy.

To Mr. Perceval the public is indebted for supplying a void in our historical literature, and well has he executed his task. His work is a succinct, well-written, and comprehensive narrative of the prominent vicissitudes of Italy; and in no country have the vicissitudes been more striking. It has been observed that, in reading Gibbon's work, we are too apt to lose the facts of history in admiring the beauty of the style; while Hume, though an able historian, is too fond of dissertation. Mr. Perceval claims no merits but those of conciseness and accuracy, certainly very essential ones in an historian; but his style is easy and correct. He seems to have taken nothing on trust, but to have entered into a patient investigation, not only of events, but their causes and effects. The work is divided into chapters and sections, each embracing a distinct period. Thus, the first part of the first chapter contains the history of Rome from the fall of the western empire to the coronation of Otho the Great, a gloomy period, during which Italy became successively overrun by the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks. In tracing the history of the several periods, Mr. Perceval gives an interesting picture of the state of manners and society. When the Lombards ruled in Italy the feudal system prevailed; gentlemen and nobility were uneducated, and several of them could not write their own names: the invasion of the Franks under Charlemagne improved the condition of Italy in some degree. Of this prince Mr. Perceval gives the following portrait:—

'He is, certainly, one of the most extraordinary and greatest characters in history. His private life was deformed by licentious amours; he was unsparing of blood, though not constitutionally cruel, and his successes in Germany were defiled by atrocious butcheries: yet his vices were relieved, though they were not palliated, by frugality and temperance; and his barbarous ferocity was strangely contrasted with elevated views of national and intellectual improvement. In a life of restless military activity he found leisure to reform the coinage and regulate the legal standard of money in his realms; he gathered about him the learned of all countries; founded schools and accumulated libraries; he encouraged commerce; and he meditated the union of the Roman and barbarian codes into one great system of jurisprudence. If he derived much of his renown from a contrast with the rude characters who preceded him, and the imbecility of his immediate successors; if it enhanced the brilliance and grandeur of his appearance that he stood alone, as it has been beautifully expressed, "like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean;" his great qualities still blaze with unfading light, and his memory still towers in magnificence above all ordinary fame.

'The successors of Charlemagne were unable to wield his mighty sceptre, and sank under the burden of his colossal power. It was fortunate for humanity that the mediocrity of their talents, and the repeated divisions of their enormous patrimony, prevented the confirmation of an universal monarchy; which, in its perpetuity, would have degraded Europe to an equality with China, and condemned it to a state between ignorance and civilization, without energy or power, without glory or virtue.'

We shall not accompany our author in tracing the history of Italy through its nights of barbarism or days of glory, but shall select here and there a few striking and characteristic passages. The assassination of Berenger, king of Italy, in 924, is an instance of the blackest ingratitude we ever read:—

'He reigned for thirty-six years as king of Italy, and for the last nine of his life with the dignity of emperor. Active and courageous, humane and honourable, he was a prince of considerable talents and virtue, and his life was at last sacrificed to the indulgence of a generous, but misplaced, confidence. The archbishop of Milan and several lords, all of whom he had loaded with benefits, entered into a plot against him, and engaged a noble Veronese, named Flambert, whose son the emperor had held at the baptismal font, to assassinate him. Berenger, having discovered the conspiracy, summoned Flambert into his presence, reminded him of the kindnesses which he had received at his hands, and of the vows of attachment which he had poured forth in return; pointed out the little fruit which he could hope to gather from his meditated guilt; and, presenting him with a golden cup, added, "Let this goblet be the pledge of my oblivion of your crime and of your repentance. Take it, and do not forget that your emperor is also the sponsor of your child." The same night, instead of shutting himself up in the security of his fortified palace, Berenger, to show that he had discarded all suspicion, slept unattended in a summer-house in his gardens. But in the morning, as he was going to mass, Flambert, accompanied by an armed retinue, met him, and, approaching as if to embrace him, basely stabbed him with his poniard. History has failed to explain the motives of this revolting act of ingratitude and treachery, and has only related the retributive vengeance which instantaneously overtook it. Milo, count of Verona, rushed to the aid of the emperor, and, though too late to defend him, sacrificed the traitor and his associates on the spot.'

It is well observed by Mr. Perceval that the current of the Italian annals, instead of flowing in one great and uninterrupted channel, breaks out into a multitude of smaller streams, which it is difficult to follow; in order to do this the better, Mr. Perceval treats the political and religious history separately. The rise and progress of the papal power is ably traced in these volumes, although the author says he has no inclination to follow his authorities through the scandalous vices which characterized the popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, when for many years the supreme pontiffs were bestowed on the church by two women of wanton and vicious character, Theodora and her daughter Marozia. The first chapter of Mr. Perceval's work closes with an account of the capture of the Venetian brides by the pirates of Istria:—

'According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year and in the same church. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the state annually increased the general joy of the occasion by

endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning gondolas elegantly ornamented assembled from all quarters of the city at the episcopal church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sound of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed, and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their barks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their defenceless lovers possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But a deadly revenge overtook them. The doge, Pietro Candiano III. had been present at the ceremony; he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths, they flew to arms, and, throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagunes of Caorlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived for many centuries the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the ducal crown, the duty of consummating his design.'

The tameness with which the Italians now brook slavery forms a singular and degrading contrast to the fierce spirit of their ancestors, when an individual insult to a plebeian by a nobleman roused the people to a commotion, which ended with the demolition of the houses of the nobles, and their expulsion from the city. In an account of the military system of the Lombards, Mr. Perceval minutely describes the carroccio, or standard car of the state, first used by Eribert, archbishop of Milan, in the war of 1035:—

'It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn by four pairs of oxen, with splendid trappings of scarlet. In the centre, raised upon a mast, which was crowned by a golden orb, floated the banner of the republic, and, beneath it, the Saviour, extended on the cross, appeared to pour benediction on the surrounding host. Two platforms occupied the car in front and behind the mast, the first filled with a few of the most valiant soldiers of the army, the chosen guard of the standard, the latter with a band of martial music. Feelings of religion and of military glory were strangely associated with the carroccio. It was an imitation of the Jewish ark of the covenant, and it was from its platform that a chaplain administered the holy offices of Christianity to the army. It thus became sacred in the eyes of the citizens, and to suffer it to fall into the hands of an enemy entailed intolerable disgrace. The thickest of the battle ever encircled the carroccio: it guided the advance, the duty of its defence gave order and a rallying-point in retreat, and it was in every situation calculated to remedy the absence of discipline and the unskilfulness of military movement which belonged to that age. It afforded a common centre, a principle of weight and depth and solidity, to the untrained infantry of the citizens, and enabled them to resist without difficulty the impetuous charges of the feudal chivalry.'

The papal clergy, in all ages, have been ambitious of power, and some of them have possessed great influence; such was the case with a Dominican friar in the thirteenth century:—

'While the papal intriguer were cherishing the seeds of war, a singular spectacle of an opposite nature was exhibited in northern Italy. Some members of the newly-established order of Dominican friars employed all the powers of eloquence over a half civilized age in exhortations of universal peace; and the preaching of one of these brethren had an astonishing but transient influence upon the ardent temperament of the Italian people. At Bologna, Padua, Verona, and the surrounding cities, Giovanni di Vicenza began, three years after the pacification of 1230, to denounce the iniquity of war and to inculcate the general forgiveness of injuries. He was heard with veneration and humility. At his voice the feuds of generations were hushed, vows of reconciliation were poured forth by the bitterest enemies, and he was entreated by contending cities and factions to reform their governments and compose their differences. So absolute became his influence, that a general assembly was convened on the plain of Paquara, upon the banks of the Adige, for the establishment of perpetual peace; and the Guelf and Ghibelin cities and castles of Lombardy were emptied of their population at the summons of the preacher. By this immense concourse an universal amnesty and oblivion of mutual wrongs were declared at his suggestion, and Giovanni became the arbitrary master of political consciences. But he had not virtue and disinterestedness to support the office which he had assumed—if indeed it had ever been possible to support it. He aspired at becoming the temporal as well as the spiritual director of his flock: he grossly abused his authority, and the people of Vicenza, awaking from the dreams of enthusiasm, shook off his strange yoke, and consigned the pseudo-apostle of peace to a captivity from whence he escaped only with the entire loss of his ephemeral reputation.'

The feuds of the Guelfs and the Ghibelins were long the bane of Italy, and in the thirteenth century an event occurred which deluged the city of Romagna with blood:—

'The noble families of the Gieremei and Lambertazzi of Bologna, the chiefs of the Guelf and Ghibelin factions of their city, had long been opposed in deadly animosity, when Bonifazio Gieremei and Imilda, the daughter of Orlando de Lambertazzi, forgot the enmity of their houses in the indulgence of a mutual and ardent passion. In one of their secret interviews in the palace of the Lambertazzi, the lovers were betrayed to the brothers of Imilda; she fled at their approach, but they rushed upon Bonifazio, immediately despatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl, returning to the chamber, discovered his cruel fate by the stains of blood, and traced the corpse to the spot where it had been thrown. It was yet warm, and with mingled agony and hope she endeavoured to suck the venom from its wounds. But she only imbibed the poison into her own veins; and the ill-fated pair were found stretched lifeless together. This sad catastrophe inflamed the hatred of the two houses to desperation; their respective factions in the city espoused their quarrel; they flew to arms; and for forty days the streets and palaces of Bologna were the scenes of a general and furious contest, which terminated in favour of the Guelfs. The Lambertazzi and all their Ghibelin associates were driven from the city; their houses were razed, and twelve thousand citizens were involved in a common sentence of banishment. But the exiles, retiring to the smaller towns of Romagna, were still formidable by their numbers; and, offering a rallying-point to almost all the Ghibelins of Italy, were joined by so great a force, that, concentrating under Count Guido di Montefeltro, they twice defeated the Guelfs, and filled Bologna with consternation.'

In Florence the nobles displayed a very lawless spirit in the thirteenth century:—

'The insolence and tyranny of the nobility at length excited the violent indignation of an individual of their own order, who had associated himself in one of the commercial companies. During his short period of office as a prior, Giano della Bella seized the moment when the people were assembled in parliament to suggest and carry some remarkable enactments for reducing the nobles to obedience to the laws. The most effectual and praiseworthy of these was the creation of a gonfalonier of justice with a permanent guard of one thousand citizens, which was shortly increased to four times that number. The duty of this officer—the sword of the civil power—was to execute the commands of the magistracy and the sentences of the law. His guard was selected from the different divisions of the city, and distributed into companies, the commanders of which, termed also gonfaloniers, were resolved upon particular occasions into a college or corporate body, which shared in the public deliberations. When the gonfalonier of justice hung out his gonfaloo or banner from the windows of the public palace, the commanders of companies immediately repaired to him with their followers; and he marched at the head of this national militia against the power-

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fal or refractory offender. The gonfalonier of justice was at first subordinate to the signory of priors; but the importance of his functions shortly occasioned his elevation to an equality with that body, and terminated in placing him at their head. Like them he was elected every two months, and resided in the public palace; with them he completed the signiory; and he was in effect the first magistrate of the state.*

Wars between the rival republics and internal revolutions succeed each other with such rapidity in Italian history, that the country appears one scene of broil and warfare:—

'One circumstance in the war between Pisa and Florence may possess some attraction for the British reader. Among the foreign condottieri who served in these campaigns, by far the most celebrated captain was an Englishman; and the palm of martial excellence is conceded by contemporary writers to the bands of our nation who followed his standard. After the peace of Bretigni, which our Edward III. and John of France concluded in 1358, their disbanded soldiery had formed themselves into companies of adventure, several of which, after horribly ravaging the exhausted provinces of northern France, carried their devastations into Provence; and from thence one of them, the White, or English company passed † into the service of the Marquis of Montferrat, who was still at war with the Visconti. But, with the characteristic inconstancy of such adventurers, the company shortly delivered the marquis from their onerous maintenance, by entering the Pisan pay on the expiration of their engagement with him. They had been trained in the wars of Edward III. and the Pisans, his historians speak with admiration both of their valour and of their ability in surprises and stratagems,—the partisan warfare of the times. Their cavalry introduced two new military practices into Italy: the custom of reckoning their numbers by *lances*, and of dismounting to combat on foot. Each lance, as it was termed, was, at least at this time, composed of three ‡ cavaliers, who were bound to each other in a species of association; and, as the White Company mustered a thousand lances, besides two thousand infantry, their whole force was five thousand men. Their cavaliers made little other use of their horses than to bear them in their heavy armour to the field of battle, where they usually dismounted and formed an impenetrable and resistless phalanx; and in this close order, with their ponderous lances lowered at the charge and each held by two men, they slowly advanced with loud cheers towards their enemy. Their defensive arms were of the mixed character of plate and mail, which was still retained in England and France, after the full casing of steel had been adopted in Italy. Over their mail-coats of interlaced chain they wore cuirasses of iron; their brasses, their cuisses, and boots, were of the same material; and their array shone with dazzling splendour, for each cavalier was attended by a page, whose constant occupation was to burnish his armour.

'These hardy English bands, habituated to their own bracing climate, braved with indifference the utmost rigour of an Italian winter; the severity of no season was a protection against their enterprises; and the light scaling ladders, which they carried in detached pieces, facilitated the war of surprises wherein they excelled. The talents of their leader added to the reputation which these qualities of soldiership obtained for them. This eminent captain, who is called by the Italians, *Acuto*, or *Augnto*, was Sir John Hawkwood, an adventurer of mean extraction, for he is said to have been originally a tailor, who had been knighted by Edward III. for his distinguished services in the French wars. The Pisans entrusted him with the supreme command of their forces in the contest with Florence; and from this period we shall find him passing the long remainder of his life in the incessant troubles of Italy, and deservedly regarded as the most accomplished commander of his times.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Selections from the Various Authors who have written concerning Brazil; more particularly respecting the Captaincy of Minas Geraes and the Gold Mines of that Province. By BARCLAY MOUNTENEY, author of 'The Historical Inquiry relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.' 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1825. E. Wilson

ALTHOUGH Mr. Mounteney can write well and ably on more subjects than one, yet in the work before us he avows himself what old Wotton would call 'a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.' He might, however, claim the merit of collecting from various sources a mass of information on a subject of great interest at the present time, and of arranging it in a systematic manner. Mr. Mounteney commences with a brief history of Brazil, from its discovery by Pinzon, in 1499, to the establishment of a constitutional and imperial government, under the Emperor Don Pedro the First. The author then treats of the navigation, general geography, natural history, geology, mineralogy, &c. of Brazil; the work also contains medical hints and suggestions to travellers, and a variety of useful information to persons visiting this part of the new world; but it is to the mining districts and the mines that Mr. Mounteney principally directs his attention, and, in this mining and undermining age, as Mathews calls it, his account of the subject will be read with interest.

Unconnected as we are with the Anglo, or United Mexican, Anglo-Chilian, or Chilian and Peruvian, Pasco Peruvian, or Peruvian or other mining companies, by whatever names they may be called, and being less anxious for the precious metals than some persons, we feel no particular inclination to discover what country is the richest in ore, or which mine is likely to be the most productive to the possessors. On this point no doubt much difference of opinion prevails, and perhaps the question is only to be accurately determined by experience. Mr. Mounteney contends, and we believe with much truth, that Brazil is particularly rich in mines; and indeed this is pretty clear from the circumstance that, injudiciously as the art of mining is conducted, Brazil has produced, and continues to produce, the greater part of the gold which circulates at this time in Europe. The following is the account of the mines in the district of Minas Geraes, and the method of working them:—

'The first gold which is certainly known to have been produced in Minas Geraes, was a sample of three *oitavas*, presented in 1695 to the *Capitain Mor*, of *Espirito Santo*, by Antonio Rodriguez Arzaln, a native of the town of *Tabonte*, since which period it has been discovered in all the districts of which the captaincy is composed.

'The news of gold having been found in Minas Geraes soon attracted there a great number of Paulistas and Europeans. It was, however, in 1703, that the principal influence of adventurers to the mines took place: meanwhile, discoveries of gold continued to be made. In 1714, one piece of native gold was found, which was worth 700 milreis (nearly £200.) Three others of nearly the same size, and one of the value of 3000 crusados (£300.) were also about this period dug from the earth, although the latter had the disadvantage of lying deep.

'At the commencement of the mining system in the Brazils, the common method of proceeding was to open a square pit, which the workmen called *cata*, till they came to the *cascalho*: this they broke up with pick-axes, and, placing it in a *batea*, a wooden vessel, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, exposed it to the action of running

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* 'Mr. Roscoe has fallen into a strange inaccuracy in speaking as if the gonfalonier of justice was at a later period subordinate to the college of priors (Life of Lorenzo de Medici, vol. ii. p. 51.); and Mr. Hallam, on the other hand, omitting to notice the steps of this useful magistrate's ascent to the presidency of the signiory, would leave the reader to suppose that the original constitution of his office placed him in that station.'

† 'Our countrymen themselves, no desirable acquisition for Italy, introduced with them a still more appalling evil. They hoped, by shifting their quarters across the Alps, to avoid the fightful pestilence which was then extending its ravages from the north into the south of Europe; but, instead of escaping this scourge, they carried it with them into the Lombard plains, whence it was communicated to the rest of Italy.'

‡ 'In some, however, of the bands of German mercenaries serving in Italy at this period, every cavalier was attended by a man-at-arms, mounted and equipped like himself. As these German bands were called *Barbuti*, from the flowing horse-hair which ornamented their casques, this became the general term for cavalry composed, like them, of lances of two horses.

'This custom of computing cavalry by lances was of feudal origin, when the knight himself, the lancer, was attended by several mounted retainers, more lightly armed, who composed with him the full equipment of his lance. But it does not appear that, in the White Company and other mercenary bands, the men of the same lance were anything more than comrades and equals who chose to serve inseparably together.'

water, shaking it from side to side till the earth was washed away, and the metallic particles had all subsided. Lumps of native gold were often found from twenty to one hundred *oitavas* in weight; a few which weighed from two to three hundred, and one, it is asserted, of thirteen pounds; but these were insulated pieces, and the ground where they were discovered was not rich. All the first workings were in the beds of rivers, or in the *taboleiros*, the table-ground on their sides.

'In 1724, the method of mining had undergone a considerable alteration, introduced by some natives of the northern country; instead of opening *cutas*, or searching-places, by hand, and carrying the cascalho thence to the water, the miners conducted water to the mining ground, and, washing away the mould, broke up the *cascalho* in pits under a fall of the water, or exposed it to the same action in wooden troughs; and thus a great expense of human labour was spared.

'At the commencement of the present century, there was a general complaint in Minas Geraes, that the ground was exhausted of its gold; yet it was the opinion of all scientific men, and still continues to be so, that hitherto only the surface of the earth had been scratched, and that the veins are for the most part untouched. The mining was either in the beds of the streams or in the mountains; in process of time the rivers had changed their beds; the miners discovered that the primary beds were above the present level, and these they called *guapiaras*; the next step is the *taboleiro*, which seems to be close by the side of the *veio*, or present body of the stream. All these are mining-grounds: the first is easily worked, because little or no waters remain there; the surface had only to be removed, and then the *cascalho* was found. In the second step, wheels were often required to draw off the water; the present bed could only be worked by making a new cut, which is called *valo*, and diverting the stream, and, even when this is done, the wheel is still wanting. The wheel was a clumsy machine, which it was frequently necessary to remove, and fifty slaves or more were employed a whole day in removing it. This was the only means in use for saving human labour, for not even a cart or hand-barrow was to be seen; the rubbish and the cascalho were all carried in troughs upon the heads of slaves, who in many instances had to climb up steep ascents, where inclined planes might have been formed with very little trouble, and employed with great advantage.

'River mining, however, was the easiest and most effectually performed; it was, therefore, the commonest. But the greater part of those streams which were known to be auriferous had been wrought. The mountains were more tempting, but required much greater labour; a few *braças*, if the veins were good, enriched the adventurers for ever, and, in the early days of the mines, the high grounds attracted men who were more enterprising and persevering than their descendants. The mode of working in such ground is not by excavation, but by what is called *talho alberto*, the open cut,—laying the vein bare by clearing away the surface. This labour is immense, if water cannot be brought to act upon the spot; and, when even there is water, it is not always easy to direct it, nor will the nature of the cut allow always of its use. When the miners found no *cascalho* in the mountains, they suspected that the stones might contain gold, and they were not deceived in the supposition. This is the most difficult mode of extraction: the stones were broken by manual labour, with iron mallets; in a few instances only, one machine was worked by slaves, instead of cattle.

'The modes of mining having been so imperfect, it has not unreasonably been concluded, that now, when more scientific means are about being adopted, Brazil is likely to yield a greater quantity of gold than at any former time.'

We have no room for an account of the other mines in Brazil, but, as we presume every person who can speculate a thousand pounds in mining shares can give a few shillings for a good work on the subject, we shall refer them to the volume before us. Two brief extracts we shall make; the first shows the progress of improvement in the Brazils:—

'The post-office at Rio Janeiro has extended its connections to every part of Brazil. In the capital, booksellers have established themselves, and gazettes are published both here and at Bahia. These changes, though many of them more immediately affect the metropolis, have, and will continue to have, a considerable influence over the whole country: other improvements, belonging more immediately to the interior, have added to the general prosperity. Forts have been built on the frontiers, and detachments stationed wherever it was thought they would be beneficial. Telegraphs have been erected along the coast. Men eminent for their knowledge have been ordered to the provinces as governors, and a strict charge has been given them to proceed upon the principles adopted in the capital, for the benefit of the state. Finally, a company has been formed, under royal patronage, for improvement in the art of mining, and another for effecting maritime assurances.'

As the Brazilians often play tricks upon travellers relative to ore, and file up the brass pans and kettles we send them, which they pass off as gold-dust, we shall quote Mr. Mounteney's test for detecting gold-dust that has been adulterated:—

'Place a little gold-dust in a glass tube or earthenware saucer, and pour nitric acid upon it; then hold the glass or saucer over a flame, or upon a few embers, until red flames (nitric vapours) arise: if it be pure gold, the liquid will not become discoloured, but if pyrites or brass filings should have been mixed with it, the acid will become turbid, green, and black, discharging bubbles of air. After the ebullition has ceased, the residue should be washed with water, and acid again poured upon it, when the same effect may be observed, but in a less degree; and if the experiment be repeated till all effervescence ceases, it will, finally, leave the gold-dust pure.'

We must repeat this work contains a great deal of useful information relating to Brazil, which was hitherto scattered over numerous heavy and expensive works.

Tales, by the O'Hara Family: containing Crohoore of the Bill-Hook, the Fetches, and John Doe. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1163. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE tales are three in number, and are entitled Crohoore of the Bill-Hook, the Fetches, and John Doe. They combine an admirable picture of the manners and superstitions of the Irish, and the state of society, with well-told and interesting narratives; and, although they are avowedly tales of fiction, many of the incidents have been realized, and there is no instance of either crime or virtue related that has not a counterpart in Irish history. Many of the characters, which are admirably drawn, have all the fidelity of portraits, and are to be found in real life, while others lay claim to great originality, and are painted with a vigorous hand. The author is a man of decided talent, who is intimately acquainted with Ireland and the Irish character. The first tale we shall notice is Crohoore of the Bill-Hook.

The scene of this tale is laid in Kilkenny, at the commencement of whiteboyism, and the author gives a melancholy picture of the state of society at that time, when the persecutions of the Roman Catholics had made them consider the Protestants as their natural enemies. The tale commences with an Irish wake, which is well described, and at which an old man relates how Anthony Dooling and his wife Cauth (whose wake they were keeping) had been murdered, and their only daughter, Alley, carried away the same night. Anthony, or Tony, Dooling was a substantial farmer, kind-hearted and hospitable, but of a violent temper; the servants of his house sat with the family, and, one Christmas eve, Pierce Shea, who courted Alley, called as usual, and a dance was struck up, while Tony indulged in a can of ale:—

'There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man, in the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling fiery-red hair stared around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly-marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, the colour of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess; then his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mould, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips, that, without much effort, never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless, the upper one wearing, in common with his chin, a

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red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and as yet unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of the curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark; but attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerably under the height of even men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavourable expression, and, joined to another cause we shall have occasion to notice, created, among his rustic compeers, a feeling of dislike and dread for their possessor; repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

'Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long, and of Herculean sinew; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known that, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape and more promising appearance.'

This was Crohoore, the hero of the tale, who was sharpening a rusty bill-hook on a whetstone, the grating of which offended Tony Dooling. He bade him leave off, and was answered by sullen looks. Tony, who was rather intoxicated, called Crahoore many scurvy names, ordered him off to bed, and struck him, when he fell down and cut his head; he turned round his ghastly face on his master, and, banging the door after him, left the room. Pierce had promised to call early and conduct Alley to church next morning; but, on entering the house, found Tony and Cauth Dooling, with their servants, dead, and weltering in blood, Alley gone, the bill-hook stained with human gore, and Crohoore missing. The murder of the Doolings and their female servant, together with the abduction of the daughter, were at once fixed on Crohoore, particularly as the best horse in the stall was missing. The neighbours, who had always regarded Crohoore as something more than human, and under the protection of fairies, now recollected how their cattle had died, when they quarrelled with him, and numberless proofs that he was—

'Not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet was on't.'

True it was that Crohoore had forcibly carried off Alley Dooling, and lodged her safely in a retreat not easily discoverable. Pierce Shea, eager to recover the girl to whom he was betrothed, as well as to avenge the murder of her parents, laboured incessantly to discover the man who had carried her off, in the course of which some singular incidents occur. On one occasion, he comes nearly up with him, plunges into a river after Crohoore, and owes his preservation from drowning to the very man he was in quest of. At another time, while in pursuit of Crohoore, accompanied by Rhia Doran, one of the secret leaders of the Whiteboys, who had been rejected by Alley (whom he had once carried off, until rescued by Pierce Shea), and professed a false friendship for his rival, a man attempted to shoot Pierce, but his gun snapped fire, and at this moment the assassin received a shot in the arm.

In one of his adventures, Pierce Shea thought he had found Crohoore; but it was the wrong man, and he earnestly asked pardon:—

'"*Dieu-a-uth*",* said the astonished stranger.

'"*Dieu-as-meyu-uth*†," answered Pierce: scarce able to articulate, overcome by exertion, and the nervousness that generally succeeds the sudden excitation of hope or fear when as suddenly disappointed.

'"Savin' manners," continued the man, "will you let a body be askin' you the name that's on you?—May be you'd be Master Pierce Shea?"

'"The very man," said Pierce.

'"Why, then, you're only the very man I tuck you for, an' the very one I was wishin' to see, into the bargain."

'"Here you see me, then; and what after?"

'"I hard iv your story, an' could make a sort iv a guess to what you're about, I'm thinkin'; may be you're not huntin' Crohoore-na-bil-hoge?"—

'"Your guess is as true as the daylight."

'"Musha, then, as good loock ud have id, I have a sort of a notion that maybe I'd be the very boy could tell you where to find him."

'"Where, where?" exclaimed Pierce.

'"An' I'll be bould to say, you'd be for offerin' somethin' that 'ud be handsome, for the news."

'"I'd give the wide world!"

'"That's a good dale, if it was your's to give."

'"Or all I have in the world!"

'"An' that's a purty penny, too, by all accounts that I could hear. But, somehow, myself, ever an' always, had a likin' an' love for *arraguthchise*;‡ an' if there was sich a thing as a *guinea-orrh*§, or a thing that away, an' if we war to see the face iv id, who knows."

Pierce ran his hand into his pocket, and drew out a brace of guineas; bank-notes were then a scarcity.

'"Here, then," he said, "and now your information, quick; oh, quick, quick, and Heaven bless you?"

'"They're the right sort, to a sartainty," observed the man, stooping down, jingling the guineas separately on a flat-stone near him, and then folding them up in a dirty piece of paper, thrusting them into the very bottom of his breeches-pocket; and, with great sobriety of face, buttoning them up. At last he thought of going on.

'"Why, then, I'll tell you every word about id. You must know, Master Pierce, myself is none o' you common counthry spalpeens (not for to say so by way of disparagement o' the country where I was bred an' born); but I knows more nor a dozen o' them cratures, that does nothin' only dig an' plough from year's end to year's end; I have a sort of a call to the law, d'ye see me, an' I goes to the neighbours wid a bit o' paper, or maybe a bit o' calf-skhin, just as the thing happens to be;" winking cunningly.

'We may venture to mention here, begging pardon for the digression, that in all probability it was a happy circumstance for the process-server, that Andy Houlohan heard not this intelligence, as, from his cradle, he mortally hated all "bums*," and might have felt little repugnance in knocking a chip from his skull, just out of general antipathy to the race.

'"What have I to do with this?" asked Pierce.

'"Why, I'm only lettin' you into id fur to larn you that I'm not the gourloch to be frightened wid your sheeog stories, or the likes, an' fur that raison, to the ould daoul myself bobs 'em. Well, a-roon. I overhard them sayin' id, that had a good right to know all about id, as how there was a lob o' money fur the man that 'ud lay hould o' this Crohoore; an' so I went here, an' axin' there, an' maybe I didn't make out the ups an' downs o' the thing; hopin' I'd cum across him in some o' my thravels; an' sure enough I have him cotched this loocky an' blessed morning."

'"But where is he, man?" impatiently interrupted Pierce; "what do you keep me here for!"

'"Och, a-bouchal, there's two words to a bargain: if you war the *omadhaun* to give your money beforehand, that's no raison in life myself 'ud be over soon wid my speech."

'"Rascal! do you mean to trifle with me?" rejoined Pierce, clutching his pistol.

'"Be pacable, now, a-vich," said the limb of the law, drawing a brace of them from his bosom; "you see, if you're for that work, I'm not the fool to venture out where rib-breakin,' done wid a sledge is often our best treatment; an' so, here's two good shots for your one; but where's the use o' that when we can settle the matther in a more lawfuil manner. Just listen to me I was goin' to sthrike a bit of a bargain wid you: you must as good as take your buke oath—an' its puttin' unheerd of thrust in you, when I haven't the buke to hand—but I hear you come of as honest a stock as myself—well, you must swear that every skhilling o' the reward, fur the cribbin o' this bouchal, 'ill come into my pocket, an' no other body as mooch as sneeze at it."

'"I swear by my father's soul, you must get every farthing of it."

'"See, now; sure that's more nay nor to waste our powther for nothin'; an' tell me; dav you see no sort of a place you'd be for

* 'God save you.'
† 'God and mother save you.'
‡ 'Money down.' § 'Golden guinea.'

* 'Bailiffs.'

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hiding yourself in, supposin' a body was purshuin' you?"

"'Do you mean the cave?"

'Just across the field was the terrific-looking entrance to the cave of Dunmore.

"'That's the very spot, a-vich; keep your tongue to yourself; keep your toe in your brogue; tell no livin' sowl what we're about; I'm just going a start o' the road, to shur this to a neighbour," showing a latitat, "an I'll be wid you again while you can shake yourself; stop in the mouth o' the cave, an' watch till I come; an' I'm the divil's rogue or we'll ketch a hould o' the bouchal, please God."'

This fellow intimates that Crohoore is secreted in the cave of Dunmore, of which we have the following animated description:—

'The cave of Dunmore is regarded as the great natural wonder of this district; so much so, that travellers come out of their road to see and explore it. At the time of our narration, it was believed by the surrounding peasantry to be the residence of every description of supernatural beings; nay, to this day, there are shrewd notions on the point; but, at a remoter one, the conviction reigned in its glory. Here, on great occasions, did the good people hold their revels; and it was also the chosen abode of the Leprechauns, or fairy mechanics, who, from all quarters of the island, assembled in it (the cavern being suspected to ramify, under ground, to every point of the kingdom), for the purpose of manufacturing footgear for the little race to which they were appended. This could not be doubted, as many had heard the din of their hammers, and caught odd glimpses of their green sherkeens, or of their caps with red feathers in them, what time the stars grew white before the sun. It was the dwelling, too, of more horrid sprites, of whose nature there existed no clear notion, but who, in the very distant abodes of the cavern, roamed along the offbrink of a little subterranean rivulet, the boundary of their dark abode, and who took vast delight in exterminating any unfortunate being fool-hardy enough to cross the forbidden stream, and so encroach on their charmed domain; and this was also fully shown by the splintered human bones that (really, however) strewed the bed of the rill. Wild shrieks were often heard to pierce the darkness through the gaping mouth of the cavern; but oftener the merry fairy-laugh, and the small fairy music, tingled to the night-breeze.

'The absolute physiognomy of the place was calculated to excite superstitious notions In the midst of a level field, a precipitate inclined plane led down to a sudden pit, across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawned, about eighty feet perpendicular, and from thirty to forty wide; overhung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by an exploring foot; and when, all at once, you stood on the verge of the descent, and looked from the cheery day into the pitch darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited,—giving a promise of something to be discovered, and a threat to the discoverer,—suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own fair familiar world, and yet nameless danger to be incurred in the progress,—your heart must have been either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank, if, at this first glance, you felt no unusual stir within you.

'After entering the mouth of the cavern, the light of your torches showed you that vast masses of rock protruded overhead, ready, at every step, to crush, and held in their place as if by miracle alone. A short distance on, two separate passages branched to the right and to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covered them, should be scaled; then you proceed along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged, from the lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks, and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof; till at last you suddenly entered a spacious and lofty apartment, known by the name of the market-cross, from its containing a petrified mass, that has some likeness to the ancient and curious structure so called. Indeed, throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art:—ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof; by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrifaction, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. And this is the regal fairy-hall; and the peasants say, that when the myriad crystallizations that hang about, are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the for-ever falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.

'The other passage winds an equal distance, and leads to the subterranean rill that bubbles, as before mentioned, over scraps of human bones; and over some entire ones, too, we having, when led to the cavern for scenic illustration of the facts of this history, adventurously plunged our hand into the clear water, and taken therefrom a tibia of unusual length; and, indeed, the fact that such human relics are there to be seen, almost a quarter of a mile from the light of the earth, must, if we reject the peasant's fine superstition, show us the misery of some former time of civil conflict, that could compel any wretched fugitive to seek, in the recesses and horrors of such a place, just as much pause as might serve him to starve, die, and rot.'

We have already alluded to the forcible picture it gives of the miseries of some of the Irish, from the oppressions of the proctors, and other causes. Pierce is introduced by Doran to an assemblage of Whiteboys; it is an admirable scene; we have, however, only room for the harangue of one poor wretch, Terence Delany, who was stripped of his all, when his wife was on her death-bed. A previous orator, a schoolmaster, had spoken of the good they might do, when the poor creature, driven to desperation by his wrongs, thus addressed the meeting:—

'"Who talks of the good we can do?—we look not to do good; we are not able nor fit to do good; we only want our revenge!—And that, while we are men, and have strong hands, and broken hearts, and brains on fire with the memory of our sufferings—that we can take. Your father, young man, never writhed in the proctor's gripe; he has riches, and they bring peace and plenty, so that the robber's visit was not felt or heeded; but look at me!"—With the fingers of one hand he pressed violently his sallow and withered cheek, and with the other tore open the scanty vesture, that, leaving him uncovered from the shoulders to the ribs, exhibited a gaunt skeleton of the human form—"I have nothing to eat, no house to sleep in; my starved body is without covering, and those I loved, and that loved me, the pulses of my heart, are gone; how gone? and how am I as you see me?—Twelve months ago I had a home, and covering, and food, and the young wife, the mother of my children, with me, at our fire-side; but the plunderer came on a sudden: I was in his debt; he has a public-house, and he saw me sitting in another in the village; he took my cow, and he took my horse; he took them to himself; I saw them—and may all ill-luck attend his ill-got riches!—I saw them grazing on his own lands; I was mad; every thing went wrong with me; my landlord came, and swept the walls and the floor of my cabin; my wife died in her labour;—who was to stand up for me?—where had I a friend, or a great one to help me?—No one; no where; there is no friend, no help, no mercy, no law for the poor Irishman; he may be robbed—stripped—insulted—set mad—but he has no earthly friend but himself!"—

'The wretch sprung from his seat, seized his vessel, and, with the look and manner of a maniac, indeed, added—

'"And here let every MAN here pledge me! May *his* heart wither, and his children and name perish!—May the grass grow on his hearth-stone, and no kin follow his corpse to the grave, who will refuse to wreak on the hard-hearted proctors the revenge they provoke by the sorrows they inflict!"

In a moment of frenzy, Pierce took the Whiteboy's oath, and was appointed by Doran lieutenant of the parish of Clarah; nay, he even went so far as to promise to attend them, on a future evening, in a nocturnal visit to Peery Clancy, the tithe-proctor, who had so cruelly treated Terence Delany; the proctor is visited, carried off, buried chin-deep in the ground, and deprived of his ears. Terence Delany is ordered to be the sentinel, and release him in an hour. Terence would have killed him, had not Pierce Shet feared as much, and returned to save the tithe-proctor, who had the ingratitude to denounce Pierce as a Whiteboy, and give him in custody. Pierce and Terence are rescued, in their way to prison, by a party who are seemingly conveying a corpse to church; the sergeant of the party, however, acts tra-

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chevously; a dreadful contest ensues, in which much blood is shed, but the peasants remain the victors. Terence Delany is, however, slain, and his last prayers are for his mother and children; he begs his mother may be told that he died with the traitor's blood on him, and this consoles her. After some other adventures, Pierce accidentally meets Alley, who refuses to accompany him home, and even appears to connive at his seizure. He is soon afterwards tried for whiteboyism at Kilkenny, and condemned to death; the day of execution arrives, and the wretched man is led to the scaffold; the executioner was ready for his office, and all was prepared, when a female, rushing like lightning through the crowd, clasped Pierce in her arms: this was Alley Dooling. While they were taking, as they thought, a last adieu, a reprieve arrived.

In the meantime, Crohoore is captured, and arraigned for the murder of his late master and-mistress; the circumstantial evidence appears so complete, that, without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against him. The judge is proceeding to pass sentence, when Crohoore sees before him a person whom he recognises; he seizes him, and denounces him as one of the murderers of the Doolings; and the accusation is supported by the entrance of Mr. B., a magistrate, who has a warrant for his apprehension: this was Rhia Doran in disguise. We now reach the *eclaircissement*. Crohoore proves to have been the son of Tony and Cauth Dooling, who, when a child, had been stolen by Dory Shea, aunt to Pierce, and her own dead child substituted in its stead. It appears, that Rhia Doran and one Lyndop, a butcher, had committed the murder, and carried off Alley, who was rescued by Crohoore; that the latter had also been the means of saving Pierce Shea's life, by taking a letter to Mr. B, the magistrate who interfered in his behalf. Pierce and Crohoore are pardoned; the former is married to Alley, and the real criminals are handed over to justice.

Such is the tale of Crohoore, which, it will be seen, possesses intense interest, improbable as some of the incidents may seem. Some of the graver scenes are relieved by specimens of genuine Irish humour, as well as Irish brogue; the latter almost to a fault, as many of the phrases require notes to explain them, and notes in a novel sadly interrupt the story. The following dialogue among the men who committed the outrage on the tithe-proctor is a good specimen of satirical banter. They had just dragged him from under the bed from which he had just risen.

"'Arragh, then, crawl back wid yourself, here, my out bouchall," said one of the men, as he dragged him by the legs into the middle of the room.

"'An'isn't it a burnin' shame," cried another, "to see a responsible, well-doin' body, like you, go fur to hide yourself like a chree-chraw-tha, afther we comin' so far to a journey to see you. Foch upon you! to serve your own cousins in sich a way, in your own house."

"'Mostha, becase he does so shabby by us, it's a long day 'till we cum see him agin," said a third.

"'In throth, Peery, agra, it's little right you have to give us the *neen-sha-sthig*;* for your mother's people, and that's ourselfs, that are all come o' the Multaxhys, in an auld decent stock."

"'Don't be spakin to our cuseen afther that fashion; myself is a'most sure, by the pleasant face that's on him, he's glad in the heart to have us undher his roof this blessed hour!'"

The two other tales we must reserve for a future notice.

Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia, &c. &c. Written by Himself. 8vo. pp. 442. London, 1825. Colburn.

We have always been of opinion that any gentleman who has lived long in the world, and has been at all attentive to the events he saw passing around him, might write an interesting volume; but the man who has lived the last half century or more, and has not only witnessed but mixed in the various and striking scenes which the world has presented in that period, has an advantage which rarely belonged to any individual in former ages. Such a person is Count Segur, who has been engaged in intercourse of affairs and society with Catherine II. Frederick the Great, Joseph II. Washington, Kosciusko, Napoleon, &c. Chance, he says, has also made him 'successively a colonel, a general officer, a traveller, a navigator, a courtier, the son of a minister, an ambassador, a negotiator, a prisoner, an agriculturist, a soldier, an elector, a poet, a dramatic author, a contributor to newspapers, an essayist, an historian, a deputy, a counsellor of state, a senator, an academician, and a peer of France.' Chance, the existence of which some persons deny, has, it will be seen, done a great deal for Count Segur; but we presume it made him the son of a minister before he was either colonel or a general officer. But no matter; the count, in these several situations, had certainly a good opportunity of seeing life, and, not being deficient in talents, as may be inferred from the Caleb-Quotem-like offices he filled, he is enabled to furnish an interesting volume of his Recollections.

Count Segur's father was a brave officer, whom Louis XVI. raised to the situation of minister of war in 1780; and, three years afterwards, the same monarch created him maréchal de France. He died in the year 1801. Chance, as we have seen, made our author the son of this gentleman, who was, says his son, 'powerful, and never committed a single act of injustice, the victim of oppression, and preserved the same attachment for his country: a good father, a kind husband, a skilful general, a brave soldier, a minister just and wise, and an excellent citizen.'

Count Segur was born in 1753, and lives, as we have seen, to write his memoirs in a very agreeable gossipping manner, though his pages are frequently intermingled with just observations, and not an unfrequen touch of French bombast, gasconade, and sentiment. The count also gives some interesting notices of the individuals with whom he mixed, as well as the events which he witnessed. We shall not attempt a narrative of the life of M. Segur, who entered the army at an early age, and fought a duel with an officer who picked a quarrel with him for unintentionally throwing his hat off a seat in the theatre at Lisle. Soon after, we find another duel fixed between our author and Prince Nassau, in Paris, for some words which passed at the table of a friend, and which the prince had forgotten next morning, when M. Segur and Viscount Noailles called on him. The anecdote is curious as a picture of the manners of the time, and we give it in the words of our author:—

'Viscount Noailles called upon me the next morning, at half after six, to accompany me to Prince de Nassau.

'When we arrived at his house, every one in it was asleep, master and servants; and it was not without difficulty that we succeeded in awaking the porter, obtaining admission, and reaching the chamber of the prince, who started from his sleep as we abruptly entered his apartment.

'He had lost all recollection of what had occurred the preceding day; every trace of it had vanished with the fumes of the champaign he had drunk. "To what accident, gentlemen," said he, "am I to ascribe this very early visit?" "You must know," I replied, "since it was yourself who so desired it." "The devil take me," said he, "if I know a word about it."

'I was, therefore, compelled to remind him, in a few words, of his unbecoming behaviour. "You are perfectly right," he then said, "I behaved like a madman, the wine had disturbed my head; but you must think no more about it; and, as Viscount Noailles is here, I declare, in his presence, that I am your servant, and your friend, and that I had no intention to offer you the smallest offence."

'"All that is very well," I replied in my turn, but it is mentioned too late; I should have been delighted to receive from you, yesterday, such an acknowledgment; but the twenty persons with whom we dined are not now present to hear it; it is, therefore, no longer sufficient."

'"It is most true," added he, "you are right again: let us fight; but pray let no animosity enter into the affair; let it be merely a sacrifice that we make to prejudice, and to a point of honour." I pressed his hand in a friendly manner, and he rose.

'He proposed that we should breakfast; but, when I replied that I should prefer breakfasting after the affair should be decided, he appeared somewhat piqued, and said, "The answer is tolerably presumptuous, I think; we shall see which of us will be able to breakfast after the affair."

'As soon as he was dressed we went out, and I inquired where he proposed to go. "Oh," said he, "I have, not far from here, a very convenient spot for this kind of exercise," to which I replied, that it was easy to see he was accustomed to the business.

* 'Not at home.

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'Stopping then, I observed to him, that I was accompanied by my second, whereas he had none, which was contrary to rule. "Good:" said he, "Noailles is our common friend, and a man of honour; I appoint him as my second, also: he is well worth two."

'We walked on till we came into a narrow lane, between two garden walls, when each of us, in a moment, took off his coat and waistcoat, and placed himself on the defensive. Our blades were scarcely crossed, when, casting his eyes upon a large knot of pink riband appended to the hilt of my sword, he cried, "That, I suppose, is a recent favour from some fair one; I am afraid it portends you success." "That we shall presently see," I replied; upon which we commenced a vigorous attack.

'The prince fought like no other man: he observed none of the rules of fencing, but, being remarkable for strength and agility, he, at one moment, darted forward upon his adversary with the rapidity of a deer, and, at the next, retired from him with the same celerity; so that it was equally difficult either to parry his rapid strokes, or to reach him in his sudden retreat.

'By this method, which surprised me not a little, he had been successful in almost every affair of the kind, in which his impetuosity had involved him; and, notwithstanding my vigilance and coolness, he several times pierced my shirt, though, fortunately, without touching me, whilst I was vainly stretching myself forward to reach him in my turn.

'After a few seconds, however, my sword scratched his hand, and the blood flowed, upon which I inquired if he was satisfied, and disposed to leave matters as they were. "Satisfied!" said he eagerly, "I was, a short time ago, but am far from being so now; let us go on."

'We then continued. His blade, too impetuously urged, missed its aim, and passed my body several times, when, at length, mine took effect on his arm, and broke, at the moment I was about parrying a thrust he made at me in return. "There!" said I, "now we must send for another sword."

'"You are both stark mad," cried Viscount Noailles; "for a hasty expression, not injuriously offensive, surely a couple of wounds and a broken sword may suffice. I vow that the first man of you that refuses to desist shall have to do with me."

'We laughed at this sally. "Upon my word," said Nassau, "he is right, and I feel it the more sensibly as my hand begins to refuse its office." "Well," said I, "shall we embrace, and consider the thing as settled?" "With all my heart," replied he, "on condition that we engage, upon honour, happen what may, never to fight each other again, but to remain brothers in arms for life." We then embraced, and the affair terminated.'

Our author speaks in high terms of the Marquis de la Fayette, whom he was prevented from accompanying to America, to assist in the revolutionary war. During this war,—

'The Earl of Carlisle had published in America a proclamation, which contained some expressions reflecting upon France. As the champion of French honour, La Fayette sent a challenge to the earl, and defied him to single combat. Lord Carlisle replied with much discretion, and refused the invitation, observing: "That the quarrels of nations would give birth to too much disorder, if they were allowed to excite individual animosities."'

It was Count de Lauraguais who first exhibited in the eyes of the Parisians a horse-race, with English horses and English jockeys, in the plain Des Sablons. Count Segur was a great admirer of Voltaire, who was a visitor at his father's house, and often consoled his mother (a lady of distinguished talents) in her last illness. Count Segur gives an interesting account of the return of this extraordinary man to Paris:—

'The French academy, in the midst of which he appeared, rose in a body and advanced towards him as he entered, and, after a public homage, never accorded to any prince, this sovereign of letters presided over the literary senate of France, over the assemblage of all those varied departments of talent, in each of which his genius had exhibited masterpieces to the world.

'Returning to his residence, which appeared to have been transformed into a palace by his presence, he took his seat amidst a sort of council composed of philosophers, and all the boldest and most celebrated writers of the age; his courtiers were the most distinguished men of all classes, the most celebrated foreigners of every country.

'Guards alone appeared wanting to complete this kind of royalty, and, indeed, he almost stood in need of them to secure himself against the eagerness of the crowds, gathering on all sides to behold him, besieging his door, surrounding him as he went forth, and hardly allowing room for his horses to pass along.

'His coronation took place at the palace of the Tuileries in the hall of the Théâtre Français; and it is impossible to convey an idea of the extravagant joy with which the illustrious old man was received by a public that filled all the seats, the boxes, the galleries, and all the outlets of the place. At no time did the gratitude of a nation burst forth with more lively marks of rapture.

'Never shall I forget that scene; and I cannot conceive how Voltaire was enabled to summon sufficient strength to bear it. The moment he appeared, Brizard, the actor, placed upon his brows a laurel crown, which he instantly attempted to remove, but which the people with loud cries entreated him to wear. In the midst of the warmest acclamations, the titles of all his works were repeated on all sides.

'Long after the curtain had been drawn up, it was impossible for the representation to go on: each individual in the theatre was too much occupied in contemplating Voltaire, and in offering him the liveliest homage; in fact, each spectator was himself too much an actor to attend to the actors on the stage.

'Even when the general weariness permitted them to come forward, they were continually interrupted by the tumultuous feelings of the spectators. "Never," observed M. Grimm with justice, in speaking of the representation of Irène, "never was there a piece worse played, more applauded, or that attracted less attention."

'It was no sooner over, than Voltaire's bust was placed in the front of the scene; the different actors in the tragedy gathered round it, dressed in the costume of their parts, attended by the guards who had appeared in the play, and by a crowd of spectators, who had contrived to gain admittance to the stage; and, what was remarkable enough, the very actor who approached to crown the bust of this undaunted foe to superstition was dressed in the monkish habit, that of Léonce, a character of the piece.'

Count Segur says Voltaire terminated his life with apparent indifference; and he adds—

'Those who had not been able to oppose his triumph refused him a resting-place amidst the tombs of the Parisians. One of his relatives, a counsellor of the Parliament, carried off his corpse, and had it speedily interred in the Abbey de Scellières, before the curate of the place had received notice of the order to refuse him burial, an order which arrived just three hours too late. Had it not been for the zeal of this friend, the remains of one of our most distinguished men, of one whose reputation had spread throughout the world, would have been left without a few feet of earth to cover them.'

Count Segur's work is, though very incorrectly printed, worthy of a second notice, and that it shall have in our next.

The Three Brothers; or, the Travels and Adventures of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Thomas Sherley, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c.; with Portraits. Post 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1825. Hurst. and Co.

The present age is distinguished, among other things, for an attention to neglected literature. Mr. Ellis, in his excellent collection of Historical Letters, has led the way in giving to the public treasures which remained in manuscript at the British Museum; and we trust he will not rest with the three volumes he has given us, but continue his labours. To the Retrospective Review the public is also indebted, for a first or renewed acquaintance with several curious and interesting works in early English literature; to say nothing of the Restituta of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the collections of old poetry that have been published.

Teonge's Journal is another recent instance, and the work now before us is a laudable attempt to make us acquainted with the lives and writings of three individuals, who were distinguished in their day and generation. The three Shirleys, or Sherleys, were all travellers, at a time when Englishmen remained more at home than in the present day, and when the sovereigns exercised an arbitrary or summary power of calling their subjects home, or prohibiting their going abroad, at their will and pleasure. The travels of the Sherleys are but little known, some of them being only to be found in manuscript, and others scattered over the collections of Hak-

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lust and Purchas, or published separately in tracts, are now very scarce.

The editor of the volume before us has been at great pains in collecting these scattered memoirs and narratives, and forming them into a connected and entertaining volume: indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, for perhaps no three persons of one family ever experienced adventures at once so uncommon and so interesting as the Sherleys'.

Anthony Sherley, the second son, was born about the year 1565, and was educated at the University of Oxford. He served in the wars in Flanders, and was at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586. He afterwards accompanied the Earl of Essex, with 4,000 men, to assist the King of France, against the confederates of the League. As a reward for his services, Henry IV. of France bestowed the order of St. Michael upon him, to the great displeasure of Queen Elizabeth, who declared that she would not have 'her sheep marked with a strange brand, nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd.' Sir John Puckering and Lord Buckhurst were ordered to investigate the business, and, although Sir Anthony showed how the honour had been thrust upon him, yet they committed him close prisoner to the Fleet, until her majesty should otherwise command. How long he remained in prison is unknown, but he was deprived of the honours Henry IV. had bestowed on him.

In 1596, Sir Anthony Sherley went on a voyage to St. Jago, Dominica, Marguerita, and along the coast of Terra Firma. In 1599, we find him sent on a mission to Persia, in order to endeavour to prevail on the King of Persia to unite with the Christian princes against the Turks; and, secondly, to establish a commercial intercourse between this country and the East. In the course of the voyage a passenger in the ship, using some disgraceful words against the late Queen Mary, Sir Anthony 'caused one of his meanest sort of men to give him the bastinado, which he did very soundly.' On the arrival at Candia, Sir Anthony says:—

'There we were royally used, but especially by one of the governors, which was a Greek; for there are two governors, the one a Greek, the other an Italian. The city of Candia is a town of garrison, which hath to the number of one thousand five hundred soldiers continually there; this governor, being a Greek, caused four proclamations to be made, which was, that we should have free liberty, both day and night, to pass quietly by their court of guard and sentinels, without any let, which was a very great favour: we were kindly used amongst the citizens, but especially by the gentlewomen, who oftentimes did make us banquets in their gardens, with music and dancing. They may well be called merry Greeks, for in the evenings, commonly after they leave work, they will dance up and down the streets, both men and women. There doth stand to this hour, about half a mile from the city, the chapel which St. Paul did preach in, and it is called to this hour St. Paul's Chapel, being held in great reverence among the Greeks.'

At Tripoli, the governor was advised to hang Sir Anthony and his party, 'which he consented to do;' but a ransom saved them. In Turkey, they endured 'many stripes with patience,' because there was a law in Turkey, that 'if a Christian do strike a Turk, he must either turn Turk or lose his right arm.' In journeying from Antioch to Aleppo,—

'After we had passed two days' journey, the captain of our convoy told Sir Anthony, that we must hire sixteen men more forth of a village where we passed, because he did fear the next day we should meet with those banditti. Sir Anthony demanded what he must have to give them; he said, no less than six crowns; when he had received the money he went into the town, and returned again in half an hour, bringing with him only one man. Sir Anthony asking him where those men were, "Why," quoth the Turk, "here they be all in this one; for this man hath fought with sixteen men, all at one time, and hath given them the overthrow; therefore, ever since he hath had sixteen men's payment." Sir Anthony, being a little moved to see their base fashions, answered, that he had of his own company which would make a boy of a far better man than he was: yet, arming himself with patience, was contented to let his man depart from him in that sort, for fear of worse inconvenience. At the sixth day's end, we came safe to Aleppo, where we were kindly received by one Mr Coltburst, then being consul for the English merchants, and also of the merchants themselves, who lodged us in their houses, and furnished us with such things as we did want; but the Turks did use us somewhat ill, for we could not walk in the streets but they would buffet us, and use us very vilely, except we had a Janisary with us; for it is the fashion there, that all strangers have commonly a Janisary in their house with them for their safety. One day it was my hap to walk alone in the streets, where, to my hard fortune, I met with a Turk, a gallant man he seemed to be by his habit, and saluting me in this manner;—took me fast by one of the ears with his hand, and so did lead me up and down the streets; and if I did chance to look sour upon him, he would give me such a ring, that I did think verily he would have pulled off my ear; and this he continued with me for the space of one hour, with much company following me, some throwing stones at me, and some spitting on me; so, at the last, he let me go, and, because I would not laugh at my departure from him, he gave me such a blow with a staff, that did strike me to the ground. So, returning home to the consul's house, the consul's Janisary seeing me all bloody, asked me how I came hurt; I told him the manner of it: he presently, in a rage, did take his staff in his hand, and bade me go with him, and show him the Turk that had used me so. In a small time we found him sitting with his father and other gentlemen; so I did show the Janisary which was he; who ran fiercely to him, and threw him on his back, giving him twenty blows on his legs and his feet, so that he was not able to go or stand: he was clothed in a cloth of gold under coat, and a crimson velvet gown, but his gay clothes could not save him from the fierceness of the Janisary's fury; and in this way our men were served divers times.'

In the account of the 'fashions of the Turks,' Sir Anthony relates some terrible atrocities:—

'They will,' he says, 'also, in the night time, in their cities, where many Christians do inhabit, if they think them to be rich [do thus]—you shall have two or three Turks take a Jew and kill him, and leave him lying at the door of a Christian's house, and there watch until it be day; then will they call an officer, and show him the spectacle, and swear they saw the Christian kill him; so they will make an avenge on him, as they call it; then must he either turn Turk or be hanged, and lose all his goods and money: and such like tricks do they use to plague the Christians with. As for their churches, they be very fair, and have high steeples, but no bells in them; but four times in the day they have a man that goeth up into the top of the steeple, and singeth out with a loud voice, that you may hear him all the town over, and biddeth them remember Mahomet's laws, which he left them. They have in their church-yards, for the most part, a fountain of water, covered over the head with a little house, which hath a petition, the one half for men, the other for the women; where they use, before they go to church to their prayer, both men and women, to wash the crowns of their heads, and hands and arms up to their elbows, and their feet and their privy members. They have Mahomet's laws writ in great rolls of parchment, which their priests do carry two or three days in the week through the streets, and one carrying a bason before them, where the people will throw money into it; which money, as they say, doth repair their churches, and buy oil for their lamps. Their sabbath is on Friday, which, in times past, they had lost, and, finding it out again, do usually, on the Thursday night, hang lamps round about their steeples, to put people in remembrance of their sabbath, that they might not lose it again. They have a certain kind of drink which they call coffee: it is made of an Italian seed; they drink it extreme hot; it is nothing toothsome, nor hath any good smell, but it is very wholesome. As in England, we use to go to the tavern, to pass away the time in friendly meeting, so they have very fair houses, where this coffee is sold; thither gentlemen and gallants resort daily, where the owners of these houses do keep young boys: in some houses they have a dozen, some more, some less; they keep them very gallant in apparel: these boys are called bardashes; which they do use in their beastly manner, instead of women, for all the summer time they keep their women very close in their houses, and have the use of boys. You shall also see Christians sold in their markets, both men and women and children, like as they were sheep or beasts; which did grieve me very much. There is also, to this hour, of the kindred of Mahomet, and these hold in great reverence among them; for one of their words goes as far as seven other mens' words will go; you may easily know them, for they go always in green turbans.'

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'There was also, in Aleppo, at our being there, a Turk, a very fat man, and exceeding short, who did always sit naked in a corner of the street, with a little iron spit in his hand, which they did hold for a great prophet; and great resort of people came to him every day, but especially women; and they did hold such an opinion of him, that whosoever he did kill with that spit, they were sure to be saved; for, in the short time of our being there, he had killed three of them.'

In Persia, Sir Anthony was splendidly entertained by the king. After the lord steward had waited on them to compliment them on their arrival,—

'So soon as he was gone, the governor of the city came with a gallant train of gentlemen very well horsed to attend him, being a man of gallant personages, well spoken, and of good carriage; and gave Sir Anthony and all of us a very kind welcome, offering Sir Anthony all that he was worth to be at his service. He thanked him very kindly, but told him he did hope to have no such occasion to use his offer; so for that time he took his leave of us; and that night the lord steward and governor did send such a variety of presents to Sir Anthony, that it did make us wonder at it, and so they did every day, for they two did strive who should use us best. So, after some five or six days' rest, we were furnished with apparel and horses; and then the lord steward did invite Sir Anthony and all we of his company to a great banquet at the king's palace, which Sir Anthony did not refuse; when the lord steward did royally receive us, meeting us half the way, attended with forty gentlemen very well horsed; so coming to the place we did behold there a sumptuous spectacle, which was the palace gate, being curiously set, wrought and garnished with rich stones very bright, the like I think the world cannot afford. The going up unto the gate was seven steps, about some half dozen yards broad, of a very strong kind of stone; so when we were alighted from our horses, and come near unto the gate, the lord steward told Sir Anthony that it was the fashion that those that did enter into the gate must kiss the first step, and especially strangers, but you shall be privileged to do as it shall please you. Sir Anthony replied, in honour of the Sophi thy king, I will do this; and so he made a low obeisance, and in the like sort did Mr. Robert Sherley, his brother, but all we did kiss the step, which did greatly rejoice the lord steward and his company. So into the house we came, which was richly hanged in every room with gold carpets, and under foot with rich arras; but to tell the several sorts of dishes we had there I cannot express, and every dish trimmed with rice, coloured of all kind of colours. We had also the king's music to attend us, both there and home, or where we would command them. There was also at that feast ten women very gallantly apparelled, and very beautiful, who did dance according to their country manner, and sing all the time we were feasting. There we spent that day, and at our return to our house we were guarded very royally with all the citizens of worth, with the sound both of drum and trumpet. And in the like sort did the governor feast us, and all men were willing to show us any pleasure we would. In the end there came a post from the king, forth of Tartaria, with a proclamation written with the king's own hand, which proclamation was proclaimed by a nobleman in Casbin, and we were all sent for to hear it; this was the effect of it, that we should command horse and man to be at our service, upon pain of death to those that should not obey; moreover, if any man did hold up his hand to offer the worst in our company wrong, he should lose his head; which proclamation the citizens did all embrace very willingly, and thus I leave awhile to treat of our entertainment.'

From Persia, Sir Anthony proceeded to Muscovy, and, in the capital, Moscow, saw the king and queen, 'in ceremonious and triumphant manner, passing out of the city, with a great image and a huge bell, to offer to a certain friary, some thirty miles off.' The following is the account of this ceremony:—

'First, all the morning, divers troops of horse passed out of the city, to stand ready to receive him at his coming out of the gate. About mid-day, the king setting his guard foremost, all on horseback, to the number of five hundred, all clad in stammell coats, riding in rank, three and three, with bows and arrows, and swords girt to them, as also hatchets under the one thigh. After the guard were led, by twenty men, twenty goodly horses, with twenty very rich and curious saddles, and ten more for his son and heir apparent, being a child of twelve years of age. After which was led, in like sort, twenty beautiful white horses for the queen's chariots, having only upon them a fine sheet, and on their heads a crimson velvet bridle. After them came a great number of friars, in their rich caps, singing, carrying many pictures and lights. After them followed the greatest part of the merchants of the city. Next them was led the king's horse for that day, together with his son's; the king's saddle and furniture most richly beset with stones of great price and beauty. Then followed the patriarch, with all the archbishops, bishops, and great prelates, singing in their copes, very rich and glorious, having huge images borne before them, being very richly inlaid with precious gems of divers colours, and lights about them. Then followed the king himself, who, in his left hand, had his son above-mentioned, and in his right hand his cap. Next him came the queen, supported on either side by two old ladies; her face was thickly plastered with painting, as were the other ladies, according to the custom of the country; her body very gross, her eyes hollow, and far into her head, attended with some threescore very fair women, if painting, which they hold a matter religious, deceived not the judgment of mine eye. All whose apparel was very rich beset with pearl, curiously wrought; having white hats on their heads, with great round bands laden with pearl. We never saw hats worn by any women in the country, but by them only. Next unto them were drawn three huge chariots, the first with ten fair white horses, two and two; the second with eight, and the third with six, in like order; which chariots were all very rich and gorgeous within and without: after which all the noblemen passed in coaches. Then was carried, in a great chest, the fore-named image, guarded by a great man and of state in the country, with some five hundred under his command, for the guard and convoy of that image. And last of all came that huge bell, being of twenty tons' weight, drawn by three thousand and five hundred men,—not being possible to be drawn by oxen or horses,—in manner following:—they fastened six exceedingly long hawsers, or mighty great cable-ropes, in six lengths, to the frame whereon the bell was placed; in this rank of ropes were placed those three thousand five hundred men; with little cords over their shoulders fastened to the great hawsers, drawing after the manner of our western bargement here in England.

'The poise of the bell was so great, that, passing along the streets of Moscow, being paved with great square pieces of timber, set close one by another, the wood of this frame or carriage, whereon the bell was drawn, set the timber of the streets on fire, through both the woods chafing together; so that some were fain to follow hard after, to throw on water as the timber began to smoke: and thus was this bell and the image conveyed to the friary, as hath before been said.'

The whole of this narrative, as well as that of the other brother's, is quaint and curious, and we recommend the work to the public.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.

(Concluded from p. 228.)

THE third volume of the History of Paris contains an account of the royal manufactories, markets, squares, quays, streets, rivers, fountains, bridges, catacombs, cemeteries, &c. of the French metropolis; together with an appendix of statistical details, a detailed account of the abbey church of St. Denis, a list of celebrated persons born in Paris, &c. &c.: but we have already so fully described this work, that we need only illustrate our remarks by a few more extracts. In an account of the markets of Paris, we are told that—

'Near the markets there was formerly a lofty octagonal tower, called *Le Pelori*, in which convicts sentenced to public exposure were exhibited to the gaze of the populace. It was built of stone, and was surmounted by a lantern of wood, in which the prisoners were placed; this lantern turned upon a pivot, so that those undergoing punishment could be exposed to the public on all sides.

'In the accounts of the city of Paris for the year 1515, we find that Laurent Bazard, *exécuteur de la haute justice*, having ascended the pillory to inspect some repairs, the populace set fire to it, and the executioner was burned to death. A baker, named Lostière, one of the incendiaries, was apprehended and hung.'

In Paris there are five *abattoirs*, or slaughtering-houses at the extremity of the city, where all cattle are killed and dressed, a plan which we see is proposed to be adopted in London. In the *Place Louis XV.* there was an equestrian statue of that monarch, mounted on a

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pedestal, which represented the cardinal virtues, faith, temperance, prudence, and justice:—

'The situation of the cardinal virtues, groaning beneath the burden of an equestrian statue, was always regarded as the worst part of the design; and, when Louis XV. became less popular, it gave rise to satires, of which the following is a specimen:—

"O la belle statue! O le beau piédest-l! Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval."

'In the last year of the reign of Louis XV., when the finances of the state were in a ruinous condition, an individual had the temerity to mount upon the statue, and, after binding the king's eyes, to attach a cord to his shoulder, from the extremity of which was suspended a tin-box, and upon his breast the inscription—"*N'oubliez pas ce prêtre aveugle!*"

'On the 10th of August, 1792, the Legislative Assembly passed a decree for the destruction of this monument, which was carried into execution two days after. Considerable difficulty was found in forcing it from the pedestal: a foot of the horse still remained in its socket, upon which a wit observed, "*Royalty has yet one foot in the stirrup!*" The pedestal was left standing."

In the Place de Grève, a singular ceremony was, in former times, performed on the eve of the feast of Saint John the Baptist:—

'The magistrates of the city having ordered a large heap of faggots to be piled up in the centre of the *Place*, the king, attended by his court, came in procession, and set fire to it. The earliest notice we have of this ceremony is of the year 1471, when Louis XI. performed it, probably in imitation of his royal predecessors. His example was followed by nearly all his successors. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. seldom failed to observe it, but Louis XIV. only performed it in 1648. This ceremony, called *le feu de la Saint Jean*, was celebrated with much pomp and expense. In 1573, it was performed in the following manner by Henry III. In the centre of the Place de Grève was erected a pole sixty feet high, having numerous cross pieces of wood, to which were attached five hundred *bourrées* (bundles of brush-wood), two hundred *cotterets* (faggots), and at the bottom ten loads of *gros bois*, with a great deal of straw. There was a barrel and a wheel, probably containing combustible matter. The sum of forty-four livres was expended for *bouquets*, crowns, and garlands of roses. A great quantity of fireworks of all kinds were discharged; and to keep the populace in order, there were present one hundred and twenty *archers*, one hundred *arbalétriers*, and one hundred *arquebusiers*. To the pole was fixed a basket, containing two dozen cats and a fox, who were destined to be burnt alive, *pour faire à sa majesté*. To the cries of the cats was added the noise of various instruments. The magistrates of the city, bearing yellow wax tapers, advanced in procession towards the pole, and presented to the king a taper of white wax, ornamented with red velvet, with which his majesty gravely set it on fire. When the wood and the cats were consumed, the king entered the Hôtel de Ville, where a collation, consisting of tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, was prepared. The Parisians carried off the ashes and burnt wood, in the belief that they would bring good luck.

'Louis XIV. having appeared only once, the attendance of the king was discontinued, and the ceremony lost its splendour. Latterly the *prévôt des marchands*, the *échevins*, and their suite, merely came, set fire to the heap of faggots, and then retired; but the custom has long fallen into desuetude.'

The extensive introduction of contraband goods into Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. induced the farmers general of the revenue to solicit permission to construct walls round the city, considerably beyond the extent of any preceding inclosure, which was granted:—

'The Parisians, who for the most part disapproved of the plan, not only on account of the immense expense, but because they would be thereby subjected to an entrance-duty upon goods brought to the capital, expressed their dissatisfaction, according to their custom, in verses and *bon-mots*, of which the following is a specimen:—

"'Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

'The following epigram also appeared.

"'Pour augmenter son numéraire,
Et raccourcir notre horizon,
La ferme à jugé nécessaire
De mettre Paris en prison.'"

'In the night of July 12, 1789, fifteen men, with torches and bludgeons, proceeded to the barrier des Gobelins, and, after beating the officers and pillaging the office, set fire to the building. The populace immediately formed parties, and set fire to all the barriers.'

In the account of the streets, which is enlivened with much anecdote, our author says,—

'The system of numbering the houses in Paris is far superior to that in the British capital. Previous to 1806 it was very defective, but in that year a new plan was suggested, the adoption of which in large towns would be found of incalculable advantage. Every street, quay, and boulevard presents on one side a series of even numbers; whilst, on the other, the series of numbers are uneven. The streets parallel with the course of the Seine are distinguished by red inscriptions and numbers; and the series of numbers begins at the most elevated point of the rivers. In the streets perpendicular to the Seine, the numbers are black, and the series begin at the point nearest to the river. The system is expressed with admirable precision in the following lines, composed in 1807, by M. Binet, head-master of the college now called Collége Bourbon:—

"Dividit hanc urbem duplici nota picta colore;
Nigra fugit flumen, sequitur rubra fluminis undam
Partitis numeris, par dextra imparque sinistra
Limina designat; numerus dum crescit eundo
Idem decrescens reditum indicat ordine verso."

In the Rue d'Antin—

'The Duke of Beaufort and the Duke de Nemours, each accompanied by four seconds, fought a duel on the 30th July, 1832. When they met, the Duke of Beaufort exclaimed, *Eh, beau-frère, quelle honte! Oublions le passé, et soyons bons amis*; to which the Duke de Nemours replied, *Ah coquin, il faut que je te tue, ou que tu me tues.* The latter fired; but, missing, he rushed upon the Duke of Beaufort, sword in hand, and was killed by a ball which entered his breast. The seconds then fought, upon which two of those of the duke of Beaufort were killed, and the others seriously wounded. At first, the archbishop of Paris forbade the funeral service to be performed over the body of the Duke de Nemours; but a fortnight after he consented, at the intercession of the Prince de Condé. The prohibition is the more remarkable, as the Archbishop was the celebrated cardinal de Retz, who generally carried a dagger in his pocket.'

A singular robbery was committed in the Rue St. Dominique, in which also an extraordinary impostor resided:—

'In the year 1768 there lived in this street a miser, whose only pleasure was to count over a sum of 18,000 livres in gold, which he kept in an iron chest. Leaving home for several days, an old woman, his only servant, was left in charge of the house. During his absence some thieves entered, one of whom wore the costume of a commissary of police, and the others that of his officers. After having announced to the domestic the death of her master, they put seals on every room, and left her in trust of the effects, except the gold, which they took away, giving her a certificate of its removal. A few days after the miser returned, and the old woman, mistaking him for a spectre, fell into a fit. The efforts made to recover the property were unavailing, and the thieves escaped with impunity.'

'The Hôtel Monaco, in which Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, recently died, was formerly devoted to the reception of Oriental ambassadors. Towards the end of the year 1714, a certain Mehemet Rizabecq, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles. He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital with extraordinary pomp: he declined the royal carriages generally used on such occasions, and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables superbly caparisoned, and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music. The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics, and preceded by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable. After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV., he sailed from Sweden and Denmark, and was never heard of after. Rizabecq, according to the Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV., was a Portuguese Jesuit, who had never seen the prince he represented, nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expense

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of his excellency, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day!'

The French revolution gave rise to strange vagaries, social as well as political. Of the Rue de la Lanterne, we are told, that—

'In the beginning of the summer of the year 1794 a man, residing in this street, formed a project for passing his life in a perpetual *gala*. He proposed to his neighbours to form a fraternity, and take their meals together in the open air, each family bringing their share of provisions. The project was generally approved, and on the same day tables were spread, and a banquet served upin the Rue de la Lanterne. Wine was not spared, for it was indispensable to drink to the republic and its defenders, and the number of the latter at that period was not small.

'The other sections of Paris, upon learning the *gala* established in the *rue*, agreed to follow the example, each fixing different days, in order to be able to invite the inhabitants of the other divisions. For several days tables were spread in the streets; and, says Saint Foix, "there was no danger of being run over by carriges, for there were scarcely three hundred hackney coaches in Paris, and, besides, the coachmen were at table."'

'The civic banquet of the Palais Royal was upon a large scale, and presented various scenes. It was a real Bacchanalian festival, in which all sense of propriety was laidaside. It, however, was the last, for on the same day the Committee of Public Safety issued a decree prohibiting these *fêtes*, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of the Rue de Richelieu, then *Rue de la Loi*, who had made preparations for the following day.'

Our author gives a very interesting account of the catacombs, with copies of the inscriptions, so characteristic of the French. In the Cemetière de Vaugirard,—

'A grave, marked by a plain stone, contains the ashes of a son of Madame de Lavalette, who was born on the 17th of September, 1815, and died on the 13th of November following. Those who recollect that this courageous woman was visited with the bereavement at the moment when she meditated the project of exposing her own life to save her husband's, will not read the following inscription without interest:—

'Il a été
Frappé par le malheur,
Dans le sein de sa tendre mère.'

From the Appendix we shall only make a single extract:—

'Paris contains 560 bakers' shops, 355 butchers' shops or stalls, 265 porkshops, 927 *restaurateurs*, *traiteurs*, and innkeepers, 325 pastry-cooks and *rôtisseurs*, 2,333 retail dealers in wine, 1,466 retail grocers, 1,767 fruiterers, 281 corn-chandlers, 787 *limonadiers*, 416 retail dealers in brandy, 87 distillers, 74 confectioners, 51 chocolate-makers, 10 *vermicelliers*, 5 Italian warehouse men, and 82 milkmen.

'There are 3,000 dealers who have covered places in the markets, 1,749 milkwomen who have places in the public streets, and 326 graziers who supply milk to a part of the inhabitants.'

These miscellaneous gleanings from the History of Paris will show that it is a work of great interest, on which much labour has been bestowed; and we advise the author to publish, by way of supplement, an illustrative volume, containing views, &c. of the most interesting objects in the French capital, which he has so well described.

ORIGINAL.

THE BROKEN HEART: A FRAGMENT.

'O love, what is it in this world of our's
That makes it fatal to be loved; ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd the bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh.
As those who dote in odours pluck the flowers
And place them on their breast—but placed to die,
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.'

DON JUAN.

MR. FERGUSON (for that was the clergyman's man) having accommodated me with an evening glass, I drew his chair towards the window, through which the sickly moon threw a faint and livid ray, prepared to continue the thread of his Amy's history.—'My child's unhappiness, sir,' said he, 'was occasioned by an affliction which the world generally considers as trifling—a disappointment in her first affections;' but to me it is very surprising that there should be anything like ridicule attached to an affliction to which all are liable, and by which two thirds of the community suffer. The loss of an aged parent is considered as the most painful of deprivations; but, after all, it is but a consummation of *anticipated* EVIL; the other is the blight of hope, the utter extinction of anticipated ENJOYMENT. I think it should be our endeavour to ameliorate, to the utmost of our power, a calamity which is by many felt so severely. I think myself, that ridicule makes more misanthrophists than anything I know; for who likes to be let down in the eyes of others, or who can remain callous when his weakness is exposed as the mark for contempt; but this, my young friend, is verging from my story.—About two years ago, a young officer in the seventy-first regiment was introduced into our little domestic circle by an old friend and schoolmate of mine. His visits were frequent; he was very prepossessing, and I perceived in him those traits of a character which I could not but admire. He would sit down of an evening and entertain us with the campaigns abroad, expatiate upon character, and diversify it with interesting anecdote. He was brave, but his bravery was mellowed by a mildness which we seldom look for in the soldier; he was young, and his youth added a liveliness to his descriptions; he was rather romantic, and the warmth that glowed in his details would, I could perceive, even increase the lustre of my Amy's eye, as I have seen her gaze upon him with passive adoration. We had always lived secluded since my wife's death; my child had seen nothing of the world; she had never had her delicate ear tainted by the impurities of premeditated flattery; she had not been exposed to the admiration of mankind, and her heart had not been disturbed by repeated overtures of fondness; she had never been rendered callous by disappointment, or suspicious through deception; but was young, fervent, and sincere. Mertram found it no difficult matter to gain her affections; she soon looked up to him as the star that was to guide her through life; his eloquence and education, his fascinating manner and gentlemanly behaviour, his rank in life, the station he held with so much honour, were things that were irresistible, and it was easy to perceive that she regarded him with that silent admiration and passionate affection which are known only to the female heart. Well, for three months he was continually with us. It was a happy period in my existence, which I shall never forget; our pleasures were innocent and our affections great. With what pleasure have I gazed on my Amy leaning on her admired, instructing or pointing out to him the beauties of the flower-garden; with what soul-felt satisfaction have I seen her bend her lovely figure, look up into the soldier's face with the expression that asked acceptance, pluck and present the flower to his bosom. Mertram knew how to accept these little attentions and how to value them: he remembered that they were the only means a woman dared use of showing her affection; he knew that she is properly, though cruelly, debarred from any other medium through which to convey her love; and, let me tell you, the man of delicacy will ask for no other. He prized them not for their intrinsic worth, but for the cause which they represented. Well, time passed away most pleasantly; he was like a brother to my Amy, till our circle was broken in upon by an order from his commanding officer, to prepare for embarkation for Ireland. This we had not anticipated; it came upon my Amy like a thunder-shock; she had never dreamt of separation, nor ever supposed that her happiness was to be alloyed by so severe a deprivation. When he communicated the tidings to her, her delicate nature could scarcely support it. To part with him was like tearing soul from body, but it was not to be prevented. The morn arrived for his departure; 'twas bright and beautiful.—Oh, that sickening sound—farewell! how is it to be estimated?—He took her hand, and with the other, dashed from his eyelid the solitary tear. 'Tis seldom seen upon a soldier's face. Amy could not, dared not, look at him. She drooped upon his bosom, like the willow over the water, and was so absorbed in an intensity of feeling, that she heeded not the parting speech, which fell in broken accents from his lips.—"Farewell, Amy, farewell!" he cries; "and let us live in the hope, that a shorter period than we at present anticipate will bring us together, to part no more." He seized my hand and grasped it with a warrior's grasp, but uttered not a word. A few moments, and we saw him no more. His horse dashed the pebbles from beneath his feet, as if anxious to convey his master from a scene so touching. It is needless to dwell upon our state of separation. On his arrival at Liverpool, Amy re-

ceived a letter, which mentioned his embarkation. Twas the first he had ever written —'twas the last she received. Five days had not passed, before intelligence arrived, that the vessel and greater part of the company were *lost*. Conceive, if it is possible, the agony which my Amy felt, when, amongst the perished, Charles was included. Oh, my poor child! Days lay she as insensible as marble. Food she touched not; breath scarce stirred in her, and I, like a madman, gazed upon my child, so lately blossoming in beauty, cut down, like the blighted lily, before the blast of heaven. Parents, pity me! ye must know the suffering of a doating father over the faded prospects of an only child; ye must know the agony of a parent's feelings, when gazing on the flowret of his old age, withering before it scarcely attained maturity. Young man, thou art as yet unacquainted with such feelings.' Then, in a softer tone, 'I pray God ye may ever remain so.' He continued—'The shock was too great for my Amy. She has never since smiled—I fear,—ah! I fear she will not be long with me.' The venerable father here lifted up his eyes to heaven, as if mentally ejaculating—'Father, preserve her, take her not from me before I am better reconciled to my affliction.'

HINTS ON THEATRICAL COSTUME.

The admirable manner in which Mathews gives the character of old Mr. Methusalem, without any other change of dress than a scratch wig, must convince every one who has beheld him, that it is very possible to represent old men on the stage without adopting the preposterous costume almost universally employed on such occasions, which is so very extravagant as absolutely to destroy the illusion it is intended to assist. Thus, instead of being natural, the actor becomes grotesquely ridiculous, and caricatures merely because he cannot imitate. Instead of giving the impress of senility to gesture, voice, countenance,—in short, to his whole person,—he satisfies himself with putting on a full wig well powdered, square-toed shoes and buckles, a cocked hat, laced coat with huge sleeves, and flapped waistcoat, and with perpetually tottering and hobbling about; in short, he produces a mere chimera—a character of convention, in which it is impossible to recognise one single trait of real life. If, in the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, modern costume is adopted for the other characters, it is grossly absurd to see Lord Ogleby dressed in the fashion of at least half a century ago, thus affecting age rather than juvenility of appearance. If there must be somewhat *outré* in his dress, let it be on the contrary side, and let him be distinguished by the extreme *recherché* of modern elegance; let there be the utmost solicitude to conceal all appearance of age. But then it will be asked, if so dressed, how will it be possible for the actor to convey the idea of age. For the genuine actor it will not only be very possible, but it will exhibit his consummate art to much greater advantage than can be done according to the present wretched and bungling method, which reminds us of the dauber who was forced to write, 'this is a lion.' If, indeed, the performer can do nothing better, even let him adopt the practice of the artist just mentioned, and appear with a label on his neck, inscribed, *this is an old man*. It would be quite as humorous, and not at all more extravagant than the shift now resorted to. In real life we behold the very reverse of this: there we frequently see a most sedulous affectation of superior elegance in dress, and of a fashionable exterior, in those who are no longer young; and, although this to a certain extent subdues, it certainly does not destroy, the character of age. The general air of the person, which betrays itself through all the disguise, is so widely different from that of youth, that it cannot for a single moment be mistaken. It is these marks that the actor ought to endeavour to assume, that he should study and imitate, and not trust to an antiquated wardrobe, which looks like the refuse of some Jew-broker's shop. Such spectre-looking dresses, which seem as if they came from the shades, to haunt the descendants of their former wearers, are to us anything but comic—they tell a tale of times gone by. Could we imagine that so grave a body as the Society of Antiquaries were ever to be found within the walls of a theatre, we should suppose that these curious relics were intended as a compliment to their taste for the venerable and obsolete, and introduced for the purpose of delighting their learned eyes. But we much doubt whether this be really the case, and can, therefore, only attribute it to a disregard of propriety and common sense, and to the exceedingly vulgar error of supposing that absurdity and extravagance constitute comic humour.

Liston's Lord Duberly, played in an old-fashioned laced coat, loses half the richness of humour and effect that it would otherwise possess. The very first appearance of the actor in such a dress announces to us that he aims at outré absurdity rather than truth. No one can recognise in such a burlesque figure one trait of the genuine absurd of real life; whereas, were that admirable performer to dress the character consistently, the contrast between the course and awkward manners of the quondam tradesman and his assumed gentility of appearance would be infinitely more ludicrous than at present. Liston, too, is almost the last who should condescend to resort to such bungling artifices, which ought to be spurned as the paltry substitute for real comic talent.

All that we have been saying applies with equal force to the costume of female characters. We wish that we could prevail upon the ancient dowagers and old maids of the stage, to discard their powdered *têtes*, high-crowned caps, long waists, stomachers, high-heeled shoes, flowered silk gowns, and other antique habiliments, for something more resembling the exterior of the antiquated belles and portly matrons that we meet with in the actual world. Pray, ladies, exhibit to us for once a wrinkled cadaverous countenance, set off by glossy jet-black ringlets, just fresh from the perruquier's, or the more than graceful embonpoint of fifty rendered absurd merely by the affectation of display. But we suppose that not one of you imagines she can ever look old, except it be by assuming a most fantastic disguise. Yet surely there would be no extraordinary danger in making the experiment; we would, therefore, advise you, instead of ransacking your old lumber-boxes, or consulting the plates of Bell's British Theatre, to take the advice of some fashionable milliner, or even, with all respect be it spoken, to take a glance and a lesson at the boxes before you. Look for a moment at that poor, pale, sickly-looking lady, who seems to think that her withered person has a certain sylph-like air, that she is determined to display to the best advantage. Further on sits a goodly matron of some sixty summers, whose cheek has yet a sunny hue, and whose extreme *recherché* of dress indicates very plainly that she does not desire to pass for a fright; but think you that an eye of the least experience would mistake her for forty or even fifty. And would to heaven, mesdames, that your theory, or at least what we infer to be such, was founded in truth, viz.—that a woman can never help looking young unless she consents to dress like her great great grandmother. Paint wrinkles, affect corpulence, or assume the wasted look, the toothless mumble, the voice, the shuffle of age,—but, in the name of good taste and probability, dismiss your obsolete frippery either to Rag Fair or to the tomb of all the Capulets.

LONGUEMANNE'S CUNNYNGE ADVERTYZER; OR, IRISH ANTICIPATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—You have exposed the unblushing effrontery with which the works published by the proprietors of The Literary Gazette are puffed off in that journal before they appear. Do not, my good fellow, be after bothering yourself about such things, for everybody knows the motive of these puffs prelusive; the editor, however, to make up for his anticipatory inspections of some works, delays long enough his notice of others. I say nothing of the volume of poems I wrote, for, by J—s, the divil a one of you critics has noticed the book at all at all, although I sent to ivery mother's son of you chane large paper copies, and wrote a beautiful autograph letter with each, that you might preserve it among your other curiosities; but I mane a little book, written by a gentleman who would have been a countryman of mine, had he not by accident been born in France instead of ould Ireland: it is called *Dictionnaire des Gens du Monde*, and a translation of it was reviewed in your Chronicle some two years ago*. Now, Mr. Editor, judge my surprise, when I find this same dealer in what you call 'anticipatory inspections,' giving a review of this very work in the Cunnynge Advertyzer of last Saturday, and that, too, as if it had never been translated into English! But the crame of the joke is to come: would you believe it, that the same editor actually reviewed the English translation in The Literary Gazette (for I cannot in this instance properly call it a

* In *The Literary Chronicle* of August 3, 1822.—Ed.

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Cunning Advertiser) of July 22, 1822, and gave a few of the identical passages which appear in the same journal of last Saturday!! What think you of that, Mr. Editor; but, faith, I cannot stop for your reply, and have you to think yourself, resting your's truly,

THADY MULROONEY.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXVI.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, did you ever so far relax from the austerities of your vocation as to go and roll down the hill in Greenwich Park, or play at kiss in the ring, on an Easter Monday, or indulge in the glories of the Epping Hunt, when the London citizens, as Tom D'Urfey said, a century and a half ago—

'Once a year into Essex go:
To see them pass along, O! 'tis a pretty show!'

I say, Mr. Editor, if you have not done this, you have 'left undone those things which you ought to have done;' but here I stop, lest I be rebuked with the trite remark, that the devil can quote Scripture when it answers his purpose. Well, all this I have done; I always feel delighted with the happy faces at a fair, and, were I grand sultan, would bastinado or send to the tread-mill all persons who attempted to crush those innocent rural amusements.

The lovely weather on Easter Monday and Tuesday drew crowds to Greenwich, and many a fair and slender ancle tripped it gaily in the park, as well as down the hill; while others, whose *understandings* proved they did not stand upon trifles, were less venturous. A few old sinners of the male sex, far down in the hill of life as well as that at Greenwich, were waiting for those little accidents which, though sport to them, are no joke to the parties, if injured by the fall. Greenwich and its sports are, however, all eclipsed by the equestro-pedestrian spectacle of the Epping Hunt. There is the proud array of the chivalry of Wapping and Whitechapel; and every quadruped in London, save the elephant and a few others in Exeter 'Change, is put in requisition.

For weeks before Easter in every year, all the riding-schools are filled with cockney Nimrods; every nag is employed on the Sundays; the visits to Hyde Park, in order to see the deer, and thus be able to identify the Epping stag, when they catch a glimpse of him, become frequent; and nothing is read at the London Inst tution but Daniel's Rural Sports, or Beckford on Hunting. The precaution of ascertaining whether a stag is a bird or a beast has become necessary ever since a Lord Mayor of London, who, in the good old times, headed the Epping hunt, made a mistake, which a poet has thus recorded:—

'My lord, he takes a staff in hand, to beat the bushes o'er;
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before;
A creature bouncing from a bush, which made them all to laugh;
My lord, he cried, "a *hare!* a *hare!*" but it proved an *Essex calf!*'

Well, the great, the important day, big with the fate of the Epping stag, many a pair of breeks, and the fundamental features of sundry liegemen of London, arrives. I pass over the preparations of the morning, and leave to Mr Hume to calculate the quantity of beef and ham that was cut into sandwiches, and the gallons of genuine or smuggled spirits (the latter of which he acknowledges he drinks) consumed, by way of a whet, to keep the cobwebs from the stomach, or deposited in pocket-pistols, to be discharged when required. Oh, no! 'The chase I sing,' or rather would sing, had I the muse of a Somerville, for never since—

'Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stained the woodland green with purple dye,'

did hunting promise a better day's *sport* than Easter Monday at Epping. Early in the morning, all the livery-stables were so cleared, that a punning friend of mine said they were delivery stables, he thought, to the horses, donkeys, and mules; and every kind of vehicle was also in requisition, from the gaudy baronche to the safety spring-waggon, which bore on its side a pledge that 'goods were safely removed' in it, and by its owner. There were horses of all colours and sizes, mares with long tails, short tails, bob tails, and some without ever a tail' nor were their riders less various; they included all orders and degrees of men; some went to share in the diversion of hunting, others to laugh at the hunters.

A friend of mine near Epping (I always like to make friends in a sporting neighbourhood) invited me down. 'May my mare slip her shoulder if I don't,' I exclaimed with Macheath, when I was reminded that my only Rosinante had been stolen, and that I was consequently mareless. 'Pooh!' said my friend, come down in the coach, go to the field, see the hounds throw off, and in five minutes you will have the choice of fifty horses that have just thrown their riders. The fear of Chelmsford assizes, and their appliances, to boot, however, prevented my adopting this plan, and I called on a friend, a member of the Melton Hunt, who—

'Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kissed his horse.'

He agreed to accompany me to Epping Hunt. Arrived at the scene of action, we were both astonished at the motley group that presented itself. Two o'clock arrived, and the chase was not commenced, while nearly all the portable provisions were consumed. At length, a loud huzza announced the arrival of Mr. Rounding, of Woodford Wells, with a fine stag in a cart. My ears rung with the loud cries of 'Tally oh!' as the sportsmen, in the true cockney pronunciation, bawled out; and the mild air was actually fanned into a breeze by the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs by the ladies. Every moment increased in interest. Every eye was directed to the cart where the stag was confined, and the unbolting the drop at the Old Bailey did not excite a more awful pause than the unlocking the door of the cart; which done, out bounced the stag, and after him hounds and huntsmen. Then began that—

'Contusion-hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.'

The dogs, though few in number, and not very well trained, set up a tolerable warcry, which animated my friend, so that he involuntarily exclaimed—'There's music, there's music, my boy.' 'It is very fine!' said I. 'Where,' exclaimed a cockney sportsman, who had lost one stirrup, 'for, d—n the dogs, they make such a noise that I can't hear it!' Five minutes had not elapsed ere the field was in as much disorder as a routed army after a battle; horses without riders gallopping about, and riders without horses lying very tranquil, were to be seen in every direction; while the forest was strewed with hats, and the varied contents which had been dislodged from the pockets of the hunters. I observed no less than three of the Monmouth Street pluckers-in of the tribe of Naphtali, eagerly engaged in buying up the stray beavers. No great coats appeared to have been lost, so that the tribe of Benjamin were unengaged in traffic.

Although I could not help laughing at the scene before me, yet humanity bade me succour the discomfited. These were conveyed to the nearest inn, where of course every attention was paid them; none were killed, and I have no correct list of the wounded; two of the latter, however, attracted my notice. One of them had but two jokes in all his life, which, of course, were often employed, and he had lost one since he left Little Britain, where he had resided upwards of thirty years. His name was Joseph King; and, while living in the place I have just mentioned, he used to say, 'I am the King of Britain.' This joke, as I have stated, he lost by a fatal change of residence. One good thing yet remains to him, and he can insult any person with impunity, and prevent his nose being twinged, by merely saying, 'Oh! Sir, don't you know that I am Joe King.' Mr. Joseph King's occupation I know not, and it was with some difficulty I learnt that of the other Nimrod. His name, he said, was Eusebius Jacob, and his profession was what he called pantomonst to his name. 'And what 'a your profession?' said I. 'An illuminator,' quoth the man. On further inquiry, I found that he was a lamplighter, and that his two sons assisted him in *illuminating*, as he called it, one of the few parishes in London where gas-lights have not been yet introduced. I was eager to know what connection there was between his trade and the name of the Bishop of Cæsarea and author of the *Preparatio et Demonstratio Evangelica*. 'Why,' said the fellow, who was not without humour, 'my name 's Eusebius; my son's name is Eusebius; we are lamplighters, and, therefore, *you see by us*, don't you?' 'That 's a demonstratio, and a preparatio too I suspect,' exclaimed a friend of mine, while I ordered Eusebius Jacob a jug of mulled wine for his humour.

On the road home I observed many instances of ludicrous horsemanship. One decent-looking fellow asked me to hold his foot in the stirrup, while he threw the remaining leg and foot over the horse; and another, lest he should not hold 'his balance true,' had run his horse alongside a wall. Some

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'Grasped the manes with both their hands,
And eke with all their might,'
like honest John Gilpin; but I will not detain you with an account of casualties: it was, indeed, as Tom D'Urfey described it of the city hunters of old—
'And when they'd done their sport, they came
to London, where they dwell,
Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives
scarce knew them well;
For 'twas a very great mercy so many 'scap'd
alive,
For, of twenty saddles carried out, they brought
again but five.'
In short, surgeons and saddlers were equally busy next day, while the livery-stable-keepers were fully employed in proving the soundness, wind and limb, of the horses they had entrusted to the heroes of Epping Forest.

I had intended to devote this paper entirely to one subject; but I cannot omit noticing a little incident at Edinburgh. It appears that the announced appearance of Mr. Kean, at the theatre of that city, has given offence, and that some 'righteous over-much' gentleman spoke against it from the boxes. Is this possible; if so, it is unjust. Kean has not offended the Scotch public; he did not appear before them within a few days after his being convicted of adultery; it is, therefore, nothing but mere cant in the Edinburgh people rising on the stilts of morality to oppose Kean. Are the Edinburgh people all saints? or do they think the English never heard of—
'Mother Jupps,
At whose house there were some mishaps,
To men who had wives of their sin.'
This Mrs. Jupps was an accommodating lady—a sort of Mrs. Dudkeith, in Edinburgh; and so highly did she appreciate the morality, even of the Scotch clergy, that she used to say she would not give 'one general assembly for two winter sessions,' although the former lasts but a fortnight, and the latter for months; then, fie on such hypocrisy, says

ASMODEUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS.

If birds are singing in the bowers,
If insects loiter with the flowers,
If blossoms sweeten air and heat,
I wish thee here to lead my feet:
For what are all these charms to me,
Unless I catch a glimpse of thee?
The moon is ever toward the sun,
Stars by attraction shine and run,
The sunflower casts its circling eye
To feel the kindness of the sky:
Can I be less than orbs and flowers,
Nor wish thee here to feed my hours?
A woman's bosom without love
Is like an ark without a dove;
A woman's heart without desire
Is like a kiln without a fire:
My love and my desire unite,
That thou wilt come and make me light.

ELLEN MARIA.

GOOD SHOOTING, OR THE PIGEONS AND BARN.

Two cockney gunners once, 'tis said,—
But who so milder arts were bred
Than hunting, or e'en shooting,—
Went with their guns, one wintry day,
And took, as cockneys do, their way
Along the road to Tooting;
When, as they walk'd, dispute arose,
That almost made these friends turn foes,
Which took an aim the truest:
They then agreed to try their skill,
And with one gun, 'because,' said Will,
'That one you know is newest.'
A flight of pigeons first appear'd,
And, as these *sportsmen aire* they near'd,
Sam cock'd his piece quite ready,
Took *six yards' aim*, and, from the lot,
A single pigeon, lo! he shot,—
He fired so true and steady.—
Now Will prepar'd his skill to try,
And at a barn, that stood quite nigh,
He took an aim most killing;
Then clos'd *both eyes*; but, lo! our spark,
In firing, wholly miss'd the mark,
So bad had been his drilling!
Sam laugh'd at this, but Will cried out,
'Sammy, you need not make this rout,
Because you chance'd to get one;
For had us many barns been there,
As you saw pigeons in the air,
I'm sure I should have bit one!!!' J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We now resume our remarks on this exhibition, premising, however, that we do not bind ourselves to be very methodical in the order in which we pass from one subject to another, or particularly attentive to what may seem precedency in point of importance or merit. We will, therefore, just look at one or two things in the anti-room, before we proceed farther. Miss Sharples' Country Fair, although it does not satisfy the eye, as a picture, is yet a performance of much cleverness, and possesses several good parts. Several of the groups are highly amusing, and there is a *matter-of-fact* air about the performance that is not uninteresting; and yet we could wish that it possessed somewhat more of artist-like feeling. No. 302, The Finishing Touch, by Morton, is a subject of some humour, and, with a certain piquant originality in the idea that pleases us: it exhibits the interior of a painter's study, where the imprudent artist has left a landscape on his easel, which a monkey, who has seized this opportunity of trying his dexterity in the management of the brush, is touching up in the sky with vermillion. There seems to us something waggish in the conceit of making Pug attempt to improve upon the sober hues of nature, by his 'splendid colouring,'—not that we will accuse the artist of intending any personal reflections; we, however, give him full credit for the joke. The composition is good, and the effect picturesque. No 284, London, from Waterloo Bridge, by Ward, is a well-painted picture. The tone of the colouring is rich, and the masses of light and shade well balanced to each other. St. Paul's, with its majestic dome, is seen very advantageously from the point of view selected by the artist, and the scene altogether conveys a favourable impression of the grandeur of the metropolis, as viewed from the river. Let us be permitted to remark here, that very few of our painters in oil-colours select any subjects of street scenery, probably deterred by the monotonous and insipid forms of the greater part of our town architecture; and yet there are many spots within London that an able artist might transfer to the canvas with considerable effect. No. 286, A Study from Nature, by Wilson, is a delightful little bit, and what may almost be designated as a specimen of the 'still life' of landscape. It consists of merely some dock-leaves, the stump of a tree, and some paling; but these are painted with a taste and feeling that leave nothing to be wished for; and, apparently uninteresting as such objects may be, yet, when thus executed, they are capable of awakening pleasing associations, and perhaps captivate the more because they affect to promise so little. No. 332, Chalk Cliffs near Folkstone, with Shakspeare's Cliff in the distance, by Linton, is a piece of great merit, in which the artist has very happily avoided that rawness of tone into which such a subject was apt to lead; yet without anything affected or unnatural in the colouring.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

There were never, perhaps, so many public structures and so many plans for the improvement and embellishment of the metropolis, in actual progress, or on the eve of execution, as at the present moment. The west wing of the Bank is now completed, and the workmen have begun their operations upon the centre, for the purpose of taking it down, preparatory to its being rebuilt in a style corresponding with the rest of the edifice. The Board of Trade at Whitehall is considerably advanced, and Downing Street, hitherto a mass of some of the most paltry and shabby hovels in town, will assume a splendid appearance. Mr. Smirke has been charged with the building of the east wing of the terrace front at Somerset House; and the new residence for the Duke of York; besides which, the new buildings at the British Museum, and the Post Office, are now executing under his direction. Mr. Papworth is, we understand, employed in preparing designs for the New Street, to be carried from the present site of Fleet Market and Holborn Bridge to Clerkenwell Green; a communication is about to be opened between Bishopsgate Street and the Circus in Moorfields; and, in the Regent's Park, the noble edifice constructing, after Mr. Burton's designs, for Mr. Horner's Panorama, now rapidly advancing towards completion, will certainly not be the least interesting or important of our architectural acquisitions. Then there are, too, the College of Physicians, which, by the bye, proceeds very slowly; the handsome Ionic church in Regent Square, Sidmouth Street; and Richmond Terrace, Whitehall,—all of which will contribute much to the embellishment of their respective sites.

THE DRAMA.

A new piece has been produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, entitled *The Hebrew Family, or a Travell-r's Adventure*. The music was pretty, but the play insufferably dull. After having been performed two or three nights, it was withdrawn. There is no novelty at Drury-Lane Theatre.

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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A very fine copy of the rare Mentz, or Mayence, Bible, in two volumes folio, 1462, has recently been discovered by Mr. Duppa, in the public library at Tours, where there are, likewise, other Bibles of extreme scarcity. These treasures are not highly estimated at their present depôt. They would, however, amply compensate an adventurous bibliopolist, could they be transferred to the mart of London.

Monsignore Angelo Mayo, already celebrated for his discoveries in the 'Palimpsestes,' has just discovered more important treasures than all those already found by him. Very voluminous fragments of the lost books of Polybius and Diodorus have been found among more recent manuscripts of ecclesiastical works. They mention an entire book of Diodorus, containing precious details of the Phœnicians. M. Mayo has also discovered numerous fragments of Menander.

Traveller in Africa.—A letter from Tripoli, Barbary, of 7th January, says:—'The French Traveller, M. J. R. Pacho, after traversing Egypt, has just arrived at Derna, provided with a recommendation from Mehemet Ali Pacha for the chief of this regency, and with a letter from M. Drovetti for the French consul-general, who has procured all the necessary means to examine in detail and in safety the ancient Pyrenaica, the coasts of the Syrtes, and the interior of the kingdom of Tripoli. This traveller is known in the most advantageous manner, and is besides under the auspices of our Royal Institute.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
April	8	44	56	42	30 4	Fair.
....	9	39	59	48	.. 24	Do.
....	10	48	60	53	.. 31	Hazy.
....	11	50	66	51	.. 12	Fair.
....	12	50	56	50	.. 10	Do.
....	13	50	50	45	.. 12	Cloudy.
....	14	46	64	50	.. 12	Fair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. LEATHWICK's communication shall have early insertion.

The letter on the Necessity of Amending the Apothecary's Bill reached us too late for insertion this week, but it shall appear in our next, when several reviews, which stand over, shall have a place.

J. R. P. in an early number.

We are sorry we cannot accept the offer of Tyro.

The work alluded to by H. M., of Glasgow, has already been reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle*. When the second edition appears, the editor will avail himself of the information given by H. M., for which, in the meantime, he returns his best thanks.

Works published since our last notice.—Babington, a tragedy, 4s. 6d.—Recollections of the Peninsula, 10s. 6d.—The Three Brothers, or Adventures of the Sherleys, post 8vo. 9s.—Ballantyne's Novels, complete, 10 vols. royal 8vo 14l.—Harding's Short-Hand, 3s.—Stennett's Works, 3 vols. 8vo. with life, by Jones, 27s.—Lambeth and the Vatican, 3 vols. 21s.—Hough's Practice of Courts Martial, 8vo. 26s.—Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley, 3 vols. 8vo. 27s.—Fairy Favours, foolscap 8vo. 15s.

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Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Liverpool; its Commerce, &c., 257; Don Esteban, 258; Count Segur's Memoirs, 261; The Journal of an Exile, 263; Perceval's History of Italy, 265; The Album, No. viii, 267; Pocket Annual Register, 268; Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley, 268.—*Original:* Necessity of amending the Apothecary's Bill, 268; Entertaining and Interesting Authors, 268.—*Original Poetry:* Life, 269; Kathleen, 270; the Martyrs, 270.—*Drama*, 270.—*Literature and Science*, 271.—*Bee*, 271.

No. 310. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Liverpool: its Commerce, Statistics, and Institutions; with a History of the Cotton Trade. By Henry Smithers, 8vo. pp. 461. Liverpool, 1825. Kaye and Co.

When Dr. Lyall (to whom we ought to apologize for neglecting to conclude our review of his last work) dedicated his History to the Emperor Alexander, his imperial majesty felt so offended, that he issued an order forbidding any person to dedicate works to him without previous permission. Our present sovereign, from we presume similar motives, has prohibited his Hanoverian subjects making him the apparent patron of their works without his sanction. Fortunately for *some* authors, the restriction has not extended to this country, or certainly Mr. Henry Smithers would not have dedicated his work to George the Fourth.

We are not generally very anxious to know who is the author of any work (save the Letters of Junius, the Poems of Ossian, and a few other works of this sort), but we really should like to know Mr. Smithers; for, if the volume before us be fair evidence, we should judge him to be quite a *rara avis* in his way. In the last leaf of the present volume, which we approach with as much joy as Bruce did the source of the Nile, we find a list of six works by the same author, not one of which, we honestly confess, we ever saw or heard of. A greater variety, however, could scarcely have been presented: there is Affection, a poem; Thoughts on the Effects of Peace on Landed Property, in prose, we presume; The Beneficial Influences of the Arts and Sciences, The Progress of English Poetry, Observations on the Netherlands, and Uriel, a poetical address to the late Right Honourable Lord Byron.

The last work determines the country of Mr. Smithers, who is evidently a Scotchman, and gifted with that enviable talent—*second-sight*, for we find the second edition of this address to the *late* Lord Byron published in 1823, whereas his lordship, as all the world knows, did not die until 1824; but what is Mr. Smithers to Lord Byron, or Lord Byron to Mr. Smithers,—our business is with Liverpool.

Rarely have we opened a book with more eager anticipations of deriving pleasure and information; never were we more disappointed: for Mr. Smithers is an ignorant, bungling and partial historian, without even common industry, and destitute of talent. He commences with an introductory essay on national prosperity, which has no more reference to Liverpool than it has to London, Bristol, Glasgow, &c. &c. In this introduction, we are gravely told that 'the real wealth of a nation consists in its general prosperity, and that 'it is not essential that every acre of land should be in cultivation for the food of man; some portion may be allowed for cattle.' How philanthropic Mr. Smithers is!—why his humanity for the brute creation stamps him a second Martin!—This introduction records some extraordinary discoveries made by the author, not certainly very grammatically expressed: thus, we are told—'Salubrious air, [and a] fertile soil, contribute to produce an industrious peasantry;' that virtue is not one of the 'precious metals' though it is favourable to the increase of human knowledge; and that, religion cannot consent to come into court like a criminal.'

After the introduction comes Fragments of History and of Antiquities, very properly denominated, for the author treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*: he gives an account of the sale of the Isle of Man, a discussion on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and other things equally irrelevant. We thank him, however, for one passage worth quoting; it is copied from a MS. written by Sir Edward Moore, in 1667:—

'"Castle Street.—Bridge, widow, a poor ould woman. Her owne sister, Margrat Loy, being arend for a witch, confessed she was one; and when she was asked how long she had so bene, replyed, since ye death of her mother, who died 30 years agone, and at her decease she had nothing to leave her and this widow Bridge, yt were sister, but her two sperites, and named them the eldest spent to this widow, and yt other sperite to her, ye 3d Margrat Loy. God bless me and all mine from such legases. Amen."'

Mr. Smithers is like some of the old historians, who always begin at the beginning; and thus a very meagre account of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is prefaced by a notice of the religion of the ancient Britons, and the first introduction of Christianity into this country, which would have been very proper, had the former ceased, and the latter commenced, in Liverpool. In the account of the dissenters, we are told that the 'Reverend was minister in 1823.' Surely if it were of any importance to know the name of the Scandenavian preacher, the blank might have been filled up. Mr. Smithers is evidently a political economist, and he rings the changes on the term 'national prosperity,' in almost every chapter; and no sooner does he mention it than he quits his subject for a dissertation, if such incoherent observations as he makes can be called a dissertation. In his account of the state of religion in Liverpool, he gives a statement of the population and number of churches in New York, and closes with a would-be pathetic picture of what would be the consequences were scepticism to prevail generally.

Some of our readers have, perhaps, seen a little comedy, called 'Shot at a Pigeon, and killed a Crow;' this appears to be a perfect illustration of Mr. Smithers, for everything he aims at he misses: thus, we have an article headed 'ecclesiastical architecture,' which occupies two pages; but all that relates to Liverpool is the remark that 'St. Luke's Church, now erecting, from the designs of Mr. John Foster, will become the pleasing task of some future historian to describe.' The next article, on cemeteries, occupies a page and a half, from which we gather that the dead are buried in the town and churches of Liverpool as in other parts of England; and that Joseph was interred at Sichem.

The account of the commerce of Liverpool, though ill written and worse arranged, is, perhaps, the best portion of the work; but we suspect his fellow townsmen will not thank the author for dwelling at such great length on the slave trade. One remark, however, is worthy of notice, namely, that 'tread on a worm and it will turn,' which Mr. Smithers considers full proof, that if you keep men in slavery they will rise in insurrection, if they can. From the account of the commerce of Liverpool we quote the following notice of the cotton manufacture, not at Liverpool, but in Manchester:—

'The improvements made by Mr. David Holt of Manchester, in sewing-thread, manufactured from cotton, merit particular notice. It is made by firmly twisting, by machinery, three threads of cotton yarn, and constitutes the best and cheapest article for household purposes ever made use of. It is in universal demand, as well in foreign countries as at home. In the metropolis, several shops, in the principal streets, sell this article only. This branch of manufacture is brought to great perfection in Scotland also.

'It is estimated, that there are nearly two millions of spindles in use in the several factories in Manchester and its neighbourhood; and that not less than 400,000 persons are employed in the various branches of the manufacture, including men, women, and children.

'The value of cotton yarn is estimated by its length, and is numbered, so as to determine the number of hanks requisite to weigh one pound. One pound of No. 100 contains 84,000 yards.

'Before the introduction of water machi-

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nery and steam-engines, the power of the single wheel did not exceed 50,000 spindles employed in spining cotton-wool, throughout the kingdom.

'To twist cotten into a thread, it is said to be usually doubled 16,384 times, before it is spun! And to such perfection is the art of spinning now brought, that a thread, upwards of two hundred and fifty miles in length, is drawn so fine as to weigh only one pound, or sixteen ounces; and such is the despatch in the printing department, that five hundred pieces of calico have been bleached, printed, some in single colours, some in demi chintz, and some in full chintz, in three days only.'

This is followed by more than half a dozen pages descriptive of the 'cultivation of cotton in America;' and three or four pages more are devoted to an account of Egypt, merely because one thousand bags of cotton were imported from the latter country into Liverpool, in 1823! We have hitherto only noticed the omissions in Mr. Smithers' work, and the irrelevant matter he has introduced: a person better acquainted with Liverpool than we profess to be would be able to detect many grosser blunders. In some cases we can discover a perversion or suppression of facts: in his Biographical Anecdotes he relates that Mr. Henry Blundell, 'previous to his death, invested the sum of £1,600. in the hands of trustees, to promote and encourage the fine arts in Liverpool, by defraying the expense of an annual exhibition:' but he conceals the fact that the money was lodged in the hands of a person who failed, and that the legacy was, consequently, lost to the town. These biographical anecdotes form a singular melange, as they are not confined to natives, or even benefactors of Liverpool; but include any person Mr. Smithers, in his wisdom, chooses to put into his list. Howard, the philanthropist, is dragged in, because he visited Liverpool prison; the same reason would introduce his biography into a history of Paris, Amsterdam, or even Cherson in Russia, where he died. James Brindley is torn from Derbyshire, his native spot, to grace the history of Liverpool, because he made canals in Lancashire. Why the two following have a place we know not:—

'John Jackson, author of an Essay on the Invention of Engraving and Printing in chiaro oscuro, London, 1754, was a native of Prescot in Lancashire. He followed the trade of cutting butter-prints, for shopkeepers; in this humble way of engraving he continued for some time. He determined to travel, and spent twenty years in France and Italy, to complete himself in drawing, after the best masters, and published a number of very fine wood prints, in a masterly style, after the works of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Verronese, in folio, and dedicated them to different English noblemen. He took the name of John Baptista Jackson. His work on Italy is dated 1741. On his return to England, he commenced the trade of paper-hanging printer, at Battersea, near London, in very large panels, representing the ruins of Palmyra and other antique designs. After the death of Prince Frederick, the son of George II., not meeting with that patronage which he merited well, he fell into decay, and went to the border country, and taught Bewick, the wood-engraver, French. He resided some time in Liverpool, but did not meet with encouragement here.'

'The late Richard Watt, of Speke, adds another instance of successful industry raising from obscurity a humble name. He came from Standish, near Wigan, a poor boy, about 1750, and was hired by Mr. Geoffry Walley, to look after his horse and chaise, the only carriage then kept in the town, except the coach of Lady Clayton; and happy those who could obtain a place in either to convey them to and from the assemblies, then held in a room of the ancient tower, in Water Street; other parts of which were occupied as a borough gaol. His master sent him to an evening school; and, finding him tractable and industrious, advanced him to the counting-house, and employed him as a supercargo to Jamaica, where he acquired a fortune of upward of half a million. On his return to England, many years afterwards, his first inquiries were after the survivors of his former master's family: he found two widows, indifferently provided for, and settled an annuity of £100 each for life. He purchased Speke Hall, which still belongs to his descendants.'

The list of living authors and eminent characters is very imperfect, and we suspect not very impartially given; but Mr. Smithers appears to be a sectarian, and, of course, takes his own view of subjects: in one instance, he seems to be wilfully incorrect: we allude to his notice of the theatre. He says theatrical amusements do not engage much attention at Liverpool; now it is notorious that the theatre is more prosperous in Liverpool than in any town in England. Mr. Smithers is prodigiously moral, and rejoices at the demolition of the tea-gardens, which formerly skirted the town:—'Tradition,' says he, 'tells of one house, at the northern extremity of the town, renowned as "Old Katty's," that had been more than a century kept by one family, and which displayed, for its sign, two laughing heads, underwritten, "We three—loggerheads be;" it had "its entrance and its exit," and is no longer destined "to set the table in a roar."'

Now, had Mr. Smithers been looking at the two heads, the inscription would have very aptly included himself; for, of all the historians we ever met with, we never found one who possessed so few qualifications for the task. Incorrect in his style, imperfect in his details, prosaic and irrelevant in his remarks, his book is anything but what it professes to be. It is neither good as a history of the town, or as a local description of it. That a man of ordinary talents might make an excellent work on a town like Liverpool, no one will deny; but a good history of the town still remains to be written. Mr. Smithers's work is published at the price of fourteen shillings; but, were we asked if it is worth that sum, we should say, in our opinion, it is worth—less.

Don Esteban; or, Memoirs of a Spaniard. Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 862. London, 1825. Colburn.

Don Esteban is avowedly the production of a Spanish exile, who, to alleviate the recollection of his misfortunes and disappointments, retraces on paper the events of his life, and, in describing the active scenes which he has witnessed, endeavours to present a faithful picture of the manners, habits, and customs of his countrymen. The author assures us that everything he relates is to be considered as simple matter of fact, with the sole exception of those names which he has assigned to the parties figuring in the merely biographical part of his story. This *may* be all very true, but it certainly strikes us as very singular, that an author who makes an apology for his style, on the ground that he has not been educated or resided long in England, should display so intimate an acquaintance with our literature, as to head each chapter with some apposite quotation, and that, too, not unfrequently from works with which even the English reader is not generally acquainted.

We are willing to suppose that any foreigner, acquainted with our language, may be familiar with Shakspeare, or even Byron and Pope; but the author of Don Esteban, who apologizes for the 'verbal errors' he may commit in writing, 'in a language which is not vernacular with him,' by his quotations, affects an intimate knowledge of the whole range of English literature. Only think of his heading his chapters with quotations from Alves's Weeping Bard, Dyer's Poems, the Prologue to Mahomet, 'Prologue *Colmans*', and the History of Porsena. These are assuredly not productions with which a foreigner is likely to become soon acquainted. But let this pass, and consider the author of Don Esteban all that he represents himself;—and he must be a fastidious reader who quarrels with the work, which really possesses intense interest, and is, we doubt not, generally a very faithful picture of Spanish society, and of the events which occurred in a country that has now incurred the worst of all curses—universal contempt. The work is a happy mixture of humour and pathos; the incidents, we doubt not, are related by a Spaniard, but the work is either written by an Englishman or a person long resident, if not educated, in this country: the feelings are, however, those of a Spaniard, and that odious compound of traitor, knave, fool, and coward, Ferdinand VII., is even spoken of somewhat favourably; but, when the despicable slaves of Spain endure the tyranny of an idiotic despot like Ferdinand (whose very name is a by-word for every thing odious and contemptible), we do not wonder that some person may be found to excuse his crimes and follies.

The author gives a good, but we suspect somewhat extravagant, picture of Spanish patriotism, when Napoleon occupied the country with his troops; there was, no doubt, much indignation and enthusiasm, but, very little true patriotism, in Spain. In the outset, every general was a demi-god if

successful, and a traitor if otherwise, and many innocent men were sacrificed:—

'Cevallos, a general to whom the command of Segovia had been intrusted, and who was unable to prevent the French from possessing themselves of that city (not, however, from his pretended understanding with the enemy, but from the inferiority of his troops), fell in Valladolid by the hands of the mob, a few days before Cuesta gave battle in the heights of Cabezon.

'As soon as the latter general found that Cevallos was likely to be sacrificed to popular fury, he had sent to Avila, where he then was, a party of cavalry, with orders to convey him safe to his presence, and have him tried; but principally with the intention of screening him from the ferocity of the people. Cevallos set off from that city, accompanied by his wife and children, and escorted by the few cavalry soldiers who had been sent in search of him. In his way to Valladolid he suffered a thousand insults, and more than once had his life attempted. On coming within half a mile of Valladolid, the unfortunate man, as if foreseeing the fate that awaited him within its gates, and wishing to spare his unhappy wife the horrible sight of his death, alighted from the carriage, and, mounting a saddle-horse, pushed forward, escorted by only two soldiers, the rest remaining round the carriage. The news of his approach had already spread throughout the city, and a crowd of the lowest rabble hurried along to the city gates. No sooner had he entered, than one of the market women cast a large stone at his head, which unfortunately struck him on the temple and brought him down. Immediately a mass of people, armed with all sorts of weapons, fell on his prostrate body, and in less than five minutes it was a mangled corpse. It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that one of these tigers in human shape, after stabbing him with his knife, drank of the blood that gushed out from the wound! His fainting wife entered the city shortly after, and the barbarous populace, exulting in their cruelty, received her with the severed limbs of her husband stuck on poles, sticks, swords, and daggers! To such a pitch of frenzy had the wild effervescence of popular feeling arrived.'

While Napoleon was at Valladolid, four French soldiers were assassinated, and the emperor, indignant, declared, if in twelve hours the criminals were not given up, all the inhabitants should be decimated and shot.

'The consternation into which this threat threw every family was so great, that many attempted to fly from the city; but the sentinels had received orders not to permit any one to pass the gates. Near thirty thousand troops occupied the town. Some houses had thirty or forty soldiers, whom they were obliged to furnish with everything they demanded. Every hour that passed without hearing any tidings of the men who had killed the four Frenchmen, was for us all as the confirmation of the sentence of our death.

'The convent having been given up to be pillaged, some soldiers found concealed in one of the vaults, where the relics of some great family were deposited, a monk, who confessed to have been himself the murderer of a Frenchman in that convent. This was the only one who had been discovered up to the tenth hour of the time granted by Napoleon; of the rest, no traces could be found.

'It was under these appalling circumstances, that a member of the municipality presented one of those rare and noble traits, which is of itself sufficient to immortalize the name of the city that could produce it. Moved at the distress of the whole city, he rose and addressed his colleagues thus:—

'"Gentlemen, take me before the emperor; it was I who with my own hands killed the three Frenchmen. It is but just I should suffer."

'This startled many; but, before they had time to clear up the matter, a man was brought in manacled by four Polish lancers. He had been taken in the act of scaling the city walls, and a large knife covered with blood had been found upon him. On his examination, he confessed having killed two of the remaining three. This communication was immediately sent to Napoleon, who still insisted on having the third criminal by the exact time he had mentioned, although but one hour only remained.

'A curious accident, however, discovered the third criminal a few minutes before the expiration of the appointed time. There was in the town a respectable man, by trade a lace-maker, who had conceived such mortal hatred for the French, that he did not allow one day to pass without killing one or two of them. He was in the habit of leaving home every morning very early upon what he termed, "the French hunting." As all the city gates were guarded by French sentinels, he scrambled over the walls of the town, and went to furnish himself with a gun, which he was in the habit of concealing in the suburbs.

'This man had a wife, the well-known Rosita, remarkable for her beauty. The French governor of the province, General Kellerman, had become enamoured of her person, and had succeeded, by dint of gold and presents, in surprising the fidelity due to her husband. This, however, had remained a secret between them and the servant girl. Her husband, never suspecting her infidelity, confided to her his patriotic deeds. On the morning of the day that Napoleon entered Valladolid, the lace-maker had killed one Frenchman, and his wife, still anxious for her husband's safety, had advised him to leave the town, as it might be discovered. He followed her advice; but had the imprudence to return very early the following morning, when the municipality were still making the strictest searches. On his returning home, he was surprised not to find his wife anywhere. He inquired of the servant; but her account was so confused, that his suspicions were raised. Unable to draw anything from her, he became so violent, that the girl, frightened for her mistress, went to inform her of her husband's return. Rosita, who at that moment was in the arms of her paramour, and who knew but too well that her ruin was certain were her husband to discover her adulterous connection with his worst enemy, disclosed to the governor his late assassination. He was arrested, and, far from denying it, he boldly avowed his practice of hunting Frenchmen, and of killing at least one a day.

'This timely discovery saved the inhabitants from the horrible fate which seemed to await them, and calmed their agitations and alarms. On Napoleon being informed of it, he said, with an air of self-satisfaction—"I know very well, that nothing is impossible when I command." And then he ordered the men to be executed at eleven o'clock the same day. Rosita, however, impelled by one of those unaccountable movements to which women are sometimes subject, obtained admittance to the presence of Napoleon, and, throwing herself at his feet, bathed in tears, prayed for the life of her husband. Napoleon, unmoved at the sight, at first refused to listen to her; but, finally, promised to perform an act of mercy in favour of him of the three, who, being married, had the greatest number of children. It happened, that the lace-maker was the only married man of the three, and had five children.

'The time for execution being nearly arrived, Rosita flew to the Plaza Mayor, which she reached at the very moment when the executioner was tying the rope around her husband's neck. He was immediately reprieved; but he, without deigning to look at his wife, left the city, to which, however, he was brought back shortly after to lose his head upon the same scaffold, having been taken by some dragoons in an engagement fought near Valladolid, between them and some guerillas.'

Of Perlier—the ill-fated Perlier, who afterwards fell a victim to his attempt to overturn the tyranny of Ferdinand, our author gives the following description:—

'Perlier was rather short in stature, but extremely well made; his countenance very expressive, and animated by fine, dark, penetrating eyes. His address was highly fascinating, and accompanied by great frankness and vivacity; and he possessed much generosity of character. His patriotism, too, was so ardent, that it to be sacrificed his whole fortune, his repose, and his life. As for his military talents and activity in the field, no better proof can be given, than the manner in which he eluded the pursuit of the two French generals, and the little which the superior numbers and tactics of the French soldiers availed them.'

In the course of the narrative of battles and tales of love, Don Esteban, who is the hero of the work, gives us a good picture of the domestic manners of the Spaniards. He says—

'Between seven and eight in the morning, the servants enter our room, to draw aside the window-curtains, and serve up chocolate to those who prefer taking it in bed; which is generally the case with the elderly people and the heads of families. In the same tray in which the chocolate is served to the gentlemen, there is generally a little silver plate, containing a live coal to light

their cigars, which invariably follow the chocolate. This occupies the time till about eight, when they usually rise. Those who are religiously inclined proceed immediately to church, to hear mass, or to confess and take communion. On returning home, they take breakfast, which consists generally of some made dish, or eggs and ham, and sometimes of a basin of *sopa de ajo**.

"The young ladies sometimes accompany their mamas to church of a morning; but not usually, for it is only on Sunday that the omission would be an unpardonable sin. When they do not go to church in the company of their parents or brothers, they are followed by a servant, and are never seen out of doors by themselves. Those demoiselles who are not fond of long masses on a Sunday, go either very early, in a kind of deshabille, their long hair floating on their shoulders, with a *basquina*†, a shawl, and a mantilla, in which they wrap their faces so completely that it is almost impossible to recognise them; or they go to the mass which in some of the churches is said at once, and which the priest gets through with such singular rapidity, that one cannot help remembering he has not yet breakfasted‡.

'At this mass the ladies never fail to assist in their finest basquinas and lace veils. No shawl conceals the *negligé* of the stays; at most, a silk kerchief, gracefully pinned, hides from mortal view the charms beneath. But the waist is seen in all its diminutive dimensions; leaving between it and the falling arms two neat apertures, notwithstanding the care that is taken to keep the elbows close to the body, and in a straight line with their hips; a fashion, by the by, which I do not admire, though I grant it contributes to keep the chest elevated; but it encroaches too much on our military style, and introduces a stiffness which is altogether inconsistent with feminine grace.

'For strangers it must be a singular sight to see females of the above appearance, in the middle of a church, sitting squat on the unmatted floor, frequently of stone, and now turning themselves one way, now another, till they can find as convenient a posture as their cramped legs will admit. Not unfrequently, however, these perpetual motions have some other object than that; for few of them are so blinded by their devotion as not to see their admirers standing in the corners of the church, wrapt up in their cloaks, sending ardent looks to their Dulcineas, and smothering the sighs that, in spite of the sacredness of the place, rise rebelliously in their bosoms! When the mass is over, these inamoratos repair to the *pila* or stone basin, in which the holy water is kept, to dip the two fore-fingers of their right hand, and hold them out to their charmers, who touch them with theirs, accompanying the action with a courtesy and a look that goes near to blind their adorers for the rest of the day.

'About noon, the ladies are at home, employed in their needle-work, or some other occupation; for I must do the Spanish ladies the justice to say, that though the gentlemen seldom set them the example, they are never idle; for, even when visiting their friends, they carry their work in their reticles. This being the time when they receive the morning calls of their acquaintances, the gentlemen drop in to entertain the ladies with their conversation; often bringing those friends who have just arrived in town, and to whom the lady and gentleman of the house never fail to make an offer of it, and of everything it contains. The facility with which a stranger gains admission into any house renders society the more varied, and manners the more open and lively. After such an offer as I have just alluded to, the party is accepted to go as often as he pleases.

'The sound of the brass mortar, in which the various herbs for the sauces, &c. are pounded, indicates that the dinner hour is fast approaching. The visitors then take their hats, and wish the ladies a good appetite. This happens, generally, at one, and in a few houses between two and three. Immediately after dinner, they all retire to their respective rooms, to take the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep—a custom I had not yet contracted, except in the most sultry days of summer, when the intensity of the heat produces a languor and a drowsiness which are irresistible.

'In the afternoon, about sunset in the summer and at three in the winter, the ladies and gentlemen all repair either to the Alamedas, or shaded walks, generally by the side of the rivers; or to the Tapias, or walks along the city walls, that are sheltered from the cold winds, and enlivened by the sunshine; the choice of these depends on the particular season of the year. After the promenade, all retire to a *botilleria** to drink ices, or go home to take their chocolate; and in the evening they go either to the theatre or else to the tertulia.'

The war in Spain was of a very sanguinary character. Our author thus describes the scene the country presented:—

'I am now arrived at that period of my history, when our brave and generous allies had carried their victorious arms from Lisbon to the Pyrenees. The battle of Vittoria had already covered them with glory. The fall of Pamplona, and that of San Sebastian, had crowned their triumphs: *les enfans de la victoire* were dragging their dead eagles, mangled by the lions of England and Spain, over the Pyrenees, and scarcely anything remained of them in our desolate fields, save the bones of their comrades, and the trophies of their former pride.

'In passing near those spots where a battle had been fought, we saw hundreds of enormous vultures stalking among the dead, and looking at a distance like a great assemblage of monks, in their black robes. They were often so intent on their prey, that we killed several before the rest would fly away. The noise made then, by the flapping of their wings, was tremendous, and even awful. The reflections that suggested themselves to the mind, in walking over those silent fields of death, were the more gloomy as no remembrance of dangers, fatigues, or anxieties weakened the effect produced by the horrible scene around. In the heat of battle I have stept over the dead and the wounded, heard the lamentations and groans of the dying, seen their blood flow in streams, and yet felt no horror, nor any very strong sensation. But not so now: every step chilled my blood,—those mutilated corpses, those broken skeletons of human beings, who might have been occupied in adding to the comforts and happiness of mankind, filled my soul with horror at the detested ambition of those men who had it in their power to render millions of their fellow creatures happy, instead of spreading nothing but death and misery around.'

The narrative of the war terminates with the second volume, the third being devoted to the personal history of the author, and an account of Spanish manners and customs. Don Esteban calls the king a fanatic, and the inquisition a tribunal of blood and horror, which brings him under the scourge of that body. He is examined, and doomed to the rack:—

'At the cries of "rack," some of the familiars entered, and, seizing me, almost dragged me down a narrow staircase to a subterraneous chamber, where the feeble glimmerings of a lamp scattered light enough to add to the horrors of such a place. Various instruments of torture decorated its damp walls; while in the middle of the room stood a burning brazier, a pendulum, a pully, and a rake. Immediately the holy myrmidons began to strip me of my clothes with as much eagerness as any tiger would tear to pieces the unhappy victim on which he had just sprung. This done, I was stretched on a frame, large enough to admit my body, and which, besides the two bars that formed the extremities, had another in the centre convexly raised. My head and feet passed under the bars of the extremities, whilst my back bone rested on the middle bar, so that, my stomach being much higher than my head and feet, respiration was extremely difficult, and the position itself extremely painful. In this posture, the chief inquisitor, who, with the rest, had followed me to this chamber, and taken his seat on a little stage raised about three feet from the ground, asked me, if I would be converted to our holy religion, and acknowledge the justice of the proceedings of our blessed monarch. I replied, that all the torments of the inquisition would never force from me the acknowledgment of a falsehood so palpable. "Then," said he "let the torment begin; but we protest that, in case of injury, rupture of vessels, or even death, the fault can be imputed only to yourself."

'Immediately I felt some drops of water from the top of the chamber upon my chest. During the first ten or twelve minutes the pain was not great, but, as the operation

* A soup made of a head of garlic, fried in some oil with a little pimento, the whole put into a pot of boiling water, and to which some salt is added.'

† A black silk petticoat.'

‡ It is the practice with the Catholics to take communion before they break their fast.'

* House where iced drinks are sold.'

was prolonged, it became excruciating. By the sensation, it seemed as if a boring instrument was applied to my chest. From time to time, they asked if I would be converted to religion.

"'Go on, monsters," cried I, "the religion of the inquisition I abhor: all your tortures shall never convert me to it."'

Our author gives some singular traits of character in Ferdinand VII. He gave audience to petitioners, and,—

'Many of those amorous intrigues, which he carried on in a most scandalous and notorious manner, sprang from these audiences. Whenever he saw a lady at them who pleased him, he nodded to the captain of the guards, who, in his turn, made a sign to the garzon, who never failed to go and meet the fair petitioner as she left the hall, and inform her he had orders from the captain of the guards to desire her to call at his apartments, on the following day, at such an hour, to receive his majesty's answer. Hither the king came, and granted or refused her request, according as he found her disposed to grant or oppose his wishes. Some of the most abandoned women have, through similar means, and under various pretences, obtained large sums of money.

'A titled lady, of Castille, whose house I visited almost daily, was once singled out in the above manner. Calling upon her one morning about eleven, I was surprised to see almost every pane of glass in her apartment, the looking-glasses, vases, and chimney-ornaments, broken into a thousand pieces, and a beautiful breakfast china service scattered about the ground. The lady herself was reclining on a sofa, her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping most bitterly. I begged her to explain the reason of that extraordinary sight: she wept and hesitated a long time, and at last told me, that having had occasion to demand a favour of the king, she had gone with her daughter to his audience and received an intimation by the garzon, to repair on the following day to the Duke de Alagon's apartments, where she had met the king, who told her, in no very delicate terms, that he had become enamoured of her daughter, and must see her next day, for which purpose he would go to her own house to breakfast. As it was impossible for her to refuse him admission into her house, she made the necessary preparations to receive him, but desired her daughter not to appear. In fact, he came that morning, accompanied by the Duke de Alagon, and, finding that her daughter was not called, notwithstanding his repeated commands, became so outrageous, that he, assisted by the duke, broke everything in her apartment, as I saw it there, and, after loading her with abusive language, retired, fulminating threats against her.'

The author pledges himself to the truth of this disgraceful anecdote. Among the favourites of Ferdinand was Pedro Collado, better known by the name of Chamorro:—

'He had been a waterman, and accompanied the king to France, where he had served him in an inferior situation. On his return to Spain, he made him his guardaropa, and likewise his limosnero* (a situation which had always been filled by the patriarch of the Indies). As a specimen of this fellow's wit and Ferdinand's mental refinement, I shall only mention one of his bon-mots, which afforded infinite delight to our royal master.—"Does your majesty ask for your gentil hombre?" said he, buttoning up his coat, "here he comes."—"Does your majesty want his Ayuda de Camara?" unbuttoning his coat, and standing still, "behold him here."—"Does your majesty want his faithful servant Chamorro?" taking off his coat and flinging it away, "here he is."—Yet this fellow, stupid as Heaven made him, gained such influence over Ferdinand's mind, that he often obtained for his friends some of the first and most lucrative offices in the kingdom.'

Ferdinand is very unfaithful to his wife, who wreaks her vengeance on him by scratching his face. At Sacedon, a curious adventure happened:—

'The king was in the habit of bathing very early in the morning; but frequently spent his time in the society of a very beautiful girl, daughter of the apothecary of Sacedon. The queen, I know not how, became acquainted with the circumstances, and one morning, soon after he had left her, hurried away by a fit of jealousy, she set off for Sacedon on foot, accompanied only by her camarera mayor. I happened to be riding on the same road, when I observed, at a little distance, two ladies seating themselves on the ground by the side of the road; and soon after a calesero passed by, to whom one of them called out, "Calesero, allow us to ride in your calesin;" to which he answered pretty sharply; "My calesin is not made for such strumpets as you; besides it is already engaged for some ladies who live close by, and whom I am to take to the baths."

""Your majesty had better order him," said the other lady, just as I came up to them, and found, to my great surprise, that it was the queen and her camarera mayor. "Madam!" exclaimed I, "your majesty here, on foot, and with only one attendant! Will you allow me to accompany your majesty?"

""Yes," replied she, while the startled calesero stood crossing himself, and mumbling a thousand pardons. Having handed her into the calesin, I rode beside her, conversing little, as she appeared melancholy. When we reached Sacedon, the guardias who had accompanied his majesty, on perceiving the queen, ran to arms, and some wished to go and inform the king of her arrival. "I desire," said she, with a determined yet agitated voice, "that none shall stir, and he who does it shall be treated as having disobeyed my orders."

'She then proceeded alone to the bath, and there found the king with his mistress. Subject as she was to fits, she suddenly fell apparently lifeless, and we conveyed her back immediately to their residence. When she came to herself, she upbraided Ferdinand in the bitterest manner. Soon afterwards, we all set off for Madrid; where, however, the news of this occurrence arrived sooner than we did. When we drew near the capital, the magnificent phaeton, drawn by six beautiful horses, that was always sent from the palace for them to enter the city in, met them as usual, and they both got in. The troops of the capital were posted from the palace beyond the city gates, and an immense crowd had collected to observe the wrangling pair, who sat opposite each other, their eyes turned different ways, whilst the people whispered maliciously in each other's ears the reason of their disagreement.'

This is a curious and undignified, but an amusing picture of royalty in Spain; and there are many similar scenes described in this clever work.

* 'Almoner.'

COUNT SEGUR'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from p. 248.)

In resuming our notice of this interesting volume, we beg to remind our readers that in our last we alluded to Count de Lauraguais as having first introduced horse-racing into France. Of this nobleman, afterwards Duc de Brancas, who was at the same time a philosopher and a votary of fashion, Count Segur gives the following singular anecdotes:—

'Long distinguished as the most splendid, magnificent, and gallant amongst our great nobles, he was seen, for a still longer period, in a mean dress, uncombed, and affecting all the simplicity of a peasant on the banks of the Danube.

'I recollect him one day calling upon me in this cynical garb, but with a countenance radiant with pleasure. "What can possibly have given you this unusual satisfaction?" I inquired. "My friend, I am the happiest man in the world," was the answer, "I am completely ruined." "Upon my honour," said I, "you have been singularly happy—such happiness may tempt a man to hang himself." "You deceive yourself," he replied; "as long as I was only embarrassed, I found myself overwhelmed with business, persecuted, distracted between hope and fear; but, now that I am ruined, I feel myself independent, easy, and freed from every source of inquietude and care."

'At a period when the results of a refined civilization appeared in the rules of what was then termed *bon ton* and good company, and which exacted complete submission to one uniform standard in taste, opinion, language, and style of life, M. de Lauraguais, shaking off the yoke, ventured to follow his own inclinations, and boldly professed the hardiest systems of every kind.

'Our theatres owe to him an important revolution: he it was who first made us sensible how absurd and how destructive of all scenic illusion it was, to permit the select party of the court and city to be seated on the stage, on both sides of the theatre, in front of the scenes. By his advice, also, the actors abandoned the custom of representing ancient characters in modern costume. Thanks to him, we no longer behold Nero, Brutus, and Theseus in coats with long skirts, with scarfs and shoulder-knots; and Phædra and Mérope, with their hair curled and powdered, and in hoop petticoats.

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'Smitten with the charms of Mademoiselle Arnoult, a young actress, and wearied with the assiduous attentions of a certain courtier, the Prince D******, by no means of a lively turn, the Count de Lauraguais applied very gravely to a physician, begging to be informed if it were possible for a person to die of ennui? "Such a result," replied the doctor, "would be considered extremely singular and very rare."—"But I ask," continued the count, "if it be possible?"—The physician then said, "that certainly a long-continued state of ennui might induce disease such as a consumption, and thus cause the patient's death;"—upon which, this consultation, at the count's request, was regularly signed, and the fee paid. He next proceeded to an advocate, and requested to be informed, whether he could prefer a legal complaint against another who had formed a design, by whatsoever means, to deprive him of his life. The advocate assured him there could not be the least doubt of it, and immediately consented to sign a declaration to that effect. Furnished with these two documents, the Count de Lauraguais caused a criminal process to be instituted against Prince D******, who, he declared, had formed the design of killing him, as well as Mademoiselle Arnoult, with ennui. Though this whimsical affair had no result, it made no little noise, as will be easily imagined.'

Count Segur mingles his personal memoirs too much with political history, which has no particular reference to himself; nor does he, by these means, throw any new light on the history of that period: we therefore pass over all the events of the American war until our author mingles in it. Arrived at Philadelphia, Count Segur is astonished at the Quakers, and relates an anecdote of their Jesuitism. He says:—

'The detractors of this philanthropic sect, being unable to attack their charity or the simplicy of their manners, were reduced to point their shafts at their enthusiasm and their pretended inspirations. They likewise maintained that their interest occasionally led them to sacrifice something of the severity of their doctrine. "The principles of the Quakers," they observed, "absolutely prohibit them from taking any share, direct or indirect, in war, which they assert is a great crime. Consequently, they refuse to pay any of the taxes levied by Congress, for the support of the American army; but, as they wish, at the same time, to avoid the penalties to which they might expose themselves by such an act of disobedience, every Quaker takes care to put into a purse the exact sum that is required of him, and to place it openly upon a desk or in an open drawer, in his house, in such a way that, when the agents of authority call upon him, he does not, indeed, give them the sum imposed by the war-tax, but he permits them to take it."'

The count might have related another anecdote of the same sort—namely, that though they are enemies to war, they supplied the army with powder, which they denominated *grain*. In travelling in America, the count says—

'At first, I was rather surprised, on entering an inn, to find that it belonged to a captain, a major, or a colonel, who conversed equally well upon his campaigns against the English, upon the clearing of his lands, and the sale of his fruits and his provisions.

'I was still more astonished when, upon replying to some questions put to me respecting my family, and informing them that my father was a general and a minister, my interrogators inquired what was his profession or trade?

'I everywhere met with convenient apartments, well-supplied tables, abundant good cheer, but at the same time simple and wholesome. The beverage, to be sure, was a little too strong with rum and cinnamon, and the coffee too weak, but the tea excellent. There were only two things which shocked me more than I can express: one, a vile custom, the moment a toast was given, of circulating an immense bowl of punch round the table, out of which each guest was successively compelled to drink; and the other was that, after being in bed, it was not unusual to see a fresh traveller walk into your room, and, without ceremony, stretch himself by your side, and appropriate a part of your couch. I was somewhat rebellious upon this latter point, and, without much difficulty, obtained an exemption from the general rule.

Count Segur was introduced to General Washington, and dined at his table:—

'When I dined at the table of this illustrious general, of all the warlike guests it assembled, General Gates was most particularly to me an object of lively curiosity. It is known that he the first had the glory of defeating an English army, and of obliging it to pass under the yoke. That army, as well as its commander, General Burgoyne, defiled before Gates, and laid down its arms at his feet.'

'Gates, by his virtues and his courage, had deserved that favour of Fortune, but he was unable to fix her; in a short time afterwards he was beaten at Campden, not through his own fault, but owing to the desertion of some American militia, who ran away. Having been accused before the Congress, the decision of his fate was submitted to Washington, his rival in glory, and between whom and himself some feelings of jealousy subsisted.

'Washington, who had, at first, manifested some sympathy in favour of Gates, showed himself severe as a judge, at the moment when indulgence would have contributed to heighten his glory; but entire perfection does not fall to the lot of humanity. Gates was dismissed from the service, and the command of his army was given to the brave and celebrated General Green.

'Men of an elevated turn of mind dignify their misfortunes by the courage with which they bear them: that displayed by Gates was heroic and worthy of him; he declared that, although he was deprived of the honour of commanding, his firm resolution was to continue to shed his blood, in the capacity of a soldier, for the defence of his country, as long as the war for its independence should last, and he repaired, with a noble confidence, to the tent of Washington. Their first interview, which was public, was expected with anxious curiosity. The decorum dictated by a generous courtesy marked the conduct of both parties on this occasion; and both, though placed in situations widely different, preserved a modest dignity of deportment. From that moment their quarrels ceased, and Washington restored to Gates the confidence and the honours he so justly deserved.'

We do not find that Count Segur was actually engaged in the American war, which, indeed, was nearly concluded when he landed; on leaving, he proceeded to South America, and, on his return, visited his estates in South America, accompanied by Berthier, afterwards Prince of Neufchatel. At the Caracas, towards the end of the carnival, Count Segur witnessed a singular custom:—

'Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, old and young, did not leave their houses, during the carnival, without filling their pockets with sugar-plums, containing aniseseed in them, which they threw, by handfuls, at each other. Nobody could escape this volley, which only occasioned bursts of laughter amongst those who were engaged in the conflict.

'This was assuredly the sweetest and most innocent of wars; however, as no state of warfare can exist without some striking event, I will relate one to which this gave rise, and which I witnessed. We were one day invited to a grand dinner at the treasurer-general's, which was graced by the presence of several reverend fathers inquisitors, who did honour to the wines, and very cordially joined in the mirth prevailing amongst all the guests. During the dessert the lady of the house gave the signal for action, and the sugar-plums flew in all directions, and bursts of laughter resounded on all sides; suddenly, one of the inquisitors, carrying his clumsy mirth rather too far, and finding the sugar-plums too light, mixed a large almond with one of the handfuls he was throwing.

'This cannon ball went straight up the nose of the Duke de Laval, which it slightly hit; and the duke, who was no great admirer of monks or jokes, returned the compliment with a twenty-four pounder, that is, with a large orange, which most disrespectfully flew plump into the face of the reverend father. The Spaniards, struck with dismay and consternation, instantly rose from the table, the ladies crossed themselves, all playing was interrupted, and the dinner at an end; but the reverend father, affecting a gaiety which the expression of his face belied, quieted all apprehensions, by recommencing the game which had been so seriously interrupted. I verily believe that, if we had not had in a neighbouring port, on this coast, five thousand friends well armed, the father inquisitor would not have shown himself so indulgent, and would have offered Laval to occupy, for a time, one of those dark, gloomy, and cool apartments, of which he had a great number at his disposal.'

We never meet with the name of Nelson but it is associated with some trait of heroism or generosity. Off Porto Cabello, Nelson

commanded a frigate, and captured a canoe, in which were Count de Deux-Ponts and another officer, of the name of Linch, who was born in England, and felt somewhat uneasy, knowing that he might be tried for bearing arms against the land of his birth:—

'Nelson received these two officers with so much politeness, treated them so well, and gave them such excellent cheer, that, notwithstanding their regret at being captured, they presently began to resign themselves with good grace to their fate.

'It happened that, remaining long at table, and finding the wine good, they drank a little more of it than was desirable; hoping, doubtlessly, to dispel the gloom on their spirits. The remedy produced its effect; their conversation became animated, and their gaiety confiding.

'Various subjects were discussed, and among them England and London being mentioned, Nelson committed, I know not by what accident, one or two mistakes, relative to the names of some streets and the locality of certain buildings. Linch undertook to correct him, and a debate ensued. Suddenly Nelson said to Linch, with an archly significant look, "What amazes me, sir, is, that you speak English, and seem to know London, quite as well as I do."

'"That is not at all surprising," cried Count de Deux-Ponts, a little excited by the dinner; "for my friend was born in London." Linch shuddered from head to foot; but Nelson, appearing not to have heard the indiscreet remark, changed the conversation, and continued to treat his guests as graciously as before.

'On the following day, taking his two prisoners aside, he said to them in the most obliging manner: "I cannot but feel how mortifying it must be for a colonel of a regiment and an officer of the staff of the French army to be deprived of their liberty, perhaps on the very eve of an expedition, through an unforeseen occurrence. On the other hand, much as I should feel honoured by having captured you in the course of an engagement, it is but little flattering to my vanity to have taken possession of a canoe with two officers not actually on duty. My intention, therefore, is this: I have received orders to reconnoitre, as closely as possible, your squadron anchored in the roads of Porto-Cabello, and I am about to execute those orders. If I am chased, and the vessel pursuing me should be *La Couronne*, I shall be obliged to carry you away with me without loss of time, because that vessel is so good a sailer that I should be unable to escape from her: any other would give me but little uneasiness, and, in the latter case, I promise to put at your disposal a little Spanish bilander, which I have recently taken, with two men who will conduct you into port, and restore you to your colours."

'We shortly afterwards entered the roads; and, such a visit being quite unexpected, and a part of the crews as well as officers of our fleet on shore, Nelson had time to examine and count our vessels at his leisure, and more than two hours elapsed before the frigate *Cérès*, which M. de Vaudreuil sent in pursuit of him, could get under weigh.

'Nelson kept his word: Count de Deux-Ponts and Linch got quietly on board the Spanish skiff, and joined us, to our great surprise, and their great joy.'

One part of this story we doubt—Nelson being afraid of La Couronne, for we believe he would have attacked a seventy-four with a gun-boat, rather than shrink from the contest. Of Linch we have an interesting anecdote:—

'Linch, after being engaged in the campaigns of India, served, before he was employed in the army of Rochambeau, under the orders of Count d'Estaing, and distinguished himself particularly at the too-memorable siege of Savannah. M. d'Estaing, at the most critical moment of that sanguinary affair, being at the head of the right column, directed Linch to carry an urgent order to the third column, which was on the left. These columns were then within grape shot of the enemy's entrenchments; and on both sides a tremendous firing was kept up. Linch, instead of passing through the centre or in the rear of the columns, proceeded coolly through the shower of balls and grape-shot which the French and English were discharging at each other. It was in vain that M. d'Estaing and those who surrounded him cried to Linch to take another direction: he went on, executed his order, and returned by the same way; that is to say, under a vault of flying shot, and where every one expected to witness his instant destruction.

'"Zounds!" said the general, on seeing him return unhurt, "the devil must be in you, surely; why did you choose such a road as that, in which you might have expected to perish a thousand times over?" "Because it was the shortest," answered Linch. Having uttered these few words, he went with equal coolness and joined the group that was most ardently engaged in storming the place.'

It will be seen that Count Segur's Memoirs only come down to a short time after the conclusion of the American war; but we presume this volume will be succeeded by others, and we hope equally or more interesting.

The Journal of an Exile. In two vols. post 8vo. pp. 658. London, 1825. Saunders and Otley.

INTRODUCTIONS and prefaces to books are seldom the most veritable part of them; this we suspect to be particularly the case with the Journal of an Exile, which contains much correct local description, and several, as we believe, real anecdotes, intermingled, however, with a fictitious narrative. In the introduction we are told the manuscript of these volumes was written by a young Englishman, who one evening died in a hermitage near Marseilles, with a prayer-book in his hand, a roll of papers by his side, and in the prayer-book was 'the portrait of a young lady with the mildest and loveliest of faces.'

The Journal of an Exile contains a descriptive account of the places visited by the author, in the south of France, Switzerland, and Germany, with some incidents and events, real or imaginary. The author appears to us to much less advantage in narrative than description: there is a mawkishness in the former, which we do not like, though it is agreeable gossip enough. It is, however, extremely ridiculous to give us details of the fever at Barcelona, not as an event in history, but as an article of news; or telling us that at five o'clock on a certain day, in some month of the year 1821, the rain ceased. Moore's Almanack is good in telling in prospective when we are to have rain, but no person wants to know when it fell. The work is interspersed with some songs and other poems; one of these we shall quote as the first of our extracts:—

'"St. Victor's shrine with gold is crown'd,
Its tapers burning bright;
St. Victor's monks are kneeling round,
And pray for Bertha's knight.
Her bare white feet stand on the stones
Where kings and nobles not;
Her lips have kiss'd St. Victor's bones,—
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

'"St. Victor's rock looks brown and bare
Amid the burning sky;
And Bertha now is kneeling there,
So distant and so high.
No gentle breeze or fountain sweet
Plays round the holy grot,
And bleeding are those tender feet,—
Yet Bertrand cometh not.

'"Through yonder painted lattice beams
A light that may not sleep;
In yonder turret Bertha dreams,
And starts to watch and weep.
A hasty step is hurrying near,
It mounts the winding stair;
And kisses charm the falling tear,—
For Bertrand now is there."'

Our extracts shall neither be long nor numerous; the next is a description of the plague in Marseilles:—

'The disease was unabated and unrelenting in its course, and dire and dark had been its ravages. The magistrates assembled at the Hôtel de Ville towards the beginning of the month, and examined into the condition of the city, and the number of deaths which had taken place. The result of the examination was appalling! For the circumstance of their own number being reduced to one-third of what it had been a month before, was sufficient to impress their minds with an idea of the general extent of the ruin. Upwards of five hundred persons immediately connected with the Hôtel de Ville had perished. The city guard, which had been engaged in superintending the distribution of wine to the people, and in preserving order, were almost all swept away; and the officers of the police were every one dead. The magistrates who remained alive sat looking at one another in silence for some time; till the Chevalier Rose, addressing them in an encouraging and noble speech, inspired them with fresh hope and confidence. "Fellow citizens," said he, "let us not shrink from our imperative duties. If we are at last to perish by the disease which now rages unresisted in the city, let us, at least, while we are lying in pain and solitude, have the con-

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soling reflection that we have done what we ought. Let us imitate the bright example of our virtuous bishop, whom I can see now, through the windows of this chamber, moving among the sick and dying; attended by his priests and friars, and administering bodily and spiritual nourishment to those who are neglected by all but God and his ministers! Let us remember that the eyes of our country are upon us; that our conduct in these perilous times will be handed down to the admiration or contempt of posterity." And, as he concluded, the other magistrates rose simultaneously, and, going to him, clasped his hands, and promised to stand by him firmly to the last. My father had not attended the meeting; he had been engaged in the Place St. Ferreol, in superintending the carrying away a vast pile of bodies that were heaped up in the centre. I left the Hotel de Ville; I joined him in the Place; and there stood the few remaining galley slaves, clothed in large loose dresses, with wide hanging sleeves, dragging the bodies with long iron hooks, and tossing them into carts I recognised among these appalling heaps, which were training amid the dust, and distorted with the last pangs of distraction and delirious pain, some that I had been accustomed to pass many happy hours with upon that very place. The galley-slaves began, however, to be refractory, and refused any longer to work; and my father and myself were in great perplexity and difficulty, when the Chevalier Rose arrived. "How now!" he called out to the desperate and rebellious slaves, who had cast themselves upon the earth, and hid their faces in the long sleeves of their garments;—"how now, ye wild and wicked wretches!—is it thus that ye expect to obtain pardon for your crimes? Is it thus that ye expiate the dark and deadly deeds whose mark ye bear?. Do ye not hear the groans and shrieks of the dying around you, and who are wandering in misery through the city? Such will be your eternal fate, unhappy men! such is the hell that awaits your guilty souls, if ye will not do our bidding! And of what do ye complain? Are ye exposed to greater danger than your magistrates? Do ye see us shrink from duty?"—and, seizing from the hands of one of them an iron hook, he continued, "Rise! rise! the Chevalier Rose never asked man to encounter peril which he himself would shun! Rise, and follow me!" And having thus spoken, he began himself to drag the corrupted carcasses, and fling them into the cart. The galley-slaves, used to his well-known voice and influence, rose; and giving him a loud cheer, continued their labour. The heavily laden tumbril then passed slowly down the street, and along the quay, rolling on towards the Place de la Tourette; where, doubtless, my son, you who love the glorious sights of nature, have stood. Beneath that place had been discovered some dark subterranean caverns which communicated with the sea, whose waters echoed among them. The promiscuous and livid bodies were hurled down into the gloomy depths: and the dashing of the breakers, and the screams of the sea birds, were their only requiem. You have, perhaps, seen the painting which represents this awful scene; it is, I believe, in one of the chambers of the chateau Borelli. I replied, that I had seen it; as also another, at the Consigne, displaying the terrible effects of the plague, and the heart-rending scenes of sorrow and separation which it had caused.—The old man clasped his hands together, and, casting his eyes up to Heaven, said,—"Of separation and sorrow, indeed! God knows it has been so to me! A father, mother, and a young new-made bride,—all, all, swept off! while I was spared to linger out a long and lonely life. When I saw so many dying around me; when I felt their hot breath upon me, and listened to their cries, I thanked God for my life, and hurried back daily, after attending my father, to my affectionate Aimée. But when I had none left to return to, when none sat watching for me at the window which looked towards the Hôtel de Ville, then I could and did pray for death. But I have somewhere read, as I read much now, that there are persons so constituted, that the danger in which they may be placed only serves to keep their blood in that wholesome agitation and warmth which prevents them from sinking into the dangerous lassitude of fear; and that *le peril monte à la tête comme le vin*, I think the expression was. For though I was daily and nightly engaged in assisting my father in the performance of his duties, yet the hand of disease passed harmless over me. Not so did it spare my father! For, towards the end of September, one morning, as he was passing through a narrow street of the old town, his foot slipped, and he rolled among a heap of the festering carcasses. The shock, the disgust of this circumstance, affected him so much, and had so tainted his blood, that upon his return home, *which he immediately did*, he complained of sickness, and, before the next morning, was in the last agonies of the disease. We all, you may conceive, were stricken to the heart. The whole night we had watched by his restless pillow; and Aimée had supported his burning forehead in her arms. She would not quit him; and I stood looking on, in dreadful anticipation of what might yet follow. The poor little babe lay sleeping softly in its cradle, unheeding the fearful scene which was passing around it. My mother knelt before the crucifix which was at the head of the bed, and occasionally sprinkled my father's head with perfumed water. He, alas! knew us not: his senses wandered, he fancied himself still endeavouring to extricate himself from among the fatal heap of bodies, and he struggled and strove to free himself from our arms;—but all was soon over! and Marseilles lost another of her best and most useful citizens. We could not bear the idea of burying him instantly, as our safety seemed to require; but a few hours after his death, my mother, who had sat silent and inattentive to everything by the side of the bed, looking upon the fast-changing features, complained of violent pains in her head. Aimée and myself both shuddered at her words, and we had reason; for ere the sun had cast his last beams upon our windows, my father and mother lay by each other, in rest from all their pain! Aimée and I knelt before the crucifix, and offered up our prayers for their departed spirits. But the bitter thought that they must be buried directly, that our lives, my precious Aimée's life, might be endangered if their bodies were allowed to remain, soon presented itself to me. But could I see them thrown into the yawning pits of the Tourette? (since, in those times, there were no distinctions of rich and poor funerals,)—impossible! and I determined upon bearing them myself to the garden, which was behind the house that belonged to my wife's father, who was then in America. I sprinkled them with vinegar; and, wrapping myself in a wide cloak, I conveyed them separately away, and laid them with my own hands in one grave, beneath the almond-trees.

'Thus had I, at last, begun to feel in my own family the desolation and blank which the destructive ravages of the disease had caused; and all I had now left in the world to live for was my Aimée. But she was spared to me; and I made a vow to the Holy Virgin, that I would dedicate my first daughter to her service, if both our days were lengthened, and our lives spared to see our children flourishing around us. The first period which passed after our loss was dreary and disconsolate: I had been my poor father's companion in his difficult and dangerous duties; and now I went forth alone, and bitterly did I lament the painful privation. But I soon gave up my former exertions; a secret and undefinable dread began to hang over me, and I was unwilling to quit Aimée for any length of time. She, innocent and tender as she was, began to recover her spirits; and, as the autumn advanced, when the heat decreases, and the chill *Mistral* sweeps up from the north, with its dark train of clouds, we both hoped that some diminution of the disease would take place. For increase, it scarcely could. The harbour before our windows presented a frightful appearance;—its waters were covered with the floating carcasses of men and animals, and the ships lay silent and gloomy upon the corrupted waters.

'All along the quay were scattered the precious, and now useless cargoes, which had been intended for a healthy and happy city; but some of which had, perhaps, caused the ruin that lay around them, and mocked the rich productions of America and Italy. And when I ventured into the streets to examine into the state in which the city was, what a sight presented itself! It had seemed, weeks before, as if nothing could have added to the dismay and darkness of the scene; but, though the contagion was then at its height, it had not accomplished all its wild work. The long wide street of *La Canebière* was filled with beds, and furniture of all descriptions, thrown from the windows of the houses, which looked white and desolate, like a long range of tombs. At some of the windows were a few pale and emaciated wretches, who were leaning upon their withered arms, and looking down towards the sea, as if the sight of it could have refreshed and cooled the poison of their blood. Higher up in the *Cours*, and close to the gates of Aix and

Prome, lay a vast heap of goats and horses, which had died of hunger and disease, while black swarms of mosquitoes were humming and hovering about them. Here and there, among the piles of human bodies, which were spread in every direction, lay the friars and monks of the different orders which the city contained; their hands crossed upon their breasts, and clasping their beads. For terribly had the good brothers suffered in the exercise of their Christian and compassionate ministry. Capuchins, Jesuits, Observantines, Recollets, barefooted Carmelites, Trinitarians, Dominicans, and many others, to the amount of three hundred, besides the greatest part of the *curés* of the different parishes, were scattered all through the city, in death and decay. The hospitals had become incapable of containing the sick; for, the moment any symptoms of contagion appeared upon any one, he was frequently, and instantly, deserted by all his kindred and friends, and left to die in his lonely chamber of hunger and pain, or obliged to crawl to the hospital. But those establishments soon could contain no more, and thus thousands were compelled to drag their weak and wasted limbs to some shady corner or doorway, where they might lie unmolested and die.'

From France our author proceeds to Switzerland and Germany; in a passing notice of Basle we are told—

'There is a curious legend attached to a clock upon the bridge at Basle, which is always half an hour too fast. Some plot had been laid against the city, and a body of armed men were to have been admitted at a certain hour of the night; but the plot was discovered. This clock, which was to give the signal of attack, happened to be half an hour too fast, and the party that was to have been silently admitted, having shown itself before the appointed time, was observed, and baffled.'

From Basle our author proceeded to Baden, of the castle of which he relates the following anecdote, with which we conclude our notice of the work:—

'Within this castle there was once a terrible dungeon, deep and dark, called the Virgin's Embrace; above it was a trap-door, upon which if any one stepped, he fell instantly down into the deadly gulf. Some years ago a dog had fallen in, and, in extricating him, remnants of clothes and bones, and instruments of torture, were found.'

PERCEVAL'S HISTORY OF ITALY.

(Concluded from p. 243.)

MR. PERCEVAL traces the progress of Italian history with great care and discrimination, and describes the varied scenes of which that country has been the theatre, with considerable ability. In his account of Florence, towards the close of the fifteenth century, he gives the following interesting and singular narrative of the fate of the fanatic, Savonarola:—

'During the troubles excited in Italy by the expedition of Charles VIII., the internal condition of Florence afforded a singular and striking example of the power of religious enthusiasm. Since the expulsion of Piero de Medici, the political councils of that republic had been almost wholly swayed by the influence of a fanatic of extraordinary character. This was the famous Girolamo Savonarola, a Dominican friar of noble birth, who, though a native of Ferrara, had established himself at Florence, in a convent of his order, during the life time of Lorenzo de Medici. As a preacher, he was then already distinguished by the sanctity of his demeanour, his impassioned eloquence, and his vehement calls to repentance. He declared himself the chosen minister of the Almighty to denounce the wickedness of the age and the scandalous corruptions of the Church of Christ, and to foretell the chastisements of the divine wrath. He soon gained a prodigious ascendency over the minds of his hearers; and he began, even before the death of Lorenzo, to show that his designs were political as well as religious. During the imprudent administration of Piero his boldness increased; he thundered from the pulpit against temporal usurpation, as well as against ecclesiastical abuses and individual sins; and his addresses to the immense assemblages of his auditors were not more sermons than violent exhortations to the assertion of democratical rights. The terror excited by his fearful predictions combined with his political harangues to form a numerous party, who were equally distinguished by their devotional austerity and their zeal for liberty; and the spirit with which he animated his disciples contributed not a little to the expulsion of the Medici.

'After that event, all the families exiled in the sixty years, during which the dominion of the Medici had lasted, were restored to their rights; and among them the collateral branch of his own house, which Piero had driven into banishment. Florence was now divided into three parties; and of these the strongest was that of the Frateschi or Piagnoni, the monastics or penitents, of which Savonarola was the despotic leader; and it contained not only the majority of the lower people, but a great number of citizens of wealth and family, among whom Francesco Valori and Paol' Antonio Soderini were the most conspicuous. This faction was violently opposed by an association of great families, which acquired the name of the Compagnacci or libertines, and, desiring to replace the authority of the Medici by an oligarchy, denounced the friar upon all occasions as a false prophet and factious impostor. The discomfited adherents of the Medici, the Bigi, or the grey as they were called from the obscurity in which they were compelled to hold themselves, formed the third and weakest faction. But the partisans of Savonarola bore down all opposition; and I shall not stop to relate the uninteresting changes in the form of administration which left the real guidance of the republic in the hands of the friar.

'The fanatical madness with which he filled the great mass of the citizens had, however, one singular effect in determining the bias of the republic in political transactions. He had ventured to prophecy that Charles VIII. was destined to be the divine instrument in reforming the church; and to the general confidence in his predictions is to be attributed the patient continuance of the Florentines in the alliance of that monarch, under his injurious treatment of them, and even after they had been compelled to close their gates against him. After the return of Charles into France, a conspiracy, formed by the adherents of the Medici to re-establish the authority of Piero, betrayed the real ambition and lust of worldly power, which lurked under the wild enthusiasm or during imposture of Savonarola. To secure the execution of the conspirators, who had alarmed the fears of his party, he countenanced the violation of a law which had been previously enacted at his own suggestion. This desertion of his principles, together with the failure of his prophecies on the divine mission of Charles and the miraculous assistance which his arms were to receive, shook the credit of Savonarola; but his ruin was hastened by an opposing spirit of fanaticism, as strange as that which he had himself excited.

'In his denunciations of the crimes of the church, Savonarola had not feared to expose the scandalous life of the pope himself. Alexander VI., who trembled at the dangerous example offered by his public reproaches, was rendered his implacable foe. He excommunicated him as a heretic, and, allying himself with the enemies of the friar, stirred up the rival monastic order to preach against him. An obstinate contest thus commenced at Florence, into which the Franciscans and Dominicans eagerly entered against each other, as if the honour of their respective rules were staked on the quarrel. To prove the truth of the doctrines of Savonarola, one of his disciples and brethren, a Dominican friar, challenged any individual among his opponents to pass with him through a flaming pile. A Franciscan was found insane enough to submit to the test; and to such a pitch of excitement was all Florence roused in the question, that the fearful contest was made a business of state. The flames were kindled before the signiory and an immense concourse of the people; but when the champions appeared, Savonarola insisted that his brother should bear the consecrated host with him when he entered the fire. The Franciscan immediately seized the occasion to exclaim in horror against so sacrilegious a proposal; but Savonarola was inflexible, and the day closed while the point was yet in dispute. But the populace were furious with disappointment at the loss of the horrible spectacle which they had anticipated; they revolted at the impious desire of Savonarola to commit their Saviour to the flames; and in that hour the dominion of the friar ended. His enemies availed themselves of the popular ferment to lead the mob to attack the house of Francesco Valori, his chief adherent; and that citizen and his wife were immediately murdered, and their residence consumed to ashes. Savonarola himself, abandoned by the people, was then seized, with two friars, his most devoted disciples; and their fate need scarcely be told. The pope was suffered to appoint a commission to try the three for heresy; and his vengeance was glutted

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by their committal to the flames. The government of Florence then passed into the hands of the political opponents of Savonarola—the faction of the Compagnacci.'

It is impossible to read an account of the mode struggle that the several states of Italy made to resist the yoke forced on them, without regretting the want of that bond of unity, which could alone preserve their independence, and without contrasting the bravery of the Italians of the middle ages with those of the present day. Among the tyrants of Tuscany were Cosmo the First and his son Francesco:—

'The reign of Cosmo had been sullied by numerous acts of atrocious cruelty, ingratitude, and perfidy, which were poorly relieved by his passionate taste for literature and art. There is sometimes retribution on earth, even for successful crime: a fearful domestic tragedy embittered the latter years of Cosmo, and thickened the gloom of that self-bereavement in which he had left himself, by spurning his early friends and supporters from his side. Two of his sons perished under circumstances of such mystery and shame, that their fate was sedulously enveloped in an obscurity which the public eye never entirely penetrated. But it was believed that one of them, Don Giovanni, fell by the hand of his brother, and that the miserable father sternly revenged his death by plunging his dagger in the heart of the guilty fratricide, Don Garcias—even in the arms of his other parent, Eleonora di Toledo, who sank into her grave under this accumulation of horrors.'

Francesco was even worse than his father:

'The discovery, in 1578, of a last conspiracy of the partisans of liberty at Florence, to overthrow an usurpation which no lapse of time could legalize, gave occasion to display all the merciless spirit of the grand duke. A great number of persons were executed; nor was the appetite of Francesco for blood thus satiated. Against the distinguished exiles who, having, in 1537, escaped the fate of Filippo Strozzi and his associates, still survived, and to whom Catherine de Medici had given refuge at the French court, the grand duke employed a regular system of extermination. He took the most expert Italian assassins into his pay, and sent them to his ambassador at Paris. To aid the work of the dagger, he supplied that agent of murder with subtle poisons, of which, under pretence of making chemical experiments, Cosmo I. had established a manufacture in his palace; and he set a price of four thousand ducats upon each of the enemies of his house. It was in vain that the wretched exiles, discovering their danger by the assassination of the first victim of this infernal plot, dispersed from Paris, and endeavoured to bury themselves in remote provinces of France and other countries: the emissaries of the grand duke, rendered indefatigable by avarice, were successful in dogging their flight, and permitted them neither escape nor repose until the last of them had passed from a violent death into the quiet of the grave.

'The only remaining event of importance in the reign of Francesco was his marriage with Bianca Capello, celebrated for her adoption by the republic of Venice. The whole story of this lady is a romance; but a romance rounded with a tale of murder. The daughter of a nobleman of Venice, she had inspired a young Florentine with an ardent attachment, which, imagining him to be a man of birth, she had suffered herself to return. On discovering his humble station, she implored him not to complete the ruin of their common fortunes by persisting in his suit. But she could not refuse him a last adieu and a nocturnal assignation; and, on attempting to regain her father's palace, she found the gates already closed. The first impradence led to a greater; she threw herself into a gondola with her lover, accompanied him to Florence, and there married him. Thenceforth she lived in obscurity, until the Duke Francesco saw her by chance, was inflamed with a violent passion by her beauty, and made his intention to reconcile her with her family the pretext of frequent visits. Her husband was invited to court, loaded with advancement,—and assassinated. The grand duke then shortly became a widower. He retained Bianca in his palace, and sent ambassadors to Venice to demand her hand; and the senate, desirous to honour the future grand duchess with a fitting preparation for a throne, adopted her by the title of "daughter of the Venetian republic." Her marriage with the grand duke was then concluded, but not without the violent opposition of his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinando. After some years, however, the indignation of the cardinal, at the unworthy alliance of his house with the dissolute child of a Venetian noble, appeared to have subsided; he was reconciled with the ducal pair and invited them to a banquet; but it was only to administer poison to them both.'

We shall make one or two extracts more, relating to the bravery with which the Genoese shook off the Austrian yoke in 1746, when an insurrection was produced by a petty incident that occurred in the streets of Genoa: the main Austrian and Piedmontese army were passing into Provence:—

'In the removal of a mortar, its carriage broke down; a crowd was collected; an Austrian officer insolently struck a Genoese with his cane, who refused to assist in extricating the gun; and the long-smothered hatred burst forth. The man boldly wounded the petty tyrant; the populace immediately assailed the Austrian party with a shower of stones; and the whole body of the lower people flew to arms. The numerous German garrison, confounded by the sudden revolt, attacked on all sides, entangled in the narrow streets of Genoa, and crushed under missiles from the housetops and windows, were overpowered and routed in detail. Their commanders, like themselves, were seized with a panic terror; the strength of the insurgents increased during the night; and every massive palace of Genoa was converted by the people into a citadel. In less than twenty-four hours, the Austrians were driven with disgrace from the city, with the loss of eight thousand men, and all their artillery and matériel; and, finally, they were compelled to evacuate the whole republican territory. The gates of Genoa and the passes of the mountains were occupied and guarded by the citizens and peasantry; and the independence of the republic revived.

'This glorious assertion of freedom deserves to be recorded as the work alone of the lower people of Genoa and its rural dependencies. Some few of the senators, indeed, had bravely directed the operations of the citizens, after the insurrection became general; but their body collectively had for some time neither the energy to assume the military guidance of the state, nor the courage openly to support the desperate resolution of their subjects.'

The Austrians afterwards besieged the city, but—

'When the numerous Austrian and Piedmontese army, which had retired from Provence, forced the mountain passes and sat down before the walls, the courage of the Genoese and their allies set the formidable strength of their besiegers at defiance, and repelled all their attempts. When money was wanted, the ladies of Genoa voluntarily consigned their jewels to the public coffers; when provisions became scarce, the inhabitants endured hunger without a murmur; and, though their fate was for some time doubtful, their resolution never slackened. At length they were relieved by a French army, which compelled their enemies to raise the siege; and in the following year the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle confirmed the recovered independence of the republic. But nobly and generously as the Genoese had saved their country, the fruits of the struggle were reaped only by the contemptible government whose cowardice had betrayed them; and the brave people, with miserable infatuation, suffered the feeble oligarchy again to rear its baleful head, and to lord it over their legitimate rights.'

In concluding his work with the fall of Venice at the French revolution, Mr. Perceval thus elegantly describes the causes which led to this consummation of the long tragedy of Italy:—

'Among a free and happy and intellectual people, that tragedy will speak with a deep-fraught and awful application. By Englishmen it should never be forgotten, that it is only the abuse of the choicest bounty of Heaven, which has brought a moral desolation upon the fairest land of the universe,—that it is because the gifted ancestors of the Italian people consumed their inheritance of freedom in wanton and licentious riot; because they recklessly gave the reins to their untamed and fatal passions; above all, because, in the early cultivation and refinement of intellect, they forgot to associate it with virtue, and presumptuously neglected to hallow it by religion, that their descendants have come to this thing:—that they have been abandoned to the scorn and oppression of the despots of Europe, and have become a by-word of mingled contempt and pity to the more fortunate nations of the universe.'

Nothing that we could say, we are convinced, is necessary to show that Mr. Perceval's History of Italy is a valuable work.

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THE ALBUM.—NO. VIII.

Among the light and elegant of our periodicals, the Album has always been a favourite with us. The articles are, in general, spirited and well written, and there is nothing of an objectionable character ever sullies the purity of its pages. The eighth number, among other articles, contains an interesting account of the literature of the new world, an amusing history of beards, an essay on ancient Athens, and Paris before the revolution, from the French of M. de Jaucourt, a letter from a country curate, an account of Cervantes' captivity in Algiers, and several other smart articles, of a miscellaneous character. The following is the article on beards, to which we have already alluded :—

'ON BEARDS.

'The respect which has been shown to beards in all parts of the civilized, and in some parts of the uncivilized, world, is sufficiently known to the erudite; nay, a certain prejudice in its favour still exists, even in countries where the razor has long been omnipotent. This impression appears to arise very naturally from the habit of associating with it those ideas of experience and wisdom of which it is the emblem. It cannot wait upon the follies of youth; its bushy and descending honours are not known to grace the countenance of early life; and though it may be said in some degree to "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength," it continues to flourish in our decline. Not so with nations. It has been gravely remarked, that the decline and fall of beards has generally accompanied and foreshadowed the decline and fall of states. They were bearded Romans who conquered the then beardless Greeks; they were bearded Goths who vanquished the then beardless Romans; and they are bearded Tartars who threaten a second time to overwhelm the beardless and effeminate children of a western Europe. Painting has carried the audacity of its eulogium still farther, having dared to make a long beard one of the characteristic marks of the Supreme Being. The pagan Jupiter, and the graver inhabitants of Olympus, would not be known without this majestic appendage. It was by touching the beard of Jove that the subordinate divinities swore the most sacred of their oaths. Philosophy, till our smooth-faced days, considered it as the appropriate symbol of the profession. Zoilus, according to Ælian, used to shave his head in order to nourish the growth of his beard and critical discrimination at the same time; and Lucian informs us of a certain individual who was deemed unqualified for a professorship which he aspired to, in consequence of the shortness of his beard. In fine, Judaic rigour, Egyptian wisdom, Attic elegance, and Roman virtue, have been the beard's fond and cherishing protectors. The Jews anointed it with sweet unguents, and the sacred oil "ran down from Aaron's beard to the skirts of his garment." The Greeks, according to Athenæus, wore their beards till they lost them and freedom together, in the time of Alexander the Great; the first who submitted to the entablement bearing ever after the name of *Koraes*, or *Smock-faced*. Alexander himself was as determined a reformer on this point as Peter the Great, although, when he compelled the Macedonians to shave their beards, he assigned a different reason; namely, that the length of their beards gave a handle to the enemy. Among the Romans, shaving the beard was not introduced, according to Pliny, till the year of Rome 454, when Publius Sicinius introduced a stock of barbers from Sicily. These gentlemen pushed their trade so actively that, in the time of Scipio Africanus, the Roman patricians shaved every day; and the period of cutting the beard for the first time was made the occasion of formal visits between the various branches of the aristocracy. Chrysostom observes that the kings of Persia had their beards knotted or woven together with gold thread; a custom which was also fashionable among the first kings of France. The Egyptian kings, if we may trust their monuments, were either wholly shaven, or had their beards cut into a rhomboidal form. The Chinese, according to Leconte, affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has baulked them, by giving them a very diminutive growth of hair on the chin. In Russia, Peter the Great's well-known shaving edict nearly caused a revolution; "No shaving," was the watchword from Petersburgh to Moscow; and the nation was obliged to employ a certain number of able-bodied soldiers, in order, not so much to separate their beards from the Russians, as the Russians from their dearly-beloved beards. As to France, one of the greatest misfortunes which she had ever to lament, namely, the divorce of *Louis le Jeune* from Elinor of Guyenne, resulted from the fashion which this prince wished to introduce, of shaving the chin and cropping the head; the lady observing that she expected to have married a monarch and not a monk. The obstinacy of Louis in shaving himself, and the horror conceived by Elinor at the sight of a beardless chin, occasioned France the loss of her fairest provinces, and was indeed the primary cause of the war which raged between France and England for four centuries.

'In England the Reformation gradually introduced liberty and free shaving; and finally expelled beards and the Stuarts together. Beards made a transitory effort to resuscitate their decaying honours in the anti-reformation days of Queen Mary; but, during the civil wars, they dwindled down to little better than military mustachios. One beard there is, however, so pre-eminent at that stormy period, as to deserve being handed down, by the genius of Butler, to posterity as the *Ultima Barbarum*. I refer to that of Hudibras :—

"In cut and dye so like a tile,
At sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixed with grey."

'Passing over to Spain, we shall not find the grave and magniloquent Spaniard behind other nations in high appreciation of beards. Quevedo, in his Third Vision of Judgment, introduces one of his countrymen, whose beard had been disordered while he was receiving sentence, refusing to file off in the guardianship of a brace of evil spirits, till they had recompensed the ruffled emblem of dignity with a pair of curling irons. But none carry their affectionate respect for this distinguishing characteristic of man to a greater length than the Turks. It is, among them, the mark of liberty and authority, and many a Turk would prefer death to losing it. It is anointed and perfumed, as if it were sacred, and its preservation is a capital article of the Mahometan religion. A Turkish wife kisses the beard of her husband; a child that of his father; friends swear by it, and, in parting, reciprocally kiss each other's beards with respectful devotion. They even gather up the hairs which drop from their beards while combing them, fold them up carefully in paper, and carry them for inhumation to the place where they bury the dead.

'Nor was the Christian church, at one time, behind the Mahometan religion in reverence. Not only provincial and national, but general, councils have been convened, synods have been summoned, and cloistered chapters of every denomination have been assembled, to consider at different periods the character of this venerable growth of the human visage. Infinite disputes have been engendered, sometimes with respect to its form, at others with regard to its existence. The Catholic church in one age interested itself in contending for this pointed form to which nature conducts it; at a succeeding period anathemas have been denounced against those who refused to give it a rounder shape; and to these other denunciations have followed, which changed it to the square or the scallop.

'Hitherto the disputes were confined to the western church; but, when innovation grasped the tonsors, when the beard lessened into whiskers, and the scythe of ecclesiastical discipline threatened to mow down every hair from off the "human face divine," the churches of Asia and Africa took the alarm, and supported, by violence, invective, and remonstrance, their right and title to those undiminished honours of the chin which they enjoyed in the west.

'The Gallic church alone made any effectual stand against the radical change of the ecclesiastical razor. Fierce contests were waged, with various success, by the *Barbites* and *Anti-Barbites*; at length a compromise was made; and the bishops compounded the matter with their refractory clergy, by giving up the greater part of the beard, but retaining the growth of the upper lip in the form of whiskers. Tranquillity was thus restored; and the preacher of peace, for a considerable time after, appeared on all public occasions *en moustache*, exhibiting to his highly-edified flock the free terrific aspect of a German pandour, as an emblem of the church militant.

'At length, the persecuted beard was driven from this, its last important place of refuge in our quarter of the globe, and, if we except the corner of European Turkey, now finds its only asylum in the Capuchin cloister.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

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'I will conclude with an anecdote expressive of the distinctive character of the beard, as felt by unsophisticated minds.

'Bougainville, when touching at Otaheite, was accustomed to leave there a couple of some kind of European domestic animals. In his last voyage, he had on board a Capuchin and a Franciscan, who, as is well known, differ from each other in the single circumstance of one having the beard shaved, and in the other suffering it to grow on the chin.

'The natives, who had successively admired the various animals as they were disembarked, whether bulls and cows, hogs and sows, or he and she goats, shouted with joy at the appearance of the Capuchin. "What a noble animal! what a pity there is not a pair!" Scarcely was the wish expressed, when the shaven Franciscan made his appearance. "Huzza," exclaimed the savages, "we've got the male and the female!"

The Pocket Annual Register of the History, Politics, Arts, Sciences, and Literature of the Year 1824. 18mo. pp. 510. London, 1825. Boys.

THE plan of this work is excellent, and the execution generally judicious. It embraces an immense quantity of useful information, condensed into a portable volume—such as the public history of Great Britain and our colonies; an historical account of Parliamentary proceedings, foreign history, public documents, and state papers; a copious chronicle of occurrences, trials and law cases, statistical details; biographical notices of about forty persons who died within the year; miscellanies of science, arts, literature, antiquities, &c.; extracts from new works, characters, and select poetry. As this is the first of a new annual volume, which is intended to be continued, the editor will consider us his friend, when we caution him to divest himself of everything approaching to party feeling, and to be as impartial as he is judicious in his selections.

Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley; a Romance of the Sixteenth Century, in three volumes. By MAC ERIN O'TARA, the last of the Seanachires: *being the first of a projected Series, illustrative of Ireland.* pp. 936. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE author of this work is an ardent and sincere, but not a blind, admirer of Ireland and the Irish character. His tale, which is interspersed with snatches of verse, possesses considerable interest, and is written with good feeling; the characters are generally well drawn, and the story is one that is likely to lead the reader from the commencement to that 'consummation so devoutly to be wished' in many works, 'the end.'

ORIGINAL.

THE NECESSITY OF AMENDING THE APOTHECARIES' BILL.

To Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P.

SIR,—In this age of excessively foolish and petty legislation, to the great injury of the community, I am glad to find you have always opposed the passing of injurious and oppressive bills, and constantly pointed out their iniquitous and mischievous tendency. I do not, however, mean to accuse members of a deliberate design, in giving their votes to the support of bills which, they must know, when passed into law, will operate to the injury of many. I am inclined to attribute that inattention, or rather misfortune, to a deficiency of knowledge on the subjects about which they legislate. Among the numerous instances of this kind which I could produce, I shall only, for the present, mention one—*the Apothecaries' Bill.* Members, in suffering that bill to pass through the house in the way that it did, evidently showed they *legislated in the dark.* It is impossible that bill could ever have passed into a law, had they not been entirely ignorant, or wholly indifferent, on the subject about which they were legislating. Had they been aware they were investing a company with arbitrary and unreasonable powers, altogether unworthy to be trusted with them, which they have now abused, in vigorously enforcing, to the exclusion of many well-educated and respectable surgeons, they would assuredly not have indulged them so far. Had their authority been vigorously exerted in detecting ignorant quacks, as was understood to be the sole object of the bill, or had its operation been solely directed against those *impudent fellows* who are continually advertising their nostrums in the newspapers, and causing their names to be chalked on blind walls, it would have conferred a special benefit on society, and I should never have said a word on the subject.

But when it has a retrospective tendency, and has been used to prevent those young men from practising in London, as surgeons apothecaries, who have been educated at Edinburgh, and passed the College of Surgeons there, long before the passing of the bill, besides having served in the army and navy, with usefulness to the public, and with honour and credit to themselves, I cannot remain any longer silent, and not attempt to expose its injurious operation, and set forth the great hardships which so many well-educated and respectable persons are labouring under on that account. There are at this moment hundreds of surgeons in London affected by it; and, though they have all passed the College of Surgeons at Edinburgh, and have also been previously examined by the respective boards, before entering into the service of the army and navy, yet they are now told by the Company of Apothecaries, whose utmost latitude of science does not extend farther than *culling simples,* and repeating over *a beggarly list of empty boxes,* that they cannot have the license to practise in London as surgeon-apothecaries, because, forsooth, they have not served an apprenticeship, of five years, to some of the fraternity of their *worshipful company.* So obstinate and unreasonable are they on this point, that that privilege would not be granted to them, even though they had the learning and experience of Hippocrates and the wisdom of Æsculapius himself, merely because they have not complied with that useless and degrading formality which it is almost impossible for the greater part of them to comply with.

Is not this a burden grievous to be borne? —an intolerable stretch of tyrannical authority, altogether insufferable for any *worshipful company* to exercise? I am sure it was never meant by the legislature to grant them so much power, or that it should be turned against the meritorious and deserving, who, as matters stand at present, are all at the mercy of that *worshipful company,* if they should practise without their license. I believe some have already been proceeded against, not for want of abilities or skill in their profession, but for not having complied with their petty and unreasonable regulations. There are several others who stand in jeopardy every hour of being proceeded against in the same manner; besides, though they should not be troubled, they are precisely in the same condition as outcasts from society, for they cannot recover an account due to them, in any court of law.

These are grievances sufficient to warrant you to attempt an alteration of the bill, which I am happy to learn you have already brought before the house. You have the good wishes of all the sons of Æsculapius in London, labouring under these disabilities, for your success. They earnestly hope that that wonted eloquence and strength of intellect, called forth and employed on other occasions, will not be wanting in their cause, and will procure for them the repeal of a bill whose operation is so injurious and hurtful to them.

Let these few words suffice, in the meantime, to remind you of the hardships they are doomed to suffer. I may, perhaps, by and by, when I have more leisure, give a larger statement and a fuller explanation.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

AN ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

24th April, 1825.

ENTERTAINING AND INTERESTING AUTHORS.

IN this age of universal writing and reading, when books are as much among the necessaries of life as food and lodging, when newspapers are served up with new rolls in the morning, and muffins and magazines called for in the evening, when periodicals recur with the regularity of sirloins for family use, besides the provision made for extraordinary treats by novels, voyages, poems, and miscellanies, it is perhaps worth while to inquire after those dishes which we have at one period fed on with the highest relish, or recurred to most frequently without satiety!

Every elderly gentleman will answer this question by recounting his obligations to Tom Jones and Roderick Random, assure us that Humphrey Clinker is yet unparalleled, that the Bath Guide surpasses the Rejected Addresses, and remains unique at the present hour. He will be interrupted by his wife or sister, to recount her own interest in the Vicar of Wakefield as a girl, and her delight in Evelina and Cecilia as a woman. She will descant on the novelty and effect produced by Mrs. Ratcliffe's unrivalled romances, the Zeluco of Dr. Moore, the Henry of Cumberland, the Manor-House of

Charlotte Smith, the Nature and Art of Mrs. Inchbald, and almost persuade you that there were books as piquant and attractive, thirty years ago, as the tales of the Great Unknown in your own day. You will be ready to conclude that works of fiction have always enjoyed a paramount right to be considered *entertaining* and *interesting*, and allow that, with all the merit of the Waverley novels, it is only in their *periodicals* that the present day exceeds what has gone before it, since Robinson Crusoe (the best of all fictions produced in our language) preceded Smollett and Fielding. But softly, gentle reader! do not be too sure on the subject: a book may be very entertaining that is not deeply interesting, and it may be exceedingly interesting, though not, in the nature of things, calculated to be entertaining. We are all sensible that, to make our pleasure perfect, a work should unite these qualities, and add to them that of being profitable also; but this still rarer union must be very seldom expected: we must be content to be amused at sometimes and instructed at others, if we expect either quality to be carried high. We know of no other hero who, like Don Quixote, inspires wisdom and excites laughter at the same moment.

In fact, our taste for books and the consequent interest and diversion they give, is so much governed by the effects of time and circumstance, the rise and depression of the spirits, and the state of our health, our prospects, or even of our purses, that it is very possible the work which delights one person may fail even to please another, and we are all aware that the love-story which deluged us with tears in early life is trifling and vapid in manhood, not because we feel less, but because we feel differently. Those bright eyes which have wept over the sorrows of Werter have read and 'given no sigh' when honest Tom Bowling declares, 'that he has not shivered a biscuit these two days;' but the time may come when the distress of the kind-hearted old sailor will burst on their hearts with all the simple and irresistible pathos which renders truth the most elegant of all pleaders. When we are enjoying bodily and mental ease, or such a degree of them as to leave us in possession of our usual perception, we may be pleased by our usual course of reading; but when we are in a state of feverish excitement or nervous languor, food of a different quality is called for,—a circumstance well worthy consideration, since we all know, to the partially ailing, the lingeringly convalescent, books are invaluable. Within a short time, we ourselves injured a young friend recovering from an attack which left him too weak for conversation by putting Reginald Dalton into his hands, in reply to his request for the Mysteries of Udolpho. The next day we found him with heightened pulse, forbidden to leave his bed. 'How could you send me that book?' said he, 'I merely wanted to renew an acquaintance with an old friend to sooth my captivity, and you took me into company with people who interested and charmed me, and made me ill again.'

We committed this mischief in consequence, perhaps, of recollecting a very different case. Some years ago, a young beauty of our acquaintance, recovering from a severe illness, desired her sister to read to her something that should be *very* amusing, 'I will send for a new novel, my dear, or would you prefer a poem?' 'Neither, my dear Catharine; I want something that will *interest* me *exceedingly*: if it be possible, get me the Newgate Calendar.'

Many a time in after days was this dear girl (who, by the way, is now the wife of a judge,) joked with on this subject; but doubtlessly her choice was a natural, and therefore a wise one. She felt a desire, that the languor and stupor of her mind should be roused by a subject of intense interest, and she had been so recently on the brink of the grave, that awful realities were more likely to affect this purpose than even the most splendid fictions. The anxious investigation of a murder, the awful workings of a spirit agitated by the remembrance of the horrible past and fears of the terrible future, the tenderness of contrition arising by degrees out of the dark and loathsome bosom of crime and ferocity, have in themselves an excitement and interest far beyond the stimulants of fictitious sorrows and imaginary horrors.

If that author is deemed most meritorious who has been most generally read—who can entertain us in despite of the langour of disease, or interest us when under the pressure of misfortune—who can charm even the 'dull cold ear' of poverty and age, engage the flippant to pursue his page unwearied, the most careless to reflect, and the most volatile to feel—surely the palm must be given to an author whose very name will shock the ears of refinement, and blanch the cheek of fashion,—old John Bunyan. This assertion may be derided, but it cannot be denied; since it is incontrovertible that no other book has been so much read in days past, and that in the present day it occupies places where no other (save the Bible) ever enters, without being therefore banished out of many extensive collections. In fact, the Pilgrim's Progress will be found in some corner of every tradesman's book-case, from John a Groat's to Penzance; and, although, except amongst the professedly religious part of the community, it is perhaps now seldom purchased, which of us does not remember reading it at some period of our lives with eagerness and delight? Who is there that does not recollect that, in despite of coarse allusions, quaint language, overstrained conclusions, and all the peculiar doctrines of gone-by times, there was in its poetical machinery, richness of allegory, facility of dialogue, and entire originality, something which rendered it the most entertaining of all narratives? The subject inevitably makes it interesting, for it is the heart of man and his immortal destination; but such is the abundant fancy displayed in the story, that it is certain we are apt to forget the intention.

Isaac Walton is also a standard author of wonderful powers, though he is as remarkable for his simplicity of style as Bunyan is for his complexity. He has this remarkable advantage—that, with the utmost modesty, he is yet the hero of his book: we talk with him, fish with him, and love him personally, whereas the author is not even remembered in the progress of Christian, or the battles of Mansoul. The general ideas adopted of the puritans of Bunyan's time are unfavourable, and the recollection that the author was a tinker and a tagger of laces is not in the present day recommendatory circumstances of the man or his works; but all those who admit the power of genius must allow him to have possessed such a portion of it as will compel admiration, in despite of the vulgarity and bigotry conspicuous in his writings.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy is a very entertaining book; Buchan's Family Physician, a very interesting one, as its numerous editions prove: and, in the present universality of bilious complaints, perhaps Abernethy's work will be found nearly as attractive. We may descant learnedly, or reason profoundly, on the merits or deficiencies of authors, affect to patronize the fashionable, or decry the obsolete; but the *useful*, whether for pleasure or assistance, is, after all, the dearest to our hearts. For our own parts, we are sincerely thankful to all who have helped us, whether living or dead, from Dilworth to Quentin Durward, from a song which has cheered to a sermon which has reproved us, and, if time permitted, could prattle by the hour on past and present friends of this description. We cannot conclude without adding, that there is a book extant, by many authors, not only infinitely more important, but more entertaining than all others; in which, the most interesting history, the most affecting private anecdotes, and sublime poetry may be found, together with information that may add happiness to the hour of health and prosperity, consolation to that of sickness and adversity; and it may be therefore considered at once entertaining and interesting. B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LIFE.

The sun has sought his western bed;
The sum ner evening breezes blow;
The glowing clouds stain ocean red,
And paint another sky below.
Her silver lamp's vanescent light,
The pale moon, can scarce be seen,
Till daylight, melting into night,
Proclaims her undisputed queen.
And, hark! the moonlit waves around,
In oozy caves, are murmuring low;
With plaintive, soft, and wailing sound,
Like sea-nymph chanting tale of woe;—
A scene so fair, a calm so still,
Ah! why should ever tempest mar—
Ah! why should roaring surges fill,
Those caves with din of watery war?
Yet such is life,—a breath destroys
Youth's fairy-tinted dreams of pleasure—
Its fondest hopes—its dearest joys,—
And robs it of its fancied treasure.
But, as the tempests cease to lower,
As nature smiles amid her tears,
E'en so shall Grief resign its power,
And Heaven repay our toils and fears. n

KATHLEEN: A SONG.

AIR—*The Humours of Glin.*

O' DISTANT, but dear, is that sweet island, wherein
My hopes, with my Kathleen and kindred, abide;
And, far though I wander from thee, emerald Erin!
No space can the links of my love-chain divide.
Fairest spot of the earth!—brightest gem of the ocean!
How oft have I wakened my wild harp in thee;
While with eye of expression, and heart of emotion,
Listened Kathleen ma vourneen, cushlih ma chree.
The bloom of the moss-rose—the blush of the morning,
The face of my fair one discloses their dye;
What ruby can rival the lip of ma vourneen?
What diamond, in dazzle, can equal her eye?
Her silken hair vies with the sunbeams in brightness;
Her bosom is white as the surf of the sea;
And the footstep is like to the fairies' in lightness,
Of Kathleen ma vourneen,—cushlih ma chree!
Fair muse of the minstrel! beloved of my bosom!
As the song of thy praise and my passion I breathed,
Thy fair fingers oft, with the triad-leafed blossom—
Sweet Erin's green emblem—my wild harp hath wreathed,
While with soft melting murmur the bright river ran on,
That by thy bower follows the sun to the sea.
Then O! soon dawn the day I review the sweet Shannon,
And Kathleen ma vourneen—cushlih ma chree!

IMLAH.

THE MARTYRS.

Now swiftly, down the burning steep of day,
The golden sun had reach'd his radiant course,
And upon Rome departing glory shed,
Lovely—sublime! The scene on the left,
O'er verdant plains and distant fertile fields,
With every varied gift of Ceres rich,
Through vineyards, blushing with the redd'ning grape,
The far-famed Tiber rolls his yellow wave.
See, on the right, the imperial city rise,
Her forum, her theatres, and her temples all
Lofty, she sits, the mistress of the world,
Upon her throne of seven hills sublime.
'Tis now the hour the prætor gives the law,
And Curiosity, on tip-toe raised,
Beckons the flocking crowd to hasten on.
Guarded by faces of the lictor train—
A motley group, the sons of crime come forth.
Here ev'ry various passion is beheld,
That rules or rages in the lawless soul:
Despair casts on the earth his wither'd glance;
Remorse pours forth his heavy sighs and groans;
Fear, pale and trembling, at his shadow starts,
And *dark Revenge* deep meditates a death:
But there are two amongst this vicious train,
That seem of different sort and kind from these;—
The one, an aged man, over whose head
Full seventy winters, with their frosts, had flown;
Tho' time had bent to earth his aged form,
Tho' round him was a dusky toga thrown
(The garb of criminals), there lingerd yet
A form majestic, and a graceful mein;—
One servile chain his daughter bound to him,
A maid more lovely than the brightest dream
That ever flitted round a poet's brow.
She look'd with terror on the rabble crew,
On the stern prætor and the faces bright;
Then upon high Heaven's cerulean arch
She gazed, and on the golden-skirted clouds
That met the sun-beam, where, to fancy's eye,
Bright seraphs, sons of Heaven, seem'd to sit
As tho' they waited for her coming; then
Upon her, with a look benign, her father gazed;
Paternal pity urg'd the falling tear
His Christian fortitude forbade to flow—
He seemed regardless of the varied scene,
And of aught else, except the one great cause
To which his every care—his life, was given.
Now met his eyes the radiant setting sun,
Whose fires, decreased, the yellow Tiber laved,
And to his soul he thus in secret spoke:—
'O sun, like thee, I set like thee to rise;
But in a brighter better sphere than thine,
Where shines thy little orb but as a lamp,
To light the footsteps of a child of dust:—
Thou hast thy limit too;—when that great word
Which called thee into birth thy end decrees,
Darkness shall veil thy face with gloomy night,
And all the heat of all thy fires depart.'
Now high the prætor waved his hand, his voice—
Like rolling thunder, echo'd through the crowd:
'Seize on those Christians, miscreants!' he exclaim'd,
'Foes to the Gods and rebels to the state.'
Thus said, the lictors on their victims rush'd,
With all the fury of a tiger's rage—
With all the inhumanity of man:
Far worse than those who, savage, roam and seek
Amidst the gloom of woods and wilds their prey,
They snatch the daughter from her sire's embrace;
Nor Age's silver locks, nor beauty's bloom,
Move hearts as marble as the Parian rock.
Now eve's dun shadows flitted o'er the scene,
But ere, unveiled by the uprising sun,
Th' eternal city burst upon the view,
The holy martyrs were condemned to die.

R. M

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—A new tragedy, entitled *Orestes in Argos*, was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night. It is from the pen of the late Mr. Bailey, the author of a very clever work, entitled *Sketches in St. George's Fields*. It is founded on the well-known Grecian story, which has occupied the pens of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Voltaire, Crebillon, Alfieri, &c. Many attempts have been made to adapt these to the English stage. Goffe borrowed his Orestes from that of Euripides and the Electra of Sophocles. The play was acted by the students at Oxford, and the author spoke the prologue. Hughes began a tragedy of Orestes, from Euripides, but did not live to complete it. Theobald dramatized that incident in the story of Orestes, when he and Pylades, with the aid of Iphigenia, carried off the statue of Diana from Scythia Taurica. Theobald introduced some music in the piece, and, though in five acts, called it a dramatic opera. Banister, Wodhall, and R. Potter, all translated the Orestes of Euripides. Old Dekker wrote a play, called Orestes Furies, of which, we believe, no copy is extant; and Sotheby has, in our own day, made it the subject of a beautiful, though unacted, tragedy. Dr. Franklin, who had a tolerable share of vanity, thought he could teach France that neither love nor episodes were necessary in a tragedy, and translated Voltaire's Orestes, which was performed in Paris, in 1750. When it was acted, the initials of the line of Horace—

'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,'

being printed on the pit tickets, O.T.P.Q.M.C.D. a wag explained it as, Oreste Tragedie Pityable, Que M. Voltaire Donne—Orestes, a pitiable tragedy, which M. Voltaire exhibits.

The *dramatis personæ* of the piece now under notice were thus arranged:—

Ægisthus, usurper of the throne of Argos, ...	Mr Bennett.
Orestes, son of Agamemnon, ...	Mr. C. Kemble.
Pylades, his friend	Mr. Cooper.
Arcas, an old officer of Agamemnon's, ...	Mr. Egerton.
Lycus, an emissary of Ægisthus, ...	Mr. Evans.
Clytemnestra, reigning with Ægisthus in Argos	Mrs Bartley.
Electra, Chrysothemis, } daughters of Agamemnon & Clytemnestra,	Miss Lacy. Miss Jones.
Nemesis, ...	Miss Hammersley.

The play opens with a musical incantation and view of the Grove of the Furies, after the murder of Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ægisthus. Electra appears in a slave's habit and in chains, invoking vengeance on the murderers of her father. Chrysothemis crosses her path, charged with offerings to be made at Agamemnon's tomb, by Clytemnestra, who, agitated between her guilty passion and remorse for her crime, dared not present them in person. Clytemnestra now comes on, and is venting her remorse under the stings of her own conscience, and the reproaches of her daughter, when the tyrant appears, silences the one, and threatens the other with casting her out, the wife—or something worse—of an abject slave. Electra, in her extremity, encounters two strangers: a dialogue ensues, reference is made to the murder of Agamemnon; his very tomb is in view—mutual sympathy is excited. The strangers are no other than Orestes and Pylades, and the former, wrought upon by the condition of his sister, discovers himself in spite of the remonstrance of his friend. Their purpose in coming is, of course, vengeance on Ægisthus; the pretence that of being messengers bearing tidings to him of Orestes' death. Pylades carries an urn, in which his ashes are supposed to be contained; Orestes next discovers himself to his mother, and immediately gains admittance to the presence of the tyrant.—The urn, however, contains the ashes of Ægisthus's son, who had been slain by Orestes. The tyrant then orders the two friends to instant execution; but Orestes, appealing to the Argives, is rescued: he then

pursues Ægisthus, whom he slays, and, by a thrust in the dark, also kills his own mother. When he learns the fatal parricide, he sinks into the arms of his friend Pylades.

The play is written with much vigour and poetic feeling: it contains several beautiful passages, and had the advantage of being well acted. Mr. C. Kemble, in Orestes, displayed all the ardour of youth, the affection of a son, and the fidelity of a friend. Miss Lacy's Electra was excellent throughout, and, without wishing to pun on so serious a subject, we may say that, in some scenes, she *electrified* the audience. Cooper made as much of Pylades as the character would admit of. The play was received throughout with unmixed applause, and, when somewhat curtailed, cannot fail of having a run.

English Opera-House.—Mathews 'enacts more than a man' in filling this theatre; and his *Memorandum-Book* is as popular as ever. Indeed, we always think Mathews improves as he proceeds, as an actor of his humour does not confine himself to precisely what is set down to him, but throws in his own jokes, as occasion serves.

The Haymarket Theatre opened on Monday night for the season, with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a ballet, and *The Agreeable Surprise*. The house presented no new feature either of decoration or improvement, and its dinginess revived, at first sight, the uncomfortable ideas that will ever associate with it remains unalloyed. The list of performers engaged includes many acknowledged favorites, two or three of whom only were discoverable when God save the King was sung, by the corps, at the rising of the curtain. —Mr. Dowton's Falstaff is a rich performance, and, perhaps, as chaste as its immortal author intended it, yet not unlikely to give offence to the saintly portion of playgoers; the first scene between him and Mr. Ford was singularly animated—both being sufficiently waggish. Mrs. Humby, from the Dublin Theatre, made her debut as Cowslip, in *The Agreeable Surprise*, which she played with genuine simplicity, and sang so sweetly and distinctly, that we have no doubt she will become a favourite English ballad-singer.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. W. Tyrer, of Liverpool, has recently obtained a patent for a portable pump and fire-extinguishing engine, which surpasses in excellence all the ingenious inventions of the kind yet offered to the public. This engine can either be worked by hand or by the wind, having a rotary motion. A pump of a moderate size, on this plan, will raise water out of a ship's hold twenty-nine feet deep, at the rate of two tons a minute, and has the advantage of answering the purposes of an air-pump in hot climates. In long voyages, it will preserve ships from rotting, keeping them sweet by means of ventilation; and the motion of the engine is so quick, that it has actually raised water without the lower boxes. These pumps are worked by tooth and pinion wheels, and have three separate actions; they may be worked a whole day, by two boys, without great fatigue, on the slowest motion, and six or eight men can raise upwards of two tons of water each minute with the quick motion. It is to be regretted that this ingenious and very useful invention has not become more generally known; it possesses several excellent properties, which are best appreciated on inspection; but we shall not drop our notice without observing, that the apparatus will last for several years, without being liable to get out of order, and cannot be choked up in a ship with slack, wheat, or corn.

The King of France, Charles X., has presented to the *Jardin des Plantes*—1. The mineralogical collection purchased by the civil list, the value of which is 300,000 francs; it is the most complete and the most remarkable collection in Europe: 2. A superb collection of fungi in wax, executed by Dr. Pinson, valued at 90,000 francs.

The *Times* newspaper, one day last week, in its usual sheet and a supplement, contained 827 advertisements; the duty on which to government amounted to 144*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* exclusive of the stamp-duty and the duty on paper.

A new and large Selenographia, or Delineation of the Moon, is about to be published at Dresden by M. Lohrmann, the Royal Astronomer, from observations made for several years by himself in the observatory of that place.

Signor Fattori, an Italian surgeon, proposes, as a remedy for the tooth-ache, the division of the nerve supplying the diseased tooth; and, to effect this, he has invented a new instrument, by which he perforates different parts of the painful tooth, and cuts through the nerve. The tooth is, by this operation, for ever afterwards rendered insensible.

In the press, The Remains of the Rev. Christian Frederick Schwartz, missionary in India, consisting of his letters and journals, with a sketch of his life.

Mr. Mitchell is preparing for the press, a Dictionary, to combine the classic and modern Greek languages, distinguishing words as common or peculiar to either, and a compendium of mere modern words.

Count Vincenzo Deabbate, of Alba, near Turin, is about to dispose of his celebrated collection of paintings. Among them are two Claude Lorrains, painted on copper, twenty inches by twenty-six each, which the count bought of her Royal Highness the Countess D'Artois, when that princess, being compelled to emigrate from France, passed some time at Turin. These two landscapes are in perfect preservation, and form choice specimens of Claude's pencil.

New Bark.—The celebrated traveller, Humboldt, communicated to the Academy of Sciences, on January 3, 1825, that he had received a letter from Dr. Brera, clinical professor at Padua, informing him that a new bark had been discovered, to which the name of 'quina bicolor' had been given, and which, in very small doses, is a more powerful febrifuge than the best bark.

Lights of Naphtha.—M. Hecker, comptroller of salt-mines in Gallicia, has discovered that naphtha burns better than any oil in a mine where foul air is prevalent, and that it is less injurious to the health of the workmen.

M. Courier, a lively French writer, who directed his powerful pen against the Jesuits, has recently been assassinated under mysterious circumstances.

M. Karl Krauterer, of Vienna, has obtained a patent, for one year, for a new invention, of which the following is the literal specification:—A carriage, with a moving, straight, and endless, iron rail-way, for the conveyance, as well of burdens however heavy, as of travellers, with very little friction and shaking, as easily, quickly, and without noise, as with carriages on fixed iron rail-roads, without any greater expense of propelling power, up or down hill, and in any optional lateral direction, over paved or unpaved roads, whether passing over meadow, clay, or sandy ground; lastly, without causing dust or dirt in the roads, and without injuring them.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples has sustained a great loss, by the death of Count Guiseppe Franchi di Pont, one of the directors of the Royal Museum of Antiquities, and professor emeritus of archæology: he was the author of several works and numerous valuable papers on the acts of the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c., especially a celebrated edition of Metastasio, with critical observations: his beautiful poem of *La Moabitide* was received with great approbation throughout Italy: he was distinguished for his virtues and his talents.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather
April 15	50	65	51	30 20	Fair.
.... 16	51	63	50	.. 12	Do.
.... 17	46	53	40	.. 26	Do.
.... 18	40	51	39	.. 30	Do.
.... 19	39	49	40	.. 25	Do.
.... 20	45	56	50	.. 15	Cloudy.
.... 21	50	61	52	29 96	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A Mr. Pym, residing in Bartholomew Close, being unwell, employed a street-keeper, of the name of Develin, to keep the boys of the schools there in order. One of the boys, extremely fond of Martial and epigram-writing, wrote the following playful squibs on the name of the street-keeper:—

'The Close of Bartlemy 's well known,
A Paradise to revel in;
The saints from thence drove out the boys,
And then they let the *Devil-in*.'

Another ran thus:—

'If P Y M be Y M P,
Then Pym is imp, 'tis clear to see;
Now is it odd, in times so evil,
That a d——d imp should raise the *Devil*?'

Henry VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess Dowager of Milan; but her answer is said to have been, that she had but one head; if she had had two, one should have been at his service.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to apologize to some of our correspondents for deferring to our next the insertion of their communications.

'Inquirer' is informed that the letter from Lord Raby to the Princess Sophia, in the Literary Gazette of last week, is not, as it is stated to be, *original*. It was printed, eight or ten years ago, in the Monthly Magazine, a work to which, as we have before shown, the Literary Gazette is indebted for its plan and title. The manuscript letter is in Dr. Birch's collection of *copied letters*, in the British Museum. Inquirer will easily find it by turning to Ayscough's Catalogue.

'The Recluse' feels too acutely. There is no act of Parliament of the nature he mentions, but a standing order of the house against such marriages, which can be set aside in every divorce bill.

Mr. D.'s anonymous '*talented*' correspondent must always be considered as writing from unworthy motives, whilst he withholds his real name and address. His prognostications have proved so fallacious, that he will feel ashamed when he recollects them.

Works published since our last notice.—Feldborg's Denmark Delineated, royal 8vo. 21 plates, 1*l.* 11s 6*d* —Jennings's Dialects of the West of England. foolscap, 7*s.* —Barton's Poems, with additions, 4th edition, 7s. 6*d.*—Thomson's First Principles of Chemistry, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*—Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions, crown 8vo. 12*s.*—Keating's Travels to St. Peter's River, &c. 28s.—Holman's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 28*s.*—Duncan on Persecution for Religious Opinion, 8vo. 8*s*—Forsyth's Medical Pocket-Book, 18mo 6*s.*—Campbell's Mary and Elizabeth, 8vo 12*s.*—Woodley's Tragedies, 8vo. 6*s.*—Cox's Young Artist's Companion, oblong 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Juvenile Prize Essays, 2*s* —Death-Bed Scenes, 18mo 7*s.*—Ferdinand's Pupil, 12mo 4*s.*—Memorial of the Public Life of the Right Hon. James Oswald, 8vo. 16*s* —Nicholson's Operative Mechanic, 8vo. one hundred plates, 30*s.*

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Brief Index to the present Number:—Review: Holman's Travels through Russia, 273; Sir W. Drummond's Origines, 275; Fairy Favours, and other Tales, 277 Tales, by the O'Hara Family, 278; Reynolds's Introduction to Practical Arithmetic, 280; Topham's Evidences of Religion, 280; Morison's Advice to the World, 281 Smith's Catechism on Creation, 281 —*Foreign Literature:* De Sacre des Rois de France, 281; Grammatica Inglesa, 281; Cartas Sobre la Educacion del Bello Sexo, 281 — *Original Spring-time, Ballo, &c.* 281; The Rambles of Amandeus, 282.—*Original Poetry:* Mission, 284.—*Biography:* Henry Fuseli, Esq. 284.—*Fine Arts:* Painters in Water Colours, 285; West's Gallery, 285.—*Drama*, 286—*Literature and Science*, 287.—*Bee*, 287.

No. 311. LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels through Russia, Siberia, Poland, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, &c. &c. Undertaken during the Years 1822, 1823, *and* 1824, *while suffering from total Blindness, and comprising an Account of the Author's being conducted a State Prisoner from the Eastern Parts of Siberia.* By JAMES HOLMAN, R. N. and K. W. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 791. London, 1825. Whittaker.

ALTHOUGH the loss of sight is the greatest of all privations, yet there is no class of individuals who have lost one of the senses that has done so much to compensate for its absence as the blind. Men labouring under this melancholy affliction have become eminent philosophers and mathematicians; we have blind ministrels without number; nor has the calamity prevented the blind from acquiring an intimate knowledge of mechanics, and displaying much ingenuity in that useful science. We might recount many other arts which blind persons have not merely cultivated, but in which they have distinguished themselves; Mr. Holman, however, is the first blind gentleman we have met with who has, as Byron says, quitted the—

'easy chair,
The tedious way and long long league to trace.'

It is true we have had *Blin' Tom*, the bellman of Dumfries, who died a few days ago, and had the honour of a corporate procession at his funeral. Tam was occasionally a guide to strangers a few miles from his native town. We have also had Blind Jack of Knaresborough, who escorted a gentleman all the way from York to the town just mentioned, pointed out the gentlemen's seats on both sides of the road, and discovered that the head of a gate had been turned to where the heel was when Jack last felt (not saw) it.

These are mere every-day occurrences, compared with the exploits of Mr. Holman. It is now nearly three years since we noticed his Narrative of a Journey through France, Italy, Savoy, Germany, Holland, and the Netherlands, and his singular *visit* to Mount Vesuvius. The facility with which he overcame what hitherto would have been deemed an insuperable barrier against travelling, induced him to take a wider range, and not only to scour Austria, Prussia, and Poland, but even to penetrate into the heart of Russia, and the wild deserts of Siberia. The narrative of his travels is now before us, and, however Mr. Holman may suffer from the privation of one of the best faculties of the body, it will be seen that he is an observant traveller, possessing more intelligence and collecting more real information than many writers who are free from the disadvantages under which he labours. This is the more remarkable, as Mr. Holman was not deprived of his sight in his infancy; but the calamity came upon him when at the age of five and twenty, and was the result of a severe sickness. Then it was that, totally blind, ignorant of any language but his own, and without a guide, he sought to improve his health and amuse himself by foreign travel. He succeeded, and found, as he assures us, in the desire of locomotion, 'a new sense, a compensating principle, which, by the succession of objects it presents, serves to fill up the deficiencies of which he would otherwise be sensible from the loss of the visual organ.'

Surprising as it must appear that a blind man should visit Siberia, it will appear still more extraordinary that such a person should excite the jealousy of the Russian government; yet such was really the case, and, when Mr. Holman had reached Irkoutsk, and was anxious to proceed as far as Kamschatka, he was prevented by an order from the emperor, refusing permission to Mr. Holman to undertake such a journey, and expressing his surprise that, under such peculiar circumstances, he should have ventured on it. The plea was, that if Mr. Holman should be murdered, the emperor would feel himself blameable, in having allowed him to proceed so far. A fidgeter was therefore sent to conduct our blind traveller out of Siberia; in other words, Mr. Holman was placed in his custody as a state prisoner, and hurried out of the country to the Austrian frontier. This was a serious mortification to Mr. Holman, and prevented him from remaining at Moscow, having an *interview* with the governor, and prosecuting his meditated journey; but, although thus interrupted in his career, he has given us a work which, whether we consider its contents or the circumstances under which it was written, possesses intense interest. It gives a lively picture of the places and people Mr. Holman encountered in his travels, and is full of entertaining anecdotes and descriptions. It is also enriched with several lithographic views, illustrative of the customs and amusements of the Russians.

It was on the 19th of July, 1822, that Mr. Holman embarked on board the Saunders-Hill schooner, Capt. Courtney, for St. Petersburgh, 'with the ostensible motive of visiting the Russian empire; but the real one, should circumstances prove propitious, of making a circuit of the whole world.' A blind circumambulator of the globe would indeed be a novelty of the most striking character, and nothing but the unnecessary and arbitrary interference of the Russian government prevented him from attempting it. This circumstance Mr. Holman happily notices, in an epigraph, in the title-page, from the Book of Genesis: 'The man who is the lord of the land spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country.'

On going down the river, Mr. Holman took the helm, and steered so well, that the captain afterwards permitted him to steer the vessel in a breeze. On the 2nd of July, our traveller landed at Elsinore, where the houses are large and well built, but the streets narrow and ill-paved. As the vessel sailed again the same afternoon, he had no opportunity of visiting the castle of Cronberg, where the ill-fated Matilda was imprisoned. In the account of the light-house, on the island of Dagboo, at the entrance of the Gulf of Riga, we have the following singular story:—

'There is a passage on each side for shipping, but the western one is the deepest and largest. Some years back the proprietor of this island, Baron ———, built a house on an elevated situation, crowning it with an octagonal tower, in which large mirrors of plate glass were disposed to reflect the light so as to resemble the light-house; this room he occasionally caused to be illuminated, while the proper light-house was kept in darkness; deluded by the artifice, many vessels were wrecked on the coast, with the loss of numbers of their crews; the cargoes were then seized by this monster, and appropriated to the gratification of his infamous cupidity. At length the captain of a vessel, who had been a sufferer in consequence, ventured to wait upon the baron, intending to upbraid him with his treachery: it happened that a person who had officiated in the family as a tutor, had experienced a fit, and was supposed to have died, so that his corpse had been laid out in one of the apartments of the castle. Into this room the baron conducted his victim, and there, dreading a disclosure of his villanies, murdered him with an axe. At this juncture the supposed corpse recovered its sensibilities, and witnessed the cruel scene, but had the prudence to continue motionless until the inhuman monster had left the apartment, when he availed himself of the opportunity to escape to Riga, and gave that information which terminated in the wretch's perpetual banishment amid the savage wilds of Siberia.'

At Cronstadt the ship was visited by the custom-house officers, who are described as a set of mean drunkards, who beg every article that takes their fancy, even to needles, thread, or children's dolls. From Cronstadt Mr. Holman proceeded in the steam-boat to St. Petersburgh, where he engaged an intelligent Russian boy, who understood French, as his interpreter:—

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'It is peculiar to this country, that no one thinks of addressing his superior with a title correspondent to our Mr., but by an addition of his own to his father's Christian name:—for instance, my father's name being John, I was called James, the son of John; unless there be two of a name, the surname is considered superfluous.'

The sympathy of others and the inquisitive mind of Mr. Holman supply him with that information which others obtain by ocular investigation. Our traveller was invited to the consul-general's table, and to that of our ambassador; he was also introduced to the English club, and played a few games at bowls, and found little difference between those who could and those who could not see. Every person has heard the anecdote of the eccentric Mr. Harvest, who forgot the day on which he was to be married; it appears that he was not singular in this respect. At the English chapel at St. Petersburgh,—

'A wedding party had assembled, and were waiting for the clergyman, when the bridegroom, whispering to the bride that he wished to step out for an instant, quitted the church. The clergyman soon made his appearance, but the bridegroom was not to be found; and, after waiting for nearly two hours, the party were obliged to return to their homes without the ceremony being performed. It proved that the gentleman had gone out with the view of asking an old and particular friend to be father to his bride; but, being a broker, had unfortunately, instead of entering at once upon the subject of his visit, commenced with a point of business, which so absorbed him, as to entirely put the more immediate concern out of his head; so that he literally forgot his bride and all the promised happiness he had been so near realizing. The ceremony was, however, performed on the following day, to the surprise of many of the ladies, who declared that, after such neglect, they would have rejected such a husband *in toto*.'

Sir James Wylie, the emperor's physician, and his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael, treated Mr. Holman with great kindness; the latter conducted him over the artillery-school. Mr. H. next visited the first house inhabited in St. Petersburgh, by its founder, Peter the Great:—

'This interesting hut, still in good preservation, is built of larch-wood, to which its great durability is attributed: it is, however, protected by a temporary building. It comprises only three small rooms, one of which was the monarch's bed-chamber. In the corner of the latter was a priest's cloak, hanging on a peg, an image, and a censer, intended for the use of a clergyman, who performs some religious ceremony here at stated periods; such is the veneration in which this almost sacred building is held by the Russians, who regard it as the germ from which their magnificent city originated.

'There is also a boat preserved under the same temporary roof, which was built by this extraordinary man: it is a kind of Dutch yawl, clinker built, with the head and stern alike, and is now in a very decayed state.'

Our traveller was splendidly entertained by the celebrated Cossack, General Yefremoff. The dinner commenced with corned beef, followed by sturgeon, and then by soup, game, &c. He says:—

'The novelty of our entertainment was, however, yet to come. A dozen strapping Cossacks now entered the room, and began to entertain us with a variety of their national songs, the whole singing together, but each taking separate parts. After this had proceeded for a time, all on a sudden, they caught up one of our party, laid him out on their arms, and began tossing him into the air, thus making him dance to the tune of their song; this was repeated in succession with each individual, and considered a great compliment, which was returned by a present of money. It was practised upon the general himself, as well as his visitors. A single individual of our party alone escaped this dance in the air: he was one of the imperial chamberlains, and so bulky that the don amateurs were actually shy of amusing themselves with his person.'

Tossing in a blanket in England is a punishment; in Russia it seems to be a compliment. Mr. Holman relates some interesting anecdotes of General Yefremoff, who had risen from the ranks:—

'During the retreat of the French army, his gallant conduct attracted so forcibly the attention of Murat, who commanded the French cavalry, that he sent him a valuable watch, accompanied by a flag of truce, with the request that it might be presented to the gallant officer who commanded the Cossack troops, as a mark of his esteem, for the activity and bravery he had so often witnessed. What an honourable testimonial to receive from an enemy!'

Mr. Holman gives not only an interesting, but a good, description of St. Petersburgh, its palaces, churches, literary and scientific institutions, &c. The imperial library contains three hundred thousand volumes, of which only seven thousand are in the Russian language. This library is thrown open to the public every Tuesday. Public institutions are the hobby-horses of the imperial family, and are so conducted as to reflect the highest credit on their respective patrons:—

'An instance of the truth of this remark is met with in the Foundling Hospital, under the immediate protection of the dowager empress, the extent of which is such, that no less than three thousand five hundred orphans are annually admitted. Only, however, five hundred of these are accommodated in the house, the remainder being sent into the country.

'The little pensioners are immediately placed in charge of a number of nurses, kept in the house on purpose, from whom, as they increase in age, they are progressively transferred through the different departments of the establishment, appropriately constituted for their reception.

'The system observed is intended to encourage industry, and with this view a routine of active employment, accordant with the age of the individual, is provided, so as to remind one forcibly of the three first of Shakspeare's seven ages.

'A certain number of the girls receive accomplished educations, for the purpose of being sent out as governesses, including the French and German languages, music, dancing, &c.; and are occasionally married from the institution, in which case they receive a small portion from the empress. Many of the boys, also, are taught various languages, mathematics, &c.; while others are educated in the mysteries of different trades, according to their abilities or genius. It is from this source that the theatres are principally supplied with their performers.

'There is no distinction of religion observed, except that, if a child has not previously been christened, it is brought up in the Greek church. Every child is vaccinated as soon as admitted.'

Among the amusements of the inhabitants of St. Petersburgh, are summer, wooden, and winter, ice hills:—

'The summer hill consists of an inclined wooden plane, along the grooves of which you are launched forward from an eminence, in a car just large enough to hold two persons, with their feet projecting on either side; the impetus which is acquired in the descent is sufficient to carry you forward for a considerable distance after reaching the level. I ventured into the car, and found the sensation produced by no means disagreeable.

'The ice hills, used in winter, are constructed upon similar principles. A wooden frame is first erected, and floored with slabs of ice, in the manner of a pavement; water is then poured over it, in order that, when frozen, it may fill up the interstices, and give a smooth surface.'

'There is a house of entertainment on the Peterhof road, about five versts from the city, named Krasnoi-Coback, or the red house, to which numbers of the inhabitants resort, under the pretext of eating a peculiar kind of pancake, named *waffle*, which is in the form of an oblong square, made in a mould, and is extremely light and agreeable in its flavour. This house has an exclusive privilege of selling liquors duty free, which was conferred upon it by Peter the Great, in consequence of his being in the habit of refreshing himself there when on his way to and from Cronstadt. The Empress Catharine II. also passed the night here, on her way to Peterhof, after assuming the reins of government on the imprisonment of her husband. The original house is yet standing; the business, however, is conducted in a more modern building, immediately adjoining to it.'

The police of St. Petersburgh is very strict, and the officers assume various disguises:—

'The police regulations for preserving the public peace, and keeping order in the streets, are very strict, and some of them not a little peculiar: for instance, both the self-pleasing art of whistling, as well as indulgence in smoking, are interdicted. A friend of mine one day received a check as he was amusing himself in the former way during his walk. How annoying such regulations must be to bakers' boys and Germans,—the former might, in consequence, be compelled to think, the latter prevented from doing so.

'The following occurrence, witnessed one

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day in the street by a friend of mine, serves to instance the dread entertained by the lower classes of getting under the power of the police. As he was passing the Isaac Bridge, a droshka suddenly stopped before him, when the driver leaped down, and, with every symptom of consternation, took his passenger from off the seat of the vehicle, and laid him on the road; he then hastily remounted his box, and drove away with all possible speed. The passenger had been seized with a fit, when, thinking he might die, the affrighted, but prudent, Russian took this method of getting rid of him, in order to avoid the trouble and expense the police would have imposed upon him, had he been found with the dead body.'

'Among other regulations for the management of this city, those intended for its protection from fire seem particularly deserving of notice.

'With a view of affording the most immediate and effectual assistance, the city is divided into twelve districts, in each of which is a lofty tower, where watchmen are stationed night and day, to detect the first symptom of fire, which is then notified to the whole, by a signal indicative of the quarter in which it has taken place; this signal is made by a flag in the day-time, and by means of lanterns at night, and is immediately repeated by all the other quarters.

'At every station, engines with excellent horses, ready harnessed, are prepared to hasten, at a moment's notice, to the point of alarm; and, in order to insure the greatest promptitude, the firemen are punishable if they do not reach the spot within twenty minutes, however distant its situation may be.

'In order to render the firemen more expert in their assistance to the unfortunate inmates of the burning house, they are regularly trained in a very singular exercise. A lofty pole, with a platform near its top, is erected at the height of about the fourth floor of a large house, and ascended by means of ladders: the firemen are practised in descending from this platform with the assistance of plain ropes and rope ladders. The most singular part of the exercise is, that they are required to precipitate themselves from the platform; every precaution, however, being taken to prevent injury, as by placing beneath a sail-cloth suspended by poles, with feather-beds, hay, straw, and soft substances under it. Even the officers themselves are not exempt from this exercise.'

Mr. Holman gives an account of the state of society in St. Petersburgh, with the baptismal, marriage, and funeral customs:—

'This custom of making bridal presents is certainly not peculiar to the Russians; but, perhaps, there is no part of the world where it is carried to a greater extent. Amongst the rich nobility, immense sums are often thus expended. When the Countess Strogonoff married Prince Galitzin, about two years since, the picture-gallery of her father's palace is said to have been crowded with articles furnished on the occasion, so as to have resembled a bazaar. Amongst others, were immense numbers of the richest shawls, a silver dressing-table, basin, and ewer, with a profusion of perfumeries and other *materiel* for the toilet; and of shoes alone, there were no less than five hundred pairs—the whole reputed to have cost half a million of roubles.

'I may here take the opportunity of remarking, that marriage in Russia gives the husband no control over his wife's property: at her death, she can dispose of it as she pleases. Nor does this merely affect her own inheritance; her husband can thus vest in her any part, or the whole, of his own property, and cheat his creditors with impunity.'

The funeral ceremony in Russia is very imposing:—

'For some days after death, the body is exposed in state in the chief apartment of the house, surrounded by all the paraphernalia adapted for the occasion. A train of servants, in deep mourning, usher you through suites of apartments hung with funeral livery, and lighted by wax candles. At length you reach the apartment where the body lies, extended on the state bed, in a splendid coffin, covered with crimson velvet; the escutcheon placed at the foot, and a superbly decorated canopy at the head of the bed; the whole bed, as well as various parts of the walls of the room, which are hung with black drapery, are illuminated with immense wax flambeaux, while a number of priests are in attendance, who offer up constant prayers for the soul of the deceased.

'The corpse itself is attired in its best clothing, or in an expensive substitute for it; or, if the individual held any situation under government, in his appropriate uniform. This custom led to a singular occurrence on the decease of the late General Alabief. After his interment, a bill of thirty thousand roubles was missing; suspicion fell upon his secretary, who was threatened with a prosecution, unless it was reproduced. Unable to account for the deficiency, the idea at length occurred to him, that the paper might have been buried with his master; the coffin was opened, and the bill found safe in the general's pocket!

'On the day of the funeral, the streets through which it passes are strewed with cypress-leaves. The coffin, with its lid on, but as yet unsecured, is placed on a rich car, with the canopy before mentioned over it, supported by six wooden pillars, and carried by men in deep mourning. The procession now marches slowly towards the church, preceded by numerous choristers, who chant, as it advances, the most affecting and solemn dirges. Succeeding to these come an immense number of priests, attired in their clerical robes. Behind the car, the relatives of the deceased follow, with their heads uncovered: such as are military men, in full uniform; or, if they hold situations at court, in their richest court-dresses. Ladies frequently join in the procession, some on foot, others in carriages; and the carriages of the relatives bring up the rear.

'Having entered the church, the coffin is placed on a bier, with the canopy over it; the lid is removed, and the relatives and attendants take their stations on each side. The prayers now commence, accompanied by the most solemn vocal and instrumental music; this part of the ceremony continuing for not less than two hours. At its conclusion, the father confessor of the deceased reads aloud the contents of a scroll of paper, consisting of a pardon for his sins, and which is then, together with a piece of money, placed in the hand of the departed Christian. These may be considered as his passports into the other world.

'The mourners and other attendants now, one by one, take their final leave of their departed relative and friend, by embracing his corpse; the lid is then secured, and the coffin once more placed on the car, for the purpose of being conveyed to its last earthly habitation—the family vault. The company now enter their carriages, and return to the house of the deceased, where a splendid entertainment is provided for them.

'It will readily be conceived that the expenses attending such a funeral must be very considerable. In the instance of Prince Plata-Zuuboff, who was lately buried at the Strelna monastery, they are said to have amounted to nearly a hundred thousand roubles; and the canopy used at the death of Madame Narishkin alone cost six thousand roubles.

'It is customary in Russia, on the anniversaries of the death of any respected relative, to make a solemn visit to his tomb.'

(To be continued.)

Origines; or, Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities. By the Right Hon. Sir W. Drummond. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 913. London, 1824 and 1825. Baldwin.

Rarely, indeed, have we met with a work displaying so much erudition as the Origines. The author is a gentleman who takes nothing on trust that can be elucidated by investigation; he is one of those ardent inquirers who

'will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.'

Every one who reads his book and makes a candid estimate of it, must be convinced that Sir William Drummond, in his inquiries, is more anxious to seek a confirmation of existing opinions than arguments in favour of scepticism; at least, such is our opinion, as far as we can judge from the work before us, which does not contain anything that *ought* to give offence to the strictest theologian, though we doubt not some, who pin their faith on the sleeves of others, may affect to quarrel with it. There is, as Sir William Drummond well observes, 'a mental pleasure, which, though few avow, yet many feel, in contemplating remote events obscurely known, embellished by fancy and amplified by exaggeration.' A lady, whose acquaintance with high life was superior to her scriptural knowledge, is said to have been quite delighted with the Old Testament, until she learned it was not a work of fiction; and there are, no doubt, many persons who scarcely desire to know the truth where fiction is more pleasing; but, as truth must ultimately triumph, the sooner we discover it the better.

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Sir W. Drummond divides his work into four books: the first three treat severally of the origin of the Babylonian and Assyrian empires, and the empire of Iran; the fourth book is devoted to Egypt. In the course of the author's investigation, nothing perhaps is more remarkable than the way in which he strips many nations of their extravagant claims to remote antiquity, which he does very satisfactorily. It is, however, the case with the Origines, as with some other works, that no extract, or even analysis, however judiciously executed, will either do justice to the author, or afford a fair criterion by which the reader may judge of the work. In this respect, we find ourselves as much at a loss in noticing the volumes before us, as we should do in reviewing a work whose principal merit rested on its graphic excellence. These difficulties shall not deter us from offering a few extracts and remarks; no comment, however, can do justice to the patient investigation, industrious research, deep knowledge, and acuteness, which the author displays in his truly valuable enquiries. Cobbett complains of the size of London (but of what has he not complained), and calls it 'the 'wen;' although it appears that Babylon was much larger, according to the account of Sir W. Drummond, who is not apt to err in his statements. He says:—

'The walls of Babylon formed a square; and each side of this square, if we follow Herodotus, was 120 (short) *stadia*, or seven miles and a half in length. According to Diodorus Siculus, a vacant space of two *plethra* was left between the walls and the city, and we may therefore reckon the distance between them at 240 feet. Consequently, each side of the square, formed by the city itself, extended seven English miles, three furlongs, and one hundred and eighty feet; and this was also the length of each of the fifty streets, of which one half crossed the other at right angles, and divided the city into 625 squares, which were laid out in gardens. To this general plan of Babylon we must make some exceptions, and allow for the space occupied by the Euphrates, as well as for the enclosures, in which the temple of Belus, the hanging-gardens, and the royal palaces, were situated. The river, according to Strabo, was one *stadium* in breadth; and this *stadium* I should suppose to have been that of 435 English feet, equal to the 34th part of a *parasangs*, because Mr. Rich states the breadth of the Euphrates at Helle to be 450 feet; and this must have been very near the part of the river indicated by Strabo. It is indeed said by Diodorus Siculus, that the length of the bridge over the narrowest part of the river amounted to five *stadia;* but this bridge was probably constructed on account of the annual inundations, before the channel of the Euphrates was confined by walls of brick, and before the superabundant waters were conveyed away by innumerable canals. Each side of the square enclosure, in which the western palace stood, is said, by Diodorus, to have been fifteen *stadia* in length; and as both this historian and Strabo, when they speak of measures of distance at Babylon, seem to have reckoned by the stadium of 435 feet, or the 34th part of a *parasanga*, each side of the exterior wall would measure nearly a mile and a quarter. But, with all these deductions, the capital of Chaldea must have contained many more houses than London, which is the largest city of modern Europe; and, as Herodotus mentions that the houses were generally three or four stories high, we must suppose the existence of an immense population, which had grown to its height after the lapse of many ages, and which employed the industry and consumed the produce of many provinces.'

Sir William Drummond, in treating on the building of the tower of Babel, brings much reasoning to show that this impious attempt could not have been made within a century after the deluge, but in the time of Abram; and that the site of the tower was in the neighbourhood of Ur. The desolation occasioned by the flood, the long time that must have elapsed before the world was sufficiently settled, or even populous enough, for such an attempt, the improbability that Noah would sanction an undertaking as impious as it was foolish, and the want of all allusion to the deluge by those who built the tower of Babel, are so many proofs that it could not have been within a century after the flood. Our author says:—

'Fifty years after the flood, the world must have been a mighty wilderness—the plains full of marshes, and the hills covered with forests. Noach may have cleared a few fields, where he planted his vines; his sons may have done the same; but the progress of cultivation must have been gradual; and, under such circumstances, the increase of population must have been slow. It is then rather difficult to believe, upon the authority of chronologers and commentators, for the Bible says no such thing, that, about *one century after the flood*, the descendants of Noach not only built the cities of Erech, Accad, Calneh, Nineveh, Rehoboth, Calah, and the great city of Resen; but began to construct a tower of such vast dimensions, that they proposed it should reach to heaven. The sacred historian tells us, that the descendants of Noach built all these cities, and that Babel was the beginning of Nimrod's kingdom; but he assigns no date to the foundation either of the kingdom or of the cities.'

We shall not follow our ingenious author through his erudite investigations, for, to some of our readers, the subject would not be sufficiently attractive; to those, however, who are fond of biblical and antiquarian inquiries, we strongly recommend the Origines, and shall conclude with an extract from the author's remarks on the sciences of medicine and anatomy, as practised among the Egyptians:—

'Whether the Egyptians or the Greeks were the first who dissected human bodies, and could consequently first claim an acquaintance with anatomy, is a question which has, I believe, been generally decided in favour of the latter. The justice of this decision, however, appears to me to be very doubtful. The priests, who pretended to be descended from Æsculapius, and were thence called Asclepiades, were the most ancient physicians among the Greeks; and for many ages, and long after the establishment of regular medical schools, their success continued undiminished. Of the ignorance of these quacks and impostors abundance of proofs may be found in the writings of Pausanias, Plutarch, Philostratus, and Aristides; and since their defective knowledge was so apparent in later times, it would be idle to suppose that they possessed more skill in remoter ages. The first regular school of medicine in Europe was established by Pythagoras, at Crotona. Alcmæon, who, by the dissection of animals, brought comparative anatomy to the aid of his science; and Democides, the celebrated physician of Darius, were both of this school. The yet more celebrated school of Cos was founded by Hippocrates, who, according to Celsus, was instructed by Democritus in the medical art. How far, then, the knowledge of the two founders of these two schools might have been derived from the Egyptians, I leave to be considered by those who reflect on the many years passed both by Pythagoras and Democritus, in Egypt. One thing, however, is certain. No human bodies had ever been dissected by any Greek physician, so late as the time of Aristotle, since that philosopher (Hist. Animal. L 1. c. 16.) admits, that the internal structure of the human frame was chiefly known by the aid of comparative anatomy. Herophilus and Erasistratus were the first Greek anatomists who dissected human bodies; and these physicians were both well advanced in life before they commenced their anatomical studies at Alexandria, under the reign of Ptolemy Soter. But this prince would have hardly permitted the introduction of such a custom, had it been as repugnant to the feelings of his new subjects, as it was to those of the Greeks. May we not thence argue, that the Egyptians had no prejudices on this subject? May we not even suspect, that the dissection of human bodies had been practised in Egypt before the time of Ptolemy Soter?

'It has, however, been argued, that the customs of the Egyptians were as hostile to the practice of anatomy as those of the Greeks. In a country where the bodies of the dead were embalmed with so much religious care, the practice of dissecting them, it is observed, could hardly have been permitted. Even the embalmer who was employed to open the body of the deceased was, if we believe Diodorus Siculus, considered with abhorrence, and was compelled to fly for his life, after having performed an operation enjoined by the laws and sanctioned by the religion of the country.

'To this last statement I am not inclined to give much credit. The embalmer, according to Porphyry, proceeded in his business without molestation, opened the body of the defunct, took out the entrails, placed them in a chest, and, after having offered a prayer to the sun, threw the chest into the Nile. Diodorus says, that the embalmer was assailed with stones, as he fled from the house where he had performed his duty. The practice of embalming could scarcely have existed for many ages in a country where it was the custom to stone the embalmer.

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'The Egyptians were in the habit of placing dead bodies in the catacombs made to receive them in the caverns on the western side of the Nile; and the Greek *mythos*, with regard to Charon and the passage of the Styx, has been thence ingeniously explained by Diodorus. Some writers have contended, from the care taken to preserve the mummies, and from the belief in the soul's return to inhabit its material mould, that the dissection of human bodies could never have been allowed by the laws, nor reconciled to the religious notions of the Egyptians. It is, however, quite clear, from the evidence of Diodorus himself, that many dead bodies were never placed in the catacombs; and it is quite impossible to believe, as that historian says, that they were placed upright against the walls in the houses of those who ought to have buried them. May we not suspect, that some of these unsepulchred bodies were occasionally submitted to the operation of the dissecting-knife?

'There existed no law, as far as I know, which prohibited the practice of dissection in Egypt. On the contrary, this practice is said to have been encouraged, not only by the authority, but by the example of the kings. This fact is distinctly stated by Pliny (L. 19). It is in vain, that M. Goguet would have these kings to have been the Ptolemies. No one ever heard of any of the Ptolemies holding the dissecting-knife; and Pliny clearly intimates that the kings of whom he speaks had themselves dissected dead bodies for anatomical purposes. We have already seen, that two Pharaohs, Nechepsus and Athothis, were medical practitioners; and that the latter, as Manetho affirms, wrote books on anatomy.

'Upon the whole, then, I am inclined to think, that Herophilus and Erasistratus either found or revived the practice of dissecting dead bodies in Egypt.

'There is another circumstance which merits attention. The anatomical skill shown by Homer has often excited the admiration of his readers. In fact, this great poet seems to have known more of anatomy than many of the most famous physicians who flourished several centuries after his time. An idea may be formed of the gross ignorance of the physicians of Greece before Herophilus, when it is recollected that he was the first among them who traced the nerves to the brain and medulla; and that even he knew so little of the internal structure of the human frame, as to believe that the veins have their origin in the liver.

'M. Goguet accounts for Homer's knowledge of anatomy, by supposing the dissection of human bodies to have been practised by the physicians of his time in Asia Minor. But the learned president might have made the same supposition with regard to the physicians of Egypt. He might have recollected that Homer, according to Diodorus Siculus, had not only visited Egypt, but had been initiated into the sacred mysteries in that country. He might also have remembered that the poet celebrates the medical skill of the Egyptians, and is silent with regard to that of the inhabitants of Asia Minor.'

Fairy Favours, and other Tales. By E. F. D. small 8vo. pp. 256. London, 1825. Cole.

This is an interesting little book for youth, consisting of some dozen tales of a mixed character, fraught with good sense and written in a plain unaffected style. They inculcate good morals, may with safety be put into the hands of children, and therefore merit the attention of heads of families. We shall select an example or two:—

'*The Beetle and the Spider.*—"How hard it is," said a young beetle to his mother, "that we should be obliged to lead such a dismal life, always creeping about in holes and corners, whilst other creatures are enjoying their liberty in open sunshine. Why need we hide ourselves? Have we not a right, as well as others, to a place in the world?"

'"Certainly, my child," replied his mother, "and we have a place in it; but it is neither pleasant nor safe for us to be much abroad in the open day."

'"Why is it not safe?" said the young one.

'"Because, although very harmless in our nature, we are unfortunately, to the ignorant part of mankind, disagreeable in our appearance; and, notwithstanding there is room enough for all, yet many are so cruel as to deprive us of life, because they do not like to look at us."

'"How is that possible?" said the young insect. Surely they cannot think us ugly; our form is neatness itself, and what can be more beautiful than our bright shining coat of purple and black?"

'"It is all very true," observed the mother, "but those who have not eyes to see our beauty, think as ill-looking: however, it is of little consequence, for our inclinations are so well suited for our security, that we never care to fly about till late in the evening, or in the twilight, of a fine summer's night, when we can enjoy ourselves without fear of molestation. Nor can I imagine how you came to differ so much from the rest of your species, as to wish to be gadding abroad at any other time."

'"I should not have thought about it," replied the little beetle, "if I had not seen that monster, the Spider, so frightful, and so wicked in his nature, in a situation the most conspicuous, making the fairest flowers in the garden support his mischief, and daily destroying numbers of innocent insects. Is it not provoking to see this sanguinary wretch carrying on his trade in the face of day, and in the sight of every one, whilst I forsooth dare not show myself?"

'"Before you complain, recollect, my child, that the station he occupies is as free for you as for him, if you choose to expose yourself to the same danger; for, depend upon it, he will not remain there long in safety."

'Here the conversation ended—the old Beetle travelled on to her retreat, and the young one stayed to watch the motions of the Spider.

'When he returned home he gave his mother an account of the number of flies that had been caught and destroyed.

'"It is a sad thing," said she, "to see the evils which we cannot prevent; but it is of no use to spend all our time in watching and grieving over them."

'The next day the young Beetle was again at his post, and upon his return observed to his mother, that he was more convinced than ever, how foolish it was to dream away their lives in a dark hole. "The Spider is still undisturbed, and likely to remain so: he has spread another web, twice as large as the one he made yesterday, and swung it right across the gravel walk; and there he sits in the middle of it, and I dare say thinks himself the king of the garden. Why should not I endeavour to take a station equally high? I can climb the rose-tree close by, and that, you know, will be above him."

'"Wait till the morrow," said the mother; "we shall see if his pride will not have a fall."

'"Ah, mother," said the young one, "you have prophesied that so often; but, as you say, we shall see."

'The next day, while on their way, the young one described the beauty of the place, and the pleasantness of the situation.

'"And surely," observed the little insect, "while such a tyrant remains in security, there can be no danger for such harmless creatures as we are."

'By this time they had arrived within sight of the Spider's domain, but saw no signs of him, or his web, when, approaching the tree, on which he had lately suspended his snares, and preparing to climb, the young Beetle was struck with terror, on seeing the mangled remains of the voracious insect crushed in the path.

'This was sufficient—the old Beetle forbore to make any farther reflections, than just to observe, that the Spider might have continued in the way and station for which he was designed till a much longer period, but that he had obtruded himself upon the notice of those to whom the path properly belonged.

'Thus saying, she ceased, for she knew that, when conviction took place, it was needless to read long lectures. So they returned to their habitation, and from this time the young one was satisfied with that obscurity by which safety was best insured.'

The following is the beginning of a story, entitled Toys not Trifles:—

'"Oh mother;" cried Jane, coming hastily into the room, "my aunt has made me such a present! guess what it is!" "A new bonnet," said mama. "A thousand times better," cried Jane; "but I am sure you will never guess; so I had better show you at once." Saying which, she displayed a rich gold watch, with chain and seals of equal value. "I chose it myself," continued Jane; "it cost a great deal of money, but I am sure I do not know how much. My aunt told me several times to take which I liked best; but I am afraid you don't think it is pretty," said the little girl, observing that her mother looked serious. "Indeed, my dear, I do think it very pretty, and give you much credit for your taste: the only objection I have to it is, that it is much too fine

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for one in your station. Don't you remember, that as our washerwoman's little girl was passing along, you observed how foolish it was for her to wear a sash. Now there is nothing more absurd in a washerwoman's daughter wearing a sash, than in some tradesmens' daughters wearing so costly an ornament as you are in possession of. Remember, I do not object to the trinket, but to the expensiveness of its decorations."

'Jane appeared much disturbed by her mother's observations: "But," said she, "when I am nicely dressed, I might wear it; and then the people would not know that I am only a tradesman's daughter." "Fine dress and rich ornaments are too common for any one now to be distinguished by them," said her mother; "still I hope, if it were not so, you would have more sense than to wish to pass for what you are not. Few but those who practise the deception can imagine the mortification that belongs to it; and nothing is really so creditable as to have only what is suitable to one's station. In giving you this article of finery, your aunt has considered what would please rather than what is proper; so return it with thanks, and tell her the reason why you would prefer a plainer one."

"'Or suppose, mother," said Jane, who did not like to part with her fine watch, "that I keep it by me, and do not wear it; only just let me show it to my schoolfellows, and then I will put it away."

"'I think that would be very foolish—a watch is too useful an article to lay by: besides, that would not satisfy you; people seldom care for fine things which they cannot display: and, as to showing it to your schoolfellows, depend upon it they will not like you the better for possessing what it is not in their power to obtain."'

TALE. BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

(Concluded from p. 247.)

THE second tale in this work, which is said to be written by Mr. Banim, the author of the Celt's Paradise, and some other poems, and a friend, is entitled the Fetches. It is a very interesting tale, and embodies many of the traditions of the country; we have, however, no room for an analysis of it, nor for more than one extract, a poetical one:—

'The mother died when the child was born,
And left me her baby to keep;
I rocked its cradle the night and morn,
Or, silent, hung o'er it to weep.

'Twas a sickly child through its infancy,
Its cheeks were so nathy pale;
Till it broke from my arms to walk in glee,
Out in the sharp fresh gale.

'And then my little girl grew strong,
And laughed the hours away;
Or sung me the merry lark's mountain song,
Which he taught her at break of day.

'When she wreathed her hair in thicket bowers,
With the hedge-rose and hare-bell blue,
I called her my May, in her crown of flowers,
And her smile so soft and new.

'And the rose I thought never shamed her cheek,
But rosy and rosier made it;
And her eye of blue did more brightly break
Through the blue-bell that strove to shade it.

'One evening I left her asleep in her smiles,
And walked through the mountains, lonely;
I was far from my darling, ah! many long miles,
And I thought of her, and her only;

'She darkened my path like a troubled dream,
In that solitude far and drear;
I spoke to my child! but she did not seem
To hearken with human ear:

'She only looked with a dead dead eye,
And a wan wan cheek of sorrow—
I knew her Fetch! she was called to die,
And she died upon the morrow.'

The third and last tale is entitled John Doe, a name with which authors are too frequently acquainted; the John Doe of parchment notoriety is, however, not the one alluded to in the tale, who is the captain of a body of Whiteboys.

John Doe, or rather Henry Kavanagh, is a young and spirited Irishman, who is deceived by the machinations of a villain of the name of Purcell, a tithe-proctor. This demon in human shape, on the faith of a written promise of marriage, seduces Cauthleen, Kavanagh's sister, gets him proscribed, and seizes on his little paternal estate. This breaks the heart of the mother, and Kavanagh, who had previously formed an attachment to Mary Grace, the daughter of a rich attorney, is driven from the country. Purcell soon gets tired of Cauthleen, whose character is beautifully drawn, and casts her, "like a loathsome weed, away," having first got possession of the written promise he had made to marry her. The modest sweetness of Cauthleen is finely contrasted with the ruffianly violence of Purcell, when he comes home one night, determined to quarrel with her and demand it. After asking for it more than once, he repeats his demand, and asks if she has sent it to an attorney: this she denies:—

"'Where is it then, woman?" he asked, stamping, and holding out his clenched hands. At this moment Cauthleen drew a handkerchief from her bosom, and a crumpled slip of paper fell on the carpet. One glance of Purcell's eye recognised the long-sought document, and he was stooping to pick it up, but Cauthleen hastily anticipated him, snatched it, and restored it to her bosom.

"'I'll have it, by Heaven!" exclaimed Purcell, stooping towards her; but Cauthleen, starting up, rushed into a corner, and there again kneeling, addressed him,—

"'Do not, do not, Purcell!" she said; "I'll give it to you when you hear me—to-morrow, when you hear me calmly, I'll give it to you.—Do not," raising her voice, and wringing her hands as he approached—"for the love of that Heaven whose love we have both missed!"

"'So," resumed Purcell, now standing over her, "you had it about you at the very time I asked for it, and you would not let me see it!"

"'You should not be angry with me for that, Stephen; I'll tell you about it—when you are away from me, and that I am quite alone in the world, I draw out that paper, and read it over and over, and kiss it, and cry over it, and lay it on my heart—'tis my only hope—and, if there is any, my only shadow of excuse by myself and before God."

"'Nonsense!—trash!—folly!—give it into my hand this moment!"—and he caught her by the wrists.

"'And sometimes, Stephen," she ran on, out of breath, blinded in tears, and struggling with him—

"'Sometimes I steal up with it to the cradle where our last and only boy lies sleeping—the rest were taken from us, one by one, for a judgment—we deserved that curse—and there I kneel down by the infant's side, and ask him, in a voice that would not waken a bird, to look at it, and understand it, and see that he is not entirely the child of shame, and that his mother is not entirely the guilty creature they will tell him she is.'"

Purcell knocks the poor creature down, gets the paper, and burns it. The ruffian, who had fixed his mind on Mary Grace, turns poor Cauthleen and his and her child into the street:—

"'Leave my house," he added, after a moment's pause; "you and your brat together—leave it this instant!"

"'I will," muttered Cauthleen: "I intended to do it." She rushed through a door, and returned with the infant on her arm.

"'The night draws on, Purcell," Cauthleen continued, "and it was just in such a night you sent my mother from our own old home, that, in her agony and sickness too, the cold blast might deal on her. I leave you, praying that it may so deal on me. My mother cursed you as she went; I pray to have that curse remembered! and I add mine! take both, Purcell—the mother's first—the daughter's last. May they cling to you!"

'Having spoken these words, Cauthleen caught closer in her arms the wretch they encircled, and, bare-headed and unmantled, rushed out of the house of crime. After an instant's lapse, Purcell heard her wild and already distant scream mingling with the wail of her baby, and the bitter gust of the cold winter night.'

As a bar to Purcell's getting Mary Grace, she is enamoured of Lieutenant Howard, who commands a party of military in Clonmell; he therefore endeavours to induce Mullins, one of the Whiteboys, to assassinate Howard, and plans the abduction of Mary Grace by Mullins and his own tenants. The attempt to murder Howard is prevented by the villain being shot at the moment by a stranger of the name of Sullivan, who persuades Howard not to go to Mr. Grace's, whither he was proceeding, but to return and let him take a note of apology. He does so; but where to write the note? Howard proposes going to the next house, which is Purcell's:—

"'Never!" cried Sullivan, almost in a scream, and while he stamped his heel into the sward.

"'And why so, sir?" asked Howard, coolly; for he began to tire of the whimsical impatience of the young person's manner.

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'Sullivan changing rapidly into a deeper tone, and almost speaking through his clenched teeth, went on.—"Never, I say, but in defiance, shall my foot rest on this threshold; never shall I darken his door, but when I come, as the shadow of death and destruction might come, to darken it for ever.'

Howard wishes to know the cause of Sullivan's hate:—

'"The particulars would be a long story. Privately he stirred up the wretched and ignorant people around him to resist rackrents that he throve by as privately exacting. When he got them involved by his agents, he informed against them, running their blood into money. Those who held lands on reasonable terms he thus contrived to turn adrift on this world, or launch into the next, bidding for the vacant land himself, and then letting it, at tenfold its value, to starving creatures, who, though they sweated like the beasts of the field, which they do, could not meet their rent-day. There was one family in particular—but come, captain, let us push on to the light;—I delay you?"

'"By no means, you have rather interested me; there was, you say, a particular family?"

'"There was. A mother, and a son and daughter, and an old grandfather: the father was long dead. Purcell, by his underhand practices, ensnared the son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, in nightly combinations: then he arraigned him before the landlord; and then, for their lease was expired, son and all were turned out of their home, the old man and all; all, except the daughter."

'"And what became of her?"

'"Villain! eternally damned villain!" exclaimed Sullivan in another burst, and while his youthful face and figure took a stern and formidable appearance; "what became of her? He had trod her down beforehand,—seduced her, and she went with him into his house. She left her sick mother, and her ould grandfather, on the field before their own door, and turned to the menial hearth of him who—pardon me—the night wears—we walk too slow."

'"Pray continue; what of the rest of this poor family?"

'The narrator, touched perhaps as well by Howard's evident sympathy, as by the subject he was about to enter on, answered in a broken voice—

'"The mother, as I said, was ill: she could get no farther than the ridge that gave her a last look of her ould cottage. She sat there till night came on 'Twas a bad night—and—she died in it," he added, with a voice scarcely audible.

'"Dreadful!—and the son?"

'"The wretched son was not then at home. He returned with an oath to revenge his poor mother. Purcell gained information of his purpose, and, at the head of a body of soldiers, hunted him through the country. In the north the boy escaped him; and there, it is believed, took shipping for America."

Sullivan, who our readers will find no difficulty in supposing to be Kavanah, gets the note written in a cabin, takes it to the house, is admitted, and invited to stop all night. While there, the attack is made by Purcell and his party to carry off Mary Grace. Sullivan, whom Mary had by this time recognised as Kavanah, advises resistance, and attempts to shoot Purcell, whom he recognized through the keyhole, but misses him. Mary is carried off, together with her father, a Mr. Somers, and Kavanah. We cannot follow them through the scenes they pass, and shall merely state, that when Howard hears of the abduction he musters his men, and goes in search of them. The party are led to a cottage where there is an old man, who commands Purcell to let go the hand of Mary Grace. Purcell insists on Mr. Somers, a clergyman, to marry them, but he refuses, and then calls on Tackem, an unprincipled priest; but he is deterred, partly from the illegality of the act, and from a promise of Mr. Grace to give him more money than he would get by the job. Purcell, thus baffled, is on the point of carrying off Mary, and punishing the refractory priests, when the old man exclaims,—"Stand out, grandson! Harry Kavanah, stand out!" Then Kavanah stood forth without disguise, and was hailed by the whole party. He blew a horn, and was soon surrounded by an overpowering force, wearing loose blue coats, and strongly armed. They attacked Purcell's party, and some were killed on both sides, but he escaped.

Purcell now applied to Howard for assistance; but, wishing to sneak away, and exciting some suspicion, is dragged forward more like a prisoner than a fallen combatant. Howard came up with Kavanah's party, and learnt that he had rescued Mary from Purcell and his party. Kavanah now avowed himself to be John Doe:—

'While speaking these words he engaged his hands in unbuttoning the close frock that we have described as fitting tight to his figure; and when he had ended, Kavanah, laying the reins on his horse's neck, flung it aside altogether, and displayed an inside dress, consisting of a white vest, or jacket, over which was a red waistcoat, with bunches of green ribbon for shoulder-knots, and a broad green sash round his waist. He also wore a belt, or girdle, in which were seen two cases of pistols.'

Kavanah then calls on his 'Twelfth Sub-division of the Flying Army of the Hills' to show themselves, and they immediately cast off their great coats. Mullins is Sergeant Moonshine, and Flinn Lieutenant Starlight. Howard expresses his regret that he must do his duty, and bids Kavanah surrender, while he, on the contrary, orders his party to disarm that of Howard:—

'He had scarcely done speaking when the party which he headed rushed forward with tremendous cries, and, as they had been ordered, discharged a volley into the faces of Howard's soldiers, Mary, her father, and his reverend friend, still in the thick of the assaulters; while, at almost the same moment, the ambushed foes in Howard's rear jumped upon the road, at either side, broke through his ranks, and, more than three to one, instantly grappled with the royal muskets, simultaneously assisted by Kavanah's men. The soldiers, taken at surprise, and their arms shouldered, made little or no resistance; in the midst of the smoke and flash and explosion of the unexpected volley levelled at them, every man in the line found himself in the sudden gripe of at least three enemies, front and rear, so that even effort was paralyzed; some few shot indeed escaped them; but this happened while they vainly struggled against an overwhelming force, and while their pieces, already seized by tugging hands, were pointed upward; a few others, who might have fired straight on, saw Howard's friends immediately before them, and remembered his orders; and, in fact, a minute had not lapsed until Howard found himself at the head of an unarmed body, wearing red coats and military caps, indeed, but deprived of every other badge of warfare, as even their pouches and belts had been ravished in a twinkling.

'Himself, too, did not longer than any of his soldiers, retain the means of defence. While all was yelling and uproar around him, Lieutenant Starlight advanced, with simply a short stick in his hand, and—"Captain, honey," he said, "I'm comin', first, to keep my promise with you; I could you in the barn, that we'd show you Doe, some time or other; well, h-ivich, sure, there he is; an' now, honour bright, just lend me a loan o' your sword, a moment, an' I'll take the best care in the world o' you."

'Howard only answered by a pass at his antagonist, which Flinn skilfully parried; they then set to, nearer to each other, and the contest ended in Lieutenant Starlight striking the sword out of the hands of Lieutenant Howard, and immediately flourishing it aloft, and then dropping the point. At the same moment Sergeant Moonshine came up, dismounted, with a sword also girded round his loins, the property, a few moments before, of his more loyal brother, who now accompanied him as his prisoner.'

Kavanah seizes Purcell, and all the party and their prisoners move towards Grace's house. Flinn and Mullins are sent forward on a special mission. One of them, asked by the other if he ever did a good deed in his life, says he did two: he killed a gauger and shot an attorney. Kavanah leads Mary Grace forward, and endeavours, with all the eloquence of true love, to induce her to renew her affection for him: this she firmly refuses. Kavanah then, half distracted, heaps his reproaches on Purcell:—

'Purcell, starting and clasping his hands, here uttered a loud cry,—"lights in my house! in every window!" he exclaimed, "what is this?"

'"Lights in your house! and in hell, tyrant!—a shadow of the flame that shall soon, and for ever, swathe you! look again! 'tis brighter and redder than the midnight blaze that shone over your costly feasts, and on the worms that crawled round to share them!—look again!"

'The fierce light grew stronger at all the windows; then waned; and then flared out again, as it proceeded in its destroying course.

'"My house on fire! my property wreck-

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ed! my papers! my wealth! my all!—and was it for this, plunderer and assassin?—was it for this you led me here?" he continued, turning in fury on Kavanah.

"'For this?—fool, fool, prepare yourself! if you have ever learned a prayer, repeat it."

"'Mercy! I am now below your vengeance!" cried Purcell, suddenly changing his tone and manner, "I am a beggar, and at your feet; Look on me, I am at your feet!"

"'There would I have you be! by the round world, I have prayed and wept for it! for such a scene and hour I have thirsted, and my tongue hath burned with thirst!—thus, in my dreams I have seen it, and shrieked and laughed to see it!—look at your house again!"

'While he spoke, the crackling of slates and glass was heard, and, a second after, the flame shot out through the windows and door, clear and straight, like a broadside from some great war-ship. Immediately followed the smoke—the volumes of smoke, massy, thick, and curling, and showing, amid the red light and the murky relief of the hills around, white as a morning vapour that the sun calls from the bottom of the valley. The moon had set, and here and there in the sky black wreathes of clouds moved swollen and slowly along; while through them, and between them, the "chaste stars" glimmered wildly on the phenomenon; reduced by the contrast of lurid light to the appearance of cold silvery specks set in a frozen ground of intense blue. The side of every hill and every break, for miles adjacent, caught the sudden glow, removing it, fainter and farther, into almost desert solitude, till it was at last devoured by remotest darkness. But the ragged features of all the nearer heights became fitfully developed in the blaze, and, grim and haggard, broke out into the night; nay, at a very considerable distance, high peaks, white in snow, blushed faintly, and without form, like the shadowy indications of grand scenery caught and lost in a dream. The lawn immediately before the house seemed perishing in light, and the pond of water, flaming like molten ore, reflected and heightened the immediate horrors and magnificence of the scene.'

Kavanah is on the point of filling up the measure of his vengeance on the life of Purcell, but is prevented from it by Mary, O'Clery, and others: he then hands Purcell over to Mullins and Flinn, for the purpose of being despatched, which we are left to suppose they executed:—

"'And your hand, again, Mary Grace!" resumed Kavanah, when they had left the height, "and be quick—be quick! why do you draw back and shiver?—Mine is not yet blotched. Howard!—men, let him advance!—here—take her—she is your's—virtuously your's—you will be kind to her, for her own sake, for my sake. Howard—I saved your life—you are free—in the morning send your soldiers to the barn, and they shall there find their arms, along with those you saw, and others—now they are free, also."

"'Still generous, though utterly lost!" interrupted Mary—"Kavanah, Kavanah! call back that dreadful command!"

"'Noble, though unfortunate man!—leave him, as all of us exhort you, to the laws he has this night outraged—give up your desperate courses, and, if my friendship——" Howard was going on when Doe broke in with—

"'Peace, I give them up, because I had intended it. Miserable and misguided creatures! return even to the oppression you would vainly and sinfully oppose, and to the hard lot that, embittered as it is by utter poverty and cruel neglect, you can never hope thus to improve; traitors I will not call ye; but men of many crimes ye are, even as a higher voice has said it; forgive me the bad example I set—reform, repent, and be industrious; this gallant and honourable captain, and all the gentlemen that hear me, will, if you deserve it, be to you the friends they kindly wished to be to me."

"'We will! but what is your own fate?" asked Howard.

"'No matter what; yet, perhaps, better than I merit: to-morrow night I sail from my native land, to resume, in a distant one, other acquaintances, and another station—but hark to that!"

'A sudden explosion of fire-arms reached them, and, almost at the same moment, the roof of Purcell's house fell in, and one tremendous spire of flame darted to the heavens, illuminating for a few seconds more fiercely than ever, all contiguous objects, and even the remotest distances. Then succeeded the vomiting and expanding smoke, and the red fragments of burnt timber that the exploding air impelled upward; and then almost utter darkness wrapt once more the hills, the fields, and the blotted sky. But ere thickest shadow had veiled the countenances of all near him, Howard, for the first time, brought to mind, while looking on Kavanah, the features of the young man who had so much interested him in the tent, on the evening of the pattern.

'While all paused in consternation, Doe continued, "'Tis over! mother and sister, you are revenged!—yet, now, I hear that sound, and see that sight in more sorrow than my first yearnings promised—who comes?" interrupting himself as the faint but wild cry of a female was heard advancing; and, immediately after, Cauthleen tottered forward, and sunk at his feet, exclaiming—

"'Brother, spare me! 'tis poor Cauthleen."

"'Spare you, my poor girl, spare you!" he repeated, "rise, come to your brother's heart—you have a brother still! I did not think to see you so soon, Cauthleen," he continued, pressing his flushed cheek to her pale one, "but, but—oh Cauthleen!—sister!" he wept on her neck.

"'I always loved you, Harry—and—I—hoped—I—" she could not, amid sobbings and chokings, utter the words, 'till she sank, fainting, in his arms. "The health has faded from your cheek, my girl," he resumed, "and you are worn and wasted—a shadow of my once beautiful Cauthleen!—'tis over!" looking round—"farewell all, and every thing, but this poor bruised flower, which, to raise up and nurse, and to call back to bloom, must now be my life's only care and occupation! Farewell, country! my native hills—my hearth made desolate—my lost love!—Mary, I ask not now to touch your hand with mine—Farewell!"

'He bore his insensible sister on his arm down the hill, and was followed by all his party; Mr. Grace, Mary, Howard, their reverend friends, and the disarmed soldiers remaining behind: and the outcast brother and sister were never again heard of in the land of their birth, their sorrows and their crimes.'

An Introduction to Practical Arithmetic and Mensuration. By Samuel Reynolds. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

Although there is nothing very striking in this work, yet it is well calculated for schools and private tuition. The author has very properly omitted several useless branches of arithmetic, which found their way into former treatises on the subject.

A Synopsis of the Evidences of Religion, Natural and Revealed. By the Reverend John Topham, M.A. F.R.S.L. 12mo. pp. 58. London, 1825. Whittaker.

This synopsis of the evidences of natural and revealed religion is principally drawn from the writings of Butler, Paley, Doddridge, and Marsh; it is designed as a manual for youth, and is well calculated for the object the author had in view,—that of 'determining their juvenile judgment in matters of such momentous importance.'

Important Advice to the World; or, the Way to Prevent and Cure Diseases incident to the Human Frame, demonstrated and based upon Principles agreeable to Nature. By J. Morison, Gent. not a Doctor. 12mo. pp. 238. London, 1825.

'Important Advice to the World,' and not published by Mr. Colburn, who has so patriotically declared, that he will consecrate the remainder of his invaluable life to bringing forth works of the 'first importance!' how is this. Did Mr. Morison never hear of Burlington Street, or is he afraid of dividing profits with a bookseller? Perhaps he only means to let Mr. Colburn in on the second edition, which, however, will not, we suspect, appear in a hurry.—But, jesting apart, much as we despise professional humbug, we are still more disgusted with the impudent quackery of the no-doctors, of which Mr. Morison is one. That five-and-thirty years' suffering might make the poor fellow fancy he knew something of disease, is natural enough, because experience teaches; but that he should seek to stuff us for every complaint with his vegetable cleansers, and cram us with a dozen pills at a time 'of his own composing,' like the sexton's psalm, is insufferable, to say nothing of his caution against *under-doses*, which we are told 'only tease more than a strong dose, and do no good.' The quackery is so barefaced, that we stop not to inquire into Mr. Morison's talents (and he would not gain by the inquiry), but will at once say,—'Give his physic to the dogs, we'll have *none o' it*.'

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A Catechism on the Works of Creation; intended to assist Parents or Tutors in conveying to the Youthful Mind a General Knowledge of the Objects of Nature. By PETER SMITH, A.M. author of 'A Practical Guide to the Composition of the English Language,' &c. 18mo. pp. 53. Edinburgh, 1825. Oliver and Boyd.

THIS catechism exhibits a perspicuous view of the ordinary objects of nature that are daily presented to our observation, and are, therefore, most deserving of research. The merit of elementary works in the form of catechisms is too well known to need our eulogy, and the present work is one of the best we have met with in this modern improvement of systems of tuition.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Du Sacre des Rois de France, et des Rapports de cette Auguste Cérémonie, avec la Constitution de l'Etat aux Différens Ages de la Monarchie. Par M. CLAUSEL DE COUSSERGUES, Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation, Member de la Chambre des Députés. 8vo. Paris, 1825.

FOR several months scarcely a day has passed without there being some mention of the approaching coronation of Charles X., which, however, has been deferred more than once, and is only just positively fixed. Some persons thought the delay arose from a want of some of the oil which is said to have showered down so opportunely at the coronation of Clovis, and which was supposed to have been destroyed during the revolution; but we are told this is not the case, as a portion of it had been preserved by some loyal and religious priest. A more well-grounded reason for the delay of the coronation is a little begling on the part of the king at the oath, in which he must swear to maintain the charter (which, by the by, is broken every day), whereas, in the old Structure oath, which was worth no more than an oath at the Custom House, institutions was used instead of the obnoxious word charter.

M. de Coussergnes, in his volume of upwards of six hundred pages, labours hard to show that all that is, or has been, required of the kings of France, at their coronation, is to swear to maintain the fundamental laws of the kingdom; but then comes the question, what are the fundamental laws? During the revolution, we saw laws thus termed which were broken before the ink was dry, and acts passed for perpetuity which were in their very nature of a temporary or ephemeral character.

M. de Coussergnes begins by telling us that, 'on the day, so memorable and so dear to France, when Louis XVIII. first addressed the chambers and the French nation, his majesty declared his intention to bind the new ties which connected him with his people, by the solemnity of a coronation. This august monarch announced the same intention at the opening of the session in 1818, but his habitual infirmity did not permit him to accomplish the wish of his heart.'

We believe, if the truth were told, other causes than that of ill-health prevented Louis XVIII. from being crowned, for the first few years after his accession, or restoration, as the old gourmand called it, to the throne of France. Pope Pius VII. had crowned Napoleon, and, claiming the usual privilege of the successors of St. Peter to infallibility, would not uncrown him, or, in other words, would not crown, nor permit any one to be crowned, King of France, while Bonaparte lived. It is true that, on the death of Napoleon and the pope, the objection existed no longer; but, in the mean time, the infirmities of Louis XVIII. rendered him totally unable to bear the fatigues of a coronation.

The accession of Charles X. has, however, according to M. de Coussergnes, recalled to memory a ceremony so venerable in the eyes of all Frenchmen who are faithful to the religion of St. Louis. It is this which makes the author ransack ancient and modern history, in order to collect all that relates to this great act of the national religion, from the time of Clovis to the present day.

We had forgotten another stumbling-block in the coronation oath of France, in which the king swears to banish all heretics out of the kingdom. It is necessary, however, to mention it, in order that all our visitors may have their luggage ready packed, and be fully prepared to quit France the moment Charles X. has become an 'anointed king,' at Rheims.

After giving an historical account of French coronations, from the foundation of the monarchy to the present day, M. de Coussergnes enters on an inquiry into the connection of the coronation ceremonies with the constitution; he then discusses the functions of the peers, the enthroning of the king, the nature of the coronation oaths as to banishing heretics and not pardoning duellists, the acts of grace usually accorded at the coronation, the objections to the ceremony arising from the alteration in the government according to the charter, &c. In this the author displays much industrious research, and his work will, no doubt, be acceptable to '*les Français fidèles à la religion de Saint Louis.*'

Grammatica Inglesa, reducida á Viente y dos Lecciones. Por D. José de Urcullu. 12mo. pp. 344. London, 1825. Ackermann.

THE intercourse now so intimately commenced between the late Spanish colonies and England and the United States, will necessarily render an acquaintance with the English language particularly desirable to the inhabitants of South America; indeed, although it is extremely difficult to displace or change the language of a people, we doubt not that, in a few years, the English language will be very extensively known all over the New World.

Mr. Ackermann, with that active zeal which he constantly displays in the promotion of knowledge, has, in addition to the elementary works noticed in a former number, published a grammar, by M. Urcullu, for teaching the English language to the Spaniards. The author, driven to England by the convulsions of his own country, acquired a sufficient knowledge of our language to become a teacher of his own, and has compiled a very excellent grammar, to enable his fellow-countrymen and all who speak Spanish, to acquire by easy means what to him must have been a task of difficulty.

Cartas Sobre la Educacion del Bello Sexo. Por UNO SENORA AMERICANA. 12mo. pp. 228. London, 1825. Ackermann.

THESE letters, on the education of the fair sex, are written by an American lady, for the benefit of her Hispano-American countrywomen; they are composed in an agreeable style, and inculcate morality very strongly. The instructions for the tuition of females exhibit much good sense and a knowledge of the subject on which the author treats.

ORIGINAL.

SPRING-TIME, BALLS, THEATRES, MASQUERADES, AND GIPSYING PARTIES.

SPRING-TIME is come again—young, beautiful, green-mantled spring,—the season when budding trees and opening flowers and singing birds call forth a new creation upon earth, and renew a thousand sweetly accordant sensations in the heart of man. He must be indeed 'a clod of the valley,' who does not feel younger and healthier and happier, as he walks through fields and gardens bursting into life, in their renovation silently preaching hopes for immortal natures to contemplate, and in their promise of the fruits of the earth, each in their due season, awakening glowing gratitude to the great Giver of all. Perhaps this season is the most delightful, because it is that of promise rather than fulfilment; our senses are awakened and delighted, but not to the extent of their powers, and the excitement given by expectation protracts our enjoyment. We look forward to brighter flowers and richer perfumes, to the time when pendent fruits shall load the boughs, and 'valleys wave with ripened corn,' and consider ourselves but on the threshold of the palace of nature, lovely as it appears.

In our northern clime, it is true, easterly winds contend with sunshine, and, although this is decidedly the finest April we have ever beheld, it is certain that the country would be benefited by more showers, if purchased even by sunshine; but, in London, the numerous visitors of this time, more especially the pedestrian part of them, have extraordinary advantages, as appears from the bustle, gaiety, and even splendour, visible in our streets. When we contemplate the number of persons of every description now quitting their country residences and flocking to London for pleasure, we are compelled to acknowledge, that 'crowded cities' and 'the busy hum of men' have a charm more piquant and attractive, if not more delicate and lasting, than those of the country, even at this interesting season. Man and the works of man, his powers, his varieties, and even his follies, have captivation for men, and the 'daughters of men' also; hence, the cynical recluse, the sentimental young lady, the poet who extols groves and mountains, the philosopher who disdains the gauds of fortune, all alike press up to town, and mingle with the

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crowd, to see and be seen, to hear and be heard; to rub off old dust, and obtain new ornaments, for their inward and outward improvement.

Hence our theatres are every evening filled, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather; and the Haymarket has opened with spring vegetables, in lieu of summer fruits Covent Garden finds itself filled, without having recourse to stimulating curiosity by any novelties, and offers no hot-house plant, save the German exotic, Der Freischutz, which is so completely naturalized as to be neither new nor terrible any longer. Drury Lane has raised our old drama once more from the dust, at the same time with those inexhaustible Arabian tales, which delighted our childhood; but we are not certain of the success of either so far. There is at this time a more than common portion of suavity in audiences, so that few pieces are damned, though very few survive the cold and chilling politeness with which they are received. Tragedies and melodramas and farces alike rise up, 'fret their hour upon the stage, and then are heard no more.' The labours of a dramatic author greatly resemble those of a milliner: not one article in ten that is composed for the taste of the public *takes* with it, and even the fortunate one which pleases has a very short run, goes out when the dog-days come in, and is forgotten in the autumn: whether, like Rowley and Massinger, it may be the fate of any of the present day to be honoured by a distant resurrection, we know not; but since stiff silks with cotton stuffings, such as we well remember in early childhood undergoing anatomy by our grandmamas, are now exhibited by every silk-petticoated damsel we meet, let not Keaney himself despair: the world is growing old, and will at length drop into dotage, and may do many strange things.

Masquerades, too, are stirring, and to us it is a wonder only that they are not much more frequent even in England, where they are said not to suit the genius of the people. We are certain that, amongst us, persons are found as fond of assuming that which they have not, of appearing that which they are not, as any punchinello at a carnival can possibly be. Our numerous watering-places, to wit, give exhibitions of this nature without end: besides, we have surely no want of humour—no deficiency in the power of observation on the constituents of character; and we have a very extensive knowledge both of the existing and the imaginary in life. Perhaps it is *modesty* which is so inherent in the English, that neither education, habit, infection from French manners, nor British publications, can wholly divest us of it; something, at any rate, there certainly is about us, which prevents such a general exhibition of talent as might be expected in the masquerade conversazione of young, gay, intelligent, and talented people. A masquerade is dull to those who do not seek it for bad purposes, and, we trust, useless to those who do; we may at least venture to assert, that numerous flower-girls, shepherdesses, and sultanas, are always to be found so little calculated to charm sighing swains or grace splendid seraglios, that seduction cannot be laid to their charge beyond the crime of intention. The gallantry of our sailors will bewitch no girls out of Wapping, and our strutting grand signiors may be fairly acquitted of stealing the Georgian beauties of the present reign;—no, no,—we are not good masqueraders.

Perhaps the most pure and heart-felt pleasure we can enjoy—one from which a lowly party is not excluded, and which the highest in the land may unreprovedly revel in,—is a gipsying party in summer, or early in autumn. If you are already in the country, so much the better, as you can go the farther from town; but, if not, an hour's earlier rising will bring you to the spot where various friends meet, where arrangements are made, and whence from twelve to twenty persons, throwing off all care and state, ramble forth to enjoy the beauties of nature in her most sequestered nooks or her most magnificent forms. Rocks or ruined abbeys, fine waterfalls, or ancient castles, are the best places of rendezvous; as offering themes for conversation and subjects of curiosity: and fishermen or sketchers amongst the party—excellent caterers—bustling, good-tempered, cork-drawing men—and active hospitable women, mix admirably with poetical enthusiasts, chatty anecdotists, grave antiquaries, sweet-singing girls, and their gay run-about sisters. It is delightful to see sons in their summer, daughters in their spring, and their parents in their autumn, all enjoying life at the same moment, in the same innocent, easy, care-forgetting way;—to see men of various occupations, talents, and fortunes, all at once divested of profession, trouble, ceremony, and what not, that clings to houses and lands, characters and fortunes, reduced to a state of nature, without poverty and misfortune, and enjoying all the luxuries of society and the freedoms of barbaric life in unison. The loud laugh which echoes from heart to heart, the droll embarrassment, the something *forgotten*—which is as necessary to excite good humoured mirth as the something *remembered* is to promote good cheer—the awkwardness of which no one is ashamed, the praise which every one claims, the thousand little tendernesses exhibited by susceptible hearts amongst the young, and which light up reciprocal feelings and fond remembrances in the married, told in saude looks and sunshiny smiles, render the rural scene as sweet and touching as the vernal landscape around is fair and lovely:—

'To the golden sunset of such an hour,
The breasts beneath with answering colours glow:'

and the twilight walk which follows a day spent in such harmony,—

'Has less of earth in it than heaven.'

As we are beginning to be very lover-like and poet-like, it is time to conclude, lest, like other gipsy wanderers, secrets should escape us unlawfully elicited. We shall, however, conclude by a hearty recommendation o these rambles to our readers, as a source of amusement for the ensuing summer, and an assurance that they will register such diversion amonst the red-letter days, the white moments of life, to its latest existence. D.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXVII.

I DISDAIN being confined to the jog trot routine of ordinary narrative, or limiting my views of society to those of ordinary mortals, when I can penetrate the secret thoughts and divine the wishes of individuals. I have, however, seen such strange vagaries and inconsistencies among mankind, when awake, that I became anxious to know if they were more rational when asleep: in order to do this, I introduced myself into the dormitories of sovereigns and subjects, and ascertained the waking dreams of individuals by their sleeping visions and relations, for—

'There is a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;'

and indeed a thousand circumstances in the history of the world, have proved that—

'Dreams full oft are found of real events,
The form and shadow.'

I pass over the ordinary class of dreamers,—such as lawyers, dreaming of the offices of judge, attorney-general, &c.; of young deacons, who look forward to rich rectories, valuable vicarages, ample archdeaconries, and brave bishoprics; of citizens, who view, at no great distance, common councilships, gold chains, and the first seat in that dray-horse sort of vehicle, the state carriage of the Lord Mayor; of whigs sighing for place or new grievances, and of ministers longing for increased salaries, with splendid houses and establishments; of young ladies sighing for beaux, and old ones for jewels and adulation; of physicians and surgeons considering how they may keep the souls and bodies of their patients together as long as the fee is forthcoming, and of apothecaries divining how they may make a half-crown draught at half a farthing expense; of saints dreaming how they may become sinners, and of sinners anxious to appear saints without detection; of honest and industrious workmen looking forward to a seventh day's rest; and of stewards, butlers, footmen, hackney-coachmen, *cum multis aliis*, planning how they may cheat their masters with impunity.

These are every-day occurrences, and scarcely worthy the notice of Asmodeus, who ought to shoot at nobler game. Well! I have done so: I penetrated the imperial palace at St. Petersburgh, and found Alexander perspiring under the struggle between the impulses of his heart and his political prejudices; borrowing money of Rothschild, and cooping all the Jews in two or three of the worst streets of Warsaw; boasting of his free subjects, and issuing an imperial ukase, by which every person he pleases must wear nothing but the coarse linsey-woolsey of Russian manufacture, and not even purchase that anywherebut of the army-clothiers of Moscow! Francis, Emperor of Austria, was not asleep: he was engaged in baking bread for his journey to Milan, to hoodwink the poor enslaved devils, the Italians. The King of Prussia is so recently married, that delicacy prevented my entering his bedroom; I learnt, however, that the promised constitution, of which his subjects have dreamed for the

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last dozen years, did not in any way disturb the slumbers of their sovereign. The Kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria were dreaming how they might benefit their subjects without provoking the anger of the Holy Alliance. The Prince of Saxe Coburg was planning how he might get rid of an injured wife, and raise sufficient money to come over to ask a loan of £50 from his brother, Prince Leopold; or, if this was refused, offer to farm the milk, fruit, and vegetables, the husband of our late heir apparent sells. Poor fellow, he is little aware that no man can make more of them than Leopold himself.

I found the rest of the German princes dreaming how to make good matches for their sisters and daughters. Passing on to Italy, I was not surprised to see the King of Sardinia preparing to meet his slavish master, the imperial ruler of Austria and Italy; but regretted most sincerely that the King of Naples ever dreamed of such a thing. The Pope I found in a tremendous passion at the failure of the jubilee, and swearing that the Pope of Rome was no more thought of now than Pope of Drury-Lane Theatre. From Italy I necessarily passed through Switzerland in my way to France; but of what the Swiss were dreaming I could not, for the soul of me, divine. Arrived at the French capital, however, I had no difficulty of interpretation. Charles X. was writhing on his bed: the cool contempt with which he was received in public on the anniversary of his entry into Paris; the indemnity he was procuring for the cowardly emigrants, who deserted France when his family needed, though did not deserve, their support; the triumph he had afforded the Jesuits in their murderous edicts against sacrilege; and the 'pomp and circumstance' of the approaching coronation at Rheims, alternately flitted across his mind: yet still he seemed not happy, and involuntarily started, sometimes at the recollection of the French revolution, and at others he shrunk back from a half-concealed portrait of a boy, who strongly resembled Napoleon, and might pass for his son.

I had almost forgotten to say that I found the Grand Sultan asleep in his harem; the Greek chieftains in the Morea quarrelling when they ought to have slept; the King of Denmark dreaming of a cocked hat, fine feathers, and a review; and the King of Sweden in a reverie as to the permanency of the Bernadotte dynasty.

Determined to encompass the world at once, I did not return to England, but proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, where I found Lord Charles Somerset persecuting editors, jockeying horse-buyers, and very ingeniously, though perhaps unconsciously, rendering himself as obnoxious a personage as the house of Beaufort ever vomited from our shores. At St. Helena, I heaved a sigh over the grave of Napoleon; and, proceeding to Calcutta, found Lord Amherst, the Governor-General of India, had been asleep ever since he reached the shores of Hindostan; happily for him, Sir Archibald Campbell was awake, and let the Burmese know it by his successful defeats of their incursion. At Botany Bay, I found the people *transported* on my arrival, and could I have gone to sleep, should have dreamed of the future glories of this fifth *quarter*, as an Irishman would say, of the globe.

Popping in to take pot-luck in South America, I found Bolivar in Lima, owing to a victory gained by Sucre over the Royalists,—the best and most decisive battle fought in the new world during the last dozen years, and one which the too-cautious tactics of Bolivar himself would never have achieved. As there is nothing now to fear in the south, I proceeded to North America, and was pleased to find that the ebullitions of party, however violent, are not lasting; for General Jackson, the rival of Adams for the presidency, was the first to tender him his hand, and the public felt as eager to support the new president as if he had been elected by acclamation, or by the unanimous voice of the republic. Even the animal creation of the United States appears to have rejoiced in the election: I do not know in what manner the sea-serpent expressed its approbation, but the American editors gravely assure us that, on the day of the election, the bird of Jove, the representative of the feathered tribes triumphantly hovered over the Capitol; and the geese and ducks that stray about the streets of Washington hissed and quacked their delight.

Returning to happy England, I found the people nearly all dreaming. His Majesty, heaven bless him! was dreaming of his people's happiness, and of the array of beauty and elegance that is to pass before him at the forthcoming drawing-room; his Majesty's slumbers were occasionally interrupted by a sort of phantasmagoria of the contests between the Catholics and Protestants. His Royal Highness the Duke of York was dreaming of the indiscreet speech he made in the House of Lords, on Tuesday, when he pledged himself, so help him God, never to yield Catholic emancipation; and of the horse on which he shall stake the produce of York House, when George Robins has puffed the furniture into money. The Lord Chancellor was in a reverie on the first clause of a new act to put down speculations, and which, it is supposed, will, should his lordship live, be submitted to Parliament in the year 1835.

Some of the dreams even of the legislators were so extravagant, that I thought the parties must have sat over their cups for hours after the cock crows, as Mr. Brougham boasted, at the Edinburgh dinner, he used to do: for instance, there was the opposition, with the exception of Tierney and a few others, dreaming of becoming ministers, and Mr. Brougham fancying himself on the woolsack; little barrister and M. P Williams dreamed he was as tall as Carus Wilson, of Furnival's Inn; and some two or three hundred members dreamed that the new bill for Catholic emancipation would heal all the wounds of Ireland, and fully feed and satisfy the population of that country,—honest Jack Lawless excepted.

But, to be more discursive,—I found the great lessee dozing over a bottle, and studying by what new process he could keep himself sober until seven o'clock next Monday, in order to receive the King, when he visits the theatre; though, if what Harriette Wilson says be true,—namely, that Elliston is most rational when most drunk, and is only stupid in proportion as the effect of wine evaporates, I should advise him not to face royalty until he has had his third bottle; but, perhaps, Elliston wishes to appear in a new character that night, and so will go sober. Sir Richard Phillips was dreaming of the millenium, when his system of philosophy is to overturn that of Newton: this worthy knight has recently visited Dr. Church,—he who casts type and arranges it into printers' pages, by playing on a piano-forte,—in order to have the system applied to the manufacture of new books from old cuttings of newspapers and monthly magazines. The Rev. George Croly was dreaming that his really clever fulmination against the Catholics would get him a rich benefice, and save him from the drudgery of writing dull dramas and ill-natured criticisms on actors and authors. Sir William Congreve was startling in his sleep, at the opposition given to his new plan, yclept the Equitable Loan Company, by which eight per cent. is to be exacted from the unfortunate and the dissipated, and the College of Physicians be converted into a divan, to determine the value of ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes: and Dick Martin, of Galway, was dreaming of the best market for the shoes and hats which he lends the electors of Cunnemara at every general election, when they shall become useless by the bill for abolishing forty-shilling freeholds.

There would, however, be no end to my rambles, were I to relate all the dreams I witnessed; and I should send my readers to sleep by relating them, just as persons involuntarily yawn when they pass the print of a gaping man in a shop-window. I might relate the horrid visions which the country gentlemen and landholders saw before them in an alteration of the corn laws; the plottings, even in sleep, of the corn-factors, to keep up the price of grain,—the artful workings of dishonest minds in order to dupe the unwary.

But the picture was not all gloomy: I saw the members of our charitable institutions dreaming of the happiness they had diffused and were diffusing; benevolent individuals, who 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,' shrinking with apprehension lest the acts of their bounty should become public. Nor was this confined to any particular class of society or sect of religion: I found humane Jews and hard-hearted Christians; unassuming nobles and haughty tradesmen. I will not, however, pass on to scenes of a more domestic nature, though I might tell how some wives, in their sleep, confessed the innocent frauds practised on their husbands, by stating the cost of an expensive dress at half its real price; and of some husbands who acknowledged cheating their wives in more important matters: but never shall the unconsciously-revealed secrets of private life be bruited by ASMODEUS.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MARIAN.

A DISTANT gleam of parting light
Shone on the lattice-window bright,
And made its way through buds and bloom
Of clematis, that breathed perfume;
And, weaving its light branches, made
A graceful and luxuriant shade,
With its soft screen of leaf and flower,
To mitigate day's burning power;
And now with net-work branches slight,
Softening the gleam of parting light.

That farewell gleam of radiant day,
Through wreathing flower and leafy spray,
Shone on the features of a maid,
Within that cottage chamber laid,
Throwing a ray of glory o'er
Features that Death's pale semblance bore
One wandering curl of shining hair
Wantoned upon her forehead fair,
And seeming, in its careless flow,
Exulting, in its sunny glow,
O'er the pale grief of all below.
From the fringed curtains of her eye
One big round tear of agony
Escaped its prison—its bright cell,
Upon her faded cheek to dwell,
Like dew-drop in the lily's bell;
And her fair features were as pale
As early snow-drop in the vale,
When Winter, with his ruthless power,
Treads back a step to kill the flower.

What was her malady?—the blight
That nips the opening buds of spring,
That blasts the fruit in blossoming;
The clouds that dim the morning light:
Yet these their own disease unfold,
And woman's love is all untold.
It is the slow consuming fire,
That every moment rises higher;
The rill that, poison'd at its source,
Sparkles as brightly on its course;
The fruit, corroded at the core,
With Health's own hue still dappled o'er.

This love was borne so secretly,
So deeply hidden, even he
Knew not his empire. Like the sun,
Which sees not what it shines upon,
Lo, the pure flakes of fragile snow
Dissolve in tears beneath its glow:
Yet Love has still its joys, though Care,
Grief, and Suspicion, and Despair,
All swell its train; though Death should be
The only friend to let us free,
So sweet it is to feel the thought,
The first, the earliest, love has brought;
So sweet to look on things which charm,
So sweet to feel the heart grow warm;
And, oh! how sweetly rise the sighs
Which Love, to fan that warmth, applies,
And raise the latent sparks to fire.

As poets say, in eastern lands,
That self-devoted bird expands
Her wings, to light her funeral pyre.

How long the task would be t' impart
The history of a woman's heart;
And yet how short a time may tell
Of all that in her life befell!
So speaking of poor Marian's fate,
Her quiet life, her humble state,
Few actions may my pen relate:
'Twas all of feelings—every tone
Vibrated to one touch alone;
And, seeing all life's pleasures fail,
No hope to cheer, no star to guide,
Few words may tell her common tale:
'Twas this—she lived, and loved, and died.

EVA.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

HENRY FUSELI was born at Zurich in Switzerland, in the year 1742; and his father, though himself a very eminent portrait and landscape painter, seems to have intended his son for the church. Now John Caspar Fuessli (for that is the true family name) had been singularly successful in his professional efforts, so much so that, early in life, he was made painter to the court of Rastadt, and obtained no common share of emolument and reputation by his labours, both as an artist and as a writer on his art; therefore, why it was that he destined his son Henry—(who from childhood had shown indisputable proofs of a taste for his paternal art), why he destined him to a way of life so widely removed from his own, which had led him to competence and renown, is not easily accountable. Certain it is, however, that young Fuseli was, for that purpose, educated, in the first instance, at a school in or near his birth-place, where Lavater was his schoolfellow; and afterwards at Berlin, under the tuition of Professor Sulzer. Here he is said to have imbibed an intense love of poetry, in which he consequently made some highly-approved essays; but never in any other than his country's language. The writings of Klopstock, Wieland, and one or two besides, who were basking in the fullest blaze of their glory, just at the time when Germany was honoured with the stay of our hero there, were the first incentives to his 'muse's flame.' His playmate and townsman, the celebrated Lavater, accompanied him in a tour he made through the country; but their journeyings appear not to have been of any great duration, for young Fuseli was at least eighteen, when he left home for Berlin; and before he was of age, Sir Robert Smith, then ambassador there, prevailed on him to visit England, as a kind of literary agent for promoting a free exchange of *belles lettres* between us and the continent;—a caterer for it, at the then overflowing board of British literature. Not long had he been in London, when he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who discerned his kindred spirit, and repeatedly begged from him little unfinished sketches, which Fuseli, without yet having any distinct views as to his future occupation, would occasionally produce. Mr. Coutts (now deceased), the late Mr. Cadell, and Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Church Yard, were among the most intimate of his acquaintances; and, through the interest of these highly respectable connections, he obtained the situation of tutor to a nobleman's son, whom he subsequently attended in an excursion to Paris. At the expiration of three or four years after his arrival in this metropolis, he quitted it for Italy, in company with the poet Armstrong, whom he had known for some time previously; and now it was that he seriously resolved on devoting his whole time to the study of painting. The vessel in which our two adventurers embarked was bound for Leghorn, but driven ashore at Genoa; and thence they proceeded to Rome. Here it was that he commenced his acquaintance with the inimitable works of Michael Angelo, of whose exquisite skill he has ever since been an enthusiastic admirer. Nor, yet, did the compositions of painters less renowned, though scarcely inferior in merit, escape his impartial eye; so that, on his return to England, in 1778, his connoisseurship was almost without appeal; and, indeed, shortly after that period, his own performances had risen into such repute, that in the historical line he had no rival but West. During his continuance at the 'world's great capital,' which was for seven or eight years (in which time he associated much with Canova, and was made a member of St. Luke's Academy), his 'Œdipus, his two Daughters,' saw the light, and was transmitted to this country for exhibition. Moreover, it was at about the same time that he suggested the original idea of the Shakspeare Gallery. When he again repaired hither, his professional character rose rapidly and uninterruptingly, and soon became established beyond fear of declension; for between the years 1790 and 1800, appeared his 'Milton Gallery,' a series of paintings upon subjects taken exclusively from the works of our divinest bard. They were exhibited collectively; and the applause they received was equally honourable to the taste of the nation, and to the talents of Mr. Fuseli. Not a piece but had its own peculiarly striking merit; though some were distinguished by a superiority over the rest too evident to escape particular notice. Perhaps, of all the forty-seven that composed the 'Gallery,' *The Lazar House* was the most masterly effort. From the poet's appalling, but somewhat sickening description, our judicious artist wisely obliterated all that spoke too grossly of human weaknesses; and retained in the transcript he gave on canvas, those sentiments alone which, residing but in the mind, admit of most *ethereality* in their embodyment, and require not that the human form divine be distorted or curtailed of its fair proportion, in order to convey the desired resemblance. 'Spasms,' 'epilepsis,' fierce 'catarrhs,' and 'ulcers,' are left for the engraver of pathological embellishments to a book of surgery or a dissecting-room; but 'demoniac phrensy,' is seen starting from his iron bed,—still entangled in the coarse rug, and still cumbered with the chain that failed to secure him there. His wife, wearied out with the long and thankless toil of watching him, has nevertheless made a last effort, in the hope of saving him from self-destruction; but her strength had all been wasted, her courage had been scared away by the scowls of him she loved, and she now sinks at his feet unnerved in mind and body, and with little more spirit or consciousness than yonder child, that lies half lifeless, just fallen from the sterile breast of its dying mother. This latter scene is a beautiful episode of the painter's introduction. It is, to be sure, an interpolation in the text of Milton; but it is one of the few amendments, which (in spite of Dr. Johnson) *may* be made without *any*

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'token of a rent.' But who that has once beheld 'moon-struck Madness' can ever forget the livid glare breaking out from her eyes, each of which seems to concentrate, in its one little spark, all the shower of maddening light we see poured from above, and filtered through her brain? A child is vainly striving to win a glance from her; but she knows not even of its presence; and, yet, the forlorn little innocent has a livid lustre on its upturned forehead, that seems caught from the flashing features of its parent! In the centre of the background is 'Despair,' tending, or only burdening, the couch of 'gaunt Marasmus;'—'moping Melancholy' droops, fixed, though fibreless, in the foreground to the right; and over them, like a fly-scene, or proscenium of clouds or black jutting rocks, to complete the dismal spectacle,—over them, the gloom-winged, the bat-like form of 'Death' hovers, and 'his dart—

'Shakes, but delays to strike, though oft invoked.

We could no more than be Milton.—The imagery is too real. Strange, that no prince has ever won this masterpiece out of its author's hands! but there it is at present.—The 'Nursery of Shakspeare' is one of Fuseli's most interesting productions; but either Shakspeare or Fuseli must himself describe it;—for among the group are Falstaff, and Macbeth's Queen; and *they*, though one of them is half drunk, and the other sleeping, have words of *their own*—words, too, as legible on the canvass as on 'the immortal page.' But to proceed with our narrative:—About 1798, when Barry seceded from the professorship of painting, at Somerset House, Mr Fuseli was appointed in his room; but, in 1804, being appointed keeper of the Academy, he—in consequence of a standing order that no person shall, at the same time, hold two different appointments in the Academy, —was under the necessity of laying down the professorship. However, on the death of Opie, who had succeeded him, he was unanimously re-elected to the office; and, though the order alluded to remained still in force, the keepership was still preserved to him, and he held it till his death. His lectures on painting were delivered in 1801, and published in the course of the same year. They contain many severe strictures upon the productions of men whom not many would have dared to molest in their enjoyment of a long and exalted reputation. But we believe that even the most rigid of his fellow-connoisseurs in the art will not thoroughly acquit him of fastidiousness. In 1765, he gave to the world his 'Reflections on Painting and Sculpture among the Greeks;' and an 'Essay on Grace in the Works of Art, translated from Winckelmann.' To this, in 1805, he added a new and considerably enlarged edition of Pilkington's Lives of the Painters; and, so lately as in 1817, there appeared in the annual exhibition at Somerset House, a head of Perseus, which Mr. Fuseli had finished in his 72d year. Mr. Fuseli died on the 16th inst. at the house of the Countess of Guilford, Putney Hill, and was interred, on the 25th, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

If there be any species of art that may be peculiarly termed British, it is that of water-colour painting, in which we are even allowed by foreigners to be decidedly superior to all other countries. The extraordinary degree of perfection which this branch of painting has attained within the last few years seems almost incredible, and, if it now appears to be stationary, it is because it has attained its climax: nor is it asserting too much to say that it is adaptable to every style, from the boldest and most vigorous to the most delicate and elaborate. Were we called upon to adduce any particular proof of this, we would at once point to Nos. 28 and 176 in the present exhibition: the former, The Reconciliation of Selim and Nourmahal, during the Feast of Roses, at Cashmere, by Stephanoff; and the latter, Welsh Peasant Girls, with Cader Idris in the distance, by Cristall. These two pieces are, in our opinion, though each of them is admirable in its respective style, as completely contrasted to each other, in point of execution, as can well be conceived. The first is as elaborately and splendidly worked up as it is possible to conceive, and the glitter of gold and the sparkle of jewels have been most successfully produced by materials apparently inadequate to such an effect: although gorgeous and magnificent in the extreme, most minutely finished, and richly coloured, there is nothing hard or gaudy in it. The other piece is as much distinguished by its breadth, vigour, and masculine firmness of pencil. The two pieces have scarcely the contrast to each other as the voluptuous females of the eastern harem to the simple peasant-girls of Wales. We know not through what medium Mr. Cristall looked at these peasant-girls, but we fear that he has rather viewed them through the refracting medium of poetry than reflected them as they actually are; for these magnificent creatures realize all that we conceive of the fabled inhabitants of Arcadia. What feeling! what sentiment pervades these figures! how replete are they with untutored grace! In what a grand and noble style are their draperies arranged!—We say draperies, because there is such a truly antique and classical air in the flowing mantles of these figures, that they in no respect resemble common dress. It is drapery—nothing more, for it possesses nothing by which it is possible to identify its character. The Feast of the Roses is a scene of the most gorgeous pomp and festivity, and we should say that the artist has completely come up to the rich luxuriance of the poet; which is certainly not generally the case with our *soi-disant* illustrators of popular writers. We could say much more on the subject of both these pictures, but we are afraid that we shall be thought to have dwelt too long upon them already, considering the number of other charming and able performances that demand our attention. Wild has, as usual, some most interesting and exquisitely-executed interiors of continental churches, especially a View in the Jesuits' Church at Bruges, and the East End of the Cathedral Church of Chartres. The latter subject is well known from the picture at the Diorama, but here the spectator is not so elevated, and looks a little more to the south, so as to have the rich carved screen of the choir on his right hand. The effect of the light falling on the groups of kneeling figures has a most picturesque appearance. Prout has one or two Views in Venice and Padua, executed in a particularly free and masterly style, especially No. 57, the Ponte del Rialto, which has a depth and brilliancy of colouring hardly to be surpassed. The style of this artist is very different from that of the one whom we have just mentioned; both are admirable in their way, and well adapted to their respective subjects. Prout's bold, and we might even say careless, manner of execution accords with the uncouth and grotesque, but highly picturesque, architectural scenery which he selects. His views at Venice, Padua, and Nuremberg, place us among some of the most piquant and romantic architectural scenery that it is possible to imagine. In these cities, there is no small share of the poetry of architecture—grotesque and wild, it is true, but still poetry; whereas a modern London street possesses just as little of that quality as does a tradesman's ledger.

Cotman, whom we are glad to see this year among the exhibitors, has one or two exceedingly interesting and beautiful drawings of views in Normandy. We have yet taken no notice of the many beautiful landscapes and other pictures, by Dewint, Barret, Copley Fielding, Venley, Cox, Nash, nor Richter's School in Repose, nor Wright's numerous comic scenes; but we must now defer doing so until our next article.

WEST'S GALLERY.

Observations on the Probable Decline or Extinction of British Historical Painting, from the Effects of the Church Exclusion of Paintings, and respectfully Addressed to His Majesty and to the Right Honourable the Members of both Houses of Parliament. 8vo. pp. 151.

The opportunity of purchasing, for a GRAND NATIONAL GALLERY, the magnificent collection of paintings by the late president of the Royal Academy, is now presented to the country, in the open and unreserved offer made by Messrs. Raphael and Benjamin West, the sons of that great master, in the gratuitous publication which has recently appeared under the above title. The vital importance of the subject, as connected most intimately with the honour of the nation, and the continuation of historical painting in this country, commands the most serious attention; and, from a perusal of the historical facts and the impartial arguments contained in the work before us, we are convinced with the author, that, 'the fate of West's Gallery, and the fame of the late president, are, in a national point of view, inseparably connected with the highest interests of the British school, and the glory of the British empire;' and, that unless some *decisive* models of PUBLIC *encouragement* be speedily adopted by the

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government, in concurrence with his Majesty's gracious approbation, the whole fabric of historical painting must, in this country, sink into imbecility and become extinct.

The writer shows most clearly, that 'the force of ancient political changes, and of conflicting religious opinions, beginning early in the reign of Henry VIII. and operating for two centuries, had not only rendered painting and sculpture extremely odious, and had excluded pictures and statues from churches, but had engendered an almost incurable spirit of religious and political hostility to the fine arts, in this country. So long as the head of the church and state, the legislature and the clergy, esteemed the destruction of pictures and statues an act of loyalty and pious duty, which merited applause and pecuniary reward, it was not to be expected that Englishmen would devote their lives and genius to the cultivation of those obnoxious arts, as the means of professional fame, or even of professional livelihood. Who would take up the pencil and chisel, with the certainty of the then inevitable consequences,—neglect, contempt, and poverty, instead of patronage, honour, and fortune?'

The causes why historical painting never, till the reign of his late majesty, gained ground in this country, are in the above extract most satisfactorily explained; and the gross prejudices of the Abbé du Bois, Winkleman, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, proved to be without foundation. The author continues to observe:—

'Thus the whole frame of government, the system of education, and the public institutions, which are the only competent source and *support* of the public or historical style, became, in this country, the active enemies and destroyers of painting and sculpture. This fact is not offered here as a novelty, but merely to impress the necessary truth, that unless the same high powers which proscribed and banished the fine arts are as actively employed to reinstate them, and to offer a constant field for their support, it is in vain to expect that the public or historical style can continue or ever flourish in England, although it may drag on something like a precarious and discreditable existence.'

The foregoing is a truth so evident that it requires no comment to make a due impression on the mind of the reader. The importance of the grand style in art, as a means of national glory and elevation, is universally acknowledged; and at the present juncture, when the united works of 'the founder of British historical painting' are abiding the issue of public determination, the government is respectfully looked up to as the only instrument by which British historical painting can be re-established; and in the national purchase of the late Mr. West's Gallery the triumph of native genius will be secured.

The writer of the work before us observes most truly, that 'the praise of superior intellect, the glory of genius, is a possession beyond all price, a distinction from heaven, which cannot be purchased by individuals or by nations, however powerful.' 'England,' he continues, 'possesses more fame from the circumstance of Othello, Lear, and the other dramatic works of our great poet, having been written by an Englishman, than she would acquire by the purchase of the imperial library at Vienna, and of the royal library in the Louvre, at Paris. The possession of such a vast accession of literary treasures, on every subject, would be an immense advantage; yet what Englishman would exchange the honour of being the countryman of Shakspeare, for his share of the real or supposed honour of two such purchased importations? Greece derived more honour from the Iliad, as the production of a Greek poet, than the Ptolemies acquired by the purchase of the many hundred thousand volumes in the Alexandrine Library. Did the bookseller who paid ten pounds for the manuscript of Milton's Paradise Lost acquire the glory of that sublime poem by his purchase? Surely not. Can England sell or alienate the national glory which she derives from the compositions of Shakspeare and Milton? No; certainly. Can France barter away or transfer the national glory which she derives from the dramatic works of Racine or Corneille? Again we reply in the negative. The purchase by France or England of all the divine works of Raphael and Michael Angelo (if they were portable) in the Vatican, would not acquire the national glory of those works for the purchasers, because the glory of having produced them belongs to Italy, and that glory is her national property, which she can neither sell nor alienate, nor be deprived of by any human power.'

'Sir John Leicester, in giving Hilton a commission to paint the Europa; Lord Mulgrave, in giving Haydon a commission to paint Dentatus; Sir George Beaumont, by giving the same artist a commission to paint Macbeth; and the late Marquis of Exeter, in employing Stothard to display his elegant imagination, in embellishing Burghley, did more for the honour of England than if they had discovered and imported the celebrated Cartoon of Pisa, by Michael Angelo, which the Italian writers suppose to have been destroyed by the envy of Baccio Bandinelli. Christ healing the Sick, Christ Rejected, and Death on the Pale Horse, the last three grand compositions by West, confer more glory on the British name, than could accrue to England from any purchase or importation of sculpture or paintings from Greece or Italy.

'The late king, by commissioning West to paint English history in Windsor Castle, and the sublime series of compositions from the Revelations, for the intended Chapel Royal, contributed more to the glory of the British name, and the advancement of the fine arts, than if his majesty, by the help of Aladdin's genii, had imported the Vatican entire, with all its wonders of Italian genius, and set it up in Pall Mall, as a national gallery.'

We perfectly agree with the author in this public spirited argument, and we are decidedly of opinion, that the purchase of the late president's works, to enrich the National Gallery, would do more for the advancement of English historical painting than the acquisition of all the splendid remains of antiquity that France and Italy could afford us. Public patronage, that which the government can afford, is now required to preserve British historical painting from extinction, and to place British talent for the fine arts in noble competition with the great masters of the renowned ages.

We trust that, where so favourable an opportunity of proving our patriotic estimate of native genius as the present is offered to the country, it will not be neglected. *y.

[We insert this article, which has been sent to us by a correspondent; we had, however, previously read the work which it notices, and agree in the remarks as to the encouragement of historical painting, though we may not hold so very high an opinion of the talents of Mr. West: but his gallery is well worthy of purchase for the public, and happy shall we be to find Parliament, which is niggardly only on such points, vote a liberal sum for its purchase.]—Ed.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—There has been no novelty produced at this theatre during the week. Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* has been pretty well performed, although we miss Munden sadly in Autolycus. But really we must not be perpetually calling to remembrance those 'elder worthies,' as Dr. Southey would call them, for they suggest comparisons neither favourable nor strictly fair to our present actors. The interminable *Der Freischutz*, which has had so long and so successful a run, has received a new impulse, his Majesty having fixed upon it, and witnessed its representation at the other house, where it is not nearly so well dramatized as at this theatre.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—There could be, perhaps, no period of our dramatic history in which a visit of the sovereign to the theatre would fail to fill the house with persons attracted either by motives of curiosity or loyalty; but, now that the wise measures of government, and the peace and prosperity of the country, have rendered the King so deservedly popular, all ranks, with the utmost avidity, seize on the opportunity of seeing his Majesty. Monday last was announced for the King's visit to this theatre, and the box-office was at once assailed with as many applicants as would have filled the boxes twice over. When the evening arrived, every avenue was crowded long before the opening of the doors, and, when that much looked-for hour arrived, the rush was tremendous. Many persons were much injured by the excessive pressure. The pit was literally crammed, and the people seemed as closely packed as our poor countrymen must have been in the blackhole of Calcutta, though the expanse above and on the stage afforded more air, and prevented similar consequences. Many of the women were dragged almost senseless into the dress boxes, the occupants of which were deservedly applauded for their humanity. His Majesty entered the royal box, which was elegantly fitted up for the occasion, a few minutes before seven o'clock, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers from every part of the house, while handkerchiefs and hats were waved in every

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direction. His Majesty bowed repeatedly. The curtain then rose, and the entire company came forward and sang 'God save the King,' which was no sooner concluded than it was encored, his Majesty and the audience joining in the chorases. His Majesty again bowed, and then took his seat; soon after which the Duke of York entered the royal box, and was much cheered. His Majesty was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards (blue), and wore four brilliant stars on his left breast; the Royal Duke wore the uniform of a British field marshal. The opera of *Der Freischutz* then commenced, and his Majesty, who is said to be very partial to Weber's music, was particularly attentive to it throughout, and was kind and liberal in his praise of the performers. At the conclusion of the opera, 'Rule Britannia' was called for and sung by the whole company. The air (in which Miss Paton took a distinguished part) was encored, but, instead of it, the national anthem was repeated. The afterpiece was the altered version of Tom Dibdin's burletta, *King Charles the Second*, which, by the bye, is much inferior to the original. In this piece there are many passages which apply to the early part of the king's life, and were applied in a way that showed how ready the public is to excuse the errors of youth, when they are atoned for by the wisdom of age. The King laughed heartily at the allusions to Charles's character. On the conclusion of the piece, 'God save the King' was executed for the fourth time, and then his Majesty, gracefully bowing three times to the audience, withdrew.

On Tuesday, the 22d inst. a new interlude, in one act, called *Lofty Projects*, was produced at this theatre. It contains little plot, but an abundance of insipid jokes, and has been got up as a vehicle for the imitations of Mr. Yates, which are certainly not the best in the world. It is, however, a bustling piece, and, being short, is not unbearable, which, though a sort of negative compliment, is more than we can say of the long-announced and much-puffed 'new romantic opera,' under the title of *Precious, or the Spanish Gipsy*, which was produced on Thursday night. The success which has attended 'Der Freischutz' appears to have turned the brains of the managers of this house, who, in producing *Precious*, seem to have thought that Weber's name and Weber's music would make anything go down: the lesson of Thursday night has, however, taught them otherwise, for never was a piece more completely condemned; and, as an instance of words with a double meaning, we may say that, 'on Thursday, the 22th of April, after the tragedy of Orestes, a new drama, entitled "Precious," *succeeded*, and was *damned*.' A more absurd or contemptible production was never offered to the public; but it had some, though not much, good scenery. Even the music, with the exception of a solitary air, ill suited to Miss Paton, was not remarkable either for its beauty or expression; and the endeavour to convert this lady into an *improvisatrice* was an insult to her talents and good sense, which she ought to have resisted. The only good sense shown in the affair is the condemning the piece, in defiance of *orders* to the contrary, and the ready acquiescence in that decision by the managers.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Madame Dufrenoy, a writer of considerable talent, died on the 7th of March last. Her elegies, which first appeared in 1807, and which have since passed through two other editions, are greatly admired, both for the elegance of the language and the tone of true feeling that pervades them. Besides these, Madame D. was author of a great number of other productions, among which were several translations from English novels. Her principal original works are, a novel, entitled *La Femme Auteur; Les Etrennes à ma Fille*, two volumes of tales; *Les Françaises; La Biographie des Demoiselles; Le Tour du Monde*; and *Les Beautés de la Grèce Moderne*; which last appeared only a few months before her death.

Antiquities.—The excavations that have been going on, for some time past, at Famars, near Valenciennes, have been attended with the greatest success. Two rooms of a bath have been discovered, both of which are paved and vaulted with marble, and the walls are coated with stucco of very brilliant colours. But the most important part of what has hitherto been brought to light is two bronze vases, which were dug out, on the 10th of January last, in the presence of the sub-prefect and the mayor of Valenciennes. The larger of these vases contained 4765 medals; the other, 3480; making, altogether, 8245. The medals, which are of silver, are executed in high relief, and belong to the period of the upper empire. Those of Constantine the Great, which are the latest in point of date, look nearly as new and as fresh as if from the mint, which renders it probable that these medals were buried shortly after the reign of that emperor, at the beginning of the fourth century.

Under the title of The Blue Book, or Characters and Opinions, a lady is about to publish the contents of an album, placed for some years in her drawing-room, to receive the contributions of her literary friends during their visits.

The first part of Dr Alexander Jamieson's New Practical Dictionary of Mechanical Science, embellished with many hundred engravings on copper and wood, is nearly ready for publication.

Painting on Glass.—One of the first artists in Europe for painting on glass and in enamel, is M. Gottlob Mohn, who has for the last four years been pursuing a series of experiments, under the patronage of the Emperor of Austria, in these curious and beautiful arts. Mohn is at present employed to paint the windows of the imperial castle of Lachsenburg, according to plans given by the governor, Count Michael Riedl.

Manuscript of Homer.—The celebrated manuscript upon papyrus, of a portion of Homer's Iliad, which was discovered in the island Elephantina, in Upper Egypt, by a French gentleman travelling for Mr. Bankes, has been brought to this country. It is written in what are termed Uncial letters, of the most beautiful form, and may probably be ascribed to the age of the Ptolemies.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'Clock Morning	10 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'Clock Noon.	Barom 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather
April 22	50	58	51	29 65	Fair.
.... 23	51	64	50	.. 51	Do.
.... 24	51	56	47	.. 44	Showery.
.... 25	50	60	49	.. 74	Do.
.... 26	50	60	51	.. 74	Do.
.... 27	50	59	48	.. 25	Do.
.... 28	50	61	51	.. 40	Fair.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The following are the names of the presidents and vice-presidents of the United States, since the retirement of General Washington:

1796	Pr., Adams	Vice-Pr. T. Pinckney.	
1800	.. T. Jefferson	do.	A. Burr.
1804	.. do.	do.	G. Clinton.
1808	.. J. Madison	do.	do.
1812	.. do.	do.	E. Gerry.
1816	.. J. Monroe	do.	Tomkins.
1820	.. do.	do.	do.
1824	.. J. Q. Adams	do.	J. C. Calhoun.

Foreigners complain with good reason of the uncertainty of the pronunciation of English. The difficulty thus raised in a particular instance is well illustrated by the following examples:—'*Ough* is pronounced o, oo, ou, off, au, up—*though, through, plough, cough, enough, thought, hiccough*. A friend called upon me when, in consequence of a *cold* I had caught, I was ill in bed, and I told him I had a *cou;* upon which he asked me for some milk. Thinking I must have pronounced the word wrong, I told him I had a *cuff:* he replied, he took it for granted I had two, for that coats in this country were not made without them. Perceiving still that he did not understand me, I told him I had a *cup*. He asked me whether it was of silver or only of earthenware? Being quite angry with him, I had again to make myself understood, and told him I had a violent *cau*, and fell a coughing; so that I could speak no longer.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Tale of Sorrow,' 'Primrose Hill,' and 'Petition Extraordinary to Parliament,' in our next.

The favours of D., Tyro, J. M. R., and 'A Two Days' Journey,' have been received, and are under consideration.

The Play upon Names, by D. L., does not strike us as very happy.

The work alluded to by 'a constant subscriber,' has already been noticed, and that favourably, in *The Literary Chronicle*; but, as we have not seen any of the late parts, we advise our correspondent to judge for himself, after examining the work as far as it has proceeded.

Works published since our last notice.—Thoughts and Recollections, by One of the last Century, foolscap, 7s. 6d.—Noctes Atticæ, or Reveries in a Garret, 2 vols. 10s.—Watkins's Biographical Dictionary, New Edition, 8vo. 25s.—Brereton's Inquiry into the Workhouse System, 3s.—Retrospective Review, No. XXII. 3s.

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Rudolph Ackermann, Esq.	Lancelot Shadwell, Esq.
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GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE. The Annual Critical and Descriptive Catalogue of the Exhibition will, this Year, contain a separate Notice of every Work of Art, with a Preface and Pindaric Address to the Academicians Price One Shilling. C. M. WESTMACOTT.

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THE SOVEREIGN.—The Subscribers to this Newspaper are informed that the Portrait of the King, equal to the Specimens, will be ready for delivery on Sunday next (May 1st), to all those who have received Cheques, on presenting them at the Office, No 7. York Street, Covent Garden The 'Sovereign' of the above date will contain Three of the Seven Ages of the Heir presumptive to the Throne, 'So help me G—!!!' and a Copious Statement of the Markets, Share-Lists, &c. A Saturday, Sunday, and Monday Edition are published (price Sevenpence) —Orders are requested to be given as early as possible, to prevent disappointment

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No. 312. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Days of Lord Byron; with his Lordship's Opinion on various Subjects, particularly on the State and Prospects of Greece. By WILLIAM PARRY, Major of Lord Byron's Brigade, Commanding Officer of Artillery, and Engineer in the Service of the Greeks. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE present age has produced two individuals, whose names occupy so large a space in history, that everything that relates to them is sought after with the greatest avidity; we need scarcely say we allude to Napoleon and Lord Byron: and, however different their pursuits, in the interest they excite there is much similarity. Nor does the parallel close here: both were much calumniated while living, and it was not until death had closed upon them that justice was done to their real characters. Bonaparte was maligned as a heartless tyrant, and Byron as a dissipated infidel, without feeling: the charges against both have been fully refuted.

Byron is particularly to be pitied, since he has suffered almost as much from friends as foes; and those who speculated on making money by his death have not done justice to his memory. Neither of these charges will, however, apply to Mr. Parry, who, if he did not, like book-making Medwin, write down everything Byron said, has given us a more authentic and a more interesting volume, on the subject of his lordship, than has yet appeared.

Those who have read Count Gamba's narrative may, perhaps, recollect that, in an account of the last moments of Lord Byron, he states that he had not the heart to go to his lordship, but that 'Mr. Parry went, and Byron knew him again, and squeezed his hand, and tried to express his last wishes.' No person, indeed, had such opportunities of giving an account of the last days of Lord Byron as Mr. Parry, who possessed his full confidence, lived under the same roof with his lordship, was employed to carry his designs into execution, and, for the last two months of his life, had the management of his funds, and was made the depository of his wishes.

If the personal character of Lord Byron has been calumniated, so justice has not been done to his exertions in the cause of Greece; and it is to defend his lordship from the insinuations of that very silly gentleman, Colonel Stanhope, and to show his real situation and his zealous efforts for the Greeks, that Mr. Parry has taken up the pen. Though unaccustomed to writing, he has, in a plain and unartificial narrative, defended the character of Lord Byron, and let us into some curious information relative to Greece and to the individuals who have assumed the office of procuring its liberation. There is much of the honest bluntness and sincerity of a sailor in Mr. Parry's work, which divides itself into two parts: the first is a narrative or journal of proceedings in Greece; the second consists of a record of Lord Byron's opinion on a variety of subjects, or circumstances connected with him, arranged under different heads.

Mr. Parry was employed by the Greek Committee, and, at the request of Mr. Gordon, a zealous friend of Greece, was ordered to form a brigade of artillery, for which, though estimated at £10,500, he offered to pay one third, if the committee would provide the rest. Why this offer was not accepted, and why the committee suffered months to elapse without making any preparations for assisting Greece, does not appear. After much trifling, Mr. Parry was at length sent out by the Greek Committee, in order to establish a laboratory, a gunpowder-manufactory, and to instruct the Greeks in every thing relating to artillery, &c. A quantity of stores and some men were placed at his disposal; but, although Mr. Parry was applied to in May, he did not sail until November, 1823, so dilatory was the Greek Committee in its proceedings. Mr. Parry arrived at Missolonghi on the 7th of February, but his own money was exhausted, and the Greek Committee had not, it appears, made any provision for supplying him with the means of carrying into effect the object for which he was sent out. Col. Stanhope, however, introduced him to Lord Byron, who received him cordially, and relieved him. Of his lordship's house, of which Mr. Parry gives an interesting view, or rather of the room in which he received him, he says:—

'The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books. Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle-guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom: as I can now interpret the language, there was legibly written on the walls.—"Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen."

'Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trousers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance. Count Gamba, too, came in and out of the room, and Fletcher, his servant, was also occasionally in attendance. His lordship desired me to sit down beside him: his conversation very soon became animated, and then his countenance appeared even more prepossessing than at first.'

Mr. Bowring, it appears, had written to Lord Byron that Mr. Parry was a man of violent passions: a letter from Mr. Gordon to Mr. P. however, convinced his lordship of the respectability of his character, and from this time he seems to have placed the utmost confidence in him. Mr. Parry describes Lord Byron as excessively disappointed and uncomfortable at the apathy of the Greek Committee, and it was plain that his wishes for the welfare of Greece went beyond his means of serving her. He found himself forlorn and forsaken; his conversation was generally serious, and, when it related to Greece, almost despairing. The German officers sent out from England only quarrelled about their rank, and both the Greek government and the individuals themselves appeared to look to Lord Byron only for support. In short, the whole business seems to have been cruelly mismanaged. Byron wanted the Greeks to fight, and win their independence, and then promote education. Colonel Stanhope thought their independence was to be achieved by the printing-press instead of artillery, by pens not swords, and by ink instead of cartridges.

Mr. Parry, who was brought up a shipwright, and afterwards served both in the army and navy, possessed that practical mechanical knowledge which could be turned to good account in various ways, and he was very active in forwarding the artillery brigade, of which he was appointed commander. The sacrifice Lord Byron made in money, to say nothing of his invaluable life, was very great; not less, Mr. Parry says, than 2000 dollars a week in rations only. There seems little doubt that care, anxiety, and disappointment, accelerated the death of his lordship, who, so far from drinking a pint of Hollands every night, as Captain Medwin asserts, lived low and abstemiously. Mr. Parry relates many amiable traits of the character of Byron, who was brave, generous, and humane. On one occasion, a Turkish brig was observed aground, six or seven miles from Missolonghi, and preparations were made to attack her:—

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'On this occasion, his lordship, with that active attention to humanity which characterized all his proceedings in Greece, gave me strict injunctions, should any prisoners be taken, to endeavour to save their lives. For this purpose he offered to give two dollars a head for every prisoner saved, to pay something more for officers, and be at all the expense of taking care of them, while at Missolonghi, and of sending them to a place of safety. His lordship, knowing also what would be the conduct of the Greeks, as to plunder, gave me strict injunctions to keep back the artillery brigade, that I might have it as much as possible in my power to relieve and protect the captives, should any be made.'

Among the foreigners sent out, Lieutenant Sass, a native of Swedish Finland, appears to have acted the best; but, indeed, they seem to have been cruelly neglected by the Greeks, and the German Hellenic regiment was, after great privations and losses in battle, broken up:—

'Sass lived through all these fatigues, privations, and contumelies: then, partly from being unprovided for, partly from having a strong attachment to the cause of Greece, he embarked for Candia, with a view of joining the patriots in that island. On the voyage he was captured by a Turkish vessel, and subjected to the grossest insults, and most brutal cruelty. Some of these things cannot be related; but it may be mentioned, that it was one of the amusements of the Turkish soldiers to draw their sabres across his neck, and to point their carbines at him, so that he frequently expected instant assassination. Half famished, beaten, and in a state of torture, death would, probably, have been mercy, but the continued apprehension of the stroke was dreadful; and probably nothing but his sensibility being blunted by previous sufferings preserved his reason unimpaired. He was carried to Alexandria, and thence sent up to Grand Cairo, where he was sold as a slave. The humanity and generosity of an English gentleman released him from slavery, and provided him with the means of returning to his native country. On his arrival, hearing of the expedition which was preparing in England, he went to London, and offered his services to the Greek committee. This body provided him with the means of again reaching Greece, but, like other adventurers, when he arrived he had no funds to maintain himself. Becoming known to Lord Byron, his lordship appointed him a lieutenant in his brigade, and here Sass behaved in a prudent and careful manner.'

Poor Sass was assassinated by a Suliote, whom he had struck with the flat part of his sword, when he wished to force his way into the arsenal at Missolonghi, in despite of the guard. This event had a bad effect, for it made the English mechanics, who had been sent out, determine to return home, and they were provided with the necessary means. Speaking of these men, Mr. P. says:—

'It may be worth while here to mention, as probably some of my readers subscribed for the support of the Greek cause, and may therefore like to know in what manner their money was expended, that these six mechanics received from the committee, for themselves, their wives, and families, the sum of two hundred and fifty-six pounds, ten shillings, independent of the sum paid for their passage home, and other charges, making the whole expense, at least, equal to three hundred and forty pounds. They had never been called on to expend one penny on account of provisions and lodgings, from the day they left England, till their arrival at Missolonghi; and they were permitted to carry out small ventures, without any charge for freight. One of them, also, a protégé of Colonel Stanhope's, had carried out a number of tracts, and, in addition to his avocations as a mechanic, was charged by the Missionary Society, at a salary of twenty pounds, to spread a knowledge of true religion, or of Wesleyism, among the heathen Turks and the heretical Greeks. He was one of the foremost to retreat from danger, but he managed to pick up a little something by his piety, to comfort him in his retreat. The services they rendered to the cause of Greece for this three hundred and forty pounds were fourteen days' work at Missolonghi, so that every day's work of each of these artisans, and it was not much they did in a day, was purchased by the Greek Committee for the sum of something more than four pounds one shilling.'

Lord Byron had a small corps of fifty-six Suliotes, who formed his body-guard, attended him in his rides, and were 'answerable both to Greece and Britain for his safety.' They occupied a large outer room in his lordship's house:—

'In this room, and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather. On such occasions he was almost always accompanied by his bronzed dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend. They were, indeed, very seldom separated. Riding or walking, sitting or standing, Lyon was his constant attendant. He can scarcely be said to have forsaken him even in his sleep. Every evening did he go to see that his master was safe, before he lay down himself, and then he took his station close to his door, a guard certainly as faithful, though not so efficient, as Lord Byron's corps of Suliotes. This valuable and affectionate animal was brought to England after Lord Byron's death, and is now, I believe, in the possession of Mrs. Leigh, his lordship's sister*.

'With Lyon Lord Byron was accustomed not only to associate, but to commune very much, and very often. His most usual phrase was, "Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon;" or "Lyon," his lordship would say, "thou art an honest fellow, Lyon." The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the ground. "Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more." Lyon sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as to say, "You may trust me, I will watch actively on every side." "Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog!" and Lyon jumped and kissed his master's hand, as an acknowledgment of his homage.'

The manner in which Lord Byron lived in Greece may be sketched from the history of a single day:—

'He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten. This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast, I generally waited on him to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

'If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

'The reader may form an idea of the *fare* of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence after the ordinary hour of the day, and I really believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned; there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly-brought up and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman.'

'After his dinner, Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn. When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw, except his servants, and then he retired, not, however, to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours; getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him.

* The author is not quite correct on this point: the dog, Lion, is in the possession of Mr. Hobhouse, the member for Westminster. This gentleman has also his lordship's late valet in his employ.—Rev.

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'Lord Byron had one little hobby, which he has shared, I believe, with many distinguished men. He had a great fondness for curious arms of every description. He never saw a handsome or a useful sabre, a curious or a good pair of pistols, or a carbine of a peculiar construction, but he coveted it, and generally contrived to obtain it, at however great a cost. He had consequently a perfect magazine of curious and extraordinary, but at the same time useful, weapons; and, though his armoury could not compare with that at the Tower, it probably was not surpassed by the collection of any private man.'

Unhappily for Greece, not only were her chiefs split into parties, but even the English who had arrived there did not act cordially; and poor Byron was continually embarrassed by the imprudence of others, particularly by the Missolonghi newspaper, which contained several indiscreet and revolutionary articles, calling on the Hungarians to rebel against Austria, and indulging in tirades against kings in general.

Mr. Parry gives a lamentable picture of the intrigues and dissensions of the Greek chiefs, which in nothing are more to be regretted than in the effect they had on the ardent and too sensitive mind of Lord Byron. Colonel Stanhope, too, seems to have been a very busy meddler, who did much harm Mr Parry saw the effect all this had on his lordship, who he describes as being more of a mental being than any man he ever saw, 'who lived on thought more than on food.' Mr. Parry, we think, clearly proves that Byron fell a victim to his zeal for Greece; his whole soul was set on her emancipation, and every act that obstructed it was a dagger to his heart. All the work that treat of Lord Byron speak of his affection for his daughter, and to this Mr. Parry bears witness, as will be seen by the following extract:—

'When the news arrived from England, on April the 9th, of the loan from the Greeks having been negociated in London, Lord Byron also received several private letters, which brought him favourable accounts of his daughter. Whenever he spoke of her, it was with delight to think he was a father, or with a strong feeling of melancholy, at recollecting that her infantine and most endearing embraces were denied to his love. The pleasant intelligence which he had received concerning her gave a fresh stimulus to his mind, I may almost say revived for a moment a spirit that was already faint and weary, and slumbering in the arms of death. He rode out after hearing this news twice, and once was caught in the rain. Those who wish to attribute his death to any other cause, rather than to the general debility occasioned by a long system of exhaustion, both of body and mind, have eagerly seized hold of this trifling circumstance, to make the world believe, that he who had swam the Hellespont, who had been accustomed to brave every climate and every season, fell a victim to a shower of rain and a wet saddle. When a man is worn down, almost to death, by continued vexation, and a want of sufficient nourishment, such trifles may complete his dissolution. In this case they were only the last grains of the ponderous load of calamities which weighed this noble-minded man to the earth; and it is my honest conviction, that he might have been saved, had he had with him one sensible and influential friend, partly to shield him from himself, partly to shield him from others, and zealous to preserve both his fame and his life.'

It is really melancholy to reflect on the situation of Lord Byron in his last illness: destitute of the comforts—we had almost said the necessaries of life,—surrounded by domestics, many of whom neither understood him nor each other, and attended by a physician who, whatever amiable qualities he might possess, was either ignorant of his profession or at least of the situation of his patient,—it is not surprising that Byron perished. What, however, surprises us is, that Colonel Stanhope should be the only man who viewed his death without emotion; but, as we have not done with this gentleman nor Mr. Parry, we shall resume the Last Days of Lord Byron.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Thoughts and Recollections. By one of the last Century. Post 8vo. pp. 237. London, 1825. Murray.

The author of these Thoughts and Recollections is evidently one of the present, as well as the last century, for he commences with an allusion to Capt. Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron. The Thoughts, we are told, in a brief davertisement, though hastily thrown together, have not been hastily adopted; this we think extremely probable, for they exhibit a maturity and a correctness of opinion which could only be formed by due reflection. The subjects they embrace are very diversified, extending to poetry, politics, religion, political economy, education, &c.; and all the articles are distinct and complete enough in themselves; yet, in general, there is a sort of connecting link which unites them together.

The author is a great admirer, if not a personal friend of Mr Frere, who is extravagantly praised for his serio-comic poem of the Monks and Giants, published under the name of Whistlecraft, and for his excellent translation of Aristophanes. These little essays, however, display much acuteness of observation and smartness of remark, and there is scarcely a single subject treated of in the volume on which the author does not throw some new light or some additional information. In an article on Catholicism, the author refutes the general error, that the grant of prospective indulgences is a tenet of that church, and remarks that, on the contrary, 'when absolution is retrospectively given upon confession, it is always on the understanding of full repentance and future abstinence from sin.' The author intersperses his observations with occasional anecdotes:

'The real mischief of confession among the higher orders would seem to be the pollution of the youthful mind by the suggestion of crime. Another and distinguished literary Italian lady told me that, when a girl, she drew lots with her companions, which of them should confess fornication, in order to ascertain the meaning of the word; and that another girl, having been rated by the priest for not making a full exposition of her faults, procured a little work which enumerated all possible offences. Confessing thus by book, she accused herself of some things which highly shocked her ghostly father, who only arrived at an explanation of the matter, by her avowing *simony* among her other extraordinary offences.'

On the subject of education, the author differs much from our philanthropists, as he attributes the increase of crime to its diffusion. Sir Peter Laurie would answer this by stating, that scarcely one of the juvenile delinquents that are filtred through our gaols can read. On the subject of education, the author seems to be of opinion with Mr. Jardine, whose excellent work, the Outlines of Philosophical Education, we noticed some time ago. The author thus reasons:—

'Is the withdrawing children of a very early age, for a great part of the day, from parental control, and folding them in large flocks, with a very inadequate superintendence, likely to improve the morals of infancy? Are not the bad passions rather likely to heat by contact, and does not such a reunion offer facilities for the suggestion and concert of crime?

'Is the system of education itself the best calculated to answer the mere ends proposed by it. "Perhaps not" will say its more rational advocates; but it is the only system which can be made available to the people at large, and it is good as far as it goes.

'This is, I allow, a satisfactory answer *as far as it goes;* and, as a popular wholesale mode of education, somewhat resembling the medical practice of an hospital, I will allow the merit of the system. But what shall we say of such a plan having been adopted at one of the great public schools, at which the youth of the English gentry are educated for the highest and most difficult professions? Is not this entirely to lose sight of the best object of education, the disciplining the mind by long habits of application, and preparing it for the future acquisition of knowledge? What we learn at school, however extensive our juvenile studies, will, comparatively speaking, be little; but we learn there much indeed, in acquiring the means of learning more.

'But not only the means of learning more are not acquired by this mechanical system of education, but what *is* learned is learned by rote.

'While, however, I utterly, for such reasons as I have given, despise the Bell or Lancasterian method, as a mean of liberal education, I am by no means disposed to defend *that* universally adopted in our classical schools. Why should we be occupied for ten years in learning two languages, which may be acquired in three? Surely we may strengthen the moral muscle as well in learning something that is useful, as in acquiring what is turned to no account. We learn grammar twice, the first time mechanically; and, having no understanding of its object, no associations to hang our recollections

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upon, we learn it the first time in vain, and have the needless trouble of relearning it, to the exclusion of some other useful study, in making its application.'

Our author questions the good of Bible societies, particularly so far as relates to the circulation of the Old Testament. On the subject of Ireland, he offers some very sensible observations.

We have hitherto only alluded to the author's Thoughts; we shall now give one of his Recollections: it relates to Constantinople, which the author approached about sunrise, from the sea of Marmora:—

'The view of this city, which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees), its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea "in which it glassed itself," and *that* sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amid sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place. If there ever was a legitimate excuse for a sonnet, it is to be found in beholding this view. I will venture to give one, which was suggested by it; but will not venture to say that I have never committed the offence upon a lighter temptation.

'TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

'A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore:

'Darting across whose blue expanse was seen
Of sculptured barks and galleys many a score;
Whence noise was none save that of plashing oar;
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.

'Unheard a whiskered boatman's hail or joke;
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnace goes.

I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose

'While such is the external appearance of Constantinople, I ought to remark, that strangers, disappointed by its magnificent promise, have been led to make a very unfair estimate of its interior. This is by no means void of beauties or of interest; but what, I confess, made the greatest impression upon me was the splendour and variety of the costume of its inhabitants; the *bostangis*, the *galeongis*, the *janissaries*, the *spahis*, &c. &c. &c. all attired in different and all in beautiful dresses. The Turk has no eye for *figure* (which he is prevented by religious scruples from studying), but he has an exquisite taste for what may be called picturesque design, as in arabesques, and as great a felicity in the arrangement of colours; in which latter point, he is aided by his climate, the warm tints of which soften contrast, and justify the boldest combinations of red and blue, yellow and purple, &c. &c.

'I have said that the Bosphorus is covered with boats. These are beautifully carved and gilt, and the small fountain-basin which spouts water in a barber's shop in Constantinople, might, in its frieze, afford a study to the most skilful of our artists.

'Accident, as well as climate, seems to have aided the Turk in his composition of dresses and ceremonies, which, I believe, exhibit an union of Greek and Tartar magnificence. It was indeed natural for the barbarous conquerors of a polished people to adopt the forms and refinements of the vanquished, as was the case with the Tartars of China; and I have little doubt, for instance, that the superb ceremony of receiving foreign ambassadors at Constantinople is a relic of imperial etiquette. On this occasion, the Grand Signior is seated in the western fashion, with his legs dependent from his throne; and, indeed, the whole ceremony nearly coincides with that described by Anna Commenas.

'Another usage has evidently been derived from Greek times. The Greek emperor was under the necessity of attending church in state, on Sundays, as a proof that he was alive and in health, and the Grand Signior not only attends the mosque in form, upon his sabbath, but on this occasion is environed by a band of spearmen on foot, with high-crested Greek helmets upon their heads.

'I shall here again venture upon a sonnet. There is at least one merit in this species of composition. The reader knows the extent of what he is to endure, and the author, though circumscribed as to form and numbers, finds the same pleasure in his performance that a skaiter does in achieving a figure of eight.

'ON SEEING THE SULTAN GOING TO THE MOSQUE.

'One Friday morn, the Moslem's sabbath, I,
Where Bosphorus with wider stream expands,
Stood, like an eastern slave, with folded hands,
While to his mosque the Turkish lord swept by;

(So he the ancient ruler of these lands
Erst visited his church), half hid from eye,
By crested helms and lances lifted high;
Not girt with cimitered and turbaned bands.

'Like him, in weal or woe, must he maintain
This ancient use, lest, moved by priest or peers,
The moody rabble should disturb his reign.

'And much it pleased me, looking on those spears,
To think how little is the tyrant's gain,
Who, in usurping power, heirs all its fears.

'Though there is so much to delight the eye at Constantinople, there is much less room for the study of manners than in travelling through the country; for the Turks practise hospitality as an essential duty, and not as a mere courtesy to strangers, or for their own amusement: and hence, though they will entertain a traveller who stands in need of food or shelter, upon the road, they will not do so at Constantinople, knowing that he has the resource of an hotel or of his own ambassador's palace at Pera.'

Our author suggests that a good book might be written upon what he would call Comparative National Anatomy, forming a curious illustration of the mistakes of travellers, who try the characters or manners of a foreign people by their home-standard of weights and measures:—

'Thus the English traveller is scandalized at seeing the fishermen of Naples dreaming away the middle of a summer's day in the shade; and, while he raves about their sloth, is ignorant that these men had been up before it was light, and that they usually were employed during a greater number of hours than English fishermen.

'In the same manner, the Englishman who has been plundered and made a hostage by banditti in Italy, comes back, execrating the people as a nation of robbers, and finds no palliation for their violence, in the absence of the thousand other violations of property to which he is exposed in our roads and in our metropolis *.

'But, if the traveller made a longer residence in Italy, he would find that there is no country in which thievery is so uncommon, and he might wonder at the rarity of burglary, under circumstances which afford such strong temptations to it; a conclusion the reader will admit, when he learns that there are no bankers, in our sense of the word, in Italy, and that, though the Englishman draws through them for small sums, as he would upon his bankers at home, and, therefore, has seldom large deposits of money in his own hands, the Italian has his quarter's receipts in his bureau †. Yet how seldom do we hear of an Italian house being robbed, how seldom do we hear of a robbery by an Italian servant!

'I might say that, having resided some time in that country, I could bear witness as truly to the rarity of theft in all its other departments. I will select one instance only of the singular honesty of the people, in confirmation of this assertion. Mr. C——, a Swiss author, whose very original work on Italy is well known to the world, told me, that he was once forced to take up his lodg-

* 'It may be added that the English traveller is nine times out of ten exposed to danger by his own folly; for (wherever he is) he reasons and acts as if he were in England. When Lord V——, and his party, for instance, were attacked, about twelve years ago, they were the authors of their own catastrophe. The landlord of an inn either at Itra or Fondi persuaded them to stop and pass the night at his house, and, I have no doubt, gave intelligence to the banditti to waylay them. Had they travelled right onward, and without putting him in their confidence, they would probably have escaped. There are so few travellers on the Italian roads, that robbers do not find it worth while to keep the field at all hours, as in England, and accordingly robberies are preconcerted, and the banditti, like Bays's army, have usually "the inn-keepers for their friends." A traveller who makes no display of toilette-plate and jewels, and who does not put any body in his confidence, will generally escape. In suspicious places, he should rise at an unexpected hour, call his own servant, and despatch him for his post-horses.'

† 'Having drawn for a large sum when the exchange was favourable, I wanted the Italian on whom I drew to keep it for me, but he peremptorily refused, as I imagined every foreign banker would.'

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ing at a mountain wine-house, where he could find no better harbourage than a stable, in which he slept among muleteers and the ordinary kitchen militia of an Italian inn. He was called very early in the morning by his own muleteer, and, on rising, missed from his waistcoat pocket a *rouleau*, containing many Napoleons. In the first agitation caused by this discovery, he indiscreetly proclaimed his loss, when a lantern was produced, a search in the straw was commenced, and all the sovereigns but two, which I have no doubt were lost, were recovered and presented to him.

'Travellers are not contented with exaggerating the crime of robbery in Italy, but assign unreal motives for it, which would lead us into making a very unfair estimate of the national character. The moral cause, seconded by political circumstances, seems to be the imaginative and excitable temperament of the people. The girls of Itri and Fondi, the two great nurseries of banditti, will not marry a man who *has not been to the mountains*, attaching much the same notion to this phrase that French girls do to the *having served*; and some of the ancient Italian governments prohibited the picturesque mask of a bandit, as speaking too strongly to the passions of the revellers in a carnival.'

Holman's Travels through Russia, Siberia, Poland, Austria, &c.
(Continued from p. 275.)

We can conceive nothing more injurious or impolitic than the restrictive measures of neighbouring nations with regard to imports and exports. Russia carries this system to excess, and hence all ranks, from the noble to the peasant, are smugglers. Even the Russian manufacturers buy foreign articles (which they get much lower than they can make them), attach their names to the goods, and sell them as their own. Our author, though unfortunately blind, is much keener sighted than the Russian politicians, and condemns this system.

Mr. Holman gives an interesting picture of a winter in St. Petersburgh, from the cutting the roads across the ice of the Neva in November, to its breaking up, which, when he was there, was in April:—

'When the river becomes sufficiently free from ice, a particular ceremony is observed, previous to any boats being allowed to cross. The governor passes over in his boat from the fortress to the palace, where he presents the emperor with a goblet of the water of the river; the emperor then returns a silver goblet filled with wine, which, with the salver on which it is presented, becomes the perquisite of the governor. As soon as the governor places his foot on shore, a signal-gun fires; the free passage of the river is then restored.'

Our author enters into an examination, in which we think he clearly proves that the Russians neither like nor bear cold better than some of their more southern neighbours. From St. Petersburgh Mr. Holman set off for Moscow; between which cities the expense of posting is about three half-pence per mile, and is regulated as follows:—

'In order to facilitate the communication between his old and new capitals, and diminish the expenses of travelling, Peter the Great caused villages, with a population of five or six hundred boors, to be attached to each post station, at the distance of every twenty or thirty versts, and who were obliged to convey the traveller at a fixed and reasonable rate. These people were freed from other duties, and had peculiar privileges granted to them, which they still enjoy.

'A certain number of these boors are obliged to be on constant duty at the post-house, and in which they relieve each other, according to such arrangement as may be agreed on between themselves, those who are disengaged being then at liberty to occupy themselves in such other pursuits as their interests or inclinations may suggest. Some of them become carriers of goods to distant places; as Dresden, Leipsic, &c.; and others engage in various trades. It often happens that the latter have no horses fit for the duties of the post; in which case they are allowed to engage with their brethren to act as their substitutes. In consequence of this arrangement, the traveller generally finds plenty of horses on the road;—there is, however, one result from it which occasionally appears incomprehensible to him. It is this—that when he arrives at a station where the driver, whose turn it is to take him forward, happens to have no horses, he observes a number of these people form a circle, and commence a warm and earnest conversation, which terminates, at length, in an appeal to luck, by a casting of lots. This arises from the necessity the driver for the occasion is under to hire a substitute, and his natural anxiety to incur as little expense, in so doing, as possible. At length, having brought some one individual down to his lowest point, it generally happens that several others immediately offer to serve him for the same price. In this case, the future driver is determined by each marking a piece of money,—for instance, a copeck, which is put into a hat,—when, the whole being shaken together, one is drawn out, and its owner declared the successful candidate.

'These regulations apply to all the post stations intermediate to the two cities, excepting the three nearest to Moscow, which are regularly contracted for by government, as on other post-roads.'

Arrived at Moscow, and after paying a few visits, Mr. Holman dined with the commandant, whose lady had the day before been delivered of a son, and learned that in Russia, when ladies pay the lying-in visit, each places a ducat under the pillow previous to taking leave. As this, we presume, is the perquisite of the nurse, we think it a more genteel way than being followed to the door for the money by the matron, as you are in London, if you neglect to give it before. At Moscow Mr. Holman met Dr. Lyall, to whom he was introduced, and of whom he speaks favourably, proving that among travellers two of a trade may agree. The Russians are very superstitious:—

'Mothers and nurses in Russia do not like to have their children admired too much: this is what they call casting an evil eye upon them. On this account they will often, before allowing you to see them, desire you to turn from them, and spit three times on the ground, with a view of ejecting the evil spirit;—or, if you happen to have seen them without this precaution, the mother turns her head aside, and performs the operation instead of you.

'There are few people in the world more influenced by superstitious feelings than the Russians, either as respect their religious constitution, or the more ordinary occurrences of private life. Of this characteristic tendency, the above anecdotes, as well as a variety of other instances that have been related in these pages, are illustrations: I shall, however, avail myself of the present opportunity of entering into farther details on the subject.

'The following instance has, perhaps, scarcely a parallel, except in the fanaticism of the disciples of Joanna Southcote:—About three years since, a girl, thirteen years of age, commenced digging with her hands under a tree near the church of the village of Gooseiver, in the neighbourhood of Moscow, in consequence of communications said to have been received in various dreams, that she would find, in the first instance, a candle; secondly, a post; then an image, which was to be placed in a niche of the church left purposely for it; and, lastly, a spring of water, that would become the source of a mighty river. The nature of this supernatural communication becoming known, immense crowds flocked to the spot, to witness the results of her labours; amongst whom were many sick people, who expected to be relieved from their infirmities by drinking, or washing their sores with the muddy water that collected during her operations, the ground being composed of argillaceous strata, with much moisture from rain. In the course of her proceedings, the candle and post made their appearance; but the police then interfered, and prevented the continuation of the farce, in consequence of the discovery of collusion between her parents and the priest and clerk of the village, who had devised this extraordinary mode of giving celebrity and wealth to a poor country church. It is generally thought that the affair terminated in all the parties, including the priest, being knouted and banished to Siberia.'

Among other curious customs, we learn that—

'On a Russian changing his residence, he assembles his family and servants, when they all sit down in a circle, and rise at the same instant: this is considered as taking leave of the house. On entering into possession of a new house, or on returning to it after a long absence, his friends send him a present of bread and salt, as a welcome: nay, even the governors of provinces are in this way received on taking possession of their governments. A friend of mine one day, after a sumptuous dinner, was, during the dessert, invited to partake of a black loaf, which was placed on the table, with a salt-cellar upon it: he naturally declined so uninviting a morsel; but his host insisting on his compliance, he was agreeably disappointed by

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finding, under this form, a delicious sponge-cake that had been sent by the landlord of the house to his tenant, in conformity with the above custom.'

We thought we had every species of crime among us, and every ingenuity exercised, but the following would not *disgrace* the annals of Newgate:—

'A respectable-looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, my master! my poor master!" He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman's pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch, and then, with all the concern imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master, while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach-stand without stopping, the cheat was detected; but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.'

To compensate for such dark shades of character, we are told that the Russians are hospitable, benevolent, and charitable.

Mr. Holman writes so little like a person deprived of his visual faculties, that, were we not occasionally reminded of it by himself, we should forget the circumstance. Thus, speaking of Tobolsk, he says, 'in this city, I found nothing very interesting, except its society,' the only thing interesting we should expect a blind man to find anywhere.—This city is not Macadamized, for we are told that—

'The streets of Tobolsk are almost entirely laid with planks. For this purpose, trees are sawn longitudinally in two, and placed lengthways, with their convex surfaces downwards; the consequence of which is that, when the edges are a little worn, the wheels of the carriages break through them, and sometimes gets broken thereby.'

No anticipation of danger ever deters Mr. Holman from any enterprise on which he has set his mind: pursuing his journey from Tobolsk through Siberia, he says:—

'At seventy or eighty versts further in advance, we began to enter upon the Barabinski Marshes, the very water of which is so noxious, as to act as a deadly poison on the stomachs of those animals who drink of it. So frequent were the deaths from this source, that an eminent medical man was sent by the government to investigate the cause, when it was ascertained to depend upon the qualities of a poisonous species of hemlock, that grew abundantly in the midst of it. The fact was proved by direct experiments made on dogs, with water impregnated with the juice of this plant, and, in consequence of its admission, wells have now been sunk to furnish supplies of wholesome fluid, and guards placed over the poisonous lakes to prevent cattle from drinking of them.

'The above, however, is one of the minor evils of this earthly Tartarus; the insalubrious quality of its atmosphere, loaded with malaria, or miasmatic impregnation, is not only abundantly productive of typhus and intermittent fevers, but gives rise to a disease peculiar to this horrid Steppe. This is a tumour, that, commencing on some part of the head, but more commonly on the cheek, continues to enlarge until it bursts, and frequently proves fatal.

'This district gives birth, also, to immense swarms of poisonous flies, and other insects, that almost literally overwhelm the unfortunate subject exposed to their attack; they penetrate into the mouth, ears, eyes, or any part that is not carefully guarded against them; the irritation of their bites is so great, that the face of the traveller requires to be covered with gauze, to protect him from serious injury. Fortunately, at the time of my journey, the summer was far advanced, and the more dangerous season past; and besides, I had the advantage of cold and wet weather in passing the worst part of the Steppe. I experienced, however, quite sufficient to convince me, that the details of other travellers, with respect to this country, were by no means fabulous.'

Few persons but Mr. Holman would ever have thought of traversing a country with such a forbidding aspect as this part of Siberia, with its impervious forests, its rigorous cold, and its miasma. The author crossed the Oby, the largest river in Siberia, by means of a raft; the Oby here is a mile broad, and widens astonishingly as it approaches the Frozen Ocean. Arrived at Tomsk, our traveller was anxious to know how Sunday was passed in this remote and desert country. It commenced with attending the governor and vice-governor's levees, then proceeding to church to hear mass, which being concluded, Mr. H. says,—

'We returned to the vice-governor's, where a kind of second breakfast was provided, consisting of fish, cheese, wine, brandy, &c. A greater part of the company now sat down to cards, until two o'clock, when the whole accompanied the vice-governor to dinner at the president's of one of the courts, whose namesday it happened to be; and where I could not avoid noticing as a novel custom, that our host and his lady, instead of participating in the feast, continued, during the whole of dinner, walking round the table, with a view of seeing their guests properly attended to. The dinner was very sumptuous, as I counted not less than six different kinds of roasted meat. On rising from the table, we returned to the drawing-room, where coffee and preserves were offered to us. At five o'clock, the party retired to their respective homes, for two hours, for the purpose of enjoying a siesta; after which we returned to our liberal host's, who, throughout the evening, presented us with wine, punch, tea, and various fruits and preserves, his guests occupying themselves with cards, dancing, or conversation. At eleven o'clock, the last supply of refreshments was brought in; soon after which the party broke up.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Hundred and Thirty-six. A Tale of Olden Times. By the Author of divers unfinished Manuscripts, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 977. London, 1825. Whittaker.

NEW-ENGLAND, famed for its witches, or rather for its prosecutions for witchcraft, which Cotton Mather had some share in instigating, and of which he has been the historian, is the place where the scene of this novel is laid. The work is an American production, and, however some of our Aristarchi might, a few years ago, affect to despise American literature, yet it has been able to maintain a respectable rank and character in this country.

Our readers need not be told that the persecutions in the first half of the seventeenth century drove many of the puritans abroad, and that New-England was the place fixed on as their asylum: hence this state has, even to the present day, assumed a rigidity in its religious character, which distinguishes it from the rest of the union.

The time to which this novel relates is soon after the first establishment of the colony, and when it was extending to Massachusetts, and thus laying the foundation of a powerful republic. The heroine of the tale is a Miriam Grey, the daughter of a rigid puritan; and the hero, who of course is her lover, is a Major Atherton, who, although not a saint or even a puritan, respects the religious feelings and opinions of those with whom he comes in contact. Without following the author through his conventicle-meetings, religious conversations, or war with the Pequod Indians, all of which are well described, we may state that the conclusion is the marriage of the lovers.

This work gives an admirable picture of the manners and religious customs of the New-Englanders in the infancy of the colony; there are also many interesting incidents in the story, which, however, are not very easily detached; and, if we give an extract, it is rather to show the author's style than to afford any idea of the interest of the story. In the incursion of the Pequod Indians, Miriam and Rachel, the youthful daughter of a friend, at whose house she is on a visit, fall into the hands of the natives—for savages we will not call them. The leader of the Indians was Mononotto. On the landing of the captives—

'The inhabitants of the Indian village were soon roused from their slumbers, and in the clear moonlight Miriam perceived a multitude of every age and sex approaching the shore, eager to welcome the returning warriors. She shrunk trembling from the gaze of savage curiosity, and gently awoke her sleeping companion, who had till then remained insensible to what was passing around her. The child startled from a sweet slumber, and at first, unable to comprehend her situation, began to weep from alarm, which seemed extremely diverting to the Indians, who laughed at her distress, and attempted to mimic her voice and gestures. Miriam was endeavouring to console her, when Cushminaw, the adopted son of Mononotto, stepped forward from the crowd with an air of authority and displeasure, which checked their savage mirth, and, approaching the captives, said to them—

"Be comforted, young maidens; follow me to my mother's wigwam."

'Miriam started almost with a cry of joy, on hearing her native language in such a

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place; and, reading a compassionate interest in the countenance of the young Indian, unhesitatingly prepared to follow him. Mononotto, who had been absent from the spot, at that moment re-appeared, and addressed a few words to Cushminaw; he listened to him with profound respect, and then, turning again to Miriam and Rachel, silently motioned them to proceed with him. The wigwam of Mononotto had been recently erected, and stood remote from the village; as they approached it, Miriam observed through the open entrance a female busied over a large fire, in some culinary preparation. She started with surprise, as her unexpected guests entered the apartment, and stood a moment surveying them attentively, and with an air of gentleness and pity, rather than of curiosity.

'Miriam, on her part, regarded the Indian female with involuntary admiration. She had scarcely passed the season of youth, and her mature and noble figure, at once dignified and graceful, possessed that vigour and elasticity so peculiar to the natives of the forest; while her regular features, her soft and intelligent countenance, expressed a mind susceptible of elevated sentiments, and a heart warmed by the gentlest affections of her sex.

'Cushminaw cautiously drew a mat over the aperture through which they entered, and, advancing close to his adopted mother, with very earnest gesticulation, entered into conversation with her. When they had finished speaking, the wife of Mononotto approached the captives, and, taking a hand of each in her own, she said,—

"Do not fear, white daughters, Mioma will care for you; she will speak to Mononotto that no harm come nigh you."

'Miriam, encouraged by the voice of kindness, clasped her hands energetically, and replied in a tone of entreaty—

"If you have pity for us, entreat that we may be sent back to our home and friends."

"We will speak for you," said Cushminaw; "it may be my father will listen to our voice."

'Grateful for this unexpected favour, Miriam attempted to reply, but her spirits were weakened by fatigue and misery, and, for the first time during that anxious day of captivity, her tears flowed abundantly, and prevented her utterance. Mioma seemed grieved by her distress; she spread a soft new mat, gently urged her to sit down, and, when she began to smile through her tears, expressed her delight by patting her cheeks, and stroking the hair from her forehead; and appeared greatly to admire her beauty.

'Cushminaw soon after left the wigwam, and Mioma, perceiving her captives were faint for want of nourishment, hastened to set before them a portion of the mess she had been preparing. It consisted of corn, coarsely broken and boiled with fish, dressed without salt, of which the Indians were entirely ignorant. This unsavory repast was served up in an earthen pipkin, with no instruments for eating but the hands, and was altogether so repugnant to their appetites, that they could with difficulty swallow a few kernels of corn to satisfy the calls of nature. Mioma in the mean time busied herself in arranging an apartment for her guests; for, though a wigwam seldom contained more than one room for the accommodation of a whole family, she knew it was not agreeable to the customs of the white people, and a native delicacy taught her to consult the feelings of those who were cast on her hospitality. Her simple arrangements were soon completed; and, exhausted by the events of the day, Miriam and Rachel threw themselves on the thick mats which were spread on the ground, and, covered with the skins of wild animals, soon fell into a profound repose.

'It was late when they awoke on the following morning; and, as Miriam looked round the singular apartment, and with painful sensations recalled the circumstances which had brought her there, a mat was slowly drawn aside, and the merry face of an Indian child thrust through the aperture. As soon as it caught Miriam's eye, it hastily retreated, but presently re-appeared with another, and they continued their sportive gambols, till called away by the voice of their mother. Miriam trembled at the idea of encountering the haughty Mononotto; but, after listening attentively, and hearing only the children, and Mioma, singing to her *pappoose*, she ventured to leave her room, and join them. Rachel, refreshed by sleep, almost forgot her late alarms; and, too young to realize the perils of her situation, with the simplicity of her happy age, she believed herself perfectly secure while in the presence of Miriam. Mioma received them kindly, and set before them a repast similar to that of the preceding evening, with the addition of a cake of pounded corn, dried by the fire, which they found rather more palatable. She spoke English imperfectly, but endeavoured to encourage them with the hopes of release, and to assure them they were in no immediate danger.

'Several days passed away, without any important occurrence; Mononotto spent most of his time in hunting and fishing; and when in the wigwam, never intruded upon his prisoners, if they were inclined to remain in their own apartment. He was satisfied that they were safe, under the charge of Mioma, who would not suffer them to escape, and seemed willing to allow them every indulgence in his power. The miseries of captivity were mitigated by this lenient treatment; but to Miriam time wore tediously away, and days were wearisome as ages. Fears for her personal safety were absorbed in anxiety for her friends; the grief of her father, of Lois, of Atherton, were continually present to her imagination, preyed upon her spirits, and at times reduced her to the verge of sickness. Mioma was unwearied in her attentions, and endeavoured by every means to render her situation comfortable; and, in gratitude for her kindness, Miriam often assumed an air of cheerfulness, which was foreign to her feelings.

'About a week after the capt vity of Miriam and her companion, a Dutch vessel was seen coasting off the Pequod harbour. The Indians could not omit the opportunity of showing their hatred to the white people, and sent out several canoes to attack them; the fray ended in the capture of Cushminaw, and many other brave young warriors of his tribe, besides several killed and severely wounded. Nothing could exceed the rage of the savages on this occasion; and with one voice they called upon Mononotto to sacrifice the English maidens to their revenge. Mioma had become exceedingly attached to them, and even the stern disposition of her husband was softened into pity for their youth and misfortunes. She was also unwilling to condemn them, from an apprehension that the Dutch would retaliate on their prisoners, and particularly on Cushminaw, whom he loved with the tenderness of a father. While perplexed in what manner to decide, or how to evade the requisition, a council of the nation was called, at which Mononotto was summoned to appear. He well knew the imperious Sassacus would demand the blood of his captives, and was determined to exact his submission; for, without his consent, he dared not execute his cruel design, as Mononotto rightly claimed them for his lawful prize, and, of course, held their lives at his own disposal.

'On that eventful night Miriam, ignorant of what was passing in the fort of Sassacus, remarked that the countenance of Mioma was unusually sad;—she seemed agitated, often looked out at the door, and started at the slightest noise. Rachel had retired early to bed; and Miriam, left alone with Mioma, endeavoured to draw from her the cause of her inquietude; but she evaded her questions, and attributed her uneasiness to solicitude for the fate of Cushminaw. Late in the evening Mononotto returned to the wigwam; he entered with hurried steps, and his features still wore the trace of stormy passions, which had recently agitated them. He started on seeing Miriam, then rapidly crossed the apartment, and stood for a moment, regarding her with mingled sorrow and compassion. Miriam always trembled at his presence; but she now interpreted his singular emotion as a death-warrant, and would have entreated Mioma to speak with him, but could not articulate a word. Mioma sprang from the mat, on which she was reclining, and seiting the sachem's arm, addressed him in her own language, with the most impassioned energy. His answer was slow and emphatic. Mioma threw herself at his feet; she clasped his knees, tore the hair from her head, and, by the most violent expressions of grief, seemed endeavouring to shake his resolution. The countenance of Mononotto remained inflexible, and he pushed her, almost with violence, from him. Mioma rose from the ground, with an air of commanding dignity; she pressed her hands on her bosom, and fixing her moistened eyes sorrowfully on her husband's face, spoke to him long, with a voice of the most persuasive tenderness. The features of Mononotto gradually relaxed; Mioma saw and pursued her advantage. Suddenly her gestures became more animated, her utterance more rapid and vehement; she pointed frequently

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to Miriam, and to her children, and at length, with the mute eloquence of nature, threw herself weeping into her husband's arms. The sachem gently disengaged himself, and, standing proudly erect, laid his hand solemnly on his heart, and replied in a few brief but energetic words. Mioma uttered a joyful cry, and, springing to Miriam, folded her in her arms, exclaiming—

'"You are safe, my daughter; Mononotto has promised that no harm shall come to you!"

'Miriam embraced her preserver again and again, with tears of heart-felt gratitude, and emotions too profound for utterance. She turned to Mononotto,—every thing but his recent kindness was forgotten,—and, kneeling at his feet, she bathed his hands with her tears. The stern countenance of the warrior was for an instant softened by tenderness; he raised her mildly from the ground, and led her back to the arms of Mioma; but, ashamed of a weakness which is considered contemptible by his nation, he hastily turned away, and silently retired from the wigwam.

'Mononotto, from that hour, faithfully kept his promise, and resolutely protected his captives from the malice of his countrymen. He was too powerful and fearless to dread the wrath, even of the inflexible Sassacus; and, on his part, the savage monarch dared not irritate his haughty sachem, particularly at a moment when he might be tempted to revolt to the neighbouring Indians, who had entered into alliance with the English.'

This novel possesses considerable interest, and, although the characters are not very strongly marked, they are naturally drawn.

The Country Minister (Part Second). A Poem in three Cantos, with other Poems. By the Rev. J. Brettell. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The first part of the Country Minister, though published more than three years ago, has not fallen under our observation; it appears, however, to have been very favourably noticed in the critical journals, and in the newspaper conducted by that delightful poet, Montgomery. Of the second part we can speak in terms of just praise. The scenes are those of nature and domestic life, and they are well described; the versification is smooth and often elegant, and there are several passages of great beauty and tenderness. A vein of true piety and genuine patriotism breathes through the whole, as well as in the minor poems. The following apostrophe to his native country, though somewhat common-place at the commencement, will exemplify our remarks, and afford a specimen of the author's style:—

'Land of my sires! nurse of the brave and free,
Queen of the isles, and mistress of the sea,
For deeds of glory fam'd tho' all the earth,
For generous virtues and for manly worth:
Thy various skies a rougher face may wear,
And colder blasts on chill thy keener air,
Than softer climes, and brighter seasons, know,
Where suns and breezes warmer shine and blow;
But who, tho' ocean's billows round him roar,
Would leave, for other lands, his native shore?
Welcome to me thy green and dewy vales,
The wholesome freshness of thy purer gales,
The fruitful showers that from thy clouds distil,
Thy hoary frosts that whiten plain and hill,
And—where the land may feed no grazing flocks—
Thy wildest deserts and most barren rocks:
Tho' bleak the prospect, and tho' rough the wave,
Thy hardier sons with venturous spirit brave,
Welcome each spot where liberty has trod,
And pure religion bows the head to God!
But thou hast lovelier scenes and milder hours,
When Spring, with rising verdure, decks thy bowers,
And Summer spreads, o'er all thy fruitful soil,
With lavish hand, her rich rewards of toil,
Or yellow Autumn, o'er thy woods and plains,
In all her varied hues of beauty reigns.
Oh! cold must be my heart, if I could see
Thy charms, my native land, nor sing of thee—
Fond as an infant child that loves to trace
The smiling features of a mother's face,
I've gazed on thee with ever new delight,
Since first thy beauties met my enraptur'd sight.
My feeble verse may not extend thy fame,
Yet still for thee I feel the patriot flame,
And deeply glows, within my ardent breast,
Thy own indignant soul for all the oppress'd.
Where struggling Freedom breaks the iron chains,
That on her limbs have mark'd their servile stains,
Bursts from her prison with a giant's might,
And lifts her beaming forehead to the light,
Exulting in the open fields and skies—
Each Briton's prayers for her welfare rise.
First in the field of glory, as of yore,
Awaken'd Greece asserts her rights once more—
Oh! rise, some men of more than mortal might,
The cause of Freedom and of Greece to fight,
Some new Tyrtæus swell the patriot song,
And urge the sons of Liberty along;
But still let Mercy, where the sufferer bleeds,
Rein, desolating War, thy fiery steeds,
Withhold the hand that aims the deadly blow,
And bend in pity o'er the prostrate foe;
Till Peace, bright angel, from her throne above,
Descend, and spread o'er earth her reign of love.'

Mr. Brettell feels, as every Englishman ought to feel, an ardent interest for the liberty of Greece, to which he has devoted more than one poem, and to which he has frequently alluded in his Country Minister.

My Grandmother's Guests and their Tales. By Henry Slingsby. 2 vols. pp. 576. London, 1825. Robins and Co.

From the time of Boccaccio to the present day the ingenuity of authors has been tasked in order to find some new plan by which a series of tales may be strung together. Mr. Slingsby has chosen to assemble a very clever party round the hearth of his grandmother, whose respective stories and the remarks that are made on them form a very agreeable work. The author sets out with an introduction, which, though amusing, has no connection whatever with the work, beyond telling us that, missing the right port in his way from France, he was thrown near the residence of his grandmother, where he heard the tales which he relates. They are nine in number, independent of some episodical sketches, one of which, by an old naval officer, is clever and technically correct. They present great variety, being both comic and serious, and the effort to give to each narrator a peculiarity of style is successful. The work altogether displays very considerable talents. One,—perhaps more than one, of these novelettes, is founded on fact,—we allude to the story of Lady Arabella Stuart, whose history is romantic and interesting. As a specimen of the author's talents we give one of the tales, which we select on account of its brevity allowing us to give it entire; it is entitled Malgherita Spoletina:—

'Ragusa, most worthy ladies, is a very famous city of Dalmatia: it is seated on the sea-shore, and at a short distance from it is an island called L'Isola di Mezo, upon which stands a strong and well-furnished castle. Between Ragusa and this castle there is a dry and barren rock, of very small dimensions, on which nothing is to be seen but a miserable hovel, scarcely serving to keep out the weather. The inconvenience and insalubrity of this rock were such, that no person could be found to inhabit it but a young monk, who was called Theodore. He was a devout and holy man, and kept a small shrine of the Blessed Virgin in his cabin, whither the sailors and fishermen of the surrounding places used to bring their scanty offerings. Theodore lived on this rock, employed in prayer and pious mortifications. He was so wholly destitute, that he had not the means of supporting existence; and he used to visit, alternately, Ragusa and the island of Mezo, to solicit charity.

'It happened that, one day, when Theodore had gone to the latter place to seek his daily bread by begging, according to his ordinary custom, a circumstance befell him such as he could never have expected. A young and beautiful maiden, whose name was Malgherita, saw him, and, being struck with his person, which was manly and elegant, and with the wretchedness of his condition, which was enough to move the pity of any tender heart, she became enamoured of him, and thought it was unfit that so charming a young man as he seemed in her eyes should spend his days in sorrow and solitude. The fair Malgherita suffered these thoughts to take possession of her bosom so entirely, that she thought of nothing but Theodore by night or by day.

'He, who as yet knew nothing of the impression he had made, continued to carry on his necessary trade of begging, and often went, among other places, to Malgherita's house to implore charity.

'Malgherita, upon all these occasions, gave him alms, although she did not dare to discover the passion she felt for him.

'But Love, who soon becomes the tyrant of all who put on his seemingly gentle yoke, urged her to disclose her affection, and prompted her to address Theodore in the following manner:—

'"Theodore, my brother, and the only joy of my heart, so strong is the passion which consumes me, that, unless you take pity on me, my life will soon be at an end. I can resist it no longer; and if, therefore, you

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would not cause my death, tell me that your love for me equals mine for you."

'A burst of bitter and scalding tears followed this passionate declaration.

'Theodore, who had never imagined that he was likely to inspire any one with love, was thunder-struck at this news, and remained mute with astonishment. He, however, soon recovered himself, and, replying to the lady, he displayed as much ardour as she herself had expressed. There were, however, so many obstacles in the way of their indulging their passion, that he was full of despair, and he represented them forcibly, and with great sorrow, to the maiden.

'She, who was of a lively invention, replied:—

'"Do not doubt, my love, but that I will show you a way by which we shall overcome all the difficulties which beset us. It shall be thus:—At the fourth hour of the night, you shall set up a light in the window of your cabin, and, as soon as I see it, I will hasten to join you."

'"But how is that possible?" said Theodore. "How can you, a timid tender girl, pass across the sea? You know that neither you nor I have a boat; and you know, too, that, if we had, so rapid is the current between this island and the rock on which I dwell, that the attempt to row across would probably cost your life, and must certainly be discovered."

'"Fear not," she replied; "leave the whole affair to me, and I will find a way of coming to you without putting my life or my honour in peril, and without the smallest danger to you. When you put up the light I will plunge into the sea, and swim over to your rock. This I can do with great ease, and without the possibility of being discovered."

'"Indeed," cried Theodore, "you mistake the dangers which you will have to encounter. Your strength is not sufficient to hold out so great a distance; you will fail, and die in the attempt."

'"I am not afraid," she replied, "and I am best upon doing it. I know my own strength, and I can swim like a fish."

'Theodore endeavoured to dissuade the maiden from a resolution which he thought little better than madness; but in vain. He was at length obliged to promise that he would comply with her directions; and they then parted.

'The night being come, he set up the light as she had directed him; and, preparing everything for her reception, he went to the edge of the rock to wait her coming.

'"As soon as Malgherita saw the light, for which she had been waiting in all the anxiety of that passion which absorbed her whole soul, she began to put her resolution in practice. She divested herself of the greater part of her clothes, retaining only such a garment as would not impede the motion of her limbs in swimming, and then, in plunging into the sea, she boldly breasted its tide. She had not overrated her expertness in this exercise, for which the women of Dubatta are famous, and in less than a quarter of an hour she reached the rock.

'Theodore received her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, where, kneeling before the Virgin's shrine, they implored her blessing. In the sight of Heaven, and accompanying their oath with the solemnities prescribed by their religion, they swore to be true to each other while their lives should endure.

'No human eye witnessed this marriage: the stars of Heaven alone looked on, and the favouring darkness wrapped the wedded lovers from the sight of the world.

'Before the dawn they tore themselves from each other's arms, and Malgherita went back to the castle on the island as she had left it, and reached her chamber undiscovered. As often as the close of the day came did she again swim to the barren rock, which was now a paradise to her; and here she passed the long nights in the society of her beloved Theodore.

'At length it happened that, as she was swimming to the rock one night, a fog arose, which prevented her from seeing the light quite clearly, and drove her out of her course, so that she was seen by some fishermen, who were pursuing their occupation. At first they took her for a large fish; but, looking more closely, they found she was a woman, and they then watched her until she reached the rock, where they saw her land, and enter Theodore's cabin. This, however, did not diminish their astonishment. They staid near the rock until she returned; and then, marking the course she took homeward, they rowed after her, and, in spite of all her precautions, they discovered who she was.

'These poor fellows at first had no intention of betraying the secret with which they had thus accidentally become acquainted; but afterwards, when they came to discuss the matter, and to think of the disgrace which must ultimately be brought upon a respectable family if it were not put a stop to, as well as of the nightly peril in which the young girl's life was placed, they resolved they would disclose all that they knew. They therefore went to the house of Malgherita, and, asking to see her brothers, the fishermen told the young men every particular that they had seen.

'The brothers heard this fatal intelligence with great emotion. At first they could not believe it, and proposed, before they gave credit to it, that they should have the evidence of their own eyes; but, after examining again the fishermen, and making inquiries in their own town, there were too well convinced of its truth in all respects. They then consulted together as to the best means of putting their unhappy sister to death without delay, but in such a manner as to conceal the disgrace which she had brought upon their name. At length they agreed upon an expedient, which was immediately put in execution.

'The youngest of the three brothers at nightfall got into a boat, and rowed quickly, and as if clandestinely, to the rock where Theodore dwelt. When he arrived there he told the hermit who he was, and besought him to give him a lodging for the night, alleging, as a reason for his request, that he had been engaged in an affair which had terminated unfortunately; that, for the share he had taken in it, his life was forfeited to the laws of the land; and that, if he should be seized, he must inevitably die.

'Theodore, who was delighted with an opportunity of being useful to a brother of Malgherita's, received him with the utmost cordiality. He put before him the best fare his hovel afforded, and sat up the whole of the night conversing with him.

'In the meantime, and while the younger brother wholly occupied the attention of Theodore, the other two, as soon as the night had quite closed in, went out of their house secretly, and, embarking on board a small sailing-boat, having first provided themselves with a torch, they directed their course towards the rock. When they reached it they made fast the boat, and then fixed the light they had brought with them to the top of the mast in such a manner that it was sure to be seen by their hapless sister, whom they had left on the island of Mezo.

'Their design succeeded;—the courageous girl, as soon as she saw the accustomed signal of the light, threw herself boldly into the sea, and swam towards it.

'The brothers, upon hearing the noise which Malgherita's swimming made in the water, loosened their boat, and, taking up their oars, they rowed slowly and silently from the rock towards the main sea, the light still being fixed up against the mast.

'The luckless girl, who, owing to the darkness of the night, could see nothing but the light, which to her had always hitherto been a favouring as well as a guiding star, followed it without hesitation, and did not perceive that it changed its place. The brothers, in the meantime, never ceased to row on; and their vessel proceeded as steadily and as fatally as the footsteps of Death. At length, having arrived at the deep ocean, they on a sudden extinguished the torch.

'Malgherita, when she lost sight of the light, was in utter confusion and despair: she did not know where she was, or what she could do; her strength began to fail, from the long exercise she had taken; and, finding she was far beyond the reach of any human help, she abandoned herself to her evil destiny, and her delicate body was swallowed up, like a wrecked vessel, by the remorseless and devouring sea.

'The elder brothers, satisfied with the result of their savage scheme, returned home to the island. The youngest, when the day appeared, repeated his thanks to Theodore for the asylum he had afforded him, and departed soon afterwards. The news was spread about, first through the castle, and afterwards all over the island, that Malgherita Spoletina was nowhere to be found. The hypocritical and sanguinary brothers affected to be greatly afflicted at this event, which they had themselves caused, and at which they were infinitely rejoiced.

'On the third day after this most unhappy lady's fatal death, her body was cast by the sea upon Theodore's rock. The wretched man was walking along the narrow shore, meditating, and endeavouring to guess what

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fatal accident had deprived him of his tender Malgherita, when her dead body was washed to his feet. The moment his eyes fell upon it, he recognised it, and his horror was so great as almost to deprive him of life.

'At length, summoning up his courage as well as he was able, he took hold of the inanimate body, and drew it out of the water, and carried it into his hovel. His grief now became uncontrollable; he cast himself upon the corpse, and kissed the pale lips, lamenting and mourning, while the rapid tears fell from his eyes upon her heavenly bosom, as white—and now as cold—as the mountain snow. He called upon her in vain, and the echo of his desolate abode repeated his passionate exclamations.

'When his grief (by being indulged unchecked) had spent itself, he thought of the necessity of performing the last rites of sepulture to his beloved Malgherita. He took the spade with which he usually laboured in his little garden, and dug a grave near his hovel: then, with many tears, he closed those eyes and that mouth—once his greatest joy and pride, now dimmed and cold in death—and made a garland of roses and violets, which he put upon her head. This being done, he kissed her for the last time, laid her in the grave, and covered her with earth.'

DR. LYALL'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.

(Concluded from p. 195.)

RUSSIAN travels and Russian campaigns have so crowded on us, that, in our anxiety to pay our devoirs to our new acquaintances, we forgot to relieve Dr. Lyall from the ice palace at St. Petersburgh, in which we left him a month ago,—a neglect for which we beg his pardon. The doctor's book is, however, well worth returning to, and contains much curious information respecting a country which combines a singular mixture of barbarism and civilization. Dr. Lyall takes in very good humour the disapprobation his former volume met with from the higher classes of society, nor do we in the present volumes find that it has in the least affected his good nature; he has not, like Dr. Clarke, condemned the Russians *en masse*, but seems as anxious to discover a virtue in the Russian character, as to detect a vice or deformity. With these remarks, we shall leave the doctor to speak for himself, in a few extracts. At Serpuchof, a curious custom prevails among the merchants and burgesses:—

'The females do not go to church on week days, nor even on Sundays, except they be great festivals, till after marriage. I was led to inquire as to the cause of this of a merchant, whose two daughters always remained at home, while his wife and his daughter-in-law were almost daily attendants on divine service. All the answer I ever received was truly Russian; "I know not—it is the custom—it is not considered good to act otherwise."'

At Tulla, the Birmingham of Russia, there is a large manufactory for fire-arms, which the doctor improperly calls the 'arm-fabric,' as if it was a manufactory of artificial arms, as substitutes for natural ones. At Kief, Dr. Lyall witnessed the punishment of malefactors:—

'A circle had been formed by the military, within which Mr. Dürof, the police-master, remarking we were strangers, kindly invited us to enter. After the prisoners heard their sentences read, the punishment was inflicted. A man received twenty, and woman fifteen strokes of the dreadful knoot. Mr. Dürof related to us that the man was a notorious character. He had been a soldier, had seen foreign countries, spoke a little German, deceived everybody, and at length robbed a monastery. His physiognomy bespoke coolness and determination, and the blackest passions of the heart. On his trial, he boldly told the judges, that the money he took was lying idle; and, consequently, was of no use either to the monks or to the world, and that by taking it and distributing one half to the poor, while he kept the other to himself, he had really been serving both God and man. The deliberate strokes of the knoot disturbed his stoic indifference, and drew forth his cries. When loosened from the rack, a shtoph (a square gallon bottle) was presented to him. He looked round the circle, saluted the multitude, put it to his mouth, and then, manifesting the utmost indignation, dashed it on the ground, while he sneeringly said, "I thought it was spirits, but it is only water." He was next branded on the forehead and cheeks. While the blood was flowing, the wounds were rubbed with gun-powder, so as to render the circular marks, nearly as large as a halfpenny, quite indelible, except by excision.

'The woman screamed and groaned terribly during the infliction of the strokes. When loosened, she seemed to faint, and was laid upon the earth, and then covered with a *shoob*, or sheep-skin pelisse.

'Two boys and a woman next received the *pleti*, or whips. By turns, their bodies being partly uncovered, they were laid flat down with their faces on the ground, and were held firmly by a number of assistants. The executioner, standing on the right side, inflicted a certain number of strokes, and then as many while on the left. All the sufferers cried most bitterly; and, indeed, this mode of punishment, although apparently puerile, is extremely severe. It leads to the most indecent exposure, and could only be tolerated in a demi-civilized or barbarous country.'

Dr. Lyall gives an interesting account of the rise and present state of Odessa, which has sprung up almost like the magic palace of Aladdin, so rapid has been its progress. The following is an anecdote of imperial good nature:—

'A few years ago, when his Imperial Majesty Alexander was on a visit to the south of Russia, he stopped for a short time in one of the chief towns, where resided a distinguished general as governor, who is remarkable for absence of mind. The emperor having entered his cabinet with him, sat down to sign some papers: the governor walked about the room, but at length he walked out of it, shut the door, locked it, and left the house. He was soon reminded of his mistake by one of the sovereign's aides-de-camp, who followed him. Such an action gave rise to no small degree of laughter at the governor's expense, in which the monarch, who was no stranger to the eccentricity of his conduct, heartily participated.'

At Kherson are the monuments of our Howard, and the Russian Prince Potyémkin, of whose character and fate authors differ. Dr. Lyall says—

'I have been assured, that, although Paul sent an imperial mandate to take up and cast the body of Potyémkin into the first hole which might be found, it was never obeyed; that the pretence only was made; and that it still reposes within the walls of the church, though nobody can or will tell in what place. The coffin was removed, and all inscriptions in memorial of Potyémkin were obliterated; but a new grave was dug, and covered over with flags, which had been purposely taken up; and there the mortal remains of this once great prince were consigned to eternal oblivion. As it is no uncommon circumstance that even the active and vigilant Alexander is deceived by his nobles and his officers, we can easily believe this account of disregard to Paul's orders.'

Dr. Lyall, among the few political discussions in which he indulges, examines the opinions of various writers as to the probability of India being invaded by Russia, of which he thinks there is no danger. He says—

'If Russia were even in possession of Persia, in my opinion, she could only think of such a plan, in order to find a sepulchre for her troops. If she employed Russians alone, three-fourths of them would be in their graves before reaching India, and the remainder diseased and unfit to fight. The warm climate would sweep them off by thousands and tens of thousands, and their bones would bleach in the deserts of India, as did those of the French in Russia in 1812. Should she wish to employ Persians along with Russians, their number would be totally inadequate for the purpose of attack, and still less of conquest.'

In this opinion we agree with the doctor, and, always anxious, if possible, to part on good terms with authors as well as friends, we shall take our leave of his work, although we could glean many more interesting extracts relative to the character and customs of Russia.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER FROM JONATHAN OLDWORTHY, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—I give you credit for offering to the public several association and joint-stock company schemes, of which it is only justice to say, that they are as good as many of those that are afloat amongst us. I therefore beg you will accept another, which, I think, it will be desirable to consider as originating in your excellent journal. It is one with so many claims to universal patronage,—its merits are of so decisive a character, that I feel persuaded it only requires publicity to insure popularity.

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The scheme in question is a 'Novel-Writing Joint-stock Company,' to consist of persons of all descriptions, from the highest to the lowest grade in rank, talent, virtue, and vice, provided only that each party shall be able so to write as that his or her communication can be read and disposed of to the general advantage, after undergoing the necessary orthographic filtrations, to be made and provided at the expense of the company.

The scheme is comprehensive and magnificent, as you will perceive when you have reflected upon its extent, adoption, and national importance; nevertheless, like many other important matters, it had but a small beginning. A few friends were lately perambulating the ruins of Wingfield manor-house, in Derbyshire, where the unfortunate Mary of Scotland was imprisoned a considerable time, and where a conspiracy made for her relief was defeated. The place was a scene to inspire sublime thoughts, and it was proposed among the party to lay their wits together, and produce a story, in which, of course, all the great requisites for a romance should be amalgamated, with more success than even the crucible of the Great Unknown has hitherto exhibited. In short, all the particulars were arranged, and everything done but the *deed*, which would have immortalized the projector, when the idea was suggested by one who had hitherto suggested no other, that, in this season of immeasurable speculation and unbounded abilities, a more wholesale system should be acted upon, and resort had to the whole body of brains, with their efficient stores, whether native or acquired, to be found in his Majesty's dominions.

We are the more anxious to lay this scheme before you, Mr. Editor, from the apprehension that your gentle and knowing familiar hight, Asmodeus, would be of singular use to us in this undertaking; and, since it is certain that not one devil in Quevedo's lot, nor even any of those merry ones seen by Count Swedenburg, playing battledore and cricket, was so likely to aid us calling spirits from the vasty deep of old times, or the mighty sweep of new ones, we, the said ramblers in mines and on mountains, hereby desire to summon him. We entreat him to attend to those who dream without sleep—who construct without bricks or mortar—who are generally the architects of their own fame—who build the 'lofty verse' in attics near the skies, and can assist his wishes in unroofing houses and disembodying tombs, for the purpose of raising 'black spirits and grey' to mingle in our enchanted circle.

All other companies set out with an ostentatious display of their capital; but, as that of the present company does not consist of dirty acres or vulgar stock, though we might boast of golden leaves, perhaps thick as those in the woods of Vallombrosa, we shall for the present decline saying more than that, like other great powers, our glory will be shown in *Rosus*, and that the Bank of England, that concentrated emporium of wealth, will issue its *pens* for our service, to an immense extent. It will be, therefore, evident to the meanest capacity, that the first great requisites of the institution are provided, with the exception of galls; and who can know so little of the world (especially the world of authorship) as to suppose that these will be long wanting—every reviewer will contribute his quota.

Persons of genius, of wit, of deep research, and those who shine only on the surface; men of learning, and women of no learning; heavy readers, light readers, and those who never read at all; great talkers, kind listeners, broad provincialists, tender sentimentalists; antiquarians, whether vulgar or polite; Irish porters, Scottish clansmen, half-pay officers, soldiers, widows, rising and falling beauties, ministers of state, pirates, cooks, dowagers, nay, even kings and queens, might, if they chose, be considered useful, in some way or other, in our association; for, as a good novel must contain at least one plot, and a great variety of actors in it, we apprehend that the minds of as many may be brought into action, as to furnish such variety of dialogue, point, narrative, passion, research, humour, and novelty, as we must not expect to meet with in any *one* writer, though in this age of requisition we look for it in every one, from the author of Waverley to the writer of nursery rhymes.

Considering that splendid talent, youthful imagination, and sound morality, should constitute the ground-work, and furnish the main part of the structure, even in all works of fiction, we propose that three-fourths of our body shall consist of those who have proved themselves to be highly-gifted and the most informed; but, as the remaining part, though very useful personages to give shadows and contrasts to our pictures, may be little known, and, therefore, little appreciated, it is for their sakes we would solicit the assistance of Asmodeus. When we want to show the terrific energies of avarice or despair, surely he can dive to some fashionable hell, and bring us a damned spirit,—I mean a gamester at his last stake; and if, turning with loathing and affright from this object, we seek to paint the sorrows of remorse and the tears of penitence, perhaps he will be good enough to permitude one of those ladies to give us light on the dark secrets of their bosoms, who have left their wedded lords and their innocent babes, for the arms of now faithless paramours. As we may occasionally touch upon subjects the most revolting, as well as the most affecting, showing that most hideous and unnatural spectacle, a woman who can sell her *love* in youth, and her *hatred* in maturity,—a seducer in one season, and an assassin in another,—perhaps he will persuade Mrs. Clark, of *past*, and Harriette Wilson, of *present* notoriety, to make us a flying visit. We would inquire after Mr. Hayne, if we wanted a shuttle-cock in our pages; but we apprehend, before even our first sheet can go to press, more amusing follies than his will be abroad among us. If the Catholic question be carried, great strength will be given, in all probability, to our *descriptions*, by the revival of all those magnificent pageantries, affecting dirges, monastic seclusions, appalling punishments, and mind-subduing spells, with which the ancient hierarchy abounds, and of which we trace such interesting descriptions in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe or the pages of Ivanhoe. Our only fear on this subject is, lest these things should become too common, and thereby lose the charm they diffuse over those now old stories, on which they cast 'the dim religious light,' which is rendered beautiful from its obscurity, and touching from its gentle gloom. Whether it will be possible to bring our various assemblage of talent and tempers so to coalesce as to produce one clever whole; whether the expansive declaimer will be content to condense, or the close reasoner condescend to be elaborate; whether the humorist will not laugh at the motley group around him, when he should be gravely writing that his readers may smile; or our sentimental ladies be found crying at the offences they receive from rude authors, instead of drawing tears from others,—as an individual, I have my doubts, Mr. Editor. The scheme is, however, not a mere excellent scheme for being one of difficulty, or even of impracticability: it has been for ages asserted, that genius and industry can conquer all obstructions; and, as this result, should it really take place, would give, in addition to its avowed intention, new lights on the art of government, it is evident that the society will do well to pursue, with avidity, that which they have adopted with enthusiasm. If rail-roads can be made to impel us, by the power of steam, from Penzance to John-o-Groat's, with the facility of wings, in despite of mountains and valleys, towns, rivers, and lakes, why may we not hope to see the concentration of many imaginations, the union of many designs, the information of many opposite and incongruous minds, the conceptions of both grave and gay, good and evil dispositions, in one admirable work? Really, the design is quite as feasible as many others, and much more delightful in the prospect it presents.

Besides, there is a necessity of opposing the great monopolist: it is contrary to the very spirit of Englishmen to be cowed into submissive admission of individual superiority; and what cannot be done by any one may be effected by a body. Only think, too, what a body of talent may be produced! Really, all impossible things seem possible with such a host. If the joint-stock company will merely accept of Jacob's advice,—'see that ye fall not out by the way,' they will carry all things before them, and compel even the Great Unknown to hide his diminished head in Redgauntlet's helmet.

Like other projectors, I find I am reckoning too fast, and assuming that company as formed which is yet in embryo: again, therefore, I, or, collectively, we (for there certainly is a body, though one in a state of infancy), require the good will of Asmodeus in arranging and assembling us. Let him gently stimulate the author of Anastasius, and then hope will be always our's; recall the pen that wrote 'Patronage;' invoke the reverend poet of 'Paris' to trend the road to Parnassus by a new medium; call on the admirable writer of 'Our Village,' and the delineator of 'Bracebridge Hall,' for their contributions; remember, that the band

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still lives which gave 'Evelina and Cecilia' to light, and could form a goodly contrast to the 'World as it was,' to the clever 'Saying-and Doing' young man who gives us the world as it *is*. The author of the 'Pirates,' if not native, could be naturalized, and the venerable mother of 'Cadells' petitioned for our assistance. Might we not compel Lockhart to *remember* the land of his birth, and Galt to *forget* it, for the same laudable purpose? Draw Lady Morgan from Italy, where she does little good, to those home scenes where she is inimitable; and the matchless sisters, Porter, can restore us to the heroic ages at their pleasure. The author of 'Headlong Hall' can make us laugh, and she of 'Patience and Perseverance' make us cry. 'Highways and Byways' can fill up our corners, and the Jeffersons be lawyers to the concern. The Opium-Eater might find us pleasant dreams, and Elia most amusing realities. Neele, the poet, should give us sweet thoughts and pure love, and the 'Improvisatrice' tender descriptions and glowing scenes. The author of 'Marriage' will raise many a good-natured smile, and he of 'Heraldic Anomalies' renew them; while the 'Favourite of Nature' shall make us at once grave and gay, instruct us and delight us. The 'Hermit in London' shall fill many a charming page, and the 'Country Curate' read us his pretty poetry. In short, Mr. Editor, be assured we shall open as many mines in mind as the Derbyshire Company expect in the caverns; drive away pens with the facility of steam-chariots, spoil sheets with more rapidity than the Washing Company can cleanse them, feed the simple better than the Milk Association, and, eventually, realize those golden dreams which inspire all projectors, and are, more exclusively, the right of those who seek at once to please the world and to mend it. I am, in a new capacity, your sincere and, for the first time, your romantic friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

BIOGRAPHY.

BARON DENON.

[*From a Paris Correspondent.*]

I LAMENT to announce to you the sudden death of the celebrated Baron Denon, so well known to all the literati of Europe. This enlightened traveller and munificent patron of the arts attended, on Tuesday, the 26th of April, at the sale of the valuable collection of paintings by the old masters, the property of M. Perrier. The concourse of amateurs which this sale had drawn together was immense, and rendered the room in which they were assembled so oppressively hot, that the baron, unable any longer to endure it, retired for relief into the fresh air. The day was chilly, and the sudden change of temperature produced an almost instantaneous effect upon him; he was seized with a trembling, and, getting into his carriage, proceeded immediately home: medical assistance was procured without delay, but the symptoms of approaching dissolution came on so rapidly as to convince the faculty that their aid was vain; he languished till the next day, when he expired. He was buried this morning (Saturday), at the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, attended by upwards of a hundred persons of the most distinguished literary eminence, as well as others of the highest military rank. His two nephews followed as chief mourners. An immense crowd of the poorer orders followed in the train, and their tears and benedictions bore testimony to the sincerity with which his loss was deplored. The body was removed at twelve o'clock from his house on the *Quai Voltaire*, to the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, which was hung with black on the occasion, and high mass performed with the utmost solemnity. There were twelve mourning coaches and a considerable number of private carriages at the obsequies of this distinguished individual. A detachment of the garrison rendered the deceased military honours. The baron was in his eightieth year. His invaluable collection of curiosities in works of art—the choice but very numerous assemblage of unique articles of Egyptian antiquity—the drawings, paintings, and curiosities, of the most interesting description, which enriched his cabinets, are well known to every Englishman of taste and science who has visited Paris, to whom his house was always open. He possessed a vast fund of knowledge, which he was ever ready to communicate; his sentiments on all subjects were liberal and elevated. In a word, he was an accomplished nobleman of the old French school. As he died unmarried, his property, which is very considerable, devolves on his two nephews, one of whom resided with him; the other is a colonel in the French service.—*British Press.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TALE OF SORROW.

Oh, there are hours in life so fraught with grief,
Teeming with rayless woe, that it were best
Existence then had ceased.
A darkling dream
Falls o'er the thought, and, in its deepest gloom,
Enwraps the stricken brain.
I marked, amid the crowd of revellers,
On whom the veilless moon was shedding light,
A pale and pensive youth. He seemed to view
The joyous throng before him with dislike,
And turned his half-averted eye to where
The clustering forests, with a gloomy mien,
Slept in the heavenly rays. On his wan cheek
No rosy tinge of health or pleasure came;
His lip was bloodless, and his lofty brow
Scored with untimely lines. But twenty years
Over his life had rolled,—a withered spring—
A hapless dawning of a fair-hoped day.
A maiden sat beside him, beautiful
As laughing Love: her hand was clasped in his,
And, 'ever and anon,' she turned her eye
From the inspiring crowd of dancing forms,
To watch that pale face; and, if a tear
Fell on his burning cheek, she kissed it off,
And, with a smile, so very eloquent
That it would scene the sunshine of her soul,
Attempted to infuse a gleam of joy
In that benighted eye, so dimmed by woe.
'Twas stern Despair, attended by young Hope.
I know not how, but soon, insensibly,
We grew in converse, and methought his mind
Shook its lethargic dreams away. He spoke
Of other days and olden thoughts, and oft
Paused in emotion, whilst the gathering tears
Trembled on each lid, in piteous lustre.
At last (sorrow soon finds companionship)
He told me of his grief, and thus began:—
'It was a lovely eve,—the moon arose,
And shed her fairest beams on gladsome hearts,
For 'twas the vintage-time. The parent vines
Had yielded up their offspring, and the land
Resounded with the shout of revelry:
I was the gayest of the sportive group,—
My laugh was louder, heartier, than was theirs',
And my young soul knew sorrow but by name.
This sister (who is all of joy I have),
Was present with me in the lively dance,
And shared the perils of that dreadful night.
Nay, weep not, Julia, thou hast been to me
A more than angel in my wretchedness,
'Tending my mental wants, and pouring hope,
Comfort'd in the sweetest accents, o'er my soul.
For her I live, or else these fading eyes
Had long since lost their light. But pardon me,—
My tale must be but brief—perchance my brain
May lose remembrance. Ended were the sports
When we retraced our steps to yonder vale;
I slung my carbine round me, for the wolves,
'Mid mountains famished, grew by hunger bold,
And killed our flocks, and e'en attacked man.
With lightened hearts, and kindly talk, we passed
The time in joy away, until we gained
A little mound that overlooks our cot.
I heard a sullen roar, and saw a wolf
Spring from his leafy covert on our path.
To aim my carbine was a moment's work—
I fired—the ruthless animal fell dead—
But, oh!—I heard a scream, so shrill, so loud,
It seemed to perforate the very Heaven.—
Silent was all again—I onward sped—
When—can my tongue relate my misery!—
I found my mother, bleeding, pale, and wan—
The ball had done a double deed of death—
And killed at once my enemy and bliss.
She died within my arms.'

Edmonton. J. J. L.

PRIMROSE HILL.

AFTER a long and dusty round,
A panting upward climb,—
'Tis pleasant to attain the mound
Of antiquated Time;
To feel the wind's awakening thrill,
And freshness breathe, on Primrose Hill.

Rome was magnificent to view!
London looks powerful here!
Hallowed in smoke the spires point through,
Glittering like many a spear;
And structures, by the mason's skill,
Ere long will compass Primrose Hill.

What active minds are scheming now!
What business urging strife!
Power making Ruin's captives bow
To the concerns of life:
Yet why should thoughts of care or ill
Pervade the mind on Primrose Hill?

The grass, with cups and daisies pied,
Invites the heart from woe;
The sky, which stretches far and wide,
Shines on all things below;
Light marks the works of human will,
Pictured in shade on Primrose Hill.

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Reflection winds her sylvan part,
In Truth's unerring charm;
Pleasure improves the cheering heart,
And Fancy keeps it warm:
Though toil and habit call us,—still
Sometimes retreat to Primrose Hill. J. R. P.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The fifty-seventh exhibition of the Royal Academy opened on Monday, and we ascended, if not for the last time, at least we hope for the last season, the narrow and lofty flight of stairs which leads to the Great Room, anxious to see how far the honour of the arts had been sustained during the year. The exhibition is, on the whole, a good one, and, if any proof were wanting of the good the Society of British Artists is calculated to render, it will be found in the vigorous competition to which it has driven the exhibitors at Somerset House. It is true that portraits still predominate excessively, and we have been told that no exhibition would be successful without a great number of them: this, however, we doubt; and, although the immediate friends of a Mr. Higgins or a Mr. Wiggins may give their shillings to see him on canvas, yet these can form but a small portion of the five or six thousand pounds which are annually received at these rooms. There are only two or three points on which portraits can be generally interesting: these are the rank or importance of the individual, the extreme beauty of a female, or the merit of the picture as a work of art: there are, however, many portraits in the present exhibition, which present none of these claims to admission. The Royal Academicians have been very active: the president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has eight pictures, Jackson seven, Sir William Beechey six, Chalon eight, Daniel six, Phillips and Howard eight each, Remagle five, Ward three, the late Mr. Fuseli two (Comus and Psyche); Turner, Northcote, and Hilton, only exhibit a single picture each.

In portraits, the president, as usual, maintains his superiority, particularly in females; of these we were much struck with the portrait of that beautiful and accomplished lady, Mrs. Peel, No. 28; the delicacy of form and feature, the grace and dignity, which this lady so preeminently possesses, are given with the most exquisite fidelity. The dress is plain, and the ornaments she wears, though valuable, chastely harmonize with it. Indeed of this lady it may truly be said, as Lord Littleton did of his first wife—

'Each beauty of her mind and face
Is brightened by some sweet peculiar grace.'

No. 57, a portrait of the Princess Sophia, by the president, is also a charming picture, the drapery of which is managed with exquisite skill.

No. 71, by the same artist, is a full-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, with his baton in his hand, and as thoughtful as if on the eve of a battle that was to make or mar him for ever; there is a cool intrepidity and studied caution strongly indicated in the face of the hero of Waterloo, who, if he wished really to appear to advantage, should be painted when smiling.

No. 83 is a portrait of Mr. Secretary Canning, in which Sir Thomas has made the wit, the poet, the orator, and the statesman, almost breathe on the canvass. Mr. Canning has a fine intellectual countenance, and the president, on finishing this portrait, might, like the artist of old, have almost exclaimed, 'Speak, for I am sure you can.'

Nos'. 118 and 140 are very fine portraits, by thepresident, of the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Croker, secretary to the Admiralty. No. 399 is a portrait of Lord Bexley, whose unmeaning face is very well depicted. We were, however, more pleased with a charming portrait of the son of J. G. Lambton, Esq. No. 253, on which Sir Thomas has bestowed infinite pains.—We shall now proceed to notice a few other prominent pictures, without observing any strict order or arrangement.

No. 152, The Harbour of Dieppe, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. This is the only picture exhibited by this able artist: it is, however, well calculated to sustain his reputation, for a more rich or luxuriant view we have rarely seen; the ocean, the clear sky, and the shipping, are all depicted with surprising fidelity.

No. 1, the Combat; Woman pleading for the Vanquished: William Etty.—This is an ideal group very vigorously executed. The picture is of a large size, and exhibits a wounded combatant, whose body, but not his mind, is subdued, still struggling with his conqueror, and exhibiting physical suffering with some slight feeling of mortification at defeat. The victorious warrior possesses that muscular energy which seems able to overcome every difficulty; between them a female of lovely figure has thrown herself, as if appealing to the sufferings of the conquered and the generosity of the conqueror. The anatomy throughout the three figures is very fine; the colouring, though perhaps somewhat too glowing, is a good deal softened down, and the picture has a character of imposing grandeur, which proves that Mr. Etty possesses qualifications for the highest walk of the pictorial art—historical painting.

No. 8, The Regent Murray, shot by Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh: W. Allan.—This picture, though not without merit, does not read, as an artist would term it; and without the long extract given in the Catalogue, from Robertson's History of Scotland, we should have some difficulty in determining the subject. The figure of the regent is in a similar position to all the men who have died on canvass within the last century, and, although such an event would naturally excite some confusion, yet ye should have wished the picture less crowded, and the colouring less uniform and gloomy.

No. 29, The Distressed Situation of the Kent East Indiaman, Capt. Cobb, when on Fire, in the Bay of Biscay, on the 1st of March last: W. Daniell, R.A.—As a marine painter, Mr. Daniell deservedly holds a high rank, and he has given us a vigorous representation of one of the most awful scenes which the pencil is called upon to depict. Mr. Daniell, it its true, did not witness the awful scene, but we are assured that the picture is painted from authentic information. The moment selected is when the vessel is almost thrown upon her beam ends by the gale, and the first volume of smoke has burst from between the decks. The crew, almost petrified, seem to hesitate between the only alternative that appears to present itself, that of perishing by fire or water. A boat is upon launched and crowded, while the ship's side presents a mass of human beings clinging with terror, in every direction, or seeking some means of escape; the elements are at war, and add to the horrors of the appalling scene. When Loutherbourg depicted the shipwreck of the Halsewell, some of the sailors who had been on board her at the time could scarcely believe that it was a painting; and the same observation would apply to this picture, had the size favoured the deception. The action of the sea and sky is most powerfully depicted.

No. 39, Portraits of J. S. Buckingham, Esq. and Mrs. Buckingham: H. W. Pickersgill.—This is a clever picture, and shows Mr. Buckingham is a good husband, in exhibiting himself with his better half.

No. 41, Portrait of the late Lord Byron: R. Westall, R. A.—The fine intellectual countenance of Byron, beaming with poetic inspiration, is well portrayed in this picture, the colouring of which is peculiarly chaste; the whole face is very characteristic of his lordship.

No. 50, a Portrait of Mrs. Robinson, by F. J. Harlstone.—A very cleverly executed portrait, by a very promising young artist.

No. 70, Bosworth Field, by A. Cooper, R.A.—This picture represents the closing scene of that battle in which the daring Richard lost his crown and his life. The point taken is when Richard has killed Richmond's standard-bearer and has seized the standard, which he waves in triumph while he bears all before him, like an avalanche. The horse of Richard is, perhaps, the best part of the picture, and is a very spirited specimen of a war-horse, which seems as eager in the battle as its rider: the colouring is chaste and mellow throughout.

No. 84, General Mina: J. B. Mayard.—We were particularly pleased with seeing this gallant officer in such good company as Mr. Canning. The face of Mina does not possess much dignity, but expresses a cool and modest intrepidity.

No. 105, Christ crowned with Thorns: W. Hilton, R.A.—The brutal ferocity of the wretch who is tormenting the Saviour is forcibly expressed in this picture, as well as the scornful derision or malignant cruelty of those who are witnessing the scene. There is, however, nothing superhuman in the appearance of Christ. In correctness of drawing and harmony of colouring, this is, undoubtedly, a beautiful picture.

127, The Trial of William, Lord Russell, at the Old Bailey, in 1683 (and not 1863, as stated in the catalogue): G. Hayter.—We were much pleased with this picture, which contains a great number of figures. The virtuous patriot of course occupies a conspicuous place; he appears firm and undaunted,

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as if conscious of the rectitude of his conduct. Before him sits his faithful wife, that model of conjugal virtue and affection, watching with the most intense anxiety the proceedings, and taking notes of everything that passes; this forms a fine contrast to the absence of all feeling manifested by the judges, and the very questionable character of the witnesses. The picture is carefully painted, and the grouping is very well managed.

187, Portraits of Archdeacon Butler and his Family: P. Corbett.—That a gentleman who can pay for his portrait has a right to choose how he shall be represented is indisputable, though there may be something like taste in the choice: it would certainly have been as consonant with his profession, had the archdeacon, his wife, son, and daughter, been at family prayers instead of a game at chess The archdeacon is standing behind the young lady, and with formal precision is directing the moves. The portrait of the reverend chess-player is well painted.

Here we must pause for the present, merely observing that Ward has some good animal subjects; Blake some exquisite little pictures of dead game; and that in the Sculpture Gallery there are some charming things, by Westmacott: but what has become of Chantrey that he does not exhibit this year?

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—On Monday, his Majesty honoured this theatre with a visit, and was received with that ardent enthusiasm which greets his ears whenever he appears in public. The pieces selected were *Der Freischutz* and *Simpson and Co.* The house was crowded to excess, and somewhat uproarious, which afforded Mr. Elliston one of those opportunities he never fails to seize on, of appearing on the stage to make a speech. On this occasion, the great lessee contrived to insult his Majesty and the audience at the same time. When he came forward, he seemed to say, with Masaniello, 'My people, what are your wishes.' What he did say we know not, except that he told the audience *he* felt honoured by their presence, as if it was to hear Mr. Elliston make a silly and obtrusive speech that the people paid their money. God save the King was sung three times, on the call of the ultra-loyal audience, and Rule Britannia once, which is rather too much of a good thing. The King did not seem cheerful in the early part of the evening, but appeared to enjoy the after-piece.

Haymarket Theatre.—A very smart piece, a *petite comedie*, in two acts, taken from the French, and adapted to English taste by that successful writer, Mr. Poole, was produced at this theatre on Tuesday evening. It is entitled *Tribulation, or the Unwelcome Visitors*; and the story, extremely well wrought, derives its chief interest from a happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dorrington (Mr. Dowton and Mrs. Davison), who have been ten years married, attempting to deceive each other in concealing how they intend passing one evening. The lady has resolved to visit a gay widow (Mrs. Glover), against the express desire of her husband; and the husband, with equal duplicity, has determined to pass the night rakishly with his friend Forrester (Mr. Raymond), who introduces him, under the feigned name of Jenkins, to the *nice* of the same widow. This widow being known to Mr. and Mrs Dorrington under different names, leads them unsuspectingly, to the same spot, where he is fleeced of his gold, and she is greatly annoyed by the importunities of Sir George Faddle (Mr. Vining). The adventures of this evening bring them into great 'tribulation,' and each is so completely ashamed of the unworthy manner in which each has behaved to the other, that both resolve, after an unwelcome visit from Sir George Faddle and the widow Dashwood, to confess and apologize for the deception practised. These circumstances, in their development, afforded many fine scenes, well delineated by the author, and admirably sustained by the performers. Mr. Dowton was perhaps a little too free at times; but Mrs. Davison was sensibility itself, and expressed the emotions of her bosom with fine discrimination. Mr. Vining's fame must be increased by this representation, and Mr. Raymond has seldom appeared in a more favourable character for his reputation: indeed, the entire performance was a treat to the true lovers of the drama, such as is seldom met with, and to which Mrs. Glover, as the flirting widow, contributed her full share. *Tribulation* was announced for repetition amidst loud cheering. It was followed by Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, in which Mrs Glover and Mrs. Humby sustained, for the first time, the parts of Mrs. and Miss Hardcastle. Mrs. Glover's representation was admirable; but Mrs Humby was by no means refined enough for the lady-like parts of her's; there was much gaiety and spirit in her performance, but, as a whole, it was too vulgar: the transition from the bar-maid to the young lady was marked by no change of manners; and we cannot help thinking that, though Mrs. Humby may prove a great acquisition in one particular line of acting, her powers are not suited to the first walks of genteel comedy.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

'Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful,' original and translated, containing the Prediction, the Yellow Dwarf, Der Freischütz, the Fortunes of De la Pole, and the Lord of the Maelstrom, are in the press.

'A New Theory of Light' is in the press, by W. Hunt, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Donovan has in contemplation the publication of some interesting materials on British Natural History, in the same form and manner as his former publication. The first part, the Gleanings in British Ornithology, will include scientific as well as general descriptions of the nests and eggs of every British bird at present known, and will be accompanied with very accurately and beautifully coloured plates.

Travels of my Night Cap, or Reveries in Rhyme, with Scenes at the Congress of Verona, by the Author of My Note-Book, or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's, is in the press.

A Journey through various Parts of Europe, in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821: with Notes, Classical and Historical, by Thomas Pennington, A. M. rector of Thorley, Herts, late fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, is also in the press.

History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, its Causes and Consequences, translated from the French of M. Thierry, will shortly be published.

Count Ferrand, a peer of France, member of the Institute, and author of L'Esprit de l'Histoire, in 4 vols 8vo. died at Paris, January 17th, aged seventy-two.

A theatrical picture, painted by Hogarth, has just been discovered. The subject is Garrick in the green-room of Drury-Lane Theatre, evidently acting one of his favourite characters (we believe Sir John Brute), for the amusement of a select circle, who are seated around him. On his left hand stands his brother, George Garrick, and in the foreground, seated on a chair, is the artist himself. Mrs. Garrick, full of youth and beauty, is seated at the extreme corner of the room, elegantly attired, and near her sit Peg Wofington and Mrs. Pritchard, behind whom are Macklin and other actors, who were the principal performers at Drury Lane at that period. Under the chair, on which Garrick sits actively engaged in a speech, are the emblems of Tragedy and Comedy—and near them the celebrated pug dog, first introduced into England by Hogarth, in a state of great agitation, occasioned by the powerful exertions of the English Roscius. Behind Garrick's chair, and pointing to him, is the figure of Fame, blowing the trumpet.

Arctic Land Expedition.—The officers of the Arctic Land Expedition, consisting of Capt. Franklin, commander; Lieut. Kendall, astronomer; Dr. Richardson, surgeon and naturalist; Lieut. Back, surveyor; and Mr. Drummond, botanist, passed through Albany, on their way to York, Upper Canada, in the latter end of March. The whole party are directed to assemble at Bear Lake, and, in the spring of 1825, will descend M'Kenzie River, embark on the Polar Sea in July of the same year, and sail westwardly towards Icy Cape. Should they not there meet Capt. Parry, the Blossom, of twenty-eight guns (which has lately sailed from England to the South Seas), will be found waiting at Behring's Straits, in the event of the expedition reaching that point. It is intended, on reaching M'Kenzie River, that a party shall proceed eastward, and explore the line of coast between that and Copper-Mine River. A detachment of the same expedition has gone on by way of Hudson's Bay.

Islands Discovered.—The Francis and Charlotte, arrived at Singapore, from the north-west coast of America, discovered three islands on her passage.—The following is an extract from the master's log:—'At daylight, on the 26th of May, saw three islands, bearing due north by compass, distant eight or nine leagues. They are not laid down in any of the latest charts, nor mentioned in any

modern work. Their size appeared small, and their height moderate: the one most westerly appeared in the horizon like a small hillock; the other, undulating and lower. The most eastern was the largest: the distance between them two or three miles in an east north-east and west south-west direction. We had a good sight, for the chronometer, at seven a. m., which places the islands in long. 114. 49 m. and the latitude (of this we cannot be equally certain) above 18. 11. north.'

Antiquities.—Mr. Holford, of Kilgwyn, had upon a part of his estate, at a considerable distance from the mansion, a pyramidical stone of prodigious magnitude, which he was desirous of removing nearer the house, but was deterred from the attempt by its apparent impracticability. In his absence, Mr. Holford, jun. with the view of giving his father an agreeable surprise upon his return, collected a number of the neighbouring tenantry, to assay its removal. The whole lateral pressure of the earth having been removed, a team of five-and-twenty horses was put to, and succeeded with some difficulty in dislodging this ponderous mass from its site, and exposed to view a tablet, with the following inscription:—

'A PAWL A BREG Elbodd un yvan
hon byd FLWdd AnAd Xxvlil

AG ElimAP OWEn Goch
ALAddwyd AG GAddwyd unman
oacof PREG thy Gnif 1 1604.'

Which, when translated, we take to be, 'St. Paul preached on this spot about the year of our Lord 48;' and 'Elim ap Owen Goch suffered martyrdom, and was buried in the same place, for preaching Christ, 1604' This is an antique of considerable importance in a historical point of view, determining, as far as such evidence can, the hypothesis of our learned diocesan—that St. Paul preached the Gospel in Britain. When this inscription was made does not appear; but, even admitting it was as late as the early part of the seventeenth century, it shows the existence of a tradition to that effect, or of some historical record, of which this tablet is probably a transcript. From the distinctness of the date, we are inclined to think the latter, and that our ancestors were desirous of transmitting this interesting fact to posterity is apparent from the immense labour which must have attended the sculpture of this tablet.—The discovery of this interesting tablet determined Mr. Holford to examine a cairn, or *tumulus*, also upon his property, the result of which was the discovery of two earthen vases, one of which, through the carelessness of the workmen, was broken; the other, in which were human bones, was preserved. Under these was also found a tablet, with an inscription, partly Welsh and partly corrupt Latin, of which the following is a transcript:—

'Hic JACET IN kAIRN hoN
CoRpvs Lvpus
DA Episcop TRECASTELL
Llouceddi AD. 427.'

This bears the date of the fifth century, and is inscribed to the memory of Lupus, Bishop of Trecastle, whose remains it is supposed they contain. Both these discoveries were made in the parish of Mothvey, and, if an examination were set on foot generally in the principality, we are sanguine that many valuable antiquities may be rescued from oblivion, and that the cause of history would be materially benefited by the recovery. We should have observed that, in digging up the tablet which records St. Paul's preaching in this island, human bones and ashes were found. Part of the pyramidal stone, since its deportation to the lawn of Kilgwyn, has been polished, and it proves to be a block of red marble, beautifully variegated with blue veins. The farm on which the stone stood was formerly called Gelly-*macn*, obviously deriving its name from the stone. The other inscription, it will be seen, records the martyrdom of Elim ap Owen Goch, for preaching Christ.—*Caermarthen Journal.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather.
April 29	51	63	52	29 58	Fair.
.... 30	52	60	49	.. 80	Do.
May 1	42	57	47	.. 74	Do.*
.... 2	50	60	52	.. 66	Do.
.... 3	53	60	50	.. 86	Do.
.... 4	51	66	60	.. 96	Do.*
.... 5	60	66	60	.. 85	Do.

* Rain at night.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Riding Rusty.—A gentleman having remarked to a friend, that his Majesty's military escort, during his late visit to Drury Lane Theatre, had to ride about for five hours in a heavy rain, the latter replied, that it was enough to make the *Cuirassiers ride rusty!*

FRIENDLY ADVICE—IMPROMPTU.

A lass, whose name was *Mary Ware*,
And who could boast of beauty,
Of love full oft had found the care—
A friend, to save her from his snare,
Thus did a friendly duty.

'Fair maid, my lesson now regard,
A lesson good and rare;
One word is all—and that not hard,—
From husbands bad your surest guard:—
Fair maid, it is,—*be*-WARE!' J. M. L.

A Charitable Malediction.—A Mr. Moses Jeffris, in an advertisement in The Genius of Liberty, printed in Fayette county (Pennsylvania), asserts, that a certain person did, at the last session of the court, attempt to injure his character; but as the person 'is now lying ill, and in his master the devil's hands,' Mr. Jeffris very charitably hopes that he (meaning always the devil) 'will reward him well in *this* world for his deceit and treachery, so that he may not have the trouble of the scoundrel in the next.

Cutting Retort.—Archbishop Tillotson had, by some means, incurred the displeasure of Sir John Trevor, who had been expelled the House of Commons for several misdemeanors. Sir John, one day meeting Tillotson, cried out, 'I hate to see an *Atheist* in the shape of a churchman.'—'And I,' replied the archbishop, 'hate to see a *knave* in any shape.'

EPITAPH ON WALTER WICK.

Of Walter Wick here lies the dust,—
For some, perchance, may ask it;—
His *Wick's* burnt out, and life has burst,
Like an old *wicker* basket,

To *wickedness* he ne'er gave way,
But from him used to kick it;
His soul has fled from earth's dull day,
To knock at Heaven's celestial *wicket*. J. M. L.

In the case of two projected duels between some natives of Hibernia (a nation seldom famed for thinking twice on the business of a challenge), one individual spoke openly of wife and family as to be considered, and another was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. The then solicitor-general of Ireland honoured them with these lines:—

'The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.'

A Nice Point of Law.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts, that if land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof; and he adds, in a note, that this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart; but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seised of an estate by survivorship; in consequence of which seisin his widow obtained a verdict for her dower.

PAT'S OPINION OF A RAIL-WAY.

The *rail-way* is the thing for affording relief,
To poor Paddy—some wiseacres cry;
So swiftly his butter, his bacon, and beef,
To London's big market shall fly?
'Now the *real* way,' says Pat, 'that would please me, is such
As would make all these matters move slower;
For the devil a taste of them Paddy could touch,
At the rate they all travelled before!'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Society for the Employment of Idle Gentlemen shall have insertion, as requested.

The Petition Extraordinary, and several other articles, including a review of the Expedition to St. Peter's River, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

Works published since our last notice.—Alfred Campbell, by Mrs Hofland, 6s 6d.—Northern Regions, 6s.—Turner and Venables' Chancery Practice, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Leonard and Gertrude, 10s. 6d.—Norris's History of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, 8vo. 12s.—Tales of Ireland, 3 vols. 1l. 4s.—Hints to the Purchasers of Horses, 3s.—Last Days of Lord Byron, by Major Parry, 8vo. 12s.—Choice and No Choice, or the First of May, 2 vols 10s.—The Sydney Papers, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Memoires de Mad. de Genlis, vols. 3 and 4, 14s.—Clarke's Treatise on Mineralogy, 3 vols. 8vo 1l. 16s.—Reine Canzianani, a tale of Modern Greece, 2 vols. 1l.—Dunbeney's Supplement to the Protestant's Companion, 6s. 6d.—Molesworth's Sermons, 10s. 6d.

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Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Travels of My Night-Cap, 305; Selections from the Works of Baron Humboldt on Mines, 306; Keating's Expedition to St Peter's River, &c. 307; Parry's Last Days of Lord Byron, 309; Poems, by John Wilson, 314; Joyce's Practical Chemical Mineralogy, 312; Holman's Travels through Russia, 313—*Original:* Street Music, 315; Smugglers' Petition to Parliament, 316; Literary Fund Society, 317; The Artists' Benevolent Fund, 317—*Original Poetry:* The Queen of May, 317; Verses, &c. 317—*Fine Arts:* Exhibition at Somerset House, &c. 317—*Drama*, 319—*Literature and Science*, 319—*Bee*, 319.

No. 313. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1825. Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels of My Night-Cap, or Reveries in Rhyme; with Scenes at the Congress of Verona. By the Author of My Note-Book, or Sketches from the Gallery of St. Stephen's. 12mo. pp. 146. London, 1825. Whittaker.

Some persons, who are for ever deprecating the present age in order to enhance the merits of some good old times, which exist in imagination only, contend that there is a great dearth of satire and comic humour in the present day; this we beg leave to deny, and appeal to a Byron, a Canning, and a Gifford, to the authors of the Rejected Addresses, to the new aspirant who gave us that really-clever work a few weeks ago, the Odes and Addresses to Great People, and to Wilfred Woodfall (a *nom de guerre*), the author of My Note-Book, and the Travels of My Night-Cap.

We have had almost all sorts of travellers: one man undertakes to describe all he sees, and relate all he hears; another confines himself to a political account of the government of the countries through which he passes; a third is more anxious to discover what is in the bowels of the earth than what is on it. Then we have sentimental travellers, who go blubbering like a whipped school-boy from Dan to Beersheba, or rather from Joppa to Jerusalem; we have some of such happy dispositions as to be content with everything; and others, who are content with nothing.—But to describe the various sorts of travellers would occupy that space we are bound to devote to our author, who is the first we have encountered that narrates his travels in verse. The work is one with which we are much pleased; we like the novelty of the title, the politeness of the dedication to the printer's devil, whom the author greets in very friendly terms, and the poetical prolusion on that cherished companion of our slumbers—the Night-Cap.

The Night-Cap of our author was, he tells us, of cotton,—a circumstance which would shock the delicate Harriette Wilson, who has recorded her aversion to such *caput*-covering. The author's tour was made during the time the congress was held at Verona, previous to which he travelled *via* Dunkirk, Brussels, &c. to Vienna; the country, the incidents that occurred, and the individuals he encountered, are all described with much *naïveté* and genuine humour. From Calais, he proceeded in the diligence to Dunkirk, in company with 'two Christian Dutchmen and a Jew,' and—

'A Flemish laceman, and a wench
Whose nameless orbit lov'd to trench
Beyond its proper sphere.'

While waiting at a Flemish inn, for the repairing of the diligence, a little incident occurred, which we must relate:—

'Meanwhile the Jew confess'd a flame:
He sought the wench with ardent aim,
And thought his conquest sure.
The Laceman spy'd him—his red eye
In burning fury seem'd to fry,—
The female was his niece;
"Hep! hep!" he cries—the Jew was wild,
The landlord laugh'd, the damsel smiled;
All cackled on like geese.
At length the laceman was assuaged;
But th' Israelite, still more enraged,
Now wax'd intensely warm!
His frantic gestures menaced blows,
Which made the Dutchman interpose,
And seize his lifted arm.
Before him stood fat Bonface,
With tongue that argued all the ease,
And grin that mock'd the feud;
Yet still he seem'd intent on strife,
And would have grasp'd a carving-knife,
But——Moses was subdued.
The two Batavians held him tight,
The laceman vanish'd out of sight,
The damsel disappeared:
She proved herself a worthless jade;
An assignation she had made,
And met at Moses feet'd.'

So much for narrative: now for a description of the scenery of the Rhine, in which the author is equally happy:—

'The Rhine ascending, we beheld
Its ample bosom, as it swell'd
And glitter'd in the beam,
That now with all its radiant pow'r
Shone forth in autumn's golden hour,
To gild the glorious stream.
Light mirthful songs around were sung;
The vines with teeming clusters hung;
Gay blithesome rustics vied
In taking from each burden'd tree
Its liquid load; nor could there be
A fairer scene esp'y'd.
In sweet perspective, hamlets lay
Beneath rude piles of dingy grey,
That rose aloft in air,
The stern memorials of those times
When "barons bold" committed crimes
Which no man now would dare.'

Arrived at the gates of Vienna at midnight, the author was detained an hour before the janitor appeared; and the examination of the passport, and comparing the description with the person, created further delay, for—

'Here a discrepance was seen
With lantern light—his glances keen
Made out my hair was brown;
Though in the passport it was said
To be a sort of spurious red,—
As such it was put down.
This wakes his doubts, and, lo! my hair
Had now become a state affair,—
A council must be called;
A police council, to decide
What colour nature had supplied,—
I wish'd my cranium bald.'

At Vienna, our author visits the theatre, and sees the Emperor of Austria and young Napoleon, whom he thus describes:—

'I saw young NAP, and he appears
A youth matur'd beyond his years;
His nose and chin proclaim his sire;
His eyes bespeak a latent fire;
His manner ardent, quick, and bold,
Reminds one much of NAP the old.
Attended by two surly sages,
And three or four imperial pages,
He came one night to see the play,
And look'd and laugh'd and talk'd away.
His grandsire close adjoining sat,
And Nappy's pate would often pat:
While Nappy, smiling in his face,
Appear'd to ask if he could trace
The organ there which skullmen find
In skulls for sov'reign pow'r design'd?
But politicians well may doubt,
If cranium quacks e'er find it out.'

All this is in the 'Apostrophe to the Night-Cap;' the author, then, *per saltum*, commences a canto in the *ottava rima*, since—

'No muse e'er gave to Byron's brain
Th' exclusive right to th' octave strain.'

This second poem is in two cantos, and contains the author's tour in Italy, on his way to Verona, whither emperors, kings, ambassadors, and nobles, were hastening. In the course of his poem, the author introduces many sly rubs at English as well as foreign follies; thus, he says,—

'I lik'd Trevisa, and the country round
Presents some scenes which all men must admire:
Villas and gardens everywhere abound;
Not villas such as cockneys would desire,
With squatted roof scarce raised above the ground,
And trellis prim as cockney could require:
Suburban structures here are built with taste;
The Hackney Road 's with clustering brick defac'd.

'In Latium taste has long pronounc'd her fiat;
And architecture here, you must admit,
Displays much less of nibbling Nash than Wyatt.
A favour'd Wyatt lately has thought fit
To *illefy* a noted name, and try at
Distinctive station by some happy hit.
All England knows Bragge Bathurst chang'd his name,
But still he 's Bragge, and Bragge is still the same.'

Lady Morgan and Mr. Colburn come in for a rap, an offence which would insure the author a cutting up in the New Monthly, had not Mr. Campbell the spirit not to identify himself with his publisher. Speaking of Lady Morgan's Italy, which he took with

him and destroyed, lest the tire it provoked to Austria should get him into a scrape, he says truly:—

'Yet, sooth to say, her book can do no harm;
Conceit and folly never should excite
One serious thought or feeling of alarm:
Let Austria rule; her ladyship may write:
Her pen innoxious no man should disarm,
No power restrain her visionary flight;
And while for Colburn's puffing shop she plies,
For Colburn let Sir Charles philosophize.'

Of Venice we have a very faithful poetic description:—

'In stately grandeur piles majestic rose,
With sculptured wealth enrich'd in purest taste:
But from the windows rags and ragged clothes
Hung dangling down, and all the front disgrac'd.
'I would seem as if the washerwomen chose
To show how far that art might be debas'd,
Which noseless Elgin found a ready trade,
Denouncd by Athens, but by Britain paid.

'Spirit of Phidias! couldst thou but awake,
And witness so much profanation thine,
What retribution would thy vengeance take!
To such apostrophes I can't aspire.
Phidias and famed Praxiteles could make
The marble man to glow with living fire.
Wyatt, with fierce Bellona on his side,
Has rais'd a horse for George the Third to ride.'

The buildings, sculpture, and pictures at Venice are noticed with characteristic brevity. Padua, Vicenza, and other places through which the author passed, are all described, as well as Verona, which he was fortunate enough to be allowed to enter, in consequence of Prince Metternich having signed his passport at Vienna; this was a privilege few enjoyed. Here were assembled persons of almost every kindred, tongue, and people:

'The *Torre di Londre* and the *Due Torri*
Are rival inns; the former takes the lead.
Here in a nook, surmounting th' upper story,
A *camera* was fitted up with speed;
A sturdy fellow, call'd a *servitore*,
Arrang'd a couch, which in the hour of need
I gladly seiz'd, and, every house being full,
Rejoic'd to find a vacant pack of wool.

'Below me princes, counts, and barons, took
All sorts of places, such as they could get:
The designations in th' *albergo*-book
Announced a most extraordinary set.
A din discordant all th' apartments shook,
As though to Babel's craftsmen they were let;
And th' ear, astounded, heard the mingled strains
Of Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Poles, and Danes.

'Some flippant Frenchmen jabber'd night and day,
Regardless how they talk'd, or what they said;
An old Dalmatian always us'd to pray
And sing a psalm before he went to bed;
Two British foplings near his chamber lay;
One always cry'd, "Now, dam'me, go it, Ned!"
A Frankfort Jew was ready to discount
The bills of all, no matter what amount.'

* * * * * *

'The ministers arriv'd without delay,
The sev'ral monarchs follow'd in succession,
And th' Emp'ror Francis, on a certain day,
Came in without a pageant or procession;
Yet did the loyal Veronese display
A dutcous zeal, too ardent for repression:
Their beds they strip'd of counterpanes and sheets,
And hung them out to line the public streets.

'This custom through all Italy obtains
When grand occasions great attempts require,
And oft old rags, befoul'd with spots and stains,
To mar th' effect in floating filth conspire.
Not only in the streets, but narrow lanes,
Did persons sport their bedclothes and attire:
Some windows show'd, in votive guise let down,
A tatter'd breeches, petticoat, or gown.'

The opera at Verona is, perhaps, one of the happiest of our author's felicitous descriptions; we shall, however, only notice the Ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, and her one-eyed chamberlain, whom it was stated, a few days ago, she had married:—

'A vet'ran warrior usher'd to her seat
A princess, once the partner of a throne
That saw all Europe prostrate at the feet
Of him who rais'd it. Now must she disown
His name and lineage, nor presume to treat
Her son as though the father ere were known;
While yet that son can proudly boast a sire,
Whose fame with history only can expire.

'Napoleon's relict seem'd not to repine
At glories vanish'd, and departed sway;
Of widow'd mourning she display'd no sign;
Her dress was gorgeous and her manner gay.
A wreath of brilliants did her locks confine:
The robe she wore might suit her bridal day:
Some slavish painters to her face have lent
Such charms as nature for her face ne'er meant.

'Her cheek was pallid to the last degree;
At Ackermann's 'tis blooming as the rose:
Her mouth is large; her eyes appear to be
Too far apart; and shapeless is her nose.
If in description I've been rather free,
I've shown no more than what her mirror shows:
But in their mirrors ladies never find
The portrait homely—vanity is blind!

'Her chamberlain, a Polyphemus, stood
With hideous aspect close behind her chair;
Monstrum horrendum! he did all he could
To make his features uglier than they were.
His widow'd optic had not, as it should,
A glass companion, and was seen to stare
From a deep region, which a bandage black
Had half-conceal'd—his breeches seem'd a sack.

'A bristly covert crown'd his upper lip,
Besmear'd with grease, and parting into twain,
With forky points converging towards the tip
Of his huge nose, which o'er them hung amain.
These mad mustachios he forbore to clip,
But let them still a savage growth attain.
His oblong mouth their wild luxuriance hid;
His face seem'd all things human to forbid.

'A *dame d'honneur* (a royal waiting maid
Is thus in French appropriately styl'd)
Sat near her mistress, mark'd attention paid,
Talk'd when commanded, and when silent smil'd.
The *quondam* empress earnestly survey'd
The brilliant scene; and with his optic wild
Did Polyphemus take a fierce review,
While staring optics towards his phiz he drew.'

The opera was the Lady of the Lake:—

'A poor castrato had but sorry claims
To personate the hero of romance;
And, while Veluti squeak'd as *James Fitzjames*,
The *Lady* cast a shrewd sagacious glance,
As though she felt that men should lose their names,
When wanting all that can their fames enhance:
Loud without fulness, shrill but never clear,
He pip'd such notes as Nature shrunk to hear.'

Of this Veluti, who has lately arrived in London, we are elsewhere told:—

'Close by the Brenta lives in rural ease
A wight that, ere in manhood's season ripe,
Was doom'd a parent's avarice to please,
And sacrifice his manhood to his pipe;
Veluti's form no human creature sees,
Unshock'd by nature's mutilated type.
Curs'd be that wretch, that monster-like offender,
Whose thirst of gain his offspring can ungender *.

Among the 'gentlemen of Verona' was a London Quaker, who went with the amiable motive of enlisting the sovereigns in a crusade against the slave-trade; it would, however, seem that this was not the only object of his journey:—

'The world should know that Obadiah sold
Drugs of all kinds, and traffic'd as he went:
Orders he took, and open'd, while he stroll'd,
A moving market through the continent.
Philanthropists we rarely can behold
So warm as when on private gain intent.
The more the Quaker traded with the quacks,
The stronger grew his feeling for the blacks.'

On looking retrospectively, we feel almost ashamed of having drawn so largely on this little work; but really the fruit was so tempting, that we could not but pluck it. Much as we admired the former works of the author, we are still better pleased with the Travels of My Night-Cap, which would not discredit the pen of a Moore or even a Byron.

Selections from the Works of the Baron de Humboldt, relating to the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, and Mines of Mexico. With Notes. By JOHN TAYLOR, Esq. Treasurer to the Geological Society. 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1824. Longman and Co.

IN an age when so much capital is embarked in mining speculations, we shall be excused for calling the attention of our readers to this work, though, like that of Mr. Mountney on the same subject, it does not claim the merit of originality. Mr. Taylor is, we believe, a practical miner, and, naturally enough, feels a deep interest in the prospect which our relation with the New World opens of rendering its treasures more available. Under the besotted sway of Spain, no attempt was made to introduce those improvements science has discovered in the working of mines; but, on the contrary, every improvement was sturdily resisted. Thus, with the richest mines in

* The horrible practice of castration, which was so long the disgrace of those rulers who sanctioned it, is now prohibited in every part of Italy; the singer, Veluti, and one or two others, being at this time the only surviving monuments of licensed outrage on human nature.

the world, with a splendid college for instructing miners, and with a code of laws which pretended to encourage them. Mexico made no advances in the science of working its mineral treasures, while England, with only metals of inferior value, without any public institution for instruction of this sort, and even without books on the subject, has within a few years raised the art of mining to a perfection heretofore unknown, and has carried it on in spite of difficulties not to be met with elsewhere.

If, then, the skill and experience in mining which we possess, and the use of our engines, are applied to the mines of Mexico, there can be no doubt that more ore will be obtained at less expense, and in infinitely less time, than has been hitherto done: not only is the method of mining in Mexico bad, but every process in extracting and cleansing the precious metals is slow and expensive. How rich Mexico is in the precious metal, and what a field it opens for mining, will appear by the following account:—

'Annual produce in gold, 4289 lbs. troy; in silver, 1,439,832 lbs.; in all, to the value of £5,000,000. sterling, or nearly the half of the precious metals annually extracted from the mines of North and South America. The mint of Mexico has furnished, from 1690 to 1803, more than £293,150,000; and from the discovery of New Spain to the commencement of the nineteenth century, probably £876,800,000, or nearly two-fifths of the entire quantity of gold and silver which, in that interval of time, has flowed from the New Continent into the Old. Three districts of mines, Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, and Catorce, which form a central group between the 21° and 24° of latitude, yield nearly the half of all the gold and silver extracted from the mines of New Spain. The vein of Guanaxuato alone, richer than the mineral depository of Potosi, furnishes, at an average, 286,000 lbs. troy of silver annually, or a sixth of all the silver which America annually throws into circulation. The single mine of Valenciana, in which the expense of working exceeds £180,000 per annum, has for the last forty years never ceased to yield annually to the proprietors a net profit of more than £120,000: this profit has sometimes amounted to £240,000; and it amounted to £900,000 in the space of a few months for the family of Fagoaga at Sombrerete. The produce of the mines of Mexico has tripled in fifty-two years, and sextupled in a hundred years; and it will admit of greater increase as the country shall become more populous, and industry and information be more diffused.'

Among these mines, that of Valenciana is one of the most valuable, and its history is interesting:—

'The Valenciana is almost the sole example of a mine which for forty years has never yielded less to its proprietors than from £80,000 to £124,000, per annum. It appears that the part of the vein extending from Tepeyac to the north-west, had not been much wrought towards the end of the 16th century. From that period the whole tract remained forsaken till 1760, when a Spaniard who went over very young to America, began to work this vein in one of the points which had till that time been believed destitute of metals (*embarcadero*). M. Obregon (the name of this Spaniard) was without fortune; but, as he had the reputation of being a worthy man, he found friends who from time to time advanced him small sums to carry on his operations. In 1756, the works were already 44 fathoms in depth, and yet the expenses greatly surpassed the value of the metallic produce. With a passion for mining equal to what some men display for gaming, M. Obregon preferred submitting to every sort of privation, to the abandoning his undertaking. In the year 1767 he entered into partnership with a petty merchant of Rayas, of the name of Otero. Could he then hope that in the space of a few years he and his friend would become the richest individuals in Mexico, perhaps in the whole world? In 1768, they began to extract a very considerable quantity of silver minerals from the mine of Valenciana. In proportion as the shafts grew deeper, they approached that region which we have already described as the depository of the great metallic wealth of Guanaxuato. In 1771, they drew from the *pertincencia de Dolores* enormous masses of sulphuret of silver, mixed with native and red silver. From that period, till 1804, when I quitted New Spain, the mine of Valenciana has continually yielded an annual produce of more than £583,380. There have been years so productive, that the net profit of the two proprietors of the mine has amounted to about £250,000 sterling.'

The mines of Tasco, like that of Valenciana, have their annual profits estimates to the singular reverses of M. Laborde:—

'During the year 1752 and the ten following years, the mines of Tasco were wrought with the greatest activity and success. This activity was owing to the enterprising mind of Joseph Laborde, a Frenchman, who came into Mexico very poor, and who, in 1743 acquired immense wealth in the mine of La Canada of the *Real de Tlapujahua*. We have already alluded to the reverses of fortune several times experienced by this extraordinary man. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him £87,507 sterling, he was reduced to the lowest poverty, by the rapid decline of those very mines, from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 200,000 lbs. troy of silver. The archbishop having given him permission to sell a golden sun enriched with diamonds, with which he had adorned the tabernacle of the church of Tasco, he withdrew to Zacatecas with the produce of this sale, which amounted to £22,000 sterling. The district of mines of Zacatecas was then so entirely neglected, that it scarcely furnished 33,000 lbs. troy of silver annually to the mint at Mexico. Laborde undertook to clear out the famous mine of Quebradilla; in which undertaking he lost [nearly] all his property, without attaining his object. With the small capital which remained to him, he began to work on the *veta grande*, and sunk the pit of La Esperanza; when a second time he acquired immense wealth. The silver produce of the mine of Zacatecas rose then to nearly 330,000 lbs. troy per annum; and, though the abundance of metals did not long continue the same, he left at his death a fortune of nearly £125,000 sterling. He compelled his daughter to enter into a convent, that he might leave his whole fortune to an only son, who afterwards voluntarily embraced the ecclesiastical office.'

Mr. Taylor appears to have made a judicious and well arranged selection from the work of Humboldt, who has treated the subject of the South American mines so amply.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, &c. Performed, in the Year 1823, by Order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the Command of Stephen H. Long, U. S. T. E. Compiled from the Notes of Major Long, Messrs. Say, Keating, and Colhoun. By William H. Keating, A. M. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 842. London, 1825. Whittaker.

There are few objects to which states can direct their attention more important than the fitting-out exploratory expeditions, for the sake of making new discoveries, or gaining more authentic information relating to countries but imperfectly known. A few centuries ago, when the naval power of Great Britain was less imposing than at present, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the Venetians, were the most successful navigators; but this country has now taken the lead, and has met with coadjutors, for we cannot call them rivals, in countries unknown, or in savage ignorance, when the maritime powers we have named were in their zenith—we allude to Russia and the United States of America. The former has sent more than one vessel to circumnavigate the globe, and extend our hydrographical knowledge; but the latter has chiefly confined itself to exploring the wild tracts of its immense continent: of such a nature was the expedition of which the narrative is now before us.

The successful expeditions of Major Long to the Rocky Mountains, and that of Governor Cass, who explored the southern shore of Lake Superior, to the mouth of Louis River, rendered it desirable to investigate further that vast tract of country which is bounded by the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the northern limits of the United States—a country equal in size to Great Britain, being seven hundred miles long and three hundred miles broad. All the later travellers who visited the Upper Mississippi mention St. Peter's River, which empties itself into the Mississippi at a short distance below the Falls of St. Anthony; but Carver, who compiled the Universal Traveller, was the only person that had visited it.

The importance of the British fur-trade, and the commerce of the United States in this part of the country, induced the government of the latter to send out an expedition, with the view of obtaining correct information concerning the country which lies on the St Peter and the Red River, to the 49th parallel of north latitude, as well as to ascertain the nature of the country along the unsurveyed northern boundary. In order to attain these objects, it was determined by the

government of the United States, in the spring of 1823, that 'an expedition be immediately fitted out for exploring the river St. Peter, and the country situated on the northern boundary of the United States, between the Red River of Hudson's Bay and Lake Superior.' The command of the expedition was given to Major Long, U.S.T.E. (which some of our readers will need to be told means that he was a Major of the United States Topographical Engineers). The major was accompanied by Mr. Say, as zoologist and antiquary; Mr. Keating, as mineralogist and geologist; Mr. Seymour, as landscape-painter; and Mr. J. E. Calhoun, as astronomer and assistant-topographer. To Mr. Keating we are indebted for this narrative of the expedition, which he has compiled with great care from the manuscript notes of the gentlemen who formed it. The work is somewhat bulky, but the traveller who explored a country of which little is known may be excused for his minuteness, when he could not for neglecting to notice anything that was interesting. It is a work well worth printing in this country, for, independent of that common interest which every nation must feel in the progress of discovery, there is an indissoluble (because natural) bond of union between England and the United States, which cannot make them indifferent to each other's prosperity*.

Major Long and his party left Philadelphia on the 30th of April, 1823; and Messrs. Say and Keating, who were appointed literary journalists to the expedition, have faithfully narrated everything interesting that occurred during its progress, particularly the geological and other scientific discoveries that were made. These, though not the most popular, are not the least important parts of the work, and we shall endeavour to diversify our extracts as much as possible. We must not, however, take our readers at once to St. Peter's River or Lake Winnepeek, for, in a new country like America, the intermediate route presents something worthy of notice. In the vicinity of Fort Necessity, we are told,—

'There is a blowing spring, which is situated in an excavation on the side of a hill. The stream of air, which issues from a crack or crevice in the rock, is very considerable, and sufficiently powerful to extinguish a candle. By placing our ears near the crevice, we heard very distinctly the sound of water running under ground, probably upon a rocky and unequal bed; it runs out a short distance lower down. This stream of air is doubtless produced by the same cause which is made to operate in the construction of the water-blasts, used in metallurgy. We had no means of collecting and examining the gas which escapes, but we had no reason to believe it other than atmospheric air.

In Pennsylvania, the waggon-horses are of immense size:—

'The usual height of farm and waggon horses is about sixteen hands, or five-feet four inches, measured according to the usual custom. We were credibly informed that horses, seventeen, seventeen and a half, and even eighteen hands high, are by no means rare. A few have been known to exceed that size; and we were told that one, the largest ever known in the country, had attained the gigantic size of nineteen hands, or six feet four inches. As a proof of the great strength which they sometimes attain, it is said that an experiment was once tried in the city of Lancaster, which resulted in a single horse's dragging around the court-house, on the bare pavements, without the intervention of wheels or rollers, two tons of bar iron, which had been bundled together for this experiment.'

At Zanesville, in the Ohio, there are extensive iron-works and salt-springs, yielding fifty pounds of salt in a hundred gallons of water. Some of these bores or auger-holes, which are three inches in diameter, are 700 feet deep; and here a singular hoax was played:—

'It was in boring for coal, a few years since, that a deception was practised, which made considerable noise in the country, and produced much mischief in Zanesville and its vicinity. It appears well ascertained, at present, that the silver said to have been found in one of the auger-holes bored on the banks of the river had been thrown in by some evil-minded persons. The pretended discovery induced many to speculate largely upon the mine, before the detection of the plot, whence they incurred great losses; this event occurred in the year 1819.'

At Newark, Major Long and his party fell in with Captain John Cleves Symes, a gentleman who, our readers will recollect, believes the earth to be quite hollow, and to contain a passage to its centre, at the North Pole. Our author says:—

'The partial insanity of this man is of a singular nature; it has caused him to pervert, to the support of an evidently absurd theory, all the facts, which, by close study, he has been enabled to collect from a vast number of authorities. He appears conversant with every work of travels, from Hearne's to Humboldt's; and there is not a fact to be found in these which he does not manage, with considerable ingenuity, to bring to the support of his favourite theory. Upon other subjects he talks sensibly, and as a well-informed man. In listening to his exposition of his views of the concavity of our globe, we felt that interest which is inevitably awakened by the aberrations of an unregulated mind, possessed probably of a capacity too great for the narrow sphere in which it was doomed to act; and which has consumed itself with the fire which, if properly applied, would doubtless have illumined some obscure point in the science which it so strongly affects. In another point of view, Captain Symes has a claim to our best sympathies —for the gallantry with which he served his country during the war.'

In the course of their progress, Major Long's party discovered the remains of several buildings, which clearly proved that, at the time they were erected, the Indians must have been more advanced in civilization than they were a century or two ago, or a e at present. At Pigua, many interesting antiquities were discovered; but, as we must *progress* (to use an Americanism), we pass them over. In the state of Ohio, the Indians are rapidly diminishing, their number not exceeding two thousand. At Fort Wayne, which is in the state of Indiana, civilization has degenerated to barbarism:—

'The inhabitants are chiefly of Canadian origin, all more or less imbued with Indian blood. Not being previously aware of the diversity in the character of the inhabitants, the sudden change from an American to a French population has a surprising, and to say the least, an unpleasant effect; for the first twenty-four hours, the traveller fancies himself in a real Babel. The confusion of languages, owing to the diversity of Indian tribes which generally collect near a fort, is not removed by an intercourse with their half-savage interpreters. The business of a town of this kind differs so materially from that carried on in our cities, that it is almost impossible to fancy ourselves still within the same territorial limits; but the disgust which we entertain at the degraded condition in which the white man, the descendant of the European, appears, is perhaps the strongest sensation which we experience; it absorbs all others. To see a being in whom, from his complexion and features, we should expect to find the same feelings which swell in the bosom of every refined man, throwing off his civilized habits to assume the garb of a savage, has something which partakes of the ridiculous as well as the disgusting. The awkward and constrained appearance of those Frenchmen who had exchanged their usual dress for the breech-cloth and blanket, was as risible as that of the Indian who assumed the tight body-coat of the white men. The feelings which we experienced while beholding a little Canadian stooping down to pack up and weigh the hides which an Indian had brought for sale, while the latter stood in an erect and commanding posture, were of a mixed and certainly not of a favourable nature. At each unusual motion made by the white man, his dress, which he had not properly secured, was disturbed, and, while engaged in restoring it to his proper place, he was the but of the jokes and gibes of a number of squaws and Indian boys, who seemed already to be aware of the vast difference which exists between them and the Canadian fur-dealer. The village is exclusively supported by the fur-trade, and will probably continue to thrive as long as the Indians remain in any number in this vicinity.'

During the late war, Fort Wayne was besieged for some time by the Indians, and a few men were killed on both sides:—

'The garrison having made resistance, the Indians cut a log into the form of a field-piece, painted it black, and placed it on one of the heights within gunshot of the fort; they then summoned the garrison to surrender. Although aware that all resistance

* It has been too much the custom in this country to rail against the inhabitants of the United States as selfish and illiberal; that these faults, if they really possessed them, are fast wearing away, is evident from the very handsome terms in which the American journals speak of the liberal and enlightened policy of our government in commercial matters.—Ed.

against artillery would be vain, the officer in command refused to comply with the summons. The Indians, finding their *ruse de guerre* to be unsuccessful, razed the siege.'

At Fort Wayne, the expedition met with some Indian chiefs, of the Potawatomi tribe, of whom an interesting account is given; but we should have been better pleased, had more sympathy been manifested for these children of the forest, or if the memory of Tecumseh, whose only crime, in the estimation of the Americans, is, that he took part with the British, had not been insulted. According to the accounts of previous travellers, and which Major Long and his party rather confirm than contradict, the Potawatomi Indians are cannibals:—

'The motives which impel them to cannibalism are various: in some cases it is produced by a famine over the country, and of this we shall be able to cite a number of well-attested instances, some of which carry with them very horrible features, when we treat of the Chippewa tribes, west of Lake Superior. Another, and a more frequent cause, is the desire of venting their rage upon a defeated enemy, or a belief that, by so doing, they acquire a charm that will make them irresistible. It is a common superstition with them, that he that tastes of the body of a brave man acquires a part of his valour, and that, if he can eat of his heart, which by them is considered as the seat of all courage, the share of bravery which he derives from it is still greater. It matters not whether the foe be a white man or an Indian; provided he be an enemy, it is all that is required. Mr. Barron has seen the Potawatomis, with the hands and limbs both of white men and Cherokees, which they were about to devour.

'It is well attested, that one of the officers attached to General Harmer's command was taken prisoner by the Miamis previously to the defeat of the whole army, and tortured by them in the most cruel and unrelenting manner for three days, on the west bank of the Maumee. The Indians declared that he had behaved with a remarkable degree of fortitude. Pieces of flesh were cut off from his body, roasted, and eaten by them in the presence of the agonized victim. No exclamation or groan could be drawn from the intrepid prisoner, until a squaw thrust a burning brand into his privates, when he was heard to exclaim, "Oh my God!" A young Indian warrior then declared that the prisoner, having proved himself a brave man, should no longer be kept in agony, and put a period to his sufferings by despatching him with his tomahawk.

'One of the best-attested instances is that of Captain Wells, who was killed after the capture of Chicago in 1812. This man, who had been a long time among the Indians, having been taken prisoner by them at the age of thirteen, had acquired a great reputation for courage; and his name is still mentioned as that of the bravest white man with whom they ever met. He had almost become one of their number, and had united himself to a descendant of Little Turtle. At the commencement of hostilities between Britain and the United States, he sided with his own countrymen, while the Indians of this vicinity all passed into the British service. When the fort was afterwards besieged by the united Indians, Captain Wells was there, having arrived just two days before with the orders from General Hull for the evacuation of the post. Wells was killed after the action, his body was divided, and his heart was shared, as being the most certain spell for courage, and part of it was sent to the various tribes in alliance with the Potawatomis, while they themselves feasted upon the rest.'

Mr. Keating gives a curious and interesting picture of Indian manners; but this is a subject on which we have inserted so much in former numbers, that we may be spared unnecessarily loading our columns with similar details, beyond a single extract:—

'They have professed midwives, who are paid for their attendance; these are principally old women. Men are never allowed to assist at the delivery of a woman. A general opinion has prevailed that all Indian women bathed in cold water immediately after parturition. This is, however, extremely incorrect; the practice exists among the Sioux or Dacotas, and among many other nations, but we very much question whether any nation of Algonquin origin practises it. The Potawatomi women are very careful not to expose themselves to cold after child-birth, and do not bathe for ten days, unless the weather be very warm. The placenta not being always expelled naturally, they have recourse to a strong medicinal draught; it is stated that, if it should remain for several days, the husband takes his wife upon his shoulders, and carries her about for some time; the motion is said to assist in its expulsion. Mothers always nurse their children, and continue to suckle them for a great length of time, in some instances for three, four, or more years, if no subsequent pregnancy occur; in one case a mother was observed suckling a child twelve years of age. When the mother's milk fails, the child is fed with an extract of sweet maize in boiling water, and medicines are administered to renew secretion. Metea had never heard of a total failure of a woman's milk while nursing her child: during a temporary interruption of it, they sometimes commit children to the care of a friend.'

Mr. Keating refutes the assertion of Mr. Schoolcraft, as to the fertility of the country about Fort Dearborn (Chicago), in the Illinois, and says as a proof of its sterility, 'with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, consisting of from seventy to ninety men, to subsist upon the grain raised in the country, although much of their time was devoted to agricultural pursuits.'

(To be continued.)

PARRY'S LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.

(Concluded from p. 291.)

The more we read of the last days of that highly-gifted individual, Lord Byron, of whom the country and the age may justly be proud, the more are we convinced that, with better medical aid and more judicious colleagues in the sacred cause of liberating Greece, he might have been saved. Mr. Parry clearly shows us that his lordship suffered from extreme debility, brought on by his anxiety and the disappointment of his hopes in respect to Greece; and it is beyond all doubt that his medical attendants had no suspicion of the true nature of his disease, until it was too late. This is the most painful circumstance connected with his lamented death, an event which occurred on the 19th of April, and appears to have been foreseen for some days by his lordship and Mr. Parry, though the medical attendants denied that his disease was dangerous. On the 15th of April, Mr. Parry sat with his lordship from seven till ten o'clock, and conversed with him on a variety of subjects:—

'He spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death, also with great composure, and, though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from anything I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

'"Parry," he said, when first I went to him, "I have much wished to see you today. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected, I am sure I am in my senses, but a melancholy will creep over me at times." The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. "My wife! my Ada! my country! the situation of this place, my removal impossible, and perhaps death, all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner, and, when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America. To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy, I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do, and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be everything to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm."

'Then adverting to his more immediate attendants, he said: "I have closely observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible: you

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may prevent me being jaded to death, and, when I recover, I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep: I have not slept, and I can't imagine why they should tell you I was asleep.

"'You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive—none but God—on him I rely."'

The next day, and on the 17th, Lord Byron was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious; and hence, as Mr. Parry says, it is improper to give the incoherent observations he made, as his death-bed opinions. On the 18th, Mr. Parry again saw him, and thus relates his interview:—

'When he took my hand, I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita, I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them; and I also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of *Ah Christi!* He bore the loosening of the band passively; and, after it was loosened, he shed tears. I encouraged him to weep, and said, "My lord, I thank God, I hope you will now be better; shed as many tears as you can, you will sleep and find ease." He replied faintly, "Yes, the pain is gone, I shall sleep now," and he again took my hand, uttered a faint good night, and sank into a slumber; my heart ached, but I thought then his sufferings were over, and that he would wake no more.

'He did wake again, however, and I went to him; Byron knew me, though scarcely. He had then less of alienation about him than I had seen for some time before; there was the calmness of resignation, but there was also the stupor of death. He tried to utter his wishes, but he was incapable; he said something about rewarding his Italian servant, and uttered several incoherent words. There was rather no meaning in what he said, or it was such a meaning as we should not expect at that moment. His eyes continued open only a short time, and then, about six o'clock in the evening of the 18th, he sank into a slumber, or rather, I should say, a stupor, and woke and knew no more.

'He continued in a state of complete insensibility for twenty-four hours; giving no other signs of life, but that rattling in his throat, which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April 19th, at six o'clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased—Lord Byron was dead.

'At the very time Lord Byron died, there was one of the most awful thunder-storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or, as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, "The great man is gone!" On the present occasion, it was too true; and the storm was so violent, as to strengthen their superstitious belief. Their friend and benefactor was indeed dead.'

Whatever spleen Byron may have sometimes manifested in regard to England, we feel convinced that he might truly have adopted the words of another poet,—'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;' indeed, a stronger proof of his affection for his native land cannot be adduced than by his own expressed wish to Mr Parry, to be buried in England: it was, we are persuaded, what Mr. Parry observed, in his heart an Englishman, and warmly and deeply attached to his country. Mr. Parry is a straight-forward, blunt, and John-Bullish sort of a gentleman as we ever met with, and Byron, perceiving this, sometimes teazed him. On one occasion, Mr. Parry contended that none but Englishmen ever shed a tear at witnessing distress or hearing a pathetic tale. Byron said he was an Englishman, and yet quite unaccustomed to shed tears on such occasions,—an assertion which Mr. P. doubted, and, as will be seen, justly:—

'On one occasion, he saved twenty-four Turkish women and children from slavery and all its accompanying horrors. I was summoned to attend him and receive his orders, that everything should be done which might contribute to their comfort. He was seated on a cushion at the upper end of the room, the women and children were standing before him, with their eyes fixed steadily on him, and on his right hand was his interpreter, who was extracting from the women a narrative of their sufferings. One of them, apparently about thirty years of age, possessing great vivacity, and whose manners and dress, though she was then dirty and disfigured, indicated that she was superior in rank and condition to her companions, was spokeswoman for the whole. I admired the good order the others preserved, never interfering with the explanation or interrupting the single speaker. I also admired the rapid manner in which the interpreter explained everything they said, so as to make it almost appear that there was but one speaker.

'After a short time, it was evident that what Lord Byron was hearing affected his feelings: his countenance changed, his colour went and came, and I thought he was ready to weep. But he had on all occasions a ready and peculiar knack in turning conversation from any disagreeable or unpleasant subject; and he had recourse to this expedient. He rose up suddenly, and, turning round on his heel, as was his wont, he said something quickly to his interpreter, who immediately repeated it to the women. All eyes were instantly fixed on me, and one of the party, a young and beautiful woman, spoke very warmly. Lord Byron seemed satisfied, and said they might retire. The women all slipped off their shoes in an instant, and going up to his lordship, each in succession, accompanied by their children, kissed his hand fervently, invoked, in the Turkish manner, a blessing both on his head and heart, and then quitted the room. This was too much for Lord Byron, and he turned his face away to conceal his emotion. When he had recovered a little, I reminded him of our conversation, and I told him I had caught him at last. Addressing me in the sort of sea slang I sometimes talked to him, and which he liked to repeat, he replied,—"You are right, old boy; you have got me in the *bunt*—I am an Englishman."'

Byron appears to have known the Greeks better than most travellers who have written on the subject, and did not entertain the visionary ideas many have professed as to their liberalism; he saw the dissensions of the Greeks, and acknowledged that they were little better than the Turks. He expressed his determination to devote his income and his personal exertions to Greece; and, when she was safe from her external enemies, he intended to go to the United States, and induce that republic to recognise its independence, under a federal government, which he thought best suited to the country.

We are now approaching a somewhat delicate point to touch upon, as Moll Flagon says,—it is the ninth chapter of Mr. Parry's book, in which he attacks the Greek Committee with great severity, but in language by no means elegant or even strictly grammatical. We do not, however, name this as a fault. Our author is a plain English sailor, more accustomed to the sword than the pen; and we consider the very slovenliness of style of his work an evidence of its genuineness. According to Mr. Parry, Lord Byron complains of Mr. Blaquiere's want of politeness; Mr. B. ought to be satisfied that he is not suffering under a more grievous accusation. Alluding to the Greek Committee, he says,—

'I am a plain man, and cannot comprehend the use of printing-presses to a people who do not read. Here the committee have sent supplies of maps, I suppose, that I may teach the young mountaineers geography. Here are bugle-horns, without bugle-men, and it is a chance if we can find any body in Greece to blow them. Books are sent to a people who want guns; they ask for a sword, and the committee give them the fever of a printing-press. Heaven! one would think the committee meant to inculcate patience and submission, and to condemn resistance. Some materials for constructing fortifications they have sent, but they have chosen their people so ill, that the work is deserted, and not one *paru* have they sent to procure other labourers.

'Their secretary, Mr. Bowring, was disposed, I believe, to claim the privileges of an acquaintance with me. He wrote me a long letter, about the classic land of freedom, the

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birth-place of the arts, the cradle of genius, the habitation of the gods, the heaven of poets, and a great many such fine things. I was obliged to answer him, and I scrawled some nonsense in reply to his nonsense; but I fancy I shall get no more such epistles. When I came to the conclusion of the poetry part of my letter, I wrote, "so much for blarney, now for business." I have not since heard in the same strain from Mr. Bowring

'Here, too, is the chief agent of the committee, Colonel Stanhope, organizing the whole country. He leaves nothing untouched, from the general government to the schools for children. He has a plan for organizing the military force, for establishing posts, for regulating the administration of justice, for making Mr. Bentham the apostle of the Greeks, and for whipping little boys, in the newest and most approved mode. He is for doing all this, without a reference to any body, or any thing; complains bitterly of a want of practical statesmen in Greece, and would be glad, I believe, to import a large supply of Mr. Bentham's books and scholars. Mavrocordato he openly bearts, as if the prince knew nothing of Greece, and was quite incapable of forming a correct opinion of its interests. At the same time, he has no funds to carry all his projects into execution. He is a mere schemer and talker, more of a saint than a soldier; and, with a great deal of pretended plainness, a mere politician, and no patriot.

'His printer and publisher, Dr. Meyler, is a German adventurer, who is quite in a rage with the Quakers, for sending medicines to Greece. He knows nothing of either the Greek or the English language; and, if he did, who would buy his paper? The Greeks have no money, and will not read newspapers for ages to come. There is no communication with different parts of the country; there is no means of receiving any news; and no means of sending it, when got. Stanhope begins at the wrong end, and from observing that, in our wealthy and civilized country, rapid communication is one means of improvement, he wants to establish posts —mail-carts, I believe, is his object, among a people who have no food. Communication, though a cause of increased wealth and increased civilization, is the result of a certain degree of both; and he would have it without the means. He is like all political jobbers, who mistake the accessories of civilization for its cause; they think if they only hoist the colours of freedom, they will immediately transform a crazy water-logged bark into a proud man-of-war.'

Of Colonel Gordon, however, Lord Byron speaks very differently; he says the Greek business would form matter for a hundred cantos of Don Juan, and declared that Jeremy Bentham and Colonel Stanhope should be two of his heroes. Byron entertained a good opinion of Sir Francis Burdett, as the firm friend of liberty. 'You'll never find him,' said Byron, 'or such a man as he is, stepping into the office of chairman, auditor, or cashier, by means of petty contributions. He does not provide for his family and dependents by thrusting them into offices, while he covers his attacks on the public purse by the cloak of patriotism.'

Mr. Parry was invited to an audience with Jeremy Bentham, an honour for which it appears Mr. Bowring sighed two years; although, we think, a man possessing the talents of the latter gentleman, might, without any charge of presumption, have called and seen the old proser any day, without an introduction. 'Who the devil is Mr. Bentham,' said Mr. Parry, when told of the honour Jeremy intended him, for he was quite unacquainted even with the name of the constitution-monger. This old gentleman, who runs in the street like the porter of an evening newspaper, breakfasts at three o'clock, and dines at half-past ten, which is sufficient evidence to us, that he is either cracked or a most affected and silly old man. Mr. Parry was invited to breakfast with the Queen-Square legislator, by Mr. Bowring, and, as the hour was not fixed, was at Mr. Bentham's by eight o'clock, that is to say, just seven hours before that at which Mr. B. takes his first meal, so that our author was obliged to breakfast with the clerks. Mr Bentham then led Mr. Parry a sort of steeple-chace through the streets of London, and afterwards asked him to dinner; 'but,' says Mr. P., 'I was not to be again taken in by the philosopher's meal hours, so, laying in a stock of provisions, I went at his dining-hour, half-past ten o'clock, and supped with him.'

Returning to Lord Byron, we find Mr. Parry relating many interesting conversations he had with his lordship, on a variety of subjects; for these we shall refer our readers to the work itself, only quoting some observations on his domestic affairs. One day Lord Byron said,—

"What do they say of my family affairs in England, Parry? My story, I suppose, like other minor events, interested the people for a day, and then was forgotten?" I replied, no; I thought, owing to the very great interest the public took in him, it was still remembered and talked about. I mentioned that it was generally supposed a difference of religious sentiments between him and Lady Byron had caused the public breach. "No, Parry," was the reply; "Lady Byron has a liberal mind, particularly as to religious opinions; and I wish, when I married her, that I had possessed the same command over myself that I now do. Had I possessed a little more wisdom, and more forbearance, we might have been happy. I wished, when I was first married, to have remained in the country, particularly till my pecuniary embarrassments were over. I knew the society of London; I knew the characters of many of those who are called ladies, with whom Lady Byron would necessarily have to associate, and I dreaded her contact with them; but I have too much of my mother about me to be dictated to; I like freedom from constraint; I hate artificial regulations; my conduct has always been dictated by my own feelings, and Lady Byron was quite the creature of rules. She was not permitted either to ride, or run, or walk, but as the physician prescribed. She was not suffered to go out when I wished to go; and then the old house was a mere ghost-house; I dreamed of ghosts, and thought of them waking. It was an existence I could not support."'

Mr. Parry is very anxious to defend the character of Lord Byron from the attacks of Colonel Stanhope, which we think quite unnecessary: the latter was a domineering driveller in Greece; the former, her best and sincerest friend. The one gave his whole fortune and his time without calculation; the other kept a record of every shilling he laid out, in order to exhibit a bill of his expenses to the world, trivial as they were. Byron was the friend of Greece; Colonel Stanhope wished to be a dictator there, and even had the impertinence to nominate the members of the government. Colonel Stanhope also attacked Mr. Parry, who, however, defends himself stoutly, and brings other accusations than those of incompetence and a perversion of facts against the would-be regenerator of Greece. The charge of mismanagement against the Greek Committee in London, we leave that body to settle. Mr. Parry seems a blunt and honourable man, and, as men should be what they seem, we are inclined to place much reliance on his statements, however much they may be at variance with those of preceding writers on the same subject. The earnest friendship he manifests towards Lord Byron, in vindicating his memory, is honourable to him, and was due to the character of his lordship; his account of the last few months of the noble lord's life is a melancholy but deeply interesting narrative; the style is plain and inartificial, but there are a few errors of the press which should not have been suffered: these, however, are trifles compared to the sterling value of the work, which is embellished with four coloured engravings,—of Lord Byron and his favourite dog, Lion,—his lordship's house at Missolonghi,—Lord Byron on his death-bed,—and his lordship attended by his Suliote guards.

Poems, by JOHN WILSON. In two volumes. A New Edition. 12mo. pp. 767. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood.

FEW persons, on seeing so modest a title-page, would suspect the author to be a poet of considerable eminence, and holding an office so important as that of professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; yet such is really the case. Less distinguished men would have accompanied their names with a long string of letters in small capitals, to assume an importance their talents never could give them; but real merit is generally modest. Such of our readers as have kept together with us in our chivalry during our six years' labours, will know that we rarely notice second editions; and all of them must be aware that the critical world and public opinion have long ago decided on Mr. Wilson's talents, and placed him in a high rank among the living poets of the day. The Isle of Palms, published about a dozen years ago, gained him this reputation, which his City of the Plague, appearing some four or five years after, confirmed. Both these poems appear in the new edition of Professor

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Wilson's works, together with his miscellaneous poems, and many which did not appear in the former editions. From these we shall make our extracts, for we cannot suppose our readers to be unacquainted with the former productions of the author. To great felicity in the choice of subject, Mr. Wilson adds a vigorous description and an easy versification. With these remarks, we shall quote two of his poems, The Widow, and Lines written in a Highland Glen:—

'THE WIDOW.

'The courtly hall is gleaming bright
With fashion's graceful throng—
All hearts are chain'd in still delight,
For like the heaven-borne voice of night
Breathes Handel's sacred song.
Nor on my spirit melts in vain
The deep—the wild—the mournful strain
That fills the echoing hall
(Though many a callous soul be there)
With sighs and sobs and cherished pain—
—While on a face, as sculpts fair,
Mine eyes in sadness fall.

'Not those the tears that smiling flow
As fancied sorrow bleeds,
Like dew upon the rose's glow;
—That lady 'mid the glitt'ring show
Is cloth'd in widow's weeds.
She sits in reverie profound,
And drinks and lives upon the sound,
As if she ne'er would wake!
Her cloud eyes cannot hold the tears
That tell what dreams her soul have bound—
In memory they of other years
For a dead husband's sake.

'Methinks her inmost soul lies spread
Before my tearful sight—
A garden whose best flowers are dead,
A sky still fair, though darkened
With hues of lingering light.
I see the varying feelings chase
Each other o'er her pallid face,
From shade to deepest gloom.
She thinks on living objects dear,
And pleasure lends a cheerful grace;
But, oh! that look so dim and drear,
—Her heart is in the tomb.

'Rivalling the tender crescent moon,
The star of evening shines—
A warm, still balmy night of June,
Low murmuring with a fitful tune
From yonder grove of pines.
In the silence of that starry sky,
Exchanging vows of constancy,
Two happy lovers stray.
—To her how sad and strange! to know,
In darkness while the phantoms fade,
That one a widow'd wretch is now,
The other in the clay.

'A wilder gleam disturbs her eye,
Oh! hush the deep'ning strain!
And must the youthful warrior die?
A gorgeous funeral passes by,
The dead-march stuns her brain.
The singing voice she hears no more,
Across his grave the thunders roar!
How weeps yon gallant band
O'er him their valour could not save!
For the bayonet is red with gore,
And he, the beautiful and brave,
Now sleeps in Egypt's sand.

'But far away in cloud and mist
The ghastly vision swims.
—Unto that dying cadence list!
She thinks the voices of the bless'd
Now chant their evening hymns.
O for a dove's unwearied wing,
That she might fly where angels sing
Around the judgment-seat;
That spirit pure to kiss again,
And smile at earthly sorrowing!
Wash'd free from ev'ry mortal stain,
At Jesus' blessed feet.

'How longs her spirit to recall
That prayer so vain and wild!
For, idly-wandering round the hall,
Her eyes are startled as they fall
On her own beauteous child.
Gazing on one so good and fair,
Less mournful breathes that holy air,
And almost melts to mirth:
Pleas'd will she sojourn here awhile,
And see, beneath her pious care,
In heaven's most gracious sunshine smile
The sweetest flower on earth.

'The song dies 'mid the silent strings,
And the hall is now alive
With a thousand gay and fluttering things;
—The noise to her a comfort brings,
Her heart and soul revive.
With solemn pace and loving pride
She walks by her fair daughter's side,
Who views with young delight
The gaudy sparkling revelry,—
Unconscious that from far and wide
On her is turn'd each charmed eye—
—The beauty of the night!

'A spirit she! and Joy her name!
She walks upon the air;
Grace swims throughout her fragile frame,
And glistens like a lambent flame
Amid her golden hair.
Her eyes are of the heavenly blue,
A cloudless twilight bathed in dew;
The blushes on her cheek,
Like the roses of the vernal year
That lend the virgin snow their hue—
—And oh! what pure delight to hear
The gentle vision speak!

'Yet dearer than that rosy glow
To me yon cheek so wan;
Lovely I thought it long ago,
But lovelier far now blanch'd with woe,
Like the breast-down of the swan.
Then worship ye the sweet—the young—
Hang on the witchcraft of her tongue,
Wild-murmuring, like the lute.
On thee, O lady! let me gaze,
Thy soul is now a lyre unstrung;
But I hear the voice of other days,
Though these pale lips be mute.

'Lovely thou art! yet none may dare
That placid soul to move.
Most beautiful thy braided hair,
But awful holiness breathes there,
Unmeet for earthly love.
More touching far than deep distress,
Thy smiles of languid happiness,
That, like the gleams of even,
O'er thy calm cheek serenely play.
—Thus at the silent hour we bless,
Unmindful of the joyous day,
The still sad face of Heaven.'

'LINES WRITTEN IN AN HIGHLAND GLEN.

'To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent,—as infant at the breast,—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

'The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

'O! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, form glad youth to calm decline,
By years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

'There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time!

'And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

'Yea! long as nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,—
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!'

Practical Chemical Mineralogy; or, Concise and Easy Methods, illustrated by Experiment, for readily ascertaining the Nature and Value of the different Metallic Ores and other Mineral Substances, as comprehended in their Assay, Analysis, Reduction, &c. By FREDERICK JOYCE, Operative Chemist, &c. 12mo. pp. 376. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

AT no period in the history of the progress of human knowledge have the arts and sciences been so extensively studied and cultivated as at present; they now commingle not only with the necessities but the elegancies of life, and almost form a part of universal education. They are frequently the delight of the titled and the affluent and the support of the humble. Nor is it any particular branch of science or the arts, the knowledge of which is thus widely diffused; we know more than one gentleman extremely skilful in turning, and one of the highest rank among our nobility, the present Duke of Northumberland, is not only a good theoretical, but a good practical chemist.

On the importance of chemical mineralogy it is unnecessary to dwell, when we consider that beneath the surface of the British isles is found the greater portion of all the more valuable metals used in our manufactories. Every person, therefore, who possesses a rood of land cannot be indifferent to the known or unknown productions it may possess; and to gentlemen having estates the study may not only prove highly useful but entertaining.

Mr. Joyce, who is an able practical chemist, and is frequently called to analyse mineral substances, has, in the volume before us, given us an excellent manual of chemical mineralogy, which forms a suitable and almost indispensable companion to the mineralogical chest, or portable laboratory. The

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work commences with some preliminary observations, explaining the general use of the different instruments employed in the chemical examination of mineral substances: the author then points out the nature of the various tests, or re-agents, their mode of action, &c., the different properties of ores, and the various processes of analysing them. After treating the subject thus generally, Mr. Joyce notices the various species of ores separately, illustrating his remarks by experiments, the whole written in a clear and intelligible manner, which will adapt the work to the capacity of individuals who are unacquainted with the subject. Our readers will readily conceive, that a work like Mr. Joyce's cannot be judged of by any extracts we can make, and, therefore, if we make one, it is rather to show the style of the author than to illustrate the truth of our remarks. The following are Mr. Joyce's observations on the diamond:—

'The first variety of carbon, or the diamond, may be distinguished from most other gems by its greater specific gravity, which is generally 3.5. In its native or rough state, it is usually found coated with a thin crust, which produces a slight opacity, and would lead to the idea of its being semi-transparent only; but, when this is removed, it is nearly equal in that respect to rock crystal. Diamonds are found of various colours, black, blue, red, light yellow, &c. but the colourless variety, which is also of the most frequent occurrence, is the most esteemed; next to which are those containing the greatest depth of colour, as the black, blue, &c. The primitive form of the diamond is a regular octohedron; but it is often found in that of the dodecahedron and the quadrangular prism, with diedral summits. Diamonds are met with in the Ghauts, from Bengal to Cape Comorin; but are principally obtained in the tract between Golconda and Mazulipatam. They are also occasionally brought from Borneo and the district of Serro Dofrio, in Brazil, where they are imbedded in a ferruginous sand.

'To ascertain whether any specimen is a true diamond or not, a fine file may be used; if the surface of the stone is in the least abraded, or scratched by its action, it is not a diamond. The difference will also appear, upon close examination, without this instrument: the rays of light easily pass through any other gems, but in the diamond they are refracted to the surface, which occasions that superior brilliancy to what is possessed by any other stones. If the specimen under examination be very minute, it may be placed between two half crowns, or other flat metallic surfaces, and pressed with the thumb and finger: if a diamond, it will not be injured, but, if otherwise, it will break and fall to powder.

'On account of the extreme hardness of the diamond, the art of cutting and polishing it was for a long time unknown in this country, when a foreigner, of the name of Louis de Berquin, in 1456, is said to have constructed a polishing-wheel for the purpose, which was fed with diamond-powder instead of corundum, which the Chinese employ. Berquin was led to this experiment by observing the action produced by rubbing two rough diamonds together. Diamond-powder is now used not only for this stone, but for cutting and polishing many others, particularly where a delicate effect is wanted, as in seal-engraving.

'Diamonds are seldom found larger than a hazel-nut, and from that down to a very minute size; one half their bulk is also afterwards lost in the cutting and polishing. The largest diamonds are in the possession of the different crowned heads: that belonging to the Emperor of Russia being supposed to be the largest in existence. The value of cut diamonds is as the square of their weights: thus, if the value of one weighing one carat, or four grains, is worth £6, that of two carats is worth £32; of three carats, £72; consequently, according to this rule, a cut diamond of one hundred carats would be worth £80,000. But, after a certain size of about twenty carats, the value does not increase in this ratio, probably, from the difficulty of finding purchasers for them.

'As the diamond is supposed to be pure carbon, and as such is at present classed among the simple bodies, no analysis can be given: but the following experiments will tend to show its true nature.

'Experiment 1.—If a small diamond is placed in a clean wrought-iron tube, and this again, after being stopped air-tight, either by welding together the open end, or, what is better, with a stopper made to fit accurately by grinding, is placed in a furnace and urged to a good red heat, that part of the iron on which the diamond rested will have been changed into steel, or caburet of iron, whilst the diamond itself will have disappeared.'

The second experiment we shall not give, since such of our readers as are rich enough to possess diamonds cannot want the means of purchasing Mr. Joyce's work, which we cordially recommend.

HOLMAN'S TRAVELS THROUGH RUSSIA, POLAND, &c.

(Concluded from p. 293.)

We resume the entertaining volumes of Mr. Holman with full confidence that our readers will peruse with pleasure the narrative of a traveller so intelligent, and so peculiarly interesting on account of his loss of sight. Among the points in which Russia differs from England, the scarcity of medical men in the former country is named; now we are sure this might easily be remedied from the superabundance of practitioners in England and Scotland, if not from the list of applicants to be army and navy surgeons alone. From the doctors we pass to a funeral (no uncommon transition) in Siberia:—

'As soon as the person has expired, men are hired to read prayers continually over the body, until the period of interment arrives; and for this purpose priests are not necessary: cooks are also put into immediate requisition to prepare the funeral feast. When the melancholy day arrives, the relatives and friends of the deceased, attended by numerous priests, assemble in the room where the body is laid, which is then, after a short prayer, accompanied by the burning of incense, carried in procession to the church, where the funeral service is performed, after which it is conveyed to its last earthly abode. The party now return to the residence of the deceased, where, after a repetition of prayer and the burning of incense, they sit down to a sumptuous dinner, from which many of them, particularly the clerical gentlemen, frequently retire in a state of inebriation. This *mournful festivity*, however, is not confined to the higher department of the family: the servants and poor are entertained with dinner, spirits, tea, &c. in the kitchen and offices, and it is by no means unusual, on the succeeding morning, to find a variety of napkins, knives, spoons, or other articles, missing. On the fourteenth, twentieth, and fortieth days from the decease, a similar dinner is given, and also at the end of the sixth and twelfth month; and, if the friends are opulent, they are expected to send donations of money to the convent, and all the churches, prisons, hospitals, and alms-houses, together with provisions to the three latter; and which are to be repeated on the various dinner-days above mentioned.'

At Irkoutsk Mr. Holman was so complaisant to an old lady, as to allow an experiment to be made on his eyes, at the shrine of her patron saint, Inakenti, whose character, it appears, was not the best in the world. Mr. H. says:—

'I was afterwards informed that this holy man had once been appointed to an embassy to China, but, being much addicted to tippling, his excellency the ambassador, fearful that he would disgrace his suite, contrived to drop him on the road as bishop of this place, where he died in 1731, and was buried at the Monastery Vosresenskoi, which being afterwards destroyed by fire, with the exception of a small chapel, in which his remains had been deposited, and which were discovered in a dry unputrescent state, the fluids having all evaporated, the circumstance was regarded as miraculous, and he was consequently canonized. In 1804 his remains were disinterred, and placed in this magnificent shrine, the pious gift of a shopkeeper of Irkoutsk, who expended twelve thousand silver roubles on the occasion, and they are now the veneration of the country, thousands flocking annually, on the anniversary of his disinterment, to offer their devotions to them.'

Mr. Holman passed Christmas Day in Siberia:—

'On this day the priests visit every house in their respective parishes, the leader of the procession bearing in his hand the holy cross, and acquaint the master of the family that Christ is born. The return made to these congratulations constitutes one of the principal sources of subsistence to the lower orders of the clergy; it may truly be termed a beggarly mode of subsisting.

'The time intermediate to Christmas and Lent is generally a season of mirth and enjoyment amongst the Russians; they not only visit more frequently than usual, but amuse themselves with a variety of exhibitions and games; in particular, puppets are carried to the different houses, representing

the birth of our Saviour attended by angels, as well as other scriptural pieces: these are exhibited as moving on wires, and accompanied by hymns and music. Many of the inhabitants divert themselves by visiting their acquaintance under the disguise of masks, when they participate in any amusement that may be going forward. There are, also, both public and private balls and theatricals.'

We have already noticed that the Russian government would not permit our traveller to proceed to Kamschatka as he wished, but hurried him out of the country, to his great mortification or disappointment. Among the natural curiosities in Siberia—

'The grotto of Balaganak, a hundred and eighty versts from Irkoutsk and about seven versts from the town of that name, is a very interesting natural curiosity. Its entrance is formed by a rock that rises seventy feet perpendicular, and is about a hundred and eighty in width, and of such form as to have the appearance from a distance of a large edifice in ruins. The aperture consists of three large fissures; these lead into three separate galleries, which, after running a length of one thousand and fifty feet, unite at the commencement of the principal cavern, that then extends itself for the distance of two versts, after which all further progress is impeded by immense masses of ice.

'Not less interesting are the ruins of a mountain near the Angara, at the distance of a hundred and sixty-five versts from Irkoutsk, and which fell down on the 20th of March, 1820, with a noise resembling thunder, accompanied (as the Bratsky who witnessed the phenomenon report) by smoke and flame visible in the horizon.'

Lord Byron says, the 'cold in clime are cold in heart,' but this does not appear to be the case in Siberia, where the virtues of hospitality are much cherished:—

'It is an old observation, that the greater the degree of civilization a country has attained, the less genuine is its principle of hospitality; since forms and ceremonies take the place of the natural feelings, and that warmth of soul which welcomes the stranger and the destitute: in Siberia, however, I could not but remark, that there was a greater combination of these contrary principles than I had elsewhere observed. Its inhabitants do not merely present their visitor with the ordinary and cheaply-purchased necessaries of life, the productions of their immediate soil, but the expensive luxuries of distant countries are accumulated for his use, and lavished upon him in profusion.'

Mr. Holman says—

'Nothing can be more simple than the manner in which the ordinary peasant lives: in the morning he takes his soup or milk, with a large slice of bread; sour cabbage-soup, with meat in it, or fish-soup with bread, serves him for dinner; his supper is a repetition of the dinner; and thus he subsists for the day. The richer peasants, however, enjoy various luxuries, as tea, both in the morning and evening, and a piece of roast meat in addition to their soup at dinner. If a traveller can be content with such fare, he may make his way throughout Siberia, *formâ pauperis*, without money. Not that we are to suppose the peasants of this country insensible to the value of money; for, as there is a brandy-shop in every village, to which they are fond of paying their devotions, and as the door of its *sanctum sanctorum* is only unlocked by money, they are quite alive to the advantages of possessing this indispensable master-key.'

Mr. Holman returned *viâ* Moscow, where he was placed under strict surveillance, and not suffered to remain in the city. At St. Petersburgh Mr. H. was told the following singular anecdote:—

'Two gentlemen had contracted a bitter and irreconcileable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty-four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a colour to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with a view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when, to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was enabled to move off in its shroud and regain its master's habitation, which it entered, to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, they were re-assured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act, and he was consequently arraigned before the senate.'

As we have accompanied Mr. Holman through the less-travelled countries, we shall take our leave of him with quoting only two or three short passages. At Berlin he visited the general hospital, where there are one hundred and fifty lunatics:—

'The greater part of these unfortunates were occupied in, and apparently much amused by, what children would call "playing at soldiers," being practised with wooden muskets, in the various de ails of the manual and platoon exercise. One of them, a French count, went through the various motions with as much attention and subordination as if he had never held a higher rank than that of a common soldier.

'In this institution the following machines are used in the treatment of the more violent cases, and, as the keeper assured us, with the happiest effects. One consists of a box, somewhat resembling a pulpit, in which the patient is placed in an erect position, and which, acting on a pivot, is then whirled round with great velocity; during the greatest momentum of which the whole is suddenly stopped, so as to produce an indescribable impression, or shock, on the cerebral circulation of the individual subjected to its motion.

'One of the results is vomiting, which is said to operate powerfully in lessening the violence of the maniacal paroxysm. The other machine is a horizontal bed or sofa, in which the patient is also moved round with inconceivable rapidity, the feet forming the centre of revolution; after which the motion is suddenly arrested, as with the former instrument.

'The above treatment is said also to be efficacious in the restoration of speech, muscular motion, and digestive power, when lost in consequence of paralysis.'

At Bremen Mr. Holman went over the celebrated Wine-Cellar, and the Lead-Cellar, so called on account of the lead used for the cathedral having formerly been placed in it:—

'It has the singular property of preserving from decay, or decomposition, any animal matter that is deposited in it; and from the bodies that are consequently to be found here, it might not unaptly be termed the "Dead-Cellar." This property is said to have been accidentally discovered from some poultry having been left in it, and forgotten, and which were afterwards found in an incorrupted state, with the juices dried up. A Swedish princess happening to die about this time, it was determined to place the body in the vault, with a view of preserving it until the directions of her family could be received as to its final disposition. It proved that her relatives did not think her worth a funeral, nor did the senate feel desirous to incur the expense of one suitable to her rank; and therefore it was determined to let her remain in *statu quo*, and which she has now done for three hundred years.

'Since this time other corpses have been deposited in this cellar. Amongst the rest, a plumber, fifty years of age, who fell from off the steeple, and severed his head from its body; this is said to have lain three hundred years;—an English countess, eighty years of age, belonging to the Stanhope family, who died of a cancer, and which has been in the vault two hundred years;—a Swedish general and his adjutant, who were killed near Bremen during the seven years' war; a common-shot wound in the side of the latter is yet visible;—also a student, who fell in a duel about the same time; the wound of a sabre is still perceptible on the left shoulder, and the silken band of the garland made by his fair friends, in token of his unfortunate fate, yet remains.

'There are also various other bodies preserved here. The whole formerly lay carelessly on the ground, but of late more decency has been observed, each body having been placed in a separate chest. I examined some of them with great attention, and found the skin resembling coarse hard leather, under which, on making pressure, might be perceived the vacancies left by the drying-up or evaporation of the fluid parts. The hair was firm on the scalp, and the teeth and nails in a perfect state, the eyes dried up and deeply sunk into

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the orbits, and the nose like a double nose, from the cartilage, at its connection with the *ossa nasi*, having sunk down to a level with the face.

'There was a Muscovy duck in full plumage, which retained all its original beauty; and also a cat, that was supposed to have got in accidentally, and which lies coiled up as if a leep.'

We are sure we need not add another word to our former commendation of this delightful work, which is embellished with numerous lithographic views of interesting scenes and subjects.

ORIGINAL.

STREET MUSIC.

To all those sounds which in 'crowded cities' belong to the 'busy hum of men,' every inhabitant must accustom himself, or he in consequence, will be a much enraged and very miserable man. He whose fastidious ears and weak nerves shrink from coaches, po ter-drays, and fire-engines,—to whom the yelling music of London cries, whether of milk, mackerel, spring flowers, or old clothes, become a perpetual source of torment, is a person who has no business to live in London at all. With such a man, it is as presumptuous an act of daring, as it would be for a trout to take the air, or a nightingale to dive into the stream; he is an animal out of his element, and it is not worth while to waste our pity upon his sufferings,—either let him endure them in magnanimous silence, get hardened by practice, or return to woods, commons, and cold mutton, without further effort or lamentation.

But, since men of all descriptions must necessarily inhabit cities, and the gay, lively, thoughtless, noise-loving, and long-habituated,—the young, to whom confusion is pleasant, and the old, to whom bustle is life, form only a portion of the whole;—since London abounds with men who must *think*, and women who must *feel*, we must confess that it frequently strikes us as a very serious evil, that the natural, necessary, and customary sounds of our mighty metropolis should be swollen into such discordant chorus as we perpetually find them, by the innumerable performers on barrel-organs, dulcimers, Pandean-pipes, &c. which, from the moment we are west of St. Giles's, pour all the miseries of their melodies, at every turn, upon the wretched pedestrians, or more wretched inhabitants of those regions.

Whether the music so exhibited be good or bad is of little moment: if the former, it *disturbs*; if the latter (which is ninety-nine times the case out of a hundred), it *distracts* you. Under every possible case it comes upon the ear mingled with sounds which have 'no music in their souls;' sounds which break, fritter, and tear the tone to rags, which play the very devil with those self-endearing sensations which memory of young love and gay days gone by, might associate with a languishing air or a sprightly waltz. In being blessed by nature with a fine ear, you are cursed by fortune with the most cruel exercise upon it, and, like Hogarth's mad musician, driven to the verge of temper and of reason, by a species of acute torture upon an organ that it is actually out of your power to render callous. If you are not so gifted, still you are disturbed by a noise which incapacitates you for thought,—which is more continuous, and, therefore, more wearisome, than other sounds; and which penetrates with more determined action into those precious little boudoir recesses where you may have established a retreat from the intrusion, and which your business or your pleasure calls for.

We are so far ourselves from having any Quaker-like objections to music of any description, in its *proper place*, that we think every company of those spirit-stirring pipers and grinders might be tolerated, and even approved, in the parks or the environs; but the torment they give when we are closely hedged in by rows of lofty houses, or compelled to live in front rooms, amounts to a nuisance that is really agonizing. All conversation is forbidden, all power of thought destroyed. Who can draw out a wedding settlement, consider a case, contrive a report, pen a sonnet, or even construct a sentence, with those discordant concords 'splitting the ears of the groundlings' on every side him? Can a tender mother teach her child its letters, a prudent housewife scold the cook, or even a prudent couple exchange an economic *tête-a-tête* conversation, with 'Home, sweet Home' shrieked yellingly into their ears on one side, and 'Were a' Nodding—nid, nid, Nodding,' breathed through the sonorous thorax of a bag-pipe on the other? We are well acquainted with a mathematician who removed lately out of an open street into a court, for the sole purpose of avoiding this species of interruption to his studies, but, to his great horror, on the second day of his abode there, found a harp-player, whose powers were exactly the reverse of King David's, beneath his bedroom window, and a perambulating theorbo-twanger slowly parading the narrow circuit of —— buildings, where he had hoped for a cessation from all such troubles. It will be readily conceived that their notes, 'by nearness made less sweet,' soon taught him the miserable truth, that he had exchanged a great misery for one still greater,—fled from a general shower to be overwhelmed by the concentered stream of a cataract. On appealing to the pity of his hostess on the subject, in the hope of hearing that the visitants were new, and likely to be, therefore, temporary, he was answered with,—'Oh! yes, sir; I takes it we are as *cheerful* as any body in this here place, for, ven these be gone, more'll come,—there's never no dullness at all.'—'But, ma'am, I came here on purpose to be quiet.'—'Oh, yes, sir, I know you did, and I hopes you'll alis find peace and quietness in my house; I told you so at first, and I never deceives nobody.'—'But you don't call this stillness?'—'Oh! no, to be sure not *stillness*, but *that* is what one never thinks of, except just your country people.'

But, if the studious are thwarted, and the imaginative tortured, by these incessant encroachts on their comforts, what is the effect on the spirits of the valetudinarian, on the shattered nerves of the languid and dying? What the feelings of those relations who surround the sick couch or the death-bed of those whom they seek to guard from every sound that could jar upon the sense or disturb the temper of the sufferer? Nor in times of sorrow, any more than sickness, can music be endured by the afflicted (of this description); and, perhaps, there is not one man in fifty, nor one woman in a hundred, who have not frequently suffered poignantly from this cause. We are intimately acquainted with a family whose servant has been for many weeks commissioned to watch the arrival of these nuisances, and pray them to pass the house, paying them for their courtesy of course, for which purpose he receives a shilling every morning, wherewith to abate that which cannot be eradicated without some regulation in our police, which appears to us imperiously called for.

If these itinerant musicians were permitted to exercise their vocation only in the vicinity, it is evident those who were annoyed by them could either keep away or go away; but a man cannot run out of his house because their strains enter his window, perforate his key-hole, and play upon all that is irritable in his composition, while they destroy everything tranquil in his situation. The utmost regard we may be desirous of according to the liberty of the subject, as such, or to the extension of the fine arts, will hardly induce the staunchest radical, or the most enthusiastic amateur, to maintain the right of the few, so as to triumph over the happiness, and rule the well-being of the many, as it must be evident these terrific personages take upon themselves to do. Until *their* 'occupation is gone,' the occupation of all thinking people within their vortex must inevitably stand still; and, although these are perhaps, not exactly the race who live by their wits, it will hardly be denied that they are equally worth preservation,—to say nothing of the aching heads, and aching hearts, of multitudes whom they oppress and distract in a manner utterly incompatible with the rights and privileges of all persons in a well-ordered state.

Should we consider our tyrants as themselves objects of commiseration, and be inclined to address them in the language of Mr. Canning's Sapphic ode—

'Needy noise-grinders, why do you grind noise?
Is it the want of blue-ruin or breeches,
Love of your babies, or fear of the bailiffs,
Make you distract us?'

—would it not be well to think of the means of providing for them and ourselves, by a tax which should procure bread for the first, and peace for the last, if banishing them to the purlieus were found impracticable? Surely all who pay for lighting and watering streets would gladly contribute to removing an evil far greater than either dust or darkness,—a 'pestilence that walketh at noon,' a plague that infects the very soul by awakening all its angry emotions and destroying its kindly propensities—making even those most imbued with the milk of human kindness call on the devil ten times a day, and lips which were

created to utter only soft words, pish! and pshaw! with the expression of vixens, as husbands, children, servants, and even visitors, can testify.

The single circumstance which can possibly be urged in excuse for this intolerable mischief is, 'that some young and gay spirits are so constituted as to take delight in music, which, even when bad, awakens their memory to enjoyment.' To this we reply, that it must be evident those mirth-loving and mirth-enjoying souls are merry enough without this addition to their pleasure; and it is reasonable to suppose that, as a good natured kind-hearted race, they would willingly forego this fugitive incitement, rather than load their fellow creatures by inflicting it upon them, to such manifest detriment of mind, body, and estate, as numbers experience. They would consider that balls, concerts, theatres, walks, morning lessons, and evening parties, might suffice for their enjoyment of this recreation, and that the short period allotted to calling on friends and selecting dresses might be as well passed without the distraction and dissipation of spirits thus occasioned, especially as they may be wasted in the evening more agreeably and effectually.

It would, perhaps, be possible to compromise, by admitting ballad-singing, but excluding instrumental performers; but, in truth, so far as we are personally concerned, they also must be consigned to the grove and avenues of the parks, in lieu of the nightingales and owls, which are banished thence by crowds, who would find them, probably, very excellent substitutes. Of all the most appalling spectacles of human misery the heart can contemplate, surely that of an old ballad-singer, squeaking out, from an empty stomach and failing lungs, some woful imitation of a fashionable air or a merry glee, is the most melancholy and heart-rending! It seems to remind us of the brightest hours in our existence,—of splendour and elegance—beauty that charmed the eye, and sounds that 'steeped us in Elysium,' and to *above* us, the most agonizing effort, by which misery, poverty, and age, can try to win compassion or excite attention;—the very sight is a libel on humanity—a reproach to the institutions of the country.

Surely some of our readers in the Mendicity Society, the Suppression of Vice Association, or others connected with the good of the community, will, in charity to the thousands who suffer daily, and indeed hourly, from this cause, consider its importance, and apply some means of abating the nuisance, adequate to the end proposed. Those streets in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street and the squares about Bloomsbury are the most subject to this calamity, which, if permitted to exist at all, should be removed farther west, where people lie longer in bed, have less to think of, and can, therefore, better afford to have their time destroyed and their minds disturbed. B.

THE SMUGGLERS' PETITION TO PARLIAMENT.

[We are too sensible of the punctuality with which the gentlemen of the press discharge their important duties, and of the skill and fidelity with which they report the proceedings in Parliament, to suspect, for a moment, that they intentionally suppressed so important a petition as that of the smugglers: the fact is, that it was presented by the member for Aberdeen, just after a division, and when the reporters and the public were excluded from the gallery. Fortunately, we have, through the kindness of ASMODEUS, procured a copy, which we submit at once to our readers.]

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,

The Humble Petition of the Smugglers of the United Kingdom,

Sheweth,—That, as it is the proud boast of an Englishman, that there is no wrong without a remedy, and that our tribunals of justice are as open as our taverns, your petitioners approach your honourable house to entreat you to redress those wrongs of which they are reluctantly driven to complain.

That your petitioners are a numerous, active, brave, and spirited body of individuals; and that, notwithstanding the persecutions of fine and imprisonment, they have recruited the armies and navies of this country, and contributed in no ordinary degree to increase the population of one of the newest but most distant of his Majesty's colonies.

That, although it is expressly stipulated in Magna Charta (c. xlvii), that 'no freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed, unless by the legal judgment of his peers,' yet your petitioners have, without any process of law, had the property for which they honestly paid, and procured at great risk, forcibly taken from them, and been taken and imprisoned without any legal judgment of *their* peers, who would never have consented to such an anomaly in British jurisprudence, or such a gross outrage on the liberty of the subject.

That, grievous as the oppressions are under which your petitioners have long lain, they have borne them with patience, and would still not have complained, had not their very existence been threatened by a legislative measure now before your honourable house.

That your petitioners do not profess to be deeply versed in the wisdom of legislation, or to decide on those innovations by the present ministers on that system of policy which has received the sanction of ages; yet they cannot but view with alarm and dread, the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to reduce the duties on foreign spirits, lace, gloves, &c. particularly when it is accompanied by the avowal, that the measure has for its object the extermination of your petitioners—since they take our lives who take the means whereby we live.

That your petitioners are quite unconscious of having committed any act, or given any offence, which could thus call down the vengeance of the right honourable gentleman; and can furnish proof, not only of the services they have rendered their country, but that, in their number have at all times been found persons distinguished for their rank and talents.

That, a few years ago, your petitioners could number among them the lady of the Lord Chief Justice of England, whose deep and intimate acquaintance with LAW was indisputable. That, in the present day, the secretaries of state, all the foreign ambassadors, and several members of both houses of Parliament, are either actually smugglers themselves, or encouragers of the profession, although only one member of your honourable house has had the candour to avow the fact.

That your petitioners have, at various times, rendered important services to the country and his Majesty's government cannot be denied. It is in evidence before your honourable house,* that your petitioners, seeing the avidity with which articles of foreign manufacture are purchased, and the contempt with which our own superior productions are treated, with a laudable desire to serve their country, have introduced British silks and laces as foreign, and thus given vent to our manufactures, which they otherwise would not have obtained; and your petitioners pledge themselves to prove at the bar of your honourable house, that nine-tenths of the silks, laces, gloves, tea, tobacco, &c. sold in this country, as smuggled, are really British or colonial produce, and have actually paid the duties imposed on such articles.

That your petitioners, during the late war, were chiefly instrumental in procuring for his Majesty's government, information of the proceedings of the most active and determined enemy this country ever had, and that when the memorable expedition to Walcheren was undertaken, it was from among your petitioners the individual was selected to lead it to its destination,—a task which he executed most faithfully.

That, on these grounds, your petitioners humbly intreat that the proposed reduction of the duties on excisable articles may not take place; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever smuggle.

Signed on behalf of the smugglers of Great Britain and Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, &c.

EDWARD MOONSHINE.

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* The petitioners are in error as to the house, though not as to the fact: for it was in the course of the evidence given before the House of Lords, on the subject of the silk trade, that the prevalent taste of English ladies for foreign fashions was rather curiously discovered. A London manufacturer being asked if many French goods did not find their way into this country, replied, 'Yes, but I don't consider that an evil. There is a disposition in ladies to wear anything that comes from France; and we have frequently found that a few silks thus introduced, however improperly, have been copied immediately; and where there has been one French garment worn, there have been a thousand sold as French, from the very patterns thus copied. It is no uncommon thing for a manufacturer to copy a pattern immediately, and send it down to Brighton, and, by means of fish-women and smugglers, the silks are sold for French at a higher price than they would have given for them in London.'—ED.

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THE LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

The anniversary dinner of this society was celebrated, on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, where about one hundred and forty persons sat down to dinner. The chair was to have been taken by Sir James Mackintosh, M. P., the author of a very clever work, entitled *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and of the prospectus of a history of England, which Longman and Co., some dozen years ago, stated they had agreed for at the price of some thousands; but not one line of which is, we believe, in print, if written.

In the absence of Sir James, the chair was taken by C. Saville Onley, Esq., M. P., supported by Viscount Strangford, Sir Stamford Raffles, Mr. Shadwell, king's counsel, Sergeant Bosanquet, &c. The toasts and their accompanying songs were such as are usually given at public dinners, whatever may be their object. The chairman, in a neat speech, in which he expatiated on the necessity of giving bread to a living rather than a stone to a dead author, proposed 'Prosperity to the Literary Fund Society,' which was drunk with enthusiasm, particularly by those who had never been at one of these dinners before, and were ignorant of the damper that was to follow—we allude to the annual and unmerited infliction of bad verse on the company by Mr. Fitzgerald. What Byron failed to effect, we may well despair of accomplishing; and, as long as the 'small-beer poet' lives, we doubt not we shall be doomed to hear—

'Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern-hall.'

These couplets, on the present occasion, were about fifty in number, the greatest portion of which would do for the Magdalen, the Bible Society, or the Licensed Victuallers' anniversary dinners, as well as for that of the Literary Fund Society. We are persuaded that Mr. Fitzgerald wishes well to this society; but its managers ought to tell him how much he injures it by spouting his doggrel annually; and, if he cannot be prevailed on to relinquish such an unparlonable annoyance, we hope they will make a half-price at their next anniversary, to commence the moment Mr. Fitzgerald has delivered himself: we are sure the funds of the institution would gain vastly by it.

The treasurer read the report and list of subscriptions, which were numerous, and stated, that the flourishing state of the society had enabled the managers to afford more ample relief to unfortunate men of letters than at any former period. At ten o'clock the company, which never recovered from the effects occasioned by the dose of bad verse administered by Mr. Fitzgerald, separated, and thus ended the anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, for the year 1825. The fact is, Mr. Fitzgerald's reciting his own poetry is as effectual as reading the Riot Act in dispersing any assembly.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

On Saturday, the 7th inst. the sixteenth anniversary of the Artists' Benevolent Fund Society, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, when Mr. Peel, the secretary of state for the home department, took the chair. In proposing the health of the King, Mr. Peel stated the very handsome manner in which his Majesty, unsolicited, had offered to become the patron of the society, and presented it with a donation of one hundred guineas. On his own health being drunk, Mr. Peel said, he should be unworthy the office of a minister of George the Fourth, if he did not give his support to the fine arts, of which his sovereign was so munificent a patron. It appeared from the report read by Mr. Balmanno, that the society is prosperous.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

I'LL form a wreath to crown thee, love,
Of blossoms bright and gay;
The shepherds all shall bow to thee,
And hail thee Queen of May.

The rose so red, the primrose pale,
'Bathed in morning dew;'
The woodbine, eglantine, and pink,
And hyacinth of blue.

The violet, that in the shade
Doth veil its modest head;
The pansy, daisy, gilly-flow'r,
And cowslip from the mead:

The snowdrop (diamond of the spring),
And flow'rs from hawthorn spray;
With lilies from the vale below,
Shall crown thee Queen of May.

The new-born morn shall view thee, love,
With envy and dismay;
Because thine eyes eclipse the sun,
Thou brightest Queen of May!

At noon, along the purling streams,
In cooling shades we'll stray;
And zephyrs soft shall sigh for thee, then,
The sweetest Queen of May.

At eventide, my sheep all pen'd,
I'll tune an am'rous lay,
To chase away thy cares, my love;
Thou bright-eyed Queen of May!

When shepherds, in the moon's pale beam,
Do meet to dance and play,
There thou shalt be acknowledged
The only Queen of May.

The flow'rs that in the verdant meads
Their beauteous hues display,
Will die, if thou art absent, love!
Thou art the life of May.

The cowslips, that beside the path
Their odours cast away,
Lay themselves there to kiss thy feet,
Adored Queen of May!

The wish that in your heart shall rise,
Before you've time to say
What 'tis you want—that will I grant
To thee, the Queen of May.

The store of pelf which, by my flock,
I gain from day to day,
I will devote to thee, my love—
Thou fairest Queen of May.

My cot, my meads, my sheep, myself,
All at thy feet I lay;
Oh! take them all, my sweetest love,
And be my Queen of May. O. N. Y.

VERSES

Found among the Papers of a young Man who died of a Decline.

Mourn not, ye meads! though autumn nips
The bloom that summer on you shows;
Wail not, ye woods! though winter strips
The faded foliage from your boughs:
For soon again will ye assume
Your vernal vestures fresh and fair—
Again, adorned with blade and bloom,
Breathe sweetness through the April air!

But never this death-stricken heart,
The throne of grief—a fount of tears!
Shall nature give again, nor art
The blissful bloom of younger years.
In the dark dwelling of the dead,
Soon shall I press my couch of clay,
Where din nor dream no more invade,
And night is ne'er detlumed by day!

O! murmur not, ye streams, that stole
In summer sunshine blue and bright;
Though hoarse and hurried now ye roll,
Dark as the cloud-clothed noon of night!
Through banks of bloom, in smiling May,
Soon will ye move with merry noise,
Bright as the lucent light of day,
Blue as the arch-bent azure skies.

Not so with me,—The tide of time
In youth passed like a stealing stream,
Unstirr'd by storm, unsoil'd by slime,
It flowed, reflecting hope's kind gleams.
Nor now is hope's sun wholly set,
One ray still gilds life's early even,
That lights and leads my spirit yet
To rest and peace—the hope of Heaven!

IMLAH.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

One of the most extraordinary productions in this year's exhibition—or we might say the most extraordinary of all, is Danby's Delivery of Israel out of Egypt, No. 287. The execution of this picture is as wonderful as the conception is sublime; nor can anything be more illusive than the manner in which the pillar of fire is represented. This artist's Sunset at Sea after a Storm, exhibited here last year, and his Enchanted Island, at the British Institution, were both admirable pictures, particularly the first; but this, we think, is decidedly superior. The pale mysterious light thrown over the figures on the foreground, the supernatural darkness of the atmosphere, and the immense force of the collected body of waters, upheaved and then rushing down with a tremendous impetuosity, —all combine to form a most sublime and awful scene. There is a grandeur and depth of imagination in this piece that indicate superior genius; and there is too, if we may so express ourselves, an intensity of feeling pervading it, that not only shows the painter to have been in earnest in the subject, but that communicates itself to the spectator. This artist seems to be peculiarly happy in splendid or terrific effects of light; there is undoubtedly a great similarity of talent between him and Martin, but each has his respective merits. Martin is most successful in those compositions where he can introduce immense ranges of building, and pile palace on palace and add tower to tower; in this re-

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spect Mr. Danby has not hitherto attempted to compete with him, but we hesitate not to say, that in painting all other effects of light he is equal, perhaps his superior. Had Martin treated this subject, we think he would have rendered it more vivid and showy—more sublime we do not think he could have made it. We know not how better to characterize Mr. Danby's picture than by saying that it is tremendously fine. We understand that the picture has been purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, who applied to the artist as soon as he had seen it at the private view. It will be a valuable acquisition even to the gallery at Cleveland House.

Just by the preceding piece hangs a very clever little picture, by J. S. Davis, whimsically termed 'My Den,' representing a sort of still-life view of the interior of a painter's study, where pictures, sculls, bits of drapery, armour, books, and a variety of other painting paraphernalia and *et cetera* are depicted. The arrangement is good, the colouring harmonious and mellow, and the whole is painted with a free and bold pencil.

No 106, The Travelling Druggist, by Mulready, is a very charmingly painted and pleasing picture, and worthy of the artist of the Wolf and Lamb. The present composition has, however, less dramatic interest than the one we have just named, but a great deal of unaffected nature in it. The scene is at the door of a cottage, where a woman, who holds a pallid sickly boy in her arms, is purchasing some rhubarb of an itinerant Turk. Just without the door stands another child, with a skipping-rope in his hand, whose gaiety seems to be in some degree damped at being deprived of the company of his poor invalid playmate. There is much richness and force in this piece, and, although no very elaborate finishing is aimed at, the details are beautifully painted.

Could we forget Wilkie's Village Festival, his Chelsea Pensioners, and some of his former productions, we should say that his Highland Family is a beautiful thing; it is certainly not inferior to the subjects he exhibited last year, but still it is not worthy of his pencil. It is formed but of very slight materials—a man seated on a chair while his wife is holding out to him an infant, two dogs lying by the fire burning on the floor, and a girl going towards a door. The dogs are admirably touched and full of character; not so much, we think, the principal group; and the large pink bonnet of the woman seems to us nearly as outré in a Highland *shealing*, as a pink parasol among the pyramids. Speaking of parasols puts us in mind of the portrait of Mrs. W. Turner, by Phillips, which is one of the most elegant and delicate female portraits in the exhibition. The lady is seated on the ground holding in her hand a white silk parasol, that throws the fore and upper part of the figure into a beautiful half shadow. The same artist has a very charmingly-painted head of Dr. Richardson, No. 403.

Pickersgill has several good portraits; we last week mentioned those of Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham, but there are two others that deserve particular notice, viz. No. 9, Mrs. Morison, and No. 176, Miss L. E. Landon. The former of these portraits, which represents a very charming woman, has a lucid pearly tone in the colouring, well adapted to the subject. The dress is particularly elegant and becoming: it is a white satin robe, coming up nearly to the throat, and possesses all the beautiful glossiness peculiar to that material. The other, although not quite equal to the preceding in point of execution, and although it does not exhibit so sweet a countenance, is yet not a little interesting as being that of the author of the Improvisatrice—the L. E. L. of poetical celebrity; and, although we cannot exactly say, as the lady herself has so beautifully expressed it,—

'She looks a form of light and life,—
All soul, all passion, and all fire;
A priestess of Apollo, when
The morning beam falls on her lyre;'

she certainly does look like a very animated and spirited young lady; nor is she without some fire and meaning in her eye. There is a touch of the romantic in her appearance that we do not dislike, for, to confess the truth, we should have been half angry had we found that the fair minstrel looked like a demure dowdy.

By the by, now we are on the subject of portraits and looks, there be certain pictures in the anti-room, professing to represent 'ladies;' but we should rather think that, at the most, they can be but ladies' maids, and they look almost too vulgar for that. And then there is a piece which, if we may believe the catalogue, is a portrait, by Mr. Brockedon, of Miss Graddon, in the character of Linda in the Freischutz, but which we should say must be intended for some show-board at Bartholomew Fair; and then, nearly opposite, is what is called 'Othello and Desdemona.'—Heavens! what a Desdemona!—surely the Moor must have picked up this ill-favoured creature when he was travelling among the Anthropophagi. But, after all, the two most inexplicable pieces of mystification are Nos. 333, Abel the Shepherd, and 384, a Scene from Kent: these really are two superlatively extraordinary, astonishing, and prodigious performances—they absolutely stagger us.

Let us, however, quit these incomprehensible monsters, and go and relieve our eyes a little by looking at Nos. 99 and 110, by Good. Any one who has before seen any of this artist's pictures has no occasion to turn to the catalogue for his name, as that is written legibly enough on the pictures themselves; it is impossible to mistake his peculiar style. These subjects exhibit precisely the same effect of light—an effect he is so happy in producing,—as his preceding performances. We know of no painter in oils whose works possess so much the appearance of objects viewed in a camera: they seem to be perfect transcripts from nature, without any attempt at improvement or exaggeration. Mr. Good has, too, something very peculiar in the management of his materials: he does not affect deep and transparent shadows; he abstains almost entirely from glazing or scumbling; it is difficult to detect even a touch of his pencil; all he seems to aim at is to produce a fac-simile of nature, and of catching sunny light,—and in this he perfectly succeeds. His 'Smuggler's Resting' is an admirable piece: the hands seem absolutely detached from the canvass, but the complexions of the men are too clear and brilliant, so as to have more the appearance of wax-work than of the weather-beaten look of persons of their habits and professions.

Westall's Allegro, No. 64, is certainly not the happiest specimen of this artist's manner—and a most decided mannerist he certainly is: it is what may be termed quite a *nauty pauty* picture, mawkishly conceived and vulgarly executed, and the colouring is crude, glaring, and inharmonious. It may do very well for a subject of a book-plate to some pocket-edition of Milton, for which, indeed, it seems designed, but beyond that it cannot aspire. Then there is the lady in black, here intended to personate Melancholy; she has been drawn by Mr. Westall at least five thousand times before.

There is a great paucity of Landscapes this year, but there is one, No. 224, by Constable, that is in itself a host—a meadow-scene on the bank of a canal, with willows and other trees; and it is a charming specimen of that fresh verdant scenery peculiar to this country. There is also a very good landscape, by Glover, representing a Waterfall on the River Dee, in which the artist has hit off nature very successfully, as seen in a cloudy day.

There are but very few things of note in the Architectural Room; the principal are two views of the Bank, and the New Buildings for the Board of Trade, by Mr. Soane; one of the Interior Courts of a design for a Palace, by Mr. Gandy; and Wilkins' designs for the new buildings of King's College, Cambridge. The centre of the Bank, now about to be erected, is the part Mr. Soane exhibits this year, and we must really say that this part of the design seems considerably inferior to the wings. It is far from possessing the classical grace of the latter, or even of harmonizing with them. We know not how far he has or has not been obliged to accommodate himself to the existing plan, but the windows give it a crowded and somewhat trivial air, and the circular-headed arches and entrances in the lower part certainly do not accord with the niches, blank doors, &c. of the wings. This centre has, also, too much the appearance of a dwelling-house or residence: it is destitute of that character of majority and solidity which the rest of the structure possesses. Then, too, to give height to this centre, the architect has introduced above the entablature of the order, which is on a line with that of the wings, a superstructure which, although handsome considered in itself, does not seem to terminate the building very gracefully, for it imparts to it an air of heaviness rather than of majesty. Before we saw this drawing, we conceived that it might be the architect's intention to mark this feature of the composition by a Corinthian order of large dimensions than that employed in the wings, and without any other aperture than the entrances. Mr. Gandy's design has some beautiful features, but it is too fanciful, on the whole, to

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suit our tastes exactly. Those by Mr. Wilkins are eminently beautiful, and, if the college be finished according to them, it will eclipse every other building in that university.

The Virgin, with St. Joseph by her side, watching the infant Saviour, extended at length upon a linen cloth, asleep, his head and arm supported upon a cushion (the young St. John is seen above the pillow), painted by Sebastiano del Piombo, was sold by Christie, at his rooms, on Friday, from the collection of Mr. M'Gillivray, for six hundred and five guineas. Mr. Reinagle, the artist, was the purchaser, we have heard, for Mr. Lambton.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—On Wednesday evening a new historical play, in five acts, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *William Tell*. The subject, which has been dramatized before, both in this country and in Germany, will at once suggest itself from the title. To Mr. J. Sheridan Knowles, the author of Virginius, we are indebted for this new piece, which displays much poetical and dramatic talent. The incidents in the story of Tell, even as embellished by fiction, are too few for a play of five acts, and, had Mr. Knowles confined himself to three, his play would have been better. It is true he endeavoured to sustain the interest by an under-plot, but it was not one that naturally arose out of the main story, and, therefore, seemed rather an episode grafted on it. The story is soon told—William Tell (Mr. Macready), goaded by the tyranny of Gesler, determines to avail himself of the first opportunity to shake it off; he trains his son Albert (Clara Fisher) up to archery, and patriotism at the same time, and, after the boy had missed his mark, the father bids him fancy that it is Gesler against whom he draws the shaft, and he then hits the mark. This scene, which was rather too long, was striking, and much applauded. Albert is afterwards sent with a dagger to a friend, as the signal of revolt, but in the way finds Gesler (Mr. Archer), who inquires his name; this he refuses to acknowledge, and is confined. Tell is also afterwards taken, and the father and son confronted; both, however, conceal their relationship, until Gesler orders Tell first to be executed, and afterwards the child. The force of nature now breaks forth, and Tell acknowledges the dear affinity. Tell is afterwards ordered to shoot an apple from the head of his son. This scene, in itself very striking, was much injured by some ill-managed shrieks and fainting of women on the stage. Tell afterwards escapes from the tyrant, Gesler, whom he despatches with an arrow, and rescues his son; and thus the drama ends. The part of Tell was admirably sustained by Mr. Macready, who combined energy with tenderness in an extraordinary degree; and Miss Clara Fisher displayed a degree of feeling and acquaintance with the stage which much older actors and actresses do not possess. Mrs. Bunn (as Eurana, the wife of Tell), did all that could be done with an insignificant part; and the same remark will apply to Wallack, Mrs. Yates, Knight, and little Povey. The author evidently rested on Tell and Albert, on which all the vigour of his mind has been displayed, and the characters are extremely well drawn. The piece, which was received throughout very favourably, was announced for repetition with unanimous applause.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Matthew Broemark, a learned Danish mathematician, has invented a new steam-carriage, which can be easily guided, and travel, it is said, fourteen leagues in an hour. The first experiment was made sixty leagues from the capital. The carriage, loaded with passengers, set out at half an hour past eleven from the place where it was built, and arrived at the gates of Copenhagen at a quarter before five. Mr. Broemark intends to make a journey to Paris.

Longitude.—The annual prize of £300 has been awarded, by the Board of Longitude, to Mr. W. Widinham, of East Street, Red Lion Square, for the best chronometer, it having varied only one second and eighty hundredths of a second on its mean daily rate during the twelve months. The prize of £200 has been awarded to Mr. J. M. French, of the Royal Exchange, for the second best chronometer, his having varied one second and eighty-five hundredths of a second during the twelve months; eighty-five hundredths of a second during the last nine months; and forty-five hundredths of a second during the last six months, on its mean daily rate. Mr. French's chronometer, No. 720, was made the standard during Dr. Tiarks' survey to ascertain the longitude of Madeira, in July and August, 1822; and its accuracy during the time it was under his care induced him to take the longitude of Madeira from it. Dr. Tiarks takes the mean of the whole sixteen chronometers employed on the occasion, by interpolation; and the standard gives the same result as the whole sixteen, within two hundredths of a second. It appears that, through the means of these chronometers, Dr. Tiarks has been enabled to discover a considerable error in the longitude of Madeira (as laid down by a former survey), and to find out where the errors lay. He was employed by the Admiralty, at the recommendation of the Board of Longitude, in 1823, to find, by the use of chronometers, the differences of longitude between Dover and Falmouth, and Portsmouth and Falmouth; and for that purpose he was furnished with twenty-nine chronometers from the Royal Observatory, including all that were on trial for the prize. On this survey, he has discovered an error in the longitude of these important stations, as laid down by former surveys, in consequence of the accurate rate of going of these chronometers. He has thus been enabled to establish the following results:—Longitude of Dover station, five min. seventeen sec. fifty-four. E. Portsmouth Observatory, four min. twenty-four sec. seventy-seven W. Pendennis Castle, twenty min. ten sec. eighty-five. Madeira, one h. seven min. thirty-nine sec. 08. On this occasion, also, it appears, that Mr. French's chronometer was the standard. The former survey had placed the longitude of the two latter places about four seconds less to the westward.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 6	63	70	60	29 8	Fair.
.... 7	51	67	56	.. 90	Do.
.... 8	52	66	55	.. 96	Do.
.... 9	55	66	54	30 10	Do.
.... 10	55	66	53	.. 07	Do.
.... 11	53	66	50	.. 02	Do.
.... 12	52	58	49	29 86	Rain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Society for the Employment of Idle Gentlemen, H. B, L. I., and D. R, in our next.

A correspondent inquires if *Amœdeus* will attend the coronation at Rheims: we have much pleasure in stating, that he has promised to be there.

Lines to young Ladies are not of general interest; and we really have not tears to shed or sighs to breathe over the fate of every lover that scribbles verse to an obdurate mistress.

We thank Mentor for his candour and politeness.

G. F. will find a letter at the office of our publisher, any day after Monday.

*C. is informed, that although we do not doubt the correctness of his judgment, yet we cannot insert the critique on anonymous authority, and without having seen the picture ourselves; nor can we promise to any correspondent that we will neither alter nor expunge any part of what he may write.

The communication from C, at Brighton, will be attended to

*** We find it necessary to repeat, that orders for the East and West Indies must be paid in advance, and the newsvenders will explain the charges.

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15, Duke Street, Westminster, 5th May, 1825.

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New Works, to the present Number:—Review: Bowdich's Excursions to Madeira and Porto Santo, 321; Bayley's History of the Tower, 323; Hewison's Foreign Scenes, &c. 324; Anecdotes of Lord Byron, 327; Tales of Old Mr Jefferson, 327; Narrative of an Expedition to St. Peter's River, 328; Mount's Botanic Garden, 329.—*Original:* Letter from Jonathan Oldenbuck, Esq. in which are some Sketches of the Tower, Mr. Elliston, and Mr Kean, 330; Society for the Employment of Idle Grammers, 331; Rambles of Asmodeus, No. xxviii. 333.—*Original Poetry:* Evening, 334; Song, 334.—*Fine Arts:* Pitville Pump-room at Cheltenham, 334.—*Drama,* Pantos, at Drury-Lane Theatre, 334.—*Literature and Science,* 335.—*Sec.* 335.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Excursions to Madeira and Porto Santo, during the Autumn of 1823, *while on his third Voyage to Africa.* By the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq., Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee, Honorary Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, &c. To which is added, by Mrs. Bowdich.—1. *A Narrative of the Continuance of the Voyage to its Completion.* 2. *A Description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia.* 3. *Appendix, containing Zoological and Botanical Descriptions, and Translations from the Arabic. Illustrated by Sections, Views, Costumes, and Zoological Figures.* 4to. London, 1825. Whittaker.

It was with mixed emotions of pleasure and regret that we opened the Excursions to Madeira:—of pleasure, in seeing the narrative of another excursion by so intelligent a traveller as Mr Bowdich; of regret that it is his last,—that indeed he does not live to receive the approbation of his country, but that to him praise or censure are alike unheard. Mr. Bowdich is one of the many victims that have perished in exploring Africa; there is, however, a glory in falling in such a cause, that ennobles death and hallows the memory of the victim. Though born in a commercial city (Bristol), and bred up to trade, yet his mind soared for higher objects, and in 1816, at the age of twenty, we find him at Cape Coast Castle, with an amiable and accomplished wife, holding a situation under the mismanaged African Company. It having been determined on, in 1817, to send an embassy to the interior of Ashantee, Mr. Bowdich was appointed to conduct it; and so well did he acquit himself of the task, that it was completely successful. His narrative of this mission is one of the most curious and interesting volumes of travel that have appeared for many years.

When Mr. Bowdich returned to England, though ill-treated by the African Company, he did not turn with disgust from Africa, but devoted his whole mind, for three years and a half, to a patient study of physical science and natural history, in order the better to qualify himself for further exploratory excursions. So enthusiastic was he, indeed, that he actually repaired to Lisbon, in the hope of getting access to some MSS in the public and private archives of that city, which might enable him to form an idea of the extent of the Portuguese discoveries, establishments, and commerce in Africa. His journey was not altogether unproductive, yet it did not yield much; for, although it was the custom of every Portuguese, holding a distinguished appointment, to keep copies of all despatches and instructions written and received by him during his administration, and to have them deposited in the family library, for his own justification and the honour of his family, yet few of these remain. They have either been swept away by an inquisition, which allowed no man a Bible, and authorized the Custom-House officers to rob a foreigner of a prayer-book, or by the sluggish negligence of the descendants of the families who possessed them.

Mr. Bowdich, however, did set out for Africa, accompanied by his wife and two children; and he fell, as he prophetically foretold, 'the victim of disinterested zeal and unsupported enterprise.' This event occurred at Bathurst, on the coast of Africa, on the 24th of January, 1824.

The work now before us contains Mr. Bowdich's own account of his excursions in Madeira and Port Santo, edited by his widow, the companion and solace of his travels, who has enriched the work of her husband with several engravings from drawings made by herself, and who, in a preface breathing with conjugal affection, says she only abstains from redefining that preface a memoir of her husband, because 'his own numerous works are the best pictures of his scientific labours and attainments; and because 'the only part which is not generally known belongs to his domestic and social virtues.' This is not mere assertion for, by sharing with Mr. Bowdich the perils and inconveniences of a tourist in countries such as they visited, she, like Mrs Belzoni, proved the truth of her affection for the husband, as well as congeniality of disposition.

Few works have a stronger claim on the public than the Excursion to Madeira: valuable and interesting in itself, it appeals both to our gallantry and our sympathies; since the editor and part author is a female and a widow, whose husband perished in unpaid and unpensioned victim in making those discoveries which redound so much to the glory, and contribute so much to the greatness of Britain, and who left her a widow with three fatherless children. If we may seem to have dwelt too much on the author of the work before us, it is from a full conviction of the merits of Mr. Bowdich, and of the strong claim his widow and children have on the support, not only of government, but of the public. We neither wish our government to be lavish nor parsimonious; but really, when Parliament gives its thousands to Mr. M'Adam for making our roads on a plan which he did not invent, and which perhaps was partially used by the first Adam, we do not think it should permit the widows of man like Bowdich and Belzoni, who paved the road to the interior of Africa, and made smooth the path to the heart of the pyramids, to remain unnoticed and unrewarded; but to the book.

We purposely pass over Mr. Bowdich's notice of Lisbon, its government, antiquities, &c. to meet him on less travelled ground; therefore, gentle reader, without going a voyage from Lisbon to Madeira over again, suppose the author arrived at Funchal, and anxiously making himself acquainted with the geology, and everything worth knowing or recording, connected with the island; nor was his accomplished partner less active, for Mrs. Bowdich made drawings, which she has since lithographed, and they are given, coloured according to nature, in the volume before us. Geology is, no doubt, a very useful science, but we hope our readers will not think the worse of us for preferring other studies, and selecting other topics for extracts. Near the Western Cliffs, the geology of which is well described, is a hut that possesses a melancholy interest.—

'The little cabin, which contrasts its cheerful colour to the gloomy that and blistered aspect of the basaltic caverns, on whose margin it seems to totter, and the crumbling scoriæ of whose vaults appear to hang together so loosely, as to be ready to sink beneath its weight, and to bury it in cinders; this little hut, erected as it were on the ruins of a former world, rocked by every wind, and dashed by every southern surge, is inhabited by a poor maniac, who, being robbed, by a brother, of all the savings of a life of labour, at the very moment the old age they were to solace began to creep upon him, lost his reason, not, as might have been expected, to revile that providence, which for some wise reason we might have excused one of his class from crediting had failed to protect him, but peaceably, and without harming the most insignificant object about him, to raise rude altars to his God, and to deck his garden walk with crowns of thorns, in honour of his Redeemer, and rudely cut stones (for they could scarcely be called figures), in memory of his apostles. A vacant smile played for a moment on his sad face, as I stopped to examine, and, as he thought, to admire these highly-prized ornaments of his dwelling, which seemed to be richer in this respect, in his eye, than the most splendid cathedral; and the look of distress and emotion which followed the unwonted smile my respectful forbearance had induced, when a troop of idle boys discharged a volley of stones from the beach, and destroyed the greater number of the rude images he had raised with so much labour, and so devoutly revered; the look he gave me at this moment of wanton cruelty went to

my heart. This was not the mania which too often follows a blind and gross superstition: it was the pure, natural, and voluntary feeling of the heart, undirected, but not unabated, from the loss of reason.'

Mr. Bowdich gives an excellent description (and Mrs. B. a good view) of the Coural das Freiras, which must be singularly picturesque and beautiful In the first attempt, Mr. Bowdich failed to reach the Peak Ruivo: on returning, lest he and his ignorant guide should be benighted, he says—

'We hastened our descent, and I scarcely dared to stop a moment to contemplate the new beauties which the setting sun shed over the scenery, my guide was so impatient and apprehensive; as it was, we did not reach the margin of the torrent until dark '—' In short, there was but one thing evident, that we had missed the path altogether, and my guide began to cry and roar, accusing me of bringing him there to die, while I sat down on a bank, determined to pass the night there rather than break my shins any more, and holloa'd lustily. Our united efforts, although in very different strains (my guide persevering in the bellowing part of the duet), brought a peasant with a torch to our assistance, who conducted us in about half an hour to a filthy cabin of a single apartment, full of children, smoke, and vermin. His wife, however, dried part of my clothes by the damp twigs which were cracking on the earthy floor, with great care and good nature, and, placing a log of wood beside me, covered it with excellent grapes, and a large cup of the pure juice of the tinta. The husband was easily persuaded to provide torches (made from what appeared to me to be a *festuca*) and guide our ascent out of the Coural; for I felt very anxious to judge of the effect of torch-light on these sombre scenes, and I was fully recompensed, although shivering with cold the whole way. One slip would have been a slip into eternity; but the thought of danger was diverted by the clouds which were still rising out of the valley, and which, frequently concealing the precipices the torch would otherwise have disclosed, seemed to assure our steps by the impression, that we were riding on the margin of some vast rocky lake. My guide tied a handkerchief over his head, leaving it to float out behind from beneath his sharp-pointed cap, tucked up his trousers, pulled up his swarthy boots, which looked like a skin shrivelled and discoloured with age and dirt, let his shirt hang loose over his waistband, and, waving the torch every touch and turn to keep it in, preceded me, looking like the most haggard of wizards: as I shrunk from the breeze and looked around me, I could not but recall the words of Ossian, "Ghosts ride on clouds, and fly upon the winds, and meet together in some secret cave to talk of mortal man."'

Near the Fazenda dos Padres is a fine malmsey-plantation, created entirely by an avalanche of tufa, which, falling from a height of upwards of twelve hundred feet, has lodged and spread at the bottom of the cliff:—

'The house and vineyards are only accessible by water, to those who shudder, as most persons do, at the daring route of the labourers, who ascend and descend the cliff by a succession of simple stakes driven into, and projecting from it. These avalanches, which are not unfrequent (and which have occurred from lesser heights without much injuring the property), with one or two sliding plantations, occasion curious suits in the courts of Madeira; the one party insisting that he must follow his grounds and habitations—the other, whose less valuable grounds have been covered or enlarged by the accident, pleading, I presume, "cujus est solum, ejus est cœlum."

'Ascending the rocks between the Fort and Praya Bay, we find, close on their brink, about eighty feet above the sea, and but a few yard: inland, an elliptical funnel-shaped depression of five hundred and twenty feet in circumference, and about thirty-five feet deep. The greater axis bears S. 7° W., and, within (a little northwards of the centre, and about thirty-five feet below the brink) is an aperture about twenty-five feet long, and fifteen broad, through which you see the sea, the walls of the caverns resounding with the rush of the waves entering below. The depth of this vast marine well, a term which I merely hazard for the moment, as conveying a better idea of its position and appearance than any further description could, is about forty-five feet. This rent, apparently too considerable to be attributed to the mere elastic force of confined vapours, presents every evidence of having been formed by a minor volcanic heave, which threw up vast blocks of the rock it rent from beneath the ocean, to form a passage, but did not eject any lava or contents of its own; for both the basalt rock in which it is formed, and that of the vast masses which are scattered at the mouth of the aperture, are highly scoriaceous, and present the strongest traces of fusion on the surface. The elliptical wall which rises thirty-five feet above this fearful aperture, and forms the greatest circumference of the funnel is of tufa, dipping to the south, and which, yielding more easily, has been undermined, and has fallen in, to a greater extent, from the same heave which rent the stubborn rock beneath it; the shock having spread as it proceeded upwards through these looser and softer strata.'

At Machico Mr. Bowdich visited the church, and found many memorials of Machim, who, with his loved Anna, was driven to Madeira, and there with her perished:—

'The only native poet of Madeira has introduced it in his epic of Zargueida; and, as the reader has probably never heard of this poem, I will conclude my remarks on its subject, by endeavouring to translate the two first stanzas of the episode:—

"In far-famed England liv'd a noble knight,
A true Adonis in each woman's sight,
Whom nature seemed with every grace to dow'r,
Which love inspires, or o'er the heart has pow'r;
Fierce in the field, and gentle in the bow'r.
'Twas Machim's fate at once to see and love
Fair David Arfet's daughter, Anna, born to move
Those tender feelings in each gazer's breast,
Which thought may picture, though words
ne'er expressed;
Life to the favour'd—death to the unblessed."'

Mr. Bowdich gives a ludicrous description of the decayed gentry of Porto Santo; who 'watch how many eggs the hens of their hard-working tenants lay, in order that they may exact the rigorous half of everything produced, not only *by*, but *upon*, their estates.' Mr. Bowdich says:—

'I called upon one of these grandees a little after eight o'clock in the morning, to inquire about a chalybeate spring which was described to be in his ground, and such a scene I never before witnessed. The house seemed as if it would fall about our ears every moment; many of the stairs were broken in, and there was no door to the chamber in which I discovered the taper figure of the proprietor, floating about in a ragged dressing-gown; whilst his lady (a huge deformed woman, her yellow visage begrimmed with dirt, her neck uncovered, and her wiry black hair likening her to a Medusa) was attempting to draw her unwholesome fingers, instead of a comb (occasionally using her nails), through the thick, matted, uncut locks of four squalid, unwashed, and almost naked children, who slipped away to take another roll on one of the two filthy mattresses, which still lay on the rat-eaten floor of this family sty. A pen and ink, and a few papers in the window-seat, gave my friend the Genoese occasion to whisper, that this Morgado gained a few pristines occasionally as a lawyer; be that as it may, he almost overwhelmed me with his sweeping bows, which I was compelled to return with a liberal discount, and stiff circumspection, lest I should slip a leg through one of the gaps, which threatened me with a sort of infernal region below.'

The inhabitants of Porto Santo are, however, kind and hospitable:—

'I cannot,' says Mr. B. 'speak too highly of the hospitable and obliging disposition of the proprietors of Porto Santo, who may be compared with our smaller Welsh farmers. I never pursued my rambles without being entreated to turn a little out of my way to drink a cup of their best wine, which was no small temptation, being the pure juice of the richest grapes, without even a dash of spirit; and, before we quitted the island, one sent a dozen of this wine, another, two dozen, a third, a fine turkey; agreeably reminding me of the African custom of "making a deal" to a stranger: their horses, their servants, all were at my service, and I was obliged to start by daylight, to avoid the necessity of accepting the use of the former (not suiting my route amongst the cliffs and peaks), four of which were sent for me in one morning.'

Mr. Bowdich gives a good description of the cultivation of the vine at Madeira, of which there are a great variety of species: his work also contains numerous zoological, meteorological, geological, botanical, barometrical, and other observations, which we may be tempted hereafter to notice. Of the amusements of the inhabitants of Porto Santo, we are told:—

'A source in Porto Santo forms a singular contrast to the weekly source of a private family in Funchal. From fifty to sixty persons, and sometimes more, meet together

spontaneously, about eight o'clock, without a single effort on the part of the lady of the house; four or five musicians are in attendance, and, while one large room is thrown open for cards, the largest is reserved for quadrilles and sarabands. Nothing can exceed the agreeable and well-bred ease of the higher class of Portuguese ladies; a stranger almost immediately ceases to feel that he is so, from their amiable and judicious condescension. They generally dress with more splendour than taste, but they dance elegantly; and if the instances of beauty are not near so numerous as in the higher classes of neighbouring nations, they are sometimes very striking. Their figures are generally diminutive, and, too frequently, ill-proportioned and clumsy; but the former fault, rarely occurring, is sometimes redeemed by a fairy-like symmetry.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, with Memoirs of royal and distinguished Persons, deduced from Records, State Papers, and Manuscripts, and from other original and authentic Sources. By John Bayley, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A. &c. In two Parts. Part II. London, 1825. Cadell.

When we reviewed the first part of Mr. Bayley's History of the Tower, we stated the discouraging circumstances under which the author laboured, in having a great portion of the letter-press and manuscript destroyed by the fire at Mr. Bensley's printing-office. We also stated that, from the manner in which Mr. Bayley had divided his work, the second part, containing an account of distinguished persons confined in the Tower, would be more interesting than the first part, which was historical and descriptive. The publication of the volume now before us proves the correctness of our conjecture.

Mr. Bayley, who is one of his Majesty's sub-commissioners of the public records, from his official situation, has access to all the documents that could throw any light on the subject he has selected. His account of the prisoners who have successively been inmates of this state prison are chiefly taken from the original warrants of their commitment, which are still preserved in the Tower. He has, however, dealt out his notices of prisoners very unequally, for which he accounts in a way which is natural enough; he says, 'So captivating a subject is biography, that, in the earlier portion of this volume, I have perhaps indulged to a greater length than may be deemed proper for a work of this nature, in the memoirs of distinguished characters; but, if this be a fault, I have found it necessary so to correct it, as I have approached nearer to our own times.' We must confess, that we rather blame the brevity of the latter notices than the extent of the earlier ones; and, although events nearer our own time may be better known, yet Mr. Bayley should recollect that he not only writes for the present, but a future age, when the Cato-Street Conspiracy will be as much a matter of history as the Gunpowder Plot or the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; we do not, therefore, see the propriety of devoting a dozen pages to the latter, and less than a dozen lines to the actors of one of the most blood-thirsty conspiracies ever hatched—that in Cato Street. Mr. Bayley was, we doubt not, anxious to avoid making his work a collection of state trials, and, without further remarking on what he might have done we thank him for what he has already effected. To the account of prisoners, Mr. Bayley has added notices of the constables and other officers of the Tower, and a description of its liberties and jurisdiction: the whole work bears marks of great research and industry.

Although it is probable that the Tower was used for a prison almost from the time of its erection, yet the first person we have an account of as a prisoner is Ralph Lambard, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus, when his brother, Henry I., 'unrighteously,' as Mr. B. calls it, 'seized the crown.' Lambard had, by the king's command, an allowance of two shillings per day for his support:—

'This, with the assistance of his friends, enabled him to spend his prison-hours in jollity, and to maintain a sumptuous table for those who guarded him: apprehension was thus lulled, and he concerted measures for escape. A rope, says the historian, was conveyed to him in a vessel of wine; the present was hailed with a more than usual feast, and his keepers, little suspecting their wily prisoner, copiously indulged in the inviting liquor. All succeeded to Lambard's wishes; he saw them yield to drunkenness and sleep, and boldly effected his meditated plan. He fastened the rope to a column in the middle of the tower-window in which he was confined, and, taking with him his pastoral staff, descended; but, being a corpulent man, and the cord not reaching to the ground, he was greatly bruised. Aided, however, by his partisans, who were waiting with horses prepared for his escape, Lambard reached the court of Robert, Duke of Normandy, and was his chief abettor in assisting his just but unavailing right to the throne of England.'

For many years after the commencement of the thirteenth century, few years elapsed without the Tower being the abode of some distinguished prisoner; in 1232, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chief Justiciary of England, was sent thither to an unmerited confinement, loaded with all the insults and injuries that human ingenuity could invent, or human malice dictate. This Hubert de Burgh held many distinguished offices under Richard I. and King John, and was one of the commissioners who treated with the barons at Runimead, when Magna Charta was obtained. He was also a warrior, and, when a large fleet was approaching from France to reinforce Prince Lewis, then besieging Dover Castle, De Burgh, with only eight ships, sailed out from Dover, encountered the enemy, dispersed them, and took and executed their leader, Eustace the Monk. On the death of Henry, De Burgh fell into disgrace with the new monarch, who, by an act of treachery, seized him, after promising him time to answer the charges against him.

'He commanded a knight with three hundred soldiers to fetch him back, and lodge him a prisoner in the Tower. The earl was then at a place in Essex, belonging to the Bishop of London, and, having intimation of this unlooked-for visit, arose, and fled to an adjoining chapel. They found him standing before the altar, snatched from his hands the cross and host, and dragged him from his sacred refuge. He was placed upon a miserable jade, with his legs tied under the animal's belly, and thus ignominiously conveyed to the Tower, where he was loaded with irons, and subjected to every hardship and insult that the malice of his enemies could devise.'

Nothing could be more ferocious and deliberately cruel than the treatment of De Burgh by Henry, from which he was only relieved by a political convulsion, and died in London, in 1243. The next victim to Henry's tyranny was Griffin, eldest son of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, who was robbed of his birthright by a younger brother, who also betrayed him to the English monarch. After being four years a captive in the Tower, he meditated his escape, and, finding means to deceive his keepers, in the dead of the night he made the fatal trial:—

'With a rope, formed of the furniture and clothes of his bed, he attempted to lower himself from the summit of the tower in which he was confined; but, in his descent, the untrusty instrument gave way, and plunged him to instant death. His head and neck were crushed between his shoulders, and thus, a most horrid spectacle, he was found next morning, beneath his prison.'

In the reign of Edward I., six hundred Jews were seized, in various parts of the kingdom, and committed to the Tower, on suspicion of clipping and adulterating the coin of the realm: of these, two hundred and eighty were hanged in London, and many more in other places. The final conquest of Wales, and the ambitious views of Edward in Scotland, brought many tenants to the Tower. Among the Scottish chiefs,—

'In 1305, the Tower became the prison of the famous William Wallace, a hero whose prowess, though fabled by the admiration of a fond and grateful country, supported for years the expiring independence of Scotland against the repeated efforts of a mighty enemy. Betrayed into the hands of the English monarch, the gallant patriot was brought to a death which has left on Edward's name the blot of cruelty, and shown that generosity, the noblest feeling of a conqueror, was wanting to complete his fame. Wallace, after undergoing the form of a trial, was dragged through the streets of London, tied to horses' tails, and hanged on a lofty gallows till nearly dead: his bowels were then taken out, and burnt; and the horrible scene closed, by beheading and quartering his body! His head was set on London Bridge, and his quarters sent to Scotland, where, in the hearts of the people, his memory will ever find an imperishable tomb.'

The treatment of Sir Simon Fraser, the Earl of Athol, and other Scottish chiefs, on a third attempt to save their country—for we will not call it a revolt, was of the same

ferocious character as marked Edward's conduct to Wallace. Far different was the treatment of David Bruce, King of Scotland, when taken prisoner by the victorious arms of Edward III. The royal captive was conducted to London with every show of honour, under an escort of two thousand men. The battle of Poictiers brought another king, John of France, his son Philip, four other princes, and many of the French nobles, prisoners to the Tower.

'Prince Edward landed, with his train of captains, on the 5th of May, 1337, and on the 24th of the same month entered London, with glory far outshining all the ostentatious pomp of the greatest Roman triumphs. The French monarch, clad in royal robes, was mounted on a beauteous milk-white courser; and, by his side, a small black palfrey bore, in plain attire, his generous conqueror! This glorious scene surpassed the splendour of all former spectacles; and never was there a day on which the grateful hearts of Britons had beat with purer joy.'

The whole treatment of the French princes reflects the highest credit on the generosity of Edward and his noble-minded son. In the reign of Richard II., the Tower was the abode of victims to the tyranny and resentment of successful factions, and finally the prison of the king himself. Among those who suffered in this reign were Sir Simon Burley, one of the most accomplished men of his day, and Richard Fitz-Alan, the great, but turbulent Earl of Arundel:—

'He was condemned to be drawn, hanged, beheaded, and quartered; but, by reason of his noble rank, the king commanded that he should only be beheaded; and this sentence was put into execution the same day (of his trial), attended with barbarities which make the human blood run cold to contemplate. He was hurried from the tribunal that had thus decreed his fate, to that noted spot, where all his noble deeds were to be clouded by a disgraceful death. With his hands tied behind him, he was led ignominiously through the streets, from Westminster to Tower Hill; and there, without any interval for prayer or repentance, his earthly career was closed, by the axe of the executioner. Among several of the nobility, who unfeelingly attended to witness his execution, it pained his last moments to behold his son-in-law and nephew, the Earls of Nottingham and Kent; and, leaning to them, he said, "It would have more beseemed you, my lords, to have been absent on this occasion; but the time will come when as many will marvel at your misfortunes as do now at mine."'

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the persecution of the Lollards peopled the Tower with victims, among whom was Lord Cobham, the first person of rank in England that suffered for maintaining those doctrines which now form the basis of the Protestant church. The sentence of death on Lord Cobham had, on account of his valour, rank, and virtues, been respited, and he escaped into Wales, but was afterwards taken, and reconducted to the Tower, where the Popish House of Commons, then sitting, prayed for the reverence of the Holy Trinity, and of the blessed Mary, and all the saints of Heaven, and in confirmation of the Christian faith, that the judgment formerly passed upon him should be put in execution.' And what do our readers think was the sentence for which the Commons prayed?—why, that Lord Cobham should be drawn from the town to St. Giles's Fields, hanged by the middle with a chain—a fire kindled beneath him, and thus burnt to death! The prayer of these legalized murderers was granted, and thus the good Lord Cobham perished.

'James, Prince, and afterwards King of Scotland, was long a prisoner in the Tower, at Windsor Castle, and other places, during the reign of Henry V., as were several French noblemen:—

'In 1441, several persons were committed to the Tower, on charges of the most extraordinary kind, invented, perhaps, for no better object than to gratify the malice of the Cardinal of Winchester, against Humfry, Duke of Gloucester, the King's uncle, between whom had long existed an unquenchable animosity. The absurd grounds on which they were accused afford a fair specimen of the almost incredible superstition of the age, and show how readily those feelings were brought into action, to answer the designs of contending parties. The Duchess of Gloucester was charged with treason for conspiring to take away the king's life, by means of sorcery and enchantment, with the intent of advancing her own husband to the throne; and Thomas Southwell, Canon of Westminster, John Hume, a priest, Roger Bolingbroke, a priest, and Margery Jourdayn, or Jourdemaine, called *the Witch of Eye*, were apprehended and committed to prison, as her accessories, having, as was pretended, devised an image of wax, to represent the king, whose person, through the medium of their witchcraft, was gradually to consume and pine away, as the said image should melt before a slow fire!'

Ridiculous as these charges were, and unsupported by a jot of evidence, yet all were found guilty: the duchess was sentenced to do public penance in St. Paul's and two other places, and then to be imprisoned for life. Margery Jourdayn was burnt to death on this monstrous charge; and Bolingbroke, a mathematician, and therefore accounted a necromancer, was hanged and quartered, protesting, with his last breath, that no such thing had ever been imagined as that for which they were condemned.

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, so long the minion of the court, and the author of many oppressive acts, was, on the prayer of the Commons, committed to the Tower, and put on his trial, which the king interrupted, and banished him for five years; popular vengeance, however, pursued him:—

'On his passage towards Calais, he was stopped by a ship belonging to the Duke of Exeter, called the Nicholas of the Tower, on board of which he was taken to Dover, and there beheaded, on the side of a boat, with a rusty sword; and his body, after being stripped of his "gown of russet and his doublet of velvet mail," was thrown on the sands of Dover.' *(To be continued.)*

Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations. By John Howison, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and Author of Sketches of Upper Canada. 2 vols. post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1825. Oliver and Boyd.

Flattered, or rather praised, as Mr. Howison was, by the diurnal, hebdomadal, monthly, and quarterly critics, for his former work, the Sketches of Upper Canada, we are rather surprised that he has so long restrained himself, than that he should now appear with two volumes of Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations. Mr. Howison is a real traveller; he is not a person who will *make* a book, and cross the Atlantic without crossing the threshold of the door; freeze at Nova Zembla when he is only chilly because his last chaldron or sack of coals is exhausted; or broil on the torrid zone when his only heat is occasioned by his industry to produce a certain number of sheets in a given time: he does not relate adventures which have no other source but in the author's brain, enumerate dangers he never encountered, nor provoke our mirth or excite our sympathy for ideal tales of humour or pathos. Mr. Howison, in short, only describes countries in which he has travelled, and with which he has made himself acquainted; and, as he is a keen observer, has a good taste in his choice of subject, and writes in a style at once free, modest, and unaffected, his works of travel are particularly pleasing, and, by their fidelity, are valuable. His Sketches of Canada forms the best book that has yet appeared on the subject of North America, and the work now before us is more various in its contents, but equally well written and amusing.

There are ten distinct articles in these Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations, under the varied and attractive titles of 'Life at Sea,' 'Boarding-House Recollections,' 'The City of Havana,' 'A Journey in the Deckan,' 'Two Days at the Cape of Good Hope,' 'A Voyage from Havana to New Providence,' 'Foreign Adventure,' 'The Cantonment of Seron,' and 'The Delinquent.' The first seven articles are full of descriptive scenes of the places to which they relate, and Mr. Howison, it will be seen, has traversed both hemispheres; the last three wear the air of fiction, and yet embody much truth.

We have already spoken of the fidelity of Mr. Howison's narrative, yet, in some of the sketches in the volumes now under notice, the descriptions are rather of a general than an individual character; such is the account of the preparations, anxieties, regrets, and adieus, of a person on the point of setting out on a long voyage, in the commencement of the 'Life at Sea;' but even from this general description we shall make an extract, on account of its correctness:—

'In large ships an abundant and even elegant table is usually kept; but its comforts are not available, except during moderate weather. When there is a high sea, meals become an annoyance rather than a pleasure; for all the plans that have yet been invented to obviate the inconvenience of the rolling of a vessel prove of little actual utility. A party

at dinner, in a gale of wind, is a scene as illustrative of the miseries of a sea-life as any that can be chosen. On such occasions, the more experienced passengers know when the ship is on the point of making a violent lurch, and prepare for it accordingly; but the novices are usually taken unawares, and their plates, knives, forks, glasses, chairs, and own persons perhaps, suddenly hurled to the lee-side of the cabin. However, those who retain their places are probably in a situation not less ludicrous. A delicate young lady, just recovered from sea-sickness, will have a large ham precipitated into her lap; all the wine-bottles on the table may collect around a determined water-drinker; the epicure of the party may lose sight of his plate of dainties, and find a dish of boiled rice in its place; an old Indian may have a quantity of grilled liver forced upon him, and a roast pig will perhaps be seen going full speed towards a man who detests pork. When quietness is restored, and when every one has extricated himself from his difficulties, a great deal of merriment may probably ensue; but the accident, if two or three times repeated, ceases to be an entertaining one, and eventually causes irritation among the sufferers, instead of putting them into good humour.'

Mr. Howison gives a very unfavourable picture of life at sea, and says, 'any one who doubts that intellectual incapacity always accompanies a sea-life, need only look to the British navy; among the multitudes who belong to it, some genius must surely exist—but, if it does, it is totally inactive and inefficient.' This we conceive to be too sweeping an assertion, and, if true, perhaps the intellectual incapacity of which the author complains, is rather owing to the rigid discipline, which permits but limited means of improvement, than anything else. If the records of a sea-life were fairly ransacked, we suspect we should not find them so barren of intellectual display as Mr. Howison thinks. Sir Walter Raleigh was a sailor The ill-fated Falconer passed nearly his whole life at sea, and it was his grave; and who will contend that his Shipwreck is not a striking evidence of genius? Nelson was a sailor, and as much in his element on the ocean as a fish is in it; and yet he was not merely great as such, for, in his negotiations,—the result of his triumphs, he proved himself a statesman. Is not Sir Sidney Smith a sailor too?

Mr. Howison is of opinion, that sunset seen at sea does not equal what it is on shore: we are of opinion, that the finest sunset is when the great luminary is observed from the shore to sink into the ocean. Foreign travel has not estranged Mr. Howison from his native country, although he has adopted some Americanisms. With characteristic pride he exclaims,—

'But where, after all, shall we find sunsets equal to British ones? where such serenely beautiful horizons—such rich and varied dyes—such mellowness of light—such objects to be irradiated by it, and evenings so happily adapted for contemplating them? The mixture of fierceness and gloom in a West India sunset call to mind the fierceness of the people there, and the implacable deadliness of the climate. The milder glories of one in the Southern Atlantic can be enjoyed at sea only, where everything else is unpleasing. The effect of a similar scene in America is injured by the want of objects of antiquity, and of the lofty associations connected with them; and, in India, the tropical glare attending the departure of day forces us to imprison ourselves while it is taking place, and to remember that we are in exile. A British sunset alone excites no regretful ideas; its placid beauty is heightened by that of the scenery which it embellishes, while the quiet imagery of its horizon, and the softness of the succeeding twilight, are characteristic of the undisturbed peace and domestic happiness that have their dwelling-place in that land upon which the shadows of night always steal softly and unobtrusively.'

In the second article, 'Boarding-House Recollections,' Mr. Howison describes the characters of the travellers of different countries, and contrasts the seemingly unsocial but thoughtful and inquisitive disposition of the English with the social but frivolous character of the French traveller. The third scene is the City of Havana, of which we have a good description:—

'The streets of Havana are narrow, and, during the rainy season, excessively dirty; for some of them remain in a state of nature, having no pavement of any kind, either for carriages or foot-passengers. The houses are plain in their architecture, and never exceed two stories, and are usually painted blue, or some other bright colour. All the good houses are built upon the same plan, viz. that of a hollow quadrangle, which is the form best calculated for promoting a free circulation of air. In general, a gallery, surrounded by piazzas, extends around the upper flat, and forms, along with the court below, a place of recreation in the evenings, and a shelter from the heat during the day. The public apartments are usually spacious and tastefully furnished; no carpets are used, and in most houses the floor consists of a composition which is as hard as freestone, and admits of being washed several times a day; but some of the nobility have their rooms paved with black and white tablets of marble, placed alternately,—and this has a very beautiful effect. The shops in Havana are small and meanly furnished. Instead of the names of their occupants being placed above the doors, as is common in most countries, each has some figurative appellation to distinguish it from others of the same description, such as the shop of victory, of humility, of pearls, of happiness, of good fortune, &c.

'Havana contains many taverns and boarding-houses, two of which are resorted to by English and Americans only. For the first three days after my arrival, I was obliged to reside in an establishment of the kind, which had some curious peculiarities The charge was two dollars and a half per day, and for this sum an excellent breakfast, dinner, and supper, were furnished; but the sleeping rooms resembled damp and gloomy cellars; each of them contained three or four beds for the accommodation of an equal number of individuals. The landlord is a man of low origin and vulgar ideas, but of much shrewdness and remarkable assurance. To the business of a hotel-keeper he adds that of an undertaker; and thus turns to account every individual who arrives in Havana, by furnishing him with board and lodging if he lives, and with a coffin should he die. He sits at the foot of his table, does its honours as if his guests were visitors, takes the lead in conversation, and boldly contradicts anything they advance, if he happens to differ in opinion. Should a boarder be too late for any meal, he loses it altogether; and if he does not return to the hotel within a certain hour of the evening, he runs the risk of being shut out all night.'

'The Protestants who die in Cuba are not allowed interment among Catholics; and, therefore, the hotel-keeper already mentioned has a burying-ground of his own, in which the bodies of the English and Americans are deposited; however, within these few years past, the mortality has been so great that the premises have become rather small, and the corners of the piles of coffins, which occupy every part of them, may be seen projecting through the earth.'

Most of the churches in Havana are open all the day:—

'The masses got up in the churches are extremely fine, but owe much of their effect to concomitant circumstances. The musicians are chiefly mulattoes, who, though far from being scientific performers, execute their parts with facility and precision. I used to attend the church of St. Domingo in the evenings, during the festival of Santa Maria. It was most brilliantly lighted up, particularly near the altar, every part of which had a covering of white satin, richly flowered with gold and silver. In addition to the lustres that hung from the roof, two immense wax-candles were placed beside each of the saints, whose gorgeous dresses sparkled with a profusion of artificial gems, and glowed beneath the golden radiance that was reflected from the splendid gildings that adorned the walls and pillars of the church. Crowds of people always attended, and the place resembled a concert-room rather than a house of prayer. Ladies of all ranks and ages knelt promiscuously upon cushions. Slaves lay prostrate beside them. Spanish noblemen performed their devotions close by their livery-servants. Negro women and military officers kissed the same stone, and dozens of English, Americans, and other foreigners, occupied the door-way, and gazed upon the whole as if it had been an exhibition got up for their amusement. The ringing of the bells, the flourishing of the orchestra, the pealing of the organ, and the ceremonies performed by the priests, alternately drew the attention; while sometimes a momentary pause in the service permitted the fair devotees to exchange a few smiles, and enjoy a little conversation with each other behind their fans. Mass being concluded, most of the people rose from their knees, and walked carelessly about the church, conversing with their acquaintances, and admiring its decorations. In a little time the ladies were handed to their volantos by their husbands or cecisbeos,

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—the priests began to extinguish the candles, —the musicians left the orchestra, and the whole audience gradually dispersed.'

The government of Cuba derives a large revenue from the lottery, at one of the monthly drawings of which Mr. Howison was present:—

'The number of tickets issued is usually about ten thousand, one hundred of which are prizes of from twenty thousand to fifty dollars. The smallest share costs one shilling and twopence sterling. For several days previous to the drawing, the lottery-office is crowded with boatmen, common soldiers, slaves, and mulattoes, and all the refuse population of Havana, who come to purchase tickets with money which they have probably obtained for that purpose in the most infamous and criminal ways.

'The drawing of the lottery took place in a large square, surrounded with piazzas. Towards one side there was a platform about ten feet high, with an awning above, and on this the governor and several of his officers seated themselves in chairs of state, and presided over the ceremonies of the day. In front were placed two large elegant hollow spheres, containing the prizes, one of which was drawn from each globe at the same moment by a little boy, fancifully attired and blindfolded. The two deities of fortune held the tickets over their heads for a few seconds, to show the spectators that no deception was practised, and then presented them to the governor, whose clerk immediately registered them, and proclaimed the number and amount of the prize with a loud voice. These particulars were next chalked conspicuously on a large black board, that hung within view of every one; and, after a short pause, new sets of tickets were drawn in the same way, till the wooden spheres were emptied of their contents. When the prize happened to be one of four hundred dollars, or upwards, a fine military band, stationed near the platform, suddenly united in a brilliant flourish, and then played some triumphant and joyful piece of music. The governor then waved his hand, the harmony ceased, and the usual course of proceedings was resumed.'

Though crime abounds in Cuba, public executions are rare; and so powerful and corrupt are the priests, that no man need mount the Havana scaffold, whatever be his crime, if he has the means of ministering to the rapacity of the church and of bribing the civil authorities:—

'Some years ago, a Spaniard, who lived in the suburbs of Havana, discovered that his wife carried on a criminal correspondence with her confessor. In his jealous rage he hired a negro to murder the priest. When the assassin had accomplished his purpose, he went to the house of his employer at a late hour one night, and told what he had done, and demanded the promised compensation; but the Spaniard either would not or could not give this, and some high words which ensued between the parties having been overheard by the neighbours, the whole affair was soon brought to light. The Spaniard was apprehended, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. However, by means of bribery, he succeeded in delaying his execution for more than two years. His funds being at last exhausted, the black cross and lanterns, the appearance of which announces, in Havana, that the criminal has only two days to live, were exhibited before the prison windows. Nevertheless, on the succeeding morning, to the astonishment of all, they were suddenly withdrawn; for the wretched murderer had, by a desperate effort, raised a small sum of money, and purchased with it a few weeks' respite. On the expiry of these he was hurried to the scaffold and executed.

'While in Havana, I saw a mulatto suffer death for a murder which he had been found guilty of seven years before. He had obtained a series of respites by occasionally paying money to the church; but his resources having at last failed, he could not delay the evil day any longer.'

Mr. Howison has only travelled six or seven hundred miles in India, and the country offered so few objects of interest or curiosity, that he did not feel inclined to extend his journey. The fact is, Mr. H. is fond of animate rather than inanimate nature; he likes the busy hum of men, and is fat gued with skimming the vast expanse of the ocean, or travelling through a desert: hence his journey in the Deckan was not so satisfactory to him as it might have been. From this sketch we quote a description of the bazaar at Bombay:—

'A stranger should visit the Bombay bazaar in the evening. It is a street about half a mile long, with shops on each side throughout its whole extent. These are brilliantly lighted up at night, and one in strolling along may observe distinctly everything that goes on in them. He will here see a range of cloth-shops, full of native women examining the goods, disputing about their value and urging the seller to lower his price. Then his attention will be drawn to the shed of a brass-manufacturer, where highly-polished jars of all sizes stand glittering in rows, and where the incessant hammering of the artificers drowns the voices of the crowds in their vicinity. On advancing a little farther, he will see a confectioner's shop hung with festoons of dried fruits and sweetmeats, and environed by crowds of children longing for the luxuries that are displayed before them. The next shed will be that of a vegetable merchant, who offers for sale the various edible productions of the east, from the pine-apple down to the common yam; opposite him perhaps is the office of a shroff, or native banker, who sits at a table covered with gold, silver, and copper coins, and changes money at a small per centage. His scales and weights stand beside him, and he subjects to their test every piece of metal that is presented to him for negotiation. A dealer in grain next attracts the attention; the back part of his shop is crowded with bags of rice, grain, maize, &c., and in front samples of the different articles are exhibited in large baskets, from which he measures out the quantities required by his customers. At little way off will be a barber's shop, full of people, and resounding with their voices and merriment. Its bustling possessor talks with volubility and the pleased and attentive countenances of his auditors testify that he is a humorist and a story-teller. Meanwhile the street is crowded with men, women, and children, of different castes and complexions, and with donkies, oxen, and Paria dogs, the noise of whose united voices is deafening and incessant. Sometimes a Parsee drives furiously through the bazaar in a gig, and disturbs the loitering throng, and makes it open its ranks with sudden haste and alarm; or a European in a palanquin, surrounded with panting *himmauls*, will force his way amidst the motley assemblage. The tumult of the whole scene not unfrequently receives some addition from the meeting and intermingling of two herds of bullocks, carrying bells upon their necks, and groaning under the blows inflicted by their irritated drivers; and at this crisis, perhaps, a marriage-procession passes down the bazaar, accompanied by hosts of people bearing torches, and by a party of native musicians singing, and beating large drums and blowing horns. Things now reach an extremity which is insupportable to an European, and he must immediately take flight if he wishes to retain his senses and to preserve his hearing.'

The most interesting spectacle Mr. Howison met with in his route, was a religious procession to a pagoda, at a village called Jejoor:—

'Several religious processions passed near my tent in the course of the day. The finest was one which accompanied the car of a god, whom the Brahmins were bringing from a neighbouring village to visit the grand deity of Jejoor. Two men, carrying long poles, each with a series of flags of various colours upon it, led the way. They were followed by a bull, splendidly and fantastically caparisoned. His horns were gilt, and encircled with brass rings, and had large tufts of horse-hair tied to their extremities. Next came several people in white dresses, on which great quantities of the powder of a crimson-coloured ochre had been sprinkled. A band of native musicians succeeded them. It consisted of five persons, three of whom played instruments somewhat resembling the clarionet in shape and the bagpipe in sound; the fourth blew a very large semicircular brass horn, the tones of which were coarse, but indescribably sonorous and powerful. His companion rode a bullock, having a drum swung on each side of it. The pitch of these was different, and he beat sometimes on both at the same time, and sometimes on one of the two alternately. The car containing the god was borne close behind, on the shoulders of six men. It was shaped like a canoe, and so completely veiled that its interior could not be seen. A crowd of people closed the procession, some carrying flags, and others beating small drums, and the whole of them joining in a loud shout at intervals.'

Mr. Howison possesses great powers of description, and many of the scenes he witnessed are painted with vigour and elegance of language. We must, however, pause for the present.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Anecdotes of Lord Byron, from Authentic Sources; with Remarks, illustrative of his Connection with the principal Literary Characters of the present Day. 12mo. pp. 207. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

So much has been published relating to Lord Byron, that there is little difficulty in making up a volume of anecdotes on the subject, particularly when the author is not very scrupulous in inquiring into their authenticity. Such is the editor of the work before us, who has certainly displayed more industry than discrimination. Dallas, Medwin, Fletcher, and indeed every person who has written anything about Lord Byron, have been laid under contribution; and these collections form an unconnected, yet agreeable, melange. The editor, however, is very slovenly, for he inserts some anecdotes which have been publicly contradicted,—such as Lord Byron's duels with Hobhouse and others, and some which could not have taken place. Of the latter class, is the story of Byron conversing with Terry when his lordship was on the Drury Lane committee, for Terry, at that time, was at the rival house. A long description of a shipwreck of his lordship is also given, which, it appears, never took place: the work, however, in which it first originated, is one of the best-written narratives that has appeared on the subject of Byron. The notes to these anecdotes, of which there are many, are generally very smart, and much to the point. The following seem to us the least known:—

'Byron long retained a friendship for several of his Harrow companions. Lord Clare was one of his constant correspondents. Scroope Davies was also one of his chief companions before his lordship went to the Continent. This gentleman and Byron once lost all their money at "chicken hazard," in one of the hells of St. James's, and, next morning, Davies sent for Byron's pistols to shoot himself with. Byron sent a note, refusing to give them, on the ground that they would be forfeited as a deodand. This comic excuse had the desired effect.'

'The Honourable Mr. Skeffington had written a tragedy, called the "Mysterious Bride," which was fairly damned on the first night. A masquerade took place soon after this fatal catastrophe, to which went John Cam Hobhouse, as a Spanish nun, who had been ravished by the French army, under the protection of his lordship. The Hon. Mr. Skeffington, compassionating the unfortunate young woman, asked, in a very sentimental manner, of Byron, "Who is she?" "The Mysterious Bride," replied his lordship. This was a rap on the teeth to the unfortunate author.'

'His superstition was so great, that it led him to have his fortune told by an English sybil. Mrs. Williams prophesied that his twenty-seventh and thirty-seventh years would prove unlucky to him. He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year. She also prophesied that he would die a monk and a miser. The old lady was not the only one who erred on these two last. They were the only things she possibly could judge concerning of, and from deep insight into his character think likely to take place; and her prediction has only been falsified in common with the predictions of those who thought themselves much wiser.'

'Polidori was physician and companion to Lord Byron for a considerable time. He was something vain, and once asked Byron, what he could do that he, Polidori, could not do. "I think," Byron says, "I named four things—that I could swim four miles—write a book of which four thousand copies should be sold in one day—drink four bottles of wine—and, I forget what the other was, but it is not worth mentioning."'

'Byron has been often styled a plagiary. He has himself allowed, that, when he found a good idea in his head, he made use of it without scrupulously inquiring how it got there. The ideas in his poems we leave to be settled by those ingenious critics, who can "Hunt a thought through Greece and Rome," and who amuse themselves by filling their common-place books with parallel passages in the bards of ancient and modern times. This is the work of minute commentators, and Byron will in his turn suffer from these also. Those who view his poems in their design will find but little reason to call him a plagiary. Childe Harolde, Conrad, Lara, The Bride of Abydos, Beppo, and Don Juan, were all exclusively belonging to his lordship. He wrote Gaspedes because it was a field worthy of his Pegasus, and the guerdon richly repaying the candidate. When he became something acquainted with the writings of Goethe and the German school, then came a parcel of Faust-ish pieces, which will only show his inferiority in one department to the great German. Cain was a daring attempt at two characters—to embody Spinosa and surpass Gesner. Mazeppa was a tilt against Cowper, and an attempt to destroy John Gilpin—but a failure—for the "Train band Captain" is still a greater favourite than the "Ukraine's Hetman." The "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was an avowed imitation of Pope and Gifford; and the fragment entitled the "Vampyre" was a transcript of the German school of romance. He even at one time intended to write a novel in conjunction with Mr. Dallas—but that gentleman, clever as he was at writing stuff, shrunk from the task. Dallas has given the two first chapters of this intended novel. There is little in them above what is to be found in most works of the same class. Perhaps Byron was too much guided by what he saw excelling in others—something too envious of another's fame." It was ambition that induced him to write the "Deformed Transformed," and "Cain;"—and it was revenge for mortified ambition that led him to abuse the English dramatic taste, and the most adored poets of England. Byron did not possess that firm and undeviating mind which we often see in truly great men:—he was not guided by the steady light of his own intellect alone:—he was not stubborn to his own mind—the curious consequence of extremely powerful and extremely ignorant minds. He was wavering, not swayed in any thing by a consciousness of right, but by a regard for appearance; and, as not guided by sincere principle, he was therefore apt, at times, to stray from one side to the other. It is this which has produced several anomalous traits in his character. Milton was the same from his youth to the day of his death,—a mighty mountain not to be moved. Byron was a loadstone, liable to be easily contaminated by foreign bodies. In his writing, as in his conduct and opinions, he could not persevere in the path he had struck out for himself. Rugged and wild as it was, he had the audacity to attempt that still more sublime one over which Goethe was striding like a giant; and he even essayed that directly opposite by-way, by "silvery stream and flowery dale" along which the finely-poetic Wordsworth was leisurely journeying. He supposed to have himself, like Briareus, fifty heads,—and wished, with his hundred hands, to sway the sceptre, and rule lord paramount over the whole regions of poetry.'

This work contains a memoir and portrait of Lord Byron, and, considering the great mass of anecdote it contains, is published very cheap.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn. Collected by YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON, of Lyon's Inn. Vol. 3. pp. 432. London, 1825. Whittaker.

WHEN the first two volumes of these tales appeared, we spoke of them in terms of strong and just commendation; and we are happy to see the able and intelligent writer so soon again in the field of literature. The volume before us contains only two tales.—the 'Proselyte, or the Brahmin's Son,' and the 'Last Will and Testament.' The first piece is evidently directed against the intemperate zeal of the missionaries in attempting to convert the Hindoos to Christianity, and the injurious effect it has, in depriving the convert of his caste, and arming all his friends and relations against him.

There are many sensible persons and good Christians who despair of converting the Hindoos; and we confess that, however desirable such an object would be, we think it almost a hopeless task. The tale introduces a young philanthropist, Cornet Edwinaford, who goes to India, more anxious to use his tongue in the conversion, than his sword in subduing of the Hindoos; he is a brave and generous youth, who has imbibed much of the religious prejudice so common. His uncle, Colonel Mannering, has been long in India, and seen how ineffectual the attempts to convert the Hindoos have been; an instance is related, which, however improbable, melancholy, and even ludicrous, some parts of it may appear, is founded on the actual statements of one of the missionaries, who, extravagant as they are, seem caricatured. The story is that of the son of a Brahmin, converted to Christianity, to the great grief of his parents, who die broken-hearted, and the son commits suicide:—

"The life of Seinghar has been far from happy. His fondness for his children exceeded anything I ever witnessed; but, as the amiable virtues predominated in his dis-

position over the passions of pride or ambition, his affection for his daughters exceeded his love for his sons. His care of his boys seemed the result of principle, and of a sense of duty, heightened by affection and parental solicitude; but his fondness for his daughters was the very extreme of doting, without the weakness of indulgence, which prevents the improvement of the object we dote upon.

"'His eldest daughter fell a victim to her humanity. She died of a fever which she caught whilst attending upon a young and beautiful English girl, whose husband, an ensign, had just before expired of the same disease, leaving his wife and child in this distant, and then hostile country, without a friend, and destitute. The English lady was buried in the fresh grave with her husband, and the benevolent Brahmin adopted the orphan; and such was his rectitude and delicacy, that he bred it as a Christian, having it baptized by a missionary by the name of Thyrza. His second daughter was a victim to the savage violence of an English soldier upon our capturing the city of ———, by assault. This hapless child was of too sensitive a nature to survive the horrors of that scene—she pined in a sort of abstract melancholy; at length she loathed all sustenance, and, at the expiration of one year, she silently expired in her father's arms, catching, in her last moments, one sudden gleam of consciousness of the scene around her.

"'The third, and now favourite, child of the good old Brahmin, fell a sacrifice to the infernal arts of my predecessor in the command of this district. The crafty wretch has expiated his crime by a death as sudden as it was singular.

"'This girl was at the age when the fervour of empassioned language is so contagious, and when even the virtues of the heart, unchecked by reflection or experience, give power to the imagination in creating all the glowing delusions of eternal constancy and perfect love. But the young and lovely Zaida, however credulous and confiding, and however prone to the enthusiasm of the imagination, had too instinctive a love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice to become the object of seduction; principles of moral conduct had been too deeply implanted in her by her father, to be tainted by any sophistry, or betrayed by any passion, into the actual commission of sexual guilt; and, more than all these, her excessive love of her father was predominant in her mind, even in her most fervid visions of the tenderness and devotion which she imagined her lover to bear towards her. The machinations of this detestable wretch were all fruitless, until circumstances enabled him to complete his designs by the aid of religious enthusiasm.

"'There are converts from liberality and knowledge, but none from bigotry and superstition. The Brahmin had not armed his daughter with that ignorant prejudice which can alone insure our inflexible adherence to hereditary opinions. The English colonel therefore converted into a tool for his purposes an ignorant but well meaning zealot, who had just arrived from England as a missionary. This man conversed incessantly and ardently with Zaida upon the joys of heaven for believers, and upon the torments of hell reserved for infidels. He would have been an object of contempt or of pity to Zaida at any other time, but, assailing her with his fervid importunity, at the moment when her mind was already inflamed beyond the restraints of cool reason, and all his doctrines being enforced and strengthened by him in who a the unhappy girl reposed her affections and her confidence, this zealot at length wrought her to that pitch of religious enthusiasm, that strongest stimulus of the human mind, before which the love of parent and of child, the duties of humanity, even murder in its most horrid forms, all become indifferent, or are made subservient to the one great purpose of the mania. In this state the wretched girl was borne off by her betrayer. Her mind restored to reason, horror took possession of her soul. A sense of shame, a remembrance of home and of her parents, and a subsequent course of brutal usage from her seducer, reduced her to premature decrepitude and to a state bordering upon idiotcy. Shortly after her arrival in London, she was deserted by her seducer. She strayed from the lodging in which he had left her, and wandered about the streets in a state of alternate distraction and fatuity. The weather was intensely cold, she arrived at the top of Westminster Bridge, and her attention was attracted by the large masses of ice that were floating down the river. This sight of ice, to her so perfectly novel, created a series of maniac delusions in her distracted mind. She stood gazing on the river for some moments, then taking her infant in her arms, smiled in its face, and suddenly hurled it with all her force into the river. The scream of the child, and the crush of its body made against a fragment of ice, recalled the mother to her consciousness. She sprang back with convulsive energy, and looked wildly round; her eyes seemed to burst from their sockets. Uttering a shrill screech, she rushed to the ballustrades, which she attempted to mount, evidently for the purpose of plunging into the river. She staggered for a second, and fell back upon the pavement—She was picked up a corpse. Her face was dreadfully distorted, and rendered horrible by the extravasated blood, and by the state of the eyes, which were nearly protruded out of the sockets, whilst her fists were clenched with a strength that had driven the nails far into the flesh.

"'There is a point of mental as well as of bodily suffering, beyond which nothing can be endured; the body finding its release in death, and the mind sinking into fatuity as its refuge. The flight of Zaida had nearly wrought this climax of affliction in the good old Brahmin. His sole delight was to fondle a remaining daughter, a lovely child of three years of age. The old man would caress and play with this infant with an expression of countenance which made all around him weep, whilst he would look at their tears with indifference, and sometimes with a momentary surprise, but never with any emotion of sorrow, or with any sympathy whatever.

"'One sultry day of September, this infant had strayed by the Ganges, when a tiger from a neighbouring jungle sprung upon the child, and bore it off in its jaws. A faithful follower of the Brahmin attacked the animal with desperate valour, transfixed him with his cimitar, and recovered the infant. Hurrying to the house, he met the father. The child's mangled limbs were reeking with blood, and its little countenance was then in its last struggle with death, betraying all the horrors of its feelings upon its seizure by the tiger. The father beheld the sight with wild amazement; in a few seconds his senses seemed to wander, and he at length stood gazing on the child with perfect vacancy.

"'An hour after, he called for the child to play with, as usual, and, on its not being brought, fell into the most furious rage, and denounced the most demoniac curses on those who detained from him his infant. From this paroxysm of anger, he fell drowsy upon his couch, slept for hours, and waked in a state of lethargic indifference to all things. For months his whole occupation was to frequent the places of the child's resort, and to muse for hours over the spots in which he used to fondle and play with this last object of his affections. He would speak as if to the child, go through all the motions of caressing it, and look so glad, and at other times so piteously, as to break the hearts of all his people who beheld the scene.

"'The chief means of restoring him to his senses was attracting his attention to the adopted orphan of the English ensign. This lovely girl, Thyrza, is now about seventeen, and her form displays all the delicate symmetry of the Asiatic figure, whilst her fine countenance and large black eyes beam with that mild radiance so peculiar to the higher ranks of females in these regions."'

The second and last tale in the volume is entitled The Last Will and Testament. The story, which exhibits much diversity of character, is that of an old gentleman, who, believing he has no near relative living, adopts an amiable youth, to whom he promises a large portion of his fortune. He afterwards learns that he has a brother with a large family in Jamaica; he then makes a will, in which he declares his brother his heir, with the exception of a handsome legacy to his *protegé*. Circumstances induce him to change his mind, principally owing to the unprincipled avarice and rapacity of his brother and his family—all, except one daughter. He writes a letter to his *protegé*, Frank Lewis, then in Vienna, stating that he would cancel the will in his brother's favour, and would leave his adopted son his whole estate, subject to certain legacies: in short, that a former will, then in possession of Mr. Lewis, should be in force. The old man dies before Lewis can reach him; his rapacious brother destroys the will made in his own favour, to avoid paying a legacy of £25,000 to Mr. Lewis, and hopes to inherit as heir at law. This is, however, defeated by the production of the former will, in Mr. Lewis's possession, which gives everything to him; he, however, allows the unnatural brother the annuity intended for him, and marries the

daughter, Rachel. It appears, also, that the old gentleman had really made a third and last will in favour of Lewis, and thus was the estate doubly assured to him.

The characters in these tales are many of them well drawn, particularly those of the amiable and benevolent Mr. Howel, his rapacious brother, Benjamin, with whom he forms so strong a contrast: the generous conduct of Lewis, and the inartificial tenderness and affection of Rachel, are all extremely happy pictures of beings to be met with in life. There is also an odious compound of cobbler, lawyer, and ranter, in Joshua Cripplegate, who is an atrocious scoundrel, to boot. We have only room for a short extract: it relates to the destroying the will, an incident, by the by, founded on an occurrence in real life:—

'Mr. Howel had died a few days after writing the letter which Frank Lewis had received at Vienna. No sooner, or rather before, the breath was out of the kind old gentleman's body, his brother, with an ink-bottle in the button-hole of the breast of his coat, was traversing the house like a hungry exciseman, in search of prey. Inventories were made, and triple seals were put upon everything, until at last Mr. Benjamin Howel locked the library door, and entering the inner study, locked that door also, and eyeing every hole and corner, began a close consultation with his sons upon the present posture of affairs.

'There was only one drawback to the great joy which all the party felt, and that was the will by which Mr. Howel had left legacies to all his servants, and the bequest of twenty-five thousand pounds, with the entire contents of the library, study, and cabinet, to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Benjamin Howel now took the document from an iron chest, and, holding it up said to his sons, "this vile contemptible bit of sheep's skin robs us of more than £10,000,—what right have servants, or such a fellow as that Lewis, to dispossess us of so large a sum?—My boys, what is to be done?"

"'Nobody knows of the existence of the will; it is dated nearly five years ago, I vote for putting it in the fire," said Baal Howel, and "put it in the fire," was re-echoed by all the brothers.

"'We can keep our own counsel," said the father, "or it may ruin us."

"'You old men are always so cautious, and full of fears—Give me the will," said Baal, and, snatch ng it out of his father's hands, he thrust it into the fire,—holding it down with the poker whilst it was consuming.

'But parchment is difficult to burn, and "what a damned crackling it makes," cried the old man; and, just as he had said so, the knuckle of Joshua Cripplegate was heard knocking at the outer door for admittance.

"'For heaven's sake, Baal, what shall we do; if Cripplegate finds us out, he'll want, at least, a thousand pounds, hush-money!"

"'Keep him in parley for a few minutes, at least," said Baal, in reply to his father.

"'Joshua, Joshua, my dear Joshua," said old Benjamin, in a voice of affected sorrow,—we are all at our devotions, do not trespass upon our grief."

"'Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, I came to your assistance, there's such a sad smell of something burning," said Joshua, affecting to cough, as if suffocated with smoke.

"'We are ruined for ever," cried old Benjamin, trembling like a leaf.

"'I have burnt the skirt of my coat, standing with my back to the fire," cried Baal, adding, "that excuse will satisfy the old scoundrel."

'Joshua would not be got rid of, and at last it was thought expedient to let him in, after Baal had well burnt the skirts of his coat, and had put the embers of the parchment into his pocket-handkerchief.

"'Bless me," said Joshua, snuffing up his nose, and looking cunningly under his eyes as he entered; "bless me, there are two distinct smells in the room,—one of burnt cloth, and the other like burnt parchment."

'A long dialogue ensued, in which Joshua clearly proved, that he had seen and heard more than it was safe for him to know, and, after two hours' negotiation, Benjamin Howel thought it expedient to allow him an annuity of £200. a-year, as hush-money.'

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River.

(Continued from p. 307)

ALTHOUGH it was not a leading object of the expedition to inquire into the history and antiquity of the Indians, yet it was one our traveller did not neglect. At Prairie du Chien, they obtained from Wennebea, an intelligent chief, an account of the Sauk Indians:—

'The Sauks call themselves in their own language Sakewe. They are a brave, warlike, and, as far as we could learn, a generous, people. The great reduction in their numbers arose from their hostility to the French and their allies, and also to the wars which they formerly waged against the Indians on the Missouri and Mississippi, such as the Pawnees, the Omawhaws, the Sioux, the Iowas, &c. Owing to the rapid advance of the white population, and the increasing influence of our government over them, they are becoming more peaceable, and from this circumstance their numbers are probably on the increase. Their historical recollections do not extend far back; but they have been told that, about sixty years since, when the French occupied the country, one of the Sauk chiefs, by the name of Menetomet, found himself surrounded, with about sixty of his nation, by a party of French and Indians, belonging to other tribes, amounting altogether to two thousand. Menetomet then addressed his men, bidding them not to fear, for he had been favoured with a vision from the Great Spirit, that informed him that, if they all fought bravely, not one of them should perish. Encouraged by this assertion, they fought with such desperation as to break the ranks of their assailants, and escape without the loss of a single man. They were afterwards led by their chiefs towards the *Butte de Mort* on Fox River, and were on the point of being cut off by their enemies, when a peace was effected by the intervention of a French officer. Wennebea informed us that his grandfather was in this party; had it been cut off, the nation would, as he thinks, have been totally annihilated: for these composed the whole force of the Sauks. Their numbers have since considerably increased, as, according to his estimate, the nation now consists of upwards of a thousand warriors; in this number are included all the active, able-bodied, and middle-aged part of the creation.'

Prairie du Chien has its traditions, which, although they contribute little to the history of the Indians, adorn with the charm of romance some of its most beautiful scenery:—

'Among these, that which is related of one of the caverns on the banks of Kickapoo creek appears to us to deserve notice. It is said that, in one of the niches or recesses formed by the precipice, there is a gigantic mass of stone presenting the appearance of a human figure. It is so sheltered, by the over-hanging rocks, and by the sides of the recess in which it stands, as to assume a dark and gloomy character. They relate, on this subject, that, long since, a battle was fought on the banks of the Mississippi between the inhabitants of the prairie and their enemies; in which conflict the latter were victorious, and succeeded in killing a great number of the former; that an inhabitant of the prairie, who was a very good woman, having received several wounds during the engagement, effected her escape and withdrew to the hills, where she was near perishing with hunger; that while wandering along the banks of this stream, a kind spirit took pity of her, and converted her into this monument, to which he moreover imparted the power of suddenly killing any Indian that approached near it. This power was exercised until the spirit, tired of the havoc which he had committed, ceased to display his vengeance any longer. Although the natives may therefore, at present, approach the statue with impunity, still they hold it in fear and veneration, and none passes it without paying it the homage of a sacrifice of tobacco, &c.'

Among the modes of salutation which formerly prevailed among the Indians, that of rubbing down the body of the stranger was frequent; the custom of shaking hands has been introduced by the English. Among the rich picturesque scenery through which the expedition travelled, Lake Pepin is not the least interesting:—

'About half way up the lake, its eastern bank rises to a height of near four hundred and fifty feet, of which the first one hundred and fifty are formed by a perpendicular bluff, and the lower three hundred constitute a very abrupt and precipitous slope, which extends from the base of the bluff to the edge of the water. This forms a point, projecting into the lake, and bounded by two small basins, each of which is the estuary of a brook that falls into the lake at this place. The wildness of the scenery is such, that even the voyager who has gazed with delight upon the high bluffs of the Mississippi is struck with uncommon interest on beholding this spot. There is in it what we meet with on

no other point of the far-stretching valley of the Mississippi, a high projecting point, a precipitous crag resting upon a steep bank, whose base is washed by a wide expanse of water, the calmness of which contrasts with the savage features of the landscape; but this spot receives an additional interest from the melancholy tale which is connected with it, and which casts a deep gloom over its brightest features. Cold and callous must be the heart of the voyager who can contemplate unmoved and uninterested the huge cliffs that enclose this lake, for—

"'Wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell."

"There was a time," our guide said, as we passed near the base of the rock, "when this spot, which you now admire for its untenanted beauties, was the scene of one of the most melancholy transactions that has ever occurred among the Indians There was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female, whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first-born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter, who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union, in which all their hopes centred; but, on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favourite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favour of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man, who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence; while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favourite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. "Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden, but you would not. You say you love me, that you are my father, my brothers, my relations: yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough: you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection." As she uttered these words she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, resolved that that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill. When she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover: "You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen; you endeavoured to make my faithful words, to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not, if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience,—you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and, as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse near her distressed friends. Thus," added our guide, "has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell, a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Botanic Garden; or, Magazine of hardy Flower-Plants cultivated in Great Britain. By B. Maund. No. I. to IV.

Four numbers of this elegant work have already appeared, and, if we may judge from the specimens they furnish, we think we may promise that it will be a great treat to all lovers of the choicest productions of nature, or admirers of that enchanting and instructive science, botany. Each number contains four coloured figures, accompanied by descriptive letter-press, explaining the scientific and other names of flowers, class, order, country, first introduction, time of flowering, &c. &c. The medical and domestic uses for which they are suited, and the mode of propagation, are also noticed. The work is thus not only scientific, but is very readable, and even useful to those who may not make botany a study.

ORIGINAL.

LETTER FROM JONATHAN OLDWORTHY, ESQ.

Mr. Editor,—I write to you again thus early, to beg you will not trouble yourself farther on the subject of my last. The Novel-Writing Association, with which, as a plain man and a mere truth-telling-writer, I had most unwisely connected myself, has already split to pieces. Never was there a more complete exemplification that 'every tub should stand on its own bottom,' than was made by our society the very first time they clubbed their wit, and drew upon their knowledge, to produce a 'Simple Story' for the public—such a variety of opinions, incidents, and 'moving accidents by flood or field,' never met since the confusion of tongues at Babel. It was, therefore, no wonder that a similar catastrophe followed—that the heterogeneous materials could never be consolidated, and that the whole ground was abandoned as untenable.

Yet our infant society, like many other infants, was beautiful and promising; but, alas! every accession of strength destroyed its symmetry, and developed those passions so apt to be indicated by all bodies in their progress to maturity; but far be it from me to reveal 'the secrets of the prison-house,'—the rage of offended blue-stockings, and of old women in small-clothes. The sticklers for single words and argueers for additional syllables may alike 'scape flogging for me.' All I shall say further on the subject is to beg, Mr. Editor, you would just imagine what the state of any exhibition-room in Europe would be, if every artist who brought a picture there had permission to hang it where he pleased—if you can form any tolerable conception of the battle that would take place in a few minutes between young beauties and old cats, 'raging battles and sequestered scenes,' robed statesmen and mountebanks, cathedrals and oyster-stalls, field marshals and fishmongers, &c.—then, and only then, can you form any idea of the rage, scorn, entreaty, defiance, loud and soft words, angry or pleading looks, which were stirring amongst us

Well! thank God it is over now, and, although there is not one of the party whom

I do not desire to meet again, and for whom I have not either admiration or esteem, most determinately will I for ever avoid more than two or three at a time. I am decidedly of opinion with Rousseau, that all great companies are bad, even when composed of excellent individuals, and, more especially, that authors are very unfit subjects for *composition*, though each one can 'discourse most excellent music.'

Let us turn from authors to actors.—Can you or Asmodeus (who must be in the secret) tell what has made the moral Times, who so violently espoused the cause of 'Virtue versus Kean,' for ten whole days, remain so miraculously silent on the sin of Elliston?—a sin which certainly bleaches the little performer white when he stands by the portly manager. The latter said truly, notwithstanding the Times ridiculed the assertion, 'that any man might have fallen into Kean's error,' and it is certain any man, not fortified by decidedly good principles and good sense, might have done so: for the woman was evidently a tempter from the beginning of the affair, and all circumstances in it favoured her design, and wiser and better men have so fallen before him.

But if this same Times, in its reports, gives the public 'a round unvarnished' statement of a girl inveigled to London by a certain manager, ruined, and then utterly abandoned, to endure, in cold and hunger, and almost houseless wretchedness, that long period in which nature inflicts such a portion of physical suffering as to call for all the aids which tenderness and generosity can supply—if this wretched girl, after being actually two days and nights without food, find in the humanity of the lowest purveyor for human wretchedness a home in a workhouse, and there the child of him who every day revels in abundance, and smiles, and bows, as if he aped the condescensions of royalty, is born and dies, yet this same 'virtuous' journal beholds, and 'gives no sign' of reprobation,—what are we to conclude?

Surely, if ever case could exist in which man is justified in lifting up his voice against man, *this* is that case; and, if the fact is ascertained as a truth, that truth should not pass without comment! I do not say this, considering the matter as what Addison calls 'simple fornication,' nor by any means classing it as one of 'systematic seduction,' but as an act of such base selfishness in the first view, and such horrible cruelty in the second, as to place the perpetrator before his fellow-creatures as one at whom 'the slow unmoving finger' of scorn may and ought to point. Not only must the good, but the bad (provided there is one touch of humanity left about him), despise the meanness, and shudder at the consequences of profligacy so flagrant and desertion so cruel. *Young* sinners may be thoughtless, *old* ones cannot be so; the same effects produced by heedlessness in one arise from hard heartedness in the other. A man married for nearly thirty years, the father of a numerous family, cannot forget the wants, the weaknesses, the sinkings of heart, the sufferings and fears, which hang about that woman whose situation in life commanded comfort, and, we will suppose, awakened tenderness. How then can he fail to remember how much more terrible must be the situation—how much increased even the physical evils—of a wretched, starving friendless, stranger, to whom no tongue offers a soothing word—for whom no hand prepares a dainty morsel—on whose head the errors of a single hour are visited by inflictions his kindness might have alleviated, but could not cure, and which his desertion accumulated a thousandfold. Surely there are few men, even among the most wicked, who could condemn the partner of their guilty pleasure to the miseries of positive want—the pangs of actual hunger!—If there are, 'tis certain that Colonel Kirk's name ought not to stand alone in the annals of immortal infamy.

If it be urged in extenuation that the poor girl was an *easy* prey, it must be remembered also that she was very young, and that the practised lover of many years was too likely to find an easy conquest in the stage-struck Juliet, who had left her humble home for a scene for which she was utterly unfit. But should not her very weakness and folly have inspired the father of daughters with 'some compunctious visitings of nature' for a creature so young and so frail?—a creature who was yet virtuous, we may certainly conclude, since we are all aware that, had she been otherwise, so young and so pretty as she is said to be, there would have been one way left by which she might at least have secured food. Her penury and wretchedness speak volumes in her behalf, and sincerely do I hope that her future existence may yet present a page on which virtue and tranquillity may inscribe their own characters in succession to those of sorrow and penitence.

From this heart-sickening subject, which is ten times worse than the former, I would turn a moment, to thank you for the reviews we have lately had, especially those on our northern travellers, to whom we are all under great obligation, not so much for the novelty of their discoveries, as for keeping up our acquaintance, and gently enlarging its circle, in places it is presumed very few would desire to visit personally. It is certainly utterly out of my power to conceive in what the pleasure of Mr. Holman consisted, when, in despite of all entreaty and all obstacles, he made his way to Siberia, which he could not see, and placed himself at the mercy of people whom he could not understand. As there was neither information given to the mind, nor the gratification of curiosity offered to the senses, beyond the stimulation always produced by motion, I am really compelled to believe that in this gentleman the love of travelling must arise from organic construction. I have suspected this in many persons, who never can remain stationary; but in him it is so evident, that, whether discovered by Spurzheim or not, I must continue to believe in it;—by the way, he is one of the very pleasantest personages in existence, and, though evidently of the most simple and unaffected manners, might be suspected of meaning to play the agreeable in his rambles, and of showing how interesting a man is made by losing that faculty which generally presents the greatest facility for becoming so.

Travelling is a fine thing—a *very* fine thing; it links man to man through the whole chain of existence; it unfolds the book of nature to all eyes, extends knowledge to all lands, and—but, to 'lay aside the *blarney*,' as Mr Parry would call it, and proceed to the common-sense of the thing, surely we have had quite enough of the Esquimaux and the icebergs, and our brave sailors should now turn their faces to the sun instead of the snow. Captain Franklin, had he been as wise as he is brave, would have let the days of past starving suffice, have remained at home with his highly-gifted wife, preserved her valuable life, eaten good dinners, and left soup of boot-soles, singed hides, and *tripe de roche*, for the stomachs of future explorers. We all know that poor Belzoni went once too often, as indeed all our African travellers have done; and, if Mr. Rae Wilson should *stray* again, we think he will probably do the same. Surely it is a good thing to know where to stop; but few wanderers attain it. I know it was a difficult thing even for a Turk's ball, in his breast, and a sweet wife, who held a much firmer place there, to persuade the author of Karamania to give over his researches; and I question whether the possession of all home blessings will keep Mr. Bankes from digging among Egyptian dust again: still these men have *motives*; they do not toil and starve, give their skins to the fleas, their stomachs to the air, their sight to the sand or the snow, and their lives to a thousand casualties, for no earthly purpose; but poor dear Holman does all this, or desires to do it all, merely that he may 'compass the earth,' and occupy a solitary niche in the temple of Fame as a blind traveller.

Well — well, 'every man to his taste,' commented me to a Havannah cigar, old port, a quiet seat, and a kind companion, now, and, some weeks hence, an easy ramble through the midland counties to the lakes of Cumberland, from whence you will probably hear of your contented, because unassociated friend,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

I have said nothing of Captain Cochrane, whose desire to 'keep moving' perhaps goes beyond all the rest. His scull must have some very remarkable bumps, or he would never have given us such extraordinary stories, or exposed himself to such unnecessary sufferings.

SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF IDLE-GENTLEMEN.

THERE are many gentlemen in London who, by prudence, parsimony, or successful speculations, have acquired sufficient to retire from business, and whose hours hang heavily on their hands. To enable this worthy class of persons to get rid of their time and money with some degree of credit, various plans have been invented, and are now in successful operation. Thus, some may purchase an independent borough, attend the house, divide on questions, and frank letters for their friends; others may procure shares in joint-stock companies, and start for director-

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ships; many can belong to Bible societies, and exact subscriptions from their menials and dependents, to swell the amount of payments 'by their hands;' whilst a few may get put into commission, and become laughable, were they not mischievous. It is not my wish to point out holes in other men's garments, but it must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that all these contrivances, and several others of a similar nature, have each their respective disadvantages—some being attended with trouble, some with responsibility, some requiring an extensive interest, and one a considerable sinking of capital, at least in the first instance. To gentlemen who would be busy without labour, conspicuous without publicity, theoretically ingenious without the trouble of execution, and orators of a party without the drudgery of reconciling the conflicting interests of their followers,—to all, in short, who are desirous of combining the greatest advantages with the least expense, I beg to recommend the Society for the Employment of Idle Gentlemen, held at the great house in —— Street, Adelphi.

I think it proper to state that I have no feeling or connection with the institution. My motives are entirely disinterested, and, as I should be sorry for gentlemen to become subscribers on my recommendation, and afterwards feel dissatisfied with their bargain, I beg leave to call their attention to the following synopsis. Any person wishing to join the society must be proposed by one of its members; the mode of election is by ballot, and two-thirds of the votes are required to be in favour of the candidate. Peers of the realm and lords of Parliament are balloted for on being proposed, but the names of commoners are exhibited in the room for two weeks previous to the election. The reason of this distinction is, that some inquiry may be made into the character of plebeian candidates, which, in the case of nobility, the society consider it prudent to avoid. Their standard of morality is said to be Lord E——: any gentleman falling below that, I am told, is inadmissable; but, as such anomalies are rare, a rejection seldom takes place. Every member is entitled to the use of the library, an annual copy of the institution's proceedings, personal admission to the rooms and committees, besides the privilege of introducing his friends to view the society's heir-looms, on any week-day, excepting Wednesday; but on that evening two gentlemen may be admitted as visitors, to hear the debates. He has also tickets of admission to the annual distribution of prizes, which usually takes place at the Italian Opera House; and, though last, not least, he may *speak and vote* on all business of the society. The annual subscription is but two guineas, or twenty constitute a member for life; so that every one is certain of a pennyworth for his penny, whilst gentlemen who are acquainted with 'the pains and penalties' of idleness will have the consolation of setting others to work for the various medals offered by the institution.

The busy season of the society is from January to May, when a variety of committees are held, weekly or oftener, as the case may be, to adjudge the different prizes. The assemblies are named after the subjects they are assembled to discuss, and, when their decisions are made, they are reported to the general meeting (held on Wednesday evening), which confirms or recommits them. If confirmed, they are *read a second time* on the following meeting-night, when, if again approved of, the proposal becomes like the law of the Medes and Persians, and alterath not. If the award be recommitted, it is held to be an indirect hint to alter it; but the committee are sometimes dull of apprehension, and maintain their original report. Should this, however, be again recommitted, it is usual to submit the case to arbitrators, whose decision is held to be final. It may be as well to state that some knowledge of the subject under consideration is the most requisite quality in a committee-man—the most useful at the society's meetings is that accomplishment termed the gift of the gab.

I think I have already stated, that any member may address the chair; but he must not speak twice on the same subject,—a very useful rule: he may, however, rise to explain, and the opener has the privilege of reply. It is orderly to make remarks on the business before the meeting, but out of order to impute improper motives to any member. Perhaps it may be as well to inform gentlemen who (having experienced the 'pelting of the pitiless storm' at parochial or political meetings) are in want of a field to display their oratory, that no disapprobation is allowed to be expressed. The society may, however, laugh at *hoppositium*, or when a member *opes* the meeting, or sees a *plot!* 'year! year!'* seems exempt by courtesy, probably on account of being the 'jus et norma loquendi' of the society.

There is a proverb which is common to all civilized nations, but is, perhaps, most beautifully expressed by scripture. 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' This maxim is practically illustrated on the adjudication of the medals for *ladies and gentlemen*, which, being considered of small importance by the members at large, is chiefly directed by an interested junto. To exemplify my meaning we will suppose Mr. S. practises one branch of art, and Mr F. or any other letter, another; we will also suppose that they have each pupils, whom they incite to try for the amateur prizes. The drawings are finished under the superintendence of the master, and some connoisseurs pretend to point out touches where his skill was transfused into his pupil, but I am sceptical on the subject of such subtile beauties.* When the performances reach the society, they have probably no competitors; should that not be the case, *they do insinuate* that the professors reciprocally sacrifice their opinions to their interests, or vote their client a silver bounty, should the instance be very palpable—an imperceptible draught upon the funds of the society, for which it is astonishing what ends are attained. The pupil gets a medal, and the privilege of exposing himself to his friends and the public in general, at the King's Theatre; the drawing is hung up at his house, to task the patience and invention of his acquaintance; the master compliments the pupil, the pupil and his friends panegyrize the master; and *la piece* ends to universal satisfaction. The prizes offered to professional candidates are considered of greater importance, and, extorting more attention from the society, demand a fresh paragraph from me.

These, and indeed all other performances offered for rewards, have marks only affixed to them, to prevent the possibility of a partial decision, by precluding the judges from a knowledge which might bias them. In discharge, however, of the task I have undertaken, I think it right to submit the following statement of what *it is said* sometimes occurs. We will suppose A, B, and C are competitors for a prize: the Committee of Fine Arts (D) awards the medal to A, who in reality deserves it. B or C very naturally demurs to the decision, and, although his name be not upon his drawing, his motto is legible to his friends, who, belonging to faction E. (for the society has its factions), assemble at the general meeting, and endeavour to recommit the drawings. Then comes the 'tug of war:' the committee support their opinion, if not from justice, at least from opposition, the orators engage in a wordy battle, the claims of the candidates are dissected, the rival factions oppose each other, and the strongest carries the day. The friends of B or C, if successful, follow up their advantage at the committee, and, if again victorious, watch the progress of the motion through every stage, till the medal is finally adjudged to their client, whilst A, who magnanimously relied on the society's justice and his own merit, has the sorry satisfaction of his labour for his pains. Gentlemen who wish for further information on these subjects, or are desirous of obtaining directions for their management, may apply to B. B, at the County Fire Office; and those persons who may feel inclined to join the institution will have an opportunity on the 30th inst., of seeing a specimen, and judging for themselves,—the society and its president being then exhibited in all their glory, and the King's Theatre to boot, unless the subscribers to the opera are fearful the corruption of such clouds of Vandals from 'the populous east' may damage their new decorations.

NOTES.

* There is a very general corruption in the pronunciation of ear, bear, hearing, hearer, and here, for which it is difficult to account. This consists in sounding the words like year, twelve months; and, strange as it may seem, this pronunciation is not unfrequently heard on the stage. Hero and heroine (sounded yero and yeroine) are in the same predicament, though this corruption is not so common as the other.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXVIII.

A CORRESPONDENT of your's, Mr. Editor, Mr. Jonathan Oldworthy, has done me the honour to solicit my services in a novel writing company. Flattered as I must feel by the compliment, I cannot but feel surprised that a plain matter-of-fact wight, like myself, should be thus called on to deviate from my

beaten track, and quit solid truth for the regions of fiction. If the proposed company embraced subjects of general literature, I could have supplied a few works, having nearly ready for the press. a New French Grammar, by the Duke of Northumberland; a second edition of Smyth's Lives of the Berkeleys, with additions; a new edition of a scarce black-letter tract, entitled 'A Full Account of the *Haynous* Conspiracy now on *Foote*, to make a foolish younge mame of fortune marrie an incontinente player-woman;' a new poem, by Lord Harborough, on Love; a Narrative of a Journey from Piccadilly to *Burford*, and thence to *St. Albans*, by Mrs. Coutts: but I must pause, or I shall become a mere catalogue maker, instead of that 'knowing familiar hight' your correspondent has pleased to call me; besides, I hate to speak of myself, as a certain alderman said, when he had repeated the personal pronoun so often; that a great admirer, goaded to exasperation, exclaimed,—'D— your I's, give us something else.'

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, you will begin to think me a lazy personage, in suffering a fortnight to elapse without contributing one ramble, when London itself might furnish subject-matter for fifty: why, the exhibitions alone would make half a dozen pages, were it only to do justice to the good pictures they possess; to reprobate the bad ones, in due terms, would occupy more space That, though silent, I have not been idle, my future, rather than my present, contributions will prove: the fact is, I have been very busy with the Catholic question; it is true that, having paired off with a friend who took the opposite side, I stood neuter, and was only anxious to have a clear field and fair play for the battle, which was as much a subject for betting at Tattersall's as the Derby or the St. Leger's. The odds were almost in favour of the Catholic Relief or Ascendancy Bill (for the different parties call it by these names), when the Duke of York, forgetting Mrs. Clarke, and I know not how many more other mistresses, stood forth the champion of our holy religion; but the duke is a bad tactitian, as his campaigns at the Helder, Gloucester Place, Dunkirk, and the House of Lords prove. When the Whigs in the House of Commons were divided by introducing the bills for disfranchising freeholders and taking into pay an army of Popish priests, then the odds against the bill increased every day, until it was at length the sec of Durham to a sixpenny, that the main bill would not pass, and yet no one would take the odds

Surely, of all animals, man is the most inconsistent. In former ages—

'Christians burn'd each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.'

Calvin sent Servetius to the stake; Cranmer, too, had his martyrs, and afterwards suffered himself; and it is only the more enlightened and tolerant spirit of Protestantism that has stripped religion of its tyranny, and ceased to exterminate adverse opinions by the fagot and the gibbet. Popery, however, remains unchanged and unchangeable: it reigns as despotically in Spain as ever it did in England, in the time of Mary; and in France the law against sacrilege is a proof of what it would do By the by, Mr. Editor, pray caution Mr. Brougham and Mr. Gale Jones never to attend the communion in France, or one of their involuntary twitches of the mouth would be construed into an insult to the consecrated wafer, and England would lose two of her patriots by an ignominious death. But why do I talk of the law of sacrilege as a proof of the intolerance of the Catholic clergy in France, when, within the last week or two, the Curé of Nerac, at the head of his clergy, has taken solemn possession of the church, where the Protestants had been allowed to exercise their worship for upwards of twenty years? When this act of outrageous spoliation was effected, a Te Deum was sung. as if in celebration of a *victory over enemies;* the curé even mounted into the pulpit to congratulate himself on his triumph, and to scatter *anathemas on the unhappy Protestants*, 'whom *the finger of God*,' he says, 'had thus *expelled from his temple*.'

'No comment,' as The Morning Chronicle well observes, 'is necessary on these proceedings, since any reason will serve a priest-ridden government when the object is persecution; and yet this same Chronicle censures the decision of the House of Lords on the Catholic bill, as declaring 'that Catholics, from their religion, cannot be safely admitted into the constitution.'

Then, as for consistency, only think of that great champion of universal suffrage, Sir Francis Burdett, advocating a measure for disfranchising the Irish forty-shilling freeholders of a vote, and depriving them of the only chance they have of a good meal and a pair of shoes, once in six or seven years, at a general election. Mr. Brownlow, too, the great Orange advocate, has espoused the cause of the Catholics: the consequence is, that our dead walls, which once were embellished with 'Burdett for ever!' now exhibit, 'Down with Burdett!' and Mr. Brownlow is burnt in effigy by his quondam admirers in Armagh!

One or two instances more of inconsistency, and I have done. The moral people of Edinburgh, who fired at the very idea of Mr. Kean appearing before them, converted their theatre into a chapel, but made such an uproar, that the female preacher who wanted to a lidress them was driven from the stage; and the moral London press, that visited the single error of Kean with such vengeance, actually winks at the numerous and no less immoral transgressions of the great lessee!

I was extremely glad to see your castigation of prosing Fitzgerald; if the man be allowed to go on, he will convert the Literary Fund into a *sinking* fund, if it be not that already. I did not dine with the society; for, much as I esteem its objects, I cannot have my ears stunned for any length of time Mr. F. chooses to do it. I was, however, at a meeting of the Continental Society, on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern: the object of this society, which is expected to be accomplished in about seven thousand years, is, to convert the whole Continent to Protestantism. The secretary read the report, and stated that the missionaries had been much assisted by *colporteurs* in France. 'Coalporters!' said a little man, with apparent surprise:—'Yes,' quoth a wag near me, 'Huntingdonians, and followers of the sinner-saved coal-heaver!'

Talking of the report of this society reminds me of another, and a less harmless report, that of Perkins's steam cannon in the Regent's Park, which frightened a horse in a gig, when a poor lady was thrown out, and killed on the spot. This is one proof, and a melancholy one it is, of the destructive nature of the engine,—indeed, I understand Mr. Perkins relies much on the effect of the explosion in frightening cavalry.

Epsom Races have so often been described, both graphically and otherwise, that I shall not give you an account of the sayings and doings at the race for the Derby, from which I have just returned; the principal amusement is the road to and from the race-course, in which the spectators cut their jokes on all that pass. Some wag on Thursday had dropped letters and parcels along the road, and, when any person dismounted to pick them up, which occurred every few minutes, there was a loud 'laugh, which spoke the vacant mind.' The best joke I heard, was at an inn, where I stopped with a friend to take a glass of sherry: I ordered a bottle, when I observed the landlord chalk down two. I immediately called out to Boniface, who good-humouredly turned round and said, 'Why, master, you see I keeps my accounts by *double entry*.'

As I intend to give you an account of the coronation at Rheims, as well as the rare doings that are to follow the ceremony in Paris, I shall not dwell on the splendid embassy of the Duke of Northumberland, as envoy extraordinary (and an extraordinary envoy he is) from this country. On landing at Calais, a town of which one of the duke's ancestors was governor, when England held possession of it, his grace was received without the usual honours. This circumstance gave rise to the following stanzas, written by the poet laureate of the embassy, from whom I received them. Scott or Byron would have made more of the subject, but Scotts and Byrons are not to be found in the suite of ambassadors:—

When Northumberland reached the Gallic coast,
No salute was fired to greet him;
And, though France of *politesse* makes boast,
No guard of honour went to meet him.
The cause, perhaps, we may explain—
In war, our shot to France we freely gave,
Yet took her cannon—which we so few remain,
That those she wisely wants to save.
Then, as for guard, what guard of honour
Could Gallia give to Percy,
Whose country brought all Europe on her,
And placed her at their mercy?

But, however coolly our envoy might be received on the frontier, he was welcomed with great formality by King Charles X., who had unluckily talked of the reception *he* had given the duke in London! His grace, who only knew this prince in this country as an exile, living on our bounty, and to restore whom we had spent six hundred millions of

money, recollecting this on his presentation, became so embarrassed as scarcely to be able to pay the necessary compliment, either in French or English; thus the ceremony, instead of being over in five minutes, lasted half an hour. The duchess, who has all the spirit and intelligence of a Clive, acquitted herself much better, on being presented to the dauphiness, and was as easy and unaffected as if she had been in her own drawing-room. The embassy is, however, the most splendid ever fitted out; and the patriotism of the Duke of Northumberland, in refusing to receive any share of the expense from the government, will greatly overbalance his ignorance of the French language with his countrymen—at least it will with

ASMODEUS

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURE.—THE PITTVILLE SPA PUMP-ROOM.

This edifice, the first stone of which was laid on the 4th of this month, at Cheltenham, on the property of Joseph Pitt, Esq. M. P. is intended to form one of the principal features of the projected buildings at Pittville. It is designed by Mr. John Forbes, architect, of Cheltenham, and will be in a pure Grecian style. The order selected for its decoration is the Ionic, after the example of that of the Temple on the Ilissus, at Athens. The body of the building will be ninety-nine feet by forty-three, surrounded by a colonnade of twenty feet in width, consisting of fluted columns, twenty-two feet high. On this part of the structure will be placed a figure of Hygeia, and on the wings statues of Esculapius and Hippocrates. The middle building will also have an elegant superstructure, consisting of a room at either end, with three windows; and the intervening space will be occupied by a kind of open gallery or colonnade, with pilasters. And in the centre of this middle building will rise an elegant dome, seventy feet from the ground, having on the summit a gallery, from which will be obtained a fine prospect of the surrounding vale, bounded by the Malvern and Cotswold hills, and extending on the south-west to the mountains of Wales. The interior will be of the same order, but more delicately finished; on either side of the principal entrance will be two columns and two pilasters, between which will be three windows, eleven feet in height; on the opposite side of the room will be also corresponding columns and pilasters, and between them three windows of richly-stained glass, in front of which will be the pump, in the form of an antique marble tripod; and on the top of the dome will be a richly-stained skylight.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

I would not be a throned king
For all the joys that throne could bring,
Since few, but transient ones, are known
To flutter round a regal throne.
Think ye, the pride that Louis felt—
When those, who at his footstep knelt
To-day, to-morrow sought his life—
Was free from care, with pleasure rife?
The heartless kiss—the bended knee—
And all the forms of fealty,
Can *they*, can *they* avail to prove
The well-spring of a people's love?
No, n—the martyr of Charles had stood,
Guarded by those who shed his blood;
But what of that to them whose breath
Now sued for mercy, now for death!
I would not have a despot crown
Add honour to my fearful frown;
I would not have—but why should I
Thus scorn the pomp of majesty?
The crown that sparkles on the brow,
Can it assuage Grief's bursting throe?
Or can the rich or purple vest
Calm, while it hides, the swelling breast?
There's many a one that trembling kneels
Life's far superior pleasures feels;
Health, love, content—each outweigh
Ambition's cold brief wintry ray.
Nature, though rude, can still impart
Joys known not to the sons of art:
The purling brook—the flowery field,
Can *they* no purer passions yield?
They can—for in the stead of Pride,
Sit Peace and Plenty side by side;
Love gilds serene the hours of youth,
And friendship those of long-tried truth.
And therefore 'tis I would not own
Or gemin'd tiar or regal throne—
And, therefore, lady, 'tis that I
Scorn the vain pomp of majesty.

H. B.

EVENING.

Oh! I do love the hour when day is past,
And twilight just begins her soothing reign;
When his last ray the setting sun has cast,
And Silence spreads her wing o'er all the plain.

Far dearer this than all the noisy joys
And fleeting pleasures day has power to give,
Where sad Reality each dream destroys,
And shows the heartless world in which we live.

But ev'ning's joys are sweeter—holier far,
Where shade and distance softly mellow down
Each rugged feature that by day would mar
The beauty of the landscape with its frown.

Oh! thus through life may Heaven my fortunes doom,
And o'er my station throw a twilight charm,
Free from the day's broad glare, or midnight's gloom,
Less bright than sunshine is, but far more calm.

L. L.

THE DRAMA.

Drury-Lane Theatre. — Another new piece was produced at this house last Monday, entitled *Faustus*, a *rifacciamento* of the often-dramatized story of that unfortunate victim of sorcery. Re-modelled as the materials now are, they have been made more the vehicle of splendid and beautiful scenery, than of poetry and legitimate dramatic interest. The subject itself naturally affords much scope in this respect, and it was therefore to be expected that the prevailing taste for pictorial representation and effect on the stage would be amply gratified: still we apprehend that this might have been done, and yet these embellishments have been kept in due subordination to the story itself, the reverse of which, however, is really the case. Never did we produce more tasteful or gorgeous dramatic frames, and then fill them up with more extravagant daubs, than we do at present. We ourselves should prefer a good picture in a poor frame to a bad picture in a brilliant one. The town, however, thinks otherwise; and we suppose, therefore, that managers act very wisely in humouring this taste. The story of Faustus forms but a portion of this dramatic production, and its interest and connection are every moment interrupted by something perfectly gratuitous and irrelevant. Even Miss Stephens's songs, beautiful as they undoubtedly were, and exquisitely as they were sung, more than once interrupted the interest of the scene. But the great defect of the piece is the miserably under-plot, that has been, we cannot say interwoven (for all the scenes of which it is composed might be cut out at once, without being missed), but clumsily attached to the story, so as to mar a tale richly fraught with all the elements of the wild, the wonderful, and the soul-harrowing, with so much that is sublime, and so much that is grotesque, by impertinent farcical buffoonery. The characters of Wagner, the *familus* of Faustus, and Brevioso, a waiter, who aspires to the hand of Lucetta, the innkeeper's daughter, seem to be written merely to give something to Harley and Knight to say: but even the audience seemed to be pretty generally of opinion that the latter character might have been dispensed with; and some of the miserable puns put into his mouth excited strong disapprobation.

The story is told so disjointedly, and in many respects so obscurely, that it would be no very easy matter to give a perspicuous *exposé* of it, except in its general outline. The first scene of the play exhibits a view of the Drachenfels, a very fine piece of wild mountain scenery, charmingly painted by Stanfield; and the first persons who appear on the stage are a party of peasants or hunters, who sing a chorus, and then march off: this is, we believe, the true ready-cut-and-dried melodramatic opening of this sort of performances—the true *secundum-artem* way of proceeding, and may, for aught we know, be expressly provided for in some act of Parliament; but, however this may be, as Faustus was no ordinary personage, and as this piece was, accordingly, to be no ordinary drama, one procession and chorus was not enough; there was a second—nay, even a third. Now all this was really a mighty foolish sort of a business, and what it had to do with Faustus, it would puzzle him, conjuror as he was, to explain. It was certainly very mysterious, and so far may be said to be very appropriate. At length, after all these people have come on to sing to the footlights, and then marched off again, Faustus himself makes his appearance, rushing from his study with a necromantic book in his hand, just at the moment that he has discovered that, by means of it, he is enabled to hold intercourse with the powers of darkness. Anxious to make the fatal experiment, he calls upon the fiend, when the air suddenly becomes black and tempestious, the clouds roll together, and a fiery winged figure is

dimly discerned in the midst of them. This was a fine piece of terrific *spectacle*, and was very effectively managed. The scholar, unable to endure the horrible vision, calls upon him to show himself in a form that human eyes may behold, whereupon he immediately stands at his elbow in the form of Mephistopheles. This character was most admirably personated throughout by Terry: the cold malignant subtilty of the fiend, his sarcastic sneers, and the ironical tones of his voice—even his attitudes, gait, and attire, were all admirable, and had a rich genuine grotesqueness about them that was truly delightful. In this character and that of Faustus lie all the dramatic essence of the piece,—'the rest is all but leather and prunella.' We really wonder that an actor capable of so effectively conceiving and sustaining so difficult a character as that of Mephistopheles could have spoken the prologue in such a wretched, schoolboy, mouthing manner. But we find that we must not indulge in these parenthetical remarks, or our account of the piece will be as disjointed as the piece itself: suffice it, then, to say, that Faustus commands his new ally to exert himself in gratifying his wishes; and, *hey presto!*—with a word, the latter transports him at once to Venice, where he finds Adine, a young maiden whom he has seduced (we cannot make out exactly when or where), and her cousin, Rosolia, the daughter of Count Casanova. He now resolves upon seducing the latter also, which of course it is not difficult for him to accomplish, having such a powerful auxiliary in his new companion; but, as it is desirable that he should plunge as deep in guilt as possible, he is first compelled to fight with Enrico, Adine's brother, and slay him. His subsequent remorse, and his reviving affection for Adine, are not proof against the artifices and snares of the tempter, and he secretly afterwards carries off Rosolia from her father's palace, at the instant that the familiars of the inquisition arrive to seize him, in consequence of information given them by the count, on discovering that the sorcerer Faustus is beneath his roof. On the arrival of the officers, he multiplies the figures of himself, and his *famulus*, Wagner, in six different places of the apartment, so that they know not on whom to seize as the real Faustus. The manner in which these figures appear, and as suddenly disappear, is admirably well managed, and obtained very great applause from all parts of the house. The next instant the doors of the gallery fly open, and show Faustus bearing off Rosolia in a fiery car. He conveys her to his study, where, in order to convince her of his necromantic powers, he exhibits to her distant places; and this affords a pretence for introducing three beautiful dioramic scenes,—a cemetery by moonlight, a chapel, and the Bay of Naples. Faustus is, however, now seized by the inquisitors, and conveyed to their dungeons. He learns from the fiend that the only terms on which he will rescue him from impending destruction are, that he will consent to murder the king of Milan, by which means he will secure his form. Thus, tempted by ambition on one hand, and driven by despair on the other, he consents, whereupon the scene changes, and discovers the ante-room to the royal bed-chamber; and he forthwith perpetrates the deed of assassination, and immediately afterwards comes forth in the likeness of the prince whom he has murdered. Adine, who becomes distracted, finds her way to his court, and, to the horror of all his assembled officers and attendants, recognises him as Faustus, and predicts to him that but a few moments are yet granted to him for repentance. He refuses to listen to her warning, and is carried off into Pandemonium.

Such is the general progress and outline of the story, when stripped of its excrescences, and the scenes of *bulaum*, with which it is most wofully encumbered. There are, in fact, but three characters,—Mephistopheles, Faustus, and Adine; all the rest are people whom we see walk on and off without caring any more about them than we do about the persons of the Carnival Ballet:—and even the character of Faustus is but very imperfectly developed; it was, however, ably supported by Wallack. There was certainly by no means so much made of the subject as might have been done,—but very few and faint flashes of poetry—and little to make the auditor thrill with horror. The writer appears to have relied too much upon the *material*, the scenery, and pantomimic changes; and of many of the scenes it would be unjust not to acknowledge that they were exceedingly beautiful: yet we cannot but say that we were rather disappointed in the scene of Faustus's palace, which is in many respects a very trivial and unmeaning composition: neither did that of Pandemonium exhibit any great effort of the imagination, while the fireworks reminded us more of Vauxhall than of Tartarus. Besides, one has seen these crackers and red flames over and over again, in Don Giovanni and other productions of that stamp; so that, really if our stage artists cannot strike out something more novel in their infernal regions, they had much better leave them to be conceived by the imagination:—if they cannot render them terrifying, it would be quite as well not to make them ridiculous.

The play of *William Tell* has been repeated every alternate night since it was produced, to excellent houses, owing much to the powerful acting of Macready, and to little Clara Fisher. Some parts of it are, however, tedious; and it would be much improved, if cut down to three acts: the whole of the last act might be spared, and the fall of the tyrant completed in the scene where Tell shoots the apple from off the head of his son.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A new monthly periodical work, to be entitled The Christian Examiner and Church of Ireland Magazine, to be conducted by clergymen of the established church, is among the forthcoming novelties.

The corvette, La Coquille, commanded by M. Duperny, which sailed from Toulon the 11th of August, 1822, reached Marseilles the 24th of April, 1825, after a voyage of thirty-two months and thirteen days, in which she sailed 24,894 leagues, without losing a single man, or sustaining any damage! The very remarkable success of the expedition does the greatest honour to the young officer who was entrusted with the command. Rich collections of natural history, and abundant materials for the physical sciences, especially geography, have been the fruit of the voyage; and the publication of this precious harvest will soon place the name of M. Duperny by the side of those of the able navigators whose example he has so successfully followed.

Human Timepiece.—The following singular account appears in a recent number of a valuable French work, the Bibliothèque Universelle. J. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzerland, aged sixty-six, has arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of continuing a succession of intervals, exactly equal to those which the vibrations or sounds produced. Being on board the steam-boat on the Lake of Geneva, on July 14, 1823, he engaged to indicate to the crowd about him, the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a conversation the most diversified with those standing by; and, farther, to indicate by the voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter-minutes, half-minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hand at the conclusion of the time fixed. His own account of it is thus given:—'I have acquired, by imitation, labour, and patience, a movement, which neither thought, nor labour, nor anything can stop: it is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each motion of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds—so that twenty of them make a minute; and these I add to others continually.'

*** Answers to correspondents in our next.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May 13	50	49	49	29 6	Rain.
.... 14	47	57	41	30 20	Fair.
.... 15	46	57	44	.. 15	Do.
.... 16	45	54	46	.. 10	Do.
.... 17	47	56	57	.. 20	Cloudy.
.... 18	46	57	47	.. 01	Fair.
.... 19	47	56	46	.. 32	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

HUMOROUS EPITAPHS.

Here lies John Pye;
O ho! does he so?
There let him lie.

ON A BAILIFF.

Here lies John Trott, by trade a bum;
When he dy'd, the devil cry'd,
Come, John, come.

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Works published since our last notice.—The Novice, or the Man of Integrity, 3 vols 16s. 6d—The Life, Writings, and Opinions of Lord Byron, 3 vols. 8vo 2*l* 2s.—Blanco White's Evidence of Catholicism, 8vo 9s 6d.—Cooper's Crisis, 5s.—Sanders's Tables of the Weights and Measures of France, 7s 6d.—White's Etymological Dictionary, vol. 2, 4to 2*l*. 2s.—History of Epsom, crown 8vo 8s.—The Travellers, a tale, 3 vols. 16s.—Dewee's Midwifery, 14 plates, 18s.—Knox's Harp of Gion, 5s.—London in the Olden Times, 10s.—The Village Pastor, 8s.—Salter's Angler's Guide, 8s.—Gray's Travels in Western Africa, 8vo. 18s.—Price's Journal of the British Embassy to Persia, 4to. 2*l*. 2s.—Goldicutt's Decorations from Pompeii, imp. 8vo. No. 1, 12s.—Hewlett's Sermons, vol 4, 10s. 6d.

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Brief Index to the present Number:—Review:—Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, 337. Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, 338; The Twenty-sixth of May, Rare Doings at the Restoration, by Ephraim Hardcastle, 341; Bowditch's Excursions in Madeira and Porto Santo, 342; Zend, a Levantine Sketch, and other Poems, 344; Bishop's Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recollections, 345.—Correspondence of Louis XVI. 346.—*Original*: The Pilgrimage, 348; Nil Admirari, 349; Coasts in the Netherlands—Proposed Alteration in the Course of the Scheldt, 350.—*Original Poetry*, 350.—*Drama*, 351.—*Literature and Science*, 351.—*Bee*, 351

No. 315. LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Private Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour. Post 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1825. E. Wilson.

THE history of a royal favourite, in a country like that of France, where the influence of a mistress had so much share, not only in directing the conduct of the sovereign, but the councils of the nation, necessarily partakes of a political character, and embraces much of the public history as well as the private scandal of the time. Madame du Hausset was *dame d'honneur* to Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. She was so much in the confidence of both, that the king did not restrain conversation in her presence, but said, he could talk on as if there was only a cat or a dog in the room, and she was often only separated from the little and obscure chamber of the king by a slight door or curtain, which enabled her to hear all that was said. To these opportunities of acquiring information, Madame du Hausset added another: she had, for a *cher ami*, Dr. Quesnay, who was physician to Madame Pompadour. With these facilities, she could not fail of becoming well acquainted with the court of Louis XV., of which she gives a very lively picture in her Private Memoirs.

Madame du Hausset used to make notes daily of what passed under her notice, and afterwards filled up the outline in a narrative, without ever attending strictly to the order of the occurrences; this journal, which was found in manuscript, among the papers of M. de Marigni, the brother of Madame de Pompadour, has been arranged for the press and published. It contains a more faithful picture of the court of Louis XV. than many larger works on this subject; and that the details are often curious will be seen from our extracts. The system of violating private confidence, by opening letters at the post-office, has prevailed in France since the time of M. de Choiseul, who was post-master-general during the reign of Madame de Pompadour—we beg pardon—of Louis XV. Madame du Hausset says:—

'I have heard that M. de Choiseul abused the confidence reposed in him, and related to his friends the ludicrous stories, and the love affairs, contained in the letters which were broken open. The plan they pursued, as I have heard, was very simple. Six or seven clerks of the post-office picked out the letters they were ordered to break open, and took the impression of the seals with a ball of quicksilver. They then put each letter, with the seal downwards, over a glass of hot water, which melted the wax without injuring the paper. It was then opened, the desired matter extracted, and it was sealed again, by means of the impression. This is the account of the matter I have heard. The post-master-general carried the extracts to the king, on Sundays. He was seen coming and going on this noble errand as openly as the ministers. Dr. Quesnay, often, in my presence, flew in such a rage about that *infâmous* minister, as he called him, that he foamed at the mouth. "I would as soon dine with the hangman as with the postmaster-general," said the doctor. It must be acknowledged that this was astonishing language to be uttered in the apartments of the king's mistress; yet it went on for twenty years without being talked of. "If it was probity speaking with earnestness," said M. de Marigny, "and not a mere burst of spite or malignity."'

Louis XV. is described as of a very melancholy temperament, and fond of talking about funerals and places of burial. Madame de Pompadour was much afraid of losing the king's favour, and Louis XV. was not very faithful in his attachments. Alluding to an interview with her mistress, Madame du Hausset says:—

'I one day said to her, "it appears to me, madame, "that you are fonder than ever of the Countess d'Amblimont." "I am, indeed, son to be so," said she. "She is unique, I think, for her fidelity to her friends and for her honour.—Listen, but tell nobody—four days ago, the king, passing her to go to supper, approached her, under the pretence of tickling her, and tried to slip a note into her hand. D'Amblimont, in her madcap way, put her hands behind her back, and the king was obliged to pick up the note, which had fallen on the ground. Contant was the only person who saw all this, and, after supper, he went up to the little lady, and said 'You are an excellent friend.'—'I did my duty,' said she, and immediately put her finger on her lips to enjoin him to be silent. He, however, informed me of this act of friendship of the little heroine, who had not told me of it herself." I admired the countess's virtue, and Madame de Pompadour said, "She is giddy and heedless; but she has more sense and more feeling than a thousand prudes and devotees. D'Esparbès would not do as much—most likely she would meet him more than half way. The king appeared disconcerted, but he still pays her great attentions."—"You will, doubtless, madame," said I, "show your sense of such admirable conduct." "You need not doubt it," said she, "but I don't wish her to think that I am informed of it." The king, prompted either by the remains of his liking, or from the suggestions of Madame de Pompadour, one morning, went to call on Madame d'Amblimont, at Choisy, and threw round her neck a collar of diamonds and emeralds, worth between two and three thousand pounds. This happened a long time after the circumstance I have just related.'

Some of the amours of the king, at the Parc-aux-cerfs, had a melancholy issue, as will be seen by the following narrative:—

'At the time of the attempt to assassinate the king, a young girl, whom he had seen several times, and for whom he had manifested more tenderness than for most, was distracted at this horrible event. The mother-abbess of the Parc-aux-cerfs perceived her extraordinary grief, and managed so as to make her confess that she knew the Polish count was the King of France. She confessed that she had taken from his pocket two letters, one of which was from the King of Spain, the other from the Abbé de Broglie. This was discovered afterwards, for neither she nor the mother-abbess knew the names of the writers. The girl was scolded, and M. Lebel, first valet-de-chambre, who had the management of all these affairs, was called; he took the letters, and carried them to the king, who was very much embarrassed in what manner to meet a person so well informed of his transactions. The girl in question, having perceived that the king came secretly to see her companion, while she was neglected, watched his arrival, and, at the moment he entered with the abbess, who was about to withdraw, she rushed distractedly into the room where her rival was. She immediately threw herself at the king's feet. "Yes," said she, "you are king of all France; but that would be nothing to me if you were not also monarch of my heart: do not forsake me, my beloved sovereign; I was nearly mad when your life was attempted!" The mother-abbess cried out, "You are mad now." The king embraced her, which appeared to restore her to tranquillity. They succeeded in getting her out of the room, and a few days afterwards the unhappy girl was taken to a madhouse, where she was treated as if she had been insane, for some days. But she knew well enough that she was not so, and that the king had really been her lover. This lamentable affair was related to me by the mother-abbess, when I had some acquaintance with her, at the time of the accouchement I have spoken of, which I never had before, nor since.'

But we have no wish to dwell on the amours of princes; the court of Louis XV. had political as well as other intrigues:—

'M. Quesnay told me, some months afterwards, that the abbé wanted to be prime

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minister; that he had drawn up a memorial, setting forth, that in difficult crises the public good required that there should be a *central point* (that was his expression), towards which everything should be directed. Madame du Pompadour would not present the memorial; he insisted, though she said to him, *you will ruin yourself.* The king cast his eyes over it, and said, "'*central point*,'—that is to say himself, he wants to be prime minister." Madame tried to apologize for him, and said, "That expression might refer to the Marshal de Belle-Isle."—"Is he not just about to be made cardinal?" said the king. "This is a fine manœuvre: he knows well enough that, by means of that dignity, he would compel the ministers to assemble at his house, and then M. l'Abbé would be the *central point.* Wherever there is a cardinal in the council, he is sure, in the end, to take the lead. Louis XIV., for this reason, did not choose to admit the cardinal de Janson into the council, in spite of his great esteem for him. The Cardinal de Fleury told me the same thing. He had some desire that the Cardinal de Tencin should succeed him; but his sister was such an intriguante, that Cardinal de Fleury advised me to have nothing to do with the matter, and I behaved so as to destroy all his hopes, and to undeceive others.'

The celebrated Mirabeau seems to have foreseen the excesses to which the philosophers would go in France, even before Louis XV. died. In a conversation with Quesnay, the latter alluded to the philosophers:—

"'But they go too far,' said Mirabeau; 'why openly attack religion?—I allow that,' replied the doctor; 'but how it is possible not to be rendered indignant by the fanaticism of others, and by recollecting all the blood that has flowed during the last two hundred years? You must not then again irritate them, and revive in France the time of Mary in England. But what is done is done, and I often exhort them to be moderate; I wish they would follow the example of our friend Duclos.'—'You are right,' replied Mirabeau; 'he said to me, a few days ago, 'These philosophers are going on at such a rate, that they will force me to go to vespers and high mass;' but, in fine, the dauphin is virtuous, well-informed, and intellectual.'—'It is the commencement of his reign, I fear,' said Quesnay, 'when the imprudent proceedings of our friends will be represented to him in the most unfavourable point of view; when the Jansenists and Molinists will make common cause, and be strongly supported by the dauphiness I thought that M. de Muy was moderate, and that he would temper the headlong fury of the others; but I heard him say that Voltaire merited condign punishment. Be assured, sir, that the times of John Huss and Jerome of Prague will return; but I hope not to live to see it. Approve of Voltaire having buried down the Pompignans: were it not for the ridicule with which he covered them, that *bourgeois* marquis would have been preceptor to the young princes, and, aided by his brother, would have succeeded in again lighting the faggots of persecution.'"

At the court of Louis XV. was a singular charlatan, said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal, and a worthy predecessor of the notorious Cagliostio:—

'The Count de St. Germain pretended to have already lived two thousand [years], and, according to him, the account was still running. He went so far, as to claim the power of transmitting the gift of long life. One day, calling upon his servant to bear witness to a fact that went pretty far back, the man replied, "I have no recollection of it, sir; you forget that I have only had the honour of serving you for five hundred years."

'St. Germain, like all other charlatans of this sort, assumed a theatrical magnificence and an air of science calculated to deceive the vulgar. His best instrument of deception was the phantasmagoria; and as, by means of this abuse of the science of optics, he called up shades which were asked for, and almost always recognised, his correspondence with the other world was a thing proved by the concurrent testimony of numerous witnesses.

'He played the same game in London, Venice, and Holland, but he constantly regretted Paris, where his miracles were never questioned.

'St. Germain passed his latter days at the court of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and died at Plewig, in 1784, in the midst of his enthusiastic disciples, and to their infinite astonishment at his sharing the common destiny.'

The count used to amuse himself, as he said, not by making, but by letting it be believed that he lived in old times; he also pretended to remove spots from diamonds and to make pearls grow.

'The king ordered a diamond, of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the king said to the count, "It is valued at two hundred and forty pounds; but it would be worth four hundred if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?" He examined it carefully, and said, "It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month." At the time appointed, the count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the king. It was wrapped in a cloth of amianthus, which he took off. The king had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The king sent it to his jeweller, by M. de Gontaut, without telling him anything of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The king, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water.'

Louis XV. did not wish Damiens even to have been executed for the attempt on his life, and must have been disgusted with the tortures to which the wretch was subjected. Madame du Hausset says:—

'When he spoke of Damiens, which was only while his trial lasted, he never called him anything but *that gentleman.*

'I have heard it said that he proposed having him shut up in a dungeon for life; but, that the horrible nature of the crime made the judges insist upon his suffering all the tortures inflicted upon like occasions. Great numbers, many of them women, had the barbarous curiosity to witness the execution; amongst others, Madame de P——, a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a farmer-general. She hired two places at a window for twelve louis, and played a game of cards in the room whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the king, he covered his eyes with his hand, and exclaimed, "*Fi, la vilaine!*" I have been told that she and others thought to pay their court in this way, and signalize their attachment to the king's person.'

Madame du Hausset's memoirs do not come down to the death of Madame du Pompadour, but break off rather abruptly; they are, however, very interesting, and we believe their veracity is strictly unimpeachable.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, &c.

(Concluded from p. 330.)

In the course of the route taken by Major Long and the rest of the expedition, various tumuli were discovered; and these Indian works were traced from Irville, in Ohio, to the head of the Red River, a distance of upwards of eight hundred miles in a direct line, but nearly double that extent, according to the devious route that was taken by the expedition. Of these tumuli Mr. Keating says:—

'We have occasionally met with them very abundantly, bearing evident signs of the most consummate design, and yet we are as unable to form a correct estimate of the authors of these extensive works, of the period at which they were executed, and of the objects for which they were erected, as of any of the travellers who have preceded us. If for the purpose of commemorating the names and heroic deeds of warriors or statesmen, how inadequate the means to the object proposed!—how inferior in this respect to the splendid and permanent pyramids of Cheops, of Cholula, of Teotihuacan! yet the labour which has been wasted upon these tumuli would, if concentrated, have more than sufficed to erect any one or perhaps all those pyramids. In looking back to the numerous tumuli which we have seen, we cannot help admitting, in the words of one of our fellow-travellers, that "the splendid antiquities of the East ministered to the pride of man: they are glorious trophies of victory, gained by human genius and power over time. History tells us the interesting circumstances connected with them; they, in turn, confirm her story; but here ferocious conquerors have torn her pages, or they remain unfilled by a posterity forgetful that it is a duty to cherish her, not only for instruction's sake, but also that the benefactors of mankind may receive their merited share of fame, and that the censure of after ages may light upon those who have

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proved the tyrants of their species. Here we find nothing to rescue 'ab injuriâ oblivionis.' So rude and concise are the epitaphs—so Lint and time-worn the characters on these tombs, that we strain our eyes in vain; we can read no farther than the 'Hic jacet—'"

Major Long and his companions were threatened by a party of Dacota Indians, who wanted to rob them of their baggage; but their firmness saved it:—

'It may be interesting to mention, that the Dacotas have means of communicating information to those of their party that are at a distance. We had an opportunity of observing these telegraphic communications in more than one instance. In this case, in order to inform the mounted Indians that were seen at a distance on the prairie that we were white men, and that they might approach without fear, a few of them separated from the group, and ran round a circle several times, a signal which was immediately understood by their friends.'

The buffalo was formerly found throughout the whole of the United States, with the exception of that part which lies east of Hudson's River and Lake Champlain, and of narrow strips of coast on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; but, like the Indians, it is becoming extinct, as the country becomes populated; indeed, at present the buffalo is scarcely ever seen, east of the Mississippi, and south of the St. Lawrence; every year the rovings of this animal are restricted. Mr. Keating recommends the domesticating the buffalo bull, or crossing the breed with the European ox:—

'The difficulty of killing this animal is very great, and may be judged of by the fact that Mr. Peale fired fourteen balls into the chest of a buffalo before he killed him; and Mr. Scott, with a view to ascertain whether a ball fired at the head would break the frontal bone, discharged his rifle at a dead bull, within ten paces; the ball did not penetrate, but merely entangled itself in the hair, where it was found: it had, however, struck the forehead, and left a mark before it rebounded. This agreed with the general impression which Mr. Scott had formed on the subject, having been stationed, more or less, for the last ten years, in a buffalo country, and having had frequent opportunities of firing at them in every direction. His skill and address in shooting are proverbial on the Mississippi and Missouri; we had many occasions of witnessing them ourselves, though the great scarcity of game of any kind, observed during the whole of the expedition, except on the prairies, at the head of Red River, limited his opportunities of displaying his rare talent.'

Major Long, or rather one of his travelling companions, Mr. Calhoun, by observations, determined the 49th degree of latitude, which is the boundary, in that direction, between the territories of Great Britain and the United States: the line of demarcation was also fixed, by placing posts and stakes at a distance from each other. Mr. Mackenzie, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, afforded every facility to Major Long and his party, and, indeed, treated them with great hospitality and kindness, even before he had seen the recommendatory letter of our ambassador in the United States, Mr. Stratford Canning.

Our author vindicates Lord Selkirk against the charge of misrepresentation, in his account of his colony, Ossiniboia, on the Red River, which is nearly as large as the whole state of Georgia. Among the singular mixture of persons of various countries and complexions to be met with here, the party was most struck with a crazed woman, standing alone in a canoe, which she steered with apparent ease:—

'She had a tall commanding figure,—a soft expression of melancholy beauty, such as is often seen in the women of mixed European and Indian blood. Her dark eyes had, from the disordered state of her mind, received a wild and peculiarly interesting expression. She struck the water at irregular intervals with a long paddle, which she held by the middle, singing at the same time a melancholy air, that struck our ear melodiously and sweetly, as we heard it from a distance. Perhaps, however, it was but the effect of an association of ideas, which lent a melancholy interest to her voice. We made some inquiries about her, and were told that she was the wife of one of the settlers. She was a half-breed, whose insanity was supposed to have sprung from a religious melancholy; being one of those whom the missionaries had converted, she had become very pious; but her intellect was too frail for the doctrines which had been taught to her: in endeavouring to become familiar with them, she had been gradually affected with a malady, which at that time seemed incurable. While we were listening to this story, the wind heightened—the evening approached; all the canoes had disappeared from the river except her's, which she still kept on the stream, notwithstanding the high breeze which roughened its surface. We expressed our apprehensions lest her canoe would be upset; but we were told that she understood the management of it as well as if possessed of reason: her only pleasure and occupation seemed to be to move about alone in this frail bark; and her friends, believing that there was but little danger in it, indulged her in this, her only diversion. Meanwhile the canoe was swiftly impelled from us towards the opposite bank: the loose wrapper which she wore acted as a sail, that received the wind, and wafted her across. We saw her land in safety, and felt easier when we observed the poor maniac descend from her canoe. The next day she crossed the river, came towards us, and with much modesty presented to us a small parcel of papers, neatly folded up, and secured by a thread; she desired that it might be given to her mother, in Montreal. There was no superscription. We opened it: it contained but a printed sheet of a religious tract. Having performed her errand, she made a slight inclination, and passed away.'

The party passed down the Red River, and arrived at Lake Winnipeek, which was the most distant point they were anxious to reach, having travelled two thousand one hundred miles, in one hundred and twelve days, without any accident. They returned along the Winnipeek River, on which there is a most beautiful waterfall, which is thus described:—

'The place of our encampment was characterized by one of those peculiar effects of water, which, once seen, leave an indelible impression upon the mind. After having passed over numerous rocks, which form diversified cascades (the whole height of which is about thirty feet), the water is suddenly received into a basin, enclosed by high rocks, where it is forced to sojourn awhile, by the small size of the aperture through which it issues: here the waters present the characters of a troubled ocean, whose waves rise high, and beat against the adjoining shores, and against the few rocky islands which are seen in the midst of this basin: it is to this character that the spot owes the name which it receives from the natives, "the fall of the moving waters." They may be called the lower falls of Winnepeek River: we reached them in time to watch the beautiful effect of the setting sun, whose beams, reflected by the stream, imparted to it the appearance of a sea on fire: this was soon replaced by the moon, which cast a more placid light upon the waves, and heightened the charm of the scenery by the melancholy mantle which it spread over it. One of the most imposing characters of these falls is the tremendous noise which they produce, and which, in comparison to their size, is thought to exceed that of Niagara, Montmorency, Schaffhausen, St. Anthony, the Cohoes, or other falls which any of our party have ever seen. A scarcity of vegetation covers these rocks, and contributes to the picturesque effect of the spot. Instead of the heavy forests which formerly sheltered Niagara, we have here a spare growth of aspen, birch, spruce, and other evergreens, whose size, generally small, adds to the wild and barren appearance of the rocks. The night which we spent near these falls was one of the most interesting in the expedition: our tents were pitched so that we had a view of the splendid effect arising from the play of the moonbeams upon the surface of this ocean-like basin, and our eyes were constantly bent upon it, until the noise of the cataract lulled us to sleep.'

As they proceeded, the Winnipeek River lost the character of a stream, and appeared to be a series of lakes, of from one hundred yards to four miles in diameter, which were united by rapids. Not far from the head of Winnipeek River is the Lake of the Woods, which the party passed in two days, though about three hundred miles in circumference. At Lake Rainy our travellers met with a man, whose interesting adventures deserve to be made public: this was John Tanner, whom they found in an European tent, accompanied by his two daughters. He was on his way to the United States, when he was assaulted by an Indian, and severely wounded: he then proposed to accompany Major Long's party; but the pain of his wound was such, that, after taking him some distance, they were obliged to leave him.

While at Fort Rainy, his two daughters, to fetch whom he had entered the Indian territory, asked and obtained consent to go and see an old half-breed woman, who had treated them with kindness; but they did not return; and, whether they had gone back to their mother, who was on the Lake of the Woods, or had been carried off by some of the half-breeds, is not known: they were fourteen or fifteen years old—of comely appearance, and engaging manners. The following is a narrative of the interesting adventures of Tanner:—

'John Tanner was the son of a clergyman, who removed, with his family, to the banks of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Miami River, some time previous to the year 1790. He had been settled there but about ten days, when apprehensions were entertained of an attack from a party of Indians. The unsettled state of that part of the country, at the time, exposed its scattered inhabitants to frequent incursions from their savage neighbours. Tanner was then about nine years of age: notwithstanding the prohibition of his father, he had wandered to a short distance from the house, and had just filled his hat with walnuts, picked from a neighbouring tree, when he was seized upon by a party of Indians, who, by their threats, forced him to silence, and carried him off. This party was commanded, it is said, by an Indian, who resided near Saganaw, and whose wife had lately lost her son. Bereft of her only child, the mother appeared inconsolable, and finally begged that her husband would make a prisoner of one, about the same age, to whom she might transfer all the affection which she had borne to her own offspring. With this view, the Indian had armed a party of his friends, proceeded down towards the settlements, found this child, carried him off, and returned with him to his wife, who was delighted to beholding a boy so nearly of the age of that which she had lost.

'By these Indians young Tanner was treated with kindness; he rose to manhood—became distinguished as a brave man and a hunter. From circumstances which we have not ascertained, his adopted parents, who belonged to the Saganaw tribe of the Ottawa nation, removed to a more western country: the man died; his wife became the leader of a small party, that resided occasionally on the Lake of the Woods, or on Red River, or the Assiniboin. Tanner was offered the situation of chief, which he wisely declined, judging that his white origin would make him an object of suspicion. He appeared satisfied with his success as a hunter, and had no farther ambition. We were told by those who had long known him, that, although he had acquired many of the characteristics of Indians, still he had some peculiarities, which marked him as one of a different origin. He had never been seen to taste of ardent spirits, or to smoke a pipe. Instead of purchasing trifles and gewgaws, as is customary with Indians, he devoted the produce of his hunts, which were always successful, to the acquisition of articles of clothing, useful to himself, to his adopted mother, or to her relations. In this state he appears to have lived perfectly happy, respected and esteemed by all his fellow-hunters. In the year 1816, he rendered an important service to Lord Selkirk's settlement, by guiding a party of new settlers, who were under the direction of Governor M'Donnell and Captain D'Orsonnen, from Rainy Lake to Fort Douglas. This reinforcement arrived at so timely a moment as to make Tanner a great favourite at the settlement: he was pointed out to Lord Selkirk during that nobleman's visit to his colony. His lordship took great interest in his situation, and by his exertions Tanner's family was discovered. His recollections of the scenes of his early youth, though faint at first, gradually brightened. He had forgotten his father's name, or, rather, it had become confused in his recollection with that of a friend of his family, called Taylor, so that this was at first thought to be his name.

'Tanner placed in our hands a letter, which was written by Lord Selkirk, and which is dated Lexington, Nov. 25, 1817. It was written after a personal interview with Mrs. Taylor, whose account of the family corroborated Tanner's statement in the most important particulars. There were some slight discrepancies, but these were no other than might have been expected from the imperfect recollections of a child of nine years of age, after twenty-six years of estrangement from his country and friends. It is, perhaps, somewhat singular, that he should have totally forgotten a language, which he must have undoubtedly spoken with considerable fluency at the time that he was taken prisoner. The following extract from Lord Selkirk's letter, at present in our possession, shows how far his recollections extended:—

'"The circumstances that Mrs. Taylor mentioned of his family coincide with those which he told me in the north, particularly that he had a brother called Ned, and two sisters, married previously to his being carried off; also, that his father was a big lusty man, as the young man described him. The only point of difference is, that Mrs. Taylor said that Ned Tanner was older than the boy John, who was carried away, whereas I had understood him to be younger; but, as I could converse with John only through an interpreter, such a mistake might easily arise. Mrs. T. also said, that old John Tanner had been settled in Kentucky several years before 1790, but that possibly he might have removed at that date, by the river, from some other part of the state. The young man told me that his father had changed his residence a very short time before he was carried off, and had been settled on the banks of the Ohio only about ten days, when the attack of the Indians took place: he mentioned particularly his having come down the river in a large boat or flat with horses or cattle: he also mentioned, that, at the place where his father lived, previous to his removal, there was a brook running in a cavern under ground, where they used to go with a candle to take water," &c.

'Through the benevolent and active interference of Lord Selkirk, Tanner was restored to his family, who recognised him, and received him well: he had already brought several of his children into the United States, and had three of them in Mackinaw, when, in 1823, he determined to return to the Lake of the Woods for the others. The Indians, it appears, manifested great unwillingness to allow the two young girls to be taken out of the country, and they opposed his endeavours, until, finally, with the assistance of Dr. M'Laughlin, he succeeded in removing the children. He appears to have felt but little affection for the mother of his daughters, and wished her to remain in the country; but she, finding her efforts to keep her daughters unavailing, resolved to go with them. They had passed Rainy Lake, and were at the Portage de l'Isle, in Bad (Maligne) River, when the wife induced an Indian, who was travelling with them, to shoot Tanner. She, it appears, bribed him with the promise of her elder daughter.

'The poor man was near falling a victim to the plot: his wife ran away with the Indian, took her daughters with her, and left him alone and wounded; fortunately, he was picked up by a canoe, going to Rainy Lake; they conveyed him there; his daughters joined him, and, as he said, treated him with the utmost kindness. His wife proceeded down the river with her accomplice, who was said to have had a bad name, even among the Indians, previous to this circumstance.

'We have endeavoured to acquire some knowledge of the character and principles of a man, whose early impressions must have been completely extirpated by those of the men among whom he spent the greater part of his life. He vowed to be revenged on the Indian who had shot him: heedless of the personal danger which he must incur from another visit to the country, he resolved upon returning to Rainy Lake as soon as he should have regained his strength, in order to pursue and punish his enemy. Any observations which were made to him, on the impropriety of his feelings, only drew from him this answer; "Why did he shoot me? If he wished to kill me, it is my duty to kill him, for he is a bad man." This was uttered in a cold decisive manner; it was not the result of passion, but of a conviction, founded upon a process of reasoning to which he had been long accustomed. In his intercourse with traders he appears to have been honourable; and this reflects the more credit upon him, as it was at a time when an active competition between rival traders frequently induced them to stimulate the Indians to frauds which affected their opponents. One instance appears well attested:—in a letter, dated Montreal, Nov., 1816, and which was written by Mr. John Allan, it is stated, that "Tanner did not choose to traffic exclusively with any trader, but used to take goods on credit, at the same time, from parties trading in opposition to one another, and, on one occasion, brought two parcels of furs to a post of the North-west Company, at the fork of Red River: he employed the contents of one parcel to pay a debt which he had contracted there, and, having done so, was about to go with his other parcel of furs, to discharge, in

like manner, a debt which he had contracted with a neighbouring trader of the Hudson's Bay Company. Some opposition to the taking away of his furs was made by the person in charge of the North-west Company's fort, who endeavoured to prevail on Tanner to sell the whole to him. When persuasion failed, threats were resorted to by the trader; and, as Tanner still persisted in doing as he pleased with his own property, a pistol was presented to his breast, on which, pointing to his bare bosom, he undauntedly told the trader to fire, declaring that, although but a stranger and a slave in that country, he would not be so much of a woman as to raise a weapon against any man, and afterwards, through fear, desist from killing him. By this bold conduct he maintained his right to the disposal of his furs, which he immediately applied to the payment of a just debt."

'Of his attachment to his children he gave a strong proof, by the long and perilous journey which he undertook to visit his daughters; and the distress which he felt, when they had disappeared, was among the most heart-rending scenes which we have ever witnessed. His language was the natural expression of grief deeply felt. If the abandonment which he had meditated of his wife, presents him to our consideration in a less deserving light as a husband, it must be borne in mind, in extenuation, that the woman who could, under any circumstances, be induced to plan, and instigate another person to so atrocious a crime as that in which she afterwards shared, could not be an amiable companion, and could probably have no claim upon his affections.

'What will be the future destiny of Tanner appears to us very uncertain. We much question whether he can ever be satisfied with sharing in the occupations and comforts of civilized life: we think it more probable that the wandering and irregular habits which he seems to have imbibed from the Indians will soon drive him back from the settlements to his usual haunts in the woods. He was at one time considered, by zealous persons, as a fit instrument for the conversion of Indians to Christianity; but we doubt whether he can ever be brought to feel that deep conviction in the truths of Revelation which is required to make fit ministers of the Gospel. While his strong mind appears to have rejected the superstitions of Indians, it has imbibed a sort of philosophic incredulity, which would make him but a slow and unwilling convert to the purest of faiths.

'Tanner was of a disposition naturally stern, which his mode of life and the sentiments of his companions have but increased. He was said, by many, never to have been seen to shed a tear: when he was bereft of his daughters, he wept not; his grief was of too stern a character: but it was evident that the conflict of emotions in his mind, at the time that he was compelled to land from our canoes, overpowered him, and his eyes glistened with a tear which he attempted in vain to shake off.'

We find we cannot finish this work in the present number, but must reserve a further notice for our next.

The Twenty-Ninth of May; Rare Doings at the Restoration. By Ephraim Hardcastle, Author of Wine and Walnuts. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 720. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

If authors and playwrights, booksellers and managers, will produce their new pieces at a period of the week we have no opportunity of doing them justice, it is their fault, not our's. It is now Thursday, five o'clock, p.m., and we have just had thrust into our hands the Twenty-Ninth of May, so damp and so fresh from the press, that we are almost afraid of imbibing the rheumatism with its contents as we skim them over. Well, no matter; for in what better cause can an editor die than in the service of his readers? On the stage and in a novel, we have seen the action and events of half a century confined within the limits of a few hours' acting or reading; but here we have a couple of volumes devoted to the 'rare doings' of a single day: but that day was certainly not one of ordinary occurrence, since it changed the dynasty of the sovereign power in England, and created an entire political re-action in society.

This work is, we believe, intended as the first of a series of historical novels, which, selecting some particular and striking event, will embody the characters and manners of the age in describing it. The author, whose real and assumed names are not unknown to the literary world, is possessed of much antiquarian lore, which he displays in a style at once terse and quaint; he is, however, apt to exhaust himself, as was the case with his Wine and Walnuts, which promised well in the outset, but sunk into insignificance before he had the prudence to drop them, which was long after they had ceased to excite any interest.

The Twenty-Ninth of May is, however, a very clever work: the author is intimately acquainted with the events, and even style, of the period which he has selected; and the scenes he describes are highly dramatic. One thing, however, we must regret and reprobate—we allude to the imprecations he puts in the mouths of some of his characters, particularly Mordecai the Jew, who sells state Popish prayer-books with Protestant titles at high prices. It is bad enough even to hear in our streets those irreverent appeals to the Deity which are made by the vulgar; but it is really disgusting to see them in print, however faithfully they may represent the character of the person portrayed; indeed, we are quite at a loss to reconcile such gross vulgarity with a mind otherwise so intelligent as that of our author. Among the persons duped by the Jew is Ingoldsby, a republican colonel, whose character is well drawn, and Waller, an unconscionable bookseller: they discover, or rather reveal, the frauds at the shop of Barlow, a celebrated sign-painter, in Harp Alley, which was formerly noted for this class of Artists. After enumerating other losses and crosses—

'Waller resumed: "Then there's that rascally Jew Mordecai comes to my shop this blessed morning, and, knowing that I am an easy, unsuspicious, open-dealing old fool, he sells me a lot of common prayers, at his own price, the remorseless rogue. And, as I hope to be saved, for I had no time to examine them—Aye! in my usual way, as sister Abigail justly says on that score at least, I say, as I had no time to examine them, took them all at his word, and, lo! every copy turns out neither more nor less than Popish prayers."

'"The devil!" exclaimed Ingoldsby, "then Master Mordecai has bamboozled me too, no doubt. Confound the rogue, by the Lord, a fellow ought to have all his eyes about him who buys *Gospels* of an Israelite," when, feeling in his pocket for the book, he began to solace himself, the mad-cap, by singing—

'There was an old woman of Kew,
And her age it was four score and seven,
Who vow'd she would wed with a Jew,
In her way to the kingdom of Heaven:
Says she, "I've plenty of gold,"
Says he, "Not a useful commodity;
Never mind though you're ugly and old,
I'll tip you a kiss out of charity."
Tol de rol, tol de rol lol.

'"And O my dear Moses," says she,
"I hope you will never be jealous;
For tanketing after of me,
Comes half a score handsome young fellows."
Says Moses, "I don't care a curse,
I rank always remarkably civil,
Let me only lay hold on your purse,
Your *admirers* may go to the devil"
Tol de rol, lol de rol lol.

'"This is vile work though, Master Moses Mordecai, to take in the poor and needy, to diddle a broken-down soldier out of his silver crown."

'"Hey! what! and is that all, Master Ingoldsby. O! then, that is no great matter, he bilked me of nineteen, yea, did the villain; but I shall have hold of him, and if I do not set him neck and heels in Bridewell, I am the greatest sinner in all Christendom."

'"Let me see," said Ingoldsby, "here is the title-page. 'The Book of Common Prayer, as appointed by the Church of England, printed and sold by the Company of Stationers.' Why, you slanderous old thief! look you here, Matt. Barlowe, and do you, too, Bob Walker; why, 'tis as good and genuine a steeple-house book as ever"—

'"Go on, proceed, turn over the pages, one by one. Yes! yes! the precious rascal, he has had prayer-book titles printed on purpose. This stratagem it was that took me in. There, my good masters, he fastened on my credulity: every line, as I hope for salvation, is all Papistry, all Roman Catholic, as you will find. That Mordecai is the very epitome of a lie."

'"Why, thou senseless, impudent, falsifying old slanderer, look you here, aye! put on your nose-glasses and satisfy yourself. Are you not ashamed, and be damned to you, to vilify that poor itinerant in this way?"

'"I'll make affidavit, I'll swear upon the holy book, that the rascal has taken me in—yes, sure enough," examining the little copy of prayers, page by page, "this all right, certainly, a genuine copy: but, nevertheless, he has jewed me, and that is the simple fact,

my good masters, and pest take me, but I will trounce the villain."

'The old bibliopolist was ready to burst with suppressed rage at the incredulity of the waggish triumvirate, when, strange to say, Mordecai, whose industry and general speculations seemed to endue him with ubiquity, for he was to be seen, as it almost appeared, in twenty places at the same time, made his appearance.

'He was ushered into the painting-loft, by the quaker-shopman of the busy sign-painter

"Do you want some prime oak panel for signs, goot Master Barlowe—some of all sort and size, well seasoned, old as an hundred years, and all sound and not vorm-eaten? Vill sell the lot a great pargain, vorth any price, not another to be had in all London, so help me G—."

'Old Waller fixed his little grey eyes upon the Jew, like a lynx, and, working his lips, and wriggling like a cat, preparing to pounce upon a sparrow, he sprang forth, and, upsetting the large sign of St. Dunstan and the devil, with the colours, palettes, oil, turpentine, and the whole of the painter's rattle-traps, seized the Jew by the throat, exclaiming, or rather screaming, "What, you damned thief, and I have caught you."

'Mordecai, without the least expression of fear, or even surprise, grasped the hand of the bookseller, saying, "I vosh desire you to keep off your fingers from my neck, if you please; vot vosh the matter, good Master Waller?" at the same time wresting open his knuckles with the utmost ease. "Tell me vot vosh the matter before these goot cheutelmen."

"Thou hast robbed me of nineteen crowns, thou graceless Shylock," said old Waller, his face pale as a turnip, and his quivering lips as blue as a bilberry.

"I robbed you! nine soul! vy vot a fib, Master Waller; I vosh never rob man, woman, or child, since I vos a baby in arms, as I hope for mercy."

"Don't perjure thyself, thou miscreant! Pray, Master Barlowe, do send your lad for a constable. There, go my boy, seek a constable; you will find one at the watch-house over the way in the market, and I will give thee—I will give thee a little book for a Christmas-box." The old skin-flint, even in his perturbation, had an eye to his ready-money.

"O, very well! let the young lad get a constbatle, I shall vait here. Go, mine lad, by all means. Meanwhile, a warrant is on foot for *you*, Master Waller; I am sorry for your misfortune,—but, by this times, your house is all down about Mistress Abigail's ears."

"Hey! what do you say? what is this, you pickpocket?"

"Nothing in the vorld, only, so help me G—! Mistress Abigail has murdered a chentyel youth of the city—fractured his scull; and the apprentices are razing the Black Eagle flat with the stones."

"O—O! alas—alas! and has it come to this?—I thought it would, some day!" exclaimed the bookseller; "Master Culpeper has forbodied it. O, the fatal Restoration! He told me to beware about the end of May. What dost say, thou Jew! murdered?"

"Aye, as I hope to be shaved. The poor young youth is as tead as mutton—gone to the bone-house on a shop-shutter; and Mistress Abigail, the vicked woman—it ish very pitiful, and I vosh grieved at mine heart—she is now in her lodgings at Newgate"

The author is particularly happy in hitting off the canting hypocrisy of the Puritans; and, indeed, his characters are generally well drawn and original: he sometimes, however, mingles modern familiar phraseology with the quaint style of the period in which his scene is laid. The work includes almost every person of consequence who figured in the events of the time, particularly those connected with the theatre; and, by a pardonable anachronism, others are enlisted into the service, who had either passed from the stage of life, or had scarcely entered upon it. The Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, the site of which is now occupied by Child's banking-house (not Hoare's, as stated by Ephraim Hardcastle), is the scene of many festivities during the eve and 29th of May, where Sir William Davenant, Tom D'Urfey, the Killegrews, Kynaston, Mohun, and other persons connected with the drama, are assembled. The balcony in front of the tavern is to be filled with the players, on the occasion of the king's procession, and some trumpeters are engaged by the swearing Jew, Mordecai, to do honour to the day: among the latter, is a puritanical hypocrite, Hold-me-fast. The landlord of the tavern, Johnson, tells Mordecai to get the trumpeters ready:—

"They vosh already dressed," replied the Jew, "shaving and exshepting vun—that old Mishter *Hold-me-fast*; but he ish on his marrow-bones at his prayer, vot he calls seeking the Lord, to know if he shall put on the fine dress vot the musishioners has got from the playhouse. Blister me thovgh, but vot I vosh up to him; I offered five shilling more, and he stickks out for ten. So vot if he ishnunt making game of God Amighty for five shillings—the old hypochrite."

"O give him the money, Mordecai," said mine host; "do not let us stick upon trifles, my worthy man." So the Jew went up to the top of the house again, and the bargain was struck; but not until Mordecai knocked at the door, and inquired—"Vell, vot have you got an answer, Mashter Hold-me-fast?" The trumpeter was silent, when the Jew bawled through the key-hole, "Mishter Johnshon says vot you shall have the moniesh." The hypocrite thanked the Lord, and came forth; and descended to the room where they had supped the night before, when taking the money and a glass of brandy, and saying, as he put on the stage costume, "This livery of Satan is only a covering of the outward man in Adam;" and then he asked the Jew if the money was all good? and, lifting up his eyes, joined the ungodly band in the hall, and the party went below to enjoy their breakfast.

"This is an unrighteous profitless business that we are engaged in, Master Swan, I fear," said the old trumpeter, with a groan, helping himself to a spacious slice of cold ham; then turning to the Jew with a sly grin, "Will you *have a bit of swine's flesh*, Moses?"

"Eat your meal and be shatisfied," replied the Jew. "Eat your preakfast in peace and quiet, and be thankful."

"Peace and thankfulness! Why, you unbelieving Israelite, what should you know of *thankfulness?*—and as for *peace*—these unbelieving Jews never fight in any cause—they have no country, and are locusts in all nations and among all people—money-changers, thieves, and rogues, who sold their lord and master for filthy lucre."

"Come, hold your mouthing, let us have no more of this botheration. How can the Jew help it," said Shore. "We are in comfortable quarters, and we owe it to him. D—d if I care, Jew or Gentile, so that I could get employ."

"Nor I neither," added Swan. "Nor I," said the others. "Where are we to find employ?"

"Go and seek—seek," replied the saint. "Seek the Lord—but you are none of ye of the elect; none, alas! no more than that unbelieving Jew."

"Vot a hypocrite! I don't vont to make words, but who vosh sell his conschience for five shillings, this twenty-ninth of the month of May."

"That's a lie, you thief—and you shall eat your words—no—you shall eat this pork," said the old trumpeter, thrusting the knuckle of ham, which he had separated just before, in the Jew's face.

'Mordecai, who was all activity, suddenly drew back, saying, "you are an old man, or I would put you down under mine feet. But I will not break the peace, nor break your bones."

"The peace!" echoed the trumpeter, enraged at the disclosure of his own hypocrisy. "Do you ever read the Bible, you Jew! Here these Israelites traffic with the Christians—with the elect, the usurers and extortioners, and live by war, and never fight. The villains have not land enough to bury a dog. No, they are too cunning to fight. Read Jeremiah the thirtieth, and therein." "A trumpeter making a vonderment about other peoplesh not fighting—blow me vot if that is not a good one, ha-ha-ha. Never mindt it, Mishter Hold-me-fast, every man must live by his honest trade—you by your's, and I mineself by mine; so let us have no more words—but let us go to our business."'

We have no room for further extract or remark, but shall return, next week, to these very sprightly volumes; for, whatever faults they have, such we deem them.

Bowdich's Excursions in Madeira and Porto Santo.

(Concluded from p. 323.)

In our last notice of this work, we extracted some interesting notices connected with Madeira and Porto Santo; we now proceed to the second part of the volume—the narrative of Mrs. Bowdich, which relates to the visit of her husband and herself to the coast of Africa. As Mr. Bowdich left very few notes, and those so obscurely written as to be of little use, and Mrs. Bowdich could not anticipate

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she would be deprived of her husband, we are surprised that she has been able to collect so much information connected with their travels From Madeira they proceeded to Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, where they dined with the governor, Senhor Manoel, of whose *menage* Mrs. Bowdich gives a whimsical description. She says—

'Our entrance was rudely obstructed by a formidable sentinel, with a ragged jacket and a rusty cutlass, and without either shoes or stockings. We then passed through a range of kitchens and hovels, inhabited by slaves; and the steams from the former conveyed so strong a sensation of dirt, that it required a tolerable appetite to encounter the food which awaited us. Our progress was impeded by throngs of black, mulatto, and Portuguese children, of all sizes. We ascended a flight of dirty stairs, and, on entering the room, were presented to the governor's family. His wife, who is at the same time his niece, is fair, and possesses more charms of face than figure, for, added to the usual diminutive size of her countrywomen, she had so completely adapted her style of dress to the climate, that she needed a few elastic bandages, to put all in order again. Her sisters were both interesting, and all three evidently superior to the rest, whom, in deference to my sex, I cannot be uncharitable enough to describe, save one, who was remarkable for being at that time a bride. It is a cunning trick of young men, called in Portuguese, to marry some old despairing relation of Senhor Manoel's, that they may claim a seat at his table, a room in his house, and save themselves the expense of living. The present instance proved how unnecessary were personal charms, manners, accomplishments, or fortune; for the bride, who had been a widow, was on the wrong side of forty, her countenance presenting a fine contrast of red pimples on a yellow ground, and her large limbs and sullen looks seemed to promise, that, when the first transports (which to my astonishment were not reserved for *tête-à-têtes*) were passed, she would become the preceptress of her husband, a boy of eighteen, and not spoil him for want of manual discipline; such chastisements being by no means rare on either side, in the annals of Portuguese conjugal happiness. This pair sat close together, almost on the same chair, ate off the same plate, and drank out of the same glass, the lady acting as a jackal, in clawing everything she could catch for her lord.'

From Bona Vista Mr. and Mrs. Bowdich sailed for the River Gambia. Mrs. B. appears to have entertained a mean opinion of the intellectual talents of the negro race; one or two instances, however, rendered her less sceptical:—

'A girl was taken, at the age of five years, from Congo to Curaçao, in a slave vessel, and was publicly sold there. She fortunately fell into the hands of good people, who taught her to be useful in household duties, and at the age of fourteen went with them to Holland, where she perfected herself in the Dutch language. Misfortunes having befallen her master and mistress, she was by them placed under the protection of the Dutch government, to prevent her from being carried back to Curaçao to be resold. She could then read, write, and sew, and, living afterwards as servant in a Flemish family, she learned to speak their language also. She was next the domestic of an Englishman, who took her to Germany, where, from her knowledge of Flemish, she quickly acquired the language of the country, and subsequently English and French, both of which she reads and writes grammatically; but I am sorry to say, this Englishman attended more to her intellect than her morals, and she had a child by him. When I last saw her, she was keeping her master's house, giving an arithmetical account of all expenses, making the linen required by the family, corresponding with her master (when absent) both in French and English, and, from having associated with her countrymen till the age of fourteen, retained enough of her native tongue to answer any question put to her. I was very much interested for this poor creature, for she did not revolt my feelings by the usual conceit of her race; on the contrary, she was unassuming, and exceedingly grateful for the notice I took of her and her little forlorn boy, for whose welfare she would be willing to sacrifice every hope and enjoyment, and over whose education and morals she watches with the most earnest solicitude. I was very anxious she should have been attached to one of the schools in Africa, but she was too valuable for her master to part with, and she is now losing the best years of her life, in a situation unworthy of her abilities or good intentions.'

Scarcely had the affectionate pair, Mr and Mrs Bowdich, reached Bathurst settlement, when the former was taken ill, and 'closed a life of virtue and honourable activity on the 10th of January, 1824.' Bathurst, which was founded in 1816, is considered by our fair author as the least healthy of all our African settlements. The negroes here are much more rude in their manners, and more insulting than even the Fantees. Of the Mandingoes we are told—

'Their manner of eating is like that of other blacks, clawing out of the same calabash with their fingers. Most of them profess Mahometanism, and speak Arabic, using the ancient form of salutation, "Peace to thee," now banished among the eastern Arabs. They are tall, slight, but well made, and, though not so ugly as the Fantees, are by no means a handsome race, when compared to the Joloffs. The natives of both countries wear very large cloths, or pagnes. The superior classes of Mandingoes, and the trading Moors of the interior, frequently assume a turban, and this, added to their full and graceful pagnes, their red sandals, their elegantly-shaped cimiters, and their light bows and arrows, gives them a very picturesque appearance. The older alcades wear a large pointed grass hat, looking like a portion from the thatched roof of their huts, while the younger chiefs have a white cap, beautifully embroidered with coloured cottons, in diamonds, stars, and other devices. The higher class of women generally wear a short shift, and two pagnes of equal size; their gold ornaments are numerous and massy, their ear-rings especially, which are often of such a weight, as to require a string passing over the head to support them, as they would otherwise tear the ears. Natives of all shades, and both countries, assume very dark blue for mourning, and lay aside their ornaments.'

'Their mirth is usually evinced by noise, called music, and is composed of yells and drums; but they are by no means so barbarous in their calmer moments. They have a sort of guitar, made of a calabash, which I did not see; but their other instrument, the balafon, or balafew, is not unpleasing when well played. It consists of two square frames, with uprights at each corner, supporting the upper frame, and tied together with leathern thongs; on the top are fastened twenty flat bars of hard wood, decreasing in size, and under these are placed small calabashes, with an orifice in each; they are so fastened to the bars, that the orifice is immediately underneath, and the vibration of the bar, when struck, fills the calabash, and causes the sound. The instrument is played with two sticks, having heads, twisted round with cow's intestines. The people do not seem to have any notion of harmony, all their airs being in the same key, and only varying with the formation of the instrument. The first I heard was evidently tuned to A major, but my own approaches to C minor, evidently the effect of chance. I was told, that the Mandingoes have several national songs, but I had no opportunity of hearing any, except the canoe song, which is very pleasing: a few sing the air, after which the whole party join in the chorus; they are heard when starting from the opposite side of the river, long before they can be distinguished by the eye, and as they gradually approach, the effect is very harmonious. The Mandingo dance, I am told, is not ungraceful; but that of the Joloffs is beyond everything disgusting. Those who have seen the peasantry and lower classes of Portugal dance may form some notion of it, although the disgusting attitudes are carried to a greater excess; to those who have never seen anything of the kind, I cannot attempt description, but must leave them to imagine contortion of body, carried to the most indecent length.'

If Bathurst is the least healthy, Bakkow, or Cape St. Mary's, the extremest southern point of the main land at the river's mouth, is the most salubrious. Of this part of Africa we are told, that—

'Every town has its alcade or governor, always subject to the reigning king, who at all interviews demands a present in behalf of his sovereign, and another for himself. The old alcade at Bakkow was one of the most rapacious of his tribe, and, although he had already received a handsome present, for granting permission to build a cooking-house, and form a garden close to the government-house, he attended at the measurement of the land to secure another; and on its being laid out, and marked for railing-in the next morning, he reappeared to dispute every inch, in the hope of further extortion. The

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deposed Prince of Barra paid us a visit, who was a fine powerful man in appearance, but extremely forward in deportment, and surrounded by the filthiest black children I ever saw. It is the custom of the country, when a king dies, to change the capital, or rather, every town in the kingdom becomes capital in turn, and its chief sovereign, and great care is always taken of that next in succession. The above prince, thinking he was more powerful than the lawful successor, tried to secure the throne out of his turn, but, being defeated, was obliged to throw himself upon the kindness of the sheade at Bakkow, both for safety and maintenance.'

From the Zoological notices which Mrs. B. gives, and they are more numerous than we should have expected to find them, we quote the following account of a singular animal:—

'This animal was about the size of a small cat, and of a dark gray colour. His fur was very fine, soft, and long; his snout, which was red, was like that of a pig; his ears black, and resembled those of a tiger; his teeth referred him to the family of Carnivora, and his feet, and method of walking, to the group Plantigrada. He took up everything which he ate with his fore paws, and he did not lap when drinking. He was remarkably docile and affectionate, and suffered my children to pull him about without offering to bite them; he leaped from great heights without fear; he caught rats like a dog, and he followed those he knew everywhere. He constantly accompanied us to dinner at the officer's quarters, and when I desisted going, in consequence of Mr. Bowdich's illness, he went by himself, regularly coming back in the evening to sleep. He loved warmth, and was very impatient of confinement, biting the strong wires of the cage, into which we first put him, so close together that he could slip through the aperture. He had no unpleasant smell, but was very partial to wallowing in everything wet and dirty. He was a native of Kasimanse.'

The third part of Mrs. Bowdich's labours consists of translations from the Arabic of the most interesting traditions of the country; these, we are told by Mrs. B., who translated them herself, are as literal as the difference of the two languages will allow. These traditions, which are principally on religion, are confused and imperfect. One of them we shall quote; it is the History of Joseph and his Brethren, which, it will be seen, differs much from the Hebrew version:—

'Joseph had twenty-nine brothers, and he dreamed that he represented the stars; and when he told this to his father and mother, they replied, "Say this no more, for fear of your brothers," but the by-standers repeated it; and his brothers asked him, "Are you to be our master?" and Joseph replied, "What God sends I take, but as yet I know not." The brothers then seized him, put him into a bucket, and let him down into a well thirty feet deep, on pretence of his being better able to get water than they, who were bigger. God told him not to cry, for that would do him no good. The father and mother cried till they were blind. Joseph remained one year in the well, being supported in it by God. At the end of that time, a man came with camels and oxen to drink, and, seeing Joseph (who still preserved "his old little garment") a very fine young man, he made a slave of him, and sold him to Pharaoh for camels and gum.

'Joseph soon rose to the charge of everything in the house, but Pharaoh put him into prison for caprice, and from the apprehension that he was spoiled by indulgence, though Joseph had not done any wrong. He was kept there one year, with two men slaves. A person named Wahd came to look at them. One of his fellow-prisoners said, "Joseph dreamed last night that a famine will come, and, if the king does not take care, it will destroy all, and the king will have a dangerous sickness. I pray you go tell the king to take one bullock, to kill him, and to cook him for the poor, then God will help him in his sickness." Wahd told the king. Joseph's fellow-prisoners were sent for and questioned, and they confirmed the story. Joseph was then unfettered, and the king said to him, "You are a stranger, you must keep my keys, all my other servants being born here." The king then said to the others, "All obey this man, and you will please me." Every day Joseph gave out one cup of corn, and every day put a similar one into the store, in anticipation of the famine about which he had dreamed, and he did this for three months. Pharaoh had three hundred wives. One wife "took a liking to Joseph, but he refused her embraces; the king heard the noise and came, and Joseph refused to explain, saying, "God has seen and knows, and he is enough for me." Pharaoh had sent him away four days, when a councillor of the king's suggested, that he should ascertain if the fragment of linen, left in the woman's hand, belonged to the fore or the hinder part of Joseph's shirt: if the former, it was Joseph's attempt; if the latter, it was torn by the woman when holding him unwillingly. In this manner Joseph was acquitted, the keys were returned to him, and he again laid up the corn. The famine arrived, and at the end of seven years there was no corn left, but what was in the store. He was applied to for food, and there was a plentiful supply.

'The famine lasted seven years more, and then the king died. The people wanted to make Joseph king. He was sent for, and advised of it by the council, but he said, "I know nothing of such affairs, I am only a slave; but, before you make me king, all people must pay what they owed to the last king for provisions, that I may give it for the support of his children, and you must make all the people swear, that they have wished and ordered you to make me king." He then gave the people all the corn that was left, and they liked him very much.

'Soon there came another famine (elsewhere), and nineteen of his brothers came to Misr (or Cairo), to try and get something to eat. Joseph then asked them where they lived, and they told him in Hinda, and he knew them, though they did not recognise him; he, however, relieved them, and secretly put his "own little clothes," and a cup, into a sack of corn, and sent the whole to the old blind man and woman for charity. The old people took out the cup and clothes, kissed, and smelt them, and the scent of the garments cured their blindness; but they still feigned it, as they were afraid of their sons. The old people sent their sons again to King Joseph, to thank him for the corn, and to present him with a basket for a curiosity, it having been made by a blind man. In the side the old man secreted a letter, in which he reminded Joseph, that his youngest sister, an infant when he left home, was now a woman. When Joseph received this, he loaded the camels and gave his brothers much more corn, and sent a message to the blind people, desiring them to send their youngest child. They did so, saying to her secretly, "that king is your brother, but speak not of it on the road, for fear the others should kill you." When they arrived, Joseph feasted his brethren handsomely in his bed-room, and sent the girl to feed with the servants. The brothers reviled Joseph for this, and for frustrating their sister's expectations as a female (meaning that he ought to have taken her for a wife), and they got up and took her away with them; but Joseph secretly put two large pieces of silver into the girl's basket, and then, pretending to have discovered a robbery, sent after her, found the silver in her basket, and detained her, telling the brothers to go and fetch the old man and woman. He then gave his sister fine clothes and rings, and had her bathed.

'The brothers went back to the old people, and said, "Your daughter is in prison, you must come." When they reached Misr, Joseph pretended to put them in prison also. He then invited his brothers to a feast, and had his parents and sister splendidly dressed, and brought in as spectators. Upon this the brothers recognised father, mother, sister, and Joseph, and ran away in consternation and shame to the bush. Joseph sought them for three years, to beg them to come back, and to assure them of his forgiveness. The messenger then returned and said, "I have found these people, but they have no longer any clothes, except those made of grass, and they have become wild, and will not return.'

This interesting volume is enriched with clever engravings, most of which are coloured, independent of fifty-seven figures of subjects of natural history; they are all, we believe, from drawings by Mrs. Bowdich, who appears to have possessed every requisite for a traveller. There are also other embellishments, some of which are lithographed by this lady, who has strong claims on public patronage, as well for her talents as her misfortunes.

Zomé, a Levantine Sketch, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1823. Knight and Lacey.

THE Muses have, for some time past, been so much given to coarseness and ribaldry on the one hand, and to simple verse-making upon the other, that this little volume comes upon one like a spring of water in the thirsty land. The poetry of Byron was grand, was sublime,

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was tremendous, but it belonged to that class with which ordinary persons cannot grapple aright, and with which, by grappling wrong, they bring disgrace upon themselves and the pursuit. The small verse-makers, upon the other hand, have become innocent to perfect babyism; and so we say again, that the appearance of a poem at once so sweet and so pure as Zoné is really a treat.

We have read more powerful poetry certainly, and we have read what was meant to be as tender; but there is a charm in this one which we cannot resist, though we are not absolutely certain that we know in what it consists. There is little or no story, there are hardly any distressing situations; there is, in short, none of that straw which is usually demanded by those who make the bricks of song; but there is a great deal of the observation of nature, and not a little of the anatomy of the heart.

Whoever the author may be, we do not need to be told that he is possessed of great purity and delicacy of feeling, and that he has not begun to write till after having paid long and close attention to those who form the grand inspirers as well as examples of sweet poesy. The allusion to the tomb of Petrarch, with which the poem opens, is very tender:—

'I dream of Arqua, and the hollow'd tomb
Where sleeps the lyre, whose undulating
Stream'd notes of lady-love among the bloom
Of music-breathing flow'rs, in early spring:
Their dew, love's tears—the fragrance which they fling
On earth and air, the odour of the sigh
Of her so lov'd—the bee, bright as the wing
Of Iris, was the love-smile of her eye,
That beam'd upon the chorus with softest witchery.'

There is great warmth, and yet the most perfect delicacy, in the following stanza:—

'The delicate mimosa, too, has spread
Her fan-like leaf among the conscious flow'rs;
Fainting with zephyr's breathings round her shed,
Like maidens woo'd and won in secret bow'rs;
Round dionæa, wet with summer show'rs,
The roving hawk-moth flits on downy wings,
Then, passion-laden in the sultry hours,
Deep in its closing bosom madly springs,
And the fond insect dies in folded murmurings.'

But we have no room for further quotation, and so must take our leave of Zoné. The notes are excellent, the other poems very pretty, and Zoné is altogether, like her after whom it is called,—a little but a lovely thing.

Hewison's Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recollections.

(Concluded from p. 326.)

THE second volume of Mr. Hewison's really clever work contains four distinct articles. The first is a good description of Life in India, although, as we have stated, he is not very partial to the country. Of Bombay, and its society, he gives an unfavourable picture; the people are not hospitable, and as great scandal-mongers:—

'The mode of life pursued in Bombay is, I believe, the same as prevails in other parts of the East. People usually get up at six in the morning, or even earlier, and take exercise of some kind, or perhaps transact business before breakfast. The forenoon is spent in visiting or in professional duties, and at one o'clock a meal called tiffin is put upon the table. Tiffin corresponds with the English luncheon, but is infinitely more abundant and substantial, consisting sometimes of soup, beef-steaks, fricassees, curries, hams, &c. and a liberal allowance of beer and wine. The partakers of this unnatural repast are in the habit of indulging in a siesta after it, or, in other words, of going to sleep for two hours, which is a rational enough plan, the giddiness occasioned by the malt liquor they have drank often rendering them unfit for any thing else. On awakening from their afternoon's slumber, people prepare for an evening-drive upon the esplanade: from which, after viewing the same circle of faces, the same carriages, and the same uniforms, that they have daily seen for many months past, they return soon after sunset, and dress for dinner. This meal is served up about seven, and is little more than a pastime and a matter of ceremony; for, in general, most of the dishes are sent from the table nearly untouched, the heat, the tropical langour, and the meridian tiffin, all combining to drive away appetite. Coffee and tea succeed the dinner in the course of the evening, and the party in general separates long before midnight.'

'People do not usually remain long at table after dinner has been removed, and very little wine is drank, which appears surprising: for one would suppose that the dull uniformity of life in India, the want of evening amusements, and the enervating influence of the climate, would powerfully tempt men to seek relief in the bottle. After all, a large dinner-party in the East generally proves a heavy and fatiguing affair. It consists of an abundant repast, of which no one cares to partake,—of obsequious attendance, which is equally useless and inconvenient,—and of people who are too indolent to endeavour to amuse one another, and too weary to be disposed to feel amused themselves. Tea and coffee sometimes give a degree of excitement to the spirits of the party; which, however, is soon followed by proportional depression; and before the arrival of that hour at which, in Europe, conversation is brightest, and people's energies are most active, every one is either half asleep, or desirous of being wholly so.'

Speaking of the European society of India, Mr. Howison says:—

'In India, very little social intercourse takes place between the younger part of the sexes, even in situations that are favourable for it. The object which most of the females who come to the country have in view, is that of marrying well, and of securing a good establishment. These, as they soon perceive, they cannot obtain by connecting themselves with persons who are young in the service, and consequently they neither encourage the attentions of such nor feel any pleasure in their company. A subaltern is an object of total indifference to a woman, unless he has a large income, which very seldom is the case. However, should he happen to feel and betray any partiality for an individual of the kind, her friends or guardians will take care to prevent her from carrying the degrading propensity to any length, and to promote the advances and throw her in the way of men of suitable rank and fortune. Those little gallantries and romantic partialities, that are so common among young people in Britain, are totally unknown in India. No man, who has less than forty pounds a month, is thought entitled to offer particular attentions to an unmarried female, because he is not what is termed "an eligible," or, in other words, because he would not form an advantageous match. All this tends to make European female society indifferent, or even disagreeable, to young men in the East. They will not submit to be neglected and looked down upon by women, who perhaps are their inferiors in birth, education, and manners, and take their revenge by talking and thinking slightingly of their female acquaintances, however little they may merit such treatment.'

'Foreign Adventure,' the second article in this volume, is an ingenious and well-written essay on the various classes of travellers. Mr. Howison, who is somewhat narrow in his views, thinks foreign travelling injurious, since it increases the number of wants, and gives a distaste for home: this is not the case, however, with the author himself, nor with many others, who enjoy their native country with a better zest, when its comforts are contrasted with the inconveniences to which they have been subjected abroad.

The 'Cantonment of Seroor' is a local description of a place in India, which, ten years ago, contained nine thousand troops, and thirty thousand inhabitants, but now has only a hundred of the former, and the twelfth part of the latter. This is accompanied by reflections on the 'mutability of human affairs' The following is our author's description of the burying-ground, which forms the chief outlet of almost every cantonment in India:—

'The burying-ground of Seroor, however, is small, and does not contain so many graves as might be expected. Though rather pleasingly situated, it wants the hallowing influence of a church in the midst of it, and the solemn shade of lofty trees, such as surround most receptacles for the dead in Britain, and throw a melancholy sombreness over them, that accords well with the purposes to which they are applied. An unsheltered burying-ground in India, bleaching beneath the glare of a fervid sun, and exposed to the invasions of wolves and jackalls, is not the least striking part of an Asiatic landscape, and is one that has in it something repulsive to British feelings.

'The only remarkable tomb in Seroor is one that was erected to the memory of Colonel Wallace, who died in command of the cantonment, and so much beloved by the native, that they honoured him with an apotheosis, and now daily perform religious rites

at his cemetery, where an officiating priest attends, and sometimes keeps a lamp burning during a great part of the night. His apparition, it is said, frequently walks round the lines at midnight; and the Sepoy sentries are in the habit of presenting arms at the time they expect it to pass before them. The priest declares that a voice from his tomb has more than once uttered prophecies and revelations; and the natives believe this, and seldom engage in anything important without making an attempt to propitiate the shade of the departed Colonel Wallace'

The 'Delinquent' is a well-written and very interesting tale of fiction, which shows that Mr. Howison possesses considerable genius in the construction of a story as well as in narrative and description. No extract would do justice to the story, which we leave entire to our readers, to whom we strongly recommend this really clever work.

CORONATION OF LOUIS XVI.

As the coronation of Charles X. of France will have taken place before another number of our periodical appears, and as the ceremonies are intended to be in every respect, even to the liberating of a thousand or twelve hundred birds, similiar to the ancient usages of France, we insert an account of the coronation of Louis XVI. at Rheims. Napoleon, it will be recollected, was crowned at Paris by Pope Pius VII. and the ceremony differed very much from that which, from the time of Clovis, had prevailed at the coronation of the French kings. All our readers are acquainted with the fabled legend of a dove having descended with an ampulla of sacred oil at the coronation of Clovis, on Christmas Day, in the year 496. Few, if any, we suspect, believe one word of this supernatural event, which is not even mentioned by contemporary historians; and yet the French, even up to the coronation of Louis XVI., a period of thirteen hundred years, pretended that the vial and a portion of the oil was still left. At the revolution, this vial was broken to pieces upon the pavement of the abbey, by the conventionary Ruhl, deputed for that purpose; the shrine and reliquaries, broken by his directions, were sent to La Monnaie: yet we believe a French priest pretends he has some of the genuine oil used for the anointing of King Clovis, which, we suppose, will be used on the 29th instant, unless a miracle is to be worked in favour of Charles X. on the occasion. The coronation of Louis XVI. took place on the 11th of June, 1775, in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims At the moment the crown was placed on his head, he said 'It pinches me;' th s was very probably the case, yet the superstitious, who called to mind that Henry III on a similar occason, said, 'It pricks me,' augured ill from the circumstance. The following account of the coronation of Louis XVI. is interesting, because all the usages of the ancient monarchy of France are to be found in it. It is taken from the Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI. printed in 1791:—

'The dresses worn by the principal dignitaries at the consecration were, on account both of their richness and their ancient form, among the most interesting objects of that solemnity. The lay peers were clad in vests of gold stuff, which came down as far as the mid leg; they had girdles of gold, silver, and violet-coloured silk mixed, and over the long vest a ducal mantle of violet cloth, lined and edged with ermine; the round collar was likewise of ermine; and every one wore a crown upon a cap of violet satin, and the collar of the order of the Holy Ghost over the mantle

'The captain of the hundred Swiss of the king's guard was dressed in silver stuff, with an embroidered shoulder-belt of the same; a black mantle lined with cloth of silver, and, as well as his trunk hose, trimmed with lace, and a black cap surmounted with a plume of feathers. The grand master, and the master of the ceremonies, were dressed in silver stuff doublets, black velvet breeches, intersected by bands, and cloaks of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace, with caps of black velvet surmounted with white feathers.

'Everything being arranged for giving suitable pomp and splendour to the consecration, on Sunday the 11th of June, as early as six in the morning, the canons in their copes arrived in the choir, and placed themselves in the upper stalls. They were soon followed by the archbishop, Duke de Rheims, the cardinals and prelates invited, the ministers, the marshals of France, the counsellors of state, and the deputies of the various companies: every one took the place appointed for him, without any confusion.

'About half-past six, the lay peers arrived from the archiepiscopal palace. Monsieur represented the Duke of Burgundy; M the Count d'Artois, the Duke of Normandy; and the Duke of Orleans represented the Duke of Aquitaine. The remainder of the ancient peers of France, the Counts of Toulouse, Flanders, and Champagne, were represented by the Duke de Chartres, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke de Bourbon, who wore counts' coronets.

'The ecclesiastical peers continued hooded and mitred during the whole ceremony.

'At seven, the bishop, Duke de Laon, and the bishop, Count de Beauvais, set out to fetch the king. These two prelates, in their pontifical dresses, with their reliquaries suspended from their necks, were preceded by all the canons of the church of Rheims, among whom were the musicians. The chanter and sub-chanter walked after the clergy and before the Marquis de Dreux, grand master of the ceremonies, who immediately preceded the bishops, Duke de Laon, and Count de Beauvais; they passed through a covered gallery, and came to the king's door, which, according to custom from time immemorial, they found shut. The chanter strikes upon it with his baton; and the great chamberlain, without opening, says to him, "What is it you require?" "We ask for the king," replies the principal ecclesiastical peer, —"The king sleeps," returns the great chamberlain. Then the grand chanter begins striking again; the bishop asks for the king, and the same answer is given. At length, the chanter, having struck a third time, and the great chamberlain answered, "the king sleeps," the ecclesiastical peer, who has already spoken, pronounces these words, which remove every obstacle: "We demand Louis XVI. whom God has given us for our king;" immediately the chamber-doors open, and another scene begins. The grand master of the ceremonies leads the bishops to his majesty, who is stretched upon a state bed: they salute him profoundly. The monarch is clothed in a long crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold galloon, and, as well as the shirt, open at those places where he is to be anointed. Above the waistcoat he has a long robe of silver stuff, and upon his head a cap of black velvet, ornamented with a string of diamonds, a plume, and a white double aigrette. The ecclesiastical peer presents the holy water to the king, and repeats the following prayer:—"Almighty and everlasting God, who hast raised thy servant, Louis, to the regal dignity, grant him throughout his reign to seek the good of his subject, and that he may never wander from the paths of truth and justice." This prayer ended, the two bishops take his majesty, the one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and, raising him from the bed, conduct him in pompous processions to the church, through the covered gallery, chanting appropriate prayers.

'About seven, the king, having reached the church, and every one having taken his proper place, the Holy Ampulla soon arrived at the principal door. It was brought from the abbey of Saint Remi by the grand prior, in a cover of cloth of gold, and mounted upon a white horse from the king's stable, covered with a housing of cloth of silver, richly embroidered, and led by the reins by two grooms of the state stable. The grand prior was under a canopy of similar materials, carried by four barons, called knights of the Holy Ampulla, clad in white satin, with a mantle of black silk, and a white velvet scarf, trimmed with silver fringe, which his majesty had done them the honour to bestow upon them; they wore the knight's cross, suspended round the neck by a black ribbon. At the four corners of the canopy, the peers named by the king as hostages of the Holy Ampulla were seen, each preceded by his esquire, with a standard, bearing on one side the arms of France, and on the other those of the peer himself. The hostages took an oath upon the Holy Gospels, and solemnly swore between the hands of the prior, in presence of the officers of the abbey bailiwick, that no injury should be done to the Holy Ampulla, for the preservation of which they promised to risk their lives, if necessary; and at the same time they made themselves pledges, responsible sureties, and declared that they would remain hostages until the return of the Holy Ampulla. According to the form followed on such occasions, however, they required to be permitted to accompany it, for the greater safety and preservation of the aforesaid, under the same responsibility; which was granted them. All these formalities are so superfluous that they become quite ridiculous. The Holy Ampulla, which is so

conspicuous an article in the consecration of our kings, is a sort of small bottle filled, as it is said, with a miraculous balm, which never diminishes, and which served to anoint Clovis. It is pretended, that it was sent from heaven, and brought by a dove to St. Remi, who died about the year 533: it is treasured in the very tomb of the ancient archbishop, whose body remains entire in a shrine of the abbey bearing his name: and is inclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary, enriched with diamonds and gems of various colours.

'The Archbishop of Rheims being apprized, by the master of the ceremonies, of the arrival of the Holy Ampulla, went immediately to receive it at the gate of the church: upon placing it in his hands, the grand prior, according to the form, addressed these words to him: "To you, my lord, I entrust this precious treasure sent from heaven to the great St. Remi, for the consecration of Clovis and the kings his successors; but I require you, according to ancient custom, to bind yourself to restore it into my hands, after the consecration of our king, Louis XVI." The archbishop, conformably with the custom, takes the required oath in these terms: "I receive this Holy Ampulla with reverence, and promise you, upon the faith of a prelate, to restore it into your hands at the conclusion of the ceremony of the consecration." Having thus said, the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon took the marvellous phial, returned to the choir, and deposited it upon the altar. A few minutes afterwards he approached the king, to whom he administered the oath called "the protection-oath," for all the churches in subjection to the crown: a promise which his majesty made sitting and covered. "I promise," said the king, "to prevent the commission of rapine and injustice of every description by persons of all ranks. I swear to apply myself sincerely, and with all my might, to the extermination of heretics, condemned and pointed out by the church, from all countries subject to my government."

'After this oath, two ecclesiastical peers present the king to the assembly, and demand whether Louis XVI. is approved of for the dignity of king of France. A respectful silence, say the books which describe the ceremony, announced the general consent.

'The Archbishop of Rheims presented the book of the Gospels to the king, upon which placing his hands, his majesty took the oath to maintain and preserve the orders of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis, and always to wear the cross of the latter order attached to a flame-coloured silk ribbon; to enforce the edict against duels, without any regard to the intercession of any princes or potentates in favour of the guilty. The former part of this oath is of very little importance, and the second is broken every day.

'When the king, for the second time, received the sword of Charlemagne, he deposited it in the hands of the Marechal de Clermont Tonnerre, officiating as constable, who held it point upwards during the ceremony of the consecration and coronation, as well as during the royal banquet. While the king was receiving and returning the sword of Charlemagne, several prayers were said. In one of them, God was entreated that the holy monasteries might experience the king's bounty; that his favours might be spread among the great of the kingdom; that the dew of heaven, and the fatness of earth, might furnish in his dominions an inexhaustible plenteousness of corn, wine, oil, and all kinds of fruit; so that, under his reign, the people might enjoy uninterrupted health, &c

'When these prayers were finished, the officiating prelate opened the Holy Ampulla, and let a small quantity of oil drop from it, and this he diluted with some consecrated oil, called holy cream. The king prostrated himself before the altar upon a large square of violet-coloured velvet, embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis, the old archbishop Duke of Rheims being also prostrated on his right hand, and remained in that lowly posture until the conclusion of the litanies chanted by four bishops alternately with the choir. The following versicle occurs in those litanies:—

'*Ut dominum apostolicum et omnes gradus ecclesiæ in sancta religione conservare digneris.* (That it may please thee to keep the sovereign pontiff and all the orders of the church in thy holy religion).

'At the end of the litanies, the Archbishop of Rheims placed himself in his chair, and the king, kneeling down before him, was anointed upon the crown of the head, the breast, between the two shoulders, upon the right shoulder, the left, upon the joint of the right arm, and upon that of the left arm; at the same time the prelate pronounced certain prayers, the substance of which was as follows: "May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." A little farther on, these words occur among the prayers: "May he never abandon his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mercians, people of the north, and the Cimbri."

'An anonymous author says, that by the word Cimbri is meant the kingdom of England, over which our kings expressly reserve their indisputable rights, from the time of Louis VIII. upon whom it was conferred by the free election of the people who had driven out John Sans Terre.

'After the seven anointings, the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by the Bishops of Laon and Beauvais, laced up with gold laces the openings of the king's shirt and waistcoat, and he, rising, was invested by the great chamberlain with the tunic, dalmatic, and royal mantle, lined and edged with ermine: these vestments are of violet velvet, embroidered with gold and fleurs de lis, and represent the dresses of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest: a synbol, doubtless, by which the clergy seek to prove their union with the royal power. The king placed himself upon his knees again before the officiating archbishop, who made the eighth unction upon the palm of the right hand, and the ninth and last upon that of the left; he afterwards placed a ring upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as a type of unlimited power, and of the intimate union thenceforward to reign between the king and his people. The archbishop then took the royal sceptre from off the altar, and put it into the king's right hand, and afterwards the hand of justice, which he put into the left hand The sceptre is of gold, enamelled and ornamented with oriental pearls: it may be about six feet in height. Upon it is represented, in relief, Charlemagne, with the globe in his hand, seated in a chair of state, ornamented with two lions and two eagles. The hand of justice is a staff of massive gold, only one foot and a half in length, adorned with rubies and pearls, and terminated by a hand formed of ivory, or rather of the horn of a unicorn; and it has, at regular distances, three circles of leaves sparkling with pearls, garnets, and other precious stones.

'At length, however, we came to a period when the clergy cease to arrogate to themselves the right of conferring his supremacy upon the king. The keeper of the seals of France, officiating as chancellor, ascended the altar, and; placing himself by the side of the Gospels, turning his face towards the choir, summoned the peers to the coronation, in the following words: "Monsieur, representing the Duke of Burgundy, come forward to this act," &c. &c. The peers having approached the king, the Archbishop of Rheims took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, which had been brought from St. Denis, and placed it upon the king's head; immediately the ecclesiastical and lay peers raised their hands to support it there—a truly noble and expressive allegory, but which would be much more accurate, if delegated from the people, also in the same emblematical spirit, sustained the crown. In one of the prayers at this part of the ceremony, an oriental expression of great energy is made use of: "May the king have the strength of the rhinoceros; and may he, like a rushing wind, drive before him the nations of our enemies, even to the extremity of the earth." The crown of Charlemagne, which is preserved in the treasury of the abbey of St. Denis, is of gold, and enriched with rubies and sapphires: it is lined with a crimson satin cap, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a golden fleur de lis, covered with thirty-six oriental pearls.

'After these various ceremonies, the Archbishop Duke of Rheims took the king by the right arm, and, followed by the peers and all the officers of the crown, led him to the throne raised upon a platform, where he seated him, reciting the enthroning prayers. In the first of these, it is said: "As you see the clergy nearer than the rest of the faithful to the holy altars, so ought you to take care and maintain it in the most honourable place." On concluding the prayers prescribed for the occasion, the prelate took off his mitre, made a profound bow to the king, and kissed him, saying, '*Vivat Rex in æternum*" (may the king live for ever!) The other ecclesiastical and lay peers also kissed the king, one after the other, and, as soon as they were returned to their places, the gates of the church were opened; the people rushed in, in a mass, and instantly made the roofs resound with shouts of, "Long live the king!" which were re-echoed by the crowd of persons en-

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gaged in the ceremony, who filled the enclosure of the choir like an amphitheatre; an irresistibl le impulse gave rise to a clapping of hands, which became general; the grandees, the court, the people, animated by the same enthusiasm, expressed it in the same manner.

'The queen, exceedingly affected, could not withstand the impression it made upon her, and was obliged to withdraw for a short time. When she made her reappearance, she, in her turn, received a similar homage to that offered by the nation to the king.

'While all resounded with exclamations of joy, the fowlers, according to a very ancient usage, set at liberty in the church a number of birds, which, in recovering their freedom, expressed the effusion of the monarch's favours upon the people, and that men are never more truly free than under the reign of an enlightened, just, and beneficent prince.'

ORIGINAL.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

'If I could not do better, I would fasten my affections upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress with which to connect myself; I would court their shade, cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and, when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.*'

Whether it was reading this passage frequently in early life, when the tender and romantic, in every sentiment, finds an answering chord in the bosom; or whether the personal merits of the objects inspired our passions, we will not venture to affirm: but it is certain we have, for the last nine years, had a peculiar preference and glowing admiration for two noble chestnut-trees, and, under every varying circumstance, have not failed to visit them during that period; especially at those times when their annual luxuriance of beauty rendered them the more impressive. We have creeped in a state of so much weakness thither, as to leave little reason to suppose our homage would ever be again renewed; we have gone under such oppression of spirits, from sorrow and misfortune, as to prove that we looked to them for consolation; and we have visited them also in days of health and hope, with imagination afloat in our minds, and benevolence warming our hearts, as if we were capable of bestowing that emotion of pleasure upon *them* which they had so often imparted to us. It will be evident to every person of feeling, that objects which have necessarily awakened in us that pure devotion which, in contemplating all objects of natural grandeur and beauty, leads us 'from nature up to nature's God,'—that spring of fancy which is the youth of the soul, and that tone of affection which leads the heart, in its general good-will, to embrace even inanimate nature, have no slight hold on memory and sensibility. It will be, therefore, no way surprising that, on Saturday morning, when our labours were passed, and the sun shining gloriously even into the narrow streets and sequestered studies of the city, we determined hastily to set out on a pilgrimage to our beloved trees, which we rightly adjudged would be arrayed in all their charms to receive us—charms which we are so far from desiring to be our exclusive property, that we heartily wish every luckless wight, imprisoned by pen and paper, could share them with us.

Under the delightful influences of hope and expectation, and that agitation of spirits which is the prelude to calmness, we made the best of our way to Piccadilly, and achieved a piece of good fortune in procuring the one vacant place afforded by that constantly-loaded vehicle, a Richmond coach. All good luck (were it even the gathering a pin at the moment when we have need of one) has an agreeable effect, and this circumstance increased our sense of pleasure in the velocity of conveyance, and the universal spread of summer and its numerous beauties. The sky was warm, the air bland and refreshing, and, where it met our cheek after sweeping the blue bosom of the rippling Thames, absolutely invigorating. On every side, flowers, shrubs, and trees, were loaded with foliage, rich with perfume, and, as we thought, more beautiful than we had ever beheld them. It is certain that few years, in our memory, have been equally luxuriant, and none ever exceeded the present.

In due time we arrived at Richmond,—busy, gay, idle, active Richmond. Surely, in the days when it was 'Royal Sheen,' it never shone with more brilliancy; for the streets were full of carriages and pedestrians, the river studded with boats, the gardens blooming with gay parterres, and the whole scene full of that lively bustle and careless saintering which belong to the wealth and splendour of village aristocracy. It was, however, too much like that which we had left, to supply us with that which we wanted; and, after alighting near the bridge, we pursued our way up the hill, and then trod, with fondly-gazing looks, down the woody road to Petersham.

Every step, even in this populous neighbourhood, drew us farther from the haunts of men, yet without for a moment diminishing the cheerfulness of the scene; on the contrary, we attained solitude without gloom, and the majesty of nature without its severer features. We had neither mountains nor rocks, the vastness of sterile wilds, nor the awfulness of abrupt precipices; but there was a calm sense of magnificence impressed on the mind, from the actual perfection of the scene, so far as it went. The gentle green slope, on which the light flickered among the shadows of ancient and lofty trees, the distant catches of the shining river, and the universal music of the groves, uninterrupted by any sound that was not in perfect unison, enabled us to feel that we were now indeed in the country. Our eyes reposed on that emerald green, which at once gratifies and improves the power of vision; our soul inhaled the united sense of freedom and of serenity, and gave itself up to that reality of enjoyment which, in its delicious dreaminess, its fulness of comfort and admiration, sometimes becomes oppressive from its own intensity, and approaches to a soft voluptuous melancholy.

This emotion at least overtook us when, having passed the princely purlieus of Petersham, we entered the stately avenues of Ham House, and felt still more cut out of the common society and occupations of life, from being surrounded with trees beneath whose shade generations long passed away have walked and gazed with sensations resembling our own. There is nothing, in the whole range of this delightful district, so striking, so interesting, as this house and its environs, for it presents us a picture, more perfect than even Hampton Palace, of the taste of the times in which it was the favourite retreat of royalty, the focus of that wit and gaiety which surrounded the second Charles as his proper atmosphere. Perhaps we the rather affix this character to it, because it is forbidden to penetrate beyond the exterior; and its noble terraces, unbroken lines, and gigantic avenues, stimulate while they gratify our curiosity. It is certain that we ourselves revert to a visit once made to this house with more pleasure than any other place of this description, and more earnestly desire to renew it.

Emerging from these walks of vegetable Gothic, the 'long-drawn aisles' and 'dim religious light' of these cathedral groves, the Thames flowed gracefully at our feet, the old tower of Twickenham rose to the left on his opposite banks, and to the right a beautiful copse of Arbele poplars in the pleasure-grounds of Sir George Pococke; whilst, at some distance below, our own beloved chestnuts, our Statiron and Roxana, beamed on the enraptured eye. We lost no time in crossing the ferry, and never saw the softened beams of the descending sun sleep on a finer mirror than the river presented. The distant hill of Richmond, the villas on the bank to which we were hastening, the streaming yellow flowers of the libernum, the rich purple or snowy white of the lilacs, the perfume of countless maythorn blossoms, the softer odour of the lime-trees, the swift motion of light pleasure-boats, or the soft gliding of larger vessels, gave altogether a scene of such exquisite beauty of combinations in gaiety and tranquillity, as were, indeed, of power 'to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium.'

When we had landed within half a mile of the objects of our search, and which we had approached by a circuit of five times that distance, we hastened forward by a quicker step, and passed many objects of much merit with little attention, until we reached that beautiful green terrace on the Middlesex side, which brought us immediately to the subjects in question. Why we delayed our pleasure, by making that the last which was ostensibly and actually the first thing in our thoughts, we shall not attempt to inquire; but we presume that many lovers know there is sweetness in delay, and some can doubtlessly perceive the delicacy of our incense, in reserving to the last that supereminent admiration which, after passing so many that were excellent, could yet, with equal constancy and fervour, lavish upon these the most precious sacrifice.

Yes! in the front of Marble Hall, where

* Yorick's Sentimental Journey.

they were planted by the hands of Pope himself, stood my noble trees, in all the freshness of youth and the perfection of maturity; tier above tier rose their pink pyramidal flowers, forming each a mountain of sweets, on which birds and insects innumerable found a rich and luxuriant abode, on which every passing eye gazed with delight, every tongue dilated in praise.

It was evening, and, if we loitered till the last songs of the thrush and the blackbird had ceased, and till the very flowers closed their bright eyes in repose;—if, with lingering and pensive step, by the light of a new but most brilliant moon, we then pursued our way to Richmond, scarcely noticing the loveliest of all cottages, formed, half a century ago, by the taste of Lady Diana Beauclerc; or that sweetest of all dwellings, built, not a year ago, by the Venerable Archdeacon Cambridge,—let it not be imputed to us as an error. We had quitted once more the dear unchanged friends, the blooming objects of our fond fantasy; we had renewed 'thoughts too deep for tears,' the memory of days and of feelings that were passed, of thoughts registered in other worlds, and of kind and generous spirits that are there also. We had drunk deep of the cup of 'sweet and bitter,' but yet of most endeared recollection; and a lonely walk, a composing cup of tea, and a quiet chamber, were become necessary for us.

Yet may we venture to end the account of our little pilgrimage to these chestnut Hamadriads in the language of him we adopted to begin it:—'Believe us, gentle reader, a man may do many a worse thing, and find much less pleasure in the doing of it, than in matching a few hours from the toils and anxieties, the idle cares, and harrassing vanities of life, to visit two fair trees, and in bestowing on them flattery which will never injure, and distinction which will never mislead.'

B.

MIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VI.

To combine the *utile* with the *dulci*, and to convey moral instruction while his principal aim seems to be merely to amuse, have ever been the objects of the dramatic satirist; at least, if we may credit those who have written so much respecting the beneficial influence of the stage. It is the successful exposure of the reigning follies, foibles, and extravagancies, of the day, that confers such a value on the admirable performances of our friend, Charles Mathews: we go merely to laugh, and we return with our minds stored with philosophy—not the musty, formal philosophy of the schools, but the philosophy of real life, and of the world, in which we actually exist; which, be it observed, is as preferable to the former species as the lawful coin of the realm is to rusty medals. The latter are of no value, except in the eyes of the antiquary; whereas the former is one of the indispensables of every-day life. Mr. Mathews's entertainments are never barren of instruction of this kind; and he must be allowed to have effected more by his pleasantry than more serious and more earnest advisers have been able to do with all their oratory. It was, therefore, with no small satisfaction that we found him lately directing the keen shafts of his ridicule against a failing so much the more dangerous because it comes to us in the garb of virtue; and because it is one, too, that was so notoriously gaining ground, as to threaten to prove one of the most pernicious scourges to society—we allude to that extreme, and we may add that unnatural, and fanatical, and outrageous passion for charity, which he has so ably and so deservedly lashed, in the character of Mrs. Chyle. Our country readers may, perhaps, stare, and imagine that we are jesting with them; but we can assure them that we were never more serious. They little conceive the height to which the mania for charity had risen in this metropolis, or how it was spreading, with all the fury of an epidemic; they are not aware that it was becoming the fashion for ladies to cut up all their husbands' shirts into rags for the poor, or to starve their own families while they distributed loads of good victuals to idle vagabonds: and, not knowing this, they may be pardoned if they feel little surprise that he should have selected such a propensity as the object of his ridicule. But we, who know that the portrait he thus exposed is not in the least exaggerated, and that it is not the portrait of one, or two, or three individuals, but of thousands and tens of thousands,—we, who know that it was becoming the fashion for women to impoverish their husbands, starve their children, and, in short, turn the whole world upside down by their extravagant charities, feel that the satirist who boldly stepped forward to expose this extraordinary mania in all its horrors, and to stem the current of folly, deserves a civic crown at the hands of his fellow-citizens, and, after his death, a statue in St. Paul's, by the side of the benevolent Howard. Yes, truly philanthropic was the design of rescuing so many families from a frenzy as fatal and as ruinous as that which leads to the gaming-table! To such a dreadfully alarming pitch had this preposterous passion risen, that it absolutely threatened to break down all the barriers of society, and to sweep away all the elegancies and charms of fashionable life. Milliners and dressmakers began to find that their business was stagnated, for ladies were too much employed in making clothes for the poor to think of dressing themselves. It was actually become the rage for people of ton to congregate in Newgate, where they seemed to have established their favourite rendezvous; and both Hyde Park and Bond Street were deserted for the Old Bailey, almost the only place where an equipage was to be seen. Instead of purchasing Cashmires, they ruined their husbands in buying blankets for charitabled istribution; and—we have it from very good authority, as the newspapers say—Everington was actually on the point of giving away his India shawls, and laying in a stock of the latter unsightly articles, when Mathews gave the contents of his Memorandum-Book to the public, and held up to deserved ridicule those ultra-charitable ladies, who, out of their regard for the poor, render their own husbands shirtless and dinnerless. Besides, it was high time that some stop should be put to the strange sympathy and commiseration that was displaying itself towards that portion of the community that were enjoyings lodging at the public expense within the walls of our prisons. 'Why,' asked sensible people, 'should reform be principally directed towards those who are suffering the penalty of their ill-conduct, and who have injured society? Why not, first of all, attempt to reform those out of prison; or wherefore should you attempt to render our prisons the abodes of morality?' These and similar questions might, perhaps, have been thus answered:—'Do you, who think that moral reform ought to begin in other quarters, and who, doubtlessly, are as earnest in the cause of improvement as we ourselves, apply yourselves strenuously to that which you conceive us to have neglected. Do you, who seem so seriously to lament that we are beginning reform at the wrong end, instead of sitting, with your hands before you, whining at our errors, hasten to correct them; and, depend upon it, there will be work enough for us all.' Such might have been a very fair reply to those cavillers who, without attempting to do anything themselves, are angry with others because they do not attempt to accomplish everything, and who would be equally angry with them if they were to do so. If a man sets about correcting the habits of his poorer neighbours, and endeavours to render them more industrious and more moral, he is instantly assailed with a thousand reproaches: 'Why does he not, first of all, attempt to reform the vices of the rich? Why should not a poor man be allowed to ruin himself at a gin-shop, and bring his family upon the parish? Why should we attempt to pull down places of low profligacy and debauchery—why affect to be rigid censors towards the lower orders alone, while in high life vices may riot as it pleases?' Now these are doubtlessly very sensible and incontrovertible arguments, and perfectly satisfy us that, until we can effect a simultaneous and equal reform throughout all ranks and grades of society, we ought to attempt it in none. You cannot go into the gallery of a connoisseur, and say, 'This picture is rather too luxurious; that dance of Bacchanalians is somewhat gross; that undraped statue is a nudity that ought not to be tolerated.' You cannot say this, and insist upon their being given up as unchaste and immoral objects. Therefore, it is no more than just that you should tolerate grossly indecent and obscene caricatures, publicly exposed at a shop-window. You cannot prevent a scholar from reading Martial or Petronius; therefore it would be highly unjust to attempt to prohibit such edifying publications as the Rambler's Magazine, and retail cheap obscenity for the mob, which is so admirably adapted to vitiate the minds of your own domestics. It is evident that, in order to be consistent, if we cannot put down vice everywhere and in every shape, we ought not to attempt to put it down at all, but rather to place it as much within the reach of the lowest as of the highest. Unless we can put a stop to waltzing, masked

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balls, and flirtations in high life, it is the height of injustice to suppress country fairs, or to affect to be more chary of the morals of servant-girls, milliners' apprentices, and country wenches, than of those of our female nobility and ladies of ton. If a duchess may sip her *liqueurs*, why should we be disgusted at seeing an oyster-woman dead drunk with indulging in *blue ruin?* If a nobleman is allowed to run horses at Newmarket, why should not the lower orders be indulged in the brutal sports of cock-fighting and badger-hunting? Surely, the low, the ignorant, and the vulgar, have as much right to be depraved, vicious, and immoral, as the greatest lord or most accomplished gentleman in the land. Consequently, until we can correct the vices of the upper and middling classes of society, every attempt to check profligacy in the lower orders ought to be scouted as a vile and odious species of tyranny. Every real patriot and defender of our liberties must acknowledge that vice ought to be as unrestricted as the air we breathe. Is it the birthright of only privileged orders?—Most assuredly not. Either, therefore, let our moral reformers direct their labours equally against the high as well as the low, or desist from them altogether. What monstrous tyranny is it in them to school only the inhabitants of prisons and poor-houses, when they have not a reproof to utter against the well-bred sinners that are to be found in many a fashionable drawing-room!

We find that we have rambled rather oddly from the topic with which we commenced our paper, but cannot now well return to it, except by here publicly repeating our gratitude to Charles Mathews for the truly public-spirited manner in which he has exposed an evil, which, but for him, many would never have suspected to exist: many, it is evident to all the world, are too Quixotic in the cause of morality, but few had any idea that excessive charity was one of the prevalent enormities of the present day.

CANALS IN THE NETHERLANDS—PROPOSED ALTERATION OF THE COURSE OF THE SCHELDT.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—The public mind in the Netherlands is much occupied at this moment with the numerous improvements actually in progress, or projecting, to increase the navigation, and to give an impulse to the commerce of the country: on all sides one hears of little else than the making of sea-ports, the construction of docks, the excavating of canals, or the formation of new *chaussée* (paved roads); whilst the activity of thousands of labourers prove the vigour with which the objects commenced are proceeding.

The grandest of these undertakings may be considered the Canal d'Antoing, now cutting between Mons and Tournay, and that of Terpeuze, also in a state of forwardness, which is to connect the city of Ghent with the sea, and, consequently, to render it a formidable rival sea-port with that of Antwerp. As the former of these undertakings has led to a serious misunderstanding between the governments of the Netherlands and France, excites considerable interest, and may probably lead to events of incalculable importance, I shall enter somewhat largely on the subject; and, as it is intimately connected with the navigation of the Scheldt, shall, for the purposes of elucidation, trace, from a map, as far as may be necessary, the course of that river. Its source is in the neighbourhood of Honnecourt, department of Cambray, in France; and in the vicinity of Cambray are considerable contributary streams. Its course is, from thence, through Buchain, Valenciennes, Condé, to the village of Maude, where the Scarpe River falls into it, and from thence crosses the French frontier, and proceeds towards Tournay. At Condé, a branch of the Scheldt stretches out towards Mons, crossing the French frontiers at Nieuville. It is in the neighbourhood of Mons, and, consequently, on this branch of the Scheldt, that exist all the extensive coal-mines of the Netherlands; and, as there is no other water navigation from thence but by the Scheldt, it is evident, as a glance on the map will fully demonstrate, that the craft intended for the interior of the Netherlands must necessarily pass the French frontiers, through Condé, to re-enter the Netherlands, near the village of Maude, and descend the Scheldt to Tournay; and it has been the custom of the French to exact a duty on the coals so passing through Condé. This, although long established, naturally gave rise to the project of cutting a canal from the neighbourhood of the Pits to St. Autoing, to join the main Scheldt a little above Tournay, by which the circuitous route through the French territory, and the French duty, might be avoided. The scheme is of ancient date; and it may well be said, in this case, that 'delays are dangerous:' for the French appear to have taken advantage of the circumstance to the fullest extent. The work was, however, at length commenced, about twelve months ago, and has proceeded with such rapidity, that, although six leagues in length, it is already considered more than half finished.

We now come to the point of dissension between the two governments: the French, displeased at the innovation which deprives France of a duty and navigation established for centuries, now avows the design, which they seem to have had long in contemplation, of turning the course of the Scheldt, so that it may disembogue at Dunkirk.

It is evident that, although only now avowed, this project is by no means a new one: to be assured of the fact, one has only to trace on a map the canals that have been cutting for years past, and are now bringing to perfection, from the Scheldt, at Cambray, to Douay, to Bethune, to Acre, to St. Omer, and Dunkirk, and little will be found wanting to complete the object. The closing of the Scheldt, after it is joined by the Scarpe, at Maude, or the closing of both the rivers, within the fortified towns of Condé and St. Amant, and opening the sluices to allow the discharge of the waters by the new canals upon Dunkirk, with some few necessary precautions, render the completion of the work one of great facility, and would contribute to make the port of Dunkirk one of the finest in that part of France, instead of its remaining, as it has done, choked up with mud, or cleansed occasionally, at an enormous expense to the country. Nor is this all: the whole system of defence so long practised and calculated upon in the Netherlands, the inundating system, would be, if not entirely impracticable, at least very doubtful in its execution; not to say what would be the result to the inland navigation of the country, which, in summer, is already impeded, in some districts, for want of water.

On the other hand, the government of the Netherlands, already aware of the important consequences that would attend such a measure, are not only projecting, but have actually entered into engagements for the canalizing of the Scheldt and Lys Rivers,—that is, by locks, to keep up the back waters, as much as possible, in every direction, from the frontiers, even to the port of Antwerp.

Ghent, May 16, 1825. J. B*.

THE DRAMA.

THE benefits having commenced at both the winter theatres, further novelties are not to be expected. At Drury-Lane Theatre, however, a new farce, called *Grandpapa*, was produced on Wednesday night, and, though unequivocally condemned by the audience, was repeated on the following evening; but the boxes and benches got thinner every minute of its performance. With a senseless plot it combines a pointless dialogue, and we should as soon have expected to see Terry spouting fire at Bartholomew fair, in the shape of a green dragon, like Elkanah Settle, as to find him submitting to play the character assigned to him in this farce.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Shakspeare's *As you Like it* has been extremely well played at this theatre, during the week. Madame Vestris is a very animated Rosalind, and she is admirably supported by Dowton's Touchstone, and the talents of Mrs Humby, a lady who must be domiciliated on the London stage.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—Mathews has begun to talk of last nights; and the theatre, in consequence, is crowded every time he appears; but this, indeed, it has been all the season, and yet his admirers are neither exhausted nor satiated. Nothing, we presume, but the commencement of the regular season at this house, would interrupt a career so successful.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SWEET FIFTEEN.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

How clear our sky at sweet fifteen,
How all-delightful life's young joy!
No sorrows cloud the sunny scene,
Save the brief sorrows of a day!—

* We feel much obliged to our intelligent correspondent, at Ghent, for his interesting account of meditated changes of so much importance, and shall be happy to receive the further information he so kindly promises.—Ed.

sorrows which, as the summer shower
But chastens Flora's latent smile,
Weigh down Hope's first, Youth's fairest flower,
Yet bid its leaves expand the while;
For not e'en Sorrow's mournful mein
Can chill Hope's flower at sweet fifteen.

Let stoics praise the riper joys
Of manhood—when they come, 'tis well;—
I love the smile no care alloys,
The smile youth's bosom alone can tell.
I love to seek the hawthorn hedge
Where violets breathe their sweet perfume,
Or wander by the lake's green sedge
And mark the yellow iris bloom—
For they recall each fairy scene
I used to love at sweet fifteen.

Who can those golden hours forget?
Who has not own'd, in after-life,
When Hope's bright ray in tears hath set,
Veil'd by the tempest-clouds of strife—
Who has not own'd how pure a bliss
Was his ere manhood bade him leave
His rural bower—his Delia's kiss—
To smile by day, by night to grieve!
Who has not own'd it had not seen
The hours I saw at sweet fifteen.

Those hours are past, and other cares
And other pursuits claim me now—
A wife my hopes, my sorrows, shares,
And gids or clouds a parent's brow.
Oh! it is sweet to gaze upon
And mark the infant's smiling face—
To list each fond endearing tone,
And all a mother's features trace!
This has indeed a solace been
For the lost joys of sweet fifteen.

Time has been when I joyed to twine
The rose around the lily's stem,
Or trained the prurient eglantine,
And smiled, and only thought of *them*.
But now see now far fairer flowers
Than those my careful hand once deck'd—
As they entwine the summer bowers,
My *arms* her tender form protect;
And, oh! may each bloom fair and green
As either bloom'd at sweet fifteen!

Mine's now the weightier task, 'to teach
The young idea how to shoot'—
To watch each mental blossom, each
Spring-frost that else might chill the root:
Yet, Sylvia, yet how few there are
That train the tree as nature shows—
Hence, all unpruned and void of care,
Instead of fruit, behold! but boughs:
For better such had never been
But what they were at sweet fifteen.

Then let us not repine, for,—tho'
Youth and its joys are fled, are past—
We're like the sailor at the prow,
Who guides a port when tempest toss'd.
For, tho' the storms of life may rage,
They rage in vain for thee and me;—
Each other's arms—our port—asylum
The billowy waves, while thrice and free
Our children laugh and smile, I ween,
As we once smil'd at sweet fifteen.

Temple, May 15th, 1825.

LITERATURE AWD SCIENCE.

MARMADUKE, a tale, in three volumes, is on the eve of publication.

The Entaedfod, or Meeting of the Welsh Bards and Minstrels, took place at Freemasons' Tavern on Monday last, and was attended by a numerous and brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. Several well-executed airs, glees, &c were given by Miss Carew, Master Parry, Atkins, Collyer, Miss George, Master Smith. Between the first and second parts of the concert, the prize medals were distributed to the successful candidates. A medal was also given to Mr. John Parry, editor of the Welsh Melodies, 'as a tribute to his eminent services, in preserving the national music of Wales, and in rendering it attractive to the world.'

We learn by letters from Paris, that a contract has been concluded with the French government, by certain individuals, for making a road between Vincennes and Vitry, on the *systeme Mac Adam*, as it is called in the official documents. Thus Mr. M'Adam is really to have the honour of giving his name to the continental roads, as he has already done to those of our own islands. This is indeed to become a Colossus of *Roads!* In fact, our imitative neighbours, the French, seem resolved to adopt all our improvements. They have already steam-boats, gas-works, and much of our machinery. Suspension-bridges are erecting. Then, as to rail-ways, a company, at the head of which are the great bankers Lafitte, Lapanouse, Mallets, André, and Cottier, has just been formed for the purpose of constructing these useful modes of transport, in any part of France where they may be required. There are two thousand shares, of 5,000 francs (£200.) each; and it is understood, that the first attempt will be to form a railway from Rouen to Paris. Here, however, there will be a competition, for another company, which has a *brevet d'importation* for Thompson's principle, has engaged to carry goods from Rouen to Paris (seventy-five miles) in twelve hours. Probably the French ministers may next session apply to the Chambers for a law authorizing the government to engage for the construction of rail-roads, with such companies as may offer the most advantageous terms to the public. It is evident from the eagerness with which monied men of all parties in France, and the best information, engage in undertakings for the success of which peace is indispensable, that they all calculate the peace of Europe is not likely to be disturbed; and the late financial measures of the French government coincide to prove the justice of this expectation.

The modern literary fancy, if it may not be dignified with the term literary pursuit, of collecting autographs, has, within the last twenty years, very considerably increased in importance, and, from occasionally giving interest to the glazed leaves of a lady's album, has now obtained character and place for a distinct portfolio in the gentleman's study. The sale of occasional collections has, from time to time, announced to the public an increasing value of those literary bijoutry. But we are not aware of any collection so large, curious, and valuable, being sold publicly as the 'Manuscript Historical Documents' announced, by Mr. Sotheby, for sale next month. As this collection was made in Holland, it must be expected to be formed principally of the productions of foreigners; yet amidst their high nightinesses are intermingled our Queen Elizabeth, King James, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, Charles I. Queen Henrietta Maria, King William, the Earl of Essex, Sir Henry Vane, the Dukes of Albemarle and Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and the most distinguished foreigners, from Louis XIV. down to Madame de Stael.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Crantz, in his History of Greenland, gives the following simple and beautiful reasoning on the belief of a Deity, in a conversation between a Greenlander and a Danish missionary:—'It is true,' says the Greenlander, 'we were ignorant heathens, and knew little of a God till you came: but you must not imagine that no Greenlander thinks about these things. A kajak (a boat) with all its tackle and implements, cannot exist but by the labour of man, and one who does not understand it would spoil it. But the meanest bird requires more skill than the best kajak, and no man can make a bird. There is still more skill required to make a man: by whom then was he made? He proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents. Whence did they proceed? Common report says they grew out of the earth: if so, why do not men still grow out of the earth? and from whence came the earth itself, the sun, the moon, and the stars? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things—a Being more wise than the wisest of men.' B. B.

HUMOROUS EPITAPHS.

ON THE PARSON OF THE PARISH.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For, sure, if he'd lived, he had buried us all.

ON A COLLAR-MAKER'S WIFE.

Here lies Anne Carter,
Wife of John Carter,
Who slipt her neck out of the collar
Mensis Mali 6, Anno 1728.

ON STEPHEN, THE FIDDLER.

Old Time and Stephen now are even,—
Stephen beat time, and Time has beat Stephen.

ON A LAWYER.

God works wonders now and then—
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.

ON PETER RANDOLPH.

Here lies Randolph Peter,
Of Oriel, the eater;

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The review of the Supplement to Pope's work, and the second notice of Bayley's History of the Tower, are deferred to our next, when J. W.'s Defence of Dramatic Entertainment shall appear.

The 'Village Bells' do not exactly chime with our taste.

Owing to the carelessness of our good friend, Asmodeus, whose hand-writing is not the most easily deciphered, or to some other cause, no matter what, his lines on the reception of the Duke of Northumberland at Calais, in his last ramble, were not correctly printed. The second verse should read thus:—

'The cause, perhaps, we may explain—
In war, our shot to France we freely gave;
But took her cannon—few remain,
And those she wisely wants to save.'

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon	Weather
May 20	46	58	50	30 24	Fair.
.... 21	46	64	50	.. 20	Do.
.... 22	51	68	55	.. 10	Do.
.... 23	57	74	60	29 95	Do.
.... 24	60	68	55	.. 80	Do.
.... 25	56	66	56	.. 66	Do.
.... 26	55	57	46	.. 70	Cloudy.

Works published since our last notice.—Memoirs of Madame de Hausset, 7s 6d.—Rennell's Sermons, 12s.—Twenty-ninth of May, 3 vols 18s.—Ritson's Life of King Arthur, 10s.—Napoleon's Conversations with Canova, 4s.—Dissertation on the Nature of Value, 7s. 6d.—Outlines to Shakspeare's Tempest, 12 plates, 8s.—Mussenburgh, a tale, 3 vols. 21s.—Pennington's Tour through Europe, 2 vols 30s.—Maps and Plans, illustrative of Herodotus, 10s 6d.—Characters and Opinions, or the Blue Book, 10s. 6d.

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS to MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. (Dedicated by permission, to the King). The Third Part of this work is now ready. The subjects of the plates, in the quarto edition, are, Satan presiding at the Infernal Council, and Sin preventing the Conflict between Satan and Death; and, in the octavo edition, The Conflict between Satan and Death and Heaven, The Rivers of Bliss, &c.

Published by Septimus Prowett, 23, Old Bond Street.

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A Collection of above three thousand Pieces relative to Political Events, from 1700 to 1738, written in French to Jean Vanden Bergh, Deputy of the States General of the United Provinces; Two Volumes, comprising above one hundred and sixty Letters, written to William the First, Prince of Orange, the Archduke Mathias (afterwards Emperor), Maximilian de Bossu, Montmorency de Montigny (assassinated by Philip the Second), and others, from 1572 to 1583.

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W. LINTON, Secretary.

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See also La Belle Assemblée, Literary Chronicle, News of Literature, &c. &c.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
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Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 316. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Supplemental Volume to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq., printed from the Original Manuscripts; containing a considerable Addition to his Private Correspondence. The whole accompanied by Notes, Explanatory, Biographical, and Literary. 8vo. pp. 195. London, 1825. Hearne.

While Mr. Bowles has been labouring most industriously to hunt out peccadillos in the moral character of Pope, which a Byron and a Roscoe have so well defended, another gentleman has been more profitably employed in collecting those scattered fragments of his correspondence which had hitherto eluded the research of all previous inquirers on the subject, however industrious they might have been,—and we by no means deny them that merit, whatever other claim they may make.

There is, perhaps, no portion of a man's writings which so accurately displays his real character as his correspondence with his friends; as an author, he may disguise opinions, suppress feelings, and conceal defects; but in his letters he throws himself on his friends, and appears what he really is, not what he may pretend to be. The epistolary correspondence of a man brings us home to his fireside, and exhibits him as little under restraint of mind as he is of body in his dressing-gown and slippers. We were never more struck with the contrast between the general character of an individual, as manifested in his works and actions, and in his correspondence, than in the case of the letters of the witty Earl of Rochester. In the former he appeared nothing but the voluntary libertine both in mind and habit, and yet his letters to his wife and son showed that he was a kind husband and an affectionate father, and that he was rather led into irregularities by his associates, than indulging in them of his own free will. But we are straying from the volume to which our attention ought to be directed.

The public is by no means unacquainted with the epistolary correspondence of Pope, of which much has been published—sufficient indeed not to fatigue the reader, but to make him anxious to lose nothing that can throw a light on the character, mind, and heart of one of the first of British poets. The real character of an author, we repeat, is not always to be found in his writings, and we cannot, as the editor of this volume observes, correctly draw our inferences of the poet's heart from the ingenuities of his head—hence the value of the private letters of men in determining their character.

The letters now given to the public are, we believe, gleaned from the manuscripts in the British Museum and other places: they are printed with great correctness (which is more than can be said of the former correspondence of Pope) and with strict attention to the orthography. In these letters, and the ingenious notes by which they are accompanied, 'many circumstances, hitherto unknown, concerning literary characters, are pointed out; several errors, previously relied on as truths by the highest authorities, are corrected; and some secret traits of biography are elicited, which throw important lights upon that material branch of literary knowledge and national inquiry.'

The work divides itself into five parts: the first consists of letters from Rowe, Steele, Gay, Arbuthnot, Jervas, &c.; the second of letters between Pope and Lords Bolingbroke, Bath, Harcourt, Peterborough, Bathurst, &c.; the third, letters relating to Pope's translation of Homer, from various literary men; the fourth, letters from the Blount family, with a member of which Mr. Bowles is so anxious to connect Pope; the fifth, miscellaneous letters from and to Pope; and, lastly, some fragments of poetry. The editor, who, we understand, is a very young man, but of a family decidedly literary, appears to be most intimately acquainted with Pope and his times, and his notes are really both curious and valuable. Pope sometimes wrote memoranda on the letters of his friends: thus, on a letter from Sir Richard Steele, in which he says he has no right to claim honour done to his essay (on Criticism), but will introduce him to the author, Pope has written a remark, that Addison was the author. With these observations, which some of our readers will, perhaps, think might have been more limited, we proceed to quote a few extracts from the work before us. The first letter is from Nicholas Rowe to Pope:—

'*To Mr. Pope, att Mr. Jervas's, in Cleaveland Court by St. James's House, or 13, att Button's Coffee House, in Covent Garden.*

'*Thursday, Aug. 20th*, 1713.

'Dear Sir,—I don't know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than your's. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, tho' I can give you nothing but the aforesaid mutton, and a cup of ale. It is but a little mile from Fox-hall, and you don't know how much you will oblige your most affectionate and faithfull

'humble servant,

'N. Rowe.'

The next letter is from Sir Godfrey Kneller to Pope; it contains nothing remarkable[1] in itself, but it is rendered so by Pope's[2] additions:—

'Dear Friend,—I find them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and aught to be near a fier severall days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend 'em. It would be pity they should take dust. Jenny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when reddy, and I am (giving my humble and hearty service to your dear mother)

'* [Dear Mr. Pope],

'Your most sincere,

'[and in reality humble]

'[and faithfull] servant,

'G. Kneller.'

The letters to and from the nobility show how sensible the latter were of the merits of Pope, and with what familiarity he and they treated each other. The following, from the social Allen Lord Bathurst, displays a mixture of good breeding and true friendship:—

'*To Alexander Pope, Esq.*

'Sr,—I will not fail to attend Mrs. Howard upon Marble Hill next tuesday, but Lady Bathurst is not able to come at this time, wch is no small mortification to her. I hope I shall perswade John Gay & yu to come hither to me, for I really think such a wintry sumer as this shou'd be past altogether in Society by a Chimney-corner, but I believe I shou'd not lie if I assured yu yt I wou'd quit ye finest walk on ye finest day in ye finest Garden, to have yr Company at any time. this is saying a great deal more than is comonly understood by one.

'I am,

'Yr most faithfull

'humble servt.

'Bathurst.'

The letter from Lord Strafford is no less friendly, although Swift said his lordship was 'proud as hell':—

'— the difference will be very conspicuous between a man favour'd with many advantageous court imployments & one turned out of all.

'One valuable thing I hope I shall preserve, which is the happines of your friendship & esteem, the continuation of wch is much desired

'by Sir,

'Your most sincere

'humble Servant,

'Strafford.'

[1] Those parts in brackets are written by Pope, and seem to be meant as a joke upon the painter-knight's epistolary elegance. This letter has been printed before, but without Pope's additions, which are certainly worth preserving.

The next letter, and it is a very interesting one, is from—

'*Pope to Lord Bolingbroke.*

'My dear lord, Sept. 3, 1740.

'Your every word is kind to me, and all the openings of your mind amiable. Your communicating any of your sentiments both makes me a happier and a better man: there is so true a fund of all virtue, public and social, within you—I mean so right a sense of things as we stand related to each other by the laws of God, and indebted to each other in conformity to those laws, that I hope no particular calamity can swallow up your care and concern for the general. Indeed the loss of Sr Wm Wyndham must have been felt more deeply as a particular, by you than by any other; and I see nothing so moral, nothing so edifying, as your not deserting the common cause of your country at this juncture. No man has less obligation to her, no man feels a stronger than yourself.

'Your resolution to return to her if she wants to be saved, and will or can be saved, is by far a more distinguished one, than any of her sons can pretend. And every one who knows either her condition or your ability (and more than your ability—your sense of duty and honour) must rest his chief hope upon it. Lord Marchmount does it as the ultimate resource, as he holds no language but that of his heart, and unless you animate him to act by that hope, will drop all thought of action; no other has the least influence, and all his friends' entreaties have been tried in vain to draw him from Scotland for the winter to come. Lord Chesterfield despairs as much, but resolves to act. He and Lyttleton think alike, and act the best part, that I believe ever was acted, in their conduct and counsels to their master.

'But still I will say, be others as honest as they will, they cannot be so generous as you. They must, if good counsels prevail, reap. You will not reap; and may expect to see those *fruits* of which you can see the blossoms only. The monks and ascetics tell us, we are not attained to perfection, till we serve God for *his* sake only, *not our own*. not even for the hope of Heaven. You really would serve *men* in this manner, and many whom you have no obligations to love, and who have done their best to ruin you, all in their turns.

'It must, therefore, be called by its true name, not so much love to your country as to God. It is not patriotism, but downright piety, and instead of celebrating you as a poet should, I would (if I were Pope) canonize you, whatever all the advocates for the devil could say to the contrary.

'But I hope the time for that is not near, and that your reward in the next life (which I am satisfied must be the sole motive of such a conduct) will be deferred, at least during my own time. There is at present nothing I desire so much to hear, as that your bilious fever is quite removed, the repeated attacks of which have given me an alarm greater, I assure you, than almost any worldly event could give me, who daily find myself passing into a state of indifference, out of which I would wake others, whom Providence seems, by their talents, to ordain to do more good to mankind. I have a more particular interest, too, in your life than any other at present, as a private man, for the vanity I have is to see finished that noble work which you address to me, and where my verses, interspersed here and there, will have the same honour done them to all posterity, as those of Erinna, in the philosophical writings of Tully.

'Next to patching up my constitution, my great business has been to patch up a grotto (the same you have so often satin in times past under my house) with all the varieties of nature under ground, spars, minerals, and marbles. I hope yet to live to philosophise with you in this museum, which is now a study for virtuosi and a scene for contemplation. At least I am resolved to have it remembered that you was there, as you will see from the verses I dare to set over it.

'Adieu, may you and your's be happy.

'Thou who shalt stop where Thames translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And polished crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach, great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.
Awful as Pluto's grove or Numa's grot,
Here, nobly-pensive, St. John sat and thought,
Here patriot sighs from Wyndham's bosom stole,
And shot the gen'rous flame thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor!'

As we find we must give a second notice of this work, we conclude, for the present, with two fragments of the muse of Pope, which our industrious editor has pointed out:

'Then he went to the side-board and call'd for much liquor,
And glass after glass he drank quicker and quicker,
So that Heidegger quoth—
Nay, saith on his oath—
Of two hogsheads of burgundy Satan drank both.

'Then like an A the devil appear'd,
And straight the whole table of dishes he clear'd;
Then a friar; then a nun;
And then he put on
A face all the company took for his own.

'Ev'n thine, O false Heidegger, who wert so wicked
To let in the Devil'——

'AN INSCRIPTION

'*Upon a Punch Bowl, bought in the South Sea year, for a Club—chased with Jupiter placing Colliste in the skies, and Europa with the bull.*

'Come, fill the South-Sea goblet full,
The gods shall of our stock take care,
Europa plea'd accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*.†'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Practical Directions for Preserving the Teeth; with an Account of the most Modern and Improved Methods of supplying their Loss; and a Notice of an unproved artificial Palate, invented by the Author. Illustrated by Plates. By ANDREW CLARK, Dentist. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

IT is always an advantage, when a practical man comes before the public, to state, in his own language and without any of that garnish which professional authors throw around their subjects, the results of his own experience, for the benefit of artists and the arts themselves, as well as for the good of society generally; and we wish that this were more frequently the case. The division of labour has so much separated those who invent or discover anything worthy of being published from those whose business it is to publish, that not only a great deal of useful matter remains unpublished, but a good deal of that which is in print is not very useful.

Mr. Clark is a professional dentist, who, as we have heard, has had a great deal of experience, and not a little success, in repairing those decays of nature which come within his province; and he has come forward, in this little volume, to state the results in a very perspicuous, but modest and unpretending, manner. He lays claim to no profound skill in general anatomy; but the accounts which he, in the first part of his work, gives of the component parts of the organs of mastication, the diseases to which those organs are exposed, the means by which those diseases may be prevented before they take place, and cured or mitigated afterwards, show a very extensive knowledge of all that part of the subject which is necessary for his purpose. The directions given for mitigating the pain with which infants cut their teeth, and for the general preservation of the teeth of adults, both as to beauty and durability, are plain and sensible; and when, in the second part of the book, he comes to treat of the proper substance of which to make artificial teeth, and the best mode of making them, his remarks cannot fail of being useful both to the public and to professional men. Upon this part of the subject he complains, and complains justly, that the published matter is deficient, both in quantity and in quality; and there is no doubt, that if those who are eminent in the profession were to make their mode of operating a little better known, the greatest benefits would result from it. Though the profession of the dentist be solely an art, it is difficult to prevent people from attaching to it some portion of that mystery in which they clothe the medical profession, and the consequence is, that the door is set wide for quacks and impostors. Upon these Mr. Clark has no mercy; but, as he points

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* This appears, by the frequent mention of Heidegger, to be part of a long poem on Masquerades; which he brought into such vogue, that in May, 1729, the grand jury represented him and his masquerades as *nuisances*.'

† This epigram of Mr. Pope was communicated by the Rev Dr. Warburton to Tho. Birch, and is now copied from the manuscript to which the above note is appended.'

them out by their deeds, and not by their names, the public have all the advantage, and they have no ground of complaint.

From the notice of the artificial palate, we should conclude, that it is a very complete and superior invention, and cannot fail to benefit those for whom it is intended. We have been thus induced to speak of Mr. Clark's book in general terms, because the subject is not one that admits either of analysis or quotation. We think the book a useful one, and, as such, we recommend it to our readers.

To-Day in Ireland. In three vols. post 8vo. pp. 915. London, 1825. C. Knight.

IRELAND has always been too much neglected, even in the cultivation of literature; and it is no less singular than true that, although Dublin contains an university of some eminence, yet neither the capital, nor indeed the whole country, has given sufficient support to establish any periodical of higher pretensions than a newspaper, or to induce booksellers to venture on publishing anything beyond a pamphlet. It is not that Ireland is deficient in literary genius or talent, but the Irish reading public is either very limited, or it entertains some prejudice against its native produce of literature. A better day, we trust, will soon dawn on the sister isle: her traditions, her history, her romantic scenery, and her customs, are all beginning to be drawn from the obscurity which veiled them, and to live embodied in narratives of romance. The Irish Legends, by Crofton Croker, and the Tales of the O'Hara Family, by Mr. Banim, are proofs, not only that the field is ample, but that there are reapers sufficient for the harvest. To these we would add, though of a different and more cheerful character, the work now before us—'To-Day in Ireland.' It contains four distinct tales:—The Carders, Connemara, Old and New Light, and The Tooles' Warning. The author appears well acquainted with Irish life, and displays a considerable portion of Irish humour; he is particularly successful in the delineation of character, varied as it is in reality, and as it appears in these tales. The Carders, which forms the longest tale, relates to those outrages on one hand, and oppression on the other, which have too long distracted Ireland. It has less of mirth than melancholy in it, and is an interesting story. The next tale—Connemara, is of a more lively character, and we suspect bears as near a relation to truth as fiction. The hero of this tale is Dick M'Loughlin, an M. P., not overburdened with money, who runs great danger in showing himself any where, except when the privilege of Parliament protects him, and always at such times feeling much difficulty in escaping to that place, so imperious to duns and bailiffs; Connemara; but our author must draw M'Loughlin's character himself:—

'From Cork and Kerry to Londonderry, as O'Doherty hath it, "there never was a better fellow than Dick M'Loughlin. He was a very prince; ay, every inch a king" in his own domains; where none durst approach within fifty yards of his majesty without hat in hand;—his word was a law to the bogs, his smile sunshine, that would make even a clump of black turf rejoice with gladness; and as to his frown, it was withering, 'twas annihilation. Philosophers say, that the possession of absolute power will corrupt the purest heart, and infect with the bile of tyranny even the most benign disposition:—a fig for such philosophy,—the monarch of Connemara was a living lie to the proposition. For in all the plenitude of his power, against which the very waves of his neighbour and well-beloved cousin the Atlantic might rise in vain, Dick was the most generous, most benevolent, tender-hearted, and philanthropic of mankind.'

'And never could the flattering art of limning hit upon attitude or expression more just,—for Dick was a philanthropist *par excellence*, one that did not confine his sympathies to the limited and biped portion of humanity, but extended them, with the impulse of a true Irish heart, throughout the whole sentient kingdom of nature. That "noble animal the horse," as a brother potentate of Dick's would say, was the object of his prime regard; bulls and bullocks he protected; and for cows, his breast overflowed with the milk of human kindness. In short, he was the very Saturn of the hoofed tribe; and the golden age of horseflesh and cowflesh is to be dated from the commencement of the nineteenth century. The canine and the feline species also went not without his protection; and his statesman-like views extended to the amelioration of the condition of caterpillars, and the introduction of *enseignement mutuel* amongst the oyster-beds of Carlingford.

'The Irish, though "a persecuted and a hard-drinking people," are, nevertheless, a sentimental one, especially after dinner. And at such seasons, which they boast as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in the interpretation of which you may read a devilled drumstick for reason, and whiskey for soul,—they are very fond of instituting a comparison between Dick M'Loughlin and Rousseau. I cannot say but that this Frenchman is a most convenient personage to all character-limners, whether historians, critics, or essayists. There is no genius under the sun that cannot be compared or contrasted with him. Thomas Moore found out Byron, one day, to be a ditto of him; and Lord John Russell, but the other, discovered his fellow in Burke. Now let me try my hand at a comparison between the French philosopher and the Irish mounarch. "Both were men whose imagination outstripped their judgment." Both were eminent philanthropists, and both encountered, for their philanthropic schemes, the ridicule of their more hard-hearted fellows. Both were great men, bestowed by a remote and provincial state to the metropolis, that their presence from time to time adorned. Their situations in life, though different, were not dissimilar; —the monarch ruled over a rude and uncivilized state; and the philosopher took care to uncivilize every subject that entered under his intellectual sway. One persecuted the cruel mob of the English metropolis; the other was persecuted by the unfeeling mob of the French. One, to be sure, was an orator; the other a writer,—but both were equally eloquent; and one, in despite of blunder, and the other, in despite of paradox, seldom failed in the end to convince and win over all hearers to their opinion. In love——but let us draw a veil over the foibles of great men. In debt——why let us do the same. And my comparison is already complete.'

M'Loughlin had made a bet about his escaping to Connemara, sans dun, sans bailiff:—

'Heaven knows what Dick had been doing, but the dissolution of Parliament took him quite by surprise; and whether it was that he was in love, or in drink, or had not the mopusses ready, Dick despaired of getting over the herring-pond in time to pass safe to his kingdom from the clutches of the law. The worthy member at this was wroth,—and expostulated with my Lord ——in terms both hot and hearty. The bland firmness of his lordship soon, however, smoothed down the ruffled plumage of Dick's choler.

'"A man of your talent and knowledge of the world, Mr. M'Loughlin," said his lordship, ought to turn this *contre-temps* to his advantage."

"I haven't the honour," said Dick in reply, "to know Counter-Tom. But being of your lordship's intimacy, he must be a clever fellow; and if he would help me through——"

'"Nay! you mistake, Mr. T——"

'"I mistake! Blood and ——! I have you to know, my Lord, that I never made a mistake; no, nor a blunder, in the whole course of my life."

'"Come, come, my Connaught Ranger!" said his lordship, "don't bluster,—we are too old stagers now to blow one another's brains out. As to Counter-Tom, whom you did not mistake, you shall know him one of these days."

'"I know him already, and no thanks to you," said Dick, still wroth at being informed he was under a mistake; "he is Pozzo di Borgo's secretary."

'"He is," replied his lordship; "and, moreover, a Siberian Prince. But, touching your dilemma, have you ever been at Newmarket?"

'"No!" said Dick; "I never attend the inhuman sport of horse-racing."

'"A hem!—but you're been of old upon the Curragh, and know what folk there mean by covering a man's losses."

'"Yes, I've some idea o' that."

'"What think you of trying it now? You owe a little, Mr. M'Loughlin."

'"Owe a little!" said Dick, angry at having his debts degraded in sum: "I'd have you to know, my Lord, that I owe as much as any man in Great Britain."

'His lordship was not inclined to dispute the amount of Dick's negative property; so he waved that argument, and proceeded with his counsel.'

To be short with our story, Dick is smuggled across the channel in a coffin, to Dub-

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lin; the most difficult point yet unaccomplished was to pass the bridge of Athlone; in order to do this, he assumes the disguise of a well-known personage, who is thus described by our author:—

'The fattest man in Ireland, if not in Great Britain, was Arthur Kelly. His dimensions I cannot exactly give; but there can be no doubt they would in numerals have looked prodigious upon a booth in Bartholomew Fair, and gathered a little fortune from the curious. He was, in fact, of such a size, that the scope of one's imagination would not contain it; and, if you parted with him yesterday, so much did your recollected idea of him ever fall short of the original, that your amazement on beholding him the next day was as great as when you first saw him, eclipsing either two sides of a room and half its furniture, or the better part of the landscape, if ye were in the open air. Any Falstaff that the stage ever stuffed was but a child to him; such a moving enormity was he.

'Arthur was a boon companion, well-known over all the West of Ireland, welcome every where for his size and good humour; if, indeed, it required any requisites whatsoever to make any one welcome in that most hospitable of all tracts. This hospitality of all and every one, Arthur took care to have yearly recourse to: he fell away sadly, he complained, if he stayed more than a fortnight in any one neighbourhood,—so that, if he overate, or overdrank his welcome, he at least never outstaid it. He was a lie to the proverb, being a rolling stone that gathered an enormity of moss; and neither in flesh nor pocket was he the worse for his continual peregrinations. Arthur, too, was esteemed throughout the whole circuit of his rambles as a wit and a wag of the first order, —why, I never could discover. But since the age of Shakspeare, who, by his Falstaff, reversed the old Grecian proverb of "A large stomach produceth not a subtle mind," not mere corpulency, perhaps, but the extreme of it, is accounted synonymous with wit;—it implies the necessity of it, and ever so sorry a joke issuing from so large a reservoir is thereon esteemed a good thing. For this reason certainly, and for no other, could Arthur have gained the character of a wit; for, in truth, he was the most blundering punster that ever lived by putting the King's English out of joint. His fame long ago reached the ears of Miss Edgeworth; and, she, the fair and powerful magician, struck into life her idea of him under the title of Sir Terence O'Fee; but no sooner did she see this Falstaff of Connaught, than she regretted her misrepresentation, and acknowledged that not the least similitude existed between Arthur and Sir Terence.'

In this disguise did M'Loughlin pass the bridge, and scare the good people of Athlone, who thought him a *fetch* of Arthur Kelly, who happened to be at the fair, but we have no wish to anticipate the sequel for our readers, and so refer them to To-Day in Ireland, which will, we are sure, afford them both days and evenings of amusement.

BAYLEY'S HISTORY OF THE TOWER.

(Continued from p. 333.)

Mr. Bayley enters into a very elaborate examination respecting the claims of Perkin Warbeck; he refutes a host of evidence as to his being an impostor, and, if he does not establish his identity with the Duke of York, he at least shows that the contrary has never been proved. In his former volume, Mr. Bayley stated that there was no proof that the two princes were murdered in the Tower by order of the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III., but that, on the contray, it was very improbable. This is one great step towards the claim of Perkin Warbeck. Mr. Bayley, after examining all the evidence that can be adduced in favour or against him, says:—

'When we review all the circumstances of this extraordinary case:—the entire want of evidence that the princes were put to death; the inconsistency of the king's conduct; his avoiding every species of inquiry by which he might have been proved an impostor, if he were so, and the many shifts he had recourse to, to blind the world on the subject; when we estimate the character of the historians of those times, and remember that the only sources of our information are the testimony of writers swayed by prejudices or subservient to the Lancastrian interest, and the statements put forth by the king himself; when we consider, too, all the traits in Warbeck's character—his personal likeness to King Edward the Fourth—his princely manners and his acknowledged perfection in the English language; when we call to mind that his origin and history were never traced; that he never failed in his part, and that neither his words nor his actions were ever said to bear the semblance of imposition: in fact, when we fairly and deliberately weigh all the strong and leading points in his story, we must be rooted indeed to the common impressions entertained on the subject, if we hastily conclude that he was an impostor. At all events, we have shown that he could not have been such a person as he was represented; and the more deep any candid inquirer will search into the history and times of Richard III., the less credit he will attach to that common herd of writers, whose venality or prejudices have led them from the paths of uprightness and truth, and made them indiscriminately load his memory with all the foulest crimes that distinguish the dark and troubled era in which he lived.'

Had Mr. Bayley done nothing more than furnish the public with his patient investigation of this subject, his history of the Tower would be valuable; and, after attentively reading that investigation, he must be sceptical indeed who still believes that the two young princes were murdered in the Tower, or that Perkin Warbeck was of low origin.

During the reign of King Henry the Eighth, the Tower was generally crowded with prisoners, and the accounts of many of them are rendered interesting as well by their fortunes as their fates. The amiable Duke of Buckingham, the virtuous Sir Thomas More, the venerable and learned Bishop of Rochester, all fell victims to the tyranny of Henry, or the ambitious and persecuting spirit of his advisers. Their lives and fates are, however, well known, and we shall therefore only quote one anecdote of Sir Thomas More:—

'It was usual, as soon as the service was over, and Sir Thomas had left his seat in church, for his usher to go to Lady More's pew, and inform her that his lordship was gone; but when Sir Thomas, unknown to his family, had resigned the seals, he intimated the loss of his dignity by going himself on the following Sunday, to his lady's door, and, with hat in hand, telling her in the usual language of his usher, "Madam, my lord is gone."'

Mr. Bayley gives a very interesting account of the beauteous Anne Boleyn, and the other victims of Henry VIII.; but, as perhaps there are few periods in English history better known than this reign, we pass over the events, which, however, almost become new by the manner in which they are detailed by Mr. Bayley, and by the new information he has collected on the subject. In the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, the Tower did not want for inmates and victims; but these, also, we pass over: scarcely a person suffered in this reign for religion or politics, that did not suffer most unjustly—Sir Thomas Wyat's conspiracy excepted.

Perhaps among the numerous criminals, which have at various times, and for various crimes suffered capitally, there never was a greater monster than Lord Stourton, a Roman Catholic lord, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, murdered two Protestant gentlemen, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The victims to this nobleman's revenge were William Hartgill, and John Hartgill, his son, two gentlemen of Kilmington, in Somersetshire. We agree with the writer of the narrative of this barbarous murder, that no act of Mary's reign does so much credit to her memory as this execution of the laws. The following is the account of the transaction, from a narrative written soon after its occurrence:—

'A quarrel had arisen some years before between the parties, respecting Lord Stourton's mother, while she was on a visit at Mr. Hartgill's house; and shortly afterwards, on a Sunday morning, his lordship went to Kilmington, with a riotous assemblage of persons armed with bows and guns, and committed violent outrages. John Hartgill, "a tall lusty gentleman, being told of Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, and drew his sword, and ran to his father's house, adjoining fast to the church-yard side. Divers arrows were shot at him in his passing, but he was not hurt. His father, the said William Hartgill, and his wife, being old folks, were driven to go up into the tower of the church, with two or three of their servants, for the safeguard of their lives. When the said John Hartgill was come into his father's house, he took his long-bow and arrows, and bent a cross-bow, and charged a gun, and caused a woman to carry the cross-bow and gun after him, and himself with his long-bow came forth, and drove away the said Lord Charles and all his men from the house, and

from about the church; so not one of all the company tarried, saving half a score that were entered into the church, amongst whom one was hurt with hail-shot in the shoulder by the said John Hartgill." Sir Thomas Speake, the sheriff of the county, was directed by the lords of the council to repress these disorders, and to bring up Lord Stourton, who was at first committed to prison, and afterwards bound to keep the peace; but the desire of revenge continued to canker in his breast, and the Hartgills were the constant objects of his persecution: he destroyed their corn, drove away their cattle, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm for their lives.

'At length, availing themselves of the queen's being at Basing End, in Hampshire, they petitioned her majesty for redress, and, the parties being called before the council, Lord Stourton promised that, if they would come to his house and desire a reconciliation, he would not only grant it, but restore their goods and cattle.

'Whereupon, trusting to his promise made in such presence, they took a gentleman with them, as a friend, and went to wait upon his lordship; but, on coming near to his house, a number of Lord Stourton's servants rushed out upon them in a lane, and attempted to seize the younger Hartgill, and, on his turning round and riding away, he was stopped by six others, who beset him before and behind, and, ere he could draw his sword, he was wounded in several places, and they left him for dead.

'At length this business was brought before the Star Chamber, and, in the end, the matter appeared so heinously base on the part of Lord Stourton, that he was sentenced to pay a sum of money to the Hartgills, and was committed to the Fleet; but some time afterwards was allowed to return to his country, having first given a bond for £2000, to render himself a prisoner again in the Fleet on the first day of the following term, and promised faithfully to pay in the meantime to the Hartgills the sums of money in which he had been condemned. He arrived at his house of Sturton Caundel, and in a few days afterwards sent to the Hartgills, informing them that he was ready to pay them the money which had been ordered by the Star Chamber, adding, that he also wished to commune with them for an ending of all matters between them. Kilmington Church was accordingly appointed to the place of meeting, and Lord Stourton came, accompanied with fifteen or sixteen of his own servants, many of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons.

'The Hartgills, seeing so great a company, began to be alarmed, and the elder, as he approached Lord Stourton, said, "My lord, I see many enemies of mine about your lordship, and therefore I am afraid to come any nearer," and, though assured that they should have no bodily hurt, they refused to enter any covered place, save the church. His lordship first laid down a purse, as if he were going to pay them; but he had scarcely begun conversing on the object of their meeting, when he seized them both, saying, *I arrest you of felony.* They were then bound with their hands behind them, by his lordship's order; he treated the younger Hartgill's wife in the most brutal manner, and had his two prisoners confined during that day in the parsonage-house, without meat or drink; and it is said that, had he not been otherwise persuaded by one of his men, they would have been murdered there that night.

'About one or two o'clock the next morning, these two unfortunate gentlemen were conveyed thence to a house at Bonham, within a quarter of a mile of Stourton, his lordship's own residence, where they were placed in separate apartments, fast bound, without food, fire, or anything to lay on; and so they remained till four of the clock in the following afternoon; and then Lord Stourton sent for their examination two justices of the peace, whom he made believe that he would the next morning send them to prison. The magistrates, finding them bound, directed that they should be loosed, and remain so; but they were no sooner gone than his lordship again had them tied with their hands behind them, and directed all the keepers to leave them, except four of his own servants, whom he had previously engaged to commit the horrid deed.

'About ten o'clock at night the murderers took their victims to a close adjoining Lord Stourton's house, where they forced them to kneeldown, and knocked them on their heads with clubs, the base director of the deed "standing in the meantime at a gallery door not a good coyte's cast from the place."

'"This done, the bodies were wrapped up and conveyed through a garden into the gallery where Lord Stourton stood, and so into a small place at the end thereof, his lordship bearing a candle to light the murderers. This place adjoined Lord Stourton's own chamber, and when they were brought there, life was being yet extinct, they groaned, especially the old man, and one of the ruffians swore that they were not dead; another said it would be a good deed to rid them of their pains, and, lest a French priest lying near the place should hear, his lordship directed that their throats should be cut, himself standing by with a candle in his hand."

'One of the murderers now beginning to feel remorse, said to his master, "Ah! my lord, this is a piteous sight: had I thought as I now think, before the deed was, your whole land should not have brought me to consent to such an act." To which his lordship answered, "What, faint-hearted! Know ye it any more than ridding of two knaves, that, living, were troublesome to God's laws and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than of killing two sheep."

'The bodies were then let down into a dungeon, where they were buried very deep, covered first with earth, then with two courses of thick pavement, and the place finally covered over with a quantity of chips and shavings.

'The bodies were found by Sir Anthony Hungerford, then sheriff of Wiltshire, whose exertions in discovering them received the merited thanks of the council. Lord Stourton was apprehended, and conveyed to the Tower on the 28th of January, and on the 26th of the following month he was arraigned in Westminster Hall, before the Lord Chief Justice Brokes, and other judges, the lord-steward, the lord-treasurer, and others, appointed by special commission to try him; and his four servants were sent down to be arraigned in Wiltshire.

'The two unfortunate gentlemen who had fallen victims to Lord Stourton's violent and malicious nature were Protestants; and, as his lordship had always been a staunch supporter of the Roman Catholic religion, and had rendered many services to the government, it was hoped by his friends that the queen would have spared his life; but she left him to the laws! and there is no act of Mary's reign that does so much credit to her memory as this demonstration of justice, and her horror at the baseness of his crime. On the 28th of February, the council directed the sheriff of Wilts to receive his body at the hands of Sir Hugh Paulet, and to see him executed; and on the 2nd of March he was taken under a strong guard from the Tower, on horseback, with his arms pinioned behind him, and his legs tied under the horse's belly. The first day he was conducted to Hounslow; on the second to Staines; thence to Basingstoke; and on the fourth to Salisbury, where, on the next day, he was executed in the market-place; and it is said that "he made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deed." It was directed that his servants should be hanged in chains at Meere, and the only mark of distinction shown to Lord Stourton's rank was his being hanged with a silken cord."

The Novice; or, the Man of Integrity. By L. B. Picard. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Baldwin,

M. Picard is a very prolific writer, and has enjoyed no little popularity in France, both as a dramatist and a novelist. In the former character, he has produced about sixty or seventy pieces for the stage, most of which have been very successful; in the latter, also, he is a favourite with the public—and the original of the work we are now about to notice reached a second edition within a month after its first publication. Powerful interest of plot it certainly does not possess, but it presents some good pictures of modern French society, one or two able though slight sketches of character, and some scenes worked up with a great deal of dramatic effect, and which are, in our opinion, the most successful parts of the work.

George Dercy, the hero of the tale, is a young man of the most scrupulous integrity, a character that has obtained for him the epithet of *le Niais*, or, as it is here rendered, the Novice; and as he, on every occasion, acts up to the principles which the rest of the world merely profess, it may be conceived that his conduct generally forms a striking contrast to that of most of the other personages. The author has not failed to avail himself of the piquant satire which is thus so abundantly supplied, nor does he spare any profession or any class of persons. Ministers, diplomatists, politicians of all parties, place-hunters, fortune-hunters, legacy-hunt-

ers, speculators, lawyers, medical men, and army contractors, down to clerks and shopkeepers, are all in their turn lashed for their knavery or their folly. For such characters as these the author doubtlessly was in no want of originals, and they nearly all of them seem to be drawn from the life, and to be *ad-verum* delineations; but where, it may perhaps be asked, did he find the prototype for his hero, who is really, as the world goes, a perfect phœnix—on every occasion so disinterested—so uncompromising? We must confess, that the author appears here to have almost forgotten the golden rule of *ne quid nimis*; it would, however, be cruel in us to condemn any one for possessing too much virtue, although we must say that it is an article too precious for a man to be allowed to monopolize to large a share of it, when so many of his fellow-creatures possess none at all. If, therefore, we can find him guilty of nothing else let this be imputed to him as a serious delinquency, and so satisfy our critical conscience that he is not altogether a monster of perfection.

After the hero himself, the most prominent characters are his own relations, Dr. Saint Firmin, his uncle, and his cousins Dupré and La Morinière; and a quondam schoolfellow of his, a M. Dauvert, who is in every respect the very reverse of George himself, being an unprincipled, scheming, hypocritical villain, who makes a tool of the unsuspecting Dercy. We shall not pretend to follow the author through all the various situations into which he has thrown his principal, *dramatis personæ*, which would indeed be no very easy task, but shall content ourselves with giving a couple of extracts, from which our readers may form some judgment of the spirit in which the work is written.

The first is a part of Dercy's interview with his friends, on his return from America:

'George threw himself into the arms of his friends, and embraced them all by turns: while each received him in a characteristic manner—Dupré with an abruptness that had something in it of heartiness and sincerity, La Morinière with an affected politeness and suavity of manner, and the doctor, with an air in which affection was mingled with a due sense of his own dignity; Madame surveyed him with a glance of examination, and thought that his person was greatly improved. But in the midst of all their expressions of joy, at beholding him again, it was evident that curiosity was the predominant feeling of the whole party.

'They ascended to the drawing-room, and there their questions were redoubled.

'"What I have to tell you," said George, "will furnish more than one day's conversation. My voyage has been a very interesting one—full of events agreeable and disagreeable, of successes and reverses."

'"Then, let us hear of your success," said Dupré, "or it is that will afford us most satisfaction."

'It was pleasant enough to see how animated and pleased every one seemed at hearing the word "success."

'"What a noble spectacle," continued our hero, "is *that* of the United States. It is there, in my opinion, that civilization has made the greatest progress, and is still proceeding to the highest pitch of perfection. There it is pure, and uncontaminated by the vices of the feudal system—the fanaticism, intolerance, and religious superstitions that have taken root so deeply in the old world."

'"Tis very justly observed," said the doctor, as if he had studied the subject, "The United States! they almost realize the beau-ideal of philosophy; but, after all, what have you done in this fine country?"

'"Oh! I did not confine my observations merely to the states, I advanced into the interior of the continent of America, and visited the Indians, and the races of savages."

'"Savages!" exclaimed Madame Saint Firmin, "You have really seen savages! How very delightful!"

'"It is among those untutored people that human nature displayed itself to me in its most unsophisticated form. Ah! how much is there of which to be ashamed, and of which to be proud, in the name of man! These poor creatures exhibit ungovernable passions, but they also display great benevolence, gratitude, and generosity."

'"So all travellers inform us," said the doctor rather impatiently; "if we may believe them your savages are half divine and half infernal; but inform us of your own personal affairs?"

'"Aye," cried La Morinière, "in such a country there must be a good opening for commercial speculation, for an European who carries out a venture."

'"Come," said Dupré, "tell us what you have brought home."

'"Oh! a great many fine things," replied George with a smile, "that is a great many trifles, still such as I hope will please you; for I selected for each of you such articles as I thought most likely to prove acceptable. I have got two beautiful parroquets, that can speak both French and English, for my good aunt. For my cousin, La Morinière, some Indian arms, that will be interesting to his son as a military man; some curious specimens of natural history for the doctor; and as for you, my dear Dupré, I was much puzzled what to bring you, but I had at last the good luck to meet with a very rare little work that I have translated expressly for you: it is written by a Quaker of Boston, and is entitled 'A System of Morals for the use of an Attorney.'"

'"Confound your morals and your presents too," exclaimed the quondam man of law, with more energy than politeness.

'"Don't be so violent," said the doctor, "let George proceed with his story."

'"As for me," said Madame, "I am sure I feel greatly obliged to him for his parroquets."

'"But let us come to the essential point: how did your venture turn out?"

'"Aye," cried all, drawing their chairs closer to him, "your venture! Did you dispose of it to considerable advantage? Did you turn it into money or goods? In one word, what has become of it?"

'"What has become of it! just nothing at all."

'"How! is it possible?"

'"At the end of the first six months it was all gone. During our passage, the supercargo gave me to understand that I might save a great part of the duty, by smuggling some of it on shore; but I would not listen to such advice. Then I had scarcely landed before I fell in with a knave—for there are such in all countries, and under every form of government, however excellent it may be, who contrived to ease me of a great part of it. I was advised to pursue him, but I conceived that my time would be better employed, in examining whatever was most worthy of remark, in a country where all was so new to me. Another rascal, if such a name be not too good for him, proposed to me what he termed a very advantageous scheme, namely, to exchange what goods I had left, for a cargo of blacks, that I should have an opportunity of sending directly to an English colony: Gracious Heaven! what a revolting solution! what an infamous species of traffic!"

'"At length I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a worthy man; but, poor fellow! he had been very unsuccessful in life, had a numerous family, and was in distressed circumstances. I contrived, however, after a great deal of trouble, to assist in extricating him from his difficulties."

'"And stripped yourself of all that you had!"

'"Not quite all. I had still enough to enable me to prosecute my route into the interior, a journey that has afforded me great satisfaction, and in the course of which I had opportunity of studying the manners of the native indians. On my return to Boston, I availed myself of the little acquirements I possess, to procure a subsistence. I know English tolerably well, so that I was able to give lessons in the ancient languages, geometry, and drawing, and laid by enough to pay my passage home."

'"And you are returned without a sous?"

'"Even so: nay, if my good tenant, Claude, had not advanced me a little cash, I should not have been able to reach Paris."

'This last sentence produced a most extraordinary effect on his auditors: the chairs were all drawn back with as much precipitation as if he had said that he returned infected with the plague; and every brow became clouded.'

The other scene we shall give is that where the Duke of ***'s will is read, a nobleman who had formerly been in the cabinet, and in whose favour the supple and intriguing Dauvert had supplanted Dercy:—

'Every one was full of anxiety and curiosity, which they endeavoured to conceal under an air of seriousness and gravity. M. Dauvert seemed to take upon himself to receive the visitors, more than the notary did: he was full of attentions to every one, particularly to the ladies; was assiduous in offering seats to the company; and extolled the character of the deceased, at the same time raising his eyes to heaven; and then launched out into a brilliant eulogium on his genius, his extraordinary talents, and the important services he had rendered both his sovereign and the state. On perceiving George

enter, he seemed greatly astonished; but after speaking a few words aside to the notary, he came up to him, and shook him cordially by the hand. "I am quite delighted to see you here, Dercy," cried he; "no doubt the worthy duke, yielding to my representations in your favour, has been anxious to make amends for all his former neglect, by naming you in his will. Ah! I know his generous disposition perfectly well!"

'The relations did not appear very grateful for the civilities tendered them by M. Dauvert, or rather they would have been very glad to have dispensed with both him and his attentions altogether. "It is very fine truly for him," muttered one, "to pretend to behave so politely to people whom he is robbing of their just rights!"

'"Yes," observed another; "but he was not quite so polite when he shut the door in our faces, and would not suffer us to see our relation."

'M Darbelin sate, without saying a word; but with knitted brows, a scowling eye, and haughty lip, shot from time to time angry glances at Dauvert. All present, indeed, appeared to stand in mutual fear of each other, and to survey each other with looks of mistrust, even while exchanging salutations, renewing former acquaintances, or now forming new ones. There were many who had not met for a very long while, and there were others who now met for the first time in their lives. The old were surprised to find that they had so many young cousins; while the young could hardly conceive it possible that so many of their old relations were still in existence.

'The company now took their seats, George placed himself in a corner behind the rest, and M. Dauvert in the foremost rank, close by the notary. The latter began to read the will, which, in conformity with the law, had been previously opened at the *Tribunal de Premiere Instance*. Immediately the most hushed silence prevailed: the most fixed attention and hope and fear were depicted in the attitude and expression of every one present; and M. Dauvert uttered a very audible sigh.

'The first paragraphs contained only legacies, of greater or less value, to the domestics. "This is very well."—"Perfectly just."—"Quite as it should be," said the auditors. Next came some bequests to public charities. "What an excellent man!" cried Dauvert; yet some of his relations began to think that the late duke had been too charitable. The furniture was divided between the steward and the housekeeper, which drew down upon those individuals not the most pleasant looks from the two old ladies, whom we lately mentioned. The library was bequeathed to one of his grace's secretaries, the pictures to another. "Diable!" cried one of his relations, "this is rather too much."

'"At this rate we ourselves shall have nothing," said a second.

'"There are only three more articles to read," observed the notary.

'"Then make haste and let us hear them," cried M. Darbelin.

'The notary looked again at the paper, and proceeded to read: "In gratitude for the attentions which Madame Dauvert has bestowed upon me during my illness, I request that she will accept a ring of the value of three thousand francs." Here Dauvert, who had alternately turned red and pale during the reading of the former articles, thought proper to hold his handkerchief to his face. The notary continued: "I give and bequeath to each and every one of my relations, male or female, and of whatever degree of consanguinity, without any distinction—"

'"Well?"

'"What?"

'"What does he give us?"

'The notary proceeded—"a ring of the value of a thousand francs." Here a general murmur of indignation burst from all the company; and some were not even sparing of their abuse. "The mean old curmudgeon!" exclaimed one. "I will not accept his paltry ring," cried another. One lady fanned herself tremendously; another had recourse to her salts.

'At length the Viscount Darbelin called out to the notary: "Proceed, sir,—the last article."

'"Here it is," said the notary, and went on reading; "I name and appoint, as my residuary legatee—"

'"Here we have it."

'"I was sure how it would be."

'"Well, I shall not wear mourning."

'"I have put it on, but shall lay it aside again directly."

'The notary continued: "I name and appoint, as my residuary legatee, on condition of his discharging all the preceding legacies—"

'"Well, who is it?"

'"Oh! no doubt but the very civil gentleman there."

'"Yes, I suppose M. Dauvert."

'"No," said the notary, "it is M. George Dercy."

'"George!" exclaimed Dauvert, almost choked by his feelings.

'"George Dercy!" cried every one else; "And who pray may this George Dercy be!"

'The notary pointed him out with his hand.

'"Yes, gentleman," said George, rising from his corner, and advancing into the middle of the room, "I am the person named."

'The whole company, with the exception of Dauvert, pushed away their chairs in extreme ill-humour; and for several minutes all was confusion; at length the notary was able to make himself heard, when he said to George, "You doubtlessly accept of the legacy that is left you?"

'"A moment if you please," returned he; then added, "it is necessary that I should reflect."

'"Reflect!—Can he be possibly in his senses?"

'"Oh! leave him alone: don't you see that 'tis mere affectation and grimace; but we are not to be so deceived."

'"Aye, aye, he thinks to pass himself off for a very disinterested gentleman."

'"The testament is null and void," cried the viscount, "and I shall get it set aside."

'All the relations now left the room, when Dauvert, advancing towards George, said, in a tremulous and faltering voice, while the cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his face was deadly pale, "Receive my congratulations. M. Dercy, on your good fortune."'

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River.

(Concluded from p. 341.)

Mr. Keating gives a good account of the Chippewas Indians, their manners, usages, and customs, which do not differ much from the habits of the Potowatimis and Sauks. The Chippewas have no marriage ceremony, and permit polygamy, so that one of their chiefs had nine wives:—

'In the assigning of a name to a child, much interest is taken. The father applies to one whom he considers as well gifted or favoured by the spirits above, and entreats him to bestow a name upon his offspring. A day is fixed for the ceremony; the friend settles what objects will be required on the occasion, and, whatever they may be, the parent never fails in providing them; if not from his own hunt, he obtains them from others. Guests are invited; as soon as the manager appears, the whole of the provisions are placed before him; he takes for himself the head, heart, and other choice parts. The residue he divides among the guests. The tobacco being laid before him, he fills a pipe, offers the stem to the spirits, smokes of it himself, and then proceeds to relate his own adventures, his experience in religious matters, his intercourse with spirits, &c. He generally premises by observing, that, when young, he dreamt of a certain object, and, valuing his dream much, had never divulged the subject of it, but that, in consideration of his great regard for his friend, he will mention the object of his dream, and name his young friend after it. He then relates the circumstances attending it, and bestows the name upon the child. It is immediately repeated by all present. The feasting then commences, and is continued until all the provisions are eaten up; if there be more prepared than the guests can eat, other invitations are sent out, for none can leave the feast until all is consumed. The manager becomes a second parent to the child, who is held to be under great obligations to him. The duty never devolves upon women.

'A feast to which still greater importance is attached is that which is given by a parent on the occasion of the first animal killed by his child. This ceremony is alluded to by Harmon, but he does not mention that this extends, as we were told, to the very smallest animal, and is not restricted to the first success in the chase. We are informed that if an infant should kill a bird, musquito, or even a flea, this is boarded with care by the parent; it is dried, and as soon as he has killed game enough to give a feast, he invites his friends to share in the repast, in which his son's first trophy is included. The most distinguished friend is, as usual, invited to preside, and it is his exclusive privilege to eat the whole of the animal killed by the child.

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The future success of the individual is considered to depend upon the age at which this feast was given; the younger the child is, the greater the promise which he gives of future distinction.'

Hospitality is one of their chief virtues; and the women among the Chippewas, as in more refined countries, are more loquacious than the men. Duelling is not practised among them, Mr. K. says—

'We heard of but one instance of a combat between two individuals, which, from the attending circumstances, approaches to the nature of the duels of civilized men. Two warriors of distinction, who had been noted for their mutual attachment, ceased to be friends; the cause of their disunion remained a secret; no apparent motive could be ascribed to it; it did not spring from any quarrel about their mistresses, or from gambling. After the coldness had subsisted for some time, they were again seen together, and hopes were entertained that the breach had been made up. One evening both were known to be in search of each other; they met, and welcomed with their left hands, uttering an expression corresponding to our word "well;" one of them then passed his right hand behind him and drew his knife; the other immediately did the same, and, before the by-standers were aware of their object, each had plunged his knife twice in the bosom of his adversary. Both fell severely wounded; one died, the other survived his wounds. He was observed ever after to be melancholy: but he never could be induced to explain the motives of the quarrel, or the circumstances of the meeting. There were not a few among them who considered the encounter as premeditated. The man died some time after, and his secret was buried with him.

'When warriors return from a successful excursion, they are met and welcomed by such as staid at home; these take away from them every article of property which they have, giving them others of at least equal value in exchange; the articles thus taken from the warriors are held in high estimation, being considered as relics; this extends to their horses, guns, &c. The women dance the scalp-dance; those whose husbands have brought home scalps use them exultingly, and relate the adventures which led to their capture. Warriors are never made slaves; if any be taken prisoners, they are soon killed; so are the old women: the marriageable women are reduced to servitude, and are treated with great cruelty by the squaws; the children are generally spared and incorporated into families, where they frequently meet with tolerably good treatment.'

To the succinct and connected narrative of the expedition are added particular descriptions of the country through which Major Long passed, and an appendix of natural history. On the subject of the Indians generally, Major Long says—

'There can exist but little doubt that most, if not all, of these Indians would, in any emergency decidedly favourable to their views, take up arms against the people of the United States. They have no calamity to dread so fatal to their repose as that of the turcads of our population upon their territory, and no evil so much to be deprecated, and so pernicious to their welfare, as that of a free intercourse between them and a semi-barbarian race, often resident among them, and always ready to occupy the ground from which they have retreated. There is, however, no new occasion to enlarge upon this part of the subject, and we shall conclude with briefly stating, that the intercourse between the citizens of the United States and the Indians, is of a nature calculated to vitiate and deprave the former, while it engenders distrust, malevolence, and hatred in the minds of the latter. In fine, the language held forth by the Indian in relation to the Americans is, that they have claim to no other feeling but that of abhorrence, and that it is from principles of policy, and not of esteem and reverence, that he treats them with deference, professes friendship for them, and allows them to share in his confidence.

'It may here be remarked, that the Indians westward of the Mississippi are, for the most part, addicted to an erratic life, migrating from place to place in quest of game, on which they principally subsist. They are divided into numerous bands, each of which has its appropriate leader, and in all their movements they are prepared for any event, whether of the chase or warfare.

'The Chippewas, from the nature of the country they inhabit, are distributed into families rather than tribes, the general scarcity of game, and other necessaries of life, rendering it impracticable for them to dwell in large numbers at any one point. In the event of a war, several families unite in forming a martial force suitable for the occasion. They subsist principally upon fish and wild rice, the latter of which is very abundant in the region they inhabit, and would afford them a competent supply of food, were they sufficiently industrious in collecting it, and frugal in its expenditure.'

With these extracts we commit these interesting volumes to the public.

Songs of a Stranger. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 8vo. pp. 158. London, 1825. Taylor and Hessey.

Miss Costello has not written, perhaps half so much as Mrs. Hemans or Miss Landon, but we think her little inferior to the former, and fully equal to the latter. Good taste, correct feeling, smooth versification, and no slight portion of gracefulness, distinguish the poems of this lady. We may, perhaps, be suspected of too great partiality, since the fair author has honoured the pages of *The Literary Chronicle* with the offspring of her muse; we shall, however, be much surprised if the critical world does not *think* as highly of her talents as we do, and *express* the opinion much more strongly. There is much sweetness and true poetry in this lady's songs, many of which, have been set to music, and are, indeed, much, very much, superior to the new songs, with which the public is glutted. The following, though, perhaps, not the best of the 'Songs of a Stranger,' will, we are sure, be sufficient to more than justify the praise we have bestowed on them. The first is—

'THE CAPE OF THE CABA RUMIA.

'Cervantes mentions that the memory of Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, is held in detestation by both Spaniards and Moors. On the coast of Barbary is a cape called the Caba Rumia, or Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman, where, it is said, that Cava, or Caba, or Florinda, lies buried; and the Moors think it ominous to be forced into that bay.'

Sir Walter Scott.

'Sail on! what power has our luckless bark
To this ominous realm betrayed,
Where Cava's rock, o'er the waters dark,
Points out where her bones are laid?

'Away! away! though tempests sweep,
And waves rage loud and high,
Brave all the terrors of the deep—
But come not that haven nigh,
The spirit of the fatal fair
Hovers dimly over her grave;
'Tis her voice that rings through the troubled air,
'Tis her moan that awakes the wave.

'Oh! dearly the sons of Spain can tell
The woes that her beauty cost,
When Roderick, won by that witching spell,
Fame—honour and country lost.
And ever her name is an evil sound,
And her memory hated shall be;
And woe and dangers that bark surround
That Cava's rock shall see.
Then hasten on for some happier shore;
Nor that cape still linger near,
That the Spaniard true, and the infidel Moor,
Alike avoid with fear!'

The next is a sweet—

'SONG.

'Odi quel rusignolo
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantando; io amo; io amo,'

Tasso's Aminta.

'This mournful heart can dream of nought but thee,
As with slow steps among these shades I move,
And hear the nightingale from tree to tree
Sighing, "I love! I love!"

'This mournful heart wakes to one thought alone
That still our fatal parting will renew,
To hear that bird, when Spring's last eve is gone,
Sighing, "Adieu! Adieu!"

The next song has been set to music by William Linley, Esq.—

'I will not ask one glance from thee,
Lest, fondly, I should linger yet,
And all thy scorn and cruelty
In that entrancing glance forget.

'I may not, dare not, hear thee speak
In music's most persuasive tone,
Lest the sweet sound to joy awake,
And I forget 'tis sound alone!'

The following is of a plaintive cast, but furnishes equal evidence of the talents of our amiable and accomplished author. It is an—

'ELEGY.

'The sea is deep above thy grave,
And the murmur of the rushing wave
Soothes thee to endless sleep.
The warring winds, with angry yell,
Ring mournfully thy funeral knell,
And wild discordance keep

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'Now round thee wakes the hurrying storm,
And the red lightning rends aside
The wat'ry veil that strives to hide
Thy passive form.

'The affrighted waves in heaps divide
And close again, as the loud thunder peals—
No eye beholds what that abyss reveals!
A waste of horror, black and drear, is spread
Far o'er the bosom of the troubled main.
Thy grave is calm again,
The dread commotion ceases o'er thy head—
The dark sea onward drives, and peaceful
Sleeps the dead!'

The Twenty-Ninth of May: Rare Doings at the Restoration.

(Concluded from p. 342.)

The author of the Twenty-Ninth of May, in describing the scenes which occurred—or the reader is to suppose occurred—at the Restoration, avails himself largely of the loyal songs of the day, and intermingles his accounts with other poetical pieces, some of which are, however, too well known. The work contains thirteen chapters, on as many different subjects, all relating to the rare doings at the Restoration. From one of these chapters, and that the best, The Devil'd Kidney, we shall make an extract; it relates to the voyage of Charles from Holland, on the Restoration:—

"Why, Sedley—it was delectably droll, to say the least of it; but, sirs, you should have been on board the *Nasby*."

"'That is treason,' cried Colonel Phillips, laughing. "The Royal Charles, man?"

"'Well, then, as the Duke of Buckingham said to Admiral Montague, the *Nasby*."

"'The devil,' exclaimed D'Urfey, "why I marvel that the *Rump* sailors did not hoist him overboard, to pickle his presumption in the herring-pond."

"'True, as you say, my D'Urfey. By the powers! we were in a tremendous funk, when the mercy duke first commenced his pranks on board, for the whole fleet but t'other day were snuffing prayers and hymns, and swearing everlasting enmity to majesty, when, *hocus pocus*, as it were, the pitch-and-tar men *swear* on the other side of the mouth, and, in the twirling of a quid, d——n their eyes as freely as *in the good old times*, as an ancient sailor loyally observed to his grace, who got into the good graces of the heroes in a twinkling, and converted them by shoals."

"'And how did the old admiral stomach this sudden metamorphosis; made a long face upon it, no doubt.'

"'Brimstone blue, at the first blush of the thing,' replied Crofts; "but, peeling himself of the outward skin of the Puritan, my jolly admiral, who is at heart a sailor, reconciled himself to the change, and cracked his joke with Buckingham, and was as cheery as his crew."

* * * *

"'And here you behold the sudden conversion of Montague,' said Butler, soberly smoking his pipe. "So it is,—anything to retain power—the same with sinner and saint, anything for temporal gain. The rebel admiral striking topsails to majesty; and, if *Charles Stuart* only willed it, all would swear, with *parson Harrison*, that the two tables of stone were made of Shittim wood. There is no conversion like that of the *presence*; and as for conscience!"—blowing the smoke from him—"'tis that, sirs. A rupture there, wide as law from justice, is closed by a royal *squeeze*, easily as by Parson Forster's *miraculous sponge*."

"You are right, my royal," exclaimed Tom Killegrew; "you have said truly, my bully Butler; give me your manus, my king of trumps. Had you but been on the deck of the *Royal Charles*, great guns and demi culverins,"—pressing his pipe down with the tobacco-stopper—"But, we must not proclaim all we know—not (whiffing away) that I care, though all the curious round-heads in this Christian city opened their asses' ears at the key-hole of the devil. Come, my noble royster, you Crofts, wherefore should we not take wine together? Why! you scaramouche cook—you D'Urfey, *your* grills and your gizzards have made me hot in the tongue, as a pepper-cod; thirsty as *Dives*. Yes—(there a bumper, my royal)—yes, a pretty passage we had of it. Naught but frisk and folly—fiddling and fun all the way home. What glo—glo—glorious—frolicsome chaps are your sai—sai—"

"Saints," helped out old Shirley.

"No, no—*hic*—the sailors, my darling poet; but—*hic*—we are the saints too, in their way, sir—I'll give you a specimen. I shall never forget the day the old ones got their first audience of our noble king and master: and then, mark you, the prying old tykes, keeping each other up to the mark." Here the wag, quite in his glory, began to travestie their names, dubbing the pious committee, Calamy, Baxter, Manton, Case, and Reynolds, by a corresponding string of whimsical parody.

"'"Yes: Master *Calamity*,' whispers old *Backslider*, 'be steadfast in the cause.' 'Yea, and put the king to the nonplush,' touching the surplice, said *Mad-Tom*; whom Case, otherwise Cause, otherwise *Curse* (snuffling the names equivocally to the ear), pushed the case of the Common-Prayer Book to Master *Wry-Nose*, otherwise Reynolds, who, together with the other conjurors—ha, ha, ha—how the most knowing may be bamboozled! clapped their cheeks to the chinks of the royal confessional, and caught our sovereign lord the king—*seeking!*"

* * *

"'What would the sanctified committee think of our sober conc'ave, were they, with old *Wry-Nose* at their head, to thrust their noses amongst us roaring roysters?" said Hyde.

"Think!" replied Butler, relighting his pipe, "why, sir, that we were smoking a nest of waspish hypocrites—with all their zeal for holiness! Reformers! good Lord! why these chiefs of the godly are as suspicious of each other as so many ambassadors. Sirs, there is not one sect, of all the seekers among your congregational men, can trust another out of sight. All despatching their elders to watch and outwit his cunning neighbour, at Breda—every saint for himself. So the thrifty *rose*, the Dutch farmer's wife, puts the cat in the dairy to catch a thief of a mouse, but takes care to send the maid to watch Grimalkin, lest pussy should steal the cream."

In our former notice, we deemed it our duty to censure the profanity which pervades these volumes, and we are frequently obliged to stop short in our quotations, when we see some irreverent oath before us. We are the more surprised at this, as the author, in a note, affects to condemn it. We shall quote this note as a curious instance of the contrasted saying and doings of the author:

'It is likely that the unprofitable custom of making use of profane expletives and wicked imprecations, amongst the British soldiers and sailors, is of great antiquity. This we may infer, on the authority of Dr. Henry, that the veterans led into the field in olden times were addicted to cursing and swearing; for when the Count of Luxembourg, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, visited the Maid of Orleans, in her prison at Rouen, where the heroine, to the eternal disgrace of that age, loaded with irons, was chained to the floor, the count, who had sold her to the enemy, pretending that his visit was to treat with her about her ransom, she cast a look of resentment and disdain upon him, and cried, "Begone! you have neither the power to ransom me." Then turning her eyes towards the two earls, she added, "I know that you English will put me to death, and imagine that after I am dead you will conquer France: but, though there were an hundred thousand *G—d dam'nees* more in France than there are, they will never conquer the kingdom."

'It would further appear, that this opprobrious custom was not entirely a vice of the camp, for (says an industrious inquirer into manners of the old English) a contemporary historian, who had frequently conversed with Henry VI., mentions it, as a *very remarkable and extraordinary peculiarity in the character of that prince*, "that he did not swear in common conversation; but reproved his *ministers* and *officers* of *state*, when he heard them swearing."'

The author of this work is a thoroughpaced Jacobite; and, in his anxiety to give Charles credit for virtues he never possessed, he blackens the character of Cromwell with charges and insinuations which he must know are groundless. In attributing to his favourite, Charles, coarse epithets and superstition, he degrades him as a gentleman, and renders him ridiculous. Take, for instance, the following scene between the king, the prince, and Buckingham:—

"'It is said, your majesty, that Cromwell dreaded to be alone,' observed Prince Henry.

"'Yes, Hal, and dreaded to be abroad, too, or his daring courage was defamed; the ambitious traitor might be likened to the regicide Macbeth. I wonder if he had nerve enough to read that wondrous play; but no," rejoined his majesty, "these puritans read not such impious writings, though they have, in their evil career, furnished forth abundant matter wherefrom succeeding playwrights may take models of iniquity. Yes! and draw from true history new acts of surpass-

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ing terror. What a tragedy is that just past for future times!"

"'Truly so, my honoured sire," replied Buckingham, who would have diverted the king from so painful a subject; "but with this especial difference, your majesty, that, contrary to dramatic rule, it hath pleased the benignant star that presided at your royal birth, to wind up this real drama in peace, in loyalty, in universal joy and gladness; and I humbly prognosticate that your loving subjects will pray that the last act may continue and endure far longer than the first."

"Well said, good seer: may you be a true prophet, Buckingham!" returned the king. "I am not given to superstition; yet am I free to own, that that phenomenon has sometimes wrought upon my imagination. It was thought by many, and even by our enlightened father (turning to his royal brothers), as it affected the heir apparent—portentous. Indeed, it is a circumstance that, if not well attested, putting the question of my birth aside, I should not have credited; but the king, and his grace your father, Buckingham, and a thousand others, men whose testimony it were not becoming to doubt, witnessed its appearance."

"It was strange, sire," said Ormond, "and with the old Romans would have been considered portentous indeed!—a theme for the speculations of the augurs."

"'Or for those cunning seers who pretend to have been in the secrets of fate touching the fortunes of the usurper. But the sun of the glory of that house is set; and yet how soon are we seated here, in what was but so late the miscreant's mock regal palace. 'Tis strange! Why, sirs, I have been told this very man did dream—nay, that it was past a dream—did see, being fast awake, a mighty form—a mysterious figure—and that this gigantic apparition did open the curtains of his bed, and tell him that he should become the greatest person of the three kingdoms."

"'And when, and where, your majesty, did this occur?" inquired Prince Henry, seemingly appalled at the recital.

"'Whilst yet a froward boy at the grammar-school at Huntingdon. But why so pale, my dear Harry?—night watching suits you not, my Prince Harry."

"'Your relation makes my blood run cold," replied the prince.

"'Yes! the renegado used to relate this story in the plenitude of his glory. Doubtlessly it was the devil himself who appeared to the traitor."

"'The spectre did not say that he should be king, then, your majesty?" observed the Duke of York.

"'No," replied the king; "the prediction was true to the letter, as it should seem; and so possessed with the notion was the juvenile traitor, that neither the admonitions of his father, nor the chastisements of Doctor Beard, the master of the school, could curb that early spirit of audacity which marked his career in manhood: he persisted in relating the extraordinary apparition."

"'Until he believed in the reality of this chimera—this creation of his own heated brain," said Buckingham; "surely, your majesty, with becoming deference, and do you, who are superior to all superstitious notions, really lend your belief to this specious tale—this imposition of the wily hypocrite—the notorious impostor!"'

These extracts will show the style of the work: that many of the scenes are highly dramatic must be allowed, and that they describe the events of the period to which they relate we have no doubt. If, however, the author intends to follow up his design of giving more volumes on other subjects, we advise him 'to swear not at all;' since it is a habit at once profane and ungentlemanly even in discourse, and in a book it is revolting

The Little Lexicon or Multum in Parvo of the English Language; containing upwards of Two Thousand Words, with their Definitions, more than are to be found in the usual Abridgments of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. To which is added, a Table of Terms and Phrases, from the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages. London, 1825. Cole.

WHAT would the great lexicographer have said, if any person had proposed to give, not only the spirit of his bulky folio, but some thousand additional words, in a book about an inch and a half square!—Yet such is really the case in this unique little volume. It contains definitions of, we believe, nearly thirty thousand words, being two thousand more than the usual abridgment of Johnson's Dictionary; it is neatly and correctly printed, with a clear and distinct type, and is altogether admirably got up. To a traveller, to whom space and weight are objects, we recommend this Little Lexicon; and, if some of the yokels who come to town were to put it in their pockets, they might avoid being swindled out of money by bets about the word *infortunate*, which is no uncommon occurrence of life in London.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Handbibliothek der Deutschen Literatur, &c J. H. Bohte. London, 1825.

BOOKSELLERS' catalogues lie so completely without the province of criticism, that we ought to offer some apology perhaps for taking up one; we trust, however, that we shall be excused for deviating so much from all precedent, if we say a few words on the subject of that now before us (forming the first part of a Catalogue Raisonné of German works, prepared by the late Mr. Bohte, of York Street, Covent Garden, and published by his widow), both on account of the singularity of its containing a preface written by no less eminent a German scholar than Professor Schlegel, and as it will afford us an opportunity of making a remark or two on the progress of German literature in this country. M. Schlegel has here furnished a rapid sketch of the literature of Germany and what his countrymen have achieved in the principal departments of philosophy and science, and thus shows the claims it has to the attention of the rest of Europe:—

'That, with reference to the abundance of distinguished works in the department of literature, properly so called, we cannot yet vie with several other nations, ought neither to be a matter of astonishment, nor to be made a subject of reproach. Nature deals out the gifts of genius, at one time sparingly, and more liberally at another, but never lavishly; and a considerable period must elapse before mental treasures of a varied character can be extensively accumulated. Yet, within the above-mentioned period of between seventy and eighty years, a great activity and productiveness have been displayed; new and striking phenomena have closely followed each other; and we have only to mention the names of Klopstock, Lessing, Winkelmann, Wieland, Bürger, Goethe, Johannes Müller, Herder, Schiller (to say nothing of our younger contemporaries), to establish our claims to European recognition.

'If, however, to those whose inducement to acquire a foreign language is merely the gratification of their imagination and taste, and the extension of their circle of animated entertainment, our literature were to present fewer attractions than that of some of our neighbours, we can, on the other hand, assure the philosopher, the scholar, the scientific inquirer, that each will find himself richly rewarded for the labour, by no means light, which an intimate acquaintance with our language will demand from him. We not only possess a great number of useful and convenient works, in which all that has hitherto been done in every department of knowledge, in every country and age, is diligently collected, arranged, and solidly applied; but the acuteness and the profundity of German thinkers have displayed themselves effectively in every direction. Much that was received as true, merely because, from respect for antiquity, it had never been questioned, has, on a fresh investigation, assumed quite a new form; and there prevails with us an impartiality and comprehensiveness in the mode of conducting an inquiry, and a peculiarity in the manner of viewing a question, to which, from various causes, other nations, however intellectual in other respects, are necessarily strangers.'

Hitherto our acquaintance with continental literature has been almost exclusively confined to that of France and Italy; for even the literary productions of Spain, to leave Portugal entirely out of the question, were, with one or two exceptions, little, if at all, known in this country. At the time that the Germans were translating our principal writers, and while they were familiar with the names and productions of our Fielding and Sterne, we barely knew that there was a language called High Dutch, which we conceived, without knowing why, must be the most barbarous and uncouth of all the European idioms; we had heard of dull voluminous German commentators, and supposed that Germany never had and never could produce any other literati. At length the names of Klopstock, Gesner, Goethe, Lessing, Zimmermann, and Schiller reached us, and we judged of German literature from translations of the Messiah, Werter, the Robbers, Kotzebue's plays, and such pro-

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ductions as Rinaldo Rinaldi, and trashy and extravagant novels and tales of wonder and necromancy; nor was the manner in which these translations were executed, if we except those by Sotheby, Coleridge, and Taylor, at all adapted to convey either an adequate idea of the originals, or to make a favourable impression on the English reader. Within the few last years the study of the German language, and its literature, has received a considerable impulse; but much still remains to be done before the latter can be duly appreciated among us. The difficulty, too, of procuring German publications was, for a long time, a serious obstacle to those who wished to obtain a competent acquaintance with the intellectual treasures of our German neighbours. To the removal of this obstacle the late Mr. Bohte contributed in no small degree, by his spirited speculations and extensive importations, not only of the more popular works of the day, but of a rich collection in every department of literature. What he performed in this respect his former catalogues show, but more especially the present one, which, ample as it is, is confined to the heads of philology, archæology, bibliography, theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy. It may indeed be regarded as a most excellent guide in the formation of a German library, and the copious extracts with which it is enriched, both from foreign and English journals, render it worthy of a permanent place on the shelves of a book-collector.

ORIGINAL.

CORONATION OF CHARLES X. OF FRANCE.

For the Literary Chronicle.

Rheims, Sunday, May 29, 1825.

It is impossible for the imagination to conceive a more magnificent spectacle than the cathedral of Rheims presented this morning: the decorations were costly and elegant in the highest degree, and the arrangement of the galleries, draperies, seats, &c. reflects the utmost credit on the directors. Six early in three o'clock, the anxious visitors were in motion; by four all the doors were crowded, though only announced to be opened at six; at seven, the ceremonies began by a procession of priests to the altar, carrying the sacred emblems (which are of massive gold, of exquisite workmanship), before the bishops, in scarlet robes, covered with lace; the music, as they walked slowly up the church, was extremely fine; the archbishop followed, preceded by the master of the ceremonies, then returned in full pontificals, accompanied by the bishops, and took their seats before the altar. At half-past seven, the Dauphine, Duchesses of Berri, d'Orleans, and ladies of the court, took their seats in the royal gallery; soon after, the Dauphin and Duc d'Orleans and Bourbon appeared, in magnificent costume, their trains borne, and placed themselves on the seats nearest the king's, which was in the centre of the cross of the cathedral, on a carpet of purple velvet, superbly embroidered and fringed with gold, and directly under a magnificent canopy of the same materials drawn up by cords to a height of sixty feet. At eight precisely, the king walked up the church, between two cardinals, sent to escort him from the palace, along a beautiful platform erected for the purpose from thence to the grand entrance of the cathedral, and most richly carpeted and ornamented. He was dressed in a white silk robe-de-chambre, and velvet cap and feathers, with only a single bandeau of diamonds, and preceeded and followed by twelve pages in uniform, lords in waiting, ambassadors, and masters of ceremonies, 1st, 2nd, and 3d. When the mass was concluded, the archbishop proceeded to the benediction of the royal ornaments; the king's robe-de-chambre was then taken off, under which appeared a suit of crimson and gold; he fell on his knees before the altar, and the archbishop, placing the sword in his right hand, pronounced the benediction: this was affecting and solemn to a degree. On rising from his knees, and being again seated, a book was presented to him containing the oaths, which he read with a firm and audible voice. The music then accompanied the priests and bishops in chanting a hymn, four cushions being first disposed of in such a manner that the king and archbishop were prostrate on them during the time; after which, the king remaining on his knees, the archbishop seated himself before him, and, holding the golden vessel of holy oil, he proceeded to anoint him, first, on the summit of the head, in form of the cross, then on the chest, between the two shoulders, on the right shoulder, on the left shoulder, at the joint of the right arm, at the joint of the left arm, through openings left for the purpose in his robe and chemise, the musicians all the time chanting, 'Sadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon king in Sion, crying with joy, may the king live for ever.' The archbishop, still sitting, with his mitre on, before the king, assisted the bishops in covering him with another more magnificent dress, then anointed the palms of each of his hands, and pronounced a prayer over him; the king still kneeling, the archbishop pronounced the benediction on his gloves and signet separately, then took the sceptre from the altar, and, blessing it, in like manner, placed it in his right hand, pronouncing, at the same time, 'Receive this sceptre, which is the mark of royal power,' &c.; then taking the emblem called the hand of justice, he placed it in the king's left hand, pronouncing, in like manner, 'Receive this sceptre of virtue and equity,' &c.

The crown of Charlemagne was next presented to the archbishop, who held it over the king's head, assisted by the three princes of the blood, forming a cross round his person. The prayer being pronounced, 'May God crown you with the crown of glory,' &c it was placed on his head, and held there till the benediction was completed. A burst of music and cries of *Vive le Roi*, within the cathedral, announced the event, and without, discharges of cannon and musketry. At this moment a quantity of birds were seen flying about the roof, in sign of *liberty to the captives*. The scene altogether was at that moment affecting and impressive to the last degree. The king bowed most graciously to the spectators, and the procession moved towards the throne, his majesty's train borne by five peers in mantles, only exceeded in magnificence by that of their royal master. Being seated, the throne raised forty steps at least, and on a level with the galleries, the ecclesiastics returned to the altar, where a mass for the occasion was performed, which being finished, they went again to the throne, from whence his majesty descended, and received the communion, which was administered by the archbishop; the king all the time on his knees before the steps of the altar, and a superb cloth, of white silk and silver, held before him, as high as his neck, by the dauphin, Duke d'Orleans, and two bishops; the music of this part of the ceremony was exquisitely soft, rich, solemn, and well performed, and admirably adapted to the scene. When the sacrament was finished, the crown of Charlemagne having been previously taken off the king's head, it was replaced by his own, which is a masterpiece of splendour and magnificence, and he slowly proceeded to leave the church, amidst the acclamations of the spectators. About twelve o'clock, all the ceremonies were finished; and for eight days the cathedral is ordered to remain in its present state, to gratify the curiosity of the public: it is scarcely possible to convey a just idea of its splendour. The *coup d'œil* is most magnificent, presenting the whole length of the interior, from the throne to the altar; the floor entirely covered with the richest carpets, the seats on each side with crimson velvet and fringes and tassels of gold, the pillars covered with emblematical paintings, the interstices filled up with seats, which form the tribunes or gallery, all hung with the most superb draperies of velvet and gold, and lined with crimson damask: above these draperies, at the top of each arch, are paintings of the whole line of monarchs, from Clovis; higher up, emblematical figures, representing all the towns in the diocese, as Soissons, Peronne, Chateau, Thierri, Rheims, &c. &c. with their particular branches of commerce, all beautifully executed. Above these are the painted windows, additionally ornamented with gilding, &c. between and finished by the roof, which is grained, and covered with light-blue cloth, and embroidered with stars and fleurs-de-lis of silver.

The whole was illuminated by thousands of wax lights in superb chandeliers, whose glittering splendour rivalled the suits of diamonds displayed by the princesses and ladies, and who were placed, consistently with French politeness, on the front seats in the galleries; the peers, deputies, officers, and courtiers, having places allotted them below. The display of jewels, feathers, and other appendages to female beauty, added much to the imposing effect of so much exquisite workmanship, and presented a *tout ensemble* of which it is scarcely possible to form a just idea. In the evening the towns was illuminated; and to-morrow a chapter of the Order of the Holy Ghost is to be held in the cathedral —the king will preside as grand master, and the music is to be *tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau*. On Tuesday his majesty will review

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all the troops here; and on Wednesday he leaves for Paris, where preparations are made on the grandest scale for his public entry, and the fêtes afterwards.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS DEFENDED.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

'To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,—
* * *
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.'
Pope's Prologue to Cato.

MR. EDITOR,—In my novitiate on this 'great stage of fools,' it was my good or ill hap to imbibe a fondness for dramatic amusements, bordering on the romantic. To me the sphere of the theatre seemed an ideal world of splendid enchantment, where the mind and imagination might luxuriate harmless and uncontrolled; these, I admit, were the delicious dreams of too sanguine boyhood; nevertheless, a similar feeling must be possessed by all who wish to enter into the full spirit and fancy of the spell-like witcheries of Melpomene and Thalia. At this period,—

'When all was sunshine
Gaily bedecked with fancy's imagery,'

I was eager to mingle with a species of beings whose desires for these amusements were equally ardent with my own; but, on my friends' discovering my fondness for the society of these heroes, whose 'aspirings and aims' so agreeably coincided with my own, their anxiety became aroused, to lessen my attachment for these mummeries, as they termed these recreations. My own imagination had not so fondly revelled in picturing the delights of the drama, as my friends now racked theirs to describe to me the frightful consequences attending the taking too great pleasure therein. Bunyan's description of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was not more fearful to the young imagination than my friends' description of the 'hot-bed of vice,' as they called the theatre and its precincts; but, as I do not wish to fill with terror the minds of your readers, I will forbear naming where I was told all its votaries might, in progress of time, look forward to be consigned. Yet, alas! what availed their salutary admonitions, whilst even the bare sight of the green curtain, suspended in the front of this same hot-bed, and the merry countenances of the gaily-dressed rows of individuals, awaiting, in breathless expectation, for the sound of the three-times tinkling bell, could shake to the foundation, and steep in lethe, all their 'sage grave counsel.' But, Mr. Editor, do not suppose me treating this subject ironically, or with undue levity, as, in truth, I am not; and, therefore, to avoid giving cause for such an idea, I will, with all 'sober sadness,' proceed to give you my matured sentiments on the very general existing prejudice against permitting young people either to imbibe a taste for the drama or to indulge in theatrical recreations.

I think, the prematurely checking a moderate indulgence of these incipient longings does not, in this, as it may perhaps in less inveterate cases, nip the evil in the bud; but, on the contrary, defeats its own object, by promoting their growth and strengthening the desire for stage captivations, as curiosity is the more strongly excited, the more assiduously we repress it. I will confess, however, that it is difficult for *one, fascinated* by dramatic allurements, to draw the right line between the conflicting opinions of the fascinators and abominators of this species of amusement, as I myself experienced much incertitude in my younger days, whether I was not in danger of adopting the whisperings of inclination for the mature reflection of a sound judgment: I am, notwithstanding all this, decidedly in favour of the encouragement of stage amusements, as I think their exhibition more productive of good than obnoxious to the growth of evil; and these are a few of my reasons for being so: firstly, because the province of the stage is 'to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.' Now, if this be true—and who is there will doubt the authority of our immortal bard?—why should we fear to look at this mirror? Is it because its surface may be sullied with the stains of human frailty?—Still it is necessary for us to behold the shadings of the emblem of our nature, that we may steer clear of the destructive passions, which the stage exhibits for our detestation; and because it is on the stage alone that we can see cause and effect faithfully developed in colours not so repulsive as to shock our nature, but sufficiently strong to teach us the necessity of avoiding evil and seeking good, without learning these wholesome and necessary principles in that school of repentance—woful experience.

If such be the tendency and end of the legitimate drama, how may our morals become corrupted, or our feelings debased, by its exhibition? On the contrary, the stage is the vehicle of the highest intellectual entertainment, when we see example and precept go hand in hand, instruction mingled with recreation, and the minds of the auditors made familiar with the noblest sentiments and lessons of eagle-eyed honour and patriotism,—where vice is disrobed of her speciousness, and, as a necessary consequence, held up to our abhorrence, and virtue arrayed in her native loveliness; in a word, where the commingled good and evil passions of human nature are traced to their sources and exhibited in their consequences.

Again, the salutary effects which have been produced by the representation of many of our acting plays prove that some good is effected through their medium; the tragedy of George Barnwell is one of these. Ross, the first performer of the principal character in that play, it is pretty generally known, received, for many years, an annual doceur from an unknown hand, in grateful remembrance of having been rescued from ruin, in consequence of the impression Ross's performance of that character produced on the donor. The comedy of the Hypocrite was also instrumental in exposing to the public, with the greatest effect, the masked vice, cant, and fraud of an enthusiastic sect, which, at the present day, is increasing and swarming, like the Puritans of former years; and the tragedy of Cato, I think, need only be named to be admired:—

'What bosom beats not in his country's cause
whilst witnessing this sublime tragedy. I shall conclude these instances with the lines of our Shakspeare, who tells us,—

'That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.'

Much more might be said in favour of this subject, which, perhaps, has, from recent events, fallen into greater disrepute than ever: whether deservedly so or not, it is not my intention now to discuss; but, before I conclude, I beg to answer one point, which has, with some ingenuity, been urged in prejudice of plays! it is the danger of associating with the very mixed company generally found within the circle of a theatre. Now, I believe, it will be allowed that the *majority* of an English audience comprises not the vile, the low, or the worthless, but the wealthy, and, indeed, the most respectable portion of our 'tight little island;' the higher orders, or, as we emphatically call them, 'the great,' are not at present such liberal encouragers of the drama as formerly. Music and the fine arts, which have become more generally cultivated and brought to perfection of late years, chiefly engage the patronage of the 'beau monde,' and their seats being oftener vacated at the theatre, they leave room for our gentry and respectable commercial part of the community; and, as they now form the most numerous part of the audience of an English theatre, we must either condemn the taste, morality, and judgment of this respectable portion of the people; or consider this point as fully answered. It is true there are other places of public resort, besides the theatre, affording much rational and instructive amusement, but none, I think, so accessible and so cheaply obtained as the enjoyment of a playful elegant comedy, or the sublimity of a fine moral tragedy: the other species of amusements are generally of a lower or more expensive kind, and such as are accessible to, and can be enjoyed by, the wealthy and liberally-educated class of people only, who have acquired a refined taste and a well-stocked purse, that enable them to indulge in visiting academies, exhibitions, conversations, and musical concerts. To conclude, the chief cause of the present strong prejudice to the pleasures of the drama may be ascribed to a want of a correct knowledge of its real beauties and tendencies, or to an ill-grounded prejudice imbibed in early youth, that prevents the attainment of an unbiassed acquaintance with either the one or the other. J. W.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

THE annual distribution of the prizes of this society took place on Monday last, at the King's Theatre. The house was thronged, in the boxes, pit, and gallery, with an elegant and fashionable company, of whom by far the greater proportion was ladies. The stage was furnished with seats, for the members of

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the council and the more distinguished patrons of the arts; and the successful candidates, including about fifty ladies, occupied an amphitheatre at the back, thus presenting a *coup d'œil* of uncommon brilliancy.

Mr. Aikin, the secretary, read a judicious report, on the objects and condition of the society, from which it appears that their numbers and resources are rapidly increasing, and in which he vindicated them from the objection that some urge against the distribution of their rewards so freely, on the ground that the facility of procuring honours at the hands of the society, detracts from the value they ought to possess. The secretary observed that there were many grades of merit, and that very high and scarce honours could only be justly awarded to the highest talent and perfection; but that very great advantages resulted from the society's watching the early progress of young and enterprising individuals, and stimulating their exertions by rewards suitable to their relative merits, or the difficulties they had surmounted.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided. On distributing the prizes, he addressed some suitable observations to most of the candidates, with great urbanity and kindness; and where, as was the case with many, working mechanics or labourers were presented with medals or gratuities, his royal highness never failed to direct the particular attention of the company to them. There were many foreigners present, among whom were the Canadian chiefs, who excited much attention.

The following is a list of the Rewards adjudged by the society, and presented to the respective candidates by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex:—

IN AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ECONOMY.

1, R. Creyke, jun. Esq. Rawcliffe-house, near Thorne, Yorkshire—warping 429 acres of peat by an improved method; large gold medal.

2, Colonel J. Wilson, Sneaton-castle, near Whitby—planting 174 acres with forest trees; large gold medal.

3, Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks—raising seed from the American grass used in making fine plat; 20 guas.

4, Wm. Salisbury, Barcom-pl. Brompton—communication respecting the material employed in Tuscany for fine plat; silver Ceres medal.

5, G. Whitworth, Esq. Acre-house, Lincolnshire—improved perennial rye grass; silver Ceres medal.

IN CHEMISTRY.

6, J. Roberts, St. Helen's, Lancashire—apparatus to enable persons to breathe in air loaded with smoke and other suffocating vapours; large silver medal and 50 guas.

7, H. Moore, Green-hill, Derby—etching and cleaning alabaster; large silver medal.

8, L. Anstey, 27, Drummond-crescent, Somer's-town—improved melting pots for iron and brass-founders; silver Vulcan medal and 20 guas.

9, W. Sturgeon, 9, Artillery-pl. Woolwich—improved electro-magnetic apparatus; large silver medal and 30 guas.

IN MECHANICS.

10, W. Friend, Earl-street, Finsbury—secret lock; 10 guas.

11, J. P. Hubbard, 130, Leadenhall-street—folding chair; silver Vulcan medal.

12, C. W. Williamson, New-st. Kennington-cross—improved smoothing plane; 10 guas.

13, T. Griffiths, Royal Institution—expanding wedge for sawyers; silver Vulcan medal.

14, D. Matthews, Basinghall-street—improved mode of barrowing out soil; silver Vulcan medal.

15, E. Pechey, Bury St. Edmonds—pump for raising water; 5 guas.

16, T. Cluley, Sheffield—lithotomy forceps; gold Vulcan medal.

17, W. Brockedon, Esq. Caroline-street, Bedford-square—mechanical apparatus to assist a weak knee-joint; large silver medal.

18, J. Aitkin, 55, St. John-street, Smithfield—improved quarter clock; 20 guas.

19, W. Hardy, Wood-street, Spa-fields—instrument to ascertain very small intervals of time; gold Vulcan medal.

20, T. Dickinson, Esq. Captain R. N. Parbrook-heath, near Portsmouth—mode of applying percussion-powder to the discharge of ship's guns; gold Vulcan medal.

21, J. Cow, Royal Dock Yard, Woolwich—improved mode of conveying anchors and cannon by means of a ship's launch; gold Vulcan medal.

22, A. Aloger, Esq. Everett-street, Brunswick-square—centering for arches of wide span; gold Vulcan medal.

23, C. Sockl, 17, Rowal-row, Lambeth—valve for steam-boilers; large silver medal and 10 guas.

24, C. Shakespear, Esq. Postmaster-general, Calcutta—portable rope bridge; gold Vulcan ml.

IN MANUFACTURES.

25, R. Jones, master of St. George's workhouse, Little Chelsea—cloth made of New Zealand flax; silver Ceres medal and 5 guas.

For Bonnets of British materials in imitation of Leghorn.

26, J. Cobbin, Bury St. Edmonds; 14 guas.

27, Mrs. Syrett, Bury St. Edmonds; £10.

28, Mrs. Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk; 9 guas.

29, Anne Venn, Hadleigh, Suffolk; 3 guas.

30, Mr J. Long, Barham House of Industry; silver Ceres medal.

31, Children of the school at Adbury, Berks; 5 guas.

32, Lucy Hollowell, Banbury; 5 guas.

33, Mary Marshall, Bandon, near Cork; 2 guas.

34, The children of the school at Bandon; 3 guas.

35, Sophia Dyer, West Meon, near Alton; 2 guas.

36, Anne Dyer, ditto; 2 guas.

37, Maria Pain, Boxted, near Bury St. Edmonds; 2 guas.

38, Mrs Merrice, Great Brickhill, Bucks; silver Ceres medal.

39, Mrs. Lauzey, Exeter; silver Ceres medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

40, J. Mackay, Esq. Picton, Nova Scotia—instrument for uprooting trees; gold Ceres medal.

41, Messrs. Petchey and Wood, Van Diemens Land—making and importing five tons of extract of Mimosa bark for the use of tanners; gold Ceres medal.

42. M. Ile Cadre, Trinidad—plantations of clove-trees in the colony of Trinidad; 50 guas.

IN POLITE ARTS.—HONORARY CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

43, Miss Cockburn, St. John's Wood, Regent's-park—pencil drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

44, J. B. Sedgwick, 20, Fleet-street—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver Isis medal.

45, T. Wilkinson, 2, James-street, Adelphi—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver palette.

46, Miss A. Hoare, 9, Great Cumberland-st.—chalk drawing of a head; silver Isis medal.

47, Miss S. Field, Grove-lodge, Lower Tooting—chalk drawing of a figure; silver palette.

48, Miss Sale, 10, Westminster-bridge-road—chalk drawing of a head; the silver palette.

49, Miss H. Tufnell, Bath—pencil drawing of a landscape; silver palette.

50, Miss A. Millor, 17, Sloane-street—chalk drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

51, Miss M. Smith, 17, Norfolk-street, Strand—chalk drawing of a head; silver palette.

52, Miss L. H. Fox, London-house, Hackney—crayon drawing of figures; large silver med.

53, J. Bizot, Down-street, Piccadilly—chalk drawing of a head; silver palette.

54, F. R. Ridgand, Euston-square—chalk drawing of a figure; silver palette.

Drawings from Busts.

55, Miss D. Lawrence, 357, Oxford-street—finished drawing in chalk from a bust; large silver medal.

56, Miss H. Salmon, 86, Piccadilly—finished drawing in chalk from a bust; silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

57, Miss J. S. Guy, 3, Bartlett's-place—landscape; large silver medal.

58, Miss Waters, Clapton-square—portrait in miniature; silver Isis medal.

59, Miss H. H. Morton, 4, Jeffries-square, Camden-town—group of flowers; large silver medal.

60, Miss Clarke, 22, Charter-house-square—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

61, Miss E. Hargrave, Greenwich—group of flowers; silver palette.

Original in Water Colours.

62, Mrs. Carbonnier, 64, George-st Portman-square—portrait in miniature; large silver medal.

63, Miss A. A. Bond, 20, York-pl. Kentish-town—group of flowers; large silver medal.

64, W. Dewber, 4, Brewer-street, Woolwich—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

Copy in Oil.

65, Miss E. Evans, Craven-street, Kentish Town—landscape; silver Isis medal.

Original in Oil.

66, J. P. André, jun. 5, York-place, City-road—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

67, Miss Manning, the Priory, near Leatherhead—portrait of a lady; large silver medal.

68, Miss E. Ainslie, Kentish-town—composition in still life; gold Isis medal.

69, G. Hilditch, 13, Ludgate-street—composition of fish from nature; large silver medal.

ARTISTS' CLASS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

70, D. Pasmore, 6, Salisbury-sq. Fleet-st.—historical drawing in pencil; silver Isis medal.

71, T. Percy, 42, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square—drawing in Indian ink of a landscape; silver palette.

72, E. G. Papworth, 10, Caroline-street, Bedford-square—drawing in pencil of animals; silver Isis medal.

73, Miss Alderson, 4, Bridge-row, Pimlico—drawing in chalk of a head; silver palette.

74, Miss M. E. Friend, Clarke's-terrace, Cannon-street-road—drawing in pencil of animals; silver palette.

75, Miss Liddle, 19, Whitelion-street, Good-

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man's fields—drawing in chalk of a head; silver Isis medal.

Original in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

76, S. Lines, jun. Birmingham—drawing in pencil of a landscape; large silver medal.

77, E. W. Webb, Tamworth—pencil drawing of animals; silver Isis medal.

78, Miss C. E. Walker, Blyth Hall, Bawtry—pencil drawing of a landscape; large silver medal.

Drawings and Paintings from Statues & Busts.

79, H. T. Wright, 52, Great Titchfield-street—outline of an entire figure; large silver medal.

80, R. W. Warren, Brewer-street, Woolwich—finished drawing of an entire figure; large silver medal.

81, L. B. Adams, 5, Basinghall-st.—finished drawing of an entire figure; silver palette.

82, B. R. Green, 27½, Argyll-street—outline of an anatomical figure; large silver medal.

83, W. Christie, Queen's-buildings, Brompton—drawing in chalk from a bust; silver Isis medal.

84, S. C. Smith, 11, Margaret-street, Bagnigge-wells—painting in oil from a bust; silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

85, J. Kennedy—drawing of an historical subject; large silver medal.

86, G. Brown, 6, Argyll-street—drawing of an historical subject; silver Isis medal.

87, C. R. Bone, 47, Charlotte-st. Portland-pl.—portrait in miniature; large silver medal.

88, Miss L. J. Green, 27½, Argyll-street—portrait in miniature; silver Isis medal.

Originals in Water Colours.

89 Miss E. Fearnley 6, Mecklenburg-square—group of flowers; silver Isis medal.

90, Miss E Tomkins, 53, New Bond-street—composition of flowers; large silver medal.

Copy in Oil.

91, W. A. Hastings, 8, Alfred-place, Bedford-sq.—painting of shipping; silver Isis medal.

Originals in Oil.

92, E. Williams, 6, Charlotte-st. Bloomsbury—portrait of himself; silver Isis medal.

94, R. E. Holst, 14, Howland-street—portrait of a lady; silver palette.

95, E. Fancourt, 31, Hoxton-square—portrait of himself; large silver medal.

96, Miss Kennby, 12, Rathbone-place—portrait of a lady; silver palette.

97, J. St. John Long, 20, York-street, Portman-square—landscape composition; large silver medal.

98, R. A. Clarke, 3, Clarendon-square—landscape composition; silver Isis medal.

99, H. H. Lines, Birmingham—landscape from nature; silver Isis medal.

Models.

100, T. Hughes, 59, Long-acre—copy of a bust from the antique; large silver medal.

101, C. Panormo, 91, Dean-street, Soho—copy in the round of an entire figure; large silver medal.

102, E G. Physick, 16, Park terrace, Regent's park—original model of a group; gold Isis medal.

103, Miss S. Bullock, 110, Sloane-square—bust from the life; large silver medal.

Architecture.

104, S. Burchell, 24, Red-lion square—drawing in perspective from a Corinthian capital; silver Isis medal.

105, S. Lont, 24, Edward-sq. Kensington—original design in Greek architecture, comprising seven dwelling-houses; large silver medal.

106, D Mocatta, 33, Russell-square—original design for a church in Doric architecture; silver Isis medal.

107, H. Bassett, 15, Norfolk-street, Strand—original design for a church in Doric architecture; gold medallion.

Lithography.

108, J. Baker, Sydenham-common—drawing of a Gothic screen to a church; large silv. med.

109, G Tytler, 10, Villiers-street, Strand—drawing of the interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; silver Isis medal.

Medal Die and Gem Engraving.

110, W. Woodhouse, pupil to Mr. Halliday, Birmingham—two medal dies, copies, the one a head, the other an entire figure; silver Isis medal.

111, T. Warner, 182, Terrace, Tottenham-court-road—head in intaglio, a copy; large silver medal.

112, R. Clint, 5, Roll's-buildings—original intaglio of a head; gold Isis medal.

113, J. Wood, 20, Surrey-street, Strand—original design for the society's vignette; large silver medal.

114, Miss A. Miller, Dorset-street, Dublin—carving in ivory of heads and figures; gold Isis medal.

115, W. Savage, 11, Cowley-street, Westminster—block-printing in colours in imitation of drawings; large silver medal and 15 guas.

116, H. Attenburrow, student in surgery, 11, New Burlington-street—original coloured anatomical drawing; silver Isis medal.

117, J. R. Alcock, student in surgery, 11, New Burlington-street—original anatomical model in coloured wax; gold Isis medal.

The thanks of the society were voted to the following gentlemen, and their communications have been directed to be inserted in the next volume of the society's transactions.

Capt. T. M. Bagnold, High-row, Knightsbridge, for his successful application of M. Appert's process to the preservation of lime-juice.

The same gentleman and his brother, Capt. M E Bagnold, of Bombay, for an account of the process employed at Bombay for making twisted gun-barrels and sword-blades, in imitation of those made at Damascus.

Mr. C. A. Deane, Charles-street, Deptford, for his improved key for house doors.

Mr. James Clement, Prospect-place, Newington Butts, for his stand for drawing-boards of large area.

Mr C. Varley, Thornbaugh-street, for his mode of copying screws.

Mr. Turrell, Clarendon-square, for his improved etching ground for engravers.

The thanks of the society were also voted to

Mr. Moreau, Soho-square, for his tabular view of British commerce.

Mr. J. H. Abraham, Sheffield, for his magnet for extracting particles of iron and steel from the eyes of workers in that metal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

'Tis past!—sweet inspiration, like a dream
Of paradise, a sunny beam
Upon a bed of rosy flowers,
At morn and eve's enchanted hours,
Came o'er my soul, soothed ev'ry care,
And chased the demon of despair;
As from the monarch's troubled bosom fled
The wil l fiend, and his viewless wings outspread,
When o'er his lyre the youthful minstrel flung
His skilful hand, and warlike legends sung.
'Tis past for ever! No'er again
Must those rich dreams of light return!
Be dumb, my harp, nor wake the strain
That made my soul with rapture burn!
Silence for ever on thee rest,
For darkness dwells within my breast:
Sweet soother of a broken heart,
We must, alas! for ever part!
'Tis past!—those visions of delight,
Those cherished hopes of fame so bright,
Of days when in sry should cease,
And all be happiness and peace;
When sorrow should no more intrude,
But laughing joy and friendship sweet
Look in upon my solitude,
And bless my calm retreat—
'Tis past for ever!—Joy, farewell,
Together we must never dwell!
And folly 'tis with Fate to cope!
I cannot break her iron chain,
Nor banish from my heart this pain.
Then fare thee well, sweet Hope!
Thou soother of a broken heart,
For, alas, we must for ever part!
No friend have I to calm my grief,
No comforter to give relief:
Sweet friendship dead, and hope departed,
I sink, desponding, broken hearted!
Adieu, loved harp! let my last breath
Upon thy golden strings be heard;
O, let me, as I sink in death,
Like the snow-beaconed bird,
Warble my mournful elegy,
And softly fade in melody!
Then silence on thee rest for ever,
Thou harp of the luckless bard,—
We meet no more! then never, never
Again be my sweet voice heard!

J. F. PENNIE.

TO WILLIAM MACREADY,

Written after seeing him in 'William Tell.'

Yes! I have heard the voice of liberty!
Her every tone of more than mortal power
Hath fallen upon my heart, like liquid flame
And kindled it to madness of delight!—
Hath raised the stormy billows of my soul,
E'en till they lashed themselves to passiveness
By their own fervour. God! to hear such words
Of glorious meaning—such impassioned truths,
Hurl'd from thy heart—it was enough to make
The life-blood in man's veins grow power-ful,
And burst its fragile bonds! Thou, William Tell!
Actor! will not call thee! from thee came
The wild outpourings of a passionate soul,
Burning with wrongs, and burning to rush
Back to a trampled land her ancient rights:—
If these be called the force of art alone,
Nature herself must be theatrical,
And thou her favoured pupil!

Edmonton. J. J. LEATHWICKE.

TO MY LUTE.

FAREWELL, my lute—no more thy strings
To pleasure's tone I'll wake;
But hung upon the mouldering walls,
Thy chords are now forsaken.

My lute, my gentle lute, that oft
Has soothed me with its numbers;
Thy melody was soft and sweet
As visions in my slumbers.

In sorrow when I touched the strings,
Thy gentle voice hath spoken;

But, like the lone and desert heart,
Thy slender chords are broken.
Companion of my happier hours,
When love's soft spell had bound me;
The solace of my lonely heart,
When colder hearts were round me. H. R

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The benefits at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden Theatres have been extremely well attended, and we see all the performers are endeavouring to present as attractive entertainments as they can select: that excellent actress, Miss Lacy, promises a good treat a few evenings hence, as does Miss F. H. Kelly, who will make her first appearance as Mrs. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*, and Annette in the *Maid and the Magpie*.

Vauxhall Gardens.—On Monday last, this delightful place of summer amusement opened; but, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the gardens were neither so numerously attended nor seen to such advantage as they would have been on a fine evening. The proprietors have not made much alteration in this fairy land, nor indeed was it necessary, since they present a great variety of entertainments, and every accommodation in the way of refreshment, at a reasonable price. In the musical department, besides our old favourites, Misses Tunstall and Witham, who have not lost any of their attractive powers, we have Miss Morell, who deservedly received that tribute of applause which we have elsewhere seen given her. Messrs. Taylor, Collyer, Robinson, Tinney, and Master Longhurst contributed greatly to the delight of the musical portion of the company. The band is ably conducted by Mr. Rooke. Several very pretty ballets have been got up under the superintendence of M. Hullin, Mr. B. Chichini, brother to Chichini, whose unfortunate death by drowning last season excited so much commiseration. He promises to equal his late brother. The rest of the *corps de ballet* was very respectable. The scenery in the Peasant Boy was very pretty. Several new cosmoramas were exhibited. The best at present is Melrose Abbey; but we are promised new ones, which may surpass it. The fantoccini is admirable. The ascent on the rope by Blackmore is as clever as ever. The fire-works by Southby were magnificent, and displayed much ingenuity in the variety of the devices in which they were exhibited.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE,

In the press, a small volume, entitled 'A Summer's Ramble in the Highlands of Scotland,' giving an account of the towns, villages, and remarkable scenery in that romantic country, during a tour performed last summer.

M. Gambard, astronomer at Marseilles, discovered a new comet on the 19th of last month. It was not till the night of the 27th that the state of the atmosphere allowed it to be seen by the astronomers at Paris. It is near the star 'Gamma,' or Cassiope, invisible to the naked eye, without tail or nucleus, having the form of a nebula, which is easily distinguished, notwithstanding the light of the moon.

A Brussels journal announces, that among the productions of industry which will be sent from Western Flanders to the exhibition at Haarlem, is a piece of cloth which has in its breadth four thousand two hundred threads, so fine that they cannot be discerned but by a magnifying glass. This piece was spun and woven by a brother and sister. There is also a spindle of thread, imperceptible through fineness, which is valued at four hundred Dutch florins per pound.

Mr. M'Culloch has delivered two lectures at the London Coffee-House, on the subject of establishing a literary institution in London, for persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits, to be called the City of London Institution. Its objects are, 1st. The delivery of lectures on the most interesting and important departments of science and literature, including polite literature, history, mathematics, the principles of trade and commerce, and the most instructive branches of natural and moral philosophy.—2nd. The delivery of lectures, and the formation of classes, for the attainment of the French, Latin, or any other language which the members may wish to learn.—3rd. The establishment of a library of reference and circulation, and also rooms for reading and conversation.—We wish well to the institution, but are by no means sanguine of its success.

Mr. Brougham has brought a bill into Parliament for the establishment of an university in London. The city of York would be a much better place.

The sixth quarterly meeting of the Mechanics' Institution was held on Wednesday evening, when the report of the general committee was read and confirmed. From this report, we learn that the institution is prosperous in its pecuniary concerns, having a balance of £1500. The library at present consists of upwards of one thousand four hundred volumes; the institution has increased in number, within the last quarter, by two hundred and thirty-nine members; and the total number of members regularly paying subscription is one thousand one hundred and eighty-five.—It also appeared that the following elementary schools had been opened gratuitously to the members:—Four schools for teaching the French language on Mr. Black's system; three arithmetical schools; one for instruction in drawing; and another for teaching mathematics.—Letters from the masters of the schools were read, speaking in the most favourable terms of the diligence and ability of the pupils.

Messrs. Addison, the globe-makers, are preparing a set of magnificent globes, thirty-six inches in diameter. As each will contain a surface of upwards of four thousand square inches, all the leading objects in both the celestial and terrestrial globes will appear very distinctly, the scale allowing five sixtenths of an inch to a degree. The globes, indeed, will be a complete atlas.

The valuable and extensive collection of coins and medals belonging to the late king, which his present majesty has with such magnificence given the public, along with the library, was on Saturday removed from Carlton House to the British Museum. This magnificent collection fills nearly one thousand five hundred drawers.

Balloon Ascent.—On Tuesday Mr. Graham made his twenty-first aerial excursion, from the gardens of the Montpellier Tavern, Walworth. He was accompanied on this occasion by the captain of a merchant vessel, whose desire to explore the regions of the air had been disappointed on a previous day. They had not proceeded far, however, when, owing to an insufficiency of gas, they were obliged to make a premature descent in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, where the gentleman alighted; and Mr. Graham once more ascended, and prosecuted the remainder of his voyage unaccompanied. He at length alighted at a short distance from Merton, Surrey, after a voyage of something more than an hour and a quarter.

A statement has been published of the revenue and expenditure of the province (not the United Provinces) of Buenos Ayres, by which it appears, that in 1824 the former amounted to 2,588,792, and the latter to 2,648,845 dollars. The deposits of the English loan and other balances in the Treasury amounted to 3,652,057. Against this amount were placed accounts of various kinds, amounting to 3,599,252.

The Attorney-General has brought in a bill to repeal that part of the Bubble Act which applies to joint-stock companies. The effect of the learned gentleman's proposition will be, to remove the absurd and monstrous penalties which stand in the way of those great commercial combinations which are the mainspring of all national wealth, and at the same time to protect the public by making every individual member of a joint company liable to the full amount of his property. Instead, too, of the infinite number of statutes (for every company requires a separate act), one statute will serve for all.

THE BEE,
OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The religious tenets of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the great painter, were free; he once said to a low fellow, whom he overheard cursing himself, 'God d— you!—No; God may d— the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he will take the trouble of d—ing you?'

Mademoiselle Deschamps, a courtesan in the reign of Louis XIV., was distinguished for her charms, and still more so for an extraordinary proof of patriotism. At a time when the public treasury was exhausted, Mademoiselle Deschamps sent all her plate to the mint. Louis XIV. boasted of this act of generous devotion to her country.

The Maréchale de Mirepoix died at Brussels, in 1791, at a very advanced age, but preserving her wit and gaiety to the last. The

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day of her death, after she had received the sacrament, the physician told her, that he thought her a good deal better. She replied, "You tell me bad news: having packed up, I had rather go." She was sister of the Prince de Beauveau. The Prince de Ligne says, in one of his printed letters, 'She had that enchanting talent which supplies the means of pleasing everybody. You would have sworn that she had thought of nothing but you all her life.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
May	27	46	55	45	29 81	Fair.
....	28	47	54	44	.. 87	Showery.
....	29	46	59	45	.. 95	Cloudy.
....	30	25	57	44	30 16	Do.
....	31	44	55	46	.. 40	Fait.
June	1	51	66	51	.. 37	Do.
....	2	56	65	56	.. 04	Cloudy.

Works published since our last notice.—The Arabs, a tale, in four cantos, 5s.—College Recollection, 8vo. 6s.—Cromwell's Colchester, 2 vols. 1*l.* 12s.; royal, 2*l.* 12s.—Sermons by a Country Curate, 10s 6d.—Good's Medicine, enlarged edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 15s.—Prout on Calculus, second edition, with plate, 12s.—Hallam's Pentalogia Græca, with English notes, 10s.—Story of a Life, 2 vols. 18s.

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No. 317. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Account of the Levant Company; with some Notices of the Benefits conferred upon Society by its Officers, in promoting the Cause of Humanity, Literature, and the Fine Arts, &c. 8vo. pp. 64 London, 1825. Arch.

It nothing has the present administration been more distinguished from preceding ones, than in the liberal spirit it has manifested in regard to commerce. Many vexatious restrictions have been removed, and, if the other states of Europe see their true interest, they will tread in our steps, and put trade on that reciprocal footing, that the produce and manufactures of each country will be mutually interchanged, without ruinous imposts and vexatious restrictions.

There is another point in which the ministers have acted with equal wisdom—we allude to the suppression of those exclusive associations or companies, which, however necessary to protect commerce in its infancy, are no longer wanted: we, however, doubt their policy generally, and agree with Sir Josiah Child, who, more than a century and a half ago, declared trading companies worse than useless, 'except in countries with which his majesty has no alliance, either from distance or barbarity, or no communication with the princes of Christendom, where it is necessary to maintain forces and forts.'

The English carried on a trade with the Barbary states, so early as the reign of Henry VII., and the town of Southampton was appointed as the depôt for Oriental goods, brought by vessels called argosies, from the town of Ragusa, where they were built. It is not a little remarkable, that Shakspeare's play of the Merchant of Venice and the Levant Company both owed their origin to the loss of one of these argosies, near the Isle of Wight, with all her cargo and passengers. In the play, our immortal bard thus alludes to the incident:—

'I remained with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.'

The French and Venetians had formed trading companies with Turkey half a century before England: but, in the year 1581, a commercial treaty was made with the Ottoman Porte, by Queen Elizabeth, and a charter, or license for trade, granted for five years, to certain persons, forming a fellowship of merchants. The licence was renewed from time to time, until a charter was granted by James the First, in the year 1605; the privileges of the company were extended in 1643, the charter renewed by Charles II., and again recognised by Parliament in 1753:

'The company consisted of about eight hundred members, who resided in different parts of the united kingdom and of the Levant, and the name of a *Turkey merchant* was one of the most respectable for opulence and character in the commercial world. They had from twenty to twenty-five vessels, armed with from twenty-five to thirty guns each, trading to the different ports of the Mediterranean. They appointed and paid an ambassador, secretary, chaplains, physicians, and consuls, at Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, Alexandria, Algiers, Patras, &c., besides cancellieri, dragomen, agents, janissaries, and all the extensive appendages of such establishments, at an expense of about £15,000. per annum. They built at Smyrna a noble consulate residence, perhaps the finest edifice in that large city, with a chapel and house for the chaplain attached to it, and in another part of the town an excellent hospital for the sick. At Constantinople, their former palace was burnt down, by one of those accidental fires so common in that city; but a new and much more magnificent edifice was erected in its place, on which the Levant Company expended £10,000. This fine building stands in the midst of a large lawn, on one of the most eminent and conspicuous points of Pera, where it forms a noble object, seen from Constantinople and all the country round; and the view never fails to recall circumstances highly interesting to the English name and character in Turkey. The ground on which it was built was conferred by the Porte, as a token of good will and gratitude to the British nation, for their expulsion of the French from Egypt; and, when the palace was finished, its opening was hallowed by the liberation of a number of Christian slaves. These unhappy men, overpowered with feelings of gratitude, came to the palace to thank the ambassador, and the sight was rendered deeply affecting by their age and infirmities, as some of them had been fifty years in chains.'

'In the year 1803, a most important change was effected with regard to the Levant Company: Government assumed to themselves the appointment and payment of the ambassador and his secretaries, with some additional consuls. But in the year 1821 Turkey became the theatre of political contest, where the greatest interests of Europe were discussed, and settled by the British ambassador: the interests of trade, therefore, however important in themselves, were of secondary consideration, compared with those more important objects, and it was deemed expedient by the British government, that the *whole of the establishment* of consuls and dragomen should be in the appointment and under the control of themselves alone. A project, therefore, to this effect was formed, and a communication made to the Levant Company by Mr. Secretary Canning, accompanied by an assurance that "it resulted solely from considerations of *public expediency,* and in no degree from any disrespect or disposition to impute any blame to their past administration." On this communication, a special general court was called on the 11th of February, 1825, who saw the reasonableness of the project, and acceded to its propriety.'

Such is the brief history of the Levant Company, which it is the object of this well-written pamphlet to vindicate; and this it does successfully. The author proves that, besides serving the cause of trade, its officers and members have done much for the cause of literature, science, and humanity. Indeed, it is to the officers of this company that we are mainly indebted for our knowledge of the manners and customs of the Turks and Greeks. To their consul, Ray, we owe the collection of two thousand valuable coins and medals, which he presented to the Bodleian Library; and to Mr. Salt, another of its consuls, we are indebted for several valuable Egyptian antiquities. The company, too, was always liberal in cases of calamity:—

'But by far the greatest benefits conferred by Providence upon mankind through the company, and the agents they employed, are the ameliorations effected, and likely to be effected, in the two most dreadful evils that afflict humanity—the *small pox* and the *plague.* The first of these had been for centuries the scourge of the whole world, and had nearly extirpated the inhabitants of the new. The afflicted were abandoned in despair to almost certain death; and those few that survived the disorder dragged out a miserable existence, loathsome and disfigured objects of its ravages, and examples of its malignity.—Let it never be forgotten—that it is to the family of the Levant Company's ambassador resident at Constantinople, that the world is indebted for an effectual cure of this evil. By introducing from thence the practice of *inoculation,* first tried on the ambassador's own child, this frightful disease was disarmed of all its terrors; and, by following up the practice, it is now likely to become extinct, and known in history only as one of the monsters that used to destroy mankind.'

With regard to the plague, although Dr. Maclean went to Constantinople at the expense and under the auspices of the company, and took up his residence in a plague hospital, exposing himself in every way to the disease, and escaped; and although igno-

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tance and terror may have been the principal causes of its ravages being extended; yet we confess we have not satisfied ourselves that the plague is non-contagious: but, leaving this subject, for the present at least, we shall proceed to the notes and the appendix to this little work, which are very interesting. We are sorry, however, to find the author not only vindicating the spoliation of the Parthenon, but wishing there was another Elgin to save what yet remains. When there was a danger of these remains being destroyed by the Turks during the war now raging in Greece:—

'Lord Strangford, whose judgment and feeling in everything that relates to the remains of ancient art are not the least of his high qualities, exerted his influence on the critical occasion, and caused an order to be issued by the Porte to the Turkish commanders, that they should suffer no violence to be offered to these temples, but strictly preserve them from any injury: the Greeks, it appeared, required no such suggestion, as they were naturally disposed of themselves to protect these noble monuments of their ancestors. These orders have hitherto been strictly complied with; and in consequence of this interference the temples have been preserved, though the combatants have had alternate possession of them; and thus the arts are indebted to one ambassador at Constantinople for the preservation of part of them at home, and to another for what remains of them abroad.'

In one of the notes, the author gives an interesting account of the dreadful massacre at Scio, in which he states that forty thousand of the Sciotes were led into slavery by the Turks. Many a mother followed her child to Constantinople, but often had no means of recovering it, except by appealing to the kindness or humanity of the English, to whom they never appealed in vain:—

'Among the cases of this kind, which occurred every day, let one suffice, which differs only from a thousand others in a slight degree.

'On the first rumour of the landing of the Samiotes, and the insurrection of some of the peasants to join them, all those families who highly disapproved of a measure so mad and hopeless, either retired to the fortress or embarked in scampavias, to leave the island. Among the latter were the mother, w ife, and children of ——, the most opulent and distinguished of the Sciotes. They met near the island the fleet of the Captain Pasha approaching, and, thinking themselves now under the protection of the government, they returned to the island, and went back with a feeling of security to their house. Immediately after the Turks landed, and an indiscriminate carnage commenced. The mother and daughter, with two boys, a nurse, and child, rushed nearly naked from the house, and endeavoured to escape to the hills, as the only asylum that suggested itself. Here a peasant, who had been attached to the family, dug a hole in the earth with a spade, into which the whole family entered, and here they remained buried for two days. They were, however, discovered by some straggling Turks, who killed the peasant, and dragged them from their concealment. They were now separated; the aged grandmother and daughter were sold separately, and buried away, while the fate of the two boys and infant were unknown. When the slaves were embarking on board a vessel to carry them to Smyrna, a man approached Mrs. ——, whom he saw in the agonies of despair. He asked her her name, and then wrote a billet, which he directed her to put in her bosom, and, when she was sold, and her lot fixed, to have it sent to its direction. This she did on her arrival at the house of her purchaser, and the next day she and her mother were redeemed by some unknown person, for the sum of 7500 piastres, about £208. Her first care was now to search for her children, and, having had some clew to her inquiries, she immediately proceeded to Constantinople, where she was received into the house of a British merchant. Every inquiry was now made for her children; when, after indefatigable search, it was discovered that one of them, a fine boy of nine years old, was with a blacksmith in Galata, and another, a year younger, with a boatman on the Bosphorus. These fellows had embarked as volunteers in this predatory expedition, and brought back these boys as part of their plunder. Happily they had not time to degrade them further than employing them in their menial offices, and they sold them for 3000 piastres, or about £80 a-piece. They were now brought to their mother, who knew nothing of the discovery, and never hoped to see them again. The scene was deeply affecting: the little fellows leaped into her arms with unrestrained delight, but the mother fell senseless on the floor, overpowered with the excess of her feelings. In a short time the family were secretly embarked on board the ——, proceeding to Odessa, where they safely arrived, and they were joined by the father, who was not on the island, and one of the very few who escaped; and the whole family, who would now have been dead, or pining in bondage, separated into distant countries, are once more reunited and happy. —It was such scenes as these, which were and are daily occurring, that caused the heart of the British resident at Pera to burn within him, and that his hand is never closed when he is called on to relieve them.'

In an appendix, the author gives brief but interesting notices of eminent literary and scientific men connected with the Levant Company. A second appendix, of occasional annals connected with the subject, is also curious. We ought to add, that the profits of this really clever pamphlet are devoted to a fund for liberating Greek slaves, so that every person who purchases a copy contributes to rescue a Christian brother from captivity.

Oxberry's Dramatic Biography and Histrionic Anecdotes. 12mo. pp. 285. London, 1825. Virtue.

So large a portion of the public are playgoers, and a popular actor or actress is so much better known than an eminent statesman or senator, that a work of this sort, if well executed, could scarcely fail to be popular with the many. It contains memoirs and portraits of Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Davison, Miss Foote, Mrs. Jordan, Miss F. H. Kelly, Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Mardyn, Mrs. Siddons, and Messrs Kean, Oxberry, Harley, Kemble, Liston, Pearman, Sapio, and Sherwin. The work was commenced, or rather projected and partly executed, by the late Mr. Oxberry. The memoirs are not altogether free from vulgarity, but pretty impartially written. The Histrionic Anecdotes are amusing; but even these are not always the most delicate, though the work is avowedly published by Virtue. The following are a few of the least objectionable:—

'*Kemble and Mathews.*—When Kemble retired from the stage, he distributed his costume of Coriolanus amongst his brethren. To Mathews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I am glad I've got his sandals, though I am sure I could never *tread in his shoes*."'

'*Mr. Braham.*—The Margravine of Anspach, when requested to see this gentleman's Orlando, declined, saying his voice always reminded her of "*old clothes.*" "Very likely it might," cried Reynolds, "but he has left off his *bad habits* now."'

'*Tobin.*—The following witty simile, contained in one of Tobin's comedies, is said to have been levelled at Cumberland:—"He sits there, in his closet, expecting inspiration, like an old rusty conductor, *waiting for a flash of lightning*."'

'*Musical Joke.*—Mr. Sutton, of Dover, an admirable musician, once announced a concert at the *lively* town of Sandwich. Half an hour after the time appointed for commencing, the mayor walked into the room *solus*; upon which the musician, with more wheen than policy, struck up the old air of "*The dance a' one but you, Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.*"'

'*Mr. Kean.*—When Mr. Kean first played Sir Giles Overreach (June, 1816), he made as great an impression on his fellow-actors as on the audience; insomuch, that they agreed to present him with a silver cup. For this purpose a subscription was raised in the green-room; and, in less than an hour, £170. was raised, to which Lord Byron (then a member of the committee of management) contributed twenty-five guineas. Mr. Hanlet, the jeweller, contributed his share, by offering to make the cup for the cost of the material.—When Oxberry, the Justice Greedy of the play, and in whom the measure had its origin, applied to Munden (who played Marrall), he replied, with his peculiar manner, "I have no objection to your *cupping* Mr. Kean; but I'll be d—d if you *bleed* me."—So popular was Mr. Kean in this character, that three hundred people were actually refused admittance to the theatre, for want of room, on the second night of the performance of A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Such was the enthusiasm to behold the man whom a malevolent faction would now endeavour, by dastardly uproar, to drive from a profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments.'

'*Mrs. Yates.*—A biographer, speaking of

this lady, says, "Great as this actress was, it is remembered that she once performed in the Plain Dealer, with Holland, King, Weston, and Miss Pope, to an audience consisting, at the beginning of the play, of four persons only in the lower tier of boxes, and of eighteen in the pit: the gallery had about a hundred; the upper boxes about seventy persons.

'The present receipts of the London theatres, compared with those usual some years past, convince us that the passion for theatrical exhibitions is by far greater than before; otherwise to build larger theatres would have been impolitic. £200 are now considered as a bad receipt: the sum of £100 has been frequently taken. Mr. Rich was accustomed to say, concerning the receipts of Covent-Garden Theatre, that if the treasurer's account consisted of three figures in the column of pounds, he was satisfied; however, it happened to this theatre, a few years ago, that the play was performed to an audience paying only £60.'

The Eve of All-Hallows; or, Adelaide of Tyrconnel. A Romance. In three volumes. By Martin Weld Hartstonge, Esq. M. R. I. A. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The old proverb—that it seldom rains but it pours, will apply to Irish novels, which now rush on us from all quarters, and seem calculated to redeem the literary character of the Emerald Isle. The author of the Eve of All-Hallows has selected the close of the reign of James II. for the period of his tale, and has combined many of the superstitions, with respect to this day, with the customs of the Irish, and the events of the period. His style is forcible, and sometimes elegant, though there is a little affectation in phrases in Latin, French, Italian, and even Greek, which could be as well expressed in English. The Eve of All-Hallows is, however, a very clever novel, and, in a story of considerable interest, embodies much curious matter of fact, and historical recollection. The hero and heroine are a Sir David Bruce and Lady Adelaide, of Tyrconnel, both of whose characters are well drawn; the scene is principally in Ireland, but partly on the continent, and there is a good deal of art displayed in the development of the plot. This we shall leave to our readers to unravel, and shall content ourselves with an extract to show the author's style; it is a description of the ancient custom of riding the franchises in Dublin, a custom not peculiar to that city, or even to Ireland, since it prevailed among some of the Eastern nations:—

'The day appointed for the display of the grand and solemn pageant of the perambulation of the liberties and franchises of the city of Dublin had arrived. This event only occurred every third year; and, upon this august occasion, was to be witnessed by the royal eye of the princely James. The arrangement of the procession and its various details presented the most grand and magnificent spectacle ever witnessed in the Irish metropolis. It was a custom so singular, so unlike any procession or pageant known in any other realm, that, when it did occur, the nobility and gentry from every near and foreign land crowded to Dublin to behold the splendid array of this unique and magnificent spectacle. Upon this triennial occurrence the interest was most highly increased, and the stately pomp and splendour of the pageant aided and augmented by the cheering presence of the sovereign.

'The grand cavalcade in slow and solemn measure advanced, preceded by a noble troop of heavy dragoons;—we mention heavy dragoons distinctly to mark to the reader's attention the distant period of time of which we here speak, for at that period light dragoons were unknown in the British service. The enlivening trumpets rent the air; meanwhile the military bands played at intervals loyal and national airs; banners waving on high, and the various flags and ensigns attached to the numerous vessels in the river, all undulating in the breeze; while around and upon every side the genius of ancient chivalry seemed to preside and conduct the procession. Sir John Ottrington, lord mayor of the city of Dublin, came in great pomp, pride, and circumstance of civic distinction, in his magnificent state coach; his dignified head was arrayed in a full-flowing peruke, upon which care and caution hail been studiously expended for its adornation; and that day witnessed good-man shaver, Bob Basin to wit, the city barber, a proud and happy man, who seemed all-sufficient to enjoy the triumph of the day, in which, as he modestly conceived he had done "the state some service, and they knew it." This most formidable bushy specimen of a peruke was cumbrously surrounded by the bulky civic crown, which was in sooth unwieldy and most unbecoming in its conformation and appearance; indeed not dissimilar to that worn by the herald king at arms upon the high ceremonial of a coronation. The lord mayor was attired in full court dress, over which was worn a flowing scarlet gown, and round his neck was suspended the splendid gold-enamelled collar which had been most graciously presented to the city of Dublin by Charles the Second, of chaste and pious memory! It must not forsooth be disguised that the costume was as cumbersome as it was unbecoming; yet still the ladies all unanimously agreed in the opinion that Sir John Ottrington was "a very pretty fellow in his day;" a most portly personage he was, who would have become any costume, civil or military, nay, even the hodiern foppery of an English field-marshal—tags, bobs, cordons, trappings, ribands, feathers, and so forth. However, had any modern taken a glance at a similar figure, he must assuredly have been incontinently reminded of his facetious old acquaintance, Lord Grizzle, in the inimitable and humorous burletta of O'Hara's Tom Thumb!

'All the *accessoires* of city regalia were duly and circumspectly displayed at this truly splendid pageant. The ponderous city mace was regilt and richly burnished, which shone conspicuous and refulgent from the sinister window of the civic coach; while from the dexter side gently undulated, *in transitu*, the mayoral wand, like the caduceus of Mercury, imposing peace and silence on the dense and congregated multitude.

'The sword of state was carried in the van, while the silver baton was borne by a corporate officer in the rear, attended by the city battle-axe guards, who followed the state coach two by two, while others of the guard flanked it, and the remaining number closed the procession. It is but just to say, that all the civic regalia, in due pomp, and circumstance, and order, were displayed conformable to the ancient, laudable, and loyal usages of this most enlightened corporation

'The persons who personified the civic battle-axe guards were grenadiers hired for the occasion expressly, and duly selected from the ranks. The costume of these worthies, although varying in colour, yet resembled in shape and fashion that of the royal buffetteers (in popular parlance called beefeaters, and from their portly appearance, no doubt), the bonnets were formed of green velvet, with a rich gold foliage of shamrocks, which surrounded them. The exterior habiliments were of rich green cloth, laced, and richly embroidered with national devices; and upon the breast of each were duly embroidered the city arms, namely, three castles in flames, and the motto, "*Obedientia civium, felicitas urbis.*" The bose were of red worsted, with large open clokes; the shoes short-quartered and high-heeled, with the appanage of small brass buckles. The partisans which they bore were similar to those of the royal battle-axe guards. As the procession slowly proceeded onward, the populace accommodated themselves with great attention and most discreet silence; being right marvelously amazed at such unusual pomp and splendour.

'Next in the proud pageant came the high sheriffs, each in his own splendid state chariot, with a crowd of lackeys in rich liveries behind. These worthies, Sir Mark Rainsford and Sir Edward Lloyd, not forgetting the lord mayor, did not escape the ceremonial of being knighted by King James. The aldermen followed in their respective carriages. They were succeeded in the procession by the several guilds or corporations of the city, amounting in the aggregate to the number of twenty-five; at the unprecedented splendour of whose appearance the populace were verily struck with downright delight and astonishment.

'The particular detail and explanation of each guild, as it advanced, halted, and retreated in the proud pageant, was explained most minutely by the Duke of Tyrconnel to his gracious and royal master. His grace certainly acquitted himself with most sage, cautious, and circumspect discretion, but attended withal with sundry and various circumforaneous explanations; all which long ambages and diffuse prolixities purposely to avoid, we have cut down and curtailed the whole, which would otherwise not be contained in a chapter, but require an essay to give the entire. We have therefore abridged the particulars, and thrown the whole into as brief a narrative as the subject would admit of, promising that the splendid and imposing

spectacle was beheld from the windows of the presence-chamber of Dublin Castle by the royal James, surrounded by all the beauty of the land, and encompassed by all the flower of chivalry.

'The magnificence of the pageant of riding the franchises (or fringes, as corruptly called in popular parlance) was considerably increased in pomp and effect from the introduction of different individuals of the different corporations, who were attired in habits emblematical and illustrative of the different trades of the different guilds. The characters were generally borrowed from the heathen mythology, and were strictly and classically arrayed in proper Pantheon costume.

'We must observe, in a general way, that the five-and-twenty guilds, or corporations of the city, formed an unrivalled pageant, the most singular and remarkable in Europe; it would occupy too much time to enter into a minute detail—however, a few we shall briefly notice.

'Neptune, surrounded by his attendant tritons, dolphins, &c., sat proudly enthroned in a triumphal car. He was the presiding deity of the guild of merchants. The marine deity was followed by their corporate friend, Mercury, bearing all his attributes, and stately standing in an elevated illuminated caravan, representing the clouds.

'The tree of knowledge, adorned with the forbidden fruit, the serpent encompassing the bole of the tree, and supported on each side by our first parents, duly preceded the corporation of tailors. Adam and Eve were clad in flesh-coloured garments, fitting close to the person; and, sooth to say, the fig-leaf was not forgotten by the grateful corporation!

'But we must needs be brief in this general outline:—

'Vulcan presided over the corporation of smiths. He was stationed on a superb car, with his attending Cyclops, who were intently working on a mounted forge; a lovely Venus graced his side; and, as the arrows came formed from the anvil, they were handed to Cupid.

'Saturn, with his attributes, his scythe and serpent, and attended by Esculapius, presiding over the guild of barbers and surgeons, followed in a splendid car.

'Ceres, seated in a triumphal chariot, drawn by four oxen, presided over the corporation of bakers. In a caravan which followed was placed an oven, which was briskly at work; whence cakes were made, and distributed to the populace.

'The guild of carpenters were preceded by a most magnificent caravan, adorned with the various orders of architecture; in the centre of which was placed a representation of Mount Ararat, on which reposed a model of Noah's ark; thereby the corporation styly intimating that their handicraft was as old as the deluge!

'Crispin and Crispianus, the two tutelar saints of the corporation of shoemakers, duly personated, and attired in strict saintly costume, preceded the worthy guild.

'Bacchus, "ever fair and young," crowned with his own ivy, bearing the Thyrsus wand in his right, and a golden goblet in his left hand, duly enthroned on a wine-cask, and mounted on a triumphal car, decorated with festoons of grapes and vine-leaves, presided over the guild of cooks and vintners.

'Jason supporting the golden fleece (with the ship Argo in the background of his splendid car, blazing in burnished gold), presided over the guild of weavers.

'Iris, enveloped in her rainbow, and borne in a car, adorned with transparent clouds, presided over the sheermen and dyers.

'We shall only notice one guild more—the corporation of printers, to whom we, in common with every Briton, owe such a debt of gratitude. A free press has always been acknowledged, and we trust ever may continue, the *palladium* of British liberty!

'This guild, forming a magnificent and extended cavalcade, made a grand and interesting display; their ancient banners and standards, borne in the van, were tri-coloured, crimson, light-yellow, and blue. The first banner bore the legend, or motto, "*Rex et Lex*;" upon the second, "*Pro Rege sape, pro Patria semper*;" upon the last banner was splendidly emblazoned the words, "*Liberty of the Press!*"

'A statue of Minerva, placed on a high pedestal, and mounted in a triumphal car, headed the procession. A bomb-cart followed, heavily laden, containing ammunition and stores; that is to say, not gunpowder, chain-balls, and grape-shot, but more peaceful pastime: *videlicet*, cold meat, pasties, pies, confectionery, wines, &c. Next advanced four fine palfreys, covered with richly embroidered field-clothes, each led by a groom in splendid livery. Then came on a brother of the corporation, who personated Vulcan; he was arrayed in a noble suit of armour, which had belonged to King Charles the First; it was the gift of the late Colonel Joshua Paul, a free-brother of the guild, to the corporation. Vulcan rode on horseback; the housings, trappings, and horse-furniture, were decorated with appropriate emblems; he bore an immense sledge-hammer of richly polished steel, the handle curiously ornamented with fanciful Arabesque ornaments, inlaid in gold and silver.

'Next in succession advanced a triumphal car, or caravan, drawn by six beautiful black steeds, covered with handsome nets, the coachman and postillion in rich splendid liveries. Within the carriage was exhibited a handsome printing-press, with two pressmen and a compositor at work. A hackney author was occupied in writing for and correcting the press. A printer's devil was busily at work; and a painter engaged at his easle, all in meet and proper costume. The printing-press was richly and appropriately ornamented: in the front stood a figure of Mercury holding a poem, copies of which were struck off, and distributed among the spectators; it was in praise of the noble art of printing, in which honourable mention was made of the founders and benefactors of this glorious invention. Nor were the following distinguished worthies forgotten:—Wynkin de Worde, Caxton, Pynson, Kerver, Simon Vostre, Theodore Martin Jean Petit, Plantin, the two Elzivers, &c. The printer's devil published impressions of the poem among the congregated multitude.

'The masters and wardens of the guild, splendidly arrayed in appropriate costume, attended by kettle-drums mounted on horseback, the performers dressed in Turkish habits, and attended by grooms in Tartar habits, who led the horses, that were most splendidly caparisoned, next came on. They were followed by persons on foot bearing long silver maces; at intervals they obtained copies from the press of verses laudatory of King James, which were distributed among the people. Four copies were struck off on white satin, and sent into the castle, to be presented to King James; the verses were by Waller and Lord Lansdowne; at receiving of which, King James seemed most highly gratified. They were as follows:—

"Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and rev'rence tiro' the world to find."

"Tho' trained in arms, and learned in martial arts,
Thou choosest not to conquer men, but hearts:
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'st the name of just to great."

'Having perused these lines, King James most sweetly smiled, and, with his accomplished gracious condescension, gracefully approached the centre window of the presence-chamber; he condescendingly looked down, and most courteously bowed to the corporation of printers, his face illumined with a smile peculiar to himself, and in a most king-like attitude he gracefully waved his hand. Then addressing the Duke of Tyrconnel, who, with the other nobles of the household, surrounded his majesty, the king was pleased to say, "I perceive your grace's countrymen are *tam Marti, quam Mercurio*—they are courteous as they are brave." The duke lowly and respectfully bowed his acquiescence to the observation.'

The author has added some illustrative notes and four original letters, written by James II. when in Ireland, during the war of 1689. They have been deposited in the MS. closet of Trinity College, Dublin, and were never before published. The letters were all addressed to General Hamilton, to whom there is also another letter, now first published, from the Duke of Berwick. To these the author has added fac-similes of the autographs and signets of James II. and the Duke of Berwick. Two of these letters we shall quote. The first is from James II. to General Hamilton:—

'*Dublin July 8th*, 1689:

'I do not find by what I hear from you and others that there in Derry are so prest for want of victuals as once was believed, so that if they could be prest otherways, it would do well, I am sensible you are but ill furnished with wherewithal to carry on your trenches, and to attaque them vigorously, but however I am sure you will do what is to be done, I am afraide your French engineers tho very able men in their trade may have

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been so used to have all things necessary provided for them, and to want nothing, that they are not so industrious as others lesse knowing men might be, and that they do not push on their worke as they might do, having so much to say for themselves, upon the account of their being so ill provided, however methinks they might have gott Maderiers ready in all this tyme, to have lodged the miners wth. I have seen done to a stronger towne than Derry, and where we wanted cannon to mine their defences, I only hint this to you, not pretending at this distance to judg whether it be practicable or no, and for making of Maderiers, I am sure tis but the pulling downe some house *in [this word is partly erased in the original, but substituted by the following]* neare Derry, or at Lifford or at Strabane, where one may find beams strong enough to make them, and tho Lattin be not to be gott, new hids will do as well to preserve them from fire, this is only for yourself, you have another letter from me about what had been reported here, of some proposals made to you by those of Derry, to which I refer you: §. J. R.'

The next letter is from the Duke of Berwick, addressed 'To Lieutenant-General Hamilton, at the camp before Derry':—

'Trelick the 5th July:

'I received just now the honour of yours, and I will write to Carills aboute Capt. Manus Odonnel. There is an escorte sent to meet the amunition coming from Charlemont who is likewise guarded by a regiment of foot.

'I marched yesterday morning from Newtown-Stewart, and joyning Coll. Sunderland at Omah I marched hither; my advance guard cutt off several of their sentries, and a great many of the rebells party, with such vigour, as they beat with 30 dragoons three troops of horse of theirs, which were drawn up at a distance from us. Cap Patrick Bellue and Major Magdonnel commanded the van-guard. There was eight or nine of the enemy killed but none of ours. I went with my horse and dragoons within four miles of Inniskilling and drove a great deale of cattle back to Trelick where I am now and which is nine miles from Inniskilling. I am sure no considerable party dearest stirr out from that towne for fear of my being upon their backs, so that all backwards is secure. The party of two hundred foot and fifty horse and dragoons that were left at Belturbet under the command of L. Coll. Scott, are taken prisoners officers and all. I can assure you that all the inhabitants of this countrye are universally rebells my humble service to Marechall Rosen and believe me your most humble and obedient servant

'BERWICK.

'I forgot to tell you that our vanguard pursued so close three companies of foot that they took one of their colours and two drumms within four miles of Inniskilling, before I was come upp, this has entred Coll: Purcell's dragoons very well.'

Had James displayed more firmness, he would have given William the Third some trouble in Ireland.

To the Departed. Stanzas to the Memory of Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1825. Hatchard.

No cotemporary poet has yet done justice to the genius of Byron; and, from the silence with which his memory has been treated, we suspect there are many who were more envious of his fame than proud of him as a countryman. One of the best tributes to the memory and talents of Byron we have met with, is the brief poem, 'To the Departed,' which is from a female pen; but, as the lady has chosen to conceal her name, we shall not divulge it. Some of the stanzas are of exquisite beauty, and in the whole poem there is a degree of poetic vigour, which is rarely so well sustained even in a production of such brevity. The opening stanzas, and the allusion to Byron's child, need no commendation:—

'And didst thou ever live? or art thou not
Rather the bright creation of a dream?
Thy fame the vision of some fancied lot,
A ray of noonday glory o'er a stream,
That evening flush which kindles with its gleam
The glacier crown upon an Alpine brow;
So bright, so pure, so transient, that we deem
The spirit of the dying day doth throw
Its gentle farewell o'er the twilight world below.

'Full many a time o'er those eternal hills
The spirit of the dying day shall part,
And youth and fancy, 'mid a world of ills,
Create a paradise in many a heart;
And waves shall roll, and glittering waters start
In fleeting beauty, to the fleeting ray;
Unreal things—they live not—but depart,
Nor leave one trace when they have pass'd away;
Shadows and visions all—but thou wert not as they.

'And didst thou ever live? Yes—life was thine,
And youth and genius and the swelling tide
Of all in life which seems at first divine,—
Honour and fame and style and conscious pride
Of being alone, with none who might divide
The spell which chained all bosoms and beguiled:
And what is left of these, to watch beside
The early tomb which o'er thy dust is piled?
Reproach—and glory—and thine only child.'

* * * * *

'His only child! he loved thee to the last;
Thy fancied image was perchance the one
In that sad hour of death and doubt which pass'd
Latest across his mortal sight:—and none
Will wish the word unsaid, the thought undone,
Which breathes, that fate in kindness may inspire
A heart more calm than his; to ponder on,
With grief perchance, but such as doth not tire,
The vanish'd life and love of him—thine unknown sire.'

In alluding to Lord Byron's exertions in the cause of Greece, our fair author is equally happy. Picturing to herself the approaching time when Greece shall resume her noblest days, and the name of Byron shall bring—

'A dazzling splendour from the deepest gloom,
Light to the wondering world from forth a tomb,
she inquires,—

'Where is the light? 'twas never meant for thee—
Where is the tomb? 'tis now too surely thine—
Where are those hopes? they may or may not be
To other hearts fulfill'd.—A power divine
Hath rent thy bonds of life, no more to twine
With earthly things; and Greece may rise or fall
'Tis nothing now her progress or decline—
Death makes at times a nation's fate seem small,
Yet shows how vain the gift, when man hath given his all.

'Italia too! thy lovely brow is wreathed
With cypress sad among thy tresses dark,
For to thine ear of classic frame he breathed
His deepest numbers; and the pilgrim's bark,
After long wandering, reach'd its final mark
On thy sweet shore.—Thou, too, eternal Rome!
In ruin'd beauty, with thine ancient ark
Of freedom shatter'd, wert his cherish'd home,
The speaking desert where his footsteps lov'd to roam.'

'The land of Cæsar's rule, of Rome's decline,'
The land where Tully spake and Virgil sung,
Where o'er the desolate wreck that lay supine
Rose the bright empire of the Tuscan tongue—
Where Dante's hand a harp immortal strung,
And Tasso's soul, most like perchance his own,
Achieved its glory; will esteem no wrong
To these her children—if she love the tone
That swells Childe Harold's lyre, o'er all for ever gone.

'And she who gave him life—and nursed his youth,
And holds him now in death—hath she no tears?
Doth not her freeborn eye weep less in ruth
And more in grief o'er all those erring years
Which drew him from her sea-girt isle?—appears
Not now his fame a mingled light and gloom
Of shame and glory? where the upas rears
Her deadly branches, there the roses bloom,
And flowers of sweetest hues spring freshly o'er a tomb.

'Dost thou not weep then, England! o'er the grave
Of this thine erring and thy gifted child?
Whom nought the world could give sufficed to save
From deepest error;—wonderful and wild
And lovely mind, and fearfully beguiled
To grief and evil!—seared and upturn
By passion's whirlwinds—worshipped and revile
Perchance too much:—there is no place for scorn—
What triumph could the wreck of such a mind adorn?'

That this is a warm and well-merited tribute to Byron, no person acquainted with his works (and who is not acquainted with them) will deny, and the poem does equal credit to the head and heart of the author, who has thus come forth to do that justice to Lord Byron's memory which his cotemporaries have generally neglected.

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Hints to some Churchwardens, with a few Illustrations, relative to the Repair and Improvement of Parish Churches. With Twelve Plates. 8vo. pp. 30. Rodwell and Martin.

This little work is, what perhaps our readers would not suspect beforehand, from the title, a quiztical *jeu d'esprit*, somewhat after the manner of Gambado's Advice to Grown Horsemen, and Dean Swift's Directions to Servants. The writer has here exposed to deserved ridicule, and in a laughable manner, the doings of many of those *beautifiers* of our religious edifices, on whom, perhaps, all serious remonstrance would be lavished in vain. He might, we think, have extended his idea, and given us some specimens of the cockney style, with remarks on the beautiful eurythmus, proportion, and appropriateness of character, for which it is so noted; and he would have been at no loss for examples, either in London or around it. He might have taught us how to make family mansions look like cottages, and cottages like castles, that is—*à la cockney*, with some half-dozen indentions on the top of the front, termed by courtesy—battlements. Such edifices are about as much in the castellated style as the occupiers of them are in the style of Alexander, Cæsar, Bayard, Charles XII., Marlborough, or Wellington. Some of our feudal barons would have knocked such castles to atoms with a blow of their mailed fists. Let us, however, leave these formidable military edifices, and turn to a more peaceful subject—the church:—

'*How to affix a Porch to an old Church.*

'If the church is of stone, let the porch be of brick, the roof slated, and the entrance to it of the improved Gothic, called modern, being an arch formed by an acute angle. The porch should be placed so as to stop up what might be called a useless window; and, as it sometimes happens that there is an ancient Saxon entrance, let it be carefully bricked up, and perhaps plastered, so as to conceal as much as possible of the zig-zag ornament used in buildings of that kind. Such improvements cannot fail to insure celebrity to churchwardens for future ages.

'*How to add a Vestry to an old Church.*

'As sometimes the placing a vestry in a convenient situation might not be immediately obvious, the plan annexed is strongly recommended, it having been adopted with distinguished effect. The building here proposed is to be of bright brick, with a slated roof, and sash windows; with a small door on one side; and it moreover is to be adorned with a most tasty and ornamental brick chimney, which terminates at the chancel end. The position of the building should be against two of the old Gothic windows; which, having the advantage of hiding them nearly altogether, when contrasted with the dull and uniform surface of an old stone church, has a lively and most imposing effect.'

'*How to ornament the Top or Battlements of a Tower belonging to an ancient Church.*

'Place on each battlement vases, candlesticks, and pine-apples alternately, and the effect will be striking. Vases have many votaries among those worthy members of society—the churchwardens; candlesticks are of ancient origin, and represent, from the highest authority, the light of the churches, but as in most churches weather-cocks are used, and the weather-cock is become so common, I would here recommend the admirers of novelty and improvement to adopt a pair of snuffers, which might also be considered as a useful emblem, for re-invigorating the lights from the candlesticks. The pine-apple ornament, having, in so many churches, been judiciously substituted for the gothic, cannot fail to please. Some such ornament should also be placed at the top of the church, and at the chancel end: but as this publication does not wish to restrict any churchwarden of real taste, and as the ornaments here recommended are in a common way made of stone, if any one would wish to distinguish his year of office, perhaps he would do it brilliantly by painting them all bright red.'

'*How to adapt a new Church to an old Tower with most Taste and Effect.*

'If the tower and spire are of stone, and Gothic, let the new body of the church be built of bright brick, neatly pointed with white, the windows circular, and instead of solid mullions, light iron partitions; and, as shutters are considered a great convenience, that they may also serve as an ornament, it is recommended to paint them bright yellow: the church should also have round windows over the large ones, to light the galleries; the roof to be of the brightest slate that can be procured, and, instead of battlements, a stone balustrade, with vases placed on it at intervals. The porch—brick, of course; and, to enliven it, the door to be painted sky-blue. Such a building will secure the churchwardens a reputation for taste and magnificence, as long as the church remains; particularly as such zealous members of the community are supposed, in the accustomed beautiful, modest, and appropriate manner, to place, in conspicuous parts of the building, their names at full length, and the date of the achievement.'

We might give some of the hints for internal improvement and beautifying, by monuments, tasty altar-pieces, angels on wooden clouds, and the royal arms splendidly painted; but, were we to do so, we should copy nearly the whole work, for, although the nominal amount of the pages is thirty, the real number, deducting the title and blank pages, is only eighteen, and of these we have transcribed four. Now we must really say that, although we have no objection to a joke, we do not like to pay at such an unconscionable rate for it, for, as to the twelve plates, they are mere slight and coarse caricatures, quite sufficient, perhaps, for such a trifle, but certainly by no means sufficient to warrant the price. To say the truth, the ten shillings and sixpence, charged for about an octavo sheet of letter-press and twelve slight prints, is no jest, but rather a very serious matter. We should imagine that Mr. Hone would have published the whole, sketches and all, in a threepenny sheet, with wood cuts. Nay, we do not believe that all the letter-press, would fill more than four or five of our columns, for some of the pages consist of only half a dozen lines. The whole may be read through in ten minutes. There is one class of persons, however, to whom it would not be dear at ten guineas, or at even a guinea a page—we mean those for whose use it is more especially written—Churchwardens, who will find some of the more notable doings of their illustrious predecessors. But, distinguished as they are, churchwardens must not be allowed to engross all our admiration; as sectarians have full as much claim upon it. This is a truth that will be readily acknowledged by every one who has contemplated some of those buildings, denominated chapels and meeting-houses, which almost universally seem to be built in what may be termed the *Queer* style. These have generally attached to them a kind of shelf supported on four poles, which serves as a portico, a gable like that of a barn or outhouse, and plenty of windows, as a type of the spiritual illumination that reigns within.

Supplemental Volume to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 354.)

It is not the letters of Pope alone, in this volume, that render it interesting, as there are several epistles, from the nobility and others, his friends, which are not a little curious; the following, we are sure, will be considered of that class, while it exhibits one of the highest of our nobility, and that a lady too, in a very unfavourable light,—a duchess drunk! Oh fie!—The lady,—can we call her so—was the Duchess of Kingston: the letter is from Mr. Maddison to Pope:—

'*To Alex^r. Pope, at Mr. Jervas's, in Cleveland Court.*

'Sir,—My Lady ^a Dutchess being drunk at this present, & not able to write herself, has commanded me to acquaint you that there is to be musick on the water on Thursday next, therefore desires you to be ye evening at her house in Bond Street by six a Clock at farthest, and her Grace will call of you there to take you in her barge, which she has ordered to be ready at that time, at White Hall with provisions, and shall land you at the wish'd for shoare.

'I am

'*East Acton, Tuesday Night.*' . . . 'Y^r most humble servant, 'G. MADDISON.

'Out of ye abundance of ye yeart ye mouth speaketh, so Pope is the word, a disappointment is not to be endured.'

The postscript is written in a different hand, probably by her grace, who had recovered sufficiently to scrawl three lines. The letters relating to the translation of Homer are curious, as is the fragment of the translation itself, which confirms a surmise of Dr. Johnson, that 'between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.' The great critic is not, however, equally correct in stating, that the books of the Odyssey, translated by Fenton, have very

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few alterations by the hand of Pope, since the additions and alterations made by Pope are very numerous: this is evident from a few pages, which the editor of this work has transcribed. Among the letters on the subject of Homer, there is one from Jervas, in which he, with no slight conceit, says he could make a more poetical translation of Homer than Tickell, in a fortnight, excepting a very few lines. Several of the letters relate to the subscriptions for the Homer, in which Pope discovers an avaricious and trading eagerness, which would be thought derogatory to the character of a poet of any eminence in the present day.

The next portion of the letters is to and from the Blount family. The editor, like Mr. Roscoe, is anxious to vindicate the character of the poet from the charge of having formed a connection of a familiar nature with Miss Blount. The following are two of the letters:—

'*To Pope.*

Sr, —I am much obliged to Lord Harcourt for his friendly assistance in helping my son against ye variety of injustices wch we meet with *from Ward*, there is no Body who can be oblidg'd, whos Gratitude is soe useless as a woman's & a child's, but jle answer for ye first having a great share of it, & J hope ye other will alwaye shew ye same disposition. I am always Sr,

'Y^r faithfull humble serv.
'K. B.'

'*Pope to the Misses Blount.*

Dr. Ladies,—I find myself obliged to dine to-day at Battersea, so that I can't meet you till you are at Parson's Green, when I will not fail to meet you between five & six, & stay till you come. If this letter does not find you in street. it will be left at Mrs. Floyds. Pray think me, with all sincerity,

'Your most affectionate,
'most humble servant,
'A. Pope.'

The following is a very short but neat letter from Pope to a friend, whose name, however, does not appear:—

'Dear Sir,—I have treated you as we commonly do our best Benefactor, make a hasty use of all the advantages he puts us in the capacity of possessing, & thank him afterwards at our idle leisure, if we have the grace to thank him at all.'

We have already quoted two fragments of poetry from this volume, and, in conclusion, subjoin another, apparently part of a panegyric on Jervas, the painter:—

'Then matchless Jervas's hide,
Or lett it stand alone;
When one does over all preside,
The rest are vainly shown.

'Th' attending figures of the skie
(Tho' drawn with handsome faces)
Seem, when their goddesses are by,
Deprived of all their graces.

'Tho' sure as Cæsar chose renown,
Tis better to be recon'd
The Dulcinea of some town,
Than in a court the second.

'Then let this new Campaupe go,
Or, if thou't not resign,
As thou Apelles' skill dost know,
So may his fare be thine.

'To praise more equal leave our choice,
When we thy works survey,
Nor let each sighing heart or voyce
But one applause betray.'

We ought to state, that, in order to make this supplementary volume harmonize with Pope's works, of which it is so essential and valuable an addition, titles are published, similar to those prefixed to the editions by Warton and Roscoe.

Les Beautés des Ecrivains François Modernes; ou, Recueil de Morceaux Choisis des Meilleurs Prosateurs et Poëtes François de la Fin du XVIII. Siècle et du Commencement du XIX. Par M. V. De Fivas. 12mo. pp. 438. London, 1824. Whittaker.

The student in the French language can scarcely choose a better work in which to exercise himself than the volume of M. de Fivas; the selections are very judiciously made from the best modern French writers, and are choice specimens of the purity of the French language. They consist of lyrical pieces, dramatic scenes, letters, narratives, anecdotes, fables, allegories, orations, &c. exhibiting almost every variety of literary productions in prose and verse. At the end is a brief notice of the principal authors whose writings are quoted in the work.

ORIGINAL.

THE DRAMA.

In Blackwood's Magazine for the present month, is a very sensible and judicious paper, entitled a 'Letter to C. Kemble, Esq. and R. W. Elliston, Esq.,' in which the writer attributes the present depressed state of the drama to our theatrical *stars* and their arrogant pretensions. Their undue interference with, and dictation to, authors—of which a very gross instance is here recorded, have undoubtedly contributed much to embarrass and discourage those who have written for the stage, and have prevented many from applying their talents in a direction where they are almost certain of encountering caprice, and, we may say, insolence. This, however, is but one of the causes that have tended to degrade the drama, for it is labouring under a most formidable complication of disorders, from which there is not much probability at present that it will ever recover; unless, indeed, some strenuous exertions be made, and managers can be brought to see the bad policy of their present system, and the ultimate ruin it must bring upon the dramatic art. They seem to have adopted for their motto—*Après nous le deluge*; and to say, 'if the public will have splendid nonsense and *spectacle*, let us fool them to the very top of their bent,' utterly regardless of the consequences that must at length ensue from it. The taste for theatrical amusements is already fast wearing out; but what is to be done, when even the vulgar are tired of hackneyed processions and pantomime changes of scenery and red fire? Do they imagine that they can then, by their *fiat*, create at once a new order of things, or rather restore the old one, and give us good sterling plays and chaste acting? It will then, we fear, be too late. The constant cry is, that there is a complete dearth of dramatic talent; and, in the next place, that the town has no relish for anything but song and show. But, let us be permitted to ask, has there been of late years the least encouragement whatever given on the part of any of the theatres to authors? On the contrary, is not almost every possible obstacle thrown in the way of those who wish to submit a new piece for acceptance? Is it not a very extraordinary stretch of complaisance, if the management will even condescend to read it, or to return any reply to the writer? Must not the author of a play, unless he possess strong personal interest, be prepared to endure all kinds of contemptuous treatment and to humour all kinds of whims? And yet we shall very coolly be told, that there is no one capable of writing for the stage. But we will ask any one conversant with the literature of the present day, whether there seems to be any want of dramatic subjects, or of ability to treat them? We ourselves should say, certainly not. But then people have no relish for either genuine comedy or genuine tragedy: they have no taste for anything but melodrame and buffoonery, monsters and demons. Really: and what is it, then, that renders Mathews's performances so attractive, where we find none of the appliances so liberally employed everywhere else. We should say, because people can enjoy there what they can hardly expect to meet with anywhere else, true comedy, nature, and unaffected humour. We would not strip the drama of its ornamental accessories, but let them not usurp—as they now do, the place of the drama itself. When we sit down to table, we look not only for flowers and *plateaux*, but for eatables, and substantial eatables too, as well,—not merely a desert, but a dinner, and prefer the latter without the decorations to the decorations without the dinner. If we must have processions, and battles, and ballets at our regular theatres, and it is impossible to banish these excrescences altogether, let them be given between the play and afterpiece, or in lieu of the latter. We do not object so much to a coronation pageant,* because it is given as a separate performance, and interrupts nothing. We are no great friends to sumptuary laws, but we almost do wish that one was enacted to repress the extravagance of theatrical representations, and rescue the drama from that splendid mummery which now threatens to overwhelm it altogether; and, as far as literary composition is concerned, to degrade our theatres to the level of a booth at Bartholomew Fair.† And yet there are people to be found, who will assert, that the theatre is not only not immoral, but is a rational amusement: we will here waive all question as to the morality or immorality either of the

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* Both houses are at this moment preparing to bring out the coronation of Charles X.

† As a proof of the Bartholomew Fair taste, we may here notice that the pantomimic piece, first produced under the title of Faustus, is now named The Devil and Dr. Faustus!

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theatre or the theatrical world (as we have before given our opinion, nor have we since seen the least reason to retract one iota of what we then advanced); but when we hear the theatre cried up as a rational and intellectual amusement, we are tempted to suppose that the persons who laud it are not much in the habit of frequenting it, because the stage, at present constituted, does not 'hold the mirror up to nature,' nor show 'virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.' And, if any man who knows any thing of the kind of performances brought forwrd within the last ten or twenty years can imagine that it does, he may mistake Kenny for Shakspeare, and Planché for Molière, and Arnold for Congreve: he may confound the Achilles of an Italian opera with the hero of the Grecian bard, and swear that the sublimities of the Coburg rival those of the Grecian tragedians. What kind of a mirror does the stage hold up?—Why one that distorts every object it reflects. We look in it, and, instead of seeing men and women, see monsters, and demons, and buffoons. For comedy we have puns, and grimace, and slang, and low jokes, and double entendre; for tragedy we have rant and red fire; for the language of passion we have demisemiquavers; for nature we have dancers' legs and tip-toe attitudes; and for character we have velvet and tinsel; we see feudal nobles dressed like tom fools, and heroines like milliners in masquerade.—Well, but are not velvet, and silk, and feathers, and live horses, and real water, and real gunpowder, and real flames, all nature?—Truly, we are very unconscionable! And is not singing nature? and is not dancing nature? and are not peasant-girls, in short petticoats and silk stockings, nature? and Spanish grandees and Italian marchesi, all covered over with spangles, nature?—We really begin to be quite ashamed of our obstinate scepticism, and disposed to make a formal recantation. We believe, most devoutly, that the playhouse is a school of morality, and that the actors—not forgetting figurantes and all who breathe in and inhale this moral atmosphere—are—and, indeed, we do not see how they should be otherwise,—extremely moral people; we firmly believe that the drama is now what it was in ancient Greece; that, for elegance of language, our playwrights—we beg pardon, playwriters—equal Terence, in wit rival Congréve and Sheridan, in the delineation of the passions are not inferior to Shakspeare, and, in the purity of the lessons they inculcate, may be compared to the author of Comus. We believe that George Barnwell is excessively popular, a favourite dish with all playgoers, and that the number of 'guilty creatures sitting at a play,' reformed by theatrical representations, is actually incredible. And we moreover believe, that all who do not believe all this are envious, malignant, hypocritical, and libellous persons, the enemies of rational amusement, the foes of moral instruction; that they are creatures devoid of all taste, imagination, and feeling; averse to everything that is elegant; and that they deserve to be excommunicated and anathematized as monsters, incapable of relishing a refined, and an innocent, and a social, and an intellectual, and a humanizing amusement; an amusement that, in all ages and among all people—*et cætera, et cætera.*

SELF-LOVE THE BEST LOVE.

MR. EDITOR,—It may be very amusing to talk about love in all its varieties, to descant in glowing terms on the passion of an adoring swain for his mistress, a hero for glory, a patriot for his country, &c.; an agriculturist may extend this to his wheat and lucern, a grazier to a fat ox, a bibliomaniac to an old worm-eaten cover, and a lover of ruralities, like your last week's pilgrim, to a tree, or the stump of a tree. *Chacun à son goût*, says the proverb: some men love realities, others idealities; but I hope to be able to convince you that there is no love a man can entertain so pleasing, so lasting, so calculated to bestow on the possessor all the properties and advantages of love,—therefore, none so wise, so worthy to be pursued and cherished, as *self-love.*

Dr. Moore, the clever author of Zeluco, asserts 'that vanity is the most pardonable fault in our composition, for it increases a man's good humour by giving him perpetual self-complacency;' this is very true, but only so far as it is a species of self-love. This possession has been considered long the great spring of human action by philosophers, and it is so eminently well-calculated for that purpose, that, were it not for the declamations of stupid old authors and modern novelists, aided by sermonizing divines, in all probability, by this time, it would reign paramount, as the one grand affection of the human race. It is certain that there never was a period when the world, in general, was more devoted to its influence than now, and the ladies of fashion are decidedly in its favour; there never was a time in the history of human nature, when fewer follies were committed from the influence of other love; and it is therefore fair to infer, that this love obtains more positive influence. The world exhibits now no crusades for the love of religion or liberty, no insurrections for the love of loyalty; and, although a few romantic men, like Parry or Franklin, are so 'ravished with the whistling of a name,' that they court the horrors of eternal winter, and brave the miseries of hunger, to obtain it, yet, on the whole, it must be allowed, that the good sense of mankind is tolerably conspicuous; that, contrary to St. James's assertion, 'no man liveth to himself,' we see that nearly every man liveth for himself, so far as to consider himself the first great object of his own cares, his own ambition, his own admiration, his own tender regard, his own secret but solid affection.

As we have a great many follies afloat in the world, with the exception of a little partial emotion on the behalf of the Greeks, which even one of their own captains denominates 'blarney,' so have we no private instances of devotion to any other passion of moment. If a man shoots himself, it is not on the Werter principle; he does it for love of himself, not of another; we have no Hackmans amongst us now, though our women are more beautiful than Miss Ray was. The love affair of Mr. Hayne, which was the only apparent effusion of that description we used to call generous, that has appeared lately, has drawn such ridicule on the person who professed it, that few young men will venture to follow his example: they will see that it is more prudent and consistent to love themselves only, and give merely temporal kikings to the other sex, whereby dear self may procure indulgences agreeable to its inclinations, and discard its victims as soon as they have gratified the said self's temporary kikings. Surely, Mr. Editor (let your correspondent, Oldworthy, say what he may), this conduct is prudent, and to many persons natural: it is that of self-love, to all but those over-refined persons who cannot, even in that passion, concentrate their feelings properly, but must needs render kindness to others, as one of the necessaries of life to themselves—of these I speak not.

Self-love has this advantage over all others, that very few charms or virtues will suffice to kindle the flame, and very little merit be called for to perpetuate the tenderness and esteem felt for the party. If a man marries the most lovely and excellent of her sex, it is certain her charms will fade; and, though her virtues may improve, yet, as she is a mortal, and subject to error, her temper may give way, her health decline, and, at all events, the observance of her beauties will destroy the effect of their novelty; and she will cease to delight his eye, if not to satisfy his mind. Now this unhappy state of feeling never occurs in a case of self-love: let man or woman become ever so unlovely or unamiable in the eyes of others, the circumstance never injures their self-love at all, but in many cases actually appears to increase it. Pride is a fault which has a striking tendency to divide its possessor from his species; and cruelty is a vice that renders him absolutely hateful to them: yet *self-love*, with most engaging pertinacity of constancy, loves its object in despite of these disqualifying circumstances, and adheres to it when all others even turn away in loathing and abhorrence.

Misfortunes, poverty, age, and disease, all of which we observe withdraw affection and destroy passion in other subjects, never produce this effect in self-love, which so notoriously increases 'by the meat it feeds upon,' is so remarkably perpetuated by time, that old people, whom the rest of the world heartily desire to remove, never fail to love themselves the most dearly, and nourish themselves the most anxiously. Who ever saw a glutton view himself with disgust, or consider the sufferings which were the consequence of his excess, with any sensation save that of pity? Or when did an extravagant woman give a sigh to the distress of the tradesman she injured, save as it was connected with her own embarrassment. No! it is the glorious prerogative of self-love to remain true to its object under all circumstances, to heap kindness upon the head, and give solace to the heart, even when memory and judgment declare

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most loudly against the offender, and to silence not only their appeals, but those of conscience also, by a thousand expedients, such as love, *unbounded love*, alone can supply. If the eyes of the ancient Cupid were bandaged to show that he was amiably blind to imperfections and to consequences, much more powerful is the darkness which pervades the faculties of the self-lover; for it admits no light from any quarter save that sweet ray which falls on the merit and attraction of its object, admits no sound save that which excites him to new attentions and gratifications, and persuades him 'that all created things were meant for the interest or the solace of his own beloved self.'

How invaluable then, must be an union which crime can never divorce, ugliness and ill humour fail to injure, and, above all, enmity itself cannot disunite. In how many instances do we find, that when a man has proved completely his own enemy through life, when he has spent his fortune, offended his friends, and destroyed his health, he yet loves himself as well as ever; and, since he can, perhaps, truly say, that he did it all out of self-love, so he can look to that love for his consolation. Self-love is, then, a generous flame, since it requires little in the object to inspire it; it is a prudent affection, for in its very nature are included self-protection and self-encouragement; and it is also a fashionable predilection, which, in nine cases out of ten, is saying all that need be said in favour of any thing.

It is, moreover, a passion which is in alliance with many virtues and many events, and, since it is not my business to point out its relationship to these vices its enemies may talk about, I beg leave to conclude with an earnest recommendation of its adoption to all your readers, as one that cannot fail to insure them the greatest possible satisfaction, and may be inculcated with the least possible exertion; for if a man will only shut his heart to other objects of regard, confine his tenderness, benevolence, and charity, to himself, nature herself will do the rest, and in a short time he will love self, and self only.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

SELF-CONCIT.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF LORD BYRON.

BYRON, when at school at Aberdeen, was haughty and imperious to boys who assumed the right of being considered his competitors in ability, in rank, or affluence; but he extended a liberal protection to the young and feeble, and assisted in their tasks such as were deficient in capacity. His predilection for beauty appeared at a very early age. A handsome young lady entered where the boy was in a towering passion with an old female servant, who had remonstrated against some mischievous prank in which she had detected him. 'My dear,' said the lady, 'it is unmanly to abuse and threaten to strike a woman.'

'Would you call that ugly creature a woman?' replied Byron. 'She is more like an ape, with her shrivelled skin and ten thousand scars on her face.'

'She is marked with the small-pox, I grant you,' returned the lady smiling: 'yet carved work is both costly and handsome.'

'Ah!' said the boy, 'how would you like to see your own pretty face in a *draw-well* which I had disturbed by throwing stones in it? Or would you dress for church in a looking-glass as uneven on the surface as that old hag's forehead? Tell me, truly, would you like this?'

The lady was silenced. She felt that her simile of carved work had been misapplied, and she understood that young Byron alluded to the old song, 'My Jo Janet,' which she sang with great humour, and was often encored by him before and after this incident.

The following is the verse of the old song to which Byron no doubt alluded:—

'Kind sir, for your courtesy
When ye come by the Bass,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glass
Keek unto the draw-well, Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll see your bonny sel', my Jo Janet.'

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In your last number Sir Godfrey Kneller is twice mentioned, which has induced me to send you an anecdote of him and the eccentric Dr. Radcliffe. The anecdote is by no means new to the public, but my version of it may be more interesting from the quaint language in which it is clothed, taking it, as I do, verbatim from a curious, and now scarce, Life of Radcliffe, published by 'E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, 1717.' It is also curious as showing Bow Street, now principally famous for its public office, and the witty Wight who reports the proceedings there, as the residence of the fashionable world about a century back. Radcliffe died in 1714, but Kneller was alive when the book was published. If you think it worth insertion, it is much at your service.

Yours, J. M. L.

'It will not be much out of the way to insert a diverting passage between Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's chief painter, and the doctor, since it happened near this time, and, though not altogether so advantageous to the doctor's memory as the generality of his *sarcastical replies*, yet will be of use to bring in a very happy turn of wit from him that speaks in *rejoinder* to it. The doctor's dwelling-house was in Bow Street, Covent Garden, whereunto belonged a very convenient garden, that was contiguous to another on the back of it, appertaining to Sir Godfrey, which was extremely curious and inviting, from the many exotic plants and the variety of flowers and greens which it abounded with. Now, as one wall divided both inclosures, and the doctor had some reason, from his intimacy with the knight, to think he would not give a denial to any reasonable request, so he took the freedom, when he was one day in company with the latter, after extolling his fine parterres and choice collection of herbs, flowers, &c. to desire the liberty of having a door made, for a free intercourse with both gardens, but in such a manner as should not be inconvenient to either family. Sir Godfrey, who was, and is, a gentleman of extraordinary courtesy and humanity, very readily gave his consent. But the doctor's servants, instead of being strict observers of the terms of agreement, made such a havock amongst his horticultural curiosities, that Sir Godfrey was out of all patience, and found himself obliged, in a very becoming manner, to advertise their master of it, with his desires to him to admonish them for the forbearance of such insolencies. Yet, notwithstanding this complaint, the grievance continued unredressed, so that the person aggrieved found himself under a necessity of letting him that ought to make things easy know, by one of his servants, "*That he should be obliged to brick up the door in case of his complaints proving ineffectual.*" To this the doctor, who was very often in a choleric temper, and, from the success of his practice, imagined every one under an obligation of bearing with him, returned answer, "*That Sir Godfrey might do what he pleased with the door, so that he did not paint it;*" alluding to his employment, in which none was a more exquisite master. Hereupon the footman, after some hesitation in the delivery of his message, and several commands from his master to give it him word for word, told him as above. "*Did my very good friend, Dr. Radcliffe, say so?*" cried Sir Godfrey. "*Go you back to him, and, after presenting my service to him, tell him I can take anything from him but physic.*"—A reply more biting than true, though allowable, from what he had received from the aggressor.'

MR. SAMUEL WESLEY'S REPLY TO THE CRITIQUE ON HIS CHURCH SERVICE, IN THE HARMONICON.

IS that curious and masterly work, entitled A Tale of a Tub, is to be found a most ingenious and interesting Digression concerning Critics.

The author, after defining two species of them, lastly describes what he denominates the third and noblest sort, viz. the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all:—'Every *true critic* is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etcetera* the elder, who begat *Bentley*, and *Rymer*, and *Wotton*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcetera* the younger.'

I am informed (from high literary authority) that all modern reviewers of books studiously conceal their real names, professing delicacy as their laudable motive. However this be, and, as I am totally ignorant of either the nomen, cognomen, or agnomen of the critic or critics who have condescended to direct public notice to the Church Service I have lately edited, I can find no more commodious (and, perhaps, no more appropriate) form of address than that of either Etcetera the *elder* or Etcetera the *younger*.

If one of the two be preferable, it may be Etcetera the *elder*, inasmuch as the music is mostly in ancient style; and whoever hath sitten in the judgment-seat, on the present occasion, professes an intimate acquaint-

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ance with the old church composers of our country.*

Etcætera the elder informs the musical world that 'the *Sanctus* and *Kyrie Eleeson*, both of which, on account of their brevity, should be most studiously written, are not so likely to please as the other parts of the service.'

I own myself sufficiently obtuse of apprehension not to have discovered a reason why, because a composition may happen to be short, it therefore ought to be more studiously written than because it is long. I really think that the true argument concludes rather the contrary way: for instance, our poet, Pope (a tolerably careful writer), most probably took more pains in constructing an elegy of fourteen lines than an epitaph of four, though both were subjects of equal and similar solemnity.

I have no claim to any 'courage' for having spelt the word ἐλέησον according to our English pronunciation: if it be a reform, why the necessity of it now, or at *any* time, should be made a question, is not very evident; but it happens that the credit of such reform is not mine, for in that standard work, Dr. Boyce's all-valuable Collection of English Church Music, the word is invariably spelt *eleeson*.

Ἐλέησον (the imperative mode of ἐλέεω or ἐλεάω) is variously spelt in missals of different dates. Many of them have it *eleyson*, and perhaps more, *eleison* (the points above the ι designating the η). The spelling it with Y corresponds with the French usage, because, in their alphabet, the Y is always termed Z *grecq.* (meaning the *long* Z, the η).'

Etcætera remarks, 'In the *Gloria Patri* to the *Jubilate* we meet with the chord of the 7th and 2d in an extremely bare, crude state, and to our ears very cacophonous, *though Dr. Blow might have enjoyed it much.*'

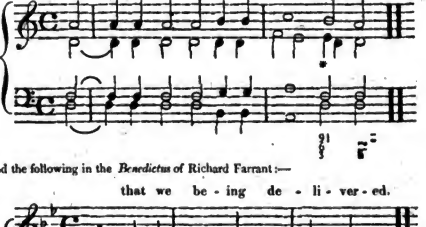
Dr. Blow is said to have been the master of Henry Purcell, and, therefore, to attribute to him a partiality to cacophony savours of a conjecture somewhat problematical. Without attempting to decide whether the ears of Dr. Blow were more *truly* musical than those of Etcætera, I most heartily thank him for placing me in such 'worshipful society.'*

However, as crudity and cacophony are not amiable features in a musical production, let us (as becometh true critics) give fair play to my unfortunate and cacophonous 7th and 2d, and try what defence remains for this luckless combination, when compared with the following *euphonous* positions of chord.

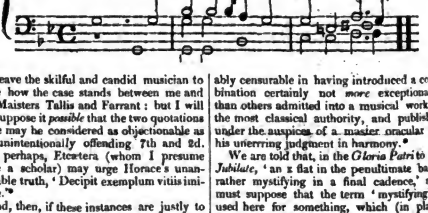
In the 'grave' counterpoint of Thomas Tallis, that—

'Worthy wyght,
Who for long time in music bore the bell,'

we meet with this passage in the *Gloria Patri* to his *Benedictus*:—



And the following in the *Benedictus* of Richard Farrant:—

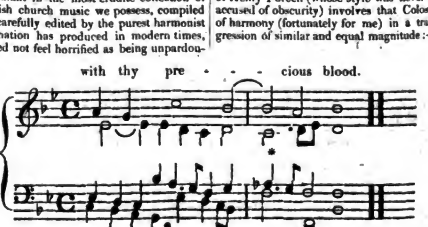


I leave the skilful and candid musician to judge how the case stands between me and my Masters Tallis and Farrant; but I will just suppose it *possible* that the two quotations above may be considered as objectionable as my unintentionally offending 7th and 2d. Still, perhaps, Etcætera (whom I presume to be a scholar) may urge Horace's unanswerable truth, 'Decipit exemplum vitiis imitabile.'*

And, then, if these instances are justly to be enumerated amongst the *vitia*, yet I feel quite on the modest side of presumption, when asserting, that as the above passages are extant in the most erudite collection of English church music we possess, compiled and carefully edited by the purest harmonist our nation has produced in modern times, I need not feel horrified as being unpardonably censurable in having introduced a combination certainly not *more* exceptionable than others admitted into a musical work of the most classical authority, and published under the auspices of a master oracular for his unerring judgment in harmony.*

We are told that, in the *Gloria Patri* to the *Jubilate*, 'an E flat in the penultimate bar is rather mystifying in a final cadence,' and must suppose that the term 'mystifying' is used here for something, which (in plain, homely, intelligible English) ought to be censured as *faulty* or *improper*.

The following specimen from a *Te Deum* of Henry Purcell (whose style was never yet accused of obscurity) involves that Colossus of harmony (fortunately for me) in a transgression of similar and equal magnitude:—



Is not the A flat in this example the same *mystification* in another key, with an additional discord into the bargain?

But the grand stumbling-block of offence (it seems) is yet to come, to remove which, Etcætera sets me at defiance.

Here follows a true copy of the indictment:—

* As Etcætera seems to be *semen multitudinis*, it is admissible in either the singular or plural; in the present instance, the singular is adopted, because I cannot easily be called to account by fewer persons than one.

* Our veteran harmonist, Muzio Clementi, observed to me (about thirty years ago), 'I compose two kinds of music; one for the long ears, the other for the short ears:—I always have found that the music for the long ears sells best.'

* An argument founded on faulty examples is deceptious.

* Dr. William Boyce.

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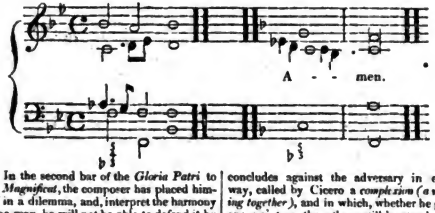
PURCELL. WESLEY.



'In the second bar of the *Gloria Patri* to the *Magnificat*, the composer has placed himself in a dilemma, and, interpret the harmony as he may, he will not be able to defend it by arguments drawn from either rule or effect.'

As the business in hand concerns old-fashioned music, in transacting it, old-fashioned words are not ill-suited to the subject.

I am said to be placed 'in a dilemma.' Perhaps Scapula can help us to tell the meaning of this word:—

'Δίλημμα.—Argumentum ab utrâque parte concludens adversarium; complexio Ciceroni, i. e. in quâ utrum concesseris, reprehenditur. Sic autem dicitur, quoniam duabus propositionibus conjunctione *aut* copulatis, in medium proferri solet.'

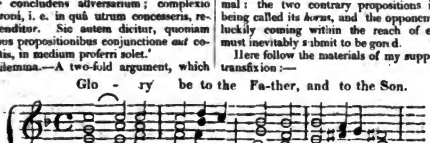
Dilemma.—A two-fold argument, which concludes against the adversary in either way, called by Cicero a *complexion (a weaving together)*, and in which, whether he grant one point or the other, still he stands confuted. It is so called because it is brought forward in the form of *two* propositions, united by the conjunction or.

The word is compounded of the adverb δὶς (bis, *twice*) and the verb λαμβάνω (accipio, *I take*).

This logical puzzle, denominated *dilemma*, is compared in dialectic terms to a certain powerful, dangerous, and well-known animal: the two contrary propositions in it being called its *horns*, and the opponent unluckily coming within the reach of either must inevitably submit to be gored.

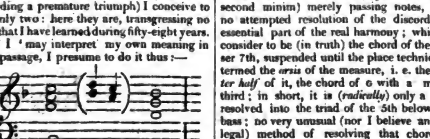
Here follow the materials of my supposed transfixion:—

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son.

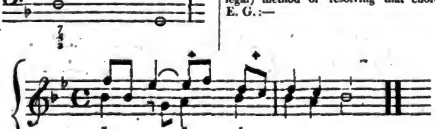


The real roots of the chords (in this bar affording a premature triumph) I conceive to be only two: here they are, transgressing no rule that I have learned during fifty-eight years.

If I 'may interpret my own meaning in this passage, I presume to do it thus:—



I account the crot hets (together with the second minim) merely passing notes, and no attempted resolution of the discord, no essential part of the real harmony; which I consider to be (in truth) the chord of the lesser 7th, suspended until the place technically termed the *arsis* of the measure, i. e. the *latter half* of it, the chord of 6 with a minor third; in short, it is (*radically*) only a 7th, resolved into the triad of the 5th below the bass; no very unusual (nor I believe any illegal) method of resolving that chord.—E. G.:—



* N.B. These are both 'final cadences,' the one in a verse, the other in a chorus.

In this hackneyed cadence of Handel, I ask, on what notes is the second discord of the 7th resolved? Is it on the notes immediately succeeding—the D and F? This, I think, will hardly be said, unless the 'rule' be to resolve a discord *upward*, not *downward*, which were (at least) a *new* doctrine. I say, then, that the true resolution is the minor triad of G, marked with ♮. Whether Handel rightly understood 'rule and effect' or not, is no part of this question: some persons think he did: but, however that be, I fear not to assert that this is the only way he would 'defend' the transition; the only way in which he would 'interpret the harmony.'

The 'effect' of my descending bass in 3rds, alternately minor and major, being rather melodious than otherwise, I conceive the progression to be now sufficiently defended, both as to harmony and melody.

And, therefore, I will not affect any dread of the horned antagonist; for, as yet, I cannot even discern him.—Where is this threatened dilemma?—Its existence has been merely asserted; it has not been specified in any shape, nor described in any terms: which are the chords constituting these death-inflicting horns? They are less substantial than even Macbeth's 'air drawn dagger,' which he at least *fancied* he saw; but I have not arrived here even to ocular *deception*.

Dispassionate readers may be rationally inclined to suspect, that in this case, after all, the only resemblance to a *bull* is the criticism. To my cacophonous discord and mystifying flat, parallels from my elders and betters have been adduced; to the 'dilemma,' I have pleaded *non liquet*: it is added, however, that 'these, and one or two other blemishes, that *might have been* pointed out, do not much surprise us in a work of considerable extent.'

Etcetera states that the 'certain objections' made to the above places were brought forward, 'in the impartial discharge of critical duty:' then, why were these one or two other blemishes not 'pointed out?'—It is said that they 'might have been.' Johnson remarks truly, that 'no work was ever yet spared out of tenderness to the author.' Vague criticism is vain criticism, and, therefore, worse than none; and of the beauties and faults of any work of art, the maxim will always hold good, *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.**

One more portion of this impartial performance shall be noticed, an additional specimen of Etcetera's logical accuracy.

About the middle of his candid review, I am predicated to have been 'led into a few of those errors of emphasis that are so abundant in the early church musicians:' yet, towards the conclusion, he affirms, that 'amongst the distinguishing qualities' of the work 'is the just expression of the words.'

I have been taught to believe that emphasis and expression were never much at variance, and that they might be used even as terms synonimous, without a violation of truth. In what manner and in what degree

* If they do not appear, their existence is rationally questionable.

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they can be consistently opposed to each other, Etcetera (to be at unity with himself) would have done well to inform us.

Dr. Johnson, when criticising some composition of one of our English poets (I forget which), and proceeding in a strain of panegyric, suddenly observes, 'Had all been like this!—but every part cannot be the best.' -

'Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.'—Pope.

Candour and judicial authority are very rarely in precise equipoise. The *quo animo* of a critique is, on most subjects, sufficiently diaphanous; a large proportion of the *soi-disant* virtuosi, even while they are in the very act of commending,—

'Always praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can.'

Were I to know myself, 'convictus veritatis viribus,'—were I really conscious that the objections urged are established upon that solid judgment which results from the unerring discrimination of a musical ear duly cultivated, I should feel much more humiliated by any evasion of the truth, than by a frank confession of my fallibility: but, with regard to the present articles of impeachment, I cannot consider them either weighty or valid; and would, with *les* promptitude, submit the decision of the dispute to a partial friend, than to a professed enemy, provided he were a learned and honest one:—

'Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach;
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
But critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to *parts*.'

Essay on Criticism.

What has been prettily said of a poet is alike applicable to a valuable critic:—'He should write with a peacock's quill, the feathers of which are all eyes.'

SAMUEL WESLEY.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXIX.

That there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, every gentleman, who has ventured to drink a glass of wine with a mischievous child on his lap must have proved; and when, in a conversation over our fifth bottle, I stated to you, Mr. Editor, my intention to attend the coronation at Rheims, I was not aware of the many events that would arise to retard my journey, and render it inconvenient. Your readers have, however, lost nothing by not receiving my account of this piece of mummery first, since your own employé has narrated the ceremony with singular fidelity and spirit, in your last number. By the by, knowing what an able and faithful representative you had sent to Rheims, I wonder you did not previously announce it. They manage these things better at the office of Longuemanne's Cunnynge Advertyzer. Did you not mark how ostentatiously the editor, in his number of the 28th of May, announced that his correspondent was gone to Rheims, 'to write an authentic account of the coronation, which will surpass in splendour everything of the kind on record;' adding, 'the facilities we know he possesses will enable him to get the most precise information on every point before the ceremony takes place, while his rank in society will enable him to see the whole to the best advantage.' A friend of mine, who little knew the fudge of the Cunnynge Advertyzer, thought that the Duke of Northumberland had not only undertaken the duty of envoy extraordinary from George IV., but that of *ordinary* reporter to the journal just mentioned. Saturday, June 4th, came, and with it *The Literary Gazette*, when, lo! instead of the 'authentic account' of the coronation so pompously promised, there was no account at all, but a garbled, distorted, and incorrect narrative of Napoleon's coronation. This reminds me of an eccentric little body, who called on me, to ask if I had a card of admission to Madame S's concert, and, on being answered in the negative, said, 'that being the case, allow me to present you with my own card, and I shall be much obliged by your custom.' Judge my surprise, when I found it was a shop-card of the little fellow, who, it appeared, dealt in groceries.

I have alluded to some events which rendered my proceeding to Rheims rather difficult. Do not, however, suppose that I was detained to be whipped off to the House of Commons, and drive members, like deer, to vote for giving the Duke of Cumberland £6,000. a-year, for educating the nephew of that leech, Prince Leopold, who bleeds the country to the amount of £60,000. per annum; nor to fabricate a new title for old Mother Serres, who has dwindled from the Queen of Poland and Princess of Cumber and to the Duchess of Lancaster; nor to keep Sir C. Alldice out, and get Mr. Stray Wilson into, the drawing-room held while I write. These things are managed so easily, that if a dustman or street-sweeper wished it to be stated that he was presented at court, he need only pay about half of what the hire of a court-dress would cost him for an hour, and he would next day have the evidence of a daily newspaper to convince his friends that such was the case. It was by this means that the knight we have named, and Mr. Stang Cooke, the claimant of the Stafford peerage with a sentence for a conspiracy hanging over him, appeared among the list of presentations at the last levee. Neither did I remain in town, to use my influence with ministers, on the reported death of the Bishop of Durham. Never shall I forget the scene of confusion at the university club-house the Saturday morning that this appeared in the Oxford papers. I had been engaged in some devilry the night before, and, therefore, resolved to have the benefit of clergy next day. There was an unusual muster of clericals at the club-house that morning, and, had I supposed the report of the bishop's death had been previously circulated, I should have accounted for it on this principle, that where the carcass is, there will the ravens be gathered. The morning papers had been gone through without remark, when the postman arrived with the letters and country newspaper. The Bishop of Lincoln pounced on the Oxford Herald, which he suddenly dropped, like a hot potatoe, and rushed out. The Bishop of Carlisle, though *Goodenough* for any See, did not see any chance of getting that of Durham, and therefore remained; but the *Sparke* of Ely was at once lighted into a flame, and his lordship burned for higher honours; while the Bishop of Oxford put his best *Legge* foremost. A *Burgess* of St. David's had already been promoted to the bishopric of Salisbury, and, therefore, he did not budge; but there were junior bishops, deacons and archdeacons, all rushing, helter-skelter, to the doors of their friends, to bespeak their interest, without one of them having the good manners of the Welsh curate, who, hearing the cry of 'a wreck, a wreck,' in the middle of his sermon, bade his congregation wait till he addressed five words to them, and then, proceeding to the door, said, 'Let us all start fair.'

While on the subject of bishops, I cannot but notice their arduous duties. The late king, on being told that John Wesley preached twice a day, proposed making him a bishop, 'and then,' said his majesty, 'he will not preach more than twice a year; and twice a year is quite enough, when we consider the fatigue.' Why, I am assured by that respectable journal, the Times, that 'the Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr. Mant), who preached at St. Paul's on Thursday week, was so overcome by the exertion, that he has since remained in a state of great indisposition.' Mercy on us! how differently constituted must the bishops be from Ned Irving, who would 'split the ears of the groundlings' twice a day all the year round, without any injury to himself, however his auditors might suffer.

But I am quite forgetting the coronation of Charles X., which is very ungrateful, considering the expense to which my mission put you; and yet, in good truth, there is little worth relating about it. It was a mere religious ceremony, got up for exhibiting the supremacy of the Papal church; it, however, failed sadly of effect. Charles X. is not popular, and, with the exception of the cries of *Vive le Roi* from the hired *claqueurs* and the persons in office, who were *commanded* to receive the king with acclamations, he would have passed as quietly from Paris to Rheims as Ex-Sheriff Parkins does through the city of London. Some attempt at producing effect was made when the king left Fismes, by the postillion over-driving the horses, and, as we are assured, endangering the king's life; but his majesty was safe enough, according to the north country proverb, which says, 'What is worthless is never in danger.' One of the king's courtiers was at great pains to discover the cause of the horses running away with the son of St. Louis, and was quite delighted in finding that it was a conspiracy on the part of the two leaders, which had belonged to a member of the Bonaparte dynasty. Formerly, a coronation would turn

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the brains of Frenchmen: but times are altered; and, although it may be said, as the Earl of Peterborough observed, when asked if the English crowned their kings, 'On les sacre, et on les massacre quelquefois;' yet there were more vivid acclamations, however brutal, at the decapitation of Louis XVI. than at the sacre of Charles X.

Arrived at Rheims, this 'emblem of the Deity,' as the king was impiously called, was hurried to the cathedral, to go through the mockery of devotions which were thrust upon him. The day of the coronation, the poor abject monarch was on his knees a couple of hours before his haughty confessor, who had only to put his foot on the monarch's neck, to remind us that, though popery may not claim, it has not renounced its ancient power and authority. It would be useless to enter into the details of a ceremony already so well described in *The Literary Chronicle*: throughout the whole, the church was everything, the king nothing. Some of the absurdities of former coronations were, however, omitted: the king did not pretend to be asleep when the archbishop went for him; and, as the Sainte Ampoule had been destroyed, there was no necessity of swearing four knights to take care of it. By the by, the English newspapers make a prodigious fuss about the said Sainte Ampoule, which a white pigeon is said to have brought from Heaven at the baptism of Clovis. Some affect to doubt the truth of this legend, but really, my dear sir, if we can have no popish legends but what are true, we must content ourselves to go without them. For my part, I have no hesitation in stating that the legend is as true as that the Virgin sent your English impulla, *alias* oil-bottle, to Thomas-à-Beckett, when an exile, at Sens, or as the well-verified fact, that St. Denis walked about three miles with his head under his arm, and found the first step the only difficulty; yea, as true as that an eagle has hovered over the head of the Marquess de la Fayette, ever since he set foot in the United States. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you, or some of your sceptical readers, who want reasons on compulsion, may doubt the last statement; let them, then, read the following extract from The Charleston Courier of May the 5th, and blush for their incredulity:—'The remarkable appearance in the air and sky, which The Courier some time since noticed, as connected with the journey of General La Fayette, appears to be travelling south with him. The Alabama Gazette states, that a star was distinctly visible at midnight, and a majestic eagle, at the same time, hovered over the general's residence, on the day he entered Alabama!'

With the exception of the persons who profited by the pageant, no person seemed satisfied with the coronation: the king was disappointed at the cool reception he met with everywhere; the ultra royalists were offended that Bonaparte's marshals held the post of honour near the king, and they felt themselves degraded in the office; the foreign ambassadors were put out of humour in consequence of their not being invited to dine with Charles X.; and the citizens of Rheims are quite enraged at having incurred a debt of 80,000 francs in making preparations for the coronation, which has not been half reimbursed by the company it attracted; and, lastly, the Welsh blood of the Duchess of Northumberland is up, because etiquette prevented Charles X. from accepting her grace's invitation to a ball, or giving her one to the coronation. 'England,' said the high-spirited lady, 'did not stand on etiquette when the king, his family, and thousands of his subjects came paupers to our shore, and lived for years on the bounty of a nation which was the only asylum left to them.' This was a home truth, and, if Charles X. had a single spark of gratitude, he would not forget his benefactors, much less insult the representative of a British sovereign, to whom he is indebted for his throne: but gratitude, I fear, is not a kingly virtue, at least so thinks

ASMODEUS.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

MAJOR DENHAM and Lieutenant Clapperton have returned to England from Africa. They left this country in the year 1821, on an exploratory journey into the interior of central Africa, connected with ascertaining the source, course, and termination of the river Niger, which has been an object of geographical research more than 2000 years.—The illustrious modern traveller, Mungo Park, threw a more full and decisive light on this subject than ever had been made to appear during this long period; after penetrating through a variety of the kingdoms of Western and interior Africa, he came at length to Sego, the capital of Bambarra, where he beheld 'the long-sought majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward.' He then traced its course downwards to Silla, and upwards to Bammakoo (about 1000 miles), where it first became navigable, to an extent of 200 miles. This, however, appeared to be only a commencement of the career of this mighty stream, leaving its subsequent progress involved in increasing mystery. Jackson, Horneman, Tuckey, Bowditch, Ritchie, Lyon, Laing, and now Denham and Clapperton, have all since, by their persevering efforts, contributed to our previous mass of information, respecting the most celebrated of African streams. We understand that Major Denham and Mr. Clapperton have ascertained, with great certainty, that Lake Tyad is a great fresh-water lake, having no outlet, and that it is fed by two large rivers, one of which, the Shary, flows from the same chain of mountains in which the western branch of the Nile (otherwise the White Nile) takes its rise —The Shary runs in a direction nearly due north from its course to the lake; whilst it is ascertained that the other river, called the Yao, enters the lake on its N. N. W. side, flowing from the westward; but it is not a continuation of the Joliba, or River of Timbuctoo. These travellers confirm the account of the Mahommedan priest, that, between Cano and Nyffe, there is no river communication.—Cano is in lat. 13 N. long. 9 E., and Succatoo, which our adventurers subsequently visited, is in 12 N. 5 E. This town is the capital of a great nation, of which we appear to have had no previous information, though the king of the country (whose name is Bello) was much pleased with the appearance of our countrymen, and, to their surprise, they saw his house was furnished with English crockery, which, it appeared, he had obtained in the way of traffic with the inhabitants of the Bight of Benim. He expressed a hope, that a mode would be found by which his subjects could trade with the English. His country appeared very productive, and abounded with cattle.—It further appears by the information collected by Messrs. Denham and Clapperton, that the Timbuctoo River runs S. E. to Nyffe, then southerly, and empties itself into the Bight of Benim, which ascertained fact is of much importance, as it opens a communication with the Atlantic, and will greatly facilitate the object intended to be pursued by Major Laing, in the course of the ensuing winter or the next spring.—Whilst crossing the Dessert our travellers were much distressed for provisions, yet they have happily arrived home in tolerable health, having suffered less from the climate than any of their predecessors in this arduous enterprise.—They were every where well received by the natives, who made them various presents, which are on their way to England, from Malta. Among them are five live ostriches, and a beautiful horse for his Majesty, presented to him by one of the native princes.

THE DEATH OF TECUMSEH, THE CELEBRATED INDIAN WARRIOR.

DURING the last war (and we hope it will ever remain the last) between the United States and this country, Tecumseh, a warrior, who had distinguished himself by his courage, his generosity, and his eloquence, led the Indians against the Americans, and was a most formidable enemy. At the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh fell, and some doubt has arisen as to who killed him. The Rev. O. B. Brown, of Washington, D. C., has furnished, in a letter to the Christian Watchman, the following interesting account of the death of this distinguished chief:—

'The statement which I shall make, was given to me verbally, by two officers of Col. Johnson's regiment, who were in the battle of the Thames, in which Tecumseh was slain, and has been confirmed by several written accounts, which I have seen, by others who were also eye-witnesses of the transaction. Desirous of ascertaining the certainty of these accounts, I inquired of Col. Johnson personally, about a year after the battle, and requested him to relate the particulars of the encounter, without any view of its publication, which he did. I have frequently conversed with him since upon the subject. These corresponding testimonies may certainly be relied on: especially as they were given by different eye-witnesses, as well as by the principal actor himself, who is a man of the strictest veracity and honour, all without concert, and yet in perfect agreement.

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'In that memorable battle, it will be recollected that Col. Johnson, with one half of his regiment, led the charge against the Indians, whose numbers were about three times as great as his own, while his brother, Lieut.-Col. James Johnson, with the other half of the regiment, led the charge against the British regulars. General Proctor commanded the regulars, and Tecumseh commanded the Indians. As Col. Johnson advanced against the Indians, who, according to their custom, were concealed by laying in the grass and bushes, and behind trees, he selected twenty men, with whom he advanced a few rods in front of the main body, to bring on the battle without exposing the whole to the first fire of the Indians. While thus advancing, they were fired upon, and nineteen out of the twenty fell, leaving but one man of that number, besides the colonel, to pursue the charge. This shot brought the Indians from their ambush; the colonel immediately ordered his men to dismount and advance to the combat. The order was promptly obeyed; the colonel only remained mounted. A dreadful conflict immediately ensued; in the midst of this scene of slaughter, the colonel still moving forward into the midst of the Indians, he observed one who was evidently a commander, and who displayed more than ordinary gallantry. He was a rallying-point for the Indians, and, while he stood, they appeared to be impregnable about him. Col. Johnson did not know whether it was Tecumseh or another chief, but, observing the effect which his intrepidity had upon the other Indians, he deemed it necessary to despatch him in order to secure the victory. The colonel had already received four wounds, and was much weakened by the loss of blood. His horse, also, had been so wounded as to be unable to move faster than a walk; he was not able to approach the chief in a right line, on account of the trunk of a large tree which was lying before him; he therefore rode round the head of the tree, and then turned his horse directly towards the chief, and advanced upon him. At the distance of a few yards, the colonel's horse stumbled, but did not entirely fall; this gave the Indian the first notice of his approach, who instantly levelled his rifle at the colonel, and gave him another wound, the severest which he received in the battle. He did not, however, fall, but continued his movement towards the Indian, till he came so near that the Indian was raising his tomahawk to strike him down.—The colonel had a pistol in his right hand, charged with a ball and three buck-shot, which he had held against his thigh, so that the Indian had not discovered it. At this moment, the colonel raised his pistol, and, discharging its contents into the breast of this Indian chief, laid him dead upon the spot.—The Indians near him raised a yell, and instantly fled. The colonel, covered with wounds, twenty-five balls having been shot into him, his clothes, and his horse, was unable any longer to act; but was taken from the battle-ground, faint and almost lifeless.

'Thus far the account of the colonel's gallantry on that day is undisputed. The only point to establish was whether that Indian was Tecumseh. Several persons who were in the battle told me that Tecumseh was found dead, on that very spot, and that a medal was taken from the body of that Indian, which was known to have been presented by the British government to Tecumseh. It is known that Tecumseh was killed in that battle, and that the person whom Col. Johnson killed was a warrior chief. It is also known, that but one other chief was killed, any way answering to the description given of this person, and that he, a brother-in-law to Tecumseh, was killed in another part of the battle. But, in addition to this testimony, which is notorious, there happened to come to my house, on the very day of my receiving the Watchman, containing the communication referred to, the celebrated Indian warrior, Anthony Shane, who is but part-blooded, as they generally call those Indians whose blood is mixed with the whites, and who is also partly civilized. This Shane was a man of character, and has been the uniform friend of the United States. He was at the Thames at the time of the battle, and had been intimately acquainted with Tecumseh from early childhood. I inquired of him what he knew of the death of Tecumseh; he told me that, immediately after the battle of the Thames was ended, he went to the spot where several of the men had seen Col. Johnson kill an Indian commander, and there he saw Tecumseh lie dead upon the ground; that he examined his body, and observed that he must have been killed by a person on horseback, for a ball and three buck-shot were shot into his breast, and the ball passed through his body and came out at the lower part of his back. While looking at the body, he was asked if he was certain it was Tecumseh. Shane told them he was certain, for he had known him from childhood; and that, if they would examine his thigh, they would discover a remarkable scar, occasioned by the misfortune of Tecumseh's having his thigh broken many years before; that, on examining, they found the scar as he had described. This person Shane knew to be Tecumseh, and his body was found where Col. Johnson had killed an Indian commander. He was killed by a person on horseback, and Col. Johnson was the only person who fought on horseback. He was shot with a ball and three buck-shot, and the pistol with which Col. Johnson shot the Indian was charged with a ball and three buck-shot. These circumstances establish the fact beyond all reasonable doubt, that Tecumseh was killed by Col. Johnson.

'It is, however, proper to observe, that the merits of the colonel are neither increased nor diminished, from the circumstance of its being Tecumseh; and he never claimed special regard from the mere name of the person.—When I first inquired of him the particulars of the transaction, he was diffident to speak freely concerning it, lest he should seem to be witness to his own acts. There is a remarkable modesty with Col. Johnson, which would rather forego all praise than become, in the smallest degree, the organ of its echo. But, in the confidence of familiar friendship, he related the circumstance purely to satisfy my curiosity, and not with the most distant idea that I should ever become the medium of its publicity; nor would it have been communicated at this time, but that justice requires it, in order to correct the erroneous impression which a publication in so reputable a paper as the Watchman is calculated to make.

'Very respectfully yours,

'O. H. BROWN.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MRS. CAREY.

On reading her Lines, in The Literary Chronicle, on the Poetry of J. E. Pennis.

LADY unknown, and hast thou design'd to shed
A wreath of roses on the minstrel's head—
That o'er the darkness of his wayward doom
Blooms, like a garland round the lover's tomb,
Or some rich flower amid the desert heath,
That bends the wild autumnal storms beneath!
The pitying tones of thy melodious lyre,
That breathes true inspiration's magic fire,
Come o'er his miseries like a sun-gleam sent
Through the black thunder-riven firmament.
O, for the honour thou the bard hast paid,
May thy fair muse, when he in dust is laid,
—Who ne'er again the harp's ecstatic string
Shall joyous strike, or ancient legends sing—
Achieve the summit of eternal fame,
And distant ages laud thy distant name;
May peace and pleasure strew thy path with
flowers,
The brightest sweetest cull'd from earthly
bowers,
With roses Love thy midnight pillow spread,
And guard from every thorn thy slumbering
head;
And when, sweet star, thou set'st, no more to
rise,
The beamy glory of Parnassian skies,
May'st thou, amid the heaven of heavens, outshine
In song and splendour—not the fabled nine—
But those fair minstrels who, in robes of light,
Around that bard, released from tenfold night,
The mightiest of the mighty when below,
Whose numbers with seraphic raptures flow—
To sacred measures dance, and wake the string
Of praise and glory to th' Eternal King!

Lulworth Cottage. J. P. PENNIS.

SONNET.

MAY's beamy robe of bloom has spread each
spray,
And em'rald-vested beauty charms the plain;
Phœbus sends forth his golden sky-born ray;
Each bird of song exerts the choral strain;
Pleasure o'er *Nature's nations* reigns supreme;
But human woe no soothing joy can find;
Lost in the brightest glance of beauty's beam,
When care-creating grief corrodes the mind.
To me in vain May's sweets are paid amain,
Joyless I view the fairest flowers of spring,
Sorrow's sharp barb has gir'n a bearded
wound,
And all the rose-clad bowers no peace can
bring!
A higher source of hope appears above,
Where sits on Mercy's throne the God of Love.

J. M. L.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—A little girl, named Fortescue, played the part of Edward,

in the comedy of *Every One has his Fault*, on Tuesday,—her first appearance on any stage: notwithstanding the extent of the house, she made herself perfectly audible, and acted with much spirit, truth, and feeling, evincing a precocity of talent well deserving of encouragement.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Master Burke, a child only six years of age, made his appearance at this theatre, on Saturday evening last, in the part of Terry O'Rourke (*Irish Tutor*). The present is an age of juvenile wonders: we have infant Lyras—infant songsters—infant dancers—in short, infant everything, where the province is to amuse, and profit the object to be derived. Opinion is much divided with respect to the popular encouragement of these early manifestations of talent; but, while the *ought*s and the *ought-nots* dispute the propriety of the thing, the increasing number and success of these precocious curiosities prove the ought*s* have numerical, if not argumentative strength: for ourselves, we have sincerity enough to acknowledge amusement, if not sometimes a higher gratification, in these baby aspirants, and are ill-natured enough to ask—'Do not men feel their pride crushed in seeing children *successfully* meddling with that which it is generally considered mature intellect only is equal to?' The opposition of *professors* is more easily accounted for, when we reflect on the many clumsy 'full-grown' candidates in the various departments of art, who 'imitate nature so abominably' as to excuse a little chagrin, on their part, at witnessing more delicate representations of art in children. However, be this so or not, we must, agreeably to our sentiments on the question, bear testimony to the surprising talents of Master Burke, as shown in portraying the very difficult character he appeared in; when we say this child kept his auditors in a roar, from his debut to his exit, our judgment will not be much called in question, if we ascribe to him—talent, humour, and tact; and these things in a child of such tender age, so physically weak as almost to sink under the dress he appeared in, proves, we think, a strength of intellect both pleasing and extraordinary.

We should be surprised—if anything connected with the theatres could surprise us, at the frequent changes made in the performances, after they have been publicly announced. The pieces fixed for Thursday night, and advertised in the Sunday papers, were twice changed, to the great disappointment of those who had made their choice of a night. There is another fault in Mr. Morris, who seems to make up for the execrable performance of some of his actors, by the length of time he keeps them on the stage. On the night to which we allude, the third piece, the 'Irish Tutor,' was not over till twelve o'clock, and it was succeeded by a duff song, by Master Burke, and a two-act farce, called 'The Devil and the Lady,' a piece not worth seeing at all, as it is acted at the Haymarket, and certainly not after midnight anywhere.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The clouds which lowered on these gardens at the opening seem dispersed, or 'in the deep ocean buried,' and, with fine weather, there has been a great accession of fashionable company. Indeed the amusements are of that attractive character that fine weather is alone wanting to insure a very successful season.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Anti-incendiary Composition.—We are informed by a correspondent, that a new and important discovery against fires has just been made by a French gentleman now in London. It appears that by the means of a certain composition, which can be applied upon any object whatever, ships, houses, and manufactures of every description, will be henceforth secured from destructive fires. This discovery cannot fail to prove very useful, since not only wood and cloth, but paper and straw also, being impregnated with this composition, will be rendered flame-proof. This composition has been committed to the examination of the *Institut Royal de France*, and unanimously approved of by the most celebrated chymists and learned men in France.

Mr. David Townsend, of Pennsylvania, has invented a method of saving water as the boats pass through the locks of canals, by which not a gill, it is said, will be lost: and the strength of a single man, with a single mechanical power, will do all the work, and pass a boat in half the time required on the present plan.—*American paper.*

Capt. Symmes and the Interior of the Globe.—It will be seen by the following letter, which we copy from the Ohio Gazette, that Captain Symmes still lives, and is as ready as ever to penetrate the interior of the globe, which, he contends, is hollow:—

'Mr. EDITOR,—I read in your paper of yesterday, an account of a British ship having lately reached a higher south latitude than Cook or any other navigator before has been known to do, and yet was unobstructed by ice, and nothing appeared to hinder proceeding onward. I feel confident, and have long published my opinion, that the concave countries can be reached with facility by proceeding southwardly in any of the southern seas, and particularly from the Indian Ocean. Ought not this partial confirmation of my doctrines to encourage Mr. Gray or Mr. Girard to incur the expenses of a suitable exploring outfit towards the south, both for fishing and discovering? Either of whom could, I presume, meet the expense without endangering their prosperity. According to my system, it is highly probable that a ship properly directed on such an errand would reach a country where the inhabitants are concave antipode to those of the exterior tropical regions, which country may be coasted quite around the concave, along a circle of twenty-thousand miles in circumference, and a great part abounding in tropical productions, and the seas so free from dangerous storms, as to be everywhere navigable by steam-boats; and if, as is probable, the concave lands are much chequered by such channels as Parry found, so far as he penetrated, then the ships might pass through to Cook's Inlet; and thus establish our claim, by right of discovery, and extend our commerce and fisheries in immensurable extent.

'I believe I could pilot such an expedition without, in any material degree, missing the proper course. Respectfully,

'JOHN CLEVES SYMMES.'

The first tract ever printed in America was sold at Evans's rooms, a few days ago, for thirty-two guineas. It was the celebrated Letter of Columbus, which was long supposed to have been lost, and was unknown to Robertson when he wrote his History of America. There were two editions printed, one with a date and the other without. So excessively rare is this edition with a date, that it has been said that the only copy besides this is the one formerly in the possession of Don J. A. Conde, and now in the library of the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and published May, 1493. It was purchased for the Duke of Buckingham.

Canal-Sinking by Steam.—At the woollen manufactory at Cincinnati, in the United States of America, there is a model of a machine for excavating the earth for the formation of canals, the invention of Mr. French, practical engineer. It excavates, elevates, places the earth on the side of the canal, at any given distance from its margin, at one operation. The great simplicity of its construction and movements, and the almost certainty of its great practical utility, will render its invention at this particular period a matter of great utility. We understand a machine of sufficient magnitude is now building, and we may now soon expect to see steam-engines successfully applied to digging canals.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Dr. Johnson.—When Dr. Johnson was on his way to the Hebrides, he dined at the house of George Gordon, Esq. of Gordon Bank, near Kelso, in company with Lord Kaimes, and other gentlemen. In the evening, when tea and coffee were introduced, Miss Gordon, Mr. Gordon's daughter, directed the servant to hand the doctor some tea-cakes, peculiar to Scotland, called girdle or stone-cakes. Dr. Johnson pushed the man's hand back, signifying that he would not taste them. The young lady, who had superintended their making, feeling a little disappointed, determined to try her efforts on the doctor, presented them herself, observing that they were made purposely for him. The doctor looked good-naturedly at Miss Gordon, who had been silent the whole time of dinner, and said, taking the cakes, 'Have you a tongue? I have not heard you speak this day.' The young lady promptly replied, 'My benefit has been in hearing.' To which the doctor instantly rejoined, 'I have not heard so good a thing said this day.'

An Editor's Marriage.—The following editorial notice is from the St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette, of the 22d inst. whose editor, like an honest fellow, desires all his numerous and respectable readers to rejoice in his happiness. We hope he may never have occasion to invite their sympathy in distress:—

"*It is not good that man should be alone.*"—The editor has the pleasure of informing

his numerous and respectable readers, that he has taken a PARTNER, not for one, two, or any term of years, but 'as long as we both shall live'—not for the purpose of assisting in the labours of the printing-office, but to participate with him in "life's joys and vicissitudes."'

Blue Beard and his Castle.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verrière, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighbouring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well-known nursery-tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a mere creation of the fancy, was Giles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII. and was a vassal of John V. Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards. The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25th, 1440, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a MS in the archives of Nantes.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
June	3	57	63	52	29 78	Showery.
....	4	54	57	50	.. 36	Rain.
....	5	50	55	45	.. 68	Showery.
....	6	48	64	54	30 02	Fair.
....	7	54	66	56	29 94	Do.
....	8	56	69	57	30 01	Do.
....	9	55	68	51	.. 20	Do.

Works published since our last notice.—Dodsley's Annual Register for 1824, 16s —Vision of Las Casas, 6s. —The Levant Company, 2s 6d.—Key to Nicholson and Rowbotham's Algebra —Lizars on the Extraction of Diseased Overia, demy fol. five plates, 18s —Anecdotes and Poems of Cowper, 3s. 6d —The Present Day, a satire, 5s 6d.—Lochandhu, a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, three vols.—Babylon the Great, two vols, 12s. —Busby's Concert-Room and Orchestra Anecdotes, three vols. 1l. 1s.—The Roman Nights, two vols. 14s.—Husband Hunting, three vols. 21s.—Pary's Posthumous Works, royal 8vo. 16s.—Halbroke on Hydrocele, 4s 6d —Precept and Example, foolscap, 7s.—Supplement to Pope's Works, 6s 6d —Recollections of Scotland, &c. 9s.—Corpus Poetarum. Part I. 7s.—Cabinet Historian, Part I. 2s 6d —Lord Sackville the Author of Junius's Letters, 14s —Bell's Observations on Italy, post 4to. 1l. 7s —Ambition, three vols. 1l. 4s.—Eve of All-Hallows, three vols 18s —Reid's Introduction to Chemistry, two vols 15s —Malkin's Classical Disquisitions, 8vo. 12s —The Adventurer, or Scenes in Ireland, three vols. 1l. 5s. 6d.—Art of Beauty, 9s 6d.—Walpole's Letters to Hertford, 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Hunt's New Theory of Light, 2s. 6d.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 318. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1825. Price 6*d.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Babylon the Great; a Dissertion and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of the Modern Athens. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 640. London, 1825. Charles Knight.

When the author of the volumes before us published his Modern Athens, he found the title ready prepared to his hands, and had only to draw a parallel between the famed city of Athens and Auld Reikie, in order to show its appositeness. On the present occasion, he has, we believe, been the first, in print at least, to style London, Babylon the Great; and, although we must hope that the fate of the capital of the Assyrian empire may never be realized in the British metropolis, yet we do not, by any means, deem the title inappropriate. It is true that London has not, like Babylon, a hundred gates of brass; but it has ten thousand brazen faces: we will not, however, attempt to draw the parallel between the two cities, since they are both the most famous of their days; and, since the title of Babylon the Great, as applied to London, is too good to inquire into the strict correctness of its application, in minute particulars.

The author of this work and of Modern Athens is a strong-minded thinking Scotchman, who has none of the Sir Pertinax Macsycophant about him, but will stand upright in the presence of a great man or a great nation, regardless whether what he says may please or offend. There is, in general at least, and we trust always, a straight-forward sort of honesty about him, which guides his pen without weighing every sentence, and ascertaining if it please such an one, or if it will offend another. He is also a man of the world, who mixes largely in the events and with the characters of the day, and makes his own observations, which, whether correct or not, are at least original and frankly expressed. There is scarcely any subject comes wrong to him, whether it be estimating the character of the aristocracy and their influence on society, or that of the *canaille*, and the probable bane of their connection. His opinions are, perhaps, sometimes rather too dogmatical; and yet there is such an air of sincerity about them, that you cannot for a moment doubt that the author is in earnest; there is also so much truth and correctness in his observations generally, that, where they differ from our own, we seem as much to doubt your own judgment as to question his. To a fidelity of description the author adds a vigour of style and a felicity of expression, which render Babylon the Great one of the best books of its kind that has appeared; it is free from the besetting sin of the Modern Athens—vulgarity: whether this arises from a purer style or a chaster subject, we shall not pretend to determine; it is enough for us, and we do it with great pleasure, to notice the improvement.

The first volume commences with a general view of the extent and character of Babylon the Great: the second chapter, describing the author's voyage to Babylon, though well written, might have been spared, as it forms a sort of episode, which has little or no connection either with what precedes or follows it. The general features of Babylon, how far its character is modified by the Scotch and Irish, the good and bad qualities of John Bull, the corporation, state of the fine arts, the Indies, the two Houses of Parliament, with portraits of the most distinguished members,—all form so many topics, on which the author dilates, often very happily, and almost invariably with very considerable talent. The late period, however, at which the work appears (Thursday afternoon) renders our notice of it more hasty than we could otherwise have wished it to be; it is on this account that our extracts may seem taken at random, and if, by any chance, they are not such as to exhibit a fair specimen of the author and his work, the reason we have stated must be our apology. The author commences with a splendid eulogy on London; he says:—

'The literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book, so mighty in import or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word—London. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, and sets before the observer the men of all countries and all ages, in respect both of what they are and what they have done. Whatever is profound in science, sublime in song, exquisite in art, skilful in manufacture, daring in speculation, determined in freedom, rich in possession, comfortable in life, magnificent in style, or voluptuous in enjoyment, is to be found within the precincts of the great Babylon; and there too are to be found every meanness, every vice, and every crime, by which human nature can be debased and degraded.

'Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man; but here they are all together, and at once upon the canvass, singularly blended and even confounded together, but still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. The direct contemplation of this vast picture is, perhaps, too great a labour for any one man; and the details, if minutely given, would form a work from the perusal of which the most voracious reader would turn aside: and therefore a sketch, which shall exhibit the great features, physical and intellectual, must, with however light and hasty a pencil it is touched, be fraught with interest.

'London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England, or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connections and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface—not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold—not merely as the heart by whose pulses the tides of intelligence, activity, and commerce, are made to circulate throughout every land—not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city—not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art,—but as being foremost and without a rival in every means of aggrandizement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery—of every thing that can render life sweet, and man happy, or that bitter and man wretched.'

Again, in London:—

'You meet with no yawning idler, no curious quidnunc, no prying inquisitor into your own private history, or into any other private histories of which you may have the keeping. No doubt there are idlers, there are quidnuncs, and there are virtuosi of small slander in London as well as in other places: but they form no feature of London: they come not abroad into the streets, and they neither arrest the steps nor disturb the thoughts of those busy crowds which are everywhere rolling around you. In your provincial town people run in all directions, and are occupied with one single topic, which they toss about like a hand-ball; but in London the case is reversed,—many men pursue the same route, but each is busied with his own speculation, and, as he knows not the persons by whom he is elbowed, he of course never thinks of communicating it to them, or in any way disturbing them about it.

'If any man be seized with an overweening conceit of himself, impressed with an idea of his transcendant importance or value to society, London will cure him, if his cure be not altogether desperate. The puny provincial, who takes upon him to insult his neighbours because he happens to possess a few thousand pounds becomes a mere cypher in Cornhill or Threadneedle

Street; the provincial bashaw, who ranges the whole village with his equipage, is outshone upon the drive by a slopseller or dealer in old books; and the Adonis who conquers and then abandons half the fair in a remote county, cannot in Bond Street distinguish the fine gentleman that the tailor made, from the tailor that made him; and thus he is humbled in the sight of both.'

Were we genuine coxconeys, proud for the honour of the metropolis, we should, perhaps, imitate those cunning chiels, the booksellers, who cull a line of praise in a review from a whole page of censure, and rest the author's character of London on this single extract; but a love of truth compels us to show the lights and shadows of life. The general character of London, in the first and third chapters, we think extremely well and correctly described. From this general character of Babylon the Great we pass to one or two extracts relating to its peculiarities; and first, of the character and talent of its senators:—

'Sir Francis Burdett, who is a man whom every Englishman, let his party be what it will, must admire under any circumstances, is a very different personage when he trims the jacket of Henry Hunt in Covent Garden market, and when he turns the edge of an opponent's arguments in the House of Commons. Hear him in the first situation, and, though you cannot even there hear him without being somewhat pleased, there is a freedom in his language, which, carried even the least degree farther, would run into vulgarity,—there is a homeliness in his figures, and a broadness in his illustrations, which give you by no means an exalted idea of his refinement,—there is a violence of assertion in his positions, which forces you to think that he is not addressing himself to the understandings of those who hear him,—and there is a looseness and want of concatenation in his arguments—a reiteration of truisms, indefinite generalities, and absolutely of slang terms, which would give you the impression that he is a man of surface and of sound, rather than of any gentleman-like or statesman-like qualifications. But hear him in the House of Commons, and he is so very different, so vastly superior, in every power and in every grace, that you imagine that you are listening to another person altogether. His language, which on the hustings was broad and coarse, is in the house chaste and classical,—his figures, which on the hustings were homely and broad, are in the house chosen with exquisite taste, and managed with admirable skill,—instead of wide and unsupported assertion, the positions which he takes are taken with a force of reason, and defended with a clearness and closeness of illustration, which render them just as impregnable there, as in the other place they appear defenceless,—and, instead of that disjointed and careless manner which on the hustings perplexes you, in the house you hear an oration, which, though it evidently be not the result of laborious or continued study, is more harmonious in its parts, more alive to its object, and more powerful and triumphant in its general bearing, than the purchased speech of any special pleader. In both places you can see that the principles, the feelings, the heart, the manliness, and the stubborn John Bullism (so to express it), of the elegant, eloquent, and patriotic baronet, are the same,—you can see in either place, that there is in him none of the leaven of corruption—not a single point which he hedges to conceal—not one feeling of his own mind to which he is fearful to give expression—not one desire to which he will sacrifice a single atom of what he believes to be the truth—and not one man nor one argument opposed to him, which he fears to meet or is afraid of conquering. In both situations, he appears a man, and an Englishman: but on the hustings he appears as an Englishman, with many of the prejudices of those who feel, but do not think; while in the house, his thoughts and his feelings are in such admirable keeping, that he is the very model of independent men and captivating speakers,—and the rush of all parties into the house when he rises, the deep silence during the statement of his arguments, and the triumphant and involuntary cheers which burst out when he makes his appeals to the principles of the English constitution, and the feelings of the English heart, prove that he commands this character, even from those who are, politically speaking, the most violently opposed to him.'

While on the subject of Parliament, we shall quote the following, generally correct, observations on Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, two of the ablest men in the British senate:—

'Brougham and Canning have, as I have hinted, both been the architects of their own fortunes; and, in their progress toward that elevation which they now hold, they have often been compelled to make the bricks of their buildings without straw. Each of them started as a literary man, and sought place—if, indeed they did seek place, and place did not seek them,—not by fawning upon and bending to those in power—not by offering themselves in the humble capacity of hewers of wood or drawers of water to the political priests and Levites of the time, but by declaring, each in his particular path, that intellect was his idol,—an idol of which no consideration would make him forego the worship.

'Canning, who came first into play, came at a time when the arrows of the adverse party, shot keen and pointed, were sticking all over the flesh of those in power; and it was because the juvenile sallies of this brilliant personage took away the smart of these, and turned the public attention to them, that he was first decidedly brought into notice. At that time it is plain that his own party, or rather the party which he assisted, knew nothing of the better substratum of his character which those glittering qualities concealed. They did not know that the man who was flapping the buzzing flies of pretended patriotism all over the world, had the flame of genuine liberty warmly cherished in his own breast,—they did not know that he who, in those days, contented himself with a smart epigram or a sparkling song, would be the man who should be, if not solely yet mainly, instrumental in bringing England out of that gall of bitterness into which untoward times and unfortunate connections had plunged her. They did not know these things; and to those who looked coolly and closely into the subject, it was farther evident that they regarded the genius which they courted as an instrument which would be somewhat dangerous in the use. There was, and it continued for a considerable time, a disposition to consider Mr. Canning as engaged rather than associated—as one who was to be used, rather than one who was to be trusted: they saw and felt from the beginning, that he had an eye which would not be closed, and they felt, upon a few occasions, and feared in many more, that he had a tongue which would not remain silent,—that, in short, his love of office, even supposing that he had that love, was not a love of the mere connection or reward of office, but a love of the very highest honour that office can afford,—standing in the foremost place, and standing there in his own strength.

'But while those feelings of inferiority, those little twitches of envy, which, though they embody the thing itself, are yet all too meek for assuming its name—those apprehensions lest he should stick a javelin in something which they considered very sacred, carry a light into some corner which they thought and which they wished to be perfectly snug, and clap the cap and bells upon something which they had felt disposed to venerate as the owl of wisdom itself,—while these, and many others which I need not mention, were behind the right honourable gentleman, quietly and cautiously stretching out their little hands, if not to pull him back, at least to keep him at the same easy jogging pace with themselves,—they upon the other side were hurling against his face every word of the vocabulary which was more harsh in sound and more hateful in sense than another. As these dealers in the vocabulary knew less of the real character and the real talents of Mr. Canning than the others, and as their anger was up, and the glory of their party at stake, they were, perhaps, less to be blamed; but still the whole political conduct of the man, as it has developed itself since he could act unfettered, might read to those who deal in political vituperation a very wholesome lesson of caution. The event has shown that the view which he took, if not so specious to rant and declaim about, has been taken in as profound a knowledge of the state of society, and with, to say the least of it, as advantageous a bearing upon the happiness of mankind. Furthermore, it turns out that the man who, if we had believed them, was ready to sacrifice every thing for office, and ready to do every work, provided he were paid for it, was more determined in his opinions and more sensitive in his honour than any of themselves; and even they need not be told that the man, who again and again goes out of office for the sake of his principles, stands far higher than those who, even for the sake of his principles never could get in. If one were to concede the premises,

and to admit that there is something corrupting in the very nature of office, and something pure and patriotic in the nature of opposition, then it follows, that a saint upon the Treasury-benches, is thrice as immaculate as a saint upon the other side of the house. If a man has never been in the way of temptation, nobody knows whether he could hold fast his integrity or not; but, if he have so been, and so held fast, then the case is proved, and the judgment is recorded."

'That such is the situation of Mr. Canning, no man will deny; and every man must see, that, considering the jealousy and misrepresentation through which he has worked his way, nothing but the most undaunted spirit, and the most implicit confidence in his own strength, could have supported him. That he is either the most profound or the most laborious man of his time nobody will assert; but it is long since England had, for any length of time, a minister better calculated for winning the approbation of the people at home, or supporting the character of the nation in the general politics of the world. That he came into office at the time that he did, has been productive of no inconsiderable advantages; for, considering the then aspect of affairs, it is probable that, had England been too forward to declare herself on the side of either the one or the other of the then scowling parties, the energies which are now so pleasantly and so profitably employed in taking off the shackles of commerce might have been demanded for less agreeable avocations.'

The second volume is devoted to the corporate eloquence, literature, law, and education of Babylon the Great, in which the author dwells not only generally on the diurnal and other branches of the periodical press, but enters into a distinct character or portrait of each journal. There is much good sense, acuteness of observation, and, we think, a tolerable degree of impartiality in the author's remarks, though he does not always appear to be the best-informed on the subject. The work has, as we have already stated, been published too late in the week, and the space we are enabled to devote to a notice of it is already too far occupied to enable us to enter into a critical examination of the author's opinions, or, rather, we would say, observations. With regard to the newspapers, The Times is his idol, which is natural enough, considering the superiority of that journal in point of information, and, perhaps, it is equally natural should the author of Babylon the Great and some of The Times-servers be united by bonds of personal friendship, which we half suspect, from that journal having gone so far out of its usual course as to praise Babylon the Great by anticipation, at least a fortnight before it appeared. One thing, however, we must say—the praise was just, and we are by no means certain that the compliment to The Times is not equally well merited. If anything would make us suspect the too great partiality of the author of Babylon to The Times, it is the way in which he speaks of its contemporary, The New Times, against which there is a dull joke and an unworthy sneer. The Courier, too, must be depreciated at the expense of The Times, as to the accuracy of the parliamentary reports. If the author of Babylon the Great had considered the difficulty under which those reports are made, and had observed the discrepancy of the newspapers in this respect, he would not feel surprised that they should differ; but The Courier does not have its own reporters, except, perhaps, on a very particular occasion, and, however erroneous or perverted one of its reports may have been on a particular or individual occasion, we hesitate not to say, there is not a journal in London on which we would sooner rely for the correctness and impartiality of its reports of the proceedings in Parliament, be the subject under discussion what it may. But leaving, for the present at least, the London periodicals, with which the writer affects to be much more intimately acquainted than he really is, and on which his prejudices and partialities have had some influence, we shall make an extract from our author's satirical, but in many respects very correct, character of that branch of the corporation of London, called the Common Council:—

'The orators of the Common Council have the happiness of being set free from many of those restraints which operate in St. Stephen's, and yet more in the House of Lords. They speak, not because they know knowledge or have studied oratory, but through the immediate inspiration of themselves; and it is quite delightful to notice from how many inconveniences this glorious liberty sets them free. They have nothing to do with the common allotments of space or the usual succession of time; and therefore they can produce combinations which, if they do not convince by their truth, astonish by their novelty. A common councilman, if he find it necessary to flourish away respecting Leonidas, is at perfect liberty to send the former javelin-men of the city to aid the brave but unfortunate Spartan; and, if it will sound better, one of those orators may burn Troy or bury Herculaneum, long before either the one or the other was founded. He may do all this, and as much more like this, as he pleases, in history; and, excepting always the art of cookery, he may treat every other art and science precisely in that way which is most convenient for himself, because, in whichever way he treats it, it has the same chance of being understood by a very considerable number of those who hear him.

'There is another thing which gives to the "London particular" eloquence—the eloquence which is of and from and about the Babylon, and the Babylon only—a freedom which that of no other speaking congregation can well possess,—the three states meet together; and, though the annual king and the life-rent peers of the city occupy the counter, while the common plebs are upon the floor, yet the youngest liveryman may oppose front to front the most portly alderman, or browbeat even the lord of the fur cap himself. Another advantage attending the London particular eloquence is, that one may hear it without any other expense than that of time—which, after all, may be considered price enough, except by future Woods and Waithmans, who abstain for a little from their rhubarb and their ribands, in order to drink instruction from their civic Solomons.

'Imagine yourself in a square apartment of very moderate dimensions, with a shop-board at one end, upon the middle of which sits the metropolitan king, of giant dimensions, and having at his side his conscience-keeper, that tip-top of all wisdom, the recorder, to whom belongs the glorious privilege of seeing that justice is done to fetters, to exile, and to the gallows, within the Great Babylon and the liberties thereof. You look at the odd physiognomy of this dignitary, and you are perfectly at a loss to ascertain by what strange whirl of the epicurean atoms—I beg their pardon, for though they are epicurean, they are anything but atoms—such an article should have been brought to such an use. The most probable theory is a desire to take advantage of the contrast which the legal adviser makes with the substantial breadth of that personage whom it is his province legally to advise,—just as a giant used to borrow altitude from the manikin that dangled at his side, as a Spanish beauty shines in consequence of the ugliness of her duenna, as Gog and Magog look formidable among the wool-pack chiselings of Bubb, or, better and more appropriate still, as Alderman Wood seems a very wise man, and Alderman Waithman a very elegant and eloquent one, when they stand overtopping the common councils like a brace of Sauls—albeit no wise intent upon seeking their fathers' asses. "Wisdom," saith the wise man, "is justified in her children;" and it were a hard matter indeed, if the more soft and safe personage were not to be equally justified in her adopted, especially when the act of adoption can be clearly established as belonging to her.

'Upon the right hand of the civic speaker sit those substantial aldermen, whose very look tells you that they are satisfied with things as they are, and upon his left the solemn Wood and the sonorous W[the Babylonians hold the W at so great value, in consequence, no doubt, of the Walworths, the Whittingtons, the Woods, and the Waithmans, that the half of it passes current in the city, for as much as the whole does anywhere else], the one looking wisdom of unfathomable depth, and the other acuteness of incomprehensible point. The men of the city crowd the middle space, and the idle and industrious apprentices squeeze themselves into the pews below the bar,—the former, doubtless, to be warned from wickedness by the scarecrow, and the latter to be roused to emulation by the most worthy and most worshipful successor of Whittington.'

The portraits of some of the principal speakers at these meetings are also well drawn; take, for example, that of Mr. Samuel Dixon:—

'Mr. Dixon rises without any of the arrogance of a regular orator, and he displays none of the qualities which frighten you in the alderman. His speech puts you very much in mind of a housewife's reticule, containing gold, and gloves, and memorandums

and handkerchiefs, and an endless variety of things,—all of which appear to have been put into it with such housewife hurry, that you can never discover what shall come next; and the gold, which, just as is the case with a reticule, is neither the most abundant nor the most bulky article, comes rattling out when it is certainly not expected, and, probably, not intended. No words, however, can do justice to this London particular. The knowledge which is known in the Common Council is so peculiar and so intuitive—the wit is so different from that which bears the same name among mankind generally—the logic is strung together after so curious a fashion, and conclusions so sprout out of premises, which appear not only to belong to other genera of things, but to be utterly addle and barren,—that the eloquence which is so effective there, cannot be poured into, or carried away by, the common clay pitcher of the human understanding; and, therefore, he who would either understand it, or demonstrate that it cannot be understood—for between these the balance of justice wavers —must repair to Guildhall himself.'

Intending to resume these volumes in our next, we shall, for the present, conclude with the author's remarks on the proposed plan of a London university, which we understand did not originate with the poet Campbell, as his letter in Colburn's magazine would have us believe, but with Mr. Brougham:—

'There have recently been some proposals for the founding of a Babylonian University upon a liberal plan, both in respect to the extent of the endowments, and the numbers, and terms of admitting the pupils; but they from whom such a proposal came could not have studied very carefully the structure of Babylonian society. A school of arts might do; but a university is so contrary to all the existing practices of the Babylon, that it is not much less absurd than if one were to purpose forming the Jews of Capel Court into an agricultural society, or forming the Court of Aldermen into a company of sharpshooters in the event of another war. Every institution in the Babylon must have either business or pleasure for its object, otherwise it will not be supported. If it had been the proper locality for a university, it would have had one ere now,—and now it has lectures, reported to be delivered twice a day by the Gresham professors at the Royal Exchange; but who ever heard of any body attending them, except a curious stranger, bent upon being every where?

'But if the system of juvenile education in the Babylon be constitutionally and, to all appearance, incurably bad, except in so far as conduces to business and amusement, the course which opens itself most easily and most widely for youth is not calculated very much to improve matters. The desk, the counter, or the court of law, from early morn till dusk; the coffee-house, the club, or the theatre, till twelve; the tavern for an hour or two; sleep; and the same routine day after day,—can create little taste, and leave little time for mutual cultivation: nor, if we look a little higher, as it is called, in society, and substitute the toilette, the lounge, and the gaming-house, we shall not make an exchange very much for the better. Whatever view of the matter, indeed, we take, we are always brought back to the position from which we started,—namely, that, however favourable London may be for the exercise or the reward of talents, it is not favourable for their production.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Observations on Italy. By the late JOHN BELL, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. 4to. pp. 356, plates. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

We do not know how it has happened, but it seems as if every body who has travelled at all, either in France or Italy, considers himself competent to write the history of his peregrinations; and men who might have visited every county in England without a single remark, set down their random observations the very instant they cross the channel, and somehow or other collect materials for a book. But it is lamentable to perceive how few tourists are at all competent to the task which they assume. One man gives you little more than his own personal adventures, without the least trait of narrative to atone for the dulness and egotism of the subject; another ekes out his own shallowness and the scantiness of his observation by common-place historical extracts; a third presents you with little more than a dull inventory of pictures and catalogue of buildings, that might as well have been compiled by his own fireside, from various *Guide per Forastieri;* as the writer most cautiously abstains from any criticism of his own, or, at least, gives such vague criticism as might be written without seeing the objects on which it professes to comment. And then, too, one great fault of all these writers is, that they speak of nothing that has not been already described again and again. If they did so with the view of correcting the errors, and supplying the deficiencies of preceding travellers, that, indeed, would be something; but the fact is that they seldom add one *iota* to what we were previously acquainted with. Nor, indeed, is this much to be wondered at, when it is so plain that the generality of them are utterly destitute of all tact of observation and talent for description. Take a dozen of these tourists, and, excepting the capital, you will not find a notice of half a dozen towns, and of the intermediate country absolutely nothing, except such information as is conveyed by the phrases, 'barren flat,' 'fertile champaign, intersected with trees and vines,' 'rich meadows,' &c. As to the general physiognomy and features of a town, the general characteristics of its population, the present state of the mechanical and the fine arts; and of literature, recent alterations and improvements, or the absence of them—on these and similar topics seldom a single syllable, at least little more: we are, however, obligingly informed, for the thousandth time, what is the exact height of Strasburg spire, and that Versailles was built by Louis XIV. A man may take up a score books of travels in Italy, and when will be the aggregate of the information that he can collect from them relative to Milan? Why, little more than observations on the cathedral, the Teatro della Scala, and the arch of the Simplon;* we do not recollect one at present, who attempts to give any picture of the general aspect of the city, and of the relative and local position of the more remarkable objects. Yet in this they may act very prudently, since it is not every one who possesses the talent of depicting with his pen, and of conveying clear and definite delineations of what meets his eye.† Nor is this the only subject of complaint: what is noticed is generally noticed as if the objects were quite familiar to the reader, and in that vague and loose language which conveys nothing. We are informed, for instance, that elegant equipages are to be seen in the Corso at Milan: true, and there are elegant equipages in Hyde Park; but we presume that any but the most careless observer would perceive a considerable difference in the character of the English and the Italian carriages. But the great vice of our travellers is that they notice familiar objects in other countries as if precisely resembling those of the same description in our own. When informed of elegantly furnished apartments in an Italian palazzo, is the reader to imagine them fitted up like a first floor in Pall Mall or Piccadilly? Rooms may be elegantly furnished in a great variety of styles: we think, therefore, that on such occasions language less vague should be employed. A talent for graphic description is not one of the least important qualifications that ought to be possessed by a writer of travels.

Such being our opinion as to some of the desiderata in works of this nature, we look forward to almost every work that is announced on the subject of Italy, in the hope of finding them supplied; yet we must confess that we did not exactly open the present volume with any very sanguine expectations of the kind, and have not, therefore, been so much disappointed as we otherwise should have been. What, however, the author had more immediately in view he has executed well, and his work contains many interesting and valuable remarks on the subject of ancient and modern art, particularly sculpture, of which his superior anatomical knowledge and attainments rendered him a most competent critic. The very circumstance, too, that this is a posthumous, and in some degree an incomplete work, prepared from the author's manuscript notes, is a suf-

* In a very interesting article on the 'Palladian architecture of Italy,' in the just-published number of the Quarterly Review (in which there is more on the subject than in almost all our tourists put together) mention is made of the beautiful Porta di Marengo, at Milan, a building which we do not recollect to have seen noticed at all in any book of travels. Neither have we met with any description of the Villa Floridiana, the Berio Palace, the Observatory, the Margravine of Anspach's villa, and the Villa Genoese, all at Naples.

† Two of the best specimens of the style of description we mean, and that we at present recollect, are two articles, one on Pisa, the other on Genoa, in the Liberal.

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ficient apology for any error or deficiencies that may be discovered; as may, likewise, the consideration that his remarks were not intended for publication by the writer himself. Proceeding from Paris on Lyons, Mr Bell crossed Mount Cenis, and entered Italy by Sara, whence he proceeded to Turin, and next to Milan. At this latter city the principal objects of his attention were the cathedral, Leonardi da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' and the Arch of the Simplon; and from his account of the former we shall extract his remarks on the noted statue of St. Bartolomeo, mentioned by almost every traveller:—

'In the sanctuary of this cathedral there are four statues, one of which, that of St. Bartolomeo, never fails to attract attention, and obtain for the statuary that praise which his modest, or, perhaps, rather vain, inscription affects to disclaim: "Non me Praxiteleo sed Marcus fecit Agrates." The most usual rejoinder to which is, 'Although not surpassing the Greek artist, it is very fine!" Nevertheless the work is altogether ludicrous, the composition base, and the execution wretched. The figure is not represented as if prepared for martyrdom, nor agitated, as if touched with the sacrilegious knife; it stands already flayed, a complete upright statue, a great staring form, with the hands and fingers spread abroad, the eyeballs strained, and the features and muscles of the face in strings. The whole anatomy, or what this Praxiteles was pleased to imagine anatomy, of the human body, from the shoulders to the finger-points, is displayed by removing the skin, which is left hanging in shreds; the skin of the head hanging behind the head, the skin of the arm and leg hanging in like manner from each limb. Such is the odious and ridiculous figure which stands in the sanctuary of the church, exhibiting itself in the tripping posture of a dancing-master, as if demanding praise from the strangers who are carried to view it. I declare, on the faith of one not unacquainted with art, nor with anatomy, that there is nothing of real anatomy—no not the slightest representation of it—in this grotesque figure; and, unless strangers are to admire the graceful attitude and composed manner of a being under circumstances so excruciating, they can see nothing to cause admiration.'

Such remarks as these, from such a man, are deserving of the highest attention, and strike us with all the force both of originality and truth. Of Da Vinci's *Cena* he next proceeds to speak:—

'Nothing is more interesting than this famed picture, and nothing, I will venture to say, so striking to one who visits this relic of ancient art as the condition in which he finds it. It is in a monastery, built in the year 1464, by Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, erected for a fraternity of Dominican friars, belonging to a church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, styled Delle Gratie.

'The monastery is destroyed: the church is nothing; you pass it by: the refectory, or dining-hall, where the picture is, is nothing; the painting itself would not attract the attention of any one ignorant of art. I do not wonder that the French soldiery selected the place for a stable; nor that they promoted it, in process of time, to the rank of a barrack for foot soldiers. Imagine yourself led into a large apartment, with lofty plastered walls; the door in the centre, like a parish school; the windows high, and irregularly placed, but pretty large; the flat walls painted of a grey colour; the ceiling whitewashed; the floor of the roughest flags; the place too small for barracks, of which it has generally the aspect, and too vast and chilly for a school. At one end you find this picture, painted high upon these rude walls in fresco, the figures of the size of life, injured and discoloured, and the walls much damaged. Perhaps it will be expected in the next paragraph, I shall say: "Yet even in circumstances so unpropitious, the Last Supper shone with splendour!" but no; it is like every spoiled fresco, a poor washy-looking thing, and I impartially declare that I should hardly have discovered its beauties, and was forced to bring to recollection Morghan's superb engraving, not without some wonder in what state the painting could then have been, what copies he consulted, or by what means he made good his design.

'The conception of the artist is the finest, the most awful and grand imaginable; and the moment he has chosen, the most interesting, the most calculated to excite all the various sensations of curiosity, pain wonder, and horror; it is when our Saviour says, "One among you shall betray me."

'The picture is now nearly lost, and all its beauty gone; and this is principally owing to the whimsical theories Leonardo had conceived in the composition and manner of laying on his colours. He is reported to have been occupied sixteen years in this painting; the chief part of which time was, I doubt not, employed in experiments more properly chemical; and, after having tried and repeated many materials, he at last finished the picture in oil, on a ground composed of pitch, mastic, and plaster, combined with some fourth ingredient, and wrought with heated iron; an invention probably altogether his own, but which was afterwards used by Sebastian del Piombo. Over this preparation he laid his fresco, a cement of burnt clay and ochre, which, being mixed up with varnish, formed a colouring of great beauty, but short duration.

'The precise period when Leonardo commenced this great work is not correctly ascertained; but it is supposed to have been towards the beginning of the year 1495. He began by forming a general plan of the whole, which (with many other valuable productions of his) is unfortunately lost. He next proceeded to make separate sketches of the heads, of which two are still in existence, one in the possession of Prince Lichtenstein, and the other purchased, a century ago, by an Englishman. A painting on a subject of such deep interest, and by an artist so eminent, could not fail to inspire the liveliest feelings among his friends and cotemporaries; but curiosity and enthusiasm, to whatever height they might have arisen, had no remedy but patience; for, though the object constantly held the first place in the thoughts of Da Vinci, sixteen years elapsed before it was finally accomplished. Bernardo Genale, on his expressing the difficulty of giving to the countenance of our Saviour a divine beauty and excellence superior to that which he had already attained in those of some of the apostles, particularly of St. John, recommended him to follow the example of the celebrated Grecian artist, and leave the work unfinished; with which advice, according to one author (Lanazzo), he complied; but this statement is entirely contradicted by every other writer.

'The description of the whole composition given by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo breathes all the fervour of a feeling mind, warmed to enthusiasm by admiration; and this is the language which is held by all the professors and authors of the day.'

On the subject of the Theatre of La Scala, Mr. B says not a word; yet we do not regret this so much as that he should have passed over in silence the varied specimens of religious architecture with which Milan abounds, many of which are highly interesting. We wish that Wild, and some others of our architectural draftsmen, would devote a summer, or perhaps two, to this and some other cities in Lombardy, where they would find an ample harvest for their portfolios.

After visiting Pavia, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, and Bologna, the author visits Florence, to which city he has devoted particular attention: and all the plates which he has given are illustrative of its buildings. The subjects of most of these embellishments are interesting; but the execution of them is not very superior, and, as plates, they present such difference of manner, that we cannot suppose them to have been engraved by the same person, although they all bear the name of Mr. Lizars; but we presume that many of them were executed by his pupils. We shall extract the remarks on the general style of the palaces of Florence, which answer as little to the idea affixed by an untravelled Englishman to the term 'palace,' as can well be imagined:—

'The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all the other cities in Italy. Even those singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour, Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics,—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble-work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or stylobate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length

of the front; and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family: who there loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below. The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of light along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed drawn through these rings and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests.

'The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front of this building has on the second floor, styled *piano nobile*, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times, when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness, and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks: the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; the slates with which they are constructed are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a plaited form, resembling the fan-heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters, which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof.

'Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace; and the entrance is by a high arched, massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the pannels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and, through a corresponding gate or iron railings, the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage.'

The description of the Gallery, at Florence, and of the various works of art it contains, occupies the whole of the seventh chapter, and is replete with sound and able criticism. Mr. Bell is not one of those connoisseurs who talk by rote, and fall into studied raptures and ecstacies; on the contrary, he gives his opinions candidly and boldly, and evidently thinks for himself. Speaking of Bandinello's copy of the celebrated Laocoon, he says,—'This work, to my feelings, is a caricature representation of a subject in itself equally unpleasing and shocking. It is as if an artist should undertake to represent, as a public spectacle, the tortures of the inquisition. I can never contemplate this group without something of horror mingled with disgust; and I also think that much of the interest it might command is destroyed, from the forms of the two youths, whose countenances and make, instead of exhibiting the charm and helplessness so touching in childhood, are only diminutive men.'

The Gallery itself is a corridor, nearly five hundred feet in length, 'gloomy, narrow, and with no proportionate height of ceiling, to give dignity or grandeur to the general effect; compared to the Louvre or Versailles, it is very mean.' The famous Tribune, too, is 'a mean and gloomy chamber—a dull, tasteless, dreary, melancholy apartment.'* The author's remarks on Dome terminate the volume, but these are principally confined to the Vatican and its statues. On the subject of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and other celebrated buildings, we find nothing. Still these 'Observations' may be considered as no unimportant accession to what we already possess, on the subject of Italy and Italian art: they will, however, we imagine, prove more acceptable to the admirers of sculpture and antiquity than to the general reader.

The Art of Beauty; or, the Best Methods of Improving and Preserving the Shape, Carriage, and Complexion. Together with the Theory of Beauty. 12mo, pp. 385. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

BEAUTY has been the theme of poets and even philosophers in all ages, though the latter differ sadly as to what are its constituent parts. Some contend that there is no such thing as positive beauty, but that it exists only by comparison or contrast: of this opinion was Voltaire, who says, were you to ask a toad in what beauty consists, it would (that is, if it could speak) say it consists in a wide mouth and speckled back. Those philosophers who have given some specific characteristics of beauty almost differ as widely as those who deny that it possesses any such. Plato thought beauty consisted in proportion and symmetry; Cicero, in uniformity and agreement; St. Augustine said nothing was beautiful in which truth and unity were not combined,—which is, after all, but a very vague definition; Lord Shaftesbury, Addison, Akenside, and Dr. Hutcheson, seemed to think that every person possesses an internal sense, which instinctively decides what is or is not beautiful. This sense must have been very different in the two women who were near the hustings, at Brentford, during the contest of Wilkes for the county of Middlesex. 'La! what a handsome man Mr. Wilkes is!' said one fair dame. 'Oh, no!' said another, 'he squints most abominably.' 'Squints!' replied the first, 'he does not squint a bit more than a gentleman ought to do.' Hutcheson, however, carried his idea of the internal sense much farther: he thought that this internal sense did not constitute beauty alone, but that there were required utility, uniformity, and vanity. But we suspect there are many ladies of the present day who would not wish their beauty to be estimated by their utility.

Burke considered beauty to consist in something little, smooth, delicate, and easily injured: and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not think size had anything to do with the question, but that beauty consisted in something ordinary, and avoiding all extremes. So much for the opinion of philosophers as to beauty; and poets are scarcely less agreed, except as to its power, which—

'With a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.'

Thus Cleaver describes the power of beauty; and Otway is still more expressive of its omnipotent sway, when he speaks of his heroine as one whose beauty—

'Might ensnare
A conqu'ror's soul, and make him leave his crown,
At random to be scuffled for by slaves.'

Of all the poets, Cowley has, perhaps, best defined the indefinite character of beauty in general, in the following apostrophe:—

'Beauty, thou wild fantastic spe,
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white:
Thou flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry sight;
Who hast no certain what, nor where,
But vary'st still, and dost thyself declare
Inconstant, as thy she professors are.'

But, much as authors may differ as to the characteristics of beauty, all seem to agree that it consists in those natural perfections or combinations to which Shakspeare alludes, when he says:—

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

It has, however, remained for modern times to reverse the order of nature, or rather to supersede her: we saw the air like birds, sail along the deep in spite of winds and waves, supersede the use of horses, and even much of manual labour, by means of steam-engines; then we have automata which would beat both the London and Edinburgh clubs at chess, play on the flute like Nicholson or Drouet, and do a thousand feats in which ordinary men would fail: but what are all these triumphs of art to that which our author teaches—the Art of Beauty! Hear this, ye antiquated maids, who are in the autumn of age and in the winter of your personal charms; and all ye who are still young, and have failed in gaining adm irers, purchase the Art of Beauty—follow the precepts it inculcates, and you shall vie with nature, even as the artificial rose of the Queen of Sheba did with the natural one; nor fear that your swains will possess the wisdom of Solomon and discover the deception. But, to come at once to the work, from which we have, we fear, too long kept our readers; and in this we do not re-

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* In these respects at least, if in no others, there must be a great similarity between the Tribune at Florence and the Sculpture Room at Somerset House.

tentable our author, who, aware of the imputed impatience of the fair sex, stops for neither dedication, introduction, nor preface, but at once proceeds to the art of beauty, and the means of attaining and preserving it. He commences with the beauty of shape and carriage; a branch of the subject which embraces the nurture and bringing up children, for, in beauty as in morality, 'train up a child in the way that he shall go, and, when he is old he will not depart from it.' He points out the causes of deformity, the clumsy, ineffectual, and often cruel methods resorted to, in order to correct a bad shape, and the best means of obtaining a good one, —aye, and preserving it after marriage. The second grand division of the work (for there are many sub-divisions) treats of the 'beauty of the skin,' with the means of purifying it of all pimples, freckles, rashes, and ringworms, 'Bardolph eruptions,' wrinkles, &c. Then there is the best means of improving the beauty of the skin, directly by cosmetics, and indirectly by the choice of colours in dress, a point to which the ladies are by no means attentive as they ought to be. The beauty of the eyes is next treated of in all its varieties, including the description of the eye, the phenomena of vision, and the preservation of the sight. Now, what lady knowing (and what lady, we would ask, does not know) that—

'Eyes,
Though they are mute, they plead,—nay more, command,
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power,'

will not be thankful to the author of the Art of Beauty, for teaching how to preserve, in *all* their power and loveliness, organs possessed of such talismanic influence; or what man, that duly appreciates the importance of ladies' eyes, will not join in the tribute of praise and gratitude to the great preserver of beauty. If there are some soulless beings who think we attach too much importance to the subject, and think it *all my eye*, let them hear what the great master spirit, not of one, but of all ages—the immortal Shakspeare himself, says:—

'From women's EYES this doctrine I decline;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.'

The next division of our author's treatise is the mouth; we allude not to the palate, or to its vulgar office of mastication; oh, no! we look to the lips, the teeth, the breath, and expect our author to realize the lover's prayer in every mistress:—

'Her *lip* must ruby velvet be,
And ivory all her *teeth*;
And sweeter than any nutmeg-tree
Must be her spicy *breath*.'

The beauty of the hair is the next topic; but we despair—utterly despair of pointing out the importance, grace, and elegance of a good head of hair to a lady, since all the eulogies and metaphors of the English language have long ago been exhausted on this subject by the proprietor of the Macassar oil, the Russian Prince, and other paying contributors to the daily newspapers. The author may seem now to have exhausted the whole art of beauty; and, to confess the truth, he is pushed to extremities, for he now turns to the beauty of the arms, hands, and feet, commencing with the means of getting rid of superfluous hair on the arm, and ending with an 'infallible corn-plaster,' by which painful excrescences may be lopped from the feet. The author concludes with the theory of beauty, in which, after differing from every other person who has written on the subject, he leaves us very much in the dark as to his own opinions.

We have thus given a general outline of this 'Art of Beauty:' to enter into the details would far exceed our limits, to say nothing of the indelicacy of our forcing ourselves to a lady's toilette; and yet we must give a specimen of our author's quality. We pass over, without exception, all the preliminary steps to beauty to be observed in infancy and childhood, aware that our readers have got beyond both, and leaving such as are, or soon expect to be mothers, to consult the work itself, which costs only nine shillings; so that, if any person has half a dozen children, it will cost but eighteen pence each to train them in the whole art of beauty. Our extracts shall be devoted to the useful. We perfectly agree with the author, that there is an unjust clamour against vaccination, merely because in some rare cases it has not proved infallible:—

'We do not deny,—for the fact is established,—that small-pox have, in a number of cases, succeeded vaccination, in the same way as natural small-pox, in a number of cases, succeeded small-pox inoculation. But in all cases hitherto known, where the vaccination has been perfectly performed, the accidental occurrence of small-pox afterwards (and this is rare, indeed) has been mild and mitigated—the primary fever being always short, and soon over. The secondary fever (which is most dreaded in small-pox) never comes on at all, in the small-pox, after vaccination; and, what is of most importance to our inquiry, no scars are left. The whole disease, in a word, is so mild, and unlike the old small-pox, that it has long been a question whether it is so. This it is of little moment to determine, so long as the disease, whatever it may be called, is so little severe, and so very seldom fatal.

'Small-pox, we are quite certain, however, would not occur once in a thousand times, after vaccination, if it were properly performed and tested; and it is owing chiefly to imperfect vaccination, that so much alarm has been created. In order, therefore, to put our family readers in possession of the best information on the subject, we shall state the tests of perfect vaccination.

'The matter, taken on the ninth day, and perfectly transparent, being inserted under the skin, will produce, on the *third* day afterwards, a small red spot; on the *sixth* day it becomes discoloured in the centre; on the *tenth* day it is perfect, and should have a dimple in the centre, and not be raised like a common pimple. Another complete test of its perfection is, that, when pricked by a needle, the contents are not all let out, as in a common pimple, and for this good reason, that the vaccine pustule is composed of many bags, or cells, that do not communicate with one another, while the common pimple has but one bag, or cell. This allows, also, matter to be taken without destroying the vaccine pustule. Another mark of the genuine vaccine pustule is, that its shape is circular or oval, and the margin never irregular and jagged, while the outer margin is deeper red than the space within it, and between it and the centre. It should disappear about the thirteenth day, and the scab fall off in a fortnight. If the pustule want these characters on the ninth or tenth day, and look like a common pimple or an inflamed sore, it will afford no protection from small-pox, however severely it may affect the patient with fever, &c.

'*Dr. Bryce's test of perfect vaccination.*—All parents should insist upon the family surgeon's using the test discovered by Dr. Bryce, of Edinburgh. It consists in vaccinating, on the *fifth* day, the other arm from the first vaccinated. If the first has been perfect, both pustules will ripen precisely at the same time; if this does not take place, the constitution has not been properly affected, and it must be repeated. This is simple and easy, and ought never to be neglected.'

From youth we will pass to the other extreme one of age, or at least, the symptoms of it,—wrinkles in the face, the cause of which is the obliteration or obstruction of the smaller blood vessels, which prevents the blood from getting to all parts of the skin as formerly, to supply it with nourishment. Here then is the

'*Lotion for Wrinkles.*—Take the second water of barley, and strain it through a piece of fine linen; add a few drops of the balm of Mecca; shake the bottle for a considerable time, till the balm is entirely incorporated with the water, when it will assume a somewhat turbid and whitish appearance.

'This is an excellent wash for beautifying the face, and preserving the freshness of youth. If used only once a day, it takes away wrinkles, and gives surprising brilliancy to the skin. Before it is applied, the face ought to be washed with rain-water.'

Pimples are almost as much at variance with beauty as wrinkles, though we do not pretend to enter into the cause, and least of all into the 'Bardolphe ruption,' which we contend it is utterly impossible any lady can know anything at all about; but for pimples our author says, that one of the safest applications is,—

Dr. Bateman's Sulphur Wash.—Break one ounce of sulphur, and pour over it one quart of boiling water; allow it to infuse for twelve or fourteen hours, and apply it to the face twice or thrice a-day, for a few weeks. It is excellent for removing the roughness of the skin which usually succeeds pimples.

'A stronger application, when such is found necessary, may be prepared from vinegar and the acetated liquor of ammonia, or the spirit of Mindererus; or you may try—

'*Sir William Knighton's Lotion.*—Take half a drachm of liquor of potass, three ounces of spirit of wine; apply to the pimples with a camel's hair pencil. If this be too strong, add one half pure water to it.'

Sir William Knighton is physician to his

present Majesty, whose good taste no one will dispute, and, therefore, the authority of Sir William ought to have no ordinary weight. On the subject of the eyes the author gives some very curious and interesting optical experiments; but we pass these, to come at Lady E. Conyngham's Lip-honey, of which, *entre nous*, we doubt not but her ladyship was as ignorant as ourselves, until this author furnished the recipe:—

'*Lady E. Conyngham's Lip-honey.*—Take two ounces of fine honey, one ounce of purified wax, half an ounce of silver litharge, the same quantity of myrrh; mix over a slow fire, and add milk of roses, can de Cologne, or any other perfume you may prefer, and keep for use.'

A less titled, but more easily made, and we doubt not equally useful recipe for chapped lips we subjoin, premising that,—

'To prevent chapping, the parts liable to it should not be unnecessarily exposed to heat, cold, or moisture; or ought to be well defended, by rubbing them with the

'*Balsam for Chapped Lips.*—Take two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey, and a few drops of lavender-water, or any other agreeable perfume'.

We now come to the methods of beautifying the hair, and, if by any chance, Rowland, Prince, Taylor, or those dealers in bear's grease or marrow, Money and M'Alpin, should suffer by the publication of prescriptions which supersede their's, we recommend them to commence their actions against the author and publisher of the Art of Beauty. Here then are ample,

'*Methods of beautifying the Hair.*—Under this head, we shall comprehend a selection of receipts for improving the gloss, luxuriance, or colour of the hair, in order to put it in the power of our readers to become their own perfumers, which, in most cases, they will find to be a very considerable saving; the advertised and patent articles of this sort being usually very extravagant in price, and, except in one or two instances, far from answering the promises held out by those who are interested in puffing them. We shall begin our catalogue with a new hair-oil, which has lately been introduced, and is coming into great repute.

'*Palma Christi Oil for thickening the Hair.*—Take an ounce of Palma Christi oil, a sufficient quantity of oil of bergamot or lavender to scent it; apply it morning and evening for three months, or as long as it may be necessary, to the parts where you want the hair to grow thick and luxuriant.

'The Palma Christi oil is much used, and with great success, for thickening the hair, in the West Indies; and, since it has been tried in this country, we have heard it has been equally successful. It has this recommendation besides, that it is in the hands of neither monopolist or patentee, but is open to all the world.

'*Macassar Oil.*—We are assured, that this is advertised at the rate of some hundreds, if not thousands, annually. The public, of course, pay smartly for this as well as for the cheap materials of which it is composed. The following we believe to be the genuine receipt for its preparation.

'Take three quarts of common oil, half a pint of spirits of wine, three ounces of cinnamon-powder, two ounces of bergamot; put it in a large pipkin, and give it a good heat. When it is off the fire, add three or four pieces of alkanet-root, and keep it closely covered for several hours. Filter it through a funnel lined with blotting-paper. The commonest oil is used; and, when rancid, it is remedied by putting in two or three slices of an onion. Not an ounce of Macassar oil is imported from Macassar, or it would be entered at the customs, which it is not.

'Prince's Russia oil, and others of the same kind, are prepared in a similar manner, and of materials equally cheap.

'*Excellent Hair-oil.*—Boil half a pound of green southern-wood, in a pint and half of sweet oil, and half a pint of port wine. When sufficiently boiled, remove it from the fire, and strain the liquor through a linen bag. Repeat this operation three times, with fresh southern-wood; and the last time add to the strained materials two ounces of bear's grease. It is excellent for promoting the growth of the hair and preventing baldness.'

We will not trespass more on the Art of Beauty, and, although we do not pledge ourselves for the merit of a single recipe, yet there is so much good sense in other parts of the work, that it would be hard not to give the author some credit for his choice of prescriptions. How he obtained all this multifarious knowledge it is not for us to inquire, nor is it of much importance, provided he is right. Our readers will, we doubt not, deem him an oracle, and, indeed, if he is not an oracle himself, he has one at command, and that the Oracle of Health, which he often invokes and calls to his aid. The book, however, is useful, and will form a good companion to a lady's toilet.

Six Lectures on Popery; delivered in King Street Chapel, Maidstone. By William Groser. 12mo. pp. 274. London, 1825. Holdsworth.

However much Protestants or Papists may disguise their opinions, we believe they may with truth apply to each other the phrase in which the whole eloquence of the Roman senator consisted, and say, *Delenda est Carthago.* We by no means intend to say that they aim at each other's destruction, although the extermination of heretics is a part of the Roman Catholic creed, and has more than once been an object of Popish occupation or amusement; nor have the Protestants been unstained with the sin of persecution. Each party seems to think the other incompatible with its own existence; and, while the Catholic pronounces an anathema against all who die out of the pale of his church, the Protestant believes it literally as difficult for a Catholic, as the Scripture figuratively says it is for a rich man, to enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is not, however, our intention to enter on the decision of those points of religious dispute which have occupied clergy and laity, Protestant and Catholic, ever since the reformation, and which are as far from being settled as they were nearly three centuries ago. We shall leave the established church, and its alliance with the state, to defend itself; and, from the number and spirit of the advocates of the Roman Catholics in Great Britain, if they are even kept at bay much longer, there is little probability of Protestantism gaining any advantages over them likely to alter much the state of parties. To us the religious tenets of Popery are not half so obnoxious as its political character, which is intolerant and tyrannical, wherever it has the ascendancy, and which seeks to perpetuate its power, by shutting out that light of knowledge which not only illuminates, but invigorates, the human character. The Roman Catholic religion seems to be formed on this very maxim, that 'ignorance is bliss,' and that it is not merely foolish; but criminal, 'to be wise.'—The great aversion to education, the fetters by which it is trammelled in almost every country, the suppression of the Bible, unless accompanied by the perverted interpretation of the Roman Catholic church, the attempt to oppose on the credulity of the vulgar by miracles, the persecutions which still prevail in countries purely Catholic, the attempted revival of the blood-stained order of the Jesuits, the disposition to re-erect the tribunal of the inquisition, are all so many proofs of the unchanged and unchanging character of Popery,—so many evidences, that it is as inimical to the diffusion of knowledge and science as it is to public liberty. These are our objections to Popery; for, with regard to its creed and its ceremonies, in the former, our own liturgy partakes largely, and the latter is surpassed in extravagance and absurdity by many of the sectarians who call themselves Protestants.

Mr. Groser is a dissenter, whose six lectures so pleased his own congregation, that they advised him to print them for the benefit of others. His object is avowedly 'not to convert Papists to the Protestant faith, or the protection of Protestants from the immediate effects of Popish rhetoric,' but 'to instruct persons whose acquaintance with the tenets of the church of Rome was but slender, and who were in little (some, we presume) danger of embracing its errors.'

These six lectures are on the principles, worship, and authorized customs of Popery; its tyranny, rise, and tendency; and on the means which should be adopted to subvert it.

The arrangement is perhaps not the best or the most obvious; the lectures are, however, written with good feeling, and with more temper and Christian charity than usually enters into such discussions. We shall only make one extract: it considers Popery as hostile to the diffusion of knowledge. Mr. Groser says:—

'The influence of Popery is hostile to the spread of literary and scientific knowledge as well as to religious. The spirit of inquiry is repressed; a dread of the prevalence of an investigating temper prevails; and an approximation to heresy is sometimes thought to lurk in philosophic speculations. The *Index Expungatorius* is not exclusively occupied with references to theological books;

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works of science, history, politics, and amusement, fall beneath the cognisance of its authors. Books on any of these subjects, even though written by "the faithful," are sometimes treated like the poor sufferer on the bed of Procrustes; what is too short is stretched, and what is too long is lopped away.

'Such was the prevailing ignorance at the dawn of the reformation, that accounts transmitted to us by the writers of the times seem scarcely credible. Many of the priests, it is said, were unable to read their own Breviary, though it comprised nearly the whole cyclopædia of their knowledge. The faculty of theology at Paris declared before the assembled Parliament, that religion was undone, if the study of Greek and Hebrew were permitted. But a still finer specimen of controversial accuracy and literary skill is afforded us in the account of a monk, who gravely assured his auditory, that the reformers had invented a new language, called Greek, against which it was necessary for them to be on their guard, it being the mother of all heresy; —that a book was written in that language called the New Testament, a book full of daggers and poison; and that, as to Hebrew, it was certain that all who learnt it immediately became Jews.

'These, perhaps, you will say are tales of former centuries, and insufficient proofs of the state of knowledge among Roman Catholics now. It is granted that a spirit of inquiry, which the reformation greatly contributed to produce, has penetrated some dark recesses of superstition, and is producing a favourable change. But, alas! the extent of knowledge, particularly of religious knowledge, in countries in which the papal system is in full operation, is very small. The excellent Catholic, whose name I have mentioned, says, in a letter, written in the year 1816, "I have said, with frankness, before the King of Prussia, the following view, by no means exaggerated, of the great want of Bibles among the Catholics in his states:—

'"1. There are many, very many, Catholic priests, who, very probably, have not a whole Bible in their possession, either in Latin or German, and do not even possess a German New Testament.

'"2. Among schoolmasters, hardly one in five hundred has a German Bible, and hardly one in two hundred possesses a New Testament.

'"3. Among laymen, scarcely one in one thousand is in possession of the New Testament, much less of a whole Bible."

'What a representation does this give of the blindness of these leaders of the blind! But the efforts made to hinder him and his few simple-hearted colleagues from remedying the evil show that it does not belong to the genius of the system to deplore or attempt to remove it. The endeavours made to extinguish the lamp demonstrate a love of darkness. Referring to the work of a fellow-labourer, he says, "The New Testament, by Gessner, is now forbidden here. Jesuits, Franciscans, and all the clergy, high and low, learned and unlearned, have set their faces against it, and are resolutely determined to extinguish it. The Papal bull is equally severe." His own Testament also being prohibited through the inveterate hostility of the Jesuits and their agents, he still determined to go forward with a firm step, to obey God rather than man, and to spread in every direction the everlasting truths of the gospel. But he thus adverts to the opposition of his ecclesiastical superiors. "Behold, my respected brother in the Lord, an explicit avowal of that conviction, which I do not wish to force upon any one, but which I plead before the Father of lights, with all the power of prayer, that he may enlighten the rulers of our church to see, that to withhold the Bible from the people is not the way to give to the Catholic church dignity, stability, or power. I fear lest it should happen in the church, as it has happened elsewhere, that the collective feeling of an offended and injured people should one day prove too strong for bulls and excommunications."

'Nor does literature flourish more than religion, in an atmosphere unfavourable to freedom of inquiry. Exceptions may be found, but generally it appears that knowledge is far more extensively diffused in Protestant states than in countries entirely Catholic. A clergyman of the church of England, equally eminent for his piety and talents, who has recently returned from a tour on several parts of the Continent, and has given the world an account of some of his remarks, notices particularly this circumstance. He speaks of the Valais, a canton of Switzerland, adjoining to Italy, the population of which is exclusively Popish; where a hundred thousand persons reside, but among whom there is not one bookseller! A single printer was found living at Sion, the capital of the canton, but he was allowed to work only under the direction of the Jesuits, who have the superintendence of education there, and printed nothing but books of devotion. At Chamberry, in France, a city which contains nearly ten thousand souls, he found a cathedral, and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests; but only one bookseller, and his stock consisted but of one book, a code of French laws. "The town of Domo d'Osola," he writes, "has about three thousand inhabitants. There is no bookseller in the place—I mark this fact where it occurs, as drawing after it a thousand consequences. As we entered Italy by Isella, our baggage was searched; and the officer told us plainly, the objects he looked after were books of religion and politics—morals are left to themselves. Happily, our passports were signed by the Austrian ambassador, or we should have had to retrace our steps. On driving into the town, I was surprised to see priests, in their peculiar dress, but somewhat shabbily attired, standing about idly, or sitting in the market-place, at the doors of cafes, in company with the common people. Their jovial careless sort of look struck me as characteristic of the manners of too many of that order of persons in Italy. The chief church here is of modern Greek architecture; there are three altogether, and about fifteen priests. A convent of capuchins, suppressed by Napoleon, has just been restored. When we asked the innkeeper what curiosities there were in the town, he said, there was only a calvary, a superstitious chapel, or temple, on some mountain, with a representation of our Saviour's passion. We are now in Italy; but oh! how fallen is it! Oh! how melancholy to think of the lost glory of the queen of nations! Ignorance, poverty, dirt, indolence, misery, vice, superstition, are but too visible on all sides. Half the time, in fact, which God assigned to man for labour is consumed in superstitious festivals of saints; while the one day of sacred rest is desecrated to folly and sin."

'These indeed are melancholy facts; but we need not be surprised at their existence. They are but natural consequences of that domination which the Romish clergy assume. Their ascendency can be maintained more easily over the profoundly ignorant, than over men whose superior intelligence would lead to an examination of ecclesiastical claims. It is to their interest, therefore, that knowledge should be repressed, as it was to the interest of the ancient Philistines that no smith should be found throughout all the land of Israel, lest the Hebrews should make themselves swords and spears.'

This will be sufficient as a specimen of the author's style and line of argument, and with this we leave him, like a knight errant at tourney, 'to all comers.'

Sir Views of Blenheim, Oxfordshire, the Seat of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough. By J. P. Neale. *With an Historical Description of that magnificent Edifice, a complete List of Pictures, according to the present Arrangement, including those lately removed from Marlborough House.* London. 4to. and royal 8vo. Sherwood and Co.

We know not why we have so long delayed to notice Mr. Neale's beautiful illustrations of one of Britain's greatest heroes—the magnificent seat at Blenheim. Of this mansion, the glory of Sir John Vanbrugh, and, perhaps, the only building in which his genius had full scope for its vast powers, Mr. Neale has given us six views, calculated to exhibit the house and grounds in the most varied and favourable point of view. The first is the north-west view, and exhibits the greatest length of front, which is judiciously broken by the frequent introduction of pyramidical attics. The majestic portico of the Corinthian order in the centre gives an air of great dignity to the whole building, being of due proportions and appropriate embellishment. The wings are of regular architecture, and correspond with each other.

The garden front, which forms the second view, displays similar architectural grandeur, and extends three hundred and forty-eight feet; this, indeed, forms the size of the court, which is three hundred and forty-eight feet square. The other views are,—the east front; a view in the grounds, showing the bridge, column, and Rosamond's Well; a view of Blenheim, taken from Rosamond's Well; and the east entrance: all these are well engraved from very exquisite drawings by Mr.

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Neale. The literary department of the work is biographical, historical, and descriptive. It contains an account of the building, its decorations, a list of the pictures, &c. an account of the column of victory, with a copy of the inscription, supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke, and a biographical memoir of the illustrious Marlborough. As a work of this sort is rather to be regarded for its graphic than its typographic merits, we shall not be able to do it justice by any extracts from the letter-press, though we think the following account of the China Gallery will not be deemed uninteresting:—

'It is situated near the home lodge, and is separated from the park by iron palisades. It was erected and adapted for the reception of the antique and curious specimens of porcelain, now deposited here, about the year 1796: the collection was principally formed by Mr. Spalding, who presented it to the Duke of Marlborough, with a desire that it should ever be annexed as an heir-loom to the family. The gallery is built in the form of a cross, and contains five apartments; the centre one circular, lighted by a dome; the walls are divided by pilasters, and covered with choice pieces of rare China: a pyramidal case in the centre is also adapted to contain many specimens of singular value; the other rooms are octagonal, lighted from the ceiling, with the porcelain displayed between the pilasters that support them: here are examples of the presumed earliest state of the art; amongst other varieties are many of the choicest pieces of the old blue and white, and pale japan, brown edge, much esteemed by the curious: together with the antique *bleu celeste* and deep purple. Among many other articles deserving attention are a pair of small bottles, once the property of Queen Anne; a large japan tea-pot, a present from Louis XIV. to the Duke of Richelieu; two smaller ones, from the collection of the Duke of Orleans, father to Egalité; some pieces from the late Princess Amelia's cabinet; many from the Portland Museum, and from the collection of the Duke d'Aumont, at Paris; a singular piece from the Duke of Argyll's curiorities, in the time of George II.; several articles from the celebrated Duchess of Kingston's, from Selima, Countess of Huntingdon's, from M. Calonne's and M. Beaumarchais' collections; five ornaments presented by a Nabob to a governor of Bengal, in the time of King William III. possess uncommon beauty; a large white tea-pot, once in the possession of Oliver Cromwell, will be deemed a curiosity. Two pieces of Jasper China, resembling shells, remarkably beautiful and rare; several of that scarce description called honeycomb, and many specimens considered unique in their kind. An adjoining room, near the entrance of the gallery, is filled with scarce specimens of Roman pottery and old earthenware; but one of the most singular curiosities is a small piece representing a fish brought from Athens, and supposed to be coeval with that republic. In this room, likewise, is a select collection of the finest old black and gold wooden Japan, and a numerous assortment of copper enamels of he black and white kind, very ancient; the subjects represented are both sacred and profane. The whole presents an additional attraction to visitors, but most particularly to the amateurs of this beautiful and pleasing manufacture.'

In the description of the park we are told—

'The park may be said to consist of one continued *ferme ornée*, being stocked with cattle as well as deer, and waving not only with grass but corn. The belt by which it is environed was entirely planted by the late Duke of Marlborough. The most extensive prospect is obtained from the High Lodge, once the residence of the witty but profligate Earl of Rochester, who was ranger of Woodstock Park. It was here that he died. The eminence upon which it is seated gradually slopes to the water.

'Rosamond's Well is situated in the side of the hill, a few paces from the edge of the lake. It is all that now remains to remind us of the celebrated beauty and mistress of Henry II. who here was concealed in a bower, by means of a curiously-contrived labyrinth.

'The lake covers a space of two hundred and fifty acres, and has its banks most delightfully varied, so as to present an extended aquatic scene, not to be equalled in the kingdom. Our view was taken on the 13th of August, the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, which day is always devoted to festivity; the grounds and house are thrown open to the neighbouring gentry, while the lake is occupied by numerous pleasure vessels traversing its surface in every direction. The bridge, over the lake, has been mentioned as a part of the grand approach from the Ditchley gate. It consists of one vast semicircular arch in the centre, one hundred and one feet in diameter, springing from massive piers, besides two small arches; the abutments are curiously fabricated, and the line of parapet horizontal; the effect of this noble design is peculiarly appropriate and grand.

'The beautiful piece of water which it crosses is principally formed by the river Glyme, which, entering the park near Woodstock, immediately spreads itself in a broad expanse: a creek shaded by trees is called Queen Pool. It then flows round Queen Elizabeth's island, and under the grand bridge, beyond which is its greatest extent of surface: in the distance it seems embayed, at which point it passes under a light iron bridge, and then forms the grand cascade, with a fall of eighteen feet; from hence the lake narrows itself, and winds in a serpentine form, to unite itself with the river Evenlode by a steep cascade; immediately beyond the junction is a small woody island.'

We ought to observe that, although this volume is published in a separate form, it is a part of Mr. Neale's elegant and valuable work, the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Country Seats, of which a second series is now in course of publication.

Pierce Egan's Anecdotes (Original and Selected) of the Turf, the Chase, the Ring, and the Stage. Embellished with coloured plates. Parts I. and II. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

Such is the title of what to us seems one of the most meagre and vulgar compilations ever issued to the public. This observation will, perhaps, be attributed to our want of taste; and, therefore, to the admirers of Pierce Egan, the frequenters of the prize-ring, and the initiated in the slang of the police-office, we recommend these anecdotes, many of which will disgust every true sportsman, and shock every man possessed of common decency.

ORIGINAL.

A VISIT TO SHAKERSTOWN, IN KENTUCKY, AND A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE SHAKERS.—BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

[In former numbers of *The Literary Chronicle* we have given some interesting accounts of that peculiar sect in the United States, called the Shakers, and we now insert some further curious information on the subject, from letters on the condition of Kentucky, in an United States' journal.—Ed.]

The attentions I received at Harrodsburg were flattering, and I left it with regret, on the day after my arrival, for Shakerstown, a distance of five miles. The country immediately in the neighbourhood of the latter place is more broken than between it and Harrodsburg. Emerging from a vallery, and rising a gradual ascent, Shakerstown displays itself to view on the contiguous height. This village is situated on the main road, leading to Lexington from Harrodsburg; from one extremity to the other, it is, perhaps, three hundred yards long. On the one side of the road is a large church, a handsome garden tastily laid off, and a few brick workshops. On the opposite side, at the eastern extremity of the town, is a frame building, in which a tavern is kept; in regular succession from this, and about fifteen yards apart, there are twelve large brick and stone houses for the dwelling of the Shakers, and in the same row is another large building, larger than those I have mentioned, yet unfinished, which is also intended for a family house: in the rear of these buildings are their offices, other workshops, and machine-houses.

These family houses are seventy-five feet long, about forty wide, are all built on the same plan, and within the same inclosure. The yard and the intervening spaces between the houses are set with grass; and have, passing through it, a wide walk, neatly laid with flag stones. The church is situated, as before mentioned, on the opposite side of the road, and about the centre of the town: the garden adjoins it; below this and on the same side, are the barns and stables.

The church is a frame building, underpinned, with superior neatness, with stone; is about sixty feet long, and proportionately wide, plastered and whitewashed, with chairboards, &c. painted blue, in the neatest conceivable style. The floor looked as though it was waxed. The church is warmed by two small stoves, placed at each end of the room. Moveable benches for the worshippers are arranged around the back part of the room, and in front are similar seats, for the accom-

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modation of strangers; in the upper part of the building, over the worshipping-room, at either end, is an apartment, each for the accommodation of the elder and eldress. These apartments communicated with the interior of the church by a small window, which is about a foot square, and near the ceiling of the worshipping-room. In front of the church is an area, paved with flag stones, and inclosed with palings, which, as well as the exterior of the church, is painted white. In the neighbourhood of the town, at various distances and in different directions, are seen other houses, also belonging to the Shakers. These were occupied by them till within a few years, since which they built their town; those are called 'the Blue Houses.' The Shakers own three thousand acres of land, lying in a body, including their town and outhouses; they have a large three-story mill on the same tract.

I arrived at their town on Sunday, about eleven o'clock; when I got in view of the church, I heard a doleful noise. As I approached nearer, the sound broke with increased strength on my ears. The air was filled with piercing shrieks, shouts and confused acclamations, resembling the wild and maddened tenants of Bedlam. I was told that the Shakers were at worship. Such were the direful feelings which these sounds produced, that I paused for a moment to consider whether I should go into the church. The question was soon decided. I tied my horse and hastened in; at this moment all was calm, but presently their worship was renewed; there were about a hundred and thirty worshippers, including both sexes, black and white. The females were drawn up in the west end of the church, in ranges of eight abreast and seven or eight deep. The men were drawn up in like manner in the opposite end; the two columns fronting each other, with a space of several feet between the head of each column.

The dress of either sex is uniform, resembling that of the old Quakers; from girls of ten years old, to wrinkled old age, all dressed alike, with long waisted gowns of dark colour, long checked aprons extending to the neck, a white long-eared cap, with a white handkerchief thrown over the shoulders, crossed and pinned before, and a checked cotton handkerchief loosely hung over the arm; every article of their dress was in perfect order, and every individual of the column presented a clean, neat, precise-dressed figure. The dress of the men consisted of light-coloured domestic cloth, with coats and waistcoats of the long-waisted fashion, with outer pockets in the former, half-way down the leg, and those in the waistcoats resting on the hips. Their shirts were of coarse cotton, and they were without neckcloths: on this occasion, the coats were laid aside. The blacks of each sex were arranged indiscriminately in the same ranks, and attired in the same manner with the whites. The countenance of the female ranks were pale, their visages thin, and indicating great solemnity of feeling; those of the men equal solemnity and devotion of thought, and more vigorous health. Two singers, from each sex, now took their stands at the head of their correspondent columns. A signal being given, the singers commenced, and the columns got into motion. They gently advanced and receded for some minutes, when, on a sudden, they reversed fronts, quickened their motions, and danced in a familiar manner; suddenly, they wheeled to their former positions, increasing in the violence of their actions, as they were warmed by the spirit and animated by the singing. By one impulse they now broke the order in which they stood, and each column whirled within its own limits, in vertical commotion, throwing their heads, hands, and legs, in wild disorder, occasionally leaping up and uttering a horrid yell. During this time, each individual had chimed in with the singers, who had themselves fallen into their columns, and were all singing with stunning violence; presently the two small windows near the ceiling were seen partially and gently to open, and the face of a male and female were imperfectly presented at the opposite windows. At this instant, the motions, which were before violent, became furious, and the noise, before stunning, was appalling. Shrieks and yells followed in alternate succession, till by their violence and the incessant fury of their dancing, the worshippers were exhausted. Some sunk on the floor, whilst others were scarcely able to get to their seats. The worship closed, and I left the house with feelings of horror, which you can better imagine than I can describe. The singing was 'Vox nil prateren,' sound without word, rhyme, or sense.

The elder and eldress are individuals of this society who are supposed to have attained to the highest degree of purity of life and strength of faith. On this account, their persons are esteemed sacred, and they receive the confession of sins, though they are not supposed to possess the power of forgiving them; they are also supposed to possess the power of performing miracles, two instances of which, in effecting instantaneous cures of severe wounds, are said to have been lately exhibited in their town. These elders occupy the upper apartments of the church, and when it pleaseth them to look down from their sacred abodes on the worshippers below, it is deemed a special mark of condescension and grace.—I remained in the neighbourhood that night, and, upon the invitation of one of their members, returned the next day, to visit their houses and to learn something of their domestic economy and police. I stopped at the tavern, and from thence was conducted by an intelligent guide, one of their members, through the various apartments of their houses, from the cellar to the garret, and into their kitchens.

You are to bear in mind, that the principle of the religion of these people is a total non-intercourse between the sexes; consequently, husband and wife are disunited as soon as they enter into this society. All their domestic arrangements are therefore made with a rigid regard to this object. Each family house is divided into small rooms, large enough for two beds, and each has a wardrobe attached to it. There is one kitchen and dining-room, common to the house; the latter has two doors on one side, leading from the common passage. The house is divided in every story by a wide pass way; the one side of the house through each story is occupied by the females, the opposite by the males; there are also two pair of stairs leading to the apartments on opposite sides of the house: these houses are neatly finished. The tenants of each live as one family. The women cook, wash, make, and mend. The men attend to all the farming, mechanical, and out of doors' labour for the family. Unless on some domestic necessity, the male and females are never seen in the opposite sides of the house. In going to morning and evening worship, which is held in the dining-room, and when going to and returning from their meals, they enter the room at their own doors, eat at their own tables, and return on their own sides of the house: before eating, they kneel down to grace, each one saying it for himself. Everything about them, within and without their houses, about their farms, stable, and barn, indicate uncommon neatness, ingenuity, and industry; and the countenances of the males and females, when not at worship, exhibit meek, contented, cheerful, and happy minds, though now and then I meet with a dark, sullen, and morose face. Whilst engaged in their labours together, they were active, considerate, cheerful, and social; each evincing a personal interest, whilst they were labouring for the common good. Their labours and all their mechanism are performed by their own members. They are a trafficking, humane, honest, and thrifty people: each department has an officer by which it is regulated, who is chosen by vote at convenient seasons, and most frequently against his inclination. They also have officers for foreign as well as the home departments; the duty of the former is to attend to distant purchases and sales, and to collect debts. They do not meddle with politics, although often urged to attend the elections by candidates for offices, and although their number of votes would be often sufficient to decide important elections. They have preachers who occasionally visit other similar establishments in their own state and in Ohio. Between these establishments there is a constant and friendly intercourse; these preachers also make frequent missionary tours into the distant part of the country, and out of their own state. In this society are seen persons of all ages, from the tenderness of infancy to the decrepitude of old age; they receive all persons, whether rich or poor, and children of any age, that may be given them by their parents, rear them in comfort and with care, and give them plain rudimental educations. As all are permitted to join them, so no one is restrained from leaving them, though having once entered into the 'covenant,' they cannot reclaim their property. Sudden conversions to their religion, though not often, sometimes happen. I will give you two of several instances that have happened. A gentleman of North Carolina, of distinguished family and wealth, being in bad health, travelled through Kentucky, and was led by curiosity to visit these people, in a few

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days became a convert, joined them, and surrendered to them all his estate. His connections soon heard of it; with great concern and haste they despatched another of the family, to dissuade his brother from his purposes, and to bring him home. The messenger had scarcely arrived before he became also a convert, joined them, and surrendered his property. It became necessary that these brothers should return to their own state, to make a disposition of their lands. They went, intending to bring the proceeds with them for the benefit of the society; they, however, never returned, being prevented by the influence of their friends. A compromise was made with the society, and a division of the property took place. Although there are but few instances of abandonment, the society increases but slowly. This has been established twenty years, and there are not five hundred members belonging to it. I was introduced amongst the women; they were social, civil, and communicative.

It was my intention to leave town on this day; but I was so earnestly invited to remain, that I staid till the next morning: by doing so, I had an opportunity of witnessing the evening devotion, and of conversing with the preacher and others of the fraternity. The evening worship presented more order and decorum than that of the preceding day. The worshippers were drawn up in the manner before described, and the columns went through similar evolutions, except the whirling: their steps were more orderly, and in some instances were graceful; those who did not join in the dance kept time by throwing their hands, palms upwards, up and down, with a motion from the wrist. They never have prayers, and preaching but seldom. Amongst the worshippers on Sunday, were a Swiss and a Norwegian, neither of whom understood or could speak a word of the English language. Under other circumstances I should have been amused to see these two fellows, with long prone faces, and arms pinioned with awkwardness to their sides, shuffling away in the corner by themselves, with measured time and easy step, whilst the others were leaping, dancing, shouting, and singing with the wild extravagance of untamed savages.

It would require more time and space than I have, to give you the outlines of the religion of the Shaking Quakers. I must, therefore, refer you to other sources of information. Every effort of their system is to war against the lusts of the flesh; they believe that the mode by which the world is to be brought to an end, by its Creator, is by preventing the increase of the human species. The novitiates are placed in a state of probation at the 'Blue House,' and, before admitted into full membership, are required to sign a conveyance of their property to the society, for the common benefit; this is called entering into the 'first covenant;' they are then permitted to live in town. They are an orderly, peaceable, and, in general, uninformed, and, I believe, virtuous community; there are no written rules for the government of the society, nor any law to punish the disorderly, and I was assured that no instance of disorder has occurred since the foundation of their institution.

I left Shakerstown the next morning; they refused to receive pay for my accommodations at their tavern, and I urged me to visit them again.

NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

On Wednesday, the first stone of the new London Bridge was laid, with unusual ceremony, by the Right Hon. John Garratt, Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Duke of York, Earl Darnley, the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, M.P., and several distinguished persons. The cofferdam was ornamented with much taste and beauty, and was divided into four tiers of galleries, along which were rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth. The floor of the cofferdam, which is 95 feet in length, 36 in breadth, and 45 feet below the high-water mark, was formed of beech planks, four inches thick, and resting upon piles 24 feet long, shod at the top with iron: these are crossed by immense beams of solid timber.

The persons admitted to participate in this imposing ceremony formed in procession at the Mansion House, and proceeded to the old London Bridge, where a part of the balustrade was removed for a passage to the platform. When all was ready, a golden trowel was handed to the Lord Mayor; the cavity in the floor, in which the coins of the present reign were to be deposited, was opened, and they were inserted, and the plate, bearing the following inscription, written by Dr. Coplestone, Master of Oriel College, was put down over the cavity in the floor:—

Pontes vetusti
Qvvm propter crebras nimis interiectas moles
Impedito cvrsv flvminis
Navievlae et rates
Non levi saepe iactvra et vitae periculo
Per angvstas favces
Praecipiti aqvarvm impetv ferri solerent
CIVITAS LONDINENSIS
His incommodis remedivm adhibere volens
Et celeberrimi simvl in terris emporii
Vtilitatibvs consvlens
Regni insvper sendva avctoritate
Ac mvnificentia adivta
Pontem
Sitv prorsvs novo
Amplioribvs spatiis construendvm decrevit
Ea scilicet forma ac magnitvdine
Qvae regiae vrbis maiestati
Tandem responderet
Neqve alio magis tempore
Tantum opvs inchoandvm dvxit
Qvam cvm pacato ferme toto terrarvm orbe
IMPERIVM BRITANNICVM
Fama opibvs mvltitvdine civivm et concordia
pollens
PRINCIPE
Item gavideret
Artivm favtore ac patrono
Civivs svb avspicilis
Novvs indies aedificiorvm splendor vrbi accederet.
Primvm operis lapidem
posvit
IOANNES GARRATT ARMIGER
Praetor
xv. die Ivnii
Anno Regis Georgii Qvarti Sexto
A. S. M.D.CCC.XXV.
Ioanne Rennie S.R.S. Architecto

(TRANSLATION.)
The Free Course of the River
Being obstructed by the numerous Piers
Of the Ancient Bridge,
And the passage of Boats and Vessels
Through its narrow channels
Being often attended with danger and loss of life
By reason of the force and rapidity of the
current,
THE CITY OF LONDON,
Desirous of providing a remedy for this evil,
And at the same time consulting
The convenience of Commerce
In this vast Emporium of all Nations,
Under the sanction and with the liberal aid of
Parliament,
Resolved to Erect a Bridge
Upon a foundation altogether new
With Arches of wider span,
And of a character corresponding
To the Dignity and Importance
Of this Royal City:
Nor does any other time seem to be more suitable
For such an undertaking
Than when in a Period of Universal Peace
THE BRITISH EMPIRE,
Flourishing in Glory, Wealth, Population, and
Domestic Union,
Is Governed by a Prince,
The Patron and Encourager of the Arts,
Under whose Auspices
The Metropolis has been daily advancing in
Elegance and Splendour.
The First Stone of this Work
Was Laid
BY JOHN GARRATT, ESQUIRE,
Lord Mayor,
On the 15th Day of June,
In the Sixth Year of King George the Fourth,
And in the Year of Our Lord
1825.
John Rennie, F.R.S. Architect.

When this inscription had been read by the town clerk, the stone, which is of Hytes Quarry granite, and weighs about five tons, was lowered. The Lord Mayor made a suitable address on the occasion, and adjusted the stone on its firm base amidst a discharge of cannon, and shouts of God save the King. Thus has commenced, under favourable auspices, a structure which, we trust, will be happily completed, and long remain a monument of the wealth, prosperity, and public spirit of the British empire, of its metropolis, in particular. The following are to be the dimensions of the new bridge, which will be constructed by Mr. Rennie, from a design by his late father, the architect of Waterloo Bridge, and other works which will hand his name down to posterity:—

Centre Arch—Span, 150 feet; rise, 32 feet; piers, 24 feet.

Arches next the centre arch—Span, 140 feet; rise, 30 feet; piers, 22 feet.

Abutment Arches—Span, 130 feet; rise, 25 feet; abutment, 74 feet

Total width, from water-side to water-side, 690 feet.

Length of the bridge, including the abutments, 950 feet; without the abutments, 782 feet.

Width of the bridge, from outside to outside of the parapets, 550 feet; carriage-way, 334 feet.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A RHYMER'S RAMBLE IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

To-day I went to view the exhibition,
And, for my pains, have got a well-soak'd jacket—
For I, this morn, resolved to get admission,
Although the money spent I chance may lack it;
But it contrived to chase my inanition,—
Its pictures, models, fashionable racket,
Fat dames, fair girls, old pioneers, and what not,
Engross'd *my eyes*, whilst I was on the spot!

Alas! I was about to say *my mind*,
But that they did not, saving two or three,—
Creations grand, that in my soul are shrined;
And those I will discourse of presently.
'Tis pity that no more I there could find,
But so it was—perchance I cannot see.
I know 'tis said I somewhat am short-sighted,
But that's no cause my judgment should be slighted!

I got there—paid my shilling—entered in
The room miscalled the 'Academy Antique,'
When my poor ears sustained a shock, from din
Of many tongues, which some might call unique:
I do not mean to say it is a sin,
But babbling is a universal freak—
And my opinion is, the well-dressed rabble
Go not to see the pictures, but to babble!

In this 'Academy Antique' I saw
A huge collection of unmeaning faces,—
Nothing to strike the looker-on with awe,
But rather to excite in him grimaces!
Portraits of dowagers, and captains raw,—
Plump spinsters all bedizzoned o'er with laces,
And some most mighty and well-reverenced names,—
I mean those phizzes in the richest frames!

But stop, I have forgot, 'O'Conner's Child,'
A sweet design, from Thomas Campbell's verses,—
With air devout, and features pensive—mild.
The painting here the poet's thought rehearses:
Whilst gazing on't, I felt my heart beguiled;
These female painters are with me as Circes.
But, love be thanked, whole is my heart and bones!
But do not paint so charmingly, Miss Jones!

There were some pretty flowers, and fruit, and game,
Enamels—Irish hunting, and Miss Chester;
Ah, me! that face is for some other dame;
Some buxom waiting maid, that's dead, God rest her!
When painters cannot catch from beauty fame,
They well deserve in solitude to fester—
Especially when old obliging Nature
A model gave of perfect form and feature!

With buoyant step I bounded up each stair,
And gained the great room—my poor filmy eye
Seemed fresh to be illumed (with a stare,
Some fashionable might deem rude), to spy
The face of one, endowed with gifts more rare,
Whose name will live to all eternity—
I will not call her Landon—L. E. L.*
That is the name on which I love to dwell.

I've met her somewhere—that I swear I have—
The features were imprinted on my mind,
No, never to depart! though wind and wave
Of sad misfortune make my vision blind,
My heart to rend—my tortured soul to rave—
Yet, in its blackest dreams will be assigned
For these a sunny spot, when all is dark;
For these the latest gleam of memory's spark!

Immortal waker of the radiant lyre!
I thank thee for the bliss I oft have felt,
Whilst listening thine enrapturing notes of fire,
That fell upon my heart and ear, and dealt
To me a maddening joy! O! nothing higher
In life could then be mine! I could have knelt
Before thy semblance, nor have thought it wrong,
Thou soul-crowned maid! thou voice and harp of song!

I do believe I gazed full half an hour
Upon my favourite, and, at last, my dream
Was broken by two girls, to whom the dower
Of mind was never given! with a scream,
The tallest said, 'That's Landon!' (looking sour)
'I'm sure she is not handsome!' not a gleam
Of admiration either's eye expressed;
The other merely said, 'She's not well dressed!'

Oh, psha! I could—but no, I must proceed
To tell what else I saw, or my critique
Will be imperfect; and I fear, indeed,
That my good reader other means must seek
To gain full knowledge: but I'll give the meed
Of my poor praise, although the praise be weak,
To those who please me—'tis a debt that's due;
Reader, I fear, I claim no debt from you!

---

and over-worked: still we do not go so far as our friend, Mr. Leathwick; and it will be seen by the following extract from an effusion which reached us about the same time as the Rhymer's Ramble, that there are persons who entertain a very different opinion of L. E. L. from either Mr Leathwick or ourselves. We insert an extract, as a note, and shall only observe, 'Who shall decide when *poets* disagree?'—Ed]:—

* * * * * *

Hireling reviewers of a venial age,
How can you praise her dull unvaried page?
Poor in ideas, but in bathos rich,
Of modern fal-la sentiment the witch:
Blackwood, alone, has dared to chide one ditty,
And he excuses her,—because she's pretty.
True, you are pretty—therefore rest content
And write not that which Nature nevermeant;
Scribble love-songs, to that alone aspire,
Content to set your lover's heart on fire;
His youthful *Hyson* heart, '*bloom and green leaves*,'
(Vide your poems he who disbelieves),
With tortures, darts, &c. fill his breast,
But marry ere the flame has sunk to rest;
Before (it is the way with all mankind)
Withered and false his *green-tea* heart you find.

T—T.

---

† Vide one of this sentimental young lady's 'occasional pieces' in that discriminating and correctly judging paper, the Literary Gazette. I forget the number. Singing of youth, she describes it as the time when—

'The heart is all bloom and green leaves.'

Green tea must certainly be the Hippocrene of L. E. L. as gin and water was Byron's. Hyson alone could have inspired such a *new, elegant, and appropriate* simile.

There's Etty's 'Combat,' an ideal fight,
Of splitted composing—Allan's 'Murray;'
It seems to me too crowded for the sight,
Though murder's certainly a thing to flurry!
There's 'Nonpareil,' an animal all sight,
'Monitor,' a 'Cat's Head,' looking very purry,
Portraits of coxcombs, spaniels, sundry faces,—
Peers, priests, and pensioners, and divers graces.

There's Byron's noble head, and Mina's face,—
Fit company! There's 'Conrad and Gulnare!'
'Mary,' by Westall, in the which I trace
Hardness of outline—yet the picture's fair!
There's Bosworth's field, where Richard ran his race,
A master's composition, 'rich and rare!'
And there's 'our Saviour crowned with Thorns,' by Hilton!
In painting this R. A.'s a kind of Milton!

There's David Wilkie's 'Highland Family,'
Leslie's 'Slender,' and 'Sir Walter Scott,'
And 'Mistress Peel,' which 'tis a treat to see,
'Olivia and Viola,' without spot,
The 'Turkish Travelling Druggist,' by Mulready—
Others of talent, which I mention not—
The 'Trial of Lord Russell,' by G. Hayter—
Poor Rachael's eye alone stamps him creator!

There's Turner's landscape, a most glorious thing,
Worthy the mind who gave its beauty being.
I wish I could in loftier numbers sing;
But, reader, 'twill repay thee for the seeing,
And to thine eye will nature's own self bring:
I'm sure with this thou soon wilt be agreeing!
Fame is thine own—well hast thou toiled to earn her—
Long may'st thou live to wear thy honours, Turner!

But I must step into the School of Painting,
Or I shall put your patience to the test;
And Mr. Editor will be attainting
His correspondent's waywardness—confessed
Am I in rambling rhyming—Don't be fainting!
At once I'll set your kindling fears at rest—
I pray thee now suppose each lining stricture,
And let me call your thoughts to Danby's picture!

Conceive you see a wildly-rolling deep
Cresting its monstrous waves with blood, not foam,
O'erwhelming myriads in an endless sleep—
That dared within its hollow breast to roam;
Warrior and courier try in vain to leap
From out that gulf that now is grave and home!
Ah! what avail the chariot, spear, and brand?
Their eyes shall ne'er awaken on the land!

Their warring with the waters is but vain,
The proud-souled ruler and his mailed host
No more shall view th' Egyptian shores again,
But, in the billows of destruction lost,
Swell the majestic triumph of the main,
And know, in death, how fertile was their boast—
Whilst those that erst they scorned in safety stand,
Saved by Jehovah's never-failing hand!

Think more than this, and all that you can think
Will fall far short of the Creation;
Go, search that chain of genius, link by link,
And then wilt be enwrapt in admiration!

[* The public, we are sure, will do us the justice to acknowledge that we have never been slow to pay our tribute to talent, wherever it might employed. We have spoken very favorably of the poetical talents of L. E. L., we, however, we consider to be over-praised

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Come here—behold these dark persuers sink,
And there, preserved, the Israelitish nation,
Whilst from the clouds the thunder peals seem rolling,
And for the dead unhallowed dirges tolling!
And mark yon glowing stream of light supernal,
That falls upon the multitude below,
Tinging the rocks and crags with light eternal,
And brightening visages devoid of woe,
And forms all numbered in a heavenly journal.
I lose myself among the thoughts that glow
Within my breast! To turn from mindless glances
To such a sight as this my soul entrances!
Yes, painter, ponder on these themes sublime!
Give thy soul vent, as thou hast done before,
And thou will live in after, nay all time,
Unmoved by petty Envy's howling roar!
Thy fame shall spread through every distant clime,
Till praise and fame and time shall be no more!
And unborn men shall say, 'This man had power
To portray God in his terrific hour!'
And have I roused thee, reader,—pray excuse
My dwelling thus so long upon this theme;
If thou'rt a poet, thou well know'st, the muse
Will, like all women, have her way—my dream
Of ecstacy I did not like to lose;
And to be grateful is but just, I deem:—
But, bless me! how these lines accumulate;
I must make haste, 'tis growing very late.

I saw th' 'Edystone Light-house in a Storm:'
Daniel's a good historian of the sea;
It here is viewed in all its awful form,
The scene is well depicted.—Horribly
The booming billows break in madness warm
Upon the rock, where yet, un launted,
Is reared the merciful and brilliant blaze,
That warns the wave-tossed sailor with its rays.

I likewise saw some more unmeaning phizzes—
The Honourable Mrs.——and daughters;
About a score of fashionable misses,
And half a troop of captains on the waters;
Dicks, Bills, Bobbies, Nannies, Jennies, Lizzies,
And near a dozen leaders of land slaughters,
In great room—all rooms; wander where I wild,
There portraits after portraits meet me still.

Here was my Lord——, and there my lady;
Here, a carcass-butcher from Whitechapel;
There, a Wigsby, like a Turkish Cadi;
Here, an ass, with clothing sleek and dapple;
There, a dowager, but somewhat fudy;
Here, a rosy miss, like bloom of apple;
And, in the midst, a portrait, fine and well done,
'The law's delay,'—the conscience-keeping E—n!

I'm getting weary, Editor, of writing,
And you, perhaps, may, perchance, of reading;
In truth, these verses are for length affrighting:
I don't know how it is, there's no receding
When once I do begin—but don't be slighting
These hobbling rhymes of mine, they may be lending
Thoughts from a dream of trouble or despair—
Returning eye, and robbing heart of care!

Well, now I must to bed,—I think 'tis time;
'The witching hour of night' hath long been past;
And, ah! I hear an oft-heard distant chime,
That tells me two o'clock is come at last!
Gone is my rambling fit of tuneless rhyme,
And I to slumbery power shall soon be cast.
So reader, editor, and each, good night,—
I wish ye pleasant sleep and visions bright!

Edmonton. J. J. L.

FINE ARTS.

The Lord's Prayer engraved in a circle one eighth of an inch diameter. By R. Williamson.

There are numerous instances on record of the wonders of minute art, from the time that Myrmecides made a chariot with four wheels and four horses in ivory, and a ship with all her tackling, so small that a bee could conceal each with its wings, down to the present day, when, as will be seen in a late *Chronicle*, a Dutch spinster and weaver have manufactured cloth of thread so fine as to be imperceptible without a magnifying glass: these instances of fine and exquisite workmanship are not, perhaps, the most remarkable, since we find, at least if Hadrianus Junius is to be credited, that at Mechlin, in Brabant, a cherry-stone was exhibited in the form of a basket, which contained fourteen pair of dice, distinct; nay, farther, that one Ozwaldus Northingerus actually manufactured sixteen hundred dishes, complete in every part, yet so small that the whole could be inclosed in a case made out of a peppercorn of ordinary size!!! Then there is Turriano, who manufactured iron mills so powerful as to grind as much in a day as eight men would eat, and yet so small that they might be concealed in the pocket, or even sleeve of a monk. But, to come to a later period and better-authenticated facts, Arnold, the chronometer-maker, presented his late majesty with a watch, a repeater, which, although it contained one hundred and twenty pieces, was not larger in diameter than a silver two-pence, and did not weigh more than about five pennyweights.

In penmanship, too, there have been many efforts of rivalry in diminution: the most successful we have met with, previous to the print before us, was the Lord's Prayer in the circle of three sixteenths of an inch; but even this effort, surprising as it is, has been surpassed by the print before us, in which Mr. Williamson has engraved, on a steel plate, the whole of the Lord's Prayer within a circle of one-eighth of an inch diameter. To the naked eye the writing is unintelligible, but to a good magnifying-glass its singular beauty and correctness are manifest, and it may be read distinctly. This singular specimen of minute art surmounts the head of Jesus Christ, in a representation of the crucifixion, extremely well engraved; the whole is surrounded by a chaste and well-designed border, and the print is, altogether, a beautiful, curious, and interesting specimen of art.

Milton's Paradise Lost. Illustrated by John Martin, Esq. Parts II. and III. London, 1825. Prowett.

In our notice of the first part of this work, we spoke in terms of warm commendation of the talent displayed by Mr. Martin, in illustrating the work of our great epic poet, and of the style in which it was got up; the second and third parts show no decline either of taste or talent:—the graphic parts are as original and as well executed, and in the typography there is the reverse of a falling off. The subjects in part the second are, the 'Creation of Light,' and 'Pandemonium.' The third part contains the 'Conflict between Satan and Death,' and 'The Rivers of Hell.' They all display that vigour of conception and power of execution which distinguish the pencil of Martin; and, although he is an artist who is much indebted for his reputation to his style in colouring, yet these engravings, which are designed and executed by himself, in many respects make as near an approach to the originals as a print can do to a painting. The 'Creation' is evidently taken from the picture painted by Mr. Martin, now exhibiting in London, in the gallery of the Society of British Artists.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Tuesday a new afterpiece was produced at this theatre, called the *Recluse*. It is translated from *La Solitaire*, a piece which has been popular in Paris. English and French tastes, however, differ; or perhaps the thing has been done into English in a clumsy manner, for the *Recluse* was but very indifferently received, though quite as well as it deserved. Some of the music, by Cafaffa, is pretty, but, as a whole, the *Recluse* is a wretched production.

English Opera House.—Charles Mathews is no longer At Home, to the metropolitans, having closed his *Memorandum-Book* and his season, on Tuesday night. Throughout the whole forty nights he has appeared, he has been honoured with crowded houses, who have, by the most unequivocal proofs, testified their delight at his multifarious and highly amusing entertainment.

Haymarket Theatre.—The company at this theatre, which certainly stood much in need of additional strength, was reinforced on Wednesday by the accession of Mr. Liston, who appeared in the character of Billy Lackaday, in the comedy of *Secret hearts and Wives*. The character, which Liston has made and must keep as his own, is a ludicrous mixture of love, cunning, and imbecility, and the author does not appear these by turns, but a mixture of the whole at once. The situations in which the actor is placed are often extravagantly ridiculous; but, as they are so many opportunities for Liston to display his quaint drollery and irresistible grimace, they all tell, with an audience predisposed to be pleased with, and laugh at, everything this favourite of the public does. Liston, on his *entré*, and during the performance, was received with shouts of applause; the other characters were well sustained.

Apollonicon.—On Thursday last, the pupils belonging to the Royal Academy of

Music attended this delightful performance, previous to its closing for the season. Mr. Adams greatly distinguished himself in his extempore performances, particularly in a masterly fugue; but the most effective piece was the overture to *Der Freischutz*, which was loudly encored. The room was very fashionably attended.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Last Spirit, a poem, by John Lawson, author of Orient Harping, &c. &c. is in the press.

A new weekly periodical, appropriated to the fine arts, has been commenced, under the title of The Parthenon; the letter-press and embellishments are all printed from stone at the same time, by a new process, called typo-lithography. The printing is much inferior to that of ordinary letter-press; but the facility of combining embellishments with it is an advantage which cannot be had with copper-plates, though such an art is believed to have existed.

A bill is now before Parliament for the better preservation of peace and good order in the Universities in England, by which the chancellor or vice-chancellor is authorized to appoint constables within the precincts of the university. In the absence of the chancellor or vice-chancellor, any pro-vice-chancellor, or deputy vice-chancellor, may execute the powers of this act. By another clause, it is enacted, that common prostitutes and night-walkers shall be deemed idle and disorderly persons within the meaning of the act of last session, and may be apprehended and dealt with accordingly.

Andrew Baldrence, a mechanical genius in Paisley, has invented a machine for cutting Cassille wefts. This is an object of no small importance, so far as regards this kind of manufacture. The Chenille shawls are highly beautiful, especially when made of silk. The manufacture of them is also very ingenious. The weft is first made into cloth, and again cut up in parts; when it is afterwards retwined, and then renoven; the fabric, when finished, having the appearance of velvet on both sides. Hitherto the weft has been cut up by females, a mode by no means certain or regular; and the machine is intended to perform this labour with additional speed and accuracy. This improvement will give the cloth a finer surface, and enable the manufacturers of these goods to be more successful in their business.

On Thursday, the 9th instant, a general assembly of the Royal Academicians was held at their apartments in Somerset House, when Henry Thompson, Esq. R. A. was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy; and Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A. was elected Professor of Painting, both in the room of Henry Fuseli, Esq., deceased.

The recent Sale at Evans's.—There are no bounds to the rapacity of collectors of books and manuscripts, nor any reasonable limits to the prices which articles of any curiosity relating to literature obtain at the present day. At this sale three manuscript romances on vellum, viz. Le Roman du Roy Arts, Leu Roman de Lancelot du Lac et de San Gréal, and Recueil d'Histoires Sacrés et Profanes, were purchased by Mr. Thorpe for 215*l.* We suspect they will be transferred to Mr. Heber. Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, illustrated, was bought by Mr. Soane, for 130 guineas. The Malborough Gems were purchased by Mr. Pettigrew, to enrich the splendid library of the Duke of Sussex, for 57*l.* 15*s.* A Collection of Original Notes on the Greek Anthologia, in manuscript, by the poet Gray, were sold to Thorpe for 53*l.* 11*s.* Rogeri Baconis Opuscula, an ancient manuscript upon vellum, with the autograph of Sir Kenelm Digby, produced 51*l.*; and Procli Expositio in Platonis Opera, a very ancient manuscript upon vellum, apparently of the twelfth century, with the autograph, likewise, of Sir Kenelm Digby, were, we believe, bought by Thorpe for the Bodleian Library, since it would appear, by the inscription in each, that Sir Kenelm intended to bequeath them to that institution—they cost 82*l.* 10*s.* Camden's Britannia, enlarged by Gough and illustrated, produced 130*l.*; and Col. Bagwell gave 63*l.* 5*s.* for Butler's Hudibras, by Gray, illustrated. Other works were sold at equally extravagant prices. The six days' sale realized between four and five thousand pounds.

Roman Gold Coin.—A few days since, as a farmer was ploughing a field a little distance from this city, he turned up a beautiful gold coin of Domitian, the Roman emperor, in the highest state of preservation. The inscriptions on the legend are as follow, viz.:—Obverse, Caes. Aug. F. Domit Cos. III. (with a laurel head). Reverse, Princeps Juvventut (with an elegant full-length female figure). This curious and ancient coin, weighing 113 grains, is now in the possession of Mr. Shirley Woolmer, of this city.—*Exeter Gazette.*

Balloon Ascent.—Mr. Graham made his promised ascent with his balloon on Tuesday, from the gardens of the Bedford Arms, Camden Town, accompanied by two young ladies, whose names we not suffered to transpire. The ascent was announced to take place at four o'clock, but it was seven before the necessary preparations were completed. As soon as the car was attached, the two female aeronauts were conducted to the platform by an elderly gentleman, said to be their father. They were dressed alike, in nankeen habits, seal-skin caps, and white veils; and seemed to be sisters, about twenty and twenty-three years of age. Their features were pleasing, and their whole appearance respectable and prepossessing. They stepped into the car without betraying the slightest timidity; indeed, the cheeks of one of them glowed with the flush of delight; those of the other were paler; but both talked and laughed merrily. Mr. Graham stepped in between them, and remained standing in the centre of the car. The fastenings were then undone, the balloon arose steadily, the ladies waved a flag each to the multitude beneath, who, in return, cheered them most heartily so long as they remained within hearing.—Mr. Graham and his two ladies, after a pleasant voyage of nearly an hour, alighted in perfect safety at Feltham, between three and four miles beyond Hounslow, where they experienced every attention from the country people; and, having partaken of some refreshment, a chaise was procured for them, in which they arrived in town in high spirits, about half-past twelve o'clock.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon	Weather
June 10	61	74	66	30 34	Fair.
.... 11	64	75	66	.. 25	Do.
.... 12	67	79	65	.. 19	Do.
.... 13	66	78	60	.. 23	Do.
.... 14	62	76	60	.. 35	Do.
.... 15	60	73	59	.. 33	Do.
.... 16	60	76	58	.. 20	Do.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Architectural Ingenuity.—Last week we reviewed a very humorous and a very *costly* little publication, as our readers may perhaps recollect, entitled Hints to some Churchwardens; in which were given many notable rules and inventions for improving old churches. The buildings so beautified and adorned were chiefly specimens of country architecture; but we think that the author might have adduced an example of ingenuity and taste from a church in this metropolis—no other, in fact, than that of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, equal to any he has given. It seems, that it was found necessary to employ an iron tube as a chimney to some stove within the church; now the difficulty was not how to conceal this tube, or how to give it an ornamental form, either of which might easily have been done, but how to do it in an original and striking manner: and this has been effected—certainly by some churchwarden, for no architect could have hit upon so clever an expedient—by knocking out one of the upper pannels of a door (on the south side of the church), and bringing out the said tube, which thus intersects the pediment over the door, in the most picturesque way imaginable! Besides, the idea of a chimney coming out of a door is so very droll and waggish, that we are sure the eminent artist (we regret that we cannot give his name) must have been a great wit as well as a great mechanical genius.

When the 'Beggar's Opera' was under rehearsal last season at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Paton expressed a wish to sing the air of 'The miser thus a shilling sees' a note higher; to which the stage-manager immediately replied, 'Then, miss, you must sing, "The miser thus a *guinea* sees."'

Burns once dined at an inn on the banks of the Forth, and wrote on the pane of glass:—

'I dined at this inn, and, as I'm a sinner,
They charged me eighteen-pence for my dinner;
But, if ever I travel again this road,
I'll not dine here, "so help me G—d!"'

The Dead Sea.—Whoever has seen the Dead Sea will ever after have its aspect pressed on his memory; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices,

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in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and, on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds; its shores are not visited by any footstep save that of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some parts of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous incrustation, which appears foreign to their substance: and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are seen occasionally flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found those black sulphureous stones, out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates; and we observed incrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.—*New Monthly Mag.*

An advertisement in 1703 gives the following whole-length portrait of a youth in middle life:—'He is of a fair complexion, light brown lank hair, having on a dark brown frieze coat, double-breasted on each side, with black buttons and button-holes; a light drugget waistcoat, red shag breeches striped with black stripes, and black stockings.'

Lord Eldon's Last Joke.—In the House of Lords on Thursday, Lord King presented a petition from Dr M'Lean, the great anticontagionist, on the subject of the plague, in which his lordship ridiculed the fears of those who dreaded the introduction of this scourge of humanity into this country. The Lord Chancellor did not oppose the petition, but shrewdly observed, that if the plague should be introduced into that house, their lordships would not be at a loss for a name for it—thereby insinuating that it would be the *King's Evil.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REVIEWS of Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford, Ambition, and other works, together with our concluding notice of Bayley's History of the Tower, are unavoidably deferred till our next.

If the author of a Vision is not dreaming, he will see the propriety of not sending as original to a literary journal what he has already sent to a daily paper. J. H. will understand us.

Several communications remain under consideration, and some, we confess, have been mislaid.

Works published since our last notice.—Hamilton's Hand-Book, 9s. 6d.—Carrington's Plutus of Aristophanes, 5s. 6d.—Sunday-Evening Lectures, new edition, 2 vols 8s.—A Month in France, 8vo. 9s.—Gilchrist's East-India Vade-Mecum, 8vo. 18s.—Young's Catalogue of the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, 2 vols. 4to. 6l. 6s.—M'Neil's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Robinson's Christian System, new edition, 3 vols 8vo 1l. 7s.—Facetiæ Cantabrigienses, 5s.—Evelyn's Miscellaneous Works, royal 4to 3l. 10s.—Tales of My Grandmother, 2 vols. 14s.—Segur's Campaign, 2 vols. 25s.—Taylor's Household Furniture, 72 coloured plates, 4to. 3l. 3s.

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London; printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number.—Reviews: Tales of the Crusaders, by the Author of Waverley, &c. 401; 'Soldier Wake,' 404; 'Woman's Faith,' 405; 'I asked of my harp,' 407; 'Ahriman,' 407; 'The Bloody Vest,' 408; The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, 409; Babylon the Great, 410; Bayley's History of the Tower, 412; Fasciculi Cantabrigienses, by Socius, 413.—*Original:* St. Monday, a Journey through burning Streets.—*Original Poetry:* A Father to his First-born, 415.—*Drama,* 413.—*Literature and Science,* 415.

No. 319. LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of the Crusaders. By the Author of Waverley, Quentin Durward, &c. In 4 vols. pp. 1371. Edinburgh and London, 1825. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

The long-promised and long-delayed Tales of the Crusaders have at length appeared, and the only chit-chat in the literary world and in fashionable life, for the ensuing fortnight, will be on the subject of the new romance by the author of Waverley. In looking over these four volumes, we have been at a loss to discover the cause why their publication has been procrastinated from time to time, or why, as they contain two tales of two volumes each, they were not published separately. Is it possible that it was necessary to clear the shelves of a former novel before the new one appeared? or were the frequent announcements and delays intended as whets to the appetite of public curiosity, in order to increase its eagerness for the promised work? We suspect there was something in this; for, whatever merit the Waverley novels possess, —and few persons entertain a higher opinion of them than we do,—it cannot be denied that there are as many little artifices of trade resorted to, in making them known, as would be necessary to pass off the veriest trash that ever appeared.

The Tales of the Crusaders are two,—The Betrothed and The Talisman. They are prefaced by an introduction, very unworthy the talents of the author of Waverley; it is entitled 'Minutes of Sederunt of a General Meeting of the Shareholders designing to form a Joint-Stock Company, united for the Purpose of Writing and Publishing the Class of Works called the Waverley Novels, held in the Waterloo Tavern, Regent's Bridge, Edinburgh, 1st June, 1825.' The subject of joint-stock companies has been written on and ridiculed in every possible shape, so that there is nothing new to be said on them, even by the author of Waverley; and the attempt at humour, in this introduction, we consider a complete failure. The author is the preses on the occasion, and the heroes of his former tales are the *dramatis personæ*. The preses begins by expressing his surprise that the sharp-sighted could suppose that the Waverley novels were all the work of one hand, when 'it requires twenty pair of hands to make a thing so trifling as a pin—twenty couple of dogs to kill an animal so insignificant as a fox.' The only point of humour we see in this introduction is the mention of the 'great patent machine erected at Groningen, where they put in raw hemp at one end, and take out ruffled shirts at the other, without aid of hackle or rippling-comb, shuttle or weaver, scissors, needle, or seamstress.' The preses proposed that some person present should move the resolution, that a joint-stock company for publishing and writing the Waverley novels be formed; but, on the contrary, Mr. Oldbuck says, the time is gone by, that 'whereas, last year, you might have obtained an act, incorporating a company for riddling ashes, you will not be able to procure one this year for gathering pearls;' that, in fact, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Lauderdale would never consent to the bill. This knocks up the proposal, when the preses declares he will discard the whole of them, and, like Old Absolute, unbeget them, and, leaving caverns and castles, modern antiques and antiquated moderns, will vindicate his fame with his own right hand, and write history!—in short, that he intends to write 'the most wonderful book that the world ever read; a book, in which every incident shall be incredible, yet strictly true; a work, recalling recollections with which the ears of this generation were once tingled, and which shall be read by our children with an admiration approaching to incredulity. Such shall be the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by the *author of Waverley*.'

As the author usually keeps his promise in these matters, we may, at no very distant period, expect a life of Bonaparte from the pen of Sir Walter Scott: that such a work will be looked for with anxiety is certain, and that it will be powerfully written we have no doubt; but it does appear to us, that the time has not arrived in which justice can be done to Napoleon,—a generation must pass away ere he can be spoken off as he ought, though every day the prejudices against him and the calumnies by which his name was blackened are wearing away. But, leaving conjecture as to what our author may do, let us turn to what he has really done.

From the moment that the title of the work before us was announced, every person, acquainted with the genius and favourite studies of the author of Waverley, anticipated a treat: in the Crusaders, it was expected he would carry us back to that golden age of chivalry with which no person is better acquainted, and few, if any, are equally able to describe. The expectations thus raised will not be disappointed; both of the tales display much of that rigour of description, that truth to nature, in character and originality of design, which distinguish the works of this author: we shall, however, reserve our criticism, and proceed to analyse the first tale, The Betrothed, interspersing our narrative with such extracts as appear to us the best.

The Betrothed is a story of the twelfth century, and opens at that period (1187) when the Welsh and their neighbours, the Lord Marchers, seemed mutually to wish for peace, and when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Giraldus de Barri, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, 'preached the crusade from castle to castle, from town to town, and awakened the inmost valleys of his native Cambria with the call to arms for recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.' Many Cambrian chiefs accepted the invitation, particularly Gwenwyn, the Torch of Pengwern (so called from his frequently laying the province of Shrewsbury in conflagration), who continued to exercise a precarious sovereignty over such parts of Powysland as had not been subjugated by the Mortimers. Gwenwyn not only seemed now to forget his deeply-sworn hatred against his neighbours, but was so far prevailed on by the archbishop, as 'to break bread and to mingle in sylvan sports with his nearest, and hitherto one of his most determined, enemies, the old Norman warrior, Sir Raymond Berenger, who—sometimes beaten, sometimes victorious, but never subdued—had, in spite of Gwenwyn's hottest incursions, maintained his Castle of Garde Dolourense, upon the marshes of Wales.' Gwenwyn had never been able, by force or stratagem, to gain this castle, of which he had a hundred times vowed the demolition, as well as the death of Raymond; yet the archbishop induced Gwenwyn to entertain Raymond at his palace for a week, and then return the visit, during the ensuing Christmas, with a chosen, but limited train.

At the banquet, Gwenwyn first beheld Eveline Berenger, the sole child of the Norman castellain, aged only sixteen, and the most beautiful damsel upon the Welsh marches, in maintenance of whose charms many a spear had already been shivered, particularly by Hugo de Lacy, constable of Chester.

Gwenwyn was struck with the charms of Eveline, and, as she was heiress of the fortress, thought it might be acquired by means more smooth than those with which he was in the habit of working his will; but there was one objection—Gwenwyn had a wife, Brengwain, a childless bride, whom, however, he removed to a nunnery. Gwenwyn ordered his chaplain, Hugo, to take the necessary steps for a divorce, and to commit to paper the proposals to marry Eveline; but he was doubtful of the match being acceptable to the elders and nobles of his dominions; and, in order to propitiate them, invited large numbers to partake of a princely festivity at his castle. The feast is admirably described, and presents a curious picture of the manners of the times:—

'A Norman would have despised the barbarous magnificence of an entertainment

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consisting of kine and sheep roasted whole, of goats' flesh and deers' flesh seethed in the skins of the animals themselves; for the Normans piqued themselves on the quality rather than the quantity of their food, and, eating rather delicately than largely, ridiculed the coarser taste of the Britons, although the last were in their banquets much more moderate than were the Saxons: nor would the cream of *Crw* and hydromel, which overwhelmed the guests like a deluge, have made up, in their opinion, for the absence of the more elegant and costly beverage which they had learned to love in the south of Europe. Milk, prepared in various ways, was another material of the entertainment, which would not have received their approbation, although a nutriment which, on ordinary occasions, often supplied the want of all others among the ancient British, whose country was rich in flocks and herds, but poor in agricultural produce.

'The banquet was spread in a long low hall, built of rough wood lined with shingles, having a fire at each end, the smoke of which, unable to find its way through the imperfect vents in the roof, rolled in cloudy billows above the heads of the revellers, who sat on low seats, purposely to avoid its stifling fumes. The mien and appearance of the company assembled was wild, and, even in their social hours, almost terrific. Their prince himself had the gigantic port and fiery eye fitted to sway an unruly people, whose delight was in the field of battle; and the long mustaches which *i.e.* and most of his champions wore added to the formidable dignity of his presence. Like most of those present, Gwenwyn was clad in a simple tunic of white linen cloth a remnant of the dress which the Romans had introduced into provincial Britain; and he was distinguished by the Eudorchawg, or chain of twisted gold links, with which the Celtic tribes always decorated their chiefs The collar, indeed, was common to chieftains of inferior rank, many of whom bore it in virtue of their birth, or had won it by military exploits; but a ring of gold, bent around the head, intermingled with Gwenwyn's hair—for he still claimed the rank of one of three diademed princes, and his armlets and anklets, of the same metal, were peculiar to the Prince of Powys, as an independent sovereign. Two squires of his body, who dedicated their whole attention to his service, stood at the prince's back; and at his feet sat a page, whose duty it was to keep them warm by chafing and by wrapping them in his mantle. The same right of sovereignty which assigned to Gwenwyn his golden crownlet gave him title to the attendance of the foot-bearer, or youth, who lay on the rushes, and whose duty it was to cherish the prince's feet in his lap or bosom.

'Notwithstanding the military disposition of the guests, and the risk arising from the feuds into which they were divided, few of the feasters wore any defensive armour, excepting the light goat-skin buckler, which hung behind each man's seat. On the other hand, they were well provided with stores of offensive weapons; for the broad, sharp, short two-edged sword was another legacy of the Romans. Most added a wood-knife or poniard; and there were store of javelins, darts, bows and arrows, pikes, halberds, Danish axes, and Welsh hooks and bills; so, in case of ill-blood arising during the banquet, there was no lack of weapons to work mischief.'

The chief bard, Cadwallon, when expected to pour forth the tide of song in the banqueting hall of his prince, attempted, but in vain, and, declaring that his right hand was withered, pushed the instrument from him. This was considered as a bad omen, when Gwenwyn called forth a young bard, named Caradoc of Menwygent to sing something which might command the applause of his sovereign and the gratitude of the company:

'The young man was ambitious, and understood the arts of a courtier. He commenced a poem, in which, although under a feigned name, he drew such a poetic picture of Eveline Berenger, that Gwenwyn was enraptured; and, while all who had seen the beautiful original at once recognised the resemblance, the eyes of the prince confessed at once his passion for the subject, and his admiration of the poet. The figures of Celtic poetry, in themselves highly imaginative, were scarce sufficient for the enthusiasm of the ambitious bard, rising in his tone as he perceived the feelings which he was exciting. The praises of the prince mingled with those of the Norman beauty; and "as a lion," said the poet, "cannot be led by the hand of a chaste and beautiful maiden, so a chief can only acknowledge the empire of the most virtuous, the most lovely of her sex. Who asks of the noon-day sun, in what quarter of the world he was born? and who shall ask of such charms as her's, to what country they owe their birth?"'

Gwenwyn rewards Caradoc with the golden bracelets which he wore; at this moment, Jorworth, the messenger, whom he had sent to Raymond Berenger, entered with a packet, bound with silk, and sealed with the impression of a swan. Gwenwyn, ignorant of reading and writing, handed the letter to Cadwallon, but it was in Latin, and the bard knew no language but that of Britain; the priest, Hugo, was called from the church, and ordered to read the letter aloud, which, after some hesitation, he proceeded to do. The letter thanked Gwenwyn, but stated, that, considering the difference in blood and lineage, Raymond held it fitter to match his daughter within her own people, and that her hand had been sought by the constable of Chester, to whom a favourable answer had been returned. The letter observed that 'the sheep and the goats feed together in peace on the same pastures, but they mingle not in blood, or race the one with the other.'

Gwenwyn was indignant; his fury seemed too big for utterance, when the silence was broken by a few notes from the hitherto mute harp of Cadwallon, and he was suffered to proceed:—

'"We wed not with the stranger,"—thus burst the song from the lips of the poet. "Vortigern wedded with the stranger; thence came the first woe upon Britain, and a sword upon her nobles, and a thunderbolt upon her palace. We wed not with the enslaved Saxon—the free and princely stag seeks not for his bride the heifer whose neck the yoke hath worn. We wed not with the rapacious Norman—the noble hound scorns to seek a mate from the herd of ravening wolves. When was it heard that the Cymry, the descendants of Brute, the true children of the soil of fair Britain, were plundered, oppressed, bereft of their birthright, and insulted even in their last retreats?—when, but since they stretched their hand in friendship to the stranger, and clasped to their bosoms the daughter of the Saxon? Which of the two is feared?—the empty water-course of summer, or the channel of the headlong winter torrent?—A maiden smiles at the summer-shrunk brook while she crosses it, but a barbed horse and his rider will fear to stem the wintry flood. Men of Mathraval and Powys, be the dreaded flood of winter Gwenwyn, son of Cyverlock!—may thy plume be the foremost of its waves!"'

The unanimous shout of the assembly was for instant war; and Raymond Berenger, suspecting that such would be the result of his letter, had sent messengers to the vassals who occupied the frontier towers, to be on the alert, that he might receive instant notice of the approach of the enemy. While Gwenwyn was at Garde Dolourouse, he significantly looked at the battlements, as if he thought in them consisted the strength of Raymond, who, fired at such an insinuation, declared, if ever the Cymry came again in hostile fashion, he would meet him in the plain; and, although Dennis Moroit, his favourite squire, and Wilkin Flammock, a brave but blunt Flemish artisan, endeavoured to dissuade him from so rash an act, yet he would not be persuaded.

Dennis is ordered to remain behind, to take care of Eveline, and, if necessary, to convey her to her aunt, the Abbess of the Benedictine sisters; but entreats to share danger and death with his master. The Fleming, who fights in defence of his property, which was near the castle, refuses to quit it, and is therefore left in charge of it, and Eveline, who is attended by his daughter Rose. Every person but Raymond saw the disadvantage of allowing the whole Welsh army to take its own ground, and he yielded to it as a point of honour. The battle is admirably described, but we can only take a short extract:—

'At the same moment when the trumpets were blown, Berenger gave signal to the archers to discharge their arrows, and the men-at-arms to advance under a hail-storm of shafts, javelins, and stones, shot, darted, and slung by the Welsh against their steel-clad assailants

'The veterans of Raymond, on the other hand, stimulated by many victorious recollections, confident in the talents of their accomplished leader, and undismayed even by the desperation of their circumstances, charged the mass of the Welshmen with their usual determined valour. It was a gallant sight to see this little body of cavalry advance to the onset, their plumes floating above their hel-

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mets, their lances in rest, and projecting six feet in length before the breasts of their coursers: their shields hanging from their necks, that their left hands might have freedom to guide their horses; and the whole body rushing on with an equal front, and a momentum of speed, which increased with every moment. Such an onset might have startled naked men (for such were the Welsh, in respect of the mail-sheathed Normans), but it brought no terrors to the ancient British, who had long made it their boast that they exposed their bare bosoms and white tunics to the lances and swords of the mean-at-arms, with as much confidence as if they had been born invulnerable. It was not indeed in their power to withstand the weight of the first shock, which, breaking their ranks, densely as they were arranged, carried the barbed horses into the very centre of their host, and well nigh up to the fatal standard, to which Raymond Berenger, bound by his fatal vow, had that day conceded so much vantage-ground. But they yielded like the billows, which give way, indeed, to the gallant ship, but only to assail her sides, and to unite in her wake. With wild and horrible clamours, they closed their tumultuous ranks around Berenger and his devoted followers, and a deadly scene of strife ensued.

The battle was long and severe, and Berenger and Gwenwyn came so near as to exchange tokens of defiance, when a Welsh champion threw himself under the horse of the former, and stabbed him in the belly with his long knife; and, while Berenger was in the act of extricating himself from his fallen horse, he was killed by Gwenwyn. Dennis was also killed, and the victory was complete on the part of the Britons.

The fatal result of Raymond's incautious sally was viewed from the castle, by Eveline, and other females, who had assembled there for safety: they were now hurried to the chapel by father Aldrovand, to seek by prayer to avert further evils while Wilkin Flammock strengthened the courage of his men by cups of wine. A white flag was hoisted by the Welsh, and their envoy, Jorworth, was brought blindfolded into the castle. His message was to offer, on condition of the surrender of the castle and its dependencies to the Prince of Powis, that all within should depart unmolested, and have safe conduct. Wilkin refused, and Jorworth tampered with him, by promise of large bribes, to which he listened. The monk, Aldrovand, had overheard the conference, and denounced Wilkin as a traitor to the Lady Eveline, in the chapel; this roused Rose in defence of her father, whom she brings to confront the monk. There is a fine trait of filial affection in Rose, and, when she sees cause to suspect her father, her indignation and her love for the parent struggle with each other. She at length declares, that if her father prove treacherous, she will plunge herself from the Warden's Tower to the bottom of the moat, and he shall lose his own daughter for betraying his master's. Wilkin had promised to consider of the proposal, in case Jorworth sent in the castle of which he had been despoiled; this he did, and came next morning to demand the surrender of the castle. The monk, however, absolved Wilkin from any promise that he might have made, and Jorworth was dismissed with defiance. At dawn of day, the Lady Eveline visited the battlements, and encouraged the feeble garrison to resistance, and to avenge the death of their leader and his followers:—

"'Will the gallant champions of the cross,' she said, "think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and of orphans is in their ears?—it were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes—fight but valiantly, and perhaps, before the very sun that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea, you will see it shining on the ranks of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welshmen wait to hear the clangour of their trumpets, or the rustling of their silken banners? Fight bravely—fight freely but awhile!—our castle is strong—our munition ample—our hearts are good—your arms are powerful—God is nigh to us, and our friends are not far distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is good and holy—fight for yourselves, for your wives, for your children, and for your property—and oh! fight for an orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but what a sense of her sorrows, and the remembrance of her father, may raise up among you!"

'Such speeches as these made a powerful impression on the men to whom they were addressed, already hardened, by habits and sentiments, against a sense of danger. The chivalrous Normans swore, on the cross of their swords, they would die to a man ere they would surrender their posts; the blunter Anglo-Saxons cried, "Shame on him who would render up such a lamb as Eveline to a Welsh wolf, while he could make her a bulwark with his body!"—Even the cold Flemings caught a spark of the enthusiasm with which the others were animated, and muttered to each other praises of the young lady's beauty, and short but honest resolves to do the best they might in her defence.'

Wilkin laboured hard at fortifying the place, and had a deadly enmity against the Welsh, to whom 'Heaven had denied the grace and knowledge to weave linen enough for tents.' The castle was soon attacked by the Welsh, in three divisions: the postern was a principal point of attack, and here Wilkin, like another Ajax, was working the great engine which he lately helped to erect, when he was joined by Aldrovand, who had formerly been a soldier, though he wished to conceal it:—

"'How thinkest thou of this day's work?" said the monk in a whisper.

"'What skills it talking of it, father?" replied Flammock; "thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words."

"'Nay, take thy breath," said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; "I will try to help thee whilst—although, our lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices,—not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch—or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite to the cord (suiting his action to his words), nor see I aught unmanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching this spring."

'The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, whom Gwenyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"'Well done, *trebuchet*—well done, *quarrell!*" cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.

"'And well aimed, monk," added Wilkin Flammock; "I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary."

"'Care not thou for that," said the father; "and now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the knaves seem something low in stomach, what think'st thou of our estate?"

"'Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour; but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four yards of wall is a fearful odds; and the villains are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work."

'The Welsh were repulsed at all points; and during the night the Lady Eveline and Rose kept watch on the battlements, to allow Wilkin and others an opportunity of reposing a little. At this moment the Anglo-Normans, under Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, arrived, and surprised the undefended camp of the Welsh, making dreadful havoc among them. A single horseman was soon seen advancing from the constable's army; this proved to be Damian Lacy, his nephew, who, on being introduced to Lady Eveline, stated that his noble kinsman was bound by a vow not to come beneath a roof until he embarked for the Holy Land: Damian then presented Eveline with the gold bracelets and chain of linked gold worn by the Welsh prince, Gwenwyn, whom the constable had slain in the battle. The funeral obsequies of Raymond Berenger followed, in the chapel within the castle.

De Lacy followed up his successes by several well-directed forages among the British; and the evils of discord being added to those of defeat and invasion, he was able to negotiate an advantageous peace, which deprived Powis of part of its frontier, and rendered the Garde Dolourouse more secure than formerly. De Lacy solicited an interview with Eveline; but, as he could not enter any house, he was obliged to ask her to visit him in his tent: a splendid pavilion was fitted up, and the day fixed for the interview. The constable repaired to the gate of the castle to receive the lady, and escorted her to the tent. De Lacy was of a rough exterior, and not much likely to win a lady's love; and, therefore, when he proposed an union of himself with Eveline, she started with some degree of surprise, and avoided making a promise of her hand until she should consult her aunt the abbess. On their return home, Eveline bewails her destiny, and is consoled by Rose, who thinks the constable

might have looked for an heir to the De Lacy family in the person of the nephew, whose youth and comeliness would render him more acceptable to the Lady Eveline.

The lady was escorted by the constable to the mansion of her aunt the abbess, at Baldringham, who tells her she must pass a night in the chamber of the Red Finger, a mysterious apartment. She is almost forced to obey; but Rose gets as near her as possible; and, when Eveline is alarmed in the night, Rose calls a Norman sentinel, who forces the door, and brings forth her lady, more dead than alive. The reason of her ladyship's being put in this chamber, and the cause of alarm, she thus relates, at the request of Rose:—

"'I know the legend but imperfectly," replied Eveline, proceeding with a degree of calmness, the result of strong exertion over her mental anxiety, "but in general it runs thus:—Baldrick, the Saxon hero, who first possessed yonder dwelling, became enamoured of a fair Briton, said to have been descended from those Druids of whom the Welsh speak so much, and deemed not unacquainted with the arts of sorcery which they practised, when they offered up human sacrifices amid those circles of unhewn and living rock, of which thou hast seen so many. After more than two years' wedlock, Baldrick became weary of his wife to such a point, that he formed the cruel resolution of putting her to death. Some say he doubted her fidelity—some think the matter was pressed on him by the church, as she was suspected of heresy—some that he removed her to make way for a more wealthy marriage—but all agree in the result. He sent two of his Cnichts to the house of Baldringham, to put to death the unfortunate Vanda, and commanded them to bring him the ring which had circled her finger on the day of wedlock, in token that his orders were accomplished. The men were ruthless in their office, they strangled Vanda in yonder apartment, and, as the hand was so swollen that no effort could bring off the ring, they obtained possession of it by severing the finger. But long before the return of those cruel perpetrators of her death, the shadow of Vanda had appeared before her appalled husband, and, holding up to him her bloody hand, made him fearfully sensible how well his savage commands had been obeyed. After haunting him in peace and war, in desert, court, and camp, until he died despairingly on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the bahrgeist, or ghost of the murdered Vanda, became so terrible in the house of Baldringham, that the succour of Saint Dunstan was itself scarcely sufficient to put bounds to her visitation. Yea, the blessed saint, when he had succeeded in her exorcism, did, in requital of Baldrick's crime, impose a strong and enduring penalty upon every female descendant of the house in the third degree; namely, that once in their lives, and before their twenty-first year, they should each spend a solitary night in the chamber of the murdered Vanda, saying therein certain prayers, as well for her repose, as for the suffering soul of her murderer. During that awful space, it is generally believed that the spirit of the murdered person appears to the female who observes the vigil, and shows some sign of her future good or bad fortune. If favourable, she appears with a smiling aspect, and crosses them with her unblooded hand; but she announces evil fortune by showing the hand from which the finger was severed, with a stern countenance, as if resenting upon the descendant of her husband his inhuman cruelty. Sometimes she is said to speak."'

Rose inquired what she saw:—

"'Ay, there is the question," said Eveline, raising her hand to her brow—"how I could witness that which I distinctly saw, yet be able to retain command of thought and intellect!—I had recited the prescribed devotions for the murderer and his victim, and, sitting down on the couch which was assigned me, had laid aside such of my clothes as might impede my rest—I had surmounted, in short, the first shock which I experienced in committing myself to this mysterious chamber, and I hoped to pass the night in slumber as sound as my thoughts were innocent. But I was fearfully disappointed. I cannot judge how long I had slept, when my bosom was oppressed by an unusual weight, which seemed at once to stifle my voice, stop the beating of my heart, and prevent me from drawing my breath; and when I looked up to discover the cause of this horrible suffocation, the form of the murdered British matron stood over my couch, taller than life, shadowy, and with a countenance where traits of dignity and beauty were mingled with a fierce expression of vengeful exultation. She held over me the hand which bore the bloody marks of her husband's cruelty, and seemed as if she signed the cross, devoting me to destruction: while with an unearthly tone she uttered these words:—

"Widow'd wife and married maid,
Betroth'd, betrayer, and betray'd!"

The phantom stooped over me as she spoke, and lowered her gory fingers, as if to touch my face, when, terror giving me the power of which at first it deprived me, I screamed aloud—the casement of the apartment was thrown open with a loud noise—and—But what signifies my telling all this to thee, Rose, who show so plainly, by the movement of eye and lip, that you consider me as a silly and childish dreamer!"'

The Lady Eveline remains four months at Baldringham, during which time the suit of the constable advances, and he makes an application to the archbishop to be released from his vow of going to the Holy Land, at least for two years. In the confident hope that his request will be granted, the *fiancailles*, or espousals, take place. Randal de Lacy, a sort of outcast of the family, has, through his intercession with the Lady Eveline, obtained leave to be present; and, while the ceremony is performing, Damian Lacy approaches the house, and falls down ill: he had been under the care of a leech, and had not followed his instructions. The illness of his nephew disconcerts the constable, and scarcely had he returned to the party, when he was served with a haughty message, summoning him to the archbishop's presence. The constable obeys a mandate given in all the authority of the proudest days of popery, is received coolly by the archbishop, and a long conversation, admirably described, ensues, in which the prelate works on the pride and feelings of the constable, in order to induce him to forego his marriage, and keep his vow of going to the Holy Land: he even intimates that the indisposition of his nephew, Damian, is owing to his own breach of promise, and induces him to hope that by his penitence the judgment on his family may be averted. The constable has scarcely fallen on his knees, when a messenger arrives, and announces that Damian is out of danger; and this the artful archbishop declares to be a miracle. The constable returns, and during the night is serenaded with a song, as follows:—

"'Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story,
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror
Ever are the morning's mirror.

"'Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the fate'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore:
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would the foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

"'Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.'"

The singer proves to be Renault Vidal, a fantastically-dressed buffoon and minstrel, who had brought the good news of Damian's recovery to the constable at the archbishop's, and now came by appointment to receive the promised reward: he asks not money, but leave to accompany De Lacy to the Holy Land, to which the latter consents.

The constable, who had, by the artful workings of the archbishop—and the scene exhibits a fine proof of the artfulness and ascendancy of the Catholic priesthood—promised not to prosecute his union with Eveline farther, but to proceed to the Holy Land for three years, has now to make the lady acquainted with this change in his destiny, and finds her ready to yield to his wishes, and defer the union; but her aunt the abbess strongly urges that her niece should be released from all obligations, and both parties be at liberty to marry as they please. To this the constable will not consent, nor does Eveline wish it.

The constable, overjoyed with the successful manner in which he had extricated himself, made preparations for his journey, and

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on retiring to rest ordered his new minstrel, Vidal, to sing to him, who, on requiring a subject, was given, 'The Truth of Woman.' After a short prelude, the minstrel obeyed, by singing nearly as follows:—

'Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.
'I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken:
Again her word and troth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.'

We ought to premise that all these proceedings took place at Gloucester;—and the constable, hearing that Wilkin Flammock was in the town, sent for him, and wished to knight him, and give him the charge of the Castle of the Garde Dolourouse and the guardianship of the Lady Eveline during his absence; but the Fleming refuses to undertake the charge:—

"But I demand, once more, wherefore thou canst not, or rather wilt not, accept this trust?" said the constable. "Surely, if I am willing to confer such confidence, it is well thy part to answer it."

"True, my lord," said the Fleming; "but methinks the noble Lord de Lacy should feel, and the wise Lord de Lacy should foresee, that a Flemish weaver is no fitting guardian for his plighted bride.—Think her shut up in yonder solitary castle, under such respectable protection, and reflect how long the place will be solitary in this land of love and of adventure! We shall have minstrels singing ballads by the threave under our windows, and such twanging of harps as would be enough to frighten our walls from their foundations, as clerks say happened to those of Jericho. We shall have as many knights-errant around us as ever had Charlemagne, or King Arthur. Mercy on me! A less matter than a fine and noble recluse immured—so will they term it—in a tower, under the guardianship of an old Flemish weaver, would bring half the chivalry in England round us, to break lances, vow vows, display love-liveries, and I know not what follies besides.—Think you such gallants, with the blood flying through their veins like quicksilver, would much mind my bidding them begone?"

"Draw bolts, up with the drawbridge, drop portcullis," said the constable, with a constrained smile.

"And thinks your lordship such gallants would mind these impediments? Such are the very essence of the adventures which they come to seek. The Knight of the Swan would swim through the moat—he of the Eagle would fly over the walls—he of the Thunderbolt would burst open the gate:."

"Pip cross-bow and mangonel," said De Lacy.

"And be besieged in form," said the Fleming, "like the castle of Tintadgel in the old hangings, all for the love of fair lady?—And then those gay dames and demoiselles, who go upon adventure from castle to castle, from tournament to tournament, with bare bosoms, flaunting plumes, poniards at their sides, and javelins in their hands, chattering like magpies, and fluttering like jays, and, ever and anon, cooing like doves,—how am I to exclude such from the Lady Evelin's privacy!"

"By keeping doors shut, I tell thee," answered the constable, still in the same tone of forced jocularity; "a wooden bar will be thy warrant."

"Ay, but if the Flemish weaver say *shut*, when the Norman young lady says *open*, think which has best chance of being obeyed. At a word, my lord, for the matter of guardianship, and such like, I wash my hands of it—I would not undertake to be guardian to the chaste Susannah, though she lived in an enchanted castle which no living thing could approach."

Wilkin recommended that the charge should be given to Damian Lacy, and to this the constable consented, first waiting on his nephew, to acquaint him with his determination, and afterwards on Eveline and her aunt on the same errand. Eveline said she would not fail to apply to Damian to come to her aid, if she needed it; but, as she had resolved to live in retirement at her own castle, she hoped it would not be violated, even by her guardian knight, unless some apprehension for her safety made his visit unavoidable. The period in which De Lacy was to take leave of his affianced bride now arrived, and he told her that, if in three years he returned not, she might conclude the grave had closed on De Lacy, and seek out for her mate some happier man.

The Lady Eveline now returned to the Castle of Garde Dolourouse, which rather resembled the gloom of a convent than a hall of banquets, as in the lifetime of her father: the day was passed in solitude, sometimes relieved by an airing or a hunting party, on which occasion the cavalry of Damian, stationed in the rear of the castle, had to scour the country the night previous. In the evenings, Father Aldrovand read some homily or legend, and sometimes a chapter of the Holy Scriptures; but, in such cases, the good man's attention was so strangely turned to the military part of the Jewish history, that he was never able to quit the Books of Judges and of Kings, together with the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus.'

The monotony of this way of life had passed some time, and was one day attempted to be relieved by the lady consenting to ride out, and see some falcons tried, which a travelling merchant had brought for sale; the party were long before they found game, and rode to a greater distance than was prudent, when a heron was started, and struck by one of the falcons, and the lady, being best mounted, rode on to assist the falcon, when, on dismounting, she was seized on 'by a wild form, who exclaimed, in Welsh, that he seized her as a *waif* for hawking on the demesnes of Dawfyd with one eye: more than a score of others, well armed, appeared, and the Lady Eveline had a bandage put over her eyes, and was carried off, her attendants being unable to rescue her. She was hurried over hill and dale, and, though not insulted, was forced into a subterraneous cavern, which she could only enter by creeping in on her hands and knees: no sooner had she entered, than the passage was closed up with stones. Presently, the trampling of horse, the clashing of weapons, and the screams of combatants, were heard; and Eveline, thinking that her friends had rallied, and driven off the Welsh, made great exertions to remove the barrier which obstructed her going out; with a poniard she cleared away the earth and sods, and thus obtained a glimmering light and a supply of pure air. She called for assistance, and was answered, from without, by the faint voice of one who seemed just awakened from a swoon; she stated who she was:—

'Now, the Holy Virgin be praised," said the wounded man, "that I can spend the last breath of my life in thy just and honourable service! I would not before blow my bugle, lest I recalled from the pursuit to the aid of my worthless self some of those who might be effectually engaged in thy rescue; may Heaven grant that the recall may now be heard, that my eyes may yet see the Lady Eveline in safety and liberty!"

'The words, though spoken in a feeble tone, breathed a spirit of enthusiasm, and were followed by the blast of a horn, faintly winded, to which no answer was made save the echoing of the dell. A sharper and louder blast was then sent forth, but sunk so suddenly, that it seemed the breath of him who sounded the instrument had failed in the effort. A strange thought crossed Eveline's mind, even in that moment of uncertainty and terror. "That," she said, "was the note of a De Lacy—surely you cannot be my gentle kinsman, Sir Damian!"

"I am that unhappy wretch, deserving of death for the evil care which I have taken of the treasure entrusted me.—What was my business to trust to reports and messengers! I should have worshipped the saint who was committed to my keeping, with such vigilance as avarice bestows on the dross which he calls treasure—I should have rested nowhere, save at your gate; outwatched the brightest stars in the horizon; unseen and unknown myself, I should never have parted from your neighbourhood; then had you not been in the present danger, and, much less important consequence, thou, Damian de Lacy, had not filled the grave of a forsworn and negligent caitiff!"

Wilkin Flammock and a party of his friends, accompanied by Rose, who had called on their protection before danger threatened, now arrived, and the Lady Eveline was rescued:—

'The place on which the skirmish had occurred, and the deliverance of the Lady Eveline had been effected, was a wild and singular spot, being a small level plain, forming a sort of stage, or resting-place, between two very rough paths, one of which winded

up the rivulet from below, and another continued the ascent above. Being surrounded by hills and woods, it was a celebrated spot for finding game, and, in former days, a Welsh prince, renowned for his universal hospitality, his love of *cric* and of the chase, had erected a forest-lodge, where he used to feast his friends and followers with a profusion unexampled in Cambria.

'The fancy of the bards, always captivated with magnificence, and having no objections to the peculiar species of profusion practised by this potentate, gave him the surname of Edris of the Goblets; and celebrated him in their odes in terms as high as those which exalt the heroes of the famous Ruhas Horn. The subject of their praises, however, fell finally a victim to his propensities, having been stabbed to the heart in one of those scenes of confusion and drunkenness which were frequently the conclusion of his renowned banquets. Shocked at this catastrophe, the assembled Britons uncovered the relics of the prince on the place where he had died, within the narrow vault where Eveline had been confined, and, having barricaded the entrance of the sepulchre with fragments of rock, heaped over it an immense *cairn*, or pile of stones, on the summit of which they put the assassin to death. Superstition guarded the spot; and for many a year this memorial of Edris remained unviolated, although the lodge had gone to ruin, and its vestiges had totally decayed.

'In latter years, some prowling band of Welsh robbers had discovered the secret entrance, and opened it with the view of ransacking the tomb for arms and treasures, which were in ancient times often buried with the dead. These were disappointed, and obtained nothing by the violation of the grave of Edris, excepting knowledge of a secret place, which might be used for depositing their booty, or even for a retreat to an individual in case of an emergency.'

Rose—the faithful, disinterested, and affectionate Rose—felt uneasy how to dispose of the wounded Damian, and, thinking it might give rise to suspicions were he taken to the castle, with some difficulty prevailed on her father to take him to his house; this Eveline positively refused, and had him conveyed to the castle, where he was attended by the generous and grateful Eveline. Damian became insensible, and raved about his lost honour. It appears that there was an insinuation in the west against the nobles, and that the insurgents pretended to be favoured not only by Randal Lacy, but by Damian, who had not gone to crush the rebellion, because he conceived his duty required him to guard the Lady Eveline.

Amelot, Damian's page, offered to lead the men, but Rey refused to fight under a boy. Eveline then determined to exert her influence:—

'Eveline entered the castle-court, with the kindling eye and glowing brow which her ancestors were wont to bear in danger and extremity, when their soul was arming to meet the storm, and displayed in their mien and looks high command and contempt of danger. She seemed at the moment taller than her usual size: and it was with a voice distinctly and clearly heard, though not exceeding the delicacy of feminine tone, that the mutineers heard her address them. "How is this, my masters?" she said; and as she spoke, the bulky forms of the armed soldiers seemed to draw closer together, as if to escape her individual censure. It was like a group of heavy water-fowl, when they close to avoid the stoop of the slight and beautiful merlin, dreading the superiority of its nature and breeding over their own inert physical strength.—"How now?" again she demanded of them; "is it a time, think ye, to mutiny, when your lord is absent, and his nephew and lieutenant lies stretched on a bed of sickness?—Is it thus ye keep your oaths?—Thus ye merit your leader's bounty?—Shame on ye, craven hounds, that quail and give back the instant you lose sight of the huntsman!"

'There was a pause—the soldiers looked on each other, and then again on Eveline, as if ashamed alike to hold out in their mutiny, or to return to their usual discipline.

'"I see how it is, my brave friends,—ye lack a leader here; but stay not for that—I will guide you myself, and, woman as I am, there need not a man of you fear disgrace where a Berenger commands.—Trap my palfrey with a steel saddle," she said, "and that instantly." She snatched from the ground the page's light head-piece, and threw it over her hair, caught up his drawn sword, and went on. "Here I promise you my countenance and guidance—this gentleman," she pointed to Genvil, "shall supply my lack of military skill. He looks like a man that hath seen many a day of battle, and can well teach a young leader her devoir."

'"Certes," said the old soldier, smiling in spite of himself, and shaking his head at the same time, "many a battle have I seen, but never under such a commander."'

They now agreed to march, under Amelot, to the assistance of Wenlock, who was opposing the insurgents, but were too late to prevent the triumph of the latter; they were met by a rude peasant, who called himself Grand Justiciary of the Commons, and presented the head of Wenlock, which he carried in a bag. Amelot and his party now returned to the Castle of the Garde Dolourouse. Dangers now began to thicken, for the soldiers of Damian's camp, tired of a life of inactivity, and dispirited by the hints and reported death of their leader, had broken up and dispersed.

The three years' crusading of the constable had now elapsed, and Rose, with a significant allusion to Damian, reminded her lady that a few weeks would place her hand at her own disposal:—

'"And think you, Rose," said Eveline, rising with dignity, "that there are no bonds save those drawn by the scribe's pen?—We know little of the constable's adventures; but we know enough to show that his towering hopes have fallen, and his sword and courage proved too weak to change the fortunes of the Sultan Saladin. Suppose him returning some brief time hence, as we have seen so many crusaders regain their homes, poor and broken in health—suppose that he finds his lands laid waste, and his followers dispersed, by the consequence of their late misfortunes, how would it sound should he also find that his betrothed bride had wedded and endowed with her substance the nephew whom he most trusted?—Dost thou think such an engagement is like a Lombard's mortgage, which must be redeemed on the very day, else forfeiture is sure to be awarded?"

'"I cannot tell, madam," replied Rose; "but they that keep their covenant to the letter are, in my country, held bound to no more."

'"That is a Flemish fashion, Rose," said her mistress; "but the honour of a Norman is not satisfied with an observance so limited. What! wouldst thou have my honour, my affections, my duty, all that is most valuable to a woman, depend on the same progress of the kalendar which an usurer watches for the purpose of seizing on a forfeited pledge?—Am I such a mere commodity that I must belong to one man if he claims me before Michaelmas, to another if he comes afterwards?—No, Rose, I did not thus interpret my engagement, sanctioned as it was by the special providence of our Lady of the Garde Dolourouse."'

In the meantime, Grey Monthermer, the hereditary enemy of the house of Lacy, appeared before the castle, and demanded entrance in the king's name, or that Damian, whom he accused of having stirred up the insurrection, should be given up. This she refused, and ordered the portcullis to be let down. Monthermer now called forth his pursuivant, who, in consequence of her contumacy, proclaimed Eveline Berenger guilty of high treason.

More than three months had elapsed after this event, when two travellers, in the garb of pilgrims, were seen approaching the castle, through a scene of devastation scarcely surpassed by those they had trod during the wars of the cross; these proved to be the constable, Hugo de Lacy, and his squire, Gurine, who had been wrecked on the Welsh coast, and saved by the ingenuity of the minstrel, Vidal.

The minstrel was sent to gather tidings from the Garde Dolourouse, and returned, telling the constable, after much hesitation, that Damian and the Lady Eveline, 'have lived and loved together *par amours*.' The refusal of Eveline to give up Damian to Monthermer had given credence and circulation to such calumnies.

The king was now moving towards this part of England, to press the siege of the Garde Dolourouse, and Randal, the next heir of the Damian, suddenly appeared, with a royal commission to raise and command such followers as might not desire to be involved in the supposed treason of the constable's delegate. Many gathered round him, and surrendered such strong holds as they possessed. Randal thus ranked five hundred men, and joined Henry's camp before the castle, which now was hard pressed. Damian appeared among the disputed garrison, and bade them offer him up dead or alive, provided they insured the safety of Eve-

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line. A soldier, however, proposed, that they should cut their way through the siegers, and carry off Damian with them.

In the meantime Wilkin Flammock quitted the castle, and going to the camp of King Henry, offering to surrender on terms. It was, however, found, that the castle might be carried by a sudden attack, which was accordingly made, and with success. The soldiers of the garrison were disarmed, the officers thrown into dungeons, particularly Damian, and Eveline assigned her own apartment as a prison.

All this Hugo de Lacy learnt from his minstrel, Vidal, and prepared to go to the castle: he met with Raoul, an old retainer of the Berengers, and his wife, borrowed their palfrey, learnt that Randal Lacy had reported his death, and was likely to get his estates; and that he, as a pedlar, had introduced himself at various times to the castle, and was in fact the merchant with the falcons who had induced Eveline to go out hunting, and endangered her safety when saved by Damian.

The constable now proceeded to the castle, accompanied by Raoul and his wife. Gnarine was afterwards summoned to attend, and Vidal ordered to remain at Battle-bridge, a place of rendezvous previously fixed, and where he amused himself by chanting the following lay:—

'"I asked of my harp, 'Who hath injured thy chords?'
And she replied, 'The crooked finger, which I mocked in my tune.'
A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of steel abideth—
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.
'"The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood;
The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf rangeth the mountain;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.
'"I asked the red-hot iron, when it glimmered on the anvil,
'Wherefore glowest thou longer than the firebrand?'—
'I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in the pleasant greenwood.'
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.
'"I asked the green oak of the assembly, wherefore its boughs were like the horns of the stag?
And it showed me that a small worm had gnawed its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.
'"Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that in his glory falleth, and that by no strong enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.'"

A procession issued from the castle, and Vidal was told that Hugo de Lacy, the constable, was about to give to Wilkin Flammock the charter granted by the king. Vidal had always been suspected of some dark design by Gnarine, and, in the midst of the ceremony, he threw himself over some Flemings, on the saddle of the constable's horse, and stabbed the constable in the neck. Vidal was seized by Flammock, and carried before the king:—

"'Does no one know this caitiff?" said Henry, looking around him.

'There was no immediate answer, until Philip Guarine, stepping from the group which stood behind the royal chair, said, though with hesitation, "So please you, my liege, but for the strange guise in which he is now arrayed, I should say there was a household minstrel of my master, by name Renault Vidal."

"'Thou art deceived, Norman," said the minstrel: "my menial place and base lineage were but assumed—I am Cadwallon, the Briton—Cadwallon of the Nine Lays—Cadwallon the chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powisland—and his avenger!"

'As he uttered the last word, his looks encountered those of a palmer, who had gradually advanced from the recess in which the attendants were stationed, and now confronted him.

'The Welshman's eyes looked so eagerly ghastly as if flying from their sockets, while he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, "Do the dead come before monarchs?—Or, if thou art alive, whom have I slain?—I dreamed not, surely, of that bound, and of that home blow!—yet my victim stands before me! Have I not slain the constable of Chester?"

"'Thou hast indeed slain the constable," answered the king; "but know, Welshman, it was Randal de Lacy, on whom that charge was this morning conferred, by our belief of our loyal and faithful Hugh de Lacy's having been lost upon his return from the Holy Land, as the vessel in which he had taken passage was reported to have suffered shipwreck. Thou hast cut short Randal's brief elevation by a few hours; for to-morrow's sun would have again seen him without land or lordship."

'The prisoner dropped his head on his bosom in evident despair. "I thought," he murmured, "that he had changed his slough, and come forth so glorious all too soon. May the eyes drop out that were cheated with those baubles, a plumed cap and a lacquered baton!"

"'I shall take care, Welshman, thine eyes cheat thee not again," said the king sternly; "before the night is an hour older, they shall be closed on all that is earthly."

"'May I request of your nobleness," said the constable, "that you will permit me to ask the unhappy man a few questions?"

"'When I have demanded of him myself," said the king, "why he has dipped his hands in the blood of a noble Norman."

"'Because he at whom I aimed my blow," said the Briton, his eye glance fiercely from the king to De Lacy, and back, "had spilled the blood of the descendant of a thousand kings: to which his own gore, or thine, proud Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the silver fountain."

Vidal confessed that he had long meditated the constable's death, but the vigilance of Philip Guarine, or the sacred character of his being God's soldier, protected him. When he might have suffered by shipwreck, or among the Welsh, Cadwallon saved him, as he said, because he would not suffer either wave or Welshman to share in his revenge. Vidal, notwithstanding the intercession of the constable, was sent to execution. These doings were told to the Lady Eveline; and Damian, confined in a dreary dungeon, received a vague intimation to prepare for a change of dwelling, which he construed into an intention to send him to death: he therefore asked for a confessor, and a pilgrim was admitted, who stated that he was returned from the Holy Land, where his uncle was taken prisoner. He added, that the only condition of his ransom was, that, with the first portion of money, the nearest of kin, and next heir of De Lacy, must be placed in his hands as a hostage. Damian doubly bewailed his imprisonment, which prevented him serving his uncle; the palmer having made full proof of Damian's affection, produced his pardon from the king, threw off his mask, and stood forth the constable. He told Damian he must put on his best array, and be present at the marriage of the Lady Eveline: this he would gladly evade, until told that she was to be his bride—the church, the king, and the lady having all given their sanction. The union took place, as did that of Rose and Amelot, and thus, in the concluding words of the author, 'ended the trials and sorrows of the Betrothed.'

The second tale, the Talisman, occupies the third and fourth volumes; the hero of the story is Richard Cœur-de-Lion; and a Scottish adventurer, who accompanies the king to the Holy Land incognito, is also an important personage; but, as we intend to reserve the Talisman for next week, we shall only, for the present, quote from it two charming poems, with which it is enriched. The first verses, says the author, are 'very ancient in the language and structure, which, some have thought, derive their source from the worshippers of Arimanes, the evil principle:'—

'AHRIMAN.

'Dark Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the wolf with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky
An empire matching thine!

'If the benigner power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!

'Or if be bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red fever, spotted pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!

'Chief in man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,

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The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

'Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As eastern Magi say;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey?

'Or art thou mix'd in nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill;
An evil principle innate,
Counteracting with our better fate,
And oh! victorious still?

'Howe'er it be, dispute is vain
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

'Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To heighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet knives
To tools of death and war.

'Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rulest the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark spirit! ended THEN?'

The next poem is a tale of chivalry, chanted by Blondel to Cour-de-Lion, and accompanied by the minstrel on his harp; a colloquy ensues between the first and second parts, in which the king says, he likes 'these rattling rolling Alexandrines,' which 'sound like the charge of cavalry,' but wishes Blondel 'to fling away that new-fangled restriction of terminating in accurate and similar rhymes,' which were 'a constraint on his flow of fancy, and made him resemble a man dancing in fetters.' The following is the ballad:—

'THE BLOODY VEST.

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

'Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little, save iron and steel, was there;
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

'"Thus speaks my lady," the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
"She is Benevent's princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,
Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men may see
His ambition is back'd by his hie chivalrie.

'"Therefore thus speaks my lady," the fair page he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with head,
"Fling aside the good armour in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead."

'Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kiss'd;—
"Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be blest!
Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high behest;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed dress'd,
To the firmest-armed champion I will not vail my crest,
But, if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn to take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.'

'FYTTE SECOND.

'The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour and losing of seats—
There was hewing with falchions and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.
O, nimy a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and breast
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when boune for her rest.

'There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight and forbore.
"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and I trow,
Twere unknightly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

'The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair princess low louted a 'squire,
And delivered a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all back'd and pierc'd through;
All rent and all tattered, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud;
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

'"This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent;
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown:
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

'"I restore," says my master, "the garment I've won,
And I claim of the princess to don it in turn;
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd with gore."
Then deep blush'd the princess—yet kiss'd she and press'd
The blood-spotted robe to her lips and her breast.

"Go, tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show,
If I value the blood on this garment or no."

'And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmear'd night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

'Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;
And the prince, who in anger and shame had look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with a frown:
"Now, since thou hast publish'd thy folly and guilt,
E'en alone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

'Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he stood,
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood:
"The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine;
And, if for my sake she brooks penance and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princedom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."'

(*The* TALISMAN *in our next.*)

* 'The worthy and learned clergyman by whom this species of hymn has been translated desires, that, for fear of misconception, we should warn the reader to recollect, that it is composed by a heathen, to whom the real causes of moral and physical evil are unknown, and who views their predominance in the system of the universe, as all mankind are that appalling fact, who have not the benefit of the Christian revelation. On our own part, we beg to add, that we understand the style of the translator is more paraphrastic than can be approved by those who are acquainted with the singularly curious original. The translator seems to have despaired of rendering into English verse the flights of oriental poetry; and, possibly, like many learned and ingenious men, finding it impossible to find out the sense of the original, he may have tacitly substituted his own.'

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The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. Vol. IX. Letters from the Honble. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris. To which are added Mr. Walpole's Letters to the Rev. Henry Zouch. 4to. pp. 285. London, 1825. C. Knight.

WHATEVER peculiarities of manner, aristocratic pride, and acerbity of disposition, there might be in the character of Walpole, he was a man whose station in society, knowledge of the world, and honesty of opinion, render almost every line he wrote valuable. His letters have always maintained a high rank in that department of English literature, and are so replete with anecdotes of the persons, politics, and literature of the age, as to form a most important and interesting picture of the period to which they relate. Of the former letters, anecdotes and chit-chat formed the principal topics, and politics were only introduced incidentally, as the news of the day; but of the volume now offered to the public, 'politics are the ground-work, and the town-talk is only the accidental embroidery.'

The first part of the collection of letters is addressed to Mr. Walpole's cousin, the Earl of Hertford, while ambassador at the court of France, from 1763 to 1765; they are written carefully, and, it would appear, with a wish that they might be preserved. They contain many animated sketches of parliamentary orators and parliamentary debates, and give a close view of the proceedings of political parties during the early part of the late reign.

The second collection of letters, to the Reverend Henry Zouch, principally relate to topics connected with Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. The volume, which is understood to be edited by Mr. Croker, the secretary to the Admiralty, contains many explanatory and biographical notes. This gentleman is extremely well acquainted with the history of the period to which the letters relate, and the work could scarcely have found a more able editor. We shall now proceed to notice some of the most interesting letters, selecting passages which appear to us the most *piquant*. In one of his letters, written on the 47th November, 1763, Mr. Walpole thus notices the opening of Parliament:—

'If the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its *debut*, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day, which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to choose a king of Poland, and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes, the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit: as he was listening to the speech, George Selwyn said to him, in the words of the Dunciad, "May heaven preserve the ears you lend!"'

Walpole then runs on about Wilkes, and insinuates that he was a coward, quoting the two lines, 'But he that fights and runs away,' &c. which he erroneously attributes to Hudibras. The editor corrects this mistake, and vindicates the courage of Wilkes. Alluding to Wilkes's duel with Lord Talbot, we are told—

'At the coronation Lord Talbot, as lord steward, appeared on horseback in Westminster Hall. His horse had been, at numerous rehearsals, so assiduously trained to perform what was thought the most difficult part of his duty, namely, the retiring backwards from the royal table, that, at the ceremony itself, no art of his rider could prevent the too-docile animal from his approaches to the royal presence *tail foremost*. This ridiculous incident was the occasion of some sarcastic remarks in The North Briton of the 21st August, which led to a correspondence between Lord Talbot and Mr. Wilkes, and ultimately to a duel in the garden of the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot. Mr. Wilkes proposed that the parties should *sup together* that night, and fight next morning. Lord Talbot insisted on fighting immediately. This altercation, and some delay of Wilkes in writing papers, which (not expecting, he said, to take the field before morning) he had left unfinished, delayed the affair till dusk, and, after the innocuous exchange of shots *by moonlight*, the parties shook hands, and supped together at the inn with a great deal of jollity.'

The editor seems to think Lord George Sackville the most probable author of Junius's Letters, and in his notes often gives us a bon-mot to which Walpole only alludes, or which is someway illustrative of the text. The following is an instance:—

'Lord Gower had been reputed the head of the Jacobites. Sir C. H. Williams sneeringly calls him "*Honorrian Gower*;" and when he accepted office from the House of Brunswick, all the Jacobites in England were mortified and enraged. Dr. Johnson, a steady Tory, was, when compiling his dictionary, with difficulty persuaded not to add to his explanation of the word *deserter*—"sometimes it is called a *Go'er*."'

The debates in the House of Commons on Wilkes and the point of privilege appear to have been not only animated but personal. On one occasion, Walpole says—

'Charles Yorke shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's. It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgment. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but, giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the house an account of the affair; and then added, "I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman*; I hope I don't call him out of his name—and that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election." Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade every body. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby, totally unprovoked either by anything said or by the complexion of the day, which was grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville, who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment, drew a very favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together; told him how interested he was, and how ignorant; painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place, for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde Park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther.'

The following extracts from a letter of Walpole, dated December 29, give a lively picture of the period to which it relates:—

'We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanack. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October one is certain that every body will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; every body is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; every body goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you

keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.'

* * * * * *

'The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the £300,000, which the ministry had promised him in lieu of his nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the king's levée; the king asked where his son was; he replied, "Sire, he is coming to town, and then your majesty will have another vote." If you like these frankness, I can tell you another. The chancellor is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well, Mr. Bartlemy," said his lordship, snuffling, "what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The chancellor stopped him short, crying, "By G——, it is a lie: I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." The late chancellor is much better.

'The last time the king was at Drury Lane the play given out for the night was *All in the Wrong*: the galleries clapped, and then cried out, "Let us be all in the right! Wilkes and liberty!" When the king comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the house, there is not a single applause; to the queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.'

Walpole has a peculiarly happy talent at hitting off characters in a few words, and dismissing subjects with smartness and brevity. Alluding to Churchill's poems, he says:—

'Churchill has published a new satire, called "The Duellist," the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.'

The correctness of the remark on 'The Duellist' may, however, fairly be disputed. The stately formality of Lord Abercorn, who is said to have made the grand tour of Europe without ever touching the back of his carriage, is happily expressed in the following notice of the Prince of Brunswick:—

'The ball, last night, at Carlisle House, Soho, was most magnificent: one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too; and the hereditary prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he staid till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester House. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's, at Witham, who does *not step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, "Soh! my lord, I hear your house is to be royally filled on Wednesday."—"And *serenely*," he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.'

The following are also characteristic. The Sir Robert Rich, alluded to, was, at the time, the oldest field marshal in the army; and Major-general A'Court had just been forced to resign the command of the second regiment of foot guards, for his parliamentary opposition:—

'Sir Robert Rich is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter, who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court came in. "There's poor A'Court," said the bishop. "Poor A'Court!" replied the marshal, "I wish all those fellows that oppose the king were to be turned out of the army!" "I hope," said the bishop, "they will first turn all the old women out of it!"

'The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies, at Lord Milton's ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a *lettre de cachet* from a French secretary of state, or a *coup d'épaule* from an English one. After this he had a pique with the duchess, with whom he had been playing at whist. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, "Let us put it to the cards:" there was already a guinea. The duchess, in an air of grandeur, said, "As there was gold for the groom of the chamber, the sweeper of the room might have the silver," and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meaned, and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return.'

(To be continued.)

Babylon the Great, &c. By the Author of the Modern Athens.

(Concluded from p. 388.)

ALTHOUGH our notice of this clever work, in our last, was necessarily hasty, a more attentive perusal does not lessen our conviction of its correctness. The author is often forcible, generally just, sometimes extremely eloquent, and occasionally diverting: his rudest sketches, however, bear the marks of truth and nature, and prove him to be a man of genius; while his more polished efforts show of how much he is capable. If, however, we consider the very short period within which the Modern Athens and Babylon have been produced, we must acknowledge that the author is a man of gigantic mind and Herculean exertions. In nothing, perhaps, are his powers more happily employed than in the delineation of character; and, therefore, our further extracts shall principally be confined to such sketches. Of Lord Eldon, the author draws a very favourable, and, in many respects, correct portrait. He says:—

'The lines of his face, deeply as they are marked, have none of those twistings and angularities which say that the spirit within, whatever may be its strength or its sparkling, is apt to be blown about by the winds of adverse passions. There is a shrewdness—a perfect *approfondissement* in every point of his visage, which shows you that his mind can in an instant scan the whole, and measure the parts of the most extensive and most complicated subject that can come before him; there is a firmness and yet a softness—or rather, perhaps, I should say a self-confidence and repose, in the strong muscles about his lips, which at once tell you that he will never utter what he does not himself believe, and that he will never utter it in a way which shall not be agreeable. His eyes, though they have the stillness and the apparent depth of mountain lakes, when the wind dares not even whisper, and though they indicate that some profound mental operation is going on within,—some knotty point, darkened by all the sophistry of the bar, and damaged by the blundering of less clear-headed men of the bench, is in the act of being resolved, and brought back again to clearness and consistency—or some deeply-laid and cunningly conducted fraud, by which generations unborn were all but spoiled of their heritage, is in the very article of being detected, exposed, put an end to,—though they tell you this, they have none of that dull filminess, that oblivious glimmer of hunting after thought, which deadens the eyes of minor men while in cogitation upon minor subjects: there plays a gentleness, a perfect good humour, a wit—happy and harmless as that of an infant, and a something else which no one can name, about them, which, if you have any speculation in you at all, force you to come to the conclusion that the cheerfulness which Lord Eldon has uniformly possessed during the very long period of his labours, is a cheerfulness resulting from the consciousness of having done his duty,—a consciousness in which, if you be free from prejudice, you cannot bring yourself to believe that he is mistaken.'

* * * *

'His temperament is more uniformly cheerful, perhaps, than that of any other man upon record, who had the same important and laborious duties. As chancellor, this cheerful, bland, and soothing appearance never leaves him; and in politics, though he be strong, and often a prejudiced and bigoted party-man, he is never an angry or a peevish one. The perfect intelligence and acuteness, too, that stand confessed in his every feature and his every look, give great confidence to his friends, and much confusion, and not a little disarming, to his opponents; while his mild, and affable, and prepossessing manner is calculated to win the hearts even of those of whom he cannot command the understandings.'

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The author's tribute to the memory of the late Lord Erskine is warm-hearted and just, but we have only room for the commencement:—

'One of those speakers, and in point of ardent love of liberty and of man, of perfect and impassioned eloquence, of keen perception, of overpowering elegance, of commanding manliness, and of unrivalled empire over every passion of the human heart, has since then paid the final tribute to nature; and no equal or near follower to him, in any of his higher attributes, has yet been found. I need not say that I allude to the late Lord Erskine, —a man in whom the sheer and almost unbidden power of genius planted itself with a firmness, and shot up with a strength and a sublimity, to which there is nothing counterpart in the recent annals of the world. Born not under the most auspicious circumstances, and nurtured not upon the world's most flowery side, a portion of the genuine spirit of man—an intense breathing of that afflatus which not all the courts and all the colleges in the world can inspire, came upon the Hon. Thomas Erskine, and enabled him, in the teeth of many an adverse circumstance, to make a stand for English liberty, and take a station among British patriots, of which the genuine instances are but too easily numbered.'

The author scarcely does justice to Lord Liverpool but he is very happy in his portrait of the aristocratic advocate of popular rights, Earl Grey. The following general sketch, *en passant*, of Lords Grey, Liverpool, and Holland, is, however, good:—

'If Earl Grey seems the portraiture of the haughty baron, who, with circumstances a little changed, might exist in any country, Lord Holland is the express image of John Bull himself, and could neither have been produced nor could exist out of England. Everything about him is English. You would tell a secret to Liverpool with perfect confidence, and, touching your hat to Grey, as a highly-respectable and respected personage, you would pass by on the other side; but the moment that you see Lord Holland, a very strong disposition comes across you to walk up to him, and shake him by the hand with as much cordiality as you would a twenty years' friend after a thirty years' absence. He is so perfectly plain, and even homely, though certainly without the least trace of vulgarity, in his dress, his person, and his manners—there sits such a genuine expression of good feelings, good intentions, good heart, and good cheer, everywhere about him—and there are withal so many "wreathed smiles" about his mouth, and such a glee, and a desire to be happy and to make happy, in his eye, that, instead of meeting with him in the cold solemnity of the House of Lords, you would far rather that he and you should retire and crack a bottle and a joke together, after the business of the house were over.'

The Earl of Lauderdale seems to be 'neither fish nor fowl,' and our author knows not where to have him. After giving the characters of Lords Holland and Harrowby, he says:—

'No peer is more different from both of these than the Earl of Lauderdale, whose character is about as sullen as that of Lord Holland is soft, and whose expression is about as "irony" (there is no managing his lordship's expression without coining a word) as that of Lord Harrowby is benignant: for the Earl of Lauderdale, it does not appear that there is a soft seat in all the upper house. He has not, indeed, tried the bishops' benches, or the woolsack, or the throne; but he has made tentation of seats in divers other places, and I have never heard that he retained any of them very long, or appeared to feel very much at his ease while in them. That the Earl of Lauderdale has seen meet thus to change his position, I am far from wishing to characterize as anything wrong; the apostle's maxim, "Try all things," is a very good one, even in politics, provided that it be followed in close juxtaposition by the words which are inseparably connected with it in Holy Writ.—"Hold to that which is best." But even here, if I were making the concession in an argument with the "shrewd" (I cannot even coin the right word here, for it is not exactly shrewd, it is not exactly acute, it is not profound, and it is anything but either judicious or circumventive) earl himself, I should have to concede the last word with a gloss as long, and, if I could, almost as learned and logical, as one of his own political pamphlets. The scope and tendency of this annotation would be to establish clearly both the *what* and the *wherefore*, as to whom and what "the best" should be for, what should be the law of its application, and by whom that law should be administered.'

Returning to the lower house, which we visited in our last, we find some of the most prominent members thus noticed:—

'That man of plain but pleasing aspect, whose very look is persuasion, upon whose features there sits a continual watchman to unravel everything like either guile or obscurity, whose eye is so clear and so soft, that you would at once pronounce that he never was angry in his life, and who seems so anxious that every word should be perfectly understood by all who hear him, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that harsh and arrogant personage upon the other hand of the Speaker, who is conducting himself as if the whole were addressed to him, and to him alone, is Mr. Baring.

'Close by the Chancellor you may observe the glorious Gothic head of his most profound coadjutor, Huskisson. It is a plain head, and small labour of the barber has been bestowed upon the outside. I know not whether Mr. Huskisson be a phrenologist; though I should rather imagine that he knows the whim and laughs at it: but certainly he seems to stand less in awe of phrenological criticism than any member of the house, who could, if he chose, command sufficient pilosity for a screen; for his hair, instead of being tangled and terrible as a lion's mane, like that of the Honourable Christopher H. Hutchinson, or twined into lady-like ringlets, like that of Mr. Lambton, is cropped as close as that of a ploughboy. This circumstance increases the size of his face, especially his forehead, and gives him, when the light does not fall so as to bring out the acute lines and wonderful indications of depth upon it, an air which you would be apt to call common-place, if not heavy. Opposite to Mr. Huskisson appears the square and solid front of Joseph Hume, which, though it exceed that of Huskisson in breadth, and in the force with which the features come out, is far inferior in depth. Although from Baring's manner and air you would conclude that the whole speech is addressed to him, yet Hume nods ever and anon, as much as though he said, "I taught or put you in mind of that." You can see at once that Hume is no conjuror in theoretical politics; but he is remarkable for a certain stern, steady, and useful commodity, which his countrymen call *gumption*, and for which Englishmen can be in no way remarkable, as they have not a name for it in their language.'

The author is very severe on the Babylonish poets, and particularly on their total ignorance of nature; he instances Miss Landon, the author of the Improvisatrice, as not 'knowing the difference, even in colour, between the blossoms of the apple-tree and that of the pear.' This lady, in an ode to the month of April, has the following lines:—

"The apple-blossom's shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too!"

'Now, had the gentle authoress of these pretty lines—and, as far as mere sound is concerned, they are very pretty—taken council of the first fruit-gardener that she met, he could have told her that the blossom of the apple, which she compares to "pearl," is tinted with a very fine crimson, and that the "rosier hue" of all the varieties of the pear-tree declines blushing at all, just as is the case with the more stubborn part of the sex, and remains absolutely and all along white. But this is not the only illustration of the theory which I have laid down, that may be drawn from those four lines; for the illustration is, as I have said, drawn from human nature and human ornament. The white blossom of the apple-tree and the rosier one of the pear are both said to be "as beautiful as woman's blush;" and the white one is compared, not to flakes of snow, which when falling it somewhat resembles, but to a "shower of pearl"—a species of rain which could only be imagined by an ignoramus who had broken her necklace before a looking-glass.'

The author continues his criticism on another extract from one of Miss Landon's poems, in a severe, yet good-humoured manner. We have already alluded to his sketches of the various newspapers and literary periodicals published in London, and we intended to notice his remarks at greater length, —the Crusaders, however, have come upon us, and we give way to them, resting assured that we have said enough to make every reader of good sense and good taste so anxious to be better acquainted with Babylon the Great as to consult the work itself.

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BAYLEY'S HISTORY OF THE TOWER.

(Concluded from p. 357.)

In our last notice of this interesting and valuable work we left off at the reign of Mary—which, blood-tained as it was, was marked, as we proved, by one striking act of justice, in the execution of the Catholic Lord Stourton, for the murder of two Protestants During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Tower of London was not wanting in inmates, and Mr. Bayley gives a very interesting narrative of the first state prisoner who suffered during this period—Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. The duke possessed many amiable traits of character; but ambition, that sin by which angels fell, was his bane: he aspired to the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, and was ungrateful and disobedient to his own sovereign. The rack was one of the instruments to which Elizabeth resorted with some of her prisoners, and we are happy to find Mr. Bayley condemn it as unlawful, cruel, and unjust; indeed, notwithstanding the palliation of Burleigh, the manner in which the Jesuits were tortured by Queen Elizabeth is a foul stain on her character and memory, which nothing can wipe out. The melancholy fate of the brave and accomplished Earl of Essex, who at the age of only thirty-five years was cut off from the service of his country, is another proof of the vindictive character of Elizabeth. This forms an interesting portion of Mr. Bayley's work, as does the case of Sir Walter Raleigh—murdered, basely and brutally murdered, by that fantastical and unnatural monster, James the First—a wretch whose character we will not soil our pages in portraying, but which is easily ascertained by those who examine the contemporary evidence, printed and in manuscript, of his life. Mr. Bayley vindicates the character of Raleigh from the vituperative rage of Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, who on his trial called him a 'damnable atheist,' and, like a blood-hound, sought his life. Alluding to his execution, Mr. Bayley says, 'Raleigh was severed from all the vicissitudes and troubles of this world, and England, by the act of a cold-hearted unfeeling tyrant, deprived of a man who, whether regarded as a statesman or a patriot, as a soldier or a seaman, a scholar, a poet, or a philosopher, must be ranked among the highest ornaments of the age in which he lived.' In his account of Sir Walter, Mr. Bayley quotes, from Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, some letters from the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Waad, but he spells the name Wade,—whether correctly or not we will not pretend to determine, but, if our memory serves us correctly, the letters are signed *Waad*.

The gunpowder-plot sent numbers to the scaffold, and among these that learned Jesuit, Father Garnet, who on the scaffold declared that his only crime was not having divulged a circumstance told him in the sacrament of confession. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury was the next great crime which sent prisoners to the Tower. In this atrocious murder the agents suffered, but the same monster who sent Raleigh to the block screened the principals in this case, and found it necessary to kneel down at the council-table and impiously 'desire God to lay a curse on him and his posterity for ever, if *he* were consenting to Overbury's death.' The curse thus invoked certainly did pursue the family, but we will not say that it was in retribution for the death of Overbury, although the affair is involved in much mystery.

During the reign of Charles the First the Tower was frequently the prison of some of that parliamentary faction which eventually overturned the government and sent the ill-fated Charles to the scaffold. The Tower was also the prison of Felton, who assassinated the Duke of Buckingham. On this occasion the law officers of the crown behaved with great firmness: they would not sanction his being put to the rack before trial, or having his hand cut off before execution, when he had received sentence. Laud, who afterwards suffered himself, anxious to get Felton to confess if he had any accomplices, threatened him with the rack, to which he replied, 'That he knew not whom he might accuse in that torture, perhaps Bishop Laud, or any other.'

Lord Loudon, one of the commissioners, and the fearless advocate of the Scots covenanters, who had come to England under safe conduct, was committed to the Tower for having written a letter to the King of France, to obtain his assistance. Loudon said the letter was written before the pacification at Berwick, and that upon that agreement it was suppressed. The Scottish lords highly resented Loudon's imprisonment, but Charles, as if eager for his death, sent a warrant to Sir William Balfour, lieutenant of the Tower, ordering his execution the next morning. Sir William, at the request of Lord Loudon, went to the Marquis of Hamilton that night, and they together repaired to Whitehall, but found the king had gone to bed:

'After some waiting and fretting, some one told Sir William Balfour that, as lieutenant of the Tower, he had privilege to knock at the king's chamber-door at any hour of the night, and so have admission to his majesty. Upon which encouragement he did knock till he was heard by the groom of the bed-chamber, who asked who was there? Balfour answered, "The lieutenant of the Tower, upon business with the king!" The king bade him let him in. He came and fell on his knees at the bed-side, and begged to know whether the warrant for the execution of Loudon was legally obtained from his majesty, and whether he could legally proceed in the execution of it, using some arguments and entreaties for the recalling, at least the suspending, of it. "No," says the king, "the warrant is mine, and you shall obey it." Upon which the Marquis of Hamilton, who had stood at the door, stept up, and fell likewise on his knees before the king, and begged that he would not insist upon such an extraordinary resolution. The king seemed very peremptory in it, till the marquis, in the way of taking leave, said to this effect: "Well, then, if your majesty be so determined, I'll go and get ready to ride post for Scotland to-morrow morning, for I'm sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and they'll come and pull your majesty out of your palace. I'll get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen that I had no hand in it." The king was struck at this, and bid the marquis call the lieutenant again, who coming back to the bed-side, the king said, "Give me the warrant," and, taking it, tore it in pieces." After some time his lordship was released, and returned into Scotland!'

Had not the Marquis of Hamilton worked on the fears of Charles, he would have sent Loudon to the block, to gratify his resentment. In the case of Lord Strafford, however, the king used every exertion to save the life of the unfortunate earl, who fell a victim to the malice of his enemies and to popular frenzy. Archbishop Laud was the next victim whom Pyne and Prynne, and the other parliamentarians, hunted down. Both in the case of Lord Strafford and Laud the trial was a mere mockery, and, in the latter—

'Nothing can more strongly mark the injustice of these proceedings than the total want of particularity in the articles of accusation; indeed Wilde acknowledged that no one crime of the archbishop's did amount to treason or felony; "but," said he, "we do contend that all his misdemeanors put together, by way of accusation, make many grand treasons." To which Mr. Herne, his grace's counsel, replied, "I crave your mercy, good Mr Sergeant; I never understood before this that two hundred couple of black rabbits make a black horse."'

There was an unrelenting and vindictive malignity in the House of Commons of this day which overleaped all the barriers of law and justice to accomplish the death of any victim they had foredoomed to destruction, and, although Laud was a haughty and persecuting prelate, yet he suffered unjustly.

It would be almost an endless task to notice all the prisoners committed to the Tower during these times of trouble, when from the prison to the scaffold was but a short step. The protectorate of Cromwell, also, had numerous victims on real or imaginary charges of conspiracies against his life and authority. The persons committed after the restoration of Charles II. were so numerous, that Mr. Bayley merely gives brief notices of them from the original warrants of commitment, which from the year 1660, in nearly a perfect series, are still preserved in the Tower. We regret this brevity extremely, as the deaths of such men as Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell should not be passed over with the brief notice of a line or two. Of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, whom the inexorable James II. sent to the scaffold, after treating his entreaties and petitions with insult, Mr. Bayley gives a more detailed account; and we cannot here but observe, that a set of more heartless, vindictive, and tyrannical creatures never sat upon an English throne than the four Stuarts; and, if ever justice were retributive, it was in hurling that family from the throne. Jacobitism may whine over their fate, but we defy any person to prove that it was not justly merited. So vindictive was the feeble, cowardly, and bigoted James II. that he would not allow the Duke of Monmouth more than two days

between his commitment and his execution: —'On the 15th of July [1685] at ten o'clock in the morning he was taken in the lieutenant's carriage to Tower Hill, the place appointed for his death. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping off the people, the prisoner alighted from the carriage, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step, attended by the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, who had been with him all night, as his spiritual assistants. The concourse of spectators was incalculable, and it has been said that never was the general compassion more affectionately expressed. The sighs, tears, and groans which the first glance of this heart rending scene produced were soon succeeded by a universal and awful silence, a respectful attention and affectionate anxiety to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the unhappy sufferer. He said he came thither to die, and that he should die a Protestant of the Church of England. Here he was interrupted by his assistants, who during the whole of their attendance upon him evinced far less of that mild and Christian feeling than was to have been looked for from divines of their eminent character. They disturbed his last moments by forcing him into a long and teasing controversy, which is hardly credible; and the sheriff, in his turn, thought fit to quest on him with all the unfeeling coarseness of a vulgar mind; but the duke preserved his temper, and he mildly told them that he died very penitent, and then referred them to a paper, which he had signed that morning, declaring that it was very much contrary to his opinion that he was proclaimed, that the late king had told him he was never married to his mother, and expressing a hope that his present majesty would not let his children suffer on his account.

'He was now pressed to tell the soldiers that he stood a sad example of rebellion, and to entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the king; but Monmoth replied in a tone more peremptory than before he had been provoked to: "I will make no speeches; I come to die." Turning to the executioner, he expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russel; he felt the axe, which he feared was not sharp enough, and then laid down his head. The executioner struck the blow, but so feebly, that Monmouth lifted up his head and looked him in the face, as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The poor man struck again, and again without success; he then threw down the axe, and declared he could not do it. He was threatened by the sheriff, and again attempted it in vain, and horrible to think of, it was not till the fifth stroke that the head of the unhappy Monmouth was severed from his body.'

The seven bishops were the next eminent persons committed to the Tower, and it is a remarkable coincidence that, on their attending the evening service in the Tower chapel, after their arrival within that fortress, the second lesson for the day was 2 Cor. vi. "Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed; but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience in affliction, in diseases, in strife, in imprisonment," &c.

We shall not pursue our account of the prisoners in the Tower farther, as we are approaching a period in which the events connected with this state prison are pretty well known. The last executions on Tower Hill (and may they ever remain the last) were those of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat and Charles Ratcliffe. Perhaps no man ever suffered with more firmness and modest resolution than Balmerino, whose sincere zeal in the cause for which he suffered palliated the offence. Of the subsequent committals to the Tower Mr. Bayley is very brief, as he is in his account of the affairs of the Tower; but there is an appendix of documents illustrating some portions of this truly valuable work.

Facetiæ Cantabrigienses; consisting of Anecdotes, Smart Sayings, Satirics, Reforts, &c. &c. by or relating to Celebrated Cantabs. Dedicated to the Students of Lincoln's Inn, by Socrus. Small 8vo. pp. 223. London, 1825. Cole.

The compiler of this work says, truly, that most men are occasionally troubled with *ennui*, or, as it is sometimes denominated, 'the blue devils,' and adds, that he knows of no better remedy for such maladies than that afforded by a perusal of the Facetious. Many of the anecdotes and smart sayings here collected may not be unknown to amateurs of light reading, but the whole collection is good; much of the matter is new, and the volume closes with a series of Essays illustrative of the manners and habits of the Cantabs, under the title of 'Cambridge Parties,' which are well written, and highly entertaining. There are, also, some parodies on college examinations, of which the following specimen, evidently original, is excellent:—

'1. Find the centre of gravity in a leg of mutton, and determine with precision how much gravy it ought to contain more properly cooked. Is there any difference between a leg and a shoulder? and what? Is it not an anomaly to call the fore-leg of a sheep the shoulder? and in what London market did the absurdity originate?

'2. Describe the difference between a jack-ass and a jack-fish; and enumerate the various kinds of jack-asses that are to be found in and about the university.

'3. Give an account of the Olympic games, and point out the resemblance that there is between them and the Olympic Theatre in Wych Street. What street is Wych Street, and which is the way to it?

'4. In what part of London are there the greatest number of fools? and *vice versâ*. Are the knaves in office more annoying than the knaves out of office? and, if not, why not? Give the characters respectively of a lord mayor, a merry-Andrew, a prime minister, a bishop, and a quack doctor. Mark the difference, if any, between them, and show in what they are all just alike.

'5. Where was Cribb when the battle of Waterloo was fought; and who was the real champion of England on that memorable day?

'6. Enumerate the various qualities of Henry Hunt's Matchless Blacking, his Roasted Corn, and his quondam friend Cobbett's History of the Reformation. Analyse the three, and say which should be taken internally, and which applied externally, and why?

'7. Give an account of the Epping Hunt on an Easter Monday, and explain the reason why the horses generally go a great many more miles than their riders; also, why the cockneys so often indulge in their propensity for stag-hunting, when it is notorious that they are themselves properly classed under the head of horned animals in the best treatises on natural history.

'10. Name the principal banking-houses in London, and give a general description of all the parish beadles within the bills of mortality. Repeat the observations made by Sir Richard Birnie to Michael O'Shaunessy, the cobbler, when he was taken to Bow Street for making a lap-stone of his wife's head. Show the connection between each of these propositions, and say in what particulars they vary.

'11. Why should Harriette Wilson, Miss Foote, and the Princess Olive be considered of more consequence than ladies of quality generally? What qualities do ladies of quality generally possess? and what is the difference between a lady of rank and a rank lady?

'13. Where did Parson Irving come from before he came from Scotland, and where is he likely to go to if he continues to go on in the way he is going? Determine how nearly he is related to Dr. Eady, and what degree of affinity subsists between them and the Rev. Alexander Fletcher?

'14. What is the difference between a dentist, a dentist-surgeon, and a tooth-drawer? Which of these is the Chevalier Ruspini, which Dr. Bew of Brighton, and which Mr. Hartrey, of Hayes Court? Show that the two former are entitled to a guinea, although the last receives only a shilling per tooth, in consequence of the infinitely greater trouble they take in the performance of their task!

'15. Describe the different kinds of breeches that are at present worn by the English. Name the tailor that made the first pair, and determine with accuracy how much more double-milled kerseymere it takes to make a pair of Wellington trousers for Lord Nugent than would be necessary for the Achilles in Hyde Park.

'16. What reason can you assign for the necessity of having one leg or the other always foremost when walking? and, having proved that a man can step a yard at a time, ascertain how far he can reach in a hop, step, and a jump.

'17. Scan the following lines, and then translate them into Latin hexameters:—

'"High diddle diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon!"

'In what quarter was the moon when the cow jumped over her? Was it an Alderney or a Welsh cow? State, also, whether she descended on her legs after her extraordinary leap, and in what parish she fell.

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'18. When was April Fool's-Day first observed? Who is the first April fool upon record? What city had the honour of inventing bug-traps? Of what size were the fleas which Sir Joseph Banks mistook for lobsters, and how much salt did he put in the saucepan, when he boiled them? If one flea can skip a mile in an hour, in what time would a million of fleas draw the mail-coach from London to Bath?

'19. Enumerate the different figures of speech made use of by the late Lord Londonderry, and state precisely what sort of figure his lordship cut, when he stood prostrate before the house, and spoke of his fundamental features? Where was Mr. Canning at that time? What honourable member was it that turned his back upon himself, and in what manner did he effect so novel a position?'

The length of our first review compels us to defer specimens of the anecdotes till our next.

ORIGINAL.

ST. MONDAY, A JOURNEY THROUGH BURNING STREETS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, &c. &c.

NEVER, surely, did St. Monday arise in June with such a halo of light and heat thrown around his jocund holiday-bearing face, as on the 13th inst. It was a day in which all men were obliged to honour him, *per force*, and even women compelled to submit; not a pen would move, not a needle carry thread, in the upper regions; and cook, though a species of salamander, cried *peccavi*, in the regions below. No housemaid could persuade a broom to sweep, shopmen were as supine as their own measures, and even the lungs of mackerel-criers and asparagus mongers were paralysed in their labours.

The day is at all times a kind of half-holiday with us; therefore we gave ourselves up with the more satisfied conscience to stretching over a long breakfast and a new periodical, sighing for a cool breeze, and envying those who trod green fields and drew odiferous air from lime-tree walks. In this humour, it was no wonder that we were easily persuaded to join a friend, who wished to spend an hour or two in the print-room of the British Museum, and justly conceived that no more delectable way of spending a morning could be pursued, than in feeding the mind, without toil to the body, by such a medium.

Charmed with the prospect of gazing on faces fraught with intelligence, and forms in which the hand of genius has depicted all that was great in idea and wonderful in action, we started from the sofa, and, despite of every species of that reluctance to which 'flesh is heir,' put the best feet forenoot, resolving, moreover, to call upon a lady, whose taste would induce her to consider such examination a treat, and who (as well as our friend) required, of course, a personal introduction to the very pleasant and intelligent keeper of these graphic treasures.

Had we the inclination, or perhaps the wit, we might here parody the voyage of Mr. Croker to Russell Square, and tell of the arid plains we passed, the beautiful groves we saw, the opthalmic dust which visited our eyes in some regions, and the delicious coolness communicated by those perambulating fountains which scattered refreshing drops upon the slippery stones. For our own parts, we confess that, in times of great drought, like the present, we are singularly subject to finding our ideas wither beneath it;—with us, desultory thoughts, poetic imaginations, and 'all that kind of thing,' in such a glorious May-time as this, precisely resemble cut grass: every daisy, butter-cup, and May-flower, curl their crisped leaves, and become mere garbage. Of course, we had but *one* point in view, *one* object—to the print-room, and on the print-room *alone* did we look, as the medium of filling up the mighty, but not 'aching void,' of our peri cranaiums, and, at the same time, of indulging that determined disposition to laziness the intolerable heat inspired; a shady room, an easy chair, the power of being as taciturn as we pleased, were the absolute demands of our nature; a morning of allowed illness is at some times positive champaigne, and to us, at all times, lemonade at least.

Besides, had we not earned enjoyment? Only think, gentle reader, of ascending the steps of the Museum, between twelve and one, on that Calcutta-like day; then, think, on being drawn down again by thy companion, in a tone irresistible (for it was one of appeal to our judgment), just to examine the tremendous marble columns lying on one side of the entrance, and their no less tremendous granite friends on the other.—It was enough to give any man a *coup de soleil*, to dry up the very marrow in his bones.—Never shall we forget the effect these remains had on us: we began to fear our own remains would have been left among them, a victim to science and perseverance.

Well! *eventually* we laughed we have entered the temple of science, the repository of wonders, have rejoiced in the deep shade and the cool air circulating through its numerous passages, doors, and windows, and with invigorated step we again ascend the stairs, surprised to see many more persons as adventurous as ourselves, and ladies especially, arrayed in all the warmest colours of the rainbow, be-stuffed and be-trimmed in the precise style that would become a Christmas festival.

But, lo! here is the bull brought by Capt. Parry, so well preserved, that one rejoices to see him in any kind of inclosure. How admirably has nature armed his head with impregnable bone, and clothed him with a coat impervious to cold, covering even his lips and nostrils with a fine fibrous substance, alike flexible, close, and substantial. Aye! my fine fellow, you, and the sea-bear, your neighbour, may furnish the philosopher with a lecture, and save the divine one, at least so far as to prove the existence of a 'great first cause.' Then we gaze on those enormous cameleopards, compare the lengths of their necks with those of their legs, and wonder how they could ever be overtaken by mortal man, on whom they look down with elegant airiness of contempt, unmixed, however, with any malice. One would scarcely feel alarm if one of these gentry should put his small antelope head into a drawing room window, to gaze at a quadrille, or should peep into the Freemason's Tavern on a speech-making day; however, it is as well to be seen here only, for surely we should be eaten up by them.—'Let us therefore get to the print-room.'

'Those are the Outlaw'e things—with what wonderful nicety these war-weapons are finished,' said the gentleman: 'What a capital head-dress the poor creatures contrived,' said the lady; 'their gods are monsters, but they have certainly a very tolerable idea of clothing themselves respectably;—perhaps a dandy warrior in full plumage might be'——

'Ah! how beautiful those nautili are!'—

'Here is an exquisite specimen of blood-stone, and'——'My dear friend, my blood bods, and my poor head will be a specim n of brain stones, if we do not proceed.'

Yet we ourselves, with all the consistency so observable in these cases, though as little conversant in the mineral kingdom as if we were a fungus in the vegetable world, could, no more forbear than our companions, to linger long and admire enthusiastically, each and every of the immense collection of fossils, spars, concretions, coals, and curiosities, of the next room, which are, in fact, so exquisitely arranged, so admirably displayed, and delicately preserved, as to form an exhibition delightful even to the most ignorant, and, of course, infinitely more attractive to the learned. Our male friend was of the latter number, and it would have been cruel to tear him from specimens on which he gazed with eyes of rapture, and would perhaps have dilated with eloquence, if our fair companion had not prevented him by her rapid observations. 'What an exquisite cornelian for a brooch! how fine a necklace might be made out of that amethyst! great many beautiful rings could be set out of those emeralds; and, if those crystals were mine, I would'—

'But we are now going to look at *prints*'—*Going*, it is true, but there are shells and insects and birds and beasts without end; the wonders of *nature* are all in array against the wonders of *art*, and the little old woman, in the nursery story, who could not drive her pig over the bridge was but a faint type of us and our movements. For, behold! when all animated nature was gone by, and even the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, which both had visited, were jumped over, then came the Sculpture Gallery, with all its spell like properties Happily, our dear female friend saw nothing to desire in this rich assemblage of antiquities, and she walked forward with the quiet soberness of an Englishwoman, who concludes, that she ought not to be *blue* till she has become *grey*, yet proved she was not insensible to the excellency of high art, by stopping to laugh at a face of comic expression, in a statue evidently of Grecian origin, and, as we apprehend, altogether unique, and in its own way incomparable. At this moment, we remarked C——, the poet, standing with his eyes fixed on a Torso, leading to the place where the Elgin marbles were deposited, and which we had predetermined to cheat them out of seeing, *pour le present*. We could not, however, re-

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sist the desire of gratifying the lady by pointing him out, knowing that she was a passionate admirer (as well she might be) of his poems.

Of course, a new hindrance arose;—'she *must* step back, she must *just* look at the wonderful man;' then she must comment 'on his commanding height, his small but powerful eye, that peculiar cast of countenance by which she would have known him amongst ten thousand, for a man of genius, &c. &c. All this was very well, for she is a pleasant sensible woman, when all is done; but, unluckily, our other friend had strayed meantime into the mummy boudoir, and mummies are among the many passions which your men of travel and reading hold themselves privileged to indulge We suffered him, it is true, to pay but short devoirs to an Egyptian lady of three thousand years, at this time, and laid a positive interdict against any visit to the labours of Lord Elgin; but the granite goddesses and the sarcophagus were not so easily disposed of. At the foot of each of these, as if placed on purpose for effect or contrast, sat two young girls, evidently sisters, of sixteen or eighteen: they were both gaily dressed in pink silk, but, overdone by the heat, had probably sate down, while some curmudgeon antiquary uncle was investigating objects in which they had no interest. Their extreme youth, fashion, and *nature* had altogether a singular effect, and would have produced a string of moral observations and sentiments, but that we were all by this time completely jaded, and dying to be in the print-room.

But now another eternal staircase, the last, but, alas! the longest, must be encountered, and then came 'that curious-looking wedgewood-ware pitcher,' said our female companion, 'that very extraordinary antique, the Portland vase,' explained our male one; nor could he possibly do less than inform her, what she afterwards perfectly recollected to have known ever since she read Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden, where it came from, what it cost, and on what tenure it was held by the British Museum at this very hour.

Another room ensued, and vases of all sizes and shapes appeared—inquiry on one hand, and information on the other, abounded: but the end was in view, and with resolution, quickened by hope, we proceeded to the goal, and, in another minute, found ourselves in possession of the promised paradise. There was an urbane smile, a quiet room refreshingly cool, easy chairs, and magnificent folios; there were all on which imagination had dwelt at the outset, with an enthusiasm well merited by the object; but, alas! it came now too late, for there was a sense of weariness and exhaustion that prevented any of us from enjoying it; 'and then,' added we, on looking at our watch, 'it wants but a quarter to five, which is dinner-time,' a circumstance that accounts fully for our sensation.

Home we went, without looking at a single print; yet we were not silent nor ill-humoured, and over our wine we laughed very pleasantly at ourselves, the gravest of the party observing, 'that we had passed the morning as most persons passed their lives' with a good end in view, which was never attained till the time came for parting with it.' However true, surely they may be deemed happy who are drawn aside from it by no worse objects than those which attracted us.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FATHER TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

My child, thy mother lately sung
Of thee, when thou wert sleeping;
As she in rapture o'er thee hung,
When all thy little wants thy tongue
Declared to her by weeping.

But now thy wants thy words explain,
For thou'rt, my boy, beginning
To prattle, in thy way, amain
Thy infantine desires to gain,
In every action winning.

I mark thee now, when each new thing
Thy wonder is exciting;
I hear thy small voice prattling,
The thoughts that from thy fancy spring—
In all thou dost delighting.

In thee do I the semblance see
Of what I was before thee:
E'en what thou dost was done by me,
When I, my child, was like to thee,
And cares had not come o'er me.

Thy infant toys delight thee now,
As me they once delighted,
And joy is young upon thy brow,
A fresh and fragrant blossom thou—
Be ever thus unblighted!

O! mayst thou through life world thy path
Pursue, and naught oppress thee;
Free from the faults thy father hath,
Avoid, through virtue, heaven's wrath—
With this desire—I bless thee!

WILFORD.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Monday, Mr. Kean, who, a few months ago, assured the public he was going to leave the London stage for some years, or perhaps never to return, appeared in his favourite character of the Duke of Gloucester. The dread of a bad reception 'awed the soul of Richard,' and we never saw him play the character so ill. To us it appeared that he had dined early and sate too long at table; at any rate, his performance was as unlike the usual Richard of Kean as possible. Care and mortification appear to have sat light on him, for he is become quite stout. He was extremely well received, the London audience seeming to say to him, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace, and sin no more'

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, the *Tempest* was performed at this theatre to one of the thinnest houses we ever saw assembled within its walls. Mr. Young's Prospero is well known, and possessed its usual excellence. Rayner's Caliban was extravagant and disgusting. Miss Paton sung delightfully in Dorinda, and, with Miss Hammersley, as Miranda, gave the echo dust, from Zuma, with great skill and sweetness. The chief novelty was the appearance of Miss H. Cawse, as Ariel: she sung very sweetly, but she is too young for the character; she is, however, a most promising young lady.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—We understand that preparations are making for commencing the campaign here with great spirit; the house opens in a few days, and we wish it every success.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Liston is playing all his favourite characters here, but the manager seems not to dream of novelty, and hence the house is rarely well attended.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A MR. JOHN ROOKE wishes us to state that he is the original discoverer of certain new principles of political economy—to wit, that 'the annual price of agricultural labour is the best criterion by which we can ascertain the value of money in different periods of time;' 2ndly. That 'the average price of corn is regulated by the cost of producing it on the worst class of soils which the demand brings under tillage.' We, for our sakes, have no wish to deny Mr. Rooke the merit of this discovery, on which he may *crow* as much as he pleases.

Preparing for publication, the History of Rome, now first translated from the German of B. G Niebuhr.

General Gourgaud is about publishing a Refutation of General Segur's History of Napoleon's Russian Campaign.

Property Insured in England.—By an official view of the relative business of the various offices for fire insurance in England, it appears that there are forty-six offices or companies, and that the amount of duty they have paid to Government, for insurances effected by them, for the last year, amounts to £659,377. The duty being 3s. for every £100, insured, it follows that the total amount of property insured is, in round numbers, about £439,585,000. Such being the value of property which the assured of necessity make upon their premises, goods, furniture, &c. and it being probable that as much in amount may remain uninsured, if the value of all other kind of property were to be added, we should have a sum of wealth for England alone that would be almost incredible.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 O'Clock Morning.	12 O'Clock Noon.	10 O'Clock Night.	Barom. 10 O'clock Noon.	Weather.
June 17	55	68	49	30 23	Cloudy.
.... 18	57	68	55	.. 23	Fair.
.... 19	57	68	60	.. 05	Cloudy.
.... 20	55	55	49	29 85	Showery.
.... 21	50	57	47	.. 93	Cloudy.
.... 22	52	65	55	30 10	Fair.
.... 23	55	68	55	.. 14	Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Journey in Ireland,' and the 'Complaint,' in our next.

The Lines on the Death of G. W. S.'s Infant display more affection than poetry.

J. W. R. has been received.

If Mr. Collet, instead of making himself ridiculous by writing angry notes, had turned to the file of *The Literary Chronicle* at any coffee-house, he would have found that his Garland of Wild Flowers was noticed about three months ago in our journal, namely, in No. 363.

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Works published since our last notice.—Tales of the Crusaders, 4 vols. 2l. 2s.—Lady Morgan's Absenteeism, 5s 6d.—Dupin's Commercial Power of Great Britain, 2 vols 1l. 8s.—Rose's Orlando Furioso, vol 3d, 9s 6d.—Country Vicar, and other Poems, 6s.—Phillips's Floral Emblems, coloured 30s., plain 21s.—Wolfe's Remains and Memoirs, two vols. 10s.—Prayers for Private Worship, 2s 6d.—Holland's Arithmetic, 2s.—Jamieson's Supplement to Scottish Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.—Lays of the Minnesingers, 8vo 14s.—Tales, by an Unwilling Author, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.—Howship on Indigestion, 7s.—Life of Archbishop Sharpe, 2 vols. 1l. 1s.—Dangeau's Memoirs of the Court of France 2 vols. 1l. 8s.—Jones's Prodigal's Pilgrimage, 3s 6d.—Critical Examination of Dr. Macculloch's Highlands, 8vo, 8s 6d.

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APOLLONICON.—EVENING PERFORMANCES.—LAST NIGHT.

—On THURSDAY next, June 30th, will be performed by Mr. THOMAS ADAMS, Messrs. GUICHARD, LORD, COOPER, and MONLEY, a grand Selection of Music, amongst which are the following favourite Pieces:—'Eighth grand Symphony,' and 'Te Deum'—Haydn.—Overture, 'Don Giovanni,' 'Benedictus,'—Requiem, 'Crudel Perche,' 'Dove Sono,' and 'Infelice Sconsolata,' by Mozart.—Celebrated Overture to 'Der Freischutz.'—Extempore Performances by Mr. Adams in which he will introduce the favourite Irish Melody, 'The Maid of the Valley,' and Purcell's Air, 'Full Fathom Five,' &c. &c. with Rondo and Fugue. To commence at Eight o'Clock.—Admittance, 2s. 6d.—No. 101, St. Martin's Lane.

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XIV. Easter Monday.
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Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, 417; Nichols's Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James I., 419; Tales of the Crusaders, 420; Harry and Lucy Concluded, by Maria Edgeworth, 423; Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, 424; Letters from Horace Walpole, 426; The Poet's Pilgrimage, by J. P. Collier, 427; The Economist of Time, 427; Truth and Fashion, 427; A Letter to the Right Hon. G. Canning on Usurpation in Brazil, 427—*Original:* A Two days' Journey in Ireland—the First Day, 428; The Lee-Penny, or Lee-Stone, 428; Nil-Admirari, No. vii. 429.—*Original Poetry:* The Complaint, 430.—*Fine Arts:* New Chapel, Regent Street, 430—*Bee*, 431.

No. 320. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; with its Causes from the Earliest Period, and its Consequences to the Present Time. Translated from the French of A. Thierry. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1464. London, 1825. Whittaker.

It is not a little remarkable that we are much indebted to the French for their works on England. Rapin, a Frenchman, has given us one of our best histories; De Lolme has written well on the nature of the English constitution; and Villemain has illustrated the life and times of Cromwell with considerable ability: there is also Baron Dupin, who, in a style at once vigorous and elegant, has written an invaluable description of our public works, and, with a liberality which cannot be too highly praised, has done justice to the superiority of our scientific artisans, and the excellent manner in which our public institutions of every class are supported: lastly, we have M. Thierry, who presents us with an excellent and elaborate history of the Norman sway in England. We confess we have somewhat of a foolish pride, perhaps, about us, when we object to calling the accession of the Duke of Normandy to the throne of England a conquest; for, although he gained the crown by overcoming Harold, yet it is well known that William claimed it as a lawful inheritance, and that in fact his title to it was nearly, if not quite, as good as that of Harold: be this, however, as it may, there is no doubt that the Norman invasion was an event of the highest importance in English history, and that its influence has extended even over a period of eight centuries, and will be felt for ages yet to come; 'for,' as M. Thierry well observes, 'whatever degree of territorial unity the great modern states may appear to have attained—whatever may be the community of manners, language, and public feeling, which the habit of living under the same government and in the same stage of civilization may have introduced among the inhabitants of each of those states—there is scarcely one of them which does not even now present living traces of the diversity of the race of men which, in course of time, have come together in it.'

This variety shows itself in the idioms, local traditions, dialect, political sentiments, or institutions of the country. The conquest of England—for so, with the protest we have entered, we shall for convenience' sake call it—by William, Duke of Normandy, is the last territorial conquest of any importance that has taken place in the western part of Europe; and, as the materials for a history of it are ample, M. Thierry has treated the subject at length, showing the causes which led to it, and the consequences it has produced. He has consulted only original texts and documents, from which he derived the various circumstances of the narrative, and in portraying the characters of individuals. He has sought in the national traditions, and in old popular poetry, for all that might furnish a just idea of the state of manners and feelings of the time to which the history relates. In point of style, M. Thierry has kept as closely as he could to the language of the old historians, and he has attended rather to narrative than dissertation. In one point M. Thierry's work is very valuable: it is not a mere record of the struggles of a hostile population against their invaders, but the author dwells on the influence of those struggles, not only over the various parts of the British empire, but in France. M. Thierry often, too, assumes new grounds, particularly in tracing the progress of the papal power, which, he contends, did not extend itself by a metaphysical influence alone, but by material means,—that, in short, if the popes did not go on military expeditions in person, they were parties to almost all the great invasions, and shared the spoil with the conquerors—even with conquerors who were still Pagan.

M. Thierry commences his work with a rapid sketch of the ancient population of Britain, and of its history previous to the Norman invasion: he gives a summary narrative of the occurrences which preceded and paved the way to this conquest, a complete recital of all the events connected with it, and an account of its effects on society. All these points are treated with great acuteness and impartiality; and the author, by the numerous authorities to which he refers, shows the extent of his researches, and his anxiety to come at the truth. Having thus given a general outline of the work, we shall not enter into a regular analysis of its contents, but make a few extracts, showing the author's style and manner of treating his subject. The first refers to the period when the last remnant of the purely British race was driven into Wales:—

'Thus disappeared from the whole island of Britain, excepting only the small and barren country of Wales, the race of the Celts, Cambrians, Lœgrians, and Britons, properly so called, of whom part had emigrated directly from the eastern extremities of Europe, and part had come into Britain, after a stay, longer or shorter, on the coast of Gaul. These feeble remains of a great people had the glory of keeping possession of their last corner of territory, against the efforts of an enemy immensely superior in numbers and resources; often vanquished, but never subjugated, and bearing through the course of ages the unshaken conviction of a mysterious eternity reserved for their name and their language. This eternity was foretold by the bards of the Welsh, from the first day of their defeat: and whenever, in after times, a new invader crossed the mountains of Cambria, after the most complete victories his captives would repeat to him: "Tis all in vain; thou canst destroy neither our name nor our language." Fortune, bravery, and, above all, the nature of the country, formed of rocks, lakes, and sands, justified these predictions, which, though rash ones, are a remarkable evidence of vigorous imagination in the little people who dared to make them their national creed.

'It is hardly too much to say, that the ancient British *feel* on poetry; for, in their political axioms which have been handed down to us, the bard, at once poet and musician, is placed beside the labourer and the artisan, as one of the three pillars of social life: their poets had one great and almost only theme—their country's destinies, her misfortunes, and her hopes. The nation, poetical in its turn, extended the bounds of fiction by ascribing fantastic meanings to their simplest words. The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive. If they sang not of Arthur's death, it was proof that Arthur yet lived: if the harper undesignedly sounded some melancholy air, the minds of his hearers spontaneously linked with this vague melody the name of some spot rendered mournfully famous by the loss of a battle with the foreign conquerors. This life of hopes and recollections gave charms, in the eyes of the latter Cambrians, to their country of rocks and morasses: though poor, they were gay and social, bearing the burden of distress lightly as some passing inconvenience, looking forward with unabated confidence to a great political revolution, by which they should regain all that they had lost, and (as one of their bards expresses it) recover the crown of Britain.'

The description of the Danish and Norwegian pirates who first invaded Britain is admirable. M. Thierry says:—

'The conversion of the Teutonic nations of the south to the Christian religion had broken every sort of tie between them and the Teutones of the north. The man of the north, in the eighth century, still gloried in the title of *son of Odin*, and treated the Germans, who were sons of the church, as bastards and renegades, making no distinction between them and the people they had conquered, but whose God they adored. Franks

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or Gauls, Long-bards or Latins—all were alike hateful to the man who had remained faithful to the ancient divinities of Germany; all alike were to be plundered or dragged into slavery. A sort of religious fanaticism and patriotic puritanism were thus allied in the souls of the Scandinavians with their disorderly spirit and insatiable thirst of gain. They were particularly fond of the blood of the priests and the gold taken from the churches; and would lodge their horses in the chapels of the palaces, when they had wasted with fire and sword some canton of the Christian territory. "We have sung the mass of lances," they would say in derision; "it began at the rising of the sun."

'Favoured by an easterly wind, the Danish and Norwegian boats, with two sails, arrived in three days off the southern coast of Britain. The soldiers of a whole fleet generally obeyed one only chief, whose vessel was distinguished from the rest by some peculiar ornament. The same chief still commanded, when the pirates had disembarked, and were marching in battalions on foot or on horseback. He was saluted by the Germanic title of *king*: but he was king only at sea and in the combat; for, in the festive hour, the beer-horn passed from hand to hand, without distinction of first or last. The *king of the sea*, or the *king of the battle*, was everywhere faithfully followed and always zealously obeyed; for he was always renowned as the bravest of the brave—as he who had never slept beneath a roof, nor ever drained the bowl on a sheltered hearth.

'He could govern a vessel as the good horseman manages his horse, running over the oars while they were in motion. He would throw three javelins to the mast-head, and catch them alternately in his hand, without once missing. Equal under such a chief, supporting lightly their voluntary submission and the weight of their coat of mail, which they promised themselves would soon be changed for an equal weight in gold, the pirates held their course gaily, as their old songs express it, along the track of the swans. Often were the fragile barks wrecked and dispersed by the north-sea storm—often did the rallying-sign remain unanswered; but this neither increased the cares nor diminished the confidence of the survivors, who laughed at the winds and the waves from which they had escaped unhurt. "The force of the storm," they would sing, "is a help to the arms of our rowers; the hurricane is in our service; it carries us the way we would go."'

The fatal battle of Hastings is well described; we have, however, only room for a short extract:—

'The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighbouring height, to pray, and witness the conflict. A Norman, named Taillefer, spurred his horse forward in front, and began the song of the exploits of Charlemagne and Rolland, famous throughout Gaul. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, God be our help! God be our help!

'As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers and crossbow-men began to discharge their arrows; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry, then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts, and endeavoured to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might descend over the rampart of the enemy's camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manœuvre; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Our lady! God be our help! God be our help!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the foreigners; it was rumoured that William was killed, and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with his lance; then, uncovering his head, "Here I am," cried he; "look at me; I am still alive, and with God's help I will conquer."

'The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but, as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position and their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately fly. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy axes. When they had lost their ranks, the openings of the redoubts were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the flag sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a standard, prolonged the struggle until it was so dark that the combatants on each side could recognise one another only by their language.'

Our concluding extract relates to the constableship of Chester, which forms so important an incident in the tale of 'The Betrothed.' The origin of this office is very curious. When the county of Chester was subdued by William, he gave it to Hugues d'Avranches, who was surnamed Le Loup, and bore a wolf's head on his escutcheon. He is described, by an ancient historian, as having 'poured forth Welsh blood like water:'—

'We are told by old accounts, that when Hugues-le-Loup had installed himself with the title of count in the province of Chester, he called over from Normandy one of his old friends, named Nigel or Lenoir; and that Lenoir brought with him five brothers, Houdard, Edouard, Volmar, Horswin, and Volfan. Hugues distributed among them lands in his county. He gave to Lenoir the town of Halton, near the river Mersey; and made him his constable and hereditary marshal—that is, wherever the Count of Chester was at war, Lenoir and his heirs were to march at the head of the whole army in going out, and to be the last in returning. They had, as their share of the booty taken from the Welsh, the beasts of all descriptions. In time of peace, they had the right of administering justice for all offences within the district of Halton, and made their profit of the fines. Their servants enjoyed the privilege of buying in the market at Chester before any one else, unless the count's servants had presented themselves first. Besides these prerogatives, the constable Lenoir obtained for himself and his heirs the control of the roads and streets during the fairs at Chester, the tolls of all the markets within the limits of Halton, all animals found astray in the same district, and, lastly, the right of stallage, and of selling, with an entire freedom from tax and toll, every sort of merchandise, excepting salt and horses.

'Houdard, the first of the five brothers, became to Lenoir nearly what Lenoir was to Count Hugues; he was hereditary seneschal of the constablery of Halton. Lenoir, his lord, gave him for his service and homage (such was the formula of the time) the lands of Weston and Ashton. Of the profits of the war, he had all the bulls taken from the Welsh; and the best ox, as a recompense for the man-at-arms, who carried his banner. Edouard, the second brother, received from the constable two bovatas of land at Weston. Two others, Volmar and Horswin, jointly received a domain in the village of Runcone. And the fifth, named Volfan, who was a priest, obtained the church of Runcone.

'These curious details are in themselves scarcely worthy of notice; but they may assist the reader to picture in his imagination the various scenes of the conquest, and give to the facts of greatest importance their local colouring. All the arrangements of interest, all the sharing of possessions and offices, which took place in the province of Chester, between the Norman governor, his first lieutenant, and the lieutenant's five companions,

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give a true and faithful idea of the transactions of the same kind, and at the same time, in every province of England. When the reader shall hereafter meet with the titles of count, constable, and seneschal,—when, in the course of this history, he finds any mention of the rights of jurisdiction, of markets, or of tolls, of the profits of war and of justice,—let him immediately call to mind Hugues d'Avranches, his friend Lenoir, and the five brothers who came with Lenoir: then, perhaps, he will perceive some reality under these titles and formulas, which, if examined apart from men and transactions, have no meaning whatever.'

(To be continued.)

The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James the First, his royal Consort and Family, and Court: comprising the splendid Masques exhibited at Court, the triumphal Pageants of the City of London, numerous Original Letters, &c. Illustrated with Notes, Topographical, Biographical, and Bibliographical. By John Nichols, F.S.A. Parts I. and II. 4to. London, 1825. Nichols and Son.

To no individual of the present day, or, we might say, age, is the public so largely indebted for illustrations of English history, whether connected with literature, politics, or topography, as to Mr. Nichols, whose advanced age is accompanied by unimpaired vigour and by a maturity of reflection which age alone could give.

The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, which preceded the work now before us, contained an invaluable collection of documents connected with the reign of that princess, and exhibited a faithful and lively picture of the manners of the court of the age. The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of James the First, though complete in themselves, take up the subject where the former volumes left it off, and may be considered as a necessary and valuable continuation of this branch of court history.

'In these volumes,' the author states, in his 'Address to the Public,' will be found all the attainable particulars, hitherto in great measure unpublished or widely scattered, of the sumptuous entertainments given to King James and his family in various corporate towns, and at the hospitable mansions of the nobility and gentry; details of the amusements of court, and the baptisms, marriages, and chivalric tilts, there celebrated.

'A considerable number of extremely rare tracts are here reprinted, not to be separately obtained but with great difficulty, and at an enormous expense. Amongst these are more than thirty masques, the productions of Ben Jonson, Daniel, Chapman, Beaumont, and others, and performed by the queen and the nobility, including those exhibited by the gentlemen of the four principal inns of court. As many "London pageants" of the period as the editor after the most diligent researches has been able to obtain, are also reprinted; and should any more of them be communicated during the period of the present publication, or any material correction or appropriate addition be received, they shall be inserted in the appendix which will accompany the concluding portion.

'The correspondence of the nobility and courtiers, with which these volumes abounds, includes many royal letters, and contains matter of the most interesting and amusing description; the greater part consisting of extracts from the long-continued and systematic familiar despatches of Mr. John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton; the marrow of which, selected with the most scrupulous nicety, is here first printed from Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum.'

This is a very modest statement of what the work really contains; it does not, however, do justice to the extraordinary industry and patient research displayed by the editor in collecting, arranging, and digesting his materials. Every page teems with some anecdote, either biographical, historical, or topographical. It is particularly rich in notes of the latter description, and the account of James the First's journey to London, on his succeeding to the throne, contains a description of almost every castle or town of importance at which he rested on his route. The work is indeed one which Mr. Nichols alone could have done, for he only who has devoted a long life to the subject could have collected, from sources so various and scattered, the scarce and valuable documents it contains, while the illustrative notes bespeak the most intimate acquaintance with the history of the times and of families.

The first part of this work, which will be completed in eighteen monthly parts, begins with a reprint of a tract published in 1603, 'Sorrowe's Ioy, or a Lamentation for our late deceased soveraigne Elizabeth, with a Triumph for the prosperous Succession of our gratious King James,' &c. Some of these tributes are rather uncouth, but they are generally quaint and fervent, and not unfrequently very extravagant; we shall select a couple:—

'TO THE KING HIS MAIESTIE.

'Is any peune so rich in poetrie,
As to pourtray thy matchless maiestie?
Can mortall wight conceit thy worthines,
Which fills the world's capacious bollownes?
Lo, then, the man which the *Lepanto** writ;
Or he, or els on earth is no man fit.
Request him, then, that he would thee commend,
Els neu'r thy worth may worthily be penn'd:
And yet, for all his royall eloquence,
Scarce may he figure forth thy excellence. T. B.

'ON THE DEATH OF OUR LATE QUEENE.

'They say a comet woonteth to appeare,
When princes' baleful destinie is neare:
So *Julius* starre was seen with fierie crest,
Before his fall to blaze amongst the rest!
Our starre is fall'n, and yet no bearded light
Did once amaze the sad beholders' sight;
For why, a comet meete to have showne her fall,
Would sure have set on fire heaven, earth, and all. THO. BYNG.'

Although James I. was the legitimate heir to the English throne, yet the council did not immediately on the death of the queen proclaim him king, but sat in deliberation some hours; and hence the intelligence concerning the death of Elizabeth was made known through the country, and even carried to James himself, before that concerning the proclamation of her successor. In some parts of the country, however, particularly at Winchester, the authorities did not wait for orders from the council, but proclaimed the new monarch. The news of Elizabeth's death was conveyed to James by Sir Robert Carey, who gives this account of the latter part of his mission:—

'"Very early on Saturday I took horse for Edenborough, and came to Norham about twelve at noone, so that I might well have been with the king at supper-time: but got a great fall by the way, and my horse with one of his heels gave mee a great blow on the head that made mee shed much blood. It made me so weake that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to the king's chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. Hee gave mee his hand to kisse, and bade me welcome.

'"After he had long discoursed of the manner of the queen's sicknesse and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the councill?† I told him none: and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I had brought him a blue ring: from a faire lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. Hee tooke it, and looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough: I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the charge of my Lord Hume, and gave streight

* The *Lepanto* made a part of "His Maiestie's Poetical Exercises at vacant Houres;" printed at Edinburgh in 1591.

* Sir Anthony Weldon informs us, that when James the First sent Sir Roger Aston as his messenger to Elizabeth, Sir Roger was always placed in the lobby; the hangings being turned so that he might see the queen dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end than that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition, how likely he was to come to the crown be so much thirsted after; and, indeed, when at her death this same knight, whose origin was low, and language suitable to that origin, appeared before the English council, he could not conceal his Scottish rapture, for, being asked how the king did, he replied, "Even, my lords, like a poore man wandering about forty years in a wilderness and barren soyle, and now arrived at the *Land of Promise.*"'

† The account of the blue ring which Lady Elizabeth Spelman gave to Lord Corke was this:—'King James kept a constant and private correspondence with several persons of the English court during many years before Queen Elizabeth died. Among them was Lady Scroope, sister to Sir Robert Carey; to whom his majesty sent, by Sir James Fullerton, a sapphire ring, with positive orders to return it to him by a special messenger as soon as the queen was actually expired. Lady Scroope had no opportunity of delivering it to her brother, Sir Robert, whilst he was in the palace of Richmond; but, waiting at the window till she saw him at the outside of the gate, she threw it out to him; and he well knew to what purpose he received it.'—*Bridges's Peers of King James, p.* 413.

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command that I should want nothing. Hee sent for his chirurgions to attend mee, and, when I kissed his hand at my departure, he said to mee these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a neere kinsewoman, and a loving mistresse; but take here my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward.' So I left him that night, and went with my Lord Hume to my lodging, where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was drest, I tooke leave of my lord and many others that attended mee, and went to my rest. The next morning by ten a'clock my Lord Hume was sent to me from the king, to know how I had rested; and withall said, that his majestie commanded him to know of mee, what it was that I desired most, that he should do for mee; bade me aske, and it should be granted. I desired my lord to say to his majestie from mee, that I had no reason to importune him for my suite, for that I had not as yet done him any service: but my humble request to his majestie was, to admitt mee a gentleman of his bed-chamber, and hereafter, I knew, if his majesty saw mee worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty. My lord returned this answer, that hee sent me word back, 'with all his heart I should have my request.' And the next time I came to court (which was some four dayes after) at night, I was called into his bed-chamber, and there by my Lord of Richmond, in his presence, I was sworn one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and presently I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed 'till he was in bed. After this there came daily gentlemen and noblemen from our court, and the king sett downe a fixed day for his departure towards London."'

On his accession James was very lavish of his promises, but soon forgot his friends; and this very Sir Robert Carey, who did him such good service, thus relates his ingratitude,—'I only relied on God and the king: the one never left me; the other, shortly after his coming to London, deceived my expectation, and adhered to those that sought my ruin.' As an instance of James's facility of promise take the following letter:—

"'James R.—To our trustie and wel-beloved Robert Lee, lord maior of our city of London, and to our wel-beloved the aldermen and commoners of the same.

"'Trustie and wel-beloved, wee greet you heartily well. Being informed of your great forwardnesse in that just and honorable action of proclaiming us your sovereigne lord and king, immediately after the decease of our late deerest sister the queen, wherein you have given a singular good proofe of your auncient fidelitie, a reputation hereditary to that our citie of London, being the chamber of our imperial crowne, and ever free from all shadowes of tumults and unlawful courses; we could not omit (with all speed possible we might) to give you hereby a taste of our thankfull minde for the same; and withall assurance that you cannot crave anything of us fit for the maintenance of you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, but it shall be most willingly performed by us, whose speciall care shall ever be to provide for the continuance and increase of your present happiness; desiring you in the meane time to goe constantly forward in all doing in and whatsoever thinges you shall find necessary and expedient for the good government of our sayd citie, in execution of justice, as you have beene in use to doe, in our saide deceased sister's time, till our pleasure be knowne to you on the contrary. Thus not doubting but you will doe, as you may be fully assured of our gratious favors towards you, in the first degree, wee bid you heartily farewell. Haly-roode House, the 28th of March, 1603."

We ought to observe that to the letters fac-similes of the writer's autographs are given. If James was ungrateful, it must be acknowledged that he was surrounded by some base sycophants, and among them we must class Sir John Harrington, as will be seen by the following extracts:—

'Sir John Harrington took an early opportunity of sending a compliment to the new sovereign, by transmitting

"'A new year's guift at Christmass, by Captaine William Hunter, 1602."

'1. A dark lantern*, made of fowre metells, gold, silver, brass, and iron.

'2. The top of it was a crowne of pure gold, which also did serve to cover a perfume-pan.

'3. Thear was within it a shield of silver embost, to give a reflexion to the light; on one side of which

'4. Was the sunn, the moone, and vii starrs.

'5. On the other side the story of the birth and passion of Christ as it is fownd graved by a king of Scots that was prisoner in Nottingham in a cell called, to this day, the King of Scotts prison†.

'6. The word was that of the good theife:

"'Lord remember me when thou comest in thie kingdom

Domine, memento mei cum veneris in regnum"

'And a little beneath: "*Post crucem lucrum.*"

'7. The wax candle, to be removed at pleasure to the top, and so to make a candlestick, stoode in a foot of brass.

'8. The snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steele plate.

'9. The perfume in a little silver globe, fild with musk and awmber.

"This "New Year's Guift" was accompanied by "Verses on the Lantern," in Latin and English; by others on the picture; by the "Farewell to his Muse;" and by the following "Welcome to the King:"—

"'Come, tryumph; enter church, court, citty, towne;
Heere James the Sixt, now James the First, proclaymed:
See how all barts ar beald, that erst were maymed,—
The peere is pleasd, the knight, the clarke, the clowne.
The mark, at which the malecontent had aymed
In mist, succession stablisht in the crowne,—
Joy, Protestant; Papist, be now reclayned;
Leave, Puritan, your supercillious frowne,
Joyn voice, hart, hand, all discord be disclaymed.
Be all one flock, by one great sheppard guided:
No foren wolf can force a fould so feared,
God for his house a Steward hath provided,
Right to dispose what erst was wrong dispenced.
But with a loyall love and long prepenced,
With all, yet more than all, rejoyce do I,
To conster Jam—es *Primus, et non VI.*"

This is sad servility, and Sir John Harrington was only one of the many whose gross flatteries made the king think himself more than human.

(*To be continued.*)

* "Fabricated," as Mr. Park judiciously observes, "at a moment when the lamp of life grew dim in the frame of Queen Elizabeth, and she began to 'bear shew of human infirmitie.'" It is curious as a tribute of court-craft; but it displays a "darkness visible" in the character of our politic knight; and proves that he was an early worshipper of the regal sun which rose in the north, though his own "Notes and Private Remembrances" would seem to indicate a different disposition:—

"'Here now wyll I rest my troublede mynde, and tende my sheepe like an Arcadian swayne, that hath lost his faire mistresse; for in soothe, I have loste the beste and faireste love that ever shepherde knew, even my gracious queene; and, sith my good mistresse is gone, I shall not hastily put forth for a new master. I leave oure newe kinge hath bangede one man before he was tyede; his strangely done; now, if the wynde blowethe thus, why may not a man be tryed before he hath offended?—I wyll keepe companie with none but my *ewes* and *bowes*, and go to Bathe and drinke sacke, and wash awaie remembraunces of paste times in the streames of Lethe."

† David II. king of Scots, is reported to have been confined in Nottingham Castle, and during that confinement to have sculptured the passion of our Saviour on the walls of his apartment: but Camden records the tradition without giving it much credence, and Stow does not contribute to its establishment as an historical fact. See Deering's History of the Town, and Thoroton's of the County, of Nottingham.

Tales of the Crusaders. By the Author of Waverley.

(Concluded from p. 408.)

In our last number we gave a very ample account of the first of the Tales of the Crusaders—the Betrothed, and the poetry of the second—the Talisman; and we shall now notice the story itself, which is more romantic and chivalrous, and fuller of interesting incident, than almost any of his former tales. It is altogether one of the best productions of this master spirit: nothing can surpass in richness or grandeur the description the author gives of the chivalrous scenes and character of the Saracens, and of the enthusiasm and gallant daring of Richard Cœur de Lion and the crusaders. The Herculean strength and impetuous courage of Richard, and the magnificence and magnanimity of the Soldan Saladin, are well known, but they never were described in terms so glowing or so vigorous before.

The hero of the tale of the Talisman is Sir Kenneth of the Couchant Leopard, a Scottish

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knight, who had proceeded to Palestine; and, after losing all his followers except his squire, who is sick, is seen journeying along the sandy deserts in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where he meets with a Saracen chief, Ilderim, whom he encounters, and almost defeats, when they, being satisfied with each other's valour, agree on a truce.

As these two personages may almost be considered the heroes of the tale, we shall quote our author's description of them:—

'The champions formed a striking contrast to each other in person and features, and might have formed no inaccurate representatives of their different nations. The Frank seemed a powerful man, built after the ancient Gothic cast of form, with brown hair, which, on the removal of his helmet, was seen to curl thick and profusely over his head. His features had acquired, from the hot climate, a hue much darker than those parts of his neck which were less frequently exposed to view, or than was warranted by his full and well-opened blue eye, the colour of his hair, and of the mustaches which thickly shaded his upper lip, while his chin was carefully divested of beard, after the Norman fashion. His nose was Grecian and well formed; his mouth a little large in proportion, but filled with well-set, strong, and beautifully white teeth; his head small, and set upon the neck with much grace. His age could not exceed thirty, but, if the effects of toil and climate were allowed for, might be three or four years under that period. His form was tall, powerful, and athletic, like that of a man whose strength might, in latter life, become unwieldy, but which was hitherto united with lightness and activity. His hands, when he withdrew the mailed gloves, were long, fair, and well-proportioned; the wrist-bones peculiarly large and strong; and the arms themselves remarkably well-shaped and brawny. A military hardihood, and careless frankness of expression, characterized his language and his motions; and his voice had the tone of one more accustomed to command than to obey, and who was in the habit of expressing his sentiments aloud and boldly, wherever he was called upon to announce them.

'The Saracen Emir formed a marked and striking contrast with the western crusader. His stature was indeed above the middle size, but he was at least three inches shorter than the European, whose size approached the gigantic. His slender limbs, and long spare hands and arms, though well proportioned to his person, and suited to the style of his countenance, did not at first aspect promise the display of vigour and elasticity which the Emir had lately exhibited. But, on looking more closely, his limbs, where exposed to view, seemed divested of all that was fleshy or cumbersome; so that nothing being left but bone, brawn, and sinew, it was a frame fitted for exertion and fatigue, far beyond that of a bulky champion, whose strength and size are counterbalanced by weight, and who is exhausted by his own exertions. The countenance of the Saracen naturally bore a general national resemblance to the eastern tribe from whom he descended, and was as unlike as possible to the exaggerated terms in which the minstrels of the day were wont to represent the infidel champions, and the fabulous description which a sister art still presents upon sign-posts. His features were small, well formed, and delicate, though deeply embrowned by the eastern sun, and terminated by a flowing and curled black beard, which seemed trimmed with peculiar care. The nose was straight and regular, the eyes keen, deep-set, black, and glowing, and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of his deserts. The person and proportions of the Saracen, in short, stretched on the turf near to his powerful antagonist, might have been compared to his sheeny and crescent-formed sabre, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod. The Emir was in the very flower of his age, and might perhaps have been termed eminently beautiful, but for the narrowness of his forehead, and something of too much thinness and sharpness of feature, or at least what seemed such in an European estimate of beauty.'

The two combatants become friends, and the Saracen offers to conduct Sir Kenneth to the Cavern of Theodric of Engaddi, whither the Knight of the Couchant Leopard says he is proceeding, when they encounter a sort of holy madman, who attacks the Saracen, on account of his singing the song of Ahriman, in our last No., which he considers to be blasphemous. This madman proves to be Theodric himself, who leads them to his cavern, where they repose. In the middle of the night, Sir Kenneth is led by Theodric to a chapel, cut out of the rock, where he is shown a fragment of the true cross: here, also, he encounters Edith Plantagenet, the niece of Richard I., who with the queen had repaired to Palestine. Our readers will find no difficulty in fixing this lady as the enamoured of Sir Kenneth.

The knight now proceeds to the camp of Richard, near Ascalon, where the king is confined by fever, and distracted with the dissentions of the crusaders. Sir Kenneth is accompanied by El-Hakim, a celebrated Moorish physician, whom the generous Saladin has sent to cure the King of England, whose followers, however, are somewhat suspicious of the experiment. It was then agreed that he should first try his skill on Sir Kenneth's squire, whom he cured principally by giving him some water to drink, in which he had dipped something which he concealed: this was the talisman. El-Hakim is next introduced to the king, and is equally successful.

The dissentions among the crusaders ripen into a conspiracy against Richard, between Aumary, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Conrade, Marquess of Montserrat, who, at a banquet given by the Archduke Leopold of Austria, urges the latter to go and pull down the banner of England, which waved over the others on St. George's Mount. Leopold, followed by the Austrians, is in the act of doing this, when Richard hears of it, and, though yet scarcely recovered, rushes out impetuously, seizes the banner of Leopold, on which he tramples, and dashes a gigantic Hungarian, who opposed him, to the ground. The protection of the sacred standard is now given to Sir Kenneth, who is led from his duty by a ring, sent from Edith, asking an interview in the king's tent. He leaves his faithful greyhound by the standard, and soon finds that the invitation was a silly trial of his love to Edith, made by the queen, and without her knowledge. On his return, he finds the standard gone, and his faithful dog apparently in the agonies of death. The dog is recovered by El-Hakim; but Sir Kenneth, who boldly went to the king to offer his life, as the punishment of his crime in deserting his post, is condemned to death by Richard. Neither the entreaties of Edith nor the queen will induce the king to revoke the sentence; but El-Hakim interposes, and the knight is given to him as a slave.

Conrade and the Grand Master of the Templars form a plot to assassinate the king, but are prevented by a Nubian slave. At a review of the crusaders, the Nubian, accompanied by his dog, is present; and the latter, on seeing Conrade, seizes him by the throat, having recognised him as the person who had carried off the king's standard, and nearly killed the faithful animal. Richard impeaches Conrade as a traitor, and offers to prove it by wager of battle. Some difficulty arises as to neutral ground for the combat, when Saladin is applied to to permit the lists to be erected within his camp.

The meeting of Richard and his attendants towards the Diamond Spring, where the combat was fixed, the brilliant array of the Arab troops, the compliment they paid to Richard by a shower of headless arrows, and the interview between the soldan and Richard, are admirably described. When the two monarchs saw each other—

'There was no need of farther introduction. The two heroic monarchs, for such they both were, threw themselves at once from horseback, and, the troops halting and the music suddenly ceasing, they advanced to meet each other in profound silence, and, after a courteous inclination on either side, they embraced as brethren and equals. The pomp and display upon both sides attracted no farther notice—no one saw aught save Richard and Saladin, and they too beheld nothing but each other. The looks with which Richard surveyed Saladin were, however, more intently curious than those which the soldan fixed upon him; and the soldan also was the first to break silence.

'"The Melec Ric is welcome to Saladin as water to this desert. I trust he hath no distrust of this numerous array. Excepting the armed slaves of my household, those who surround you with eyes of wonder and of welcome, are, even the humblest of them, the privileged nobles of my thousand tribes; for who that could claim a title to be present would remain at home when such a prince was to be seen as Richard, with the terrors of whose name, even on the sands of Yemen, the nurse stills her child, and the free Arab subdues his restive steed."

'"And these are all nobles of Araby?" said Richard, looking around on wild forms

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with their persons covered with backs, their countenance swart with the sunbeams, their teeth as white as ivory, their black eyes glancing with fierce and preternatural lustre from under the shade of their turbans, and their dress being in general simple, even to meanness.

"They claim such rank," said Saladin; "but, though numerous, they are within the conditions of the treaty, and bear no arms but the sabre—even the iron of their lances is left behind."

"I fear," muttered De Vaux in English, "they have left them where they can be soon found.—A most flourishing House of Peers, I confess, and would find Westminster Hall something too narrow for them."

"Hush, De Vaux," said Richard, "I command thee.—Noble Saladin," he said, "suspicion and thou cannot exist on the same ground.—See'st thou," pointing to the litters—"I too have brought some champions with me, though armed, perhaps, in breach of agreement, for bright eyes and fair features are weapons which cannot be left behind."

'The soldan, turning to the litters, made an obeisance as lowly as if looking towards Mecca, and kissed the sand in token of respect.

"Nay," said Richard,—"they will not fear a closer encounter, brother; wilt thou not ride towards their litters, and the curtains will be presently withdrawn?"

"That may Allah prohibit!" said Saladin; "since not an Arab looks on who would not think it shame to the noble ladies to be seen with their faces uncovered."

"Thou shalt see them then in private, brother," answered Richard.

"To what purpose?" answered Saladin, mournfully. "Thy last letter was, to the hopes which I had entertained, like water to fire; and wherefore should I again light a flame, which may indeed consume, but cannot cheer me?—But will not my brother pass to the tent which his servant hath prepared for him? My principal black slave hath taken order for the reception of the princesses—the officers of my household will attend your followers, and ourself will be the chamberlain of the royal Richard."

'He led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (*capa*), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melec Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and, looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter—this he placed on a block of wood.

'The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honour led him to whisper in English—"For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel."

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around—"thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

'The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a bedging-bill.

"By the head of the prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed.'

The lists appointed, everything was prepared for the duel, according to the usages of chivalry:—

'A temporary altar was erected just beneath the gallery occupied by the queen, and beside it stood the hermit in the dress of his order, as a Carmelite friar. Other churchmen were also present. To this altar the challenger and defender were successively brought forward, conducted by their respective sponsors. Dismounting before it, each knight avouched the justice of his cause by a solemn oath on the Evangelists, and prayed that his success might be according to the truth or falsehood of what he then swore. They also made oath, that they came to do battle in knightly guise, and with the usual weapons, disclaiming the use of spells, charms, or magical devices, to incline victory to their side. The challenger made his oath with a firm and manly voice, and a bold and cheerful countenance. When the ceremony was finished, he looked at the gallery, and bent his head to the earth, as if in honour of those invisible beauties which were inclosed within; then, loaded with armour as he was, sprung to the saddle without the use of the stirrup, and made his courser carry him in a succession of caracoles to his station at the eastern extremity of the lists. Conrade also presented himself before the altar with boldness enough; but his voice, as he took the oath, sounded hollow, as if drowned in his helmet. The lips, with which he appealed to heaven to adjudge victory to the just quarrel, grew white, as they uttered the impious mockery. As he turned to remount his horse, the grand master approached him closer, as if to rectify something about the sitting of his gorget, and whispered,—"Coward and fool!—recall thy senses, and do me this battle bravely; else, by Heaven, should'st thou escape him, thou escapest not *me!*"

'The savage tone in which this was whispered perhaps completed the confusion of the marquis's nerves, for he stumbled as he made to horse; and, though he recovered his feet, sprung to the saddle with his usual agility, and displayed his address in horsemanship as he assumed his position opposite to the challenger's, yet the accident did not escape those who were on the watch for omens, which might predict the fate of the day.

'The priests, after a solemn prayer, that God would show the rightful quarrel, departed from the lists. The trumpets of the challenger then rung a flourish, and a herald-at-arms proclaimed at the eastern end of the lists,—"Here stands a good knight, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, champion for the royal King Richard of England, who accuseth Conrade, marquis of Montserrat, of foul treason and dishonour done to the said king."

'When the words Kenneth of Scotland announced the name and character of the champion, hitherto scarce generally known, a loud and cheerful acclaim burst from the followers of King Richard, and hardly, notwithstanding repeated commands of silence, suffered the reply of the defendant to be heard. He, of course, avouched his innocence, and offered his body for battle. The esquires of the combatants now approached, and delivered to each his shield and lance, assisting to hang the former around his neck, that his two hands might remain free,—one for the management of the bridle, the other to direct the lance.

'The shield of the Scott displayed his old bearing, the leopard, but with the addition of a collar and broken chain, in allusion to his late captivity. The shield of the marquis bore, in reference to his title, a serrated and rocky mountain. Each shook his lance aloft, as if to ascertain the weight and toughness of the unwieldy weapon, and then laid it in the rest. The sponsors, heralds, and squires, now retired to the barriers, and the combatants sat opposite to each other, face to face, with couched lance and closed vizor, the human form so completely inclosed, that they looked more like statues of molten iron, than beings of flesh and blood. The silence of suspense was now general—men breathed thicker, and their very souls seemed seated in their eyes, while not a sound was to be heard save the snorting and pawing of the good steeds, who, sensible of what was about to happen, were impatient to dash into career. They stood thus for perhaps three minutes, when, at a signal given by the soldan, an hundred instruments rent the air with their brazen clamours, and each champion striking his horse with the spurs, and slacking the rein, the horses started into full gallop, and the knights met in mid space with a shock like a thunderbolt. The victory was not in doubt—no, not one moment. Conrade, indeed, showed himself a practised warrior; for he struck his antagonist knightly in the midst of his shield, bearing his lance so straight and true, that it shivered into splinters up to the very gauntlet. The horse of Sir Kenneth recoiled two or three yards and fell on his haunches, but the rider easily

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raised him with hand and rein. But for Conrade there was no recovery. Sir Kenneth's lance had pierced through the shield, through a plated corslet of Milan steel, through a *secret*, or coat of linked mail, worn beneath the corslet, had wounded him deep in the bosom, and borne him from his saddle, leaving the truncheon of the lance fixed in his wound. The sponsors, heralds, and Saladin himself, descending from his throne, crowded around the wounded man; while Sir Kenneth, who had drawn his sword ere yet he discovered his antagonist was totally helpless, now commanded him to avow his guilt. The helmet was hastily unclosed, and the wounded man, gazing wildly on the skies, replied,—"What would you more?—God hath decided justly—I am guilty—but there are worse traitors in the camp than I.—In pity to my soul, let me have a confessor!"'

The Master of the Templars assassinates Conrade, lest he should denounce him, and, proceeding to a banquet given by Saladin, is raising a cup of sherbet to his mouth, when the soldan, who had been informed of the murder, strikes off the head of the treacherous grand master. The story now draws to a close; and it is discovered that Ilderim and El-Hakim were Saladin himself in disguise, and that Sir Kenneth had not only personated the Nubian slave, who saved Richard's life, but that he is the Earl of Huntingdon, and Prince of Scotland, to whom Edith is united; and the soldan gives them the talismans as a nuptial present. Such is an outline of the story of the Talisman, one of the very best romances of the author of Waverley.

Harry and Lucy Concluded, being the Last Part of 'Early Lessons.' By Maria Edgeworth. 4 vols. London, 1825. R. Hunter.

The very sight of a work by Miss Edgeworth awakens delightful emotions. It gives not only the promise of high entertainment and profitable instruction, but of a thousand retrospective pleasures, united most probably to high gratitude for the advantages we have personally derived from her pages in the days of school-boy errors, or during that still more critical period when life was advanced and judgment immature. To whom has she not afforded invaluable lessons? To whom has she not given the purest pleasures? Whether we consider the acuteness of her delineations on character, the unaffected brilliancy of her dialogue, the ease and accuracy of her narrative, the dramatic combinations and developments of her story, and the excellent tendency of the whole, we are alike induced to admire the extent of her knowledge and talents, and to revere the benevolence and philanthropy which led to their exertion.

Preserving that partiality for children, which, happily for them, has led, in years passed, to such beneficial results, and combining with it that deep veneration of lively affection for her father, *his* wishes, and *his* works, which Miss Edgeworth has been long known to possess in an extraordinary degree, she now offers the last aids to education which can be given to early life. There are many persons who will say they are glad she has finished with children—that she has satisfied her conscience in pouring out the accumulated stores of her cultivated mind and memory in their behalf, and will now have leisure to bestow upon her mature admirers another 'Patronage' or a few volumes of tales; nor do we pretend (with all our love for the rising generation) not to unite most sincerely in the desire thus implied. We do not affect to wish she should repose on her laurels, and rest satisfied, as she well might do, with past labours; on the contrary, we believe that genius is inexhaustible,—that, like jealousy, it 'makes the meat it feeds on,' and that spirits of a higher order never run to lees, though they may, from carelessness, ill-health, and many other causes, present to the world occasionally works unworthy of their own high names. Lord Byron did this; but we nevertheless wish that he were writing for us now. The Great Unknown has done it; but we rejoice that he is still with us, and as capable as ever of commanding spirits from the vasty deep' of past times to do his bidding. For Miss Edgeworth there must be no rest on this side the grave, so far as rest implies inaction; but we much question whether, with an imagination so vivid, and habits so trained as her's, rest could be obtained, save in labour: however, for the present, we will 'leave her alone with her glory,' and examine the work before us.

Harry and Lucy, those interesting little personages, with whom, as well as Rosamond and Frank, all our readers, or their children, must be well acquainted, in this work mutually assist each other in examining mechanics, optics, manufactories, electricity, mathematics, &c. Numerous experiments, explanations, and descriptions arise, which may be read by much older persons with advantage than those for whose benefit they are written, but yet are offered with that peculiar adaptation to infantine understandings for which the author is remarkable. In her preface she justly observes,—'Young people of good disposition learn with peculiar ease from each other, because the young teacher has not forgotten his own difficulties; knowing exactly where they lay, he sees how to remove them, or to assist another over the obstacles. The great preceptor, standing on the top of the ladder of learning, can hardly stretch his hand down to the poor urchin at the bottom, looking up to him in despair; but an intermediate companion, who is only a few steps above, can assist him with a helping hand,—can show him where to put his foot in safety; and, now urging, now encouraging, can draw him up to any height within his own attainment.'

The following extract will explain the nature of the work:—

'"Well, now to business," said their father. "What do you wish to learn first, Lucy?"

'She said that she wished to be made perfectly acquainted with the air-pump, because Harry had reproached her with not having understood that fine poetic description of it, which she had learned by heart, and repeated. He said that, to be sure, he could easily make her understand his uncle's air-pump, because she already knew the principle of a common water-pump.

'"Do I?" said Lucy, smiling; "I did not know that I knew it;" and here she again thought of the man who had talked prose all his life, without knowing it; but she refrained from making an allusion to him, though it was ready on her lips. Harry recalled to her mind the experiments which their father had shown them two years ago.

'"Do not you remember," said he, "the experiment he showed us, with a roll of tape that was put under a wine-glass, which was turned down, and plunged into a basin of water; and then the tape was pulled out, and unrolled by degrees?"

'Lucy remembered all this.

'"And what happened," said Harry, "when the tape was pulled from under the glass?"

'Lucy answered, "That the water rose in the glass."

'"And why?" said Harry.

'"Because, when the tape was taken out, there was left in its place a vacancy, a vacuum you call it; then the water which was in the basin rose into that vacant place."

'"And why did it rise?" pursued Harry.

'"Because it was pressed by the weight of the air, pressing on all the water in the basin, and it was forced up in the glass, where there was no air, nothing to prevent or resist it."

'"Very well; now I am satisfied," said Harry. "You remember it clearly."

'"Because I understood it clearly at the time it was first shown to me," said Lucy; "my father was so patient, and explained it to me so slowly and clearly."

'"Well," said Harry, "you have proved to me that you understand the first principle on which pumps are made, for all depends on making a vacuum, into which the water rises, or is raised. The first thing to be done is to make a vacuum. Now, Lucy, in a common pump, such as there is in the yard for pumping up water, *where* do you think the vacuum must be before the water can rise?"

'Lucy said, she supposed that it must be in the inside of the body or *tube* of the pump.

'"Yes, we call it the *bore*," said Harry. "Now tell me how you would make a vacuum within it."

'"Oh! my dear Harry, that is too difficult a question for me," said Lucy. "How can I tell how to make a vacuum in the *bore*, as you call it, of a great pump?"

'"Where is the difficulty?" said Harry. "Do not be frightened by the word *bore*; or, if you are alarmed by the idea of a great pump, suppose a little one, as small as you please; as small, suppose, as the glass tube of the barometer."

'"That would be easy to suppose; but could there be so small a pump?" said Lucy.

'"To be sure, as well as of the largest size; only it would raise less water. But now go on straight forward, Lucy, my dear; do not ask me any of your starting-off questions. You must let me ask you questions, and you are to answer."

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"'If I can," said Lucy.

"'You can, I assure you, my dear," said Harry, in his most persuasive tone, "if you will only believe that you can, and keep steady. I ask you how you would make a vacuum in this tube?"

"'Let me consider—let me recollect. What did my father do when he made a vacuum in the wine-glass?" said Lucy to herself. "He put in a roll of tape, which filled up the whole glass, and then drew it out, little by little, so as not to let any air into the glass, while he was pulling it out again. But I cannot get a roll of tape into the small tube," said Lucy.

"'No, not a roll of tape," said Harry; "but if you consider what was the purpose or use of putting the roll of tape into the glass, and drawing it out again, you will perceive that putting in and drawing out anything else in the same manner would do as well."

"'The purpose was first to force the air that was in the glass out of it," said Lucy, "and to prevent any more afterwards from getting into the place which the tape took up, and which remained vacant as it was drawn out, leaving a vacuum at last."

"'Now you are coming on very well, Lucy," said Harry.

"'If I can put in anything of any sort into the little tube, which forces the air out, and then if I could keep the air out, there would be a vacuum for you, Harry."

"'Very well, you will now quite understand a pump, and you will soon know how to use it, Lucy."

"'As to that," said Lucy, "I know how to pump already, only I am not strong enough."

"'Stay! stay! Lucy; knowing how to pull a handle up and down, which I suppose is all you mean, is not understanding what I mean by knowing what pumping is, or how it is done."

"'I have seen men and maids often pumping at the pump in the yard," said Lucy.

"'What happens when they pump?" said Harry.

"'The water comes out of the spout, after they have pumped a little while," said Lucy.

"'What do you mean by pumping?" persisted Harry.

"'I cannot tell you exactly, Harry, because I never saw the inside of the pump. I only know that they move the handle up and down; and I believe there is something fastened to it, which I suppose brings up the water; but I do not know how exactly."

"'I believe not, indeed," said Harry; "then you see, Mrs. Quick-Quick, you did not understand what I meant by pumping. Now come with me, and I will show you in my room the nice glass pump which my father made for me. You cannot see into the inside of the pump in the yard, but when once you have seen my glass pump you will understand the inside of all others."

"He showed her, in the first place, a glass tube, in which there was a spout near the top. The tube was open at the top, and at the bottom there was a little door or valve, which opened upwards only; he poured water into this tube, to show her that the water would rest upon this valve, without its letting any of it through: he then emptied out the water. "Now," said he, "you know there is nothing but air in this tube. Look at this, which is called the piston of a pump." The piston was a cylinder, which fitted tight into the tube; at the top of it there was a valve like that at the bottom of the tube, which also opened one way, and that was upwards. Harry pushed it up several times with his finger, to show Lucy that it opened easily, and he made her feel that it did so. He then put the tube into a tub of water, the tube resting on two blocks of wood, which raised it from the bottom of the tub, so that there was room for the water to flow in through the lowest valve. Lucy, as he desired, held the glass tube upright, while he pushed down the piston, to which there was a long handle.

"'Now, Lucy, what happens within-side of the tube?" said Harry.

"'Nothing that I know of," said she; "but that you have pressed the air in the tube closer together."

"'Very true; do you see the valve at the bottom? Is it shut or open?"

"Lucy said it was shut.

"'And what keeps it shut?"

"'The air that you are pressing down upon it," said Lucy.

"He pressed the piston down farther.

"'Now look again," said he, "and tell me what happens."

"'I see the little door at the top of the piston open," said she.

"Harry asked her what she thought had opened it.

"'The air," said she, "underneath it, which I suppose you could not compress any more, and which has forced its way up."

"He now drew up the piston, and again asked what happened. Lucy saw the valve at the top of the piston shut, and she saw the water rush through the valve at the bottom of the glass pump, and rise in its tube. And when Harry again plunged down the piston, the water came through the valve in the piston, and when he drew it up again it carried up all the water to the top of the tube, where it flowed out of the spout.

"'Just as it does in the great real pump," said Lucy.

"'And now you do know what I mean by pumping," said Harry.

"He pumped on for some time, and then let her take the handle, and work for herself. He questioned her, and made her repeat her explanation, till he was satisfied, and she was satisfied, that she clearly understood, that the thing to be done in pumping, and by pumping, is to force the air out of a certain space, to produce a vacancy or vacuum, into which the water rushes and rises; "Or rather," said Harry, "to speak more accurately, is pressed and supported by the surrounding air and water. Perhaps I ought to tell you, that there is no *perfect* vacuum; but I will not be too exact with you at first, lest I should tire you: therefore I will not tell you all the differences between a lifting-pump, and a sucking-pump, and a forcing-pump; besides, I am not sure that I know them all myself. I will not tell you even about water always finding its own level."

"'I am very much obliged to you," said Lucy.

This work is in four volumes, which are remarkably well got up—a matter of great consequence in all books designed for youth, especially one of the present description.

Traditions of Edinburgh; or, Sketches and Anecdotes of the City in former Times. By Robert Chambers. Parts I. to IV. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1825.

Some of the parts of this work have reached a second, and even a third, edition; nor are we in the least surprised at it, as they contain many curious anecdotes and interesting recollections of Edinburgh, well worthy of permanent record.

As there is neither prospectus nor preface, we are left to judge of the plan of the work from the parts which have already appeared, and not from any detail of its nature and objects by the author. The first three parts are appropriated to an account of old houses, remarkable for their architecture, from their having been the birthplace or residence of some distinguished person, or from some extraordinary circumstances connected with them. The fourth part, which commences the second volume, contains an account of the most remarkable characters of the last century. Without much attention to method or arrangement, the author leads us in an agreeable gossipping style along the wynds and streets, not of *Modern* Athens, but of the old town of Edinburgh, and, like a good guide, points out everything worthy of notice to our attention, relating, at the same time, the anecdotes connected with each. We greatly admire the plan and execution of the work, and trust that Mr. Chambers will have all the assistance his fellow-townsmen can give him, to perpetuate the traditions of Edinburgh; nor would we have him relinquish his work without an illustrative volume of views of the most remarkable objects.

Mr. Chambers commences with remarking the singular vicissitude the ancient part of Edinburgh has experienced within the last century; the houses which, in 1773, were the mansions of the higher ranks are now the habitations of persons of the humblest class of society: he then gives a very good sketch of the history of Edinburgh, tracing its progress through distant ages. In this we shall not follow the author, but discursively quote a few of the many interesting anecdotes with which the work abounds; and, first,—

The Union.—It has been mentioned in several late works, that the union was signed in a summer-house, or harbour, in the garden behind the Earl of Murray's house, in the Canongate. But this, though an extremely curious fact, is only part of the truth, if a still more recondite tradition, which we have now the pleasure of recording, is to be relied upon. It is allowed by our authority, that four lords commissioners signed the union in the sand harbour; but the mobs, which then kept the city in a state of the most outrageous disorder, getting knowledge of what was going on, the commissioners were interrupted in their

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proceedings, and had to settle upon meeting in a more retired place, when opportunity offered. An obscure cellar in the high street was fixed upon, and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen whose signatures had not been procured in the summer-house then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract; after which they all immediately decamped for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented. The place in which the deed was thus finally accomplished is pointed out as that *laigh shop*, opposite to Hunter's Square, entering below Mr. Spankie's shop, being No. 177, High Street, and now occupied as a tavern and coach-office, by Mr. Peter Macgregor. It was, in remote times, usually called the Union Cellar, but has entirely lost that designation in latter years.'

Ostentation.—'It was formerly considered a great affair to go out to George's Square to dinner; and on such an occasion a gentleman would stand half an hour at the Cross, in his full dress, with powdered and bagged hair, sword and cane, in order to tell his friends *with whom* and *where* he was going to dine!'

Argyle Square.—'Argyle Square appears to be of considerably older date than the other new streets erected in the Old Town. A tradition has been communicated to us, which places its date nearly ninety years back. It is said to have got its name upon the following very curious occasion. A tailor, in London, named Campbell, having secured the good graces of his chief, the Duke of Argyle, was promised the first favour which that nobleman's acquaintance and interest with the court should throw in his way. Accordingly, upon the death of George the First, which took place abroad, the duke receiving very early intelligence, concealed it from the whole court for a few hours, and only divulged the important news to his friend, the tailor, who, ere his less-favoured brethren in trade were aware, went and bought up all the black cloth in town, and forthwith drove such a trade in supplying people with mournings, at his own prices, that he shortly realized a little fortune, and laid the foundation of a greater. This he afterwards employed in building a few of the houses in Argyle Square, and conferred that name on them in honour of his patron.'

'Another, and perhaps more authentic account, bears, that Argyle Square got its name from George Campbell, wright-burgess of Edinburgh, who, as we learn from *writs*, built tenements in the square previous to 1756. We have been told that this George Campbell was nick-named *the curse of Scotland*, from his name being the same with that of the detested personage who commanded the truculent party at Glencoe, whose warrant for the proceedings of his party is said to have been written on the back of a nine-of-diamonds card. We still hear this card occasionally called *the curse of Scotland*.'

Value of Property.—'A well-authenticated tradition affirms, that, about ninety years ago, the magistrates offered, to a residenter of Canonmills, all the ground between Gabriel's Road and the Gallowlee, in perpetual feu, at the annual rent of a crown bowl of punch; but so utterly worthless was the land, producing only heath and whins, that the offer was rejected. The territory in question would at this day be worth ten thousand pounds a year; and there is every probability that that value will shortly be doubled.'

Sand-Glass.—'In Dr. Cullen's time, it was the custom of physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulses of their patients. I have seen the sand-glass which Dr Cullen used to carry about with him, in his large skirt-pocket. It is twice as large as the common kitchen sand-glasses of modern times, and resembles in shape the uncouth chronometers which are so prevalent upon old gravestones. Considering it valuable as a memorial of former customs, and still more so as a relic of the illustrious Cullen, I exerted myself in obtaining it from the hands of a private individual, and it is now in the possession of one who can well appreciate its value—Sir Walter Scott.'

William Mitchell.—'William Mitchell, a crazed white-iron smith, lived in a cellar at the Bow Head, and occasionally held forth as an orator or preacher. What his peculiar tenets were we do not strictly know, but understand them to have been founded upon the opinions held by the rigid party of the church of Scotland before the revolution. Mr. Mitchell was altogether a strange mixture of fanaticism, madness, and humour. He published many pamphlets and single sheets, very full of amusing nonsense and generally adorned with a wooden cut of the Mitchell arms. Some of his poetry was reprinted about twenty years ago by Messrs Oliver and Boyd, in small parcels, and sold at one penny. His verses possess humour equal to that of some of (his cotemporary) Allan Ramsay's, but are debased by great coarseness and obscenity. In one of his prose pieces, he gives a curious account of a journey which he made into France, where, he affirms, "the king's court is six times bigger than the King of Britain's; his guards have all feathers in their hats, and their horse-tails are to their heels; and their king is one of the best-favoured boys that you can look upon,—blythe like, with black hair; and all his people are better natured in general than the Scots or English, except the priests. Their women seem to be modest, for they have no fardingales. The greatest wonder I saw in France, was to see the braw people fall down on their bended knees on the clarty ground, when the priest comes by carrying the cross, to give a sick person the sacrament."'

The Queensberry Family.—'Duchess Catherine, before her marriage, had been confined in a *strait-jacket*, on account of mental derangement; and her conduct in married life was frequently such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment. She was, in reality, insane, though the politeness of fashionable society, and the flattery of her poetical friends, seem rather to have attributed her extravagancies to an agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind. What confirms this opinion, is, that her brother was as clever and as mad as herself, and used to amuse himself by hiding a book in his library and hunting for it after he had forgot where it was deposited.

'Her grace was no admirer of Scottish manners. One of their habits she particularly detested,—the custom of eating off the end of a knife, which is still too prevalent in this "nation of gentlemen." When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats; and then she would horrify the offending persons, by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver.

'When in Scotland, her grace always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. This she seems to have done in order to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanor of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her grace proposed a walk, and they were of course under the disagreeable necessity of trooping off in all the splendour of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flounces. Her grace, at last, pretending to be tired, sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find, at the end of a farm-house, and invited the poor draggled fine ladies to seat themselves around her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse. Her grace had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks. Let womankind conceive, as only womankind can, the rage and spite that must have possessed their bosoms, and the battery of female tongues that must have opened upon her grace, so soon as they were free from the restraint of her presence!

'When she went out to an evening-entertainment and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made her grace that no harm was done, &c., delighted her exceedingly.

'Her custom of dressing like a *paysanne* once occasioned her grace a disagreeable adventure at a review. On her attempting to approach the duke, the guard, not knowing her rank or relation to him, pushed her rudely back. This put her into such a passion, that she could not be appeased till his grace assured her that the men had been all soundly flogged for their insolence.

'An anecdote scarcely less laughable is told of her grace, as occurring at court, where she carried to the same extreme her attachment to plain dealing and plain dressing. An edict had, it seems, been issued, forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the duchess, whose rustic costume would have been by no means complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door, the lord in waiting stopped the duchess, and told her that he could not possibly give her grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked

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on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle!'

Some very curious anecdotes are related of Lord Lovat, who suffered on Tower Hill, for the rebellion in 1745; but they are not creditable to his memory. In an account of Lord Alva's second daughter, Jane Erskine, who became the wife of Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Ellerland, Mr. Chambers inserts an unpublished elegy, by Lord Hailes. It is as follows:—

'From heath-clad hills return'd, and deserts drear,
With raptures I beheld my native shore;
Short gleam of joy!—fame sounded in my ear,
"Thy much-lov'd friend Amanda is no more."

'Oh, she was gentle all, of blameless truth;
Unstain'd her purity, her sense sublime,
Mature her judgment in the bloom of youth—
And was this flow'ret crept before its time!

'She died—eternal wisdom so decreed;
Dread Father, we submit—thy will be done!
Yet must our hearts with fond remembrance bleed,
Yet friendship must bewail Amanda gone.

'Witness the tears that for Amanda flow,
Witness her kindred sore with grief oppress'd,
Witness her hoary parent's pensive woe,
And sighs quick throbbing from her consort's breast.

'Tis thine to guard their innocence from ill,
To check by blame, to cherish by applause,
'Tis thine to bend their yet untutor'd will,
And mould their tender souls to reason's laws.

'Amanda, partner of my soul, farewell!—
My soul shall ever for thine absence mourn:
Rememb'ring thee, the faithful muse shall tell,
That humble virtues best thy sex adorn.

'Go, seraph—go—thy native skies regain,
The mansions bless'd of immortality—
Thy death hath taught us all below is vain,
May thine example teach us how to die!'*

We are unwilling to trespass on this truly interesting work, but shall have an opportunity of turning to it again, when some more numbers appear.

* Taken *verbatim* from a copy in the possession of one of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's descendants.

LETTERS FROM HORACE WALPOLE.

(Continued from p. 410.)

THE parliamentary debates at this period were very incorrectly reported, and Walpole mentions many speeches, particularly a brilliant one by General Conway, which is nowhere to be found. The subject was Wilkes:—

'Imagine,' says Walpole, 'fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the house in a tumult of continued applause: imagine the ministers thunder-struck, lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the court. No, it was *unique*; you can neither conceive it, nor the exclamations it occasioned. Ellis, the forlorn hope, Ellis presented himself in the gap, till the ministers could recover themselves, when on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*, spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun.'

Here Walpole tinges his approbation of Lord George's politics but this allusion to Minden, where his lordship had *not* 'led up the Blues.' Now for a *bon-mot*:—

'Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable *bon-mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.'

To relish Mr. Townshend's jest, one must recollect that, in the finance of that day, the duties of *tonnage* and *poundage* held a principal place. The following extracts, from a letter written on the 15th of February, 1764, relate to the debates on general warrants:—

'My dear Lord,—You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment. Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and calculate if I am weary. In short, yesterday then was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons—why, on the Westminster election at the end of my father's reign, I was at home by six. On Alexander Murray's affair, I believe, by five—on the militia, twenty people, I think, sat till six, but then they were only among themselves, no heat, no noise, no roaring. It was half an hour after seven this morning before I was at home. Think of that, and then brag of your French parliaments!

'What is ten times greater, Leonidas and the Spartan *minority* did not make such a stand at Thermopylæ, as we did. Do you know, we had like to have been the *majority*? Xerxes* is frightened out of his senses; Sysigambis† has sent an express to Luton to forbid Phrantes‡ coming to town to-morrow; Norton's§ impudence has forsaken him; Bishop Warburton is at this moment reinstating Mr. Pitt's name in the dedication to his sermons, which he had expunged for Sandwich's‖; and Sandwich himself is—at Paris, perhaps, by this time, for the first thing I expect to hear to-morrow is that he is gone off.

'Now are you mortally angry with me for trifling with you, and not telling you at once the particulars of this *almost-revolution*. You may be angry, but I shall take my own time, and shall give myself what airs I please both to you, my lord ambassador, and to you, my lord secretary of state, who will, I suppose, open this letter—if you have courage enough left. In the first place, I assume all the impertinence of a prophet,—aye, of that great curiosity, a prophet, who really prophesied before the event, and whose predictions have been accomplished. Have I, or have I not, announced to you the unexpected blows that would be given to the administration?—Come, I will lay aside my dignity, and satisfy your impatience. There's moderation.

'We sat all Monday hearing evidence against Mr. Wood, that dirty wretch Webb, and the messengers, for their illegal proceedings against Mr. Wilkes. At midnight, Mr. Grenville offered us to adjourn or proceed. Mr. Pitt humbly begged not to eat or sleep till so great a point should be decided. On a division, in which though many said aye to adjourning, nobody would go out for fear of losing their seats, it was carried by three hundred and seventy-nine to thirty-one, for proceeding—and then—half the house went away. The ministers representing the indecency of this, and Fitzherbert saying that many were within call, Stanley observed, that, after voting against adjournment, a third part had adjourned themselves, when, instead of being within *call*, they ought to have been within *hearing*: this was unanswerable, and we adjourned.

'Yesterday we fell to again. It was one in the morning before the evidence was closed. Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing. However, the *arcana imperii* have been wofully laid open.

'I have heard Garrick, and other players, give themselves airs of fatigue after a long part—think of the speaker, may think of the clerks taking most correct minutes for sixteen hours, and reading them over to every witness; and then let me hear of fatigue! Do you know, not only my Lord Temple,—who you may swear never budged as spectator,—but old Will Chetwynd, now past eighty, and who had walked to the house, did not stir a single movement out of his place, from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning. Nay, we had *patriotesses*, too, who staid out the whole: Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes the first day; both again the second day, with Miss Mary Pelham, Mrs. Fitzroy, and the Duchess of Richmond, as patriot as any of us. Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. George Pitt, and Lady Pembroke, came after the opera, but I think did not stay above seven or eight hours at most.

On a division there were for the ministers two hundred and seven; against them one hun-

* The king, George III.

† The princess dowager.

‡ Lord Bute. Luton was his seat in Bedfordshire.

§ Mr. Walpole was too sanguine: Sir Fletcher had not even lost his *boldness*, for in the further progress of the adjourned debate we shall find that he told the house that he would regard their resolution of no more value (*in point of law*, must be understood) than the vociferations of so many *drunken porters*.

‖ Lord Sandwich was an agreeable companion and an able minister; but one whose moral character did not point him out as exactly the fittest patron for a volume of sermons; and he was at this moment so unpopular, that Mr. Walpole affects to think he may have been intimidated to By.

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dred and ninety-seven, upon which Walpole, who was in the minority, well observes, that a majority of only ten is a defeat. In concluding his letter, he says—

'Well! now would you believe how I feel and how I wish? I wish we may continue the minority. The desires of some of my associates, perhaps, may not be satisfied, but mine are. Here is an opposition formidable enough to keep abler ministers than messieurs the present gentlemen in awe. They may pick pockets, but they will pick no more locks. While we continue a minority, we shall preserve our characters, and we have some too good to part with. I hate to have a camp to plunder; at least, I am so Whig, I hate all spoils but the *opima spolia*. I think it, too, much more creditable to control ministers than to *be* ministers—and much more creditable than to be *mere* ministers ourselves.'

On another debate, the ministerial majority was only two hundred and thirty-two to two hundred and eighteen, and great exertions were made to strengthen the numbers. Walpole says—

'You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the house looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us*; Herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that, from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

'The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the patriotesses dined in one of the speaker's rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse, while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at loo!'

Mr. Walpole is as attentive to the doings in the drawing-room as in the Chapel of St. Stephen's; but, though he frequented balls, would not 'turn a ball and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles, into his charming new gallery at Strawberry.' A ball given by the Duchess of Queensberry is thus described:—

'Last Thursday the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances; as she had enjoined every body to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell sisters, all were left out but Lady Strafford. Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who, having bad colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord *Beaulieu*, instead of Lord Montagu. This, her grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that, some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,—

'"Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all."

'I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields. The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn, George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.'

We shall conclude for the present with one of the editor's anecdotes connected with Helvetius:—

'He was the author of a dull book, misnamed *De l'Esprit*. We cannot resist repeating a joke made about this period on the occasion of a requisition made by the French ministry to the government of Geneva, that it should seize copies of this book *De l'Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle d'Orleans*, which were supposed to be collected there in order to be smuggled into France. The worthy magistrates were said to have reported that, after the most diligent search they could find in their whole town no trace "*De l'Esprit*, et pas une *Pucelle*."'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Poet's Pilgrimage: an Allegorical Poem, in Four Cantos. By J. Payne Collier. Small 4to. pp. 120. London, 1825. Prowett.

An accidental circumstance is said to have led to the publication of the Poet's Pilgrimage: the author submitted it, in manuscript, to Mr. Charles Lamb, with a letter subscribed with his initials, requesting his opinion on its merits. Mr. Lamb thought it had come from Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante, and sent it to that gentleman in return, as he thought, with a letter, advising him to print it forthwith; an *éclaircissement* ensued, and Mr. Collier, flattered by the praise of a gentleman of Mr. Lamb's acumen, determined to follow the advice given, and sent the Poet's Pilgrimage into the world. We scarcely know whether to congratulate the author on his good fortune or not, as, whatever may be the merit of the poem, neither the subject nor the style are of an attractive nature. The Poet's Pilgrimage, as the author acknowledges, in a dedicatory sonnet to Mr. Lamb,—

'Emulates the antique school;
Is written on that model, plan, and rule.'

It is, in fact, an imitation of Spenser though only so far as regards the stanza, for the poem is original enough in other respects. The style and subject are, however, alike unpromising, and we suspect even Byron himself could never have made them popular. Mr. Collier, therefore, must not be surprised if his admirers are few, though they may be such as to give their admiration the highest value. We would gladly give an extract, but it is not easy to detach a few stanzas which, unconnectedly, would be deemed interesting to our readers, or that would at all do justice to a poem which possesses much vigour, and displays a fine poetical imagination.

The Economist of Time; or, Golden Rules for becoming 'Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.' The Practical Economist of Time, and Moral Improver. London, 1825. Cole.

It is not a little remarkable, that many persons, with whom time is the only estate, act as if it was an entail that could not be alienated, or a property that could not be destroyed. We allude not to the mere idler, who is but a cumberer of the ground, who lives to eat, and does not eat to live; but there are many persons who waste time, more from a want of method than from indolence. The two little works now published form an excellent monitor and guide against this. The first dwells on the importance of a due employment of time, as conducive to happiness; and the second gives directions how best to employ it, and record our actions, so as to form a stimulus or warning for the future. These two useful volumes are got up with much taste.

Truth and Fashion: a Sketch. By F. R—n. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The truth of nature and the 'unreal mockery' of fashion are well contrasted in this novel, which is a clever sketch of society in high life. It exhibits a fine pattern of the fatal effects of vanity, and, as such, its moral is instructive, while the story itself is interesting.

A Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning, on Usurpation in Boroughs. By J. E. Elworthy. 8vo. pp. 25. London, 1825.

Mr. Elworthy having been for some time employed in the investigation of some records of the boroughs in Devon and Cornwall, has discovered that, 'in a majority of the chartered boroughs of those counties, the present right of selecting the burgesses, which is assumed by the aldermen or capital burgesses, is wholly illegal, and unauthorized either by the general law or the particular charters of each place;' that it is, in fact, a continuation or revival of the usurpations of Charles II. and James II.; and that 'the inhabitant householders of these boroughs, enrolled and sworn at the court leet, are the *liberi et legales homines* of the borough, who are the burgesses, and, as such, entitled to vote for members of Parliament.' These facts Mr. Elworthy labours to establish, and, we think, with much plausibility; at all events, the subject is worthy of investigation, and, if he can get the inhabitant householders of those abominations in the representative government, the Cornish boroughs, to petition Parliament, an investigation may be instituted, which, if it does not settle the question, may elicit much important information on the subject. The pamphlet is well worthy the attention of the legislature and the public.

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ORIGINAL.

A TWO-DAYS' JOURNEY IN IRELAND.

THE FIRST DAY.

'WHERE can this establishment be?' inquired I of my worthy host: 'monasteries and nunneries are so rare, in these modern times, that I am determined to visit it, before I bid Ireland adieu?' 'O,' said Joey, 'the distance is nothing—the walk full of pleasantness—the weather promises to be fair—and, with your permission, I will accompany you to the place.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'so let it be, and to-morrow the day.'

The above formed a part of our discourse, at a charming little cottage, where I had the good fortune to be a visitor, a few evenings ago; certainly one of the most rustic and inviting I have ever seen, in any part of the world. The pencil would convey a much better idea of it than the pen can do; but neither the one nor the other can do justice to the kind-heartedness and amiable simplicity of its possessors. These were the aforesaid Joe, and his maiden sister, Pamela, both well stricken in years, without being troubled with any great share either of the wisdom or frailties of grey hairs: they have lived through life in single blessedness, all in all to each other, their chief object being to enjoy comfort and banish care; an intention which, limited as are their circumstances, they manage well to fulfil, in that reciprocal accommodation and regard which makes every hearth where it exists hallowed by its presence. They are both very perfect, though very innocent oddities, differing in their whimsicalities, it is true, but so thoroughly acquainted with their various habits, that there arises no jarring of interests in the indulgence.

Joe was formerly an important limb of the British goverment, being clerk in the excise, which enabled him to sport his hunter and his dogs; and, although scarcely five feet high, and not more than seven stone in weight, a finer Nimrod never sat on saddle, since the days of that noted heathen. But he was destined, like other mortals, to taste the sweets, mingled with the bitters, of life; and a reformation in the state sent him, with thousands more, to the 'right about.' His heart would certainly have been broken, had it not been for the equanimity of his temper, which taught him to exchange the pleasures he enjoyed, on his high-mettled steed, for the more humble amusements of transplanting cabbages, bobbing for eels, trolling for pike, and sundry other less-aspiring pursuits. Thus he now passes away life, and, though somewhat given to the reflecting mood, forgets his cares, and is quite happy when he can talk over past scenes with a friend. He is so well satisfied with this world, that he is not at all anxious to exchange it for a better; and a cheerful fireside, which he sits to enjoy in an old easy arm-chair, with a glass of whiskey punch at his elbow, constitute a sort of earthly heaven in his estimation. Casuists may determine whether Joe be happy in reality: for my part, I think many go a much more round-about way to find it, without being equally successful.

The intended morning of our excursion teemed with rain, and compelled us to be content, for that day at least, with less honourable company than holy friars. Being thus deprived of my darling amusement, a walk, I should certainly have been put to hard shifts in passing away time, but for the amiable Pamela, who contrived to entertain me, by displaying the goodly stores of many a former generation. Old china, grotesque fans, mouldering books, were hauled into daylight, from those dark recesses where they had slept for ages, for my inspection; and I could not help imagining how many fair hands had flirted with those cooling appendages of fashion gone by, how many ruby lips had encircled the rings of her delicate teacups; how many eyes, now closed for ever, had wept over the pathetic tales which her ancient library contained.

Towards the middle of the day, the weather becoming less inauspicious, I was tempted to stroll about the cottage, that I might contemplate on the many highly picturesque openings which different positions afforded; and I should indeed have gone a long way before I fell in with their fellow. There were mountain and dale, river and streamlet, and a murmuring cascade. There were fields green as emeralds, and others white as snow: the first, the rich verdure of nature; the last, good linen bleaching in the air. Immediately beneath the hanging ground on which I stood, peeped out the unassuming roof of my friend's cottage; and I almost fancied I could smell the excellent culinary fare, which an unusual smoke, as it curled up from the chimney, announced to be preparing.

Thus passed away the hours until dinner; after which ceremony, whiskey being in free requisition, my host became quite a different character; for he is naturally extremely taciturn, and it is only occasionally, when the presence of a companion stimulates him to ply the glass briskly, that we can catch a glimpse of the true metal in his composition. Under such circumstances, Joe becomes a talkative facetious associate, his wit coming out in an exact ratio with the quantity of punch that goes in; and, as he by no means stinted himself in this article, we had an amazing flow of volubility from that eccentric little gentleman. One of his most favourite stories, on such impulses, is one where he was pressed into the service of his most gracious Majesty, as a vidette, in the year of the great rebellion, one evening, just about dusk, on his return from hunting, by a regiment of militia; which, being pretty nearly surrounded by parties of the enemy, and strange in the land, had fallen into a somewhat unpleasant predicament. Joe pleaded hard to be excused, alleging his own fatigue, and the broken-down condition of his horse, which, after the hard day's run they had encountered, had scarcely a leg to stand on; but the emergency of the moment admitted of no such palliatives, and he was obliged to comply, with as good an appearance of grace as a loyal subject under such provoking circumstances could muster. Thus travelled they, hour after hour, through the long night, my host flanked by the colonel on the right, and the major on the other side, ostensibly to bear him company and show him attention, but, in reality, to prevent him giving them the slip, a suspicion which, in justice to his patriotism, he never once merited. Towards daybreak, the report of a musket from the foremost of the vanguard caused an immediate halt in the whole body; and, to the first sub-division of grenadiers, for the regiment was marching in pretty close column of half companies, the words, 'carry arms,' 'ready,' were given, while the few men who formed the advance fell back on the corps. Joe assures me he felt by no means comfortable during the ceremony, and bitterly lamented his hard fate, which placed him in the front of this band of heroes, who were now preparing to defend the pass, and make it as renowned as Thermopylæ; but these surmises were quickly dispelled by the arrival of an orderly from the party which occasioned the alarm, announcing it as a company of horse, of the —— regiment, on its march to head-quarters, at ——. He also brought the comfortable assurance that the road was open in front, and of such a nature as to afford no ambuscade for the enemy. My friend's services, therefore, were no longer necessary, and he had the gratification, in return for the fatiguing and anxious night he had endured, to receive thanks in the name of the king, and to be greeted by a hearty cheer from the men when he bade them 'good morning,' to avail himself of the proximity of a farmhouse, where he hoped to find refreshment for man and horse. Joe, having no mercy on me than I have on the reader, contrived to draw out this adventure to a very tolerable length, in which he was materially aided by sundry intervening puffs from his long aldermanic pipe; and though, as I observed before, he is not naturally loquacious, on this occasion, I should have had reason to think him materially altered, if it had not been for the well-timed visit of a neighbour, a man who has excited as much fear and superstition in the humbler class, as he has made inroads on the esteem of the higher, by his humour, his tact, and his integrity.

This was no less a personage than that prince of conjurors and excellent ventriloquist, Monsieur ——, better known on the continents of Europe and America than in England. He has had the prudence and success to turn the 'black art' to good account, and, while yet a young man, has retired upon a handsome independence. I found him a very pleasant companion, as singular in his opinions as in his calling; but, for all that, perfectly willing to listen to others. He is about forty, by no means deficient in sound common sense or abilities, and quite excelling in the *supernatural*. He is a good-looking portly German, the quintescence of buckism and gallantry; so that he is conspicuous in embroidery and love of the fair. He is quite the travelled gentleman, having rendered himself a public character in most of the European capitals and in America. He speaks several languages with fluency, and is so conversant with wonders, that the eruptions of volcanos and the falls of Niagara are mere squibs and waterspouts in his estimation. In one word, he is a thorough oddity;

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he combines the solid reasoning of his own country with the animation of France and the impudence of Ireland. An Englishman he is not like; and he candidly acknowledges Britain to be least congenial of the four with his taste. He fluted and danced and sang and ventriloquized with great effect; read the countenance like another Lavater; and, in fact, amused me so much, that I shall always rank the evening which I spent in company with Monsieur ——— and our fair auxiliaries, not forgetting my little pensive friend in the elbow-chair, as one of the pleasantest of my life. ALOST.

THE LEE-PENNY, OR LEE-STONE.

THE Lee-penny, the history of which has suggested to the author of Waverley the idea and the incidents of The Talisman, the second tale in his new work, is a curious piece of antiquity belonging to the family of Lee, in Scotland, and now in possession of its representative, Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., of Lee near Carnwath, in Lanarkshire.

The Lee-penny is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape, of about half an inch size on each side; it is set in a piece of silver coin, which is supposed to be a shilling of Edward I. The Lee-penny, or Lee-stone, as it is sometimes called, is traditionally said to have been in the Lee family since about the year 1320, and was obtained by Simon Locard, of Lee, who accompanied one of the Douglases to the Holy Land, to fulfil the wish of King Robert Bruce, who ordered that his heart should be buried in Palestine. The honour of bearing the heart was conferred on Simon Locard, who, on this account, changed his name to Lockhart, or Lockheart, and got a heart within a lock, with the motto *Corda serata Fero*. During this expedition he took a Saracen chief prisoner, whose wife came to ransom him: as she counted out the jewels or money (which we suspect was no small sum, for Simon had been compelled to raise a loan, for which he granted an annuity of £10 during the life of the lender, previously to his setting out), this stone fell out of her purse. She hastily snatched it up, which Simon observing, insisted to include it in ransom for the prisoner. The lady, with true conjugal affection, gave him the stone, and related its many virtues; she assured him it cured all diseases in cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man and beast.

Such is the history of the celebrated Lee-penny, the use of which did not cease when it was transferred from the Saracen to the hardy son of Scotia. It was used by dipping the stone in water, which was afterwards given to the cattle to drink; in cases of the bite of a mad dog the wound, or part infected, was washed with the water. No words were used in dipping the stone, nor was any money to be taken by the servants without incurring the owner's displeasure.

Many are the cures said to have been performed by the Lee-penny, and people have been known to go from all parts of Scotland, and even from Yorkshire, to procure some of the water in which the stone is dipped, to give to their cattle when ill of the murrain or black leg.

Such faith had the people in the magic virtues of the Lee-penny, that John Knox anathematized it in vain; and when, long after, a complaint was made in the ecclesiastical courts of Scotland against the Laird of Lee, then Sir James Lockhart, for using witchcraft, all Scotland felt indignant.

It is said, that when the plague was last at Newcastle, the inhabitants sent for the Lee-penny, and gave a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan, and that they thought it did so much good, that they offered to pay the money and keep the Lee-penny; but its possessor would not part with it.

The most remarkable cure related as having been effected by the Lee-penny was about the commencement of the last century, on Lady Baird, of Sauchtonhall, near Edinburgh, who had been bit by a mad dog, and became afflicted with hydrophobia. She sent for the Lee-penny, which she used for weeks, drinking and bathing in the water in which it was dipped, when she completely recovered. In gratitude for the loan of the Lee-penny, which had never been allowed to be carried away from the house of Lee, Sir Robert and Lady Baird entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, who lent it for several days. Such is the history of the Lee-penny.

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VII.

'IN this age of luxury and dissipation,' as certain advertisements impudently and libellously phrase it, or, as we ourselves should rather say, in this age of improvement, there are but very few things that have not undergone more or less change. There are, perhaps, but some half-dozen which have been able to resist the torrent of innovation, and that remain nearly *in statu quo*, as memorials of the good old times. Among these, we may reckon Lincoln's Inn, the Gentleman's Magazine, Rundell and Bridge's shop-window on Ludgate Hill, and that of Bowles's in St. Paul's Church-yard. The first-mentioned of these objects has so completely escaped alteration and repair, that it exhibits to every one who passes through Chancery Lane all the venerable squalidity collected during an entire century, and windows so encrusted with dirt as to have acquired the appearance and consistency of horn. We are no great antiquarians: and yet this mass of obsolete deformity and filthy has, in our age, a certain appropriateness, and a symbolic meaning, that we should be sorry to see sacrificed to mere architectural beauty; for, every time we look upon it, it seems to inform us of the horror which its tenants are known to entertain for innovation. They are as unwilling to part with old cobwebs as with old barbarous statutes, and are evidently averse to that plain daylight aspect in which other men like to contemplate objects; and there can be no doubt but that, viewed through a substance as opaque as horn, things must wear a much more ambiguous appearance than when seen through such a simple medium as plate-glass. But we must tear ourselves from this interesting and fascinating subject, seeing that we cannot now afford to devote all our paper to it.

Let us now glance at the venerable Sylvanus, whose labours we have quoted as among the few things that have been preserved 'intact and incorrupt.' Even in his exterior, Sylvanus is nearly what he was in the days of his pristine glory; for, although he has exchanged his homely blue coat for one of rather a gayer hue, he still exhibits on it the cut of St. John's Gate, which is certainly not the most modern and stylish *cut*, or at all in the *cut* of the present day.* And then, too, he most religiously eschews all such innovations as fancy or *à la Grecque* borders: on the contrary, with a most laudable economy, deserving to be held up as a model in this age of extravagance, he is not above carrying outside passengers, which, being interpreted, means, that he fills even the exterior surface of his wrapper with advertisements; while his less prudent progeny seek merely to display their taste. And, with respect to the subjects of which he treats, and the manner of treating them, he is, as nearly as it is possible to be so, *quoties ab incepto*. Were it not that we believe that the worthy Sylvanus has a sort of horror of all alteration, without which, by the by, there can be but little improvement, we would suggest to him the propriety of assuming the title of the *Old Gentleman's Magazine*, both as sounding more venerable, and as better expressing the nature and spirit of the work itself. Yet, after all, we fear that Mr. Urban will hardly thank us for the hint—nay, he will probably be so little inclined to follow it, that we should not be at all surprised were we shortly to behold him in a smart pink wrapper, embellished with a tasteful border and a view of Regent Street instead of the quondam building in Clerkenwell.

With respect to Rundell and Bridge's shop, we never pass it without recollecting the anecdote of an old man more noted for his wealth than for the elegance of his attire, who, when asked by a friend why he did not dress better, replied,—'Damme, sir, because I can afford to go as shabby as I please,' which is, after all, a happier privilege than it may at first appear to be. This shop seems to know that it has that within which passes the 'harlotry of art,' and looks as if it said all very plainly to its opposite neighbours, decorated with polished brass, and Corinthian columns with gilt capitals, and immense sheets of plate-glass in their windows, and gigantic mirrors within,—'Your finery becomes you very well; but, for my part, I can afford to look old-fashioned and homely, and even shabby.' And yet, we make no doubt, the day has been when this shop-front was con-

* We were rather astonished to perceive, in a critique on Neale's Churches, in last month's number of his magazine, that Mr. Urban should find fault with the wrapper of that work as not sufficiently elegant; for, when we call to mind the queer drawings which he has given of various relics of antiquity, we must say that such a remark comes with an ill grace from him. But we rather suspect that the article was written by one not exactly orthodox in antiquarian taste. Let Sylvanus beware of such heretical critics, or they will pull down his St. John's Gate about his ears.

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sidered a tasty—perhaps a very magnificent affair,* and its squares of glass, that now appear to us to be of most contemptible dimensions, were reckoned of an extravagant size. But it is in the predicament of some more important institutions, which seem to degenerate because they do not keep pace with the spirit of the age, and to retrograde because they do not advance. At the very instant, however, that we are writing, there are strong symptoms of innovation, even in this El-Dorado of Ludgate Hill; and it may be about to cast off the antique appearance it has so long worn.

Another memorial of times past yet remains to be spoken of, although last not least —Bowles's venerable print-shop, in St. Paul's Church-yard, which still displays at its window, incessantly beset by staring cockneys and bumpkins, the identical engravings which it did some forty or fifty years ago. Other exhibitions require change and variety; but this, resting we presume on its intrinsic merits, seems to spurn at such methods of attracting the public gaze, which, somehow or other, it contrives to arrest, although each work of art that it contains must be as familiar to the passers-by as the dome of St. Paul's itself. Here many a quaint and antique print, and rudely-drawn yet forcibly-coloured device, extorts our admiration: here we may study the graphic art in its original simplicity; and, albeit we of the present day have more taste, perhaps, in these matters, there is a native humour in some of these productions more striking than the comparatively insipid elegance of modern prints; and, were it not that they are exposed to the stare of the rude vulgar, they would doubtlessly be considered worthy of adorning the cabinets and portfolios of antiquaries and collectors. What, for instance, can be more ingenious than such prints as 'the Alphabet turned Posture-Master,' and 'the Digits in the Fidgets'—or than 'the Dumb-Master, or the Art of Talking with the Hands?' It must be granted that they do not exhibit the most profound knowledge of anatomy; neither do Egyptian antiquities, or the sculptures in the tomb of Pasmmis, or the figures on genuine porcelain, all which are not, therefore, the less highly esteemed by connoisseurs. Then, too, with regard to the caricatures, they are all of a very innocent nature, hating, by the by, that some are rather indelicate. Other shops that deal in these freaks of the pencil are always ambitious of catching at some prominent folly of the day, and of dealing in strong personality. They exhibit *illustrations* of the modest and delicate Harriet's Memoirs, or my Lord Petersham at full-length, or Parson Irving, or little Roscius and the Antlered Alderman, or Maria—not Sterne's Maria, but a damsel of more sense and spirit than that poor half-witted forlorn one, or some other of those celebrated personages who delight rather in being pilloried in prints and newspapers for the amusement of the world, than buried in humdrum, decent obscurity; for which, no doubt, the world, which likes a laugh to shake off the weight of its cares, is more obliged to them than to all the starched models of decorum that ever existed. Instead of such subjects, which, however piquant, are, it must be confessed, not quite so innocent as could be wished, we have here the comparatively harmless satire of the 'Bubbler's Mirrour, or England's Folly;' or, if we prefer didactic morality to satire, we may turn to 'Poor Richard Illustrated!' then, too, for those who delight in the beauties of nature or the wonders of art, there are landscapes of the most verdurous aspect, with bright green grass and trees, and deep blue skies; or Solomon's Temple, which is really curious, and a grand effort of the imagination, although perhaps many have withheld from the artist more than half his praise, supposing it to be a mere fac-simile view of that noted fabric. Again, there is St. Paul's Cathedral, of a fine salmon tint, and, for the sake both of effect and of deviating from mere matter of fact, placed in a space of about the extent of Salisbury Plain. Our regard for veracity compels us to acknowledge that these productions do not uniformly exhibit nature as she is; but then they do that which is better—they show her to us as she *ought to be;* for, that trees and grass ought to be of an emerald hue, and the skyey vault of unclouded azure, is a truth which the admirers of poetry cannot for a moment doubt: and, with regard to perspective, there is certainly more ingenuity required to exhibit objects as they were never yet viewed by mortal optics, than servilely to copy them exactly as seen by the eye. The latter demands only the use of a very common faculty, namely, that of vision; the other, an extraordinary effort and docility of the organs of sight, that fall not to the lot of ordinary men. But we cannot undertake to describe in detail, or even to enumerate, half the curious things here gratuitously exhibited, and would seriously recommend all our readers who may not yet have seen them, before they go to hunt out out antiquities abroad, not to omit first of all inspecting such remarkable ones at home: and we hope that they may be finally deposited in the British Museum, although that will be but honourable obscurity compared with the popular station they now enjoy.

* The most elegant thing of the kind in town is Tinkler's shop in Old Bond Street, lately finished. For richness of effect, architectural splendour, and novelty of design, it is unquestionably *unique*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COMPLAINT.

Delicious blushing Spring had smil'd,
As on the southern hills she stood,
And gemm'd the meads with flow'rets wild,
And freed the crystal-fetter'd flood;
When by the hawthorn in the vale,
Whose buds had op'd to April's show'rs,
Young Edwyn's sighs were on the gale,
That fragrance bore from fresh-blown flow'rs.
His glowing lips love endless vow'd,
His bright blue eyes confirm'd his words,—
Love! aye, till death his corpse shall shroud,
'Mid smiling peace or murd'rous swords.
In summer, when the bright moon's ray
On calm nights pierc'd the shadowy boughs
With the clear rippling brook to play,
Edwyn renew'd his ardent vows.
With autumn came an aged man,
Of sun-burn'd brow and sallow hue;
In tropic climes he spent his span
Of life,—his hairs were grey and few.
This old man from the distant east
Had brought a hard-earn'd golden treasure,
And he could spread the splendid feast,
When from it he could quaff no pleasure.
But, as the blood in Edwyn's veins
To this old Indian was allied,
The nabob wished that to the plains
Of India, o'er the boundless tide,
He 'd hie, to court the smiles of wealth,
That glitter in Golconda's gems,
And stake his peace, his home, his health,
For what to cares its lord condemns.
And heedless Edwyn listen'd not
To the meek language of my eyes,
But o'er the Atlantic waves has sought
The realms where morning's glories rise.
And now by Ganges' sacred streams,
Where speckled tigers prowl along,
He seeks the jungle's shade, nor dreams
Of her who chants this plaintive song.
Yet hope oft hovers o'er my pillow,
And smiling waves her golden tresses,
And says that by my Ly'rite willow
Again we'll meet with fond caresses. M

FINE ARTS.

NEW CHAPEL, REGENT STREET.

Although it would be too much to assert that the new churches in and around the metropolis are perfectly unexceptionable in point of taste, or to deny that some of them display blemishes both of omission and commission, which a little care would have avoided, we think it must be conceded that, upon the whole, these structures are superior in design and architectural arrangement to most of their predecessors, and indicate a new and better era of art. That which we are now about to notice, although in some respects open to censure, has many good points, both externally and internally, and a certain originality and boldness about it that recommend it beyond some of its rivals.

Like St. Philip's Chapel, near Waterloo Place, this building is enclosed at the sides by the adjacent houses, so that the façade alone is visible from the street. An Ionic portico, of four columns, advances over the foot pavement of the street; and is, besides, carried back several feet, so as to allow sufficient space for a door at each extremity in the wall, at right angles to the front. The back wall of the portico is occupied by a very large door, with rich architraves, in the style of those at St. Pancras Church. On each side of this portico is a window, between two pilasters, or antæ, with fancy capitals; and, above this, rises a small square tower, or belfry, with an anta, at each angle. The windows rest on a moulding, beneath which the wall is plain, but is rusticated above. With regard to the details, there are several blemishes in this front: the Ionic order is not the happiest specimen that might have been selected; and, although we will not censure the architect for having ventured on so bold an experiment as that of introducing pilasters of a different order, or rather, of an invention of his own; we are of opinion, that he has

not been particularly happy either in the design of the capitals, which have something heavy and unfinished in their character, or in adapting them to the order with which he has thought proper to combine them. The general effect, however, of the elevation is good: the features are simple, bold, and well defined; and, although not very favorably situated with respect to sun, except in the early part of the day, there is still a considerable degree of light and shade. The apertures are few and large, especially the central door, which, from its ample dimensions, possesses much dignity of character, and gives an importance and air of consequence to the whole front. There is much originality in the conception and design of the belfries; and, in point of outline, they accord much better with the rest of the structure than a tower would have done; yet, elegant as they are, considered by themselves, they appear rather too heavy in proportion to the rest of the building, and too near each other, while, at the same time, when viewed in combination with the surrounding houses, their dimensions are too inconsiderable, and, from their general form, are too apt to suggest the idea of two stacks of chimneys. The interior of this chapel has much to recommend it; although it is neither very spacious nor very richly ornamented. Its general form, or the body of the chapel, is a square, with a fluted column, the capital of which bears much resemblance to that of the Corinthian order; at each angle, and between these columns are square pillars, after the manner of antæ; behind these are two galleries, one above the other, the upper one retreating backwards, and, on the west side of the chapel, these galleries extend to a considerable depth; on the east side is the altar which is hung with purple cloth in folds, with an embroidered glory in the centre, and above this is the organ, which seems to us a very happy arrangement, especially where the structure is not very spacious. In the centre of the roof is a small dome of considerable depth, so as to approach somewhat to the shape of a beehive. There is, also, something uncommon both in its design and construction. It contains eight windows, beneath which are cherubims' heads, on which they seem to rest. In the position of the columns, and the contrast arising between them and the square pillars; in the boldness of the entablatures, and the effect arising from the deep galleries; in the dome and in the union of the altar and organ into one composition, there is much to admire,—much novelty and much judgment. We are, however, of opinion, that the effect would have been still better, had there been no windows on the north and south sides. The central door, beneath the portico, does not open immediately into the chapel, it being behind the altar, but conducts to the staircases leading to the galleries.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

The following anecdotes are the extracts which we last week promised from the Facetiæ Cantabrigienses:—

'*Hebrew.*—A Cantab, when on a tour in the country, chanced to enter a strange church, and, after he had been seated some little time, another person was ushered into the same pew with him. The service had proceeded till the *psalms* were about to be read, when the stranger pulled out of his pocket a prayer-book, and offered to share it with the Cantab, though he perceived he had one in his hand. This generosity, the Cantab perceived, proceeded from a mere ostentatious display of his learning, as it proved to be in *Latin*; and he immediately declined the offer by saying, "Sir, I read nothing but *Hebrew!*"'

'*Matthew Mattocks.*—A gentleman, who had just taken his degree of B. A. in the University of Cambridge, going down into the north of England on a visit immediately after, was asked by a person (whose pronunciation savoured of the provincial), "whether he knew MATTHEW MATTOCKS." The Cantab, supposing that he alluded to a person of that name who lived in the neighbourhood, replied, "I don't know *Matthew Mattocks*, but I know his brother *Richard*."'

'*Compliments.*—Mr. Yates, the celebrated master of the free grammar-school at Appleby, which he had taught with credit and success for half a century, when in his eightieth year, still retaining the vigour of his faculties, became intimate with Paley. Many of their mutual compliments are remembered by their intimate friends; amongst others, the following:—"Mr. Paley reasons like Locke," was the observation of Yates; "Mr. Yates writes like Erasmus," was the equally-merited reply of Paley.'

'*A Marvellous Hint.*—At a party of which the late Dr. Brand happened to make one, many stories were related by one of the gentlemen, for the entertainment of the company, of a most *marvellous* description. A pause occurring in the conversation, the doctor commenced by saying,—"Gentlemen, I will tell my tale. In a country village," continued the doctor, "lived a butcher, who had the curiosity, one day, to view the adjacent country from the top of the village steeple, and, for that purpose, he was shown up by the clerk of the parish. Soon after they had reached the top, the bells began to ring, which caused the steeple to rock from one side to the other with such velocity, that the butcher, unable to bear the effect (which completely addled his brains), leaped from the top; but reflecting, on his way down, of the imminent risk he ran in alighting, he suddenly drew his knife from its sheath, stuck it in the wall, and there hung dangling by it, like a hat on a peg, till some persons, having obtained a ladder, lifted him down."—"That must be a lie!" exclaimed the person who had before amused the company so much.—"And, pray, what have you been telling the whole evening?" said the doctor. Our gentleman was *mum*.'

'*A Musical Blow-Up.*—The Rev. Mr. B——, when residing at Canterbury, was reckoned a good violoncello-player; but he was not more distinguished for his expression on the instrument, than for the peculiar appearance of feature whilst playing it. In fact, when lost in the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison, the muscles of his face all sympathized with his fiddle-stick, and kept up a reciprocal movement. His sight, being dim, obliged him very often to snuff the candles, and, when he came to a bar's rest, in lieu of snuffers, he generally employed his fingers in their office; and, lest he should offend the good housewife by this dirty trick of his, he used to thrust the *spoils* into the *sound-holes* of his violoncello. A waggish friend of his, who had observed B——'s whim, resolved to enjoy himself "at the parson's expense," as he termed it; and, for that purpose, he popped a quantity of gunpowder into B——'s instrument. The rest were informed of the trick, and of course kept at a respectable distance. The tea equipage being removed, music became the order of the day, and, after B—— had tuned his instrument, and drawn his stand near enough to snuff his candles with ease, feeling himself in the meridian of his glory, he dashed away at Vanhall's 47th. B—— came to a bar's rest, the candles were snuffed, and he thrust the ignited wick into the usual place;—*fit fragor*, and bang went the fiddle to pieces.'

'*An Illustration.*—Milton, the British Homer, and prince of modern poets, in his latter days, and when he was blind (a thing some men do with their eyes open), married a *shrew*. The Duke of Buckingham, one day, in Milton's hearing, called her a *rose*. "I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily!"'

'"*A Rare Mathematical Wind.*"—The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous), meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this."—"Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare *mathematical wind*."—"Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other. "How so?"—"Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many *roots!*"'

'*A Compliment returned in Full.*—'Person once happened to be in the company of Dr. Jackson, an Oxonian, who, thinking to pay the learned professor a flattering compliment, said to him, "Person, you are the only man that ever left the University of Cambridge, learned in Greek." The professor, whose wit, like the "*whoop hallOo!*" of a keen sportsman when his dogs are at fault, was always at command, responded to the doctor's flattery, "And you, doctor, are the only man that ever left Oxford with any learning at all."'

'*The Great Calf.*—A company disputing on the superiority of Oxford to Cambridge, a gentleman present remarked that the decision could not affect him, because he was educated at both:—"That," said an old gentleman present, "puts me in mind of a calf, which, I remember, when I was a lad, was suckled by two cows." "Really," said the university gentleman; "and pray, sir, what was the consequence?" "Why, sir, he turned out the *greatest calf I ever saw in my life*."'

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notes on 'Wills,' the 'Infant Lyra,' and reviews of several new works, which stand over, shall appear in our next, when we are promised a Ramble by Asmodeus.

G. F. will find a letter for him, at our office, on Monday next.

All literary announcements sent to us must be authenticated with the name of the author or publisher.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather
June	24	55	70	60	30	04	Fair.
....	25	62	73	55	29	79	Showery.
....	26	54	65	55	..	86	Do.
....	27	55	60	54	..	88	Do.
....	28	54	60	55	..	74	Do.
....	29	55	67	57	..	79	Cloudy.
....	30	56	65	56	..	76	Showery.

Works published since our last notice.—Elmes's Arts and Artists, 3 vols. 1*l*. 1s.—Barbauld's Correspondence and Memoir, 2 vols. 8vo 1*l* 4s —Gillies' Excursion in Piedmont, 8vo. 12s.—Biddulph's Theology of the Early Patriarchs, 2 vols 21s.—A Summer Ramble in the North Highlands, 5s. 6*d* —Pepy's Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols 4to. 6*l*. 6s.—Forty Years in the World, 3 vols. 1*l* 10s —Traditions of Edinburgh, four numbers, 8s —James's Semi-Sceptic, 8vo. 12s. · The Travellers 4s. 6*d*.—Brother Jonathan, 3 vols 1*l*. 11s. 6*d*. —More's Spirit of Prayer, 6s —Pratt's Cecil's Remains, 6s —History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, 3 vols 8vo, 1*l*. 16s.—Petersdorff's Law Reports, vol 2nd, 1*l*. 11s. 6*d*.

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W LINTON, Secretary.

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No. 321. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Visit to Brazil, Chile, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands during the Years 1821 *and* 1822. *With Miscellaneous Remarks on the Past and Present State and Political Prospects of those Countries.* By Gilbert Farquhar Mathison, Esq. 8vo. pp. 478. London, 1825. C. Knight.

Since the first discovery of the new world, and the conquest of the richest and most fertile portion of it, by the Spaniards and Portuguese, no era has occurred so important in its history as that of the present day, when South America has broken through the trammels which for three centuries have enslaved it, and has commenced a new existence. We may, perhaps, be told that the independence of the South American states is not complete, because Spain holds a fortress in Peru, or there are some malcontents in Mexico, or because Dr. Francia rules as despotically in Paraguay as the imbecile Ferdinand VII. does in Spain. But, with these drawbacks, still it is impossible not to consider South America as emancipated; the weakness of Spain, the amity of Great Britain, the union of several states in a treaty of defensive alliance, and the interests of North America, are all so many guarantees, that whatever yoke the South American states may have, it will not be that of Europeans. Brazil may, perhaps, for some time prove an exception; but, besides the suspicion that attaches to the emperor, there is a large republican party in Brazil, who, notwithstanding they may give the imperial government a divided alliance, would join with its most determined advocates in every attempt to bring it in subjection to Portugal.

Although we have spoken of the general tendency of the South American states to republicanism, yet we are far from contending that it is the best form of government,—still less that it is best suited to their population and prejudices; so far, indeed, are we from thinking this to be the case, that we doubt not but limited monarchies, with somewhat of the splendour to which the people have been accustomed, would be preferred to the unostentatious simplicity of a republican government. Mr. Mathison seems to come to the same conclusion, though by different inferences: he says, 'The existence of slavery is itself a sufficient reason why a regal form of government should be maintained, to the exclusion of levelling revolutionary principles;' Mr. Mathison, however, should recollect, that, in the United States, slavery and democracy are not deemed incompatible. But, leaving politicians to discuss this point, we shall proceed to notice the work before us.

Of Mr. Mathison's pursuits or object in visiting South America we know nothing; it is enough for us to know that he went there, and that he returned with materials to make a very excellent volume. His work embraces a very ample field: it includes travels in the several countries; an account of the soil, produce, and manufactures; description of the people,—their manners, customs, superstitions, &c.; the government, state of parties, political opinions, and prospects; characters of individuals, anecdotes, &c. All these subjects are interwoven in a well-connected narrative, very agreeably written and bearing internal evidence of authenticity. The work contains so much real information on the subject of Brazil, Peru, and Chile, that we confidently recommend it to all who feel an interest in these countries, or in books of travel generally. Much, we are aware, has already been written on South America; but much more may be written before the subject is exhausted.

Mr. Mathison sailed from Lisbon on the 27th of May, 1821, in the Vasco da Gama Portuguese Indiaman. Nothing particular occurred during the passage, except a pretty frequent alarm at the appearance of suspicious vessels, and the performance of mass and prayers regularly on board. On the 4th of August, the vessel safely reached Rio de Janeiro, the approach of which, from the sea, reminded the author of the scenery of the Trosacks, near Loch Katrine. Mr. Mathison does not long detain us from business, for he dismisses his voyage in half a dozen pages; and in the next page we find him describing the public buildings and institutions of Rio de Janeiro. In no part of the world, perhaps, is Negro slavery more revolting than at Rio. Mr. M. says:—

'When a traveller first lands at Rio, his attention will be naturally attracted by the appearance of the negroes. Their colour, to which the eye of a European cannot for a long time become familiarized, their savage and uncouth countenances, generally tattooed, or their naked limbs, only sufficiently covered to answer purposes of bare decency—their barbarous language, and noisy vociferations—the wild melody of their national airs (if the term may be used), which they almost invariably sing while at work—the clanking of chains, and the iron collars worn by criminals or runaways in the streets,—these, and other peculiar emblems of barbarism and misery, all concur in exciting surprise, horror, and disgust. The canoes and boats, which ply about the shipping, and between the two sides of the bay, are manned by the same uncivilized beings, one mulatto or white man sitting at the helm. They are ever ready to profit by any opportunity of plunder; and it is accordingly considered unsafe to trust oneself alone or unarmed in their power at night.'

From this state of misery Mr. M., by a sudden transition, carries us to a splendid ball and supper given by the officers of the Portuguese army, at the theatre, in honour of the constitution, when the prince (now emperor) and princess graced the festivities as spectators:—

'The dress and appearance of the ladies at this ball deserved admiration. Many wore a vast profusion of jewels; but beauty, with some few striking exceptions, was infinitely less observable. The gentlemen all wore uniforms, or court dresses; and the stars and orders with which the majority were decorated, seemed so numerous and inappropriately bestowed, as to border on the ridiculous. Not so, however, thought they; and not so thought the ladies, who bestowed their smiles and hands with such partiality on this bespangled gentry, that the poor Englishmen present might have envied the possession of similar decorations, if it were only to avert the fate which awaited them of being left completely in the back-ground. Many boys, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years old, wore tawdry silk court-dresses and stars, which had been obtained in the usual way. Young girls, also, of nine or ten years of age, or still less, were there, magnificently arrayed, and seemed to be as perfect adepts in the arts of flirtation and coquetry, as older and more experienced belles. Among the officers present were several who belonged to a negro regiment; and the contrast between their black countenances and fine white uniforms, of which they seemed not a little proud, made a striking addition to the novelty and ludicrous features of the entertainment.'

After remaining a month at Rio, Mr. Mathison made an excursion to the interior; and he appears, as Mathews has it, to have had an eye that saw everything, and a *pupil* in that eye which forgot nothing, for he carries us along with him in a slight sketchy manner. It will, perhaps, not give a very favourable opinion of the country, when we find an Englishman, who kept a small retail shop, obliged to go about armed with a dirk and pocket-pistols, to defend himself against 'the revengeful feelings entertained by many persons whom he had disobliged in the course of business.' The muleteers, Mr. Mathison describes as 'close, cunning, and revengeful, covetous of money, and passionately addicted to gambling; but honest to their employers, tenacious of their word, sober, strong-headed, and active in mind and body.' Mr. Mathison was on his way to the Swiss village, Nova-

Fribengo, in the valley of Morro Quemado, established a few years ago as an attempt to introduce the European arts into Brazil: it is situated about seventy English miles from Rio. The settlement was by no means flourishing; and, out of about one thousand two hundred, only three hundred now remained, the rest having either gone to Rio, or settled in distant parts of the country. We have not room for the account of this settlement, but shall quote the author's warning, which he subjoins to it:—

'From the whole account here given, the reader may draw his own inferences, and judge whether, if more ably managed, more advantageously situated, and composed of better-conditioned settlers, the colony could ever have been permanently and successfully established. Be this as it may, it is earnestly to be hoped, that whatever changes may take place in the government of Brazil, the people of England will not allow themselves to be tempted, by delusive promises and expectations, to abandon their own comfortable homes in search of advantages, uncertain at best, amidst the woods and wildernesses of South America. This remark does not apply solely to the sort of establishment here described; there are projectors and speculating egotists in various ways,—and woe to those who, in ignorance of the real state of things, give credit to the pictures too often drawn in this speculative age, of an imaginary *El Dorado*, and find not out how egregiously they have been duped until their error becomes fatal and irretrievable! The much-vaunted precious stones and metals they will find equally difficult of attainment, if not more so, than in England: and, supposing their labours as farmers to be ultimately successful, years of toil, danger, and disconfort, must first be surmounted. Innumerable crosses, which the inexperienced cannot anticipate, but which are inseparable from a new country, will thwart them at every step; and not among the least of these may be mentioned the hostility of a rude native Creole population, jealous of foreigners, and bigoted enemies to innovation and improvement.'

The mining district of Canta Gallo was the next place visited by Mr. Mathison; and he gives us the following interesting account of a class of persons who, though no longer existing, did much in civilizing Brazil:—

'The district of Canta Gallo, in the Capitania of Rio Janeiro, until lately a mining station, lies about one hundred miles from Rio Janeiro, in a N. E. direction. It has not been very long in the occupation of legitimate Portuguese settlers. The mines, which attracted the attention of government, were discovered by some contraband adventurers, who, in defiance of the laws, clandestinely worked, and realised large profits from them. Their retreat is said to have been detected by the accidental crowing of a cock—and hence the appellation of Canta Gallo. Contraband adventurers of this description, from all that I could learn, exist no longer in Brazil; yet, as they once constituted a remarkable class of inhabitants, and promoted indirectly, by their enterprises, the improvement of the country, it may not be amiss to relate a few particulars concerning them. They were, for the most part, bold and determined men, induced by the commission of crimes, or unsettled habits of life, to retire from civilized society: men of such desperate fortunes, that they were glad to run any hazards for the sake of acquiring wealth. Thus united by the bond of mutual interest, they wandered in gangs about the country, through districts yet unexplored by Europeans, in search of the precious metal. The Indians were by turns avoided, conciliated, or subdued, according as it best suited their purposes, until they had none to fear but their own countrymen.

'In this manner they traced the courses of rivers, traversed mountains, passed through woods almost impenetrable, and overcame dangers and hardships which men more happily circumstanced would never have thought of encountering. When their toils were rewarded by the discovery of a mine, or of a river-course abounding with gold, all possible precautions were immediately taken to keep it secret until the treasure became exhausted. In that case, or if the secret happened to be discovered by government, and measures were employed to dispossess these adventurers, such as were fortunate enough to escape apprehension again pursued the same course of life in another place.'

From Canto Gallo, Mr. M. proceeded to Aldea da Pedra, where there is a settlement of about three hundred Indians of the tribe of Puris; he afterwards went to St. Fidela, and then returned to Rio. On his return, he again stopped at the Indian settlement, and was present at the performance of mass by Father Thomas, the missionary, who inspires great confidence, but makes few converts:—

'A great number of Indians of both sexes, dressed in the Portuguese costume, were assembled on the green before the chapel, in a state of intoxication, and thus showed how slight had been the impression made upon their minds by the religious duties of the day. I wished to witness an exhibition of their skill in archery, and offered to give a prize to be contended for; but drunkenness had taken away all inclination and power of exertion; and, although some promised to go home and fetch their bows and arrows, they finally dispersed, without remembering or paying any attention to the offer. They flocked round me, however, begging for money; and one was no sooner satisfied than another came up, each immediately spending the trifle he had received in *cachaça* or rum, the cheapness of which enabled them to indulge in the most absolute and unrestrained drunkenness. It was painful to observe that the women were most free and impudent on this occasion; and no quantity of liquor appeared sufficient to satisfy their depraved appetites.

'Disgusted at such a scene, which not even its novelty had made tolerable, I gladly sought refuge in the house of Father Thomas, and partook of his simple meal, consisting, in true hermit fashion, of mandioc, beans, and water—a diet upon which, he said, he had subsisted for a long course of years. He inquired with a vague interest concerning the great events which had agitated Europe during the last twenty years, and seemed to know that such a person as Napoleon Buonaparte had once existed; but of all historical particulars he was ignorant, and expressed little curiosity about the wars and massacres which had desolated the world. The only books in his possession were a missal and Latin Bible; and the performance of regular devotional exercises, together with the necessary attention paid to his flock, and the cultivation of his little farm, constituted his only employment.'

Journeying onward, Mr. M. met a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen returning from a marriage feast:—

'The men, dressed in long cloth cloaks, and well mounted on horses and mules, richly caparisoned in the Portuguese fashion, made a fine appearance. The ladies rode in the midst of them. Their horse-furniture was in every way similar, with the exception only of pistols and holsters. They all rode astraddle, according to the prevailing custom in the country parts of Brazil. They wore white linen trowsers; and the delicate foot and ancle, in silk stockings and thin satin shoes, did honour to the small silver stirrup in which the point rested. The upper parts of their dress were, a muslin gown, falling of course over the mule's back, as far round their legs as the position would admit of, and a large cotton shawl closely wrapped about the person. A round black cotton hat, of Brazilian manufacture, and thick white veil, which completely hid their faces, completed their equipment.'

In the survey of Brazilian history, Mr. Mathison points out the benefits the country has derived since the arrival of the court of Lisbon there in 1808, by free trade and consequent intercourse with foreigners; it did not, however, produce a similar effect on the character of the government, of which Mr. Mathison, alluding to the period when the King of Portugal resided in Brazil, gives the following picture:—

'In the collection of the revenue arising from diamond-mines, which have hitherto been always considered as crown property, and from the fifth part of the profits of gold-mines paid by their respective proprietors to government, the money had to pass through so many hands, and abuses of trust were unfortunately so common, that a very undue proportion of it finally reached the public treasury. The collection of the customs was not less notoriously ill conducted, and smuggling systematically pursued on a large scale. The officers of the revenue, and other public servants, being irregularly paid, became the more accessible to bribery; and the value of an office was, in the usual course of things, estimated, not at the affixed salary, but at what could be made from it by various methods of evasion and extortion.

'Hence the regular course of trade was very much impeded, and an undue advantage given to the smuggler over the fair and honourable trader. The prevalence of illicit practices rendered it, in fact, difficult to draw any clear line of demarcation; and those even who might have felt disposed to

resist this torrent of corruption, either from better principles, or more sound views, were borne down by the force and impetuosity of the stream. The legitimate resources of government being thus impaired, and its expenditure receiving no check, other ways and means of raising money were necessarily resorted to. In former times it had been usual for the colony to send its treasures to the mother country, but now the system was reversed, and large sums were remitted at various times from Lisbon to the court at Rio.

'The sale of patents of nobility, stars, crosses, and *habitos do Christo*, or insignia of the order of Christ, and others similar to it, was among the most innocent, and at the same time lucrative, expedients for raising money. The rage for these decorations attained a greater height at Rio than it had, perhaps, ever before done in any country; almost every petty shopkeeper might be seen in the streets on holydays with his *habito do Christo*. These purchased honours were worn by dignitaries of the church, as well as by civilians of every degree; and the quality and quantity of them established the rank of each individual in society.'

We shall now leave Brazil, and proceed at once to Peru, in order to quote the even slight description of the fort of Callao, the garrison of which still obstinately holds out for Spain, in despite of the army and the proclamation of Bolivar:—

'The town of Callao is composed of a few hundred houses, small, dirty, and wretched: no persons of respectability reside there; the merchants merely keeping stores for the transaction of shipping business, and for the retail sale of goods. There is an inn, kept by an American, of the worst description. The castle is the only part of Callao which deserves particular notice. Let not the word castle be understood to mean a structure similar to those erected by our warlike ancestors in every part of Europe—it is merely another name for fort, which occupies a considerable extent of ground, surrounded by thick walls, a moat, drawbridge, and batteries of great strength; spacious barracks a chapel, and the governor's house, with some other necessary buildings, form a large square in the centre of the fortress. Beyond the farthest extremity of the town jets out into the sea a peninsula of land, where old Callao formerly stood, previous to the earthquake of 1746. The ruins are still visible, and afford a striking memento of the awful visitations to which these regions are particularly subject.

'It was painful, at the same time, to observe the remains of several hundred unfortunate soldiers who had been shot here during the war: many months they lay without interment, and literally afforded food to the fowls of the air, while the dreadful effluvia tainted the whole surrounding atmosphere, and was carried by the wind as far as the shipping in the harbour. Bones and bits of clothes, shoes, caps, &c., even now lay scattered about in melancholy confusion, and marked the character of the times.'

While Mr. Mathison was at Callao, which was in February, 1822, Lord Cochrane arrived in the Chilean frigate, the O'Higgins; and, as this is the only notice we find of our gallant countryman, we shall quote it:—

'Lord Cochrane and San Martin were now declared enemies. Their quarrel originated in a difference of opinion as to the measures to be pursued for the reduction of Callao Castle: Lord Cochrane, with his characteristic bravery, wishing to carry the place by storm, or to compel the garrison to surrender at discretion; General San Martin, on the other hand, with his characteristic prudence and moderation, preferring capitulation without bloodshed. The opinion of the general prevailed on this occasion; and the result is thought to have shown that the opinion of the admiral was founded on the soundest views of good policy; for, though a certain degree of success has followed the arms and policy of San Martin, and in the name of the *Patria* (a comprehensive term, which includes the whole or any particular part of South America, when once made independent of Spain) he had taken possession of the capital of Peru, yet an opportunity was afforded by this temporizing plan to General Canterac and a large body of Spanish troops to escape from Callao, and to renew the war in the interior. Another disagreement soon afterwards took place, in consequence of the refusal of San Martin to pay the Chilean fleet out of the funds obtained by him in Lima; and the seizure of a large sum of money at Ancon forcibly by Lord Cochrane, who thus took the law into his own hands, rendered the rupture complete.

'The present object of Lord Cochrane in coming to Lima was to obtain possession of the Spanish frigate Prueva, which had been driven into port by himself, and surrendered to the Peruvian government, at whose hands he now claimed her as his lawful prize. His claim was, however, by no means allowed; and vigorous preparations for defence were made in case of any attempt to seize her by force of arms. The terror inspired on this occasion by the presence of Lord Cochrane was positively ludicrous, and the whole castle of Callao was in commotion; but he did not proceed to extremities, and finally sailed away again to Guayaquil.'

We shall reserve all further extracts and remarks until our next number, only observing that Mr. Mathison's work contains some coloured plates of South American costume, and a good chart of the Sandwich Islands.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Ambition. In three volumes, pp. 1081. London, 1825. Cadell.

The author of this work will never, we are sure, address either the critic or the reader in the language of Shakspeare, and say, 'I charge thee fling away *Ambition*,' even though by this sin fell the angels; since there is no danger even of mortals falling by an acquaintance with this *Ambition*, which is really a very clever and well-written novel. The scene is partly laid in Wales. Many of the characters are the sons and daughters of Cambria; and the heroine is, we suspect, intended as a descendant of the great Glendower. At a time when the traditions and the language of Scotland have entered so largely into the composition of modern tales of fiction, and when even the sluggishness of Irish authors has been roused to do similar honour to the Emerald Isle, it would be a reproach to the land of Cadwallader to suffer its heroes to remain buried in oblivion, among 'the surfeit-slain fools—common dung of the soil.' The chivalrous and poetic character of the Welsh, their romantic wars, and untamed love of liberty, would all be admirable materials in the hands of a novel writer, while the character and dialect of the Welshman are sufficiently marked to be distinctly portrayed and recognised. Many efforts have lately and successfully been made to rescue Welsh literature from that oblivion to which it seemed hastening; and it is only necessary for a few good novel-writers to lay the scene of their picture in Wales, or to embody some striking features of Welsh history, and then Cambrian novels may become popular.

These remarks have rather occurred to us while in the perusal of the novel of Ambition, than been suggested by it; for, although the scene is partly laid in Wales, and many of the characters are Welsh, yet we are not aware that the incidents are more than ideal; but, be this as it may, the author is one who possesses many requisites for this species of writing. 'Ambition' is a tale of real life as to the character and incidents; the former are natural—the latter not improbable: the characters are well conceived and admirably drawn, particularly the hero and the heroine. The work displays no ordinary acquaintance with mankind, and particularly with good society; and the finer emotions of the heart are exhibited in their most active operation. The author is evidently a person of very amiable disposition, who delights not in portraying the darker side of humanity, but what is more congenial to her own feelings. The story of Ambition is interesting; and there is much felicity in the delineation of the character, both serious and comic, gentle and simple—from the hero, Lord Gwynne Arthur, who was possessed of great talents, highly cultivated, to Mr. Morgan-ap-Harry ap-Daniel-ap-Simon-ap-Hughes, who had travelled to London to buy 'some liddle matters for the shope,' and was so much afraid of being robbed, that he charged his landlady to lock him in his bed-room every night, and take away the key. We will leave the plot of the novel to develope itself, and have not room for a whole scene, but shall give a couple of sketches by our author, who, by the by, we believe to be a lady barely escaped her teens. The first relates to a subject in which all, sooner or later, feel an interest—love:—

'There is no love like first love; and, let the world say what it will of the nonsense and romance of the passion, if it were not for those warm and disinterested feelings, which spring up in the heart like meteors in a frosty sky, the better qualities of mankind would be choked with thorough selfishness. The stoic does everything by rule; he has no feelings to give him pleasure or pain—or, if

be has any, they are kept so entirely under control, that they are never allowed to operate to either his happiness or misery. Love is the foundation, the root, the master-piece of all the fine emotions of the heart; and pity, friendship, esteem, and veneration, are but the branches of the same prolific tree; or, to speak more metaphorically, they are as little rivulets diverging from the ocean-bed, animating, softening, and beautifying those tracts of wild nature through which their silvery channels circulate.

'But true love is as distinct from passion as bravery is from desperation; affection, like courage, must flow on in one smooth, regular, and continued stream—neither overflowing its banks nor shrinking within its boundaries—removing every obstacle, and overpowering every difficulty, without making any display of its own prowess. It is not love, nor valour, that breaks out with whizzing violence, at unexpected and often unseasonable periods, and, like a Jack-o'-lantern on a dark night, leads a man across bog, moor, and mountain, until he has lost his way in a slough, or broken his neck over a precipice; this is not love, this is madness, yet how oft will early affection assume its guise.

'When the heart is just opening to a comprehension of its own feelings, before the sordid concerns of the world have fascinated the attention—when every object wears the garb of innocence, and as the bright qualities of mind and soul are putting forth the branch of promise, then, indeed, does love appear to be the business of life—then it partakes of all the fervour of enthusiasm, all the purity of devotion: not a thought can be associated with the image of the beloved object that is not strictly compatible with honour, truth, and virtue; the fancy weaves round it a web of holiness, through which nothing impure can penetrate; and it is enthroned within the *sanctum sanctorum* of the heart, 'unmixed with baser matter.' Yet early love, like the bravery of a young and intrepid arm, is apt sometimes to run into irregular movements, and fling the gauntlet at a shadow; it blazes forth in fits and starts, commits extravagancies, and, though never deficient in intrinsic value, will very often wear the mask of folly; but it is a flame, with all its eccentricities, that has never yet glowed in a selfish bosom, and that cannot be kindled on any soil which is not perfectly honourable, warm, and disinterested.

'It cannot be embodied in more forcible and beautiful language than the following lines of a noble poet of the present day, whose genius and *experience* no one has yet dared to doubt:—

"'Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven—
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared—by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love—
A feeling from the godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought—
A ray of Him who formed the whole—
A glory circling round the soul."

'The love of after-years generally partakes more of the colour of worldly prudence, and less of the glow of enthusiasm; in early attachments, the individual object is the sole consideration; in maturity, there are the distinctions of birth, fortune, and connections, to be weighed,—the consent of friends, the approval of the world, &c. If, indeed, the sincerity, the steadiness, the prudence of a mature affection, could be united with the bright glow, the celestial purity of early love, it would form that sentiment which is so often described in fiction—so seldom to be met with in real life:—

"'——But ah! how seldom it is seen,
For base and selfish passions intervene,
To blight the buds of love, and rend apart
Each warm pulsation of the bleeding heart."'

The next extract is descriptive of Wales, the land of the fair author's birth, we suspect:—

"'It is the little Switzerland of Great Britain," said the earl, "and, like that country, is neglected by adjoining nations, and sought only by the traveller of a far-distant clime. Wales is a spot which our neighbours seldom think of, or, when remembered by them, is visited but by the antiquary,—the searcher after the remains of ancient splendour, and the relics of ancient bravery; or valued only for its mountains, its falls, its ruined castles, its desolated monasteries, its subterranean vaults and corridors; or prized for the produce of its fields: the people are entirely forgotten;—one would scarcely think, indeed, by the indifference with which we are treated, that we are descended from the masters of the island. Every Englishman knows something of foreign parts—of the continental countries—of Asia, Africa, and America; but of Wales he seems to know no more than he does of the inside of the Chinese empire: it is a little spot of earth, which appears to have entirely escaped his observation and enquiry. I sometimes cannot avoid thinking John Bull a very long-sighted personage, who sees with more accuracy the objects which are placed at an immense distance, than those which lie immediately under his eye: I doubt not, if Wales were situated at the North Pole, that he would have numberless ships fitted up for numberless expeditions to our outlandish region, and some of the chief people,—myself, for instance, or Miss Vaughan, or my mother, or my redoubtable neighbour, Mr. Morgan Hughes, who keeps a shop in the cwm,—brought to the English capital as living curiosities: as it is, we have no right to expect any such distinction; the Hottentot and Otaheitan have eclipsed us there; and the only reason why we are not such marketable articles is because we are placed too near Mr. Bull's shop-door: had he to cross his broad quay and wealthy docks, and to rummage for us amongst wild beasts' skins, sugar-casks, and rice barrels, he would consider us worth the trouble of stowing into his warehouses, and preserving against the ensuing season."'

WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

(Concluded from p. 427.)

WITHOUT confining ourselves to any attempt at analyzing this volume, which we have already noticed at sufficient length, we shall quote a few more extracts. In a letter, written in March, 1764, Mr. Walpole says,—

'You will little guess what a present I have had from Holland—only a treatise of mathematical metaphysics from an author I never heard of, with great encomiums on my taste and knowledge. To be sure, I am warranted to insert this certificate among the *testimonia authorum*, before my next edition of the *Painters*. Nor, I assure you, am I much more just—I have sent the gentleman word what a perfect ignoramus I am, and did not treat my vanity with a moment's respite. Your brother has laughed at me, or rather at the poor man who has so mistaken me, as much as ever I did at his *absence*, and flinging down everything at breakfast. Tom, your brother's man, told him to-day, that *Mister Helvoetsluys* had been to wait on him—now you are guessing,—did you find out this was Helvetius?

'It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a *bon-mot* of Lady Bel Finch. Lord Bath owed her *half a crown*; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her *a crown*. She replied, that though he could give her *a crown*, he could give her *a corner*, and she was very ready to accept it.'

In an account of the Cambridge election, when the struggle was between Lord Hardwick and Lord Sandwich, Walpole relates that a voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a madhouse with his keeper. He then adds,—

'This is is the great and wise nation, which the philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, *C'est un furieux pas!* he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us.'

'The archbishop and bishops, who are so eager against Dr. Pearse's divorce from his see, not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the king, who left it to them, not to consent to it, though the bishop himself still insists on it. As this decision disappoints Bishop Newton, Lord Bath has obtained a consolatory promise for him of the mitre of London, to the great discomfort of Terrick and Warburton. You see Lord Bath does not hobble up the back stairs for nothing. Oh, he is an excellent courtier! The Prince of Wales shoots him with plaything arrows; he falls down dead; and the child kisses him to life again. Melancholy ambition! I heard him, t'other night, propose himself to Lady Townshend as a rich widow. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children,—to be flattering those of kings!

'The Bishop of Carlisle told me, that t'other day, in the House of Lords, Warburton said to another of the bench, "I was invited by my Lord Mansfield to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him; besides, I should have worked him, and that Lord Mansfield would not have liked."—No, in good truth, who can like such vulgarism! His French, too, I suppose, is equal to his wit and his piety.'

The following, while it relates a singular

and romantic marriage, shows the aristocratic pride of Walpole:—

'You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's (Lady Susan Fox) marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Reade's, the paintress—she said softly to him—"My lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but —what a *but!*—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked down stairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Reade's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say you to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?

'Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "*non numeri sumus*"—Lady Mary Duncan*, Lady Caroline Adair†, Lady Betty Gallini‡—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born.'

The following are additional selections. The first relates to the present Duke of York:—

'I was diverted just now with some old rhymes that Mr. Wilkes would have been glad to have North Britonized for our little Bishop of Osnaburgh—

'Eligimus puerum, puerorum festa colentes,
Non nostrum morem, sed regis jussa sequentes.

They were literally composed on the election of a juvenile bishop.'

Ball.—'Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night; my lord replied, "Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me! if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards."

The late Duke of Cumberland.—'The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do: in the middle of the operation, the duke said, "Hold!" Ranby said, "For God's sake, sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it." The duke repeated, "I say, hold!" and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap; "for," said he, "the poor man has sweat through these."—It was true; but the duke did not utter a groan.'

Folly and Prudence.—'Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot has stooped even lower than a theatric swain, and married her footman; but still it is you Irish that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and, considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a single hundred pound a-year upon him for his life, entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any, and, if not, on her own family;—nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and insures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield, whom she makes her trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium? Well, but hear more: she has given away all her clothes,—nay, and her ladyship, and says, linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland,—plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon. I think it is not clear that she is mad; but I have no doubt but Lady Bel will be so, who could not digest Dr. Duncan, nor even Mr. Milbank.'

The following is an account of the putting the printer of The North Briton in the pillory:—

'Williams, the reprinter of The North Briton, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot* with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams†, which amounted to near £200. In short, every public event informs the administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they have not a friend whom they do not buy Who can wonder, when every man of virtue is proscribed, and they have neither parts nor characters to impose even upon the mob! Think to what a government is sunk, when a secretary of state is called in Parliament to his face, *the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom*, and not a man can open his lips in his defence! Sure power must have some strange unknown charm, when it can compensate for such contempt! I see many who triumph in these bitter pills which the ministry are so often forced to swallow; I own I do not; it is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. 'Tis poor amends to national honour to know, that if a printer is set in the pillory, his country wishes it was my Lord This, or Mr. That. They will be gathered to the Oxfords, and Bolingbrokes, and ignominious* of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to *my* heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nation upon earth! —Good night!—I will go to bed, and dream of kings drawn in triumph; and then I will go to Paris, and dream I am proconsul there: pray take care not to let me be wakened with an account of an invasion having taken place from Dunkirk!'

We might go on this way selecting fragments, anecdotes, narratives, and bon-mots; but it would be injustice to the work to quote too largely, and we have done enough to show how valuable and interesting it is.

The Arabs: a Tale, in Four Cantos. By HENRY AUSTEN DRIVER. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THE poem of the Arabs is inscribed to Mr. Thomas Moore, and it is worthy of his patronage, although it trespasses on a field where he has sported so successfully: the scene is laid in Arabia, and the style is Anglo-Oriental. It displays a rich imagination, true poetic feeling, and exquisite taste. Many of the scenes are highly descriptive, and some of them really beautiful; of this class, we are sure our readers will class the following description of an eastern palace:—

'High on a rock, above Al Kohzom's flood,
The dome-crowned palace of the pacha stood:
A stately fort, from which nor time nor tide
Had worn the records of its ancient pride.
Calm, in the seaward prospect from the pile,
In bright green clusters, many a palmy isle
Lay, like the offspring of the land, asleep
Upon the parent bosom of the deep:
But, 'neath the black and scowling precipice
Which bore the structure, was a deep recess,

---

* 'Daughter of the seventh Earl of Thanet, married in Sept. 1763, to Dr. Duncan, M.D., soon after created a baronet.'

† 'Daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle, married in 1759, to Mr. Adair, a surgeon.'

‡ 'Daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, married to Sir John Gallini—she died in 1804, aged eighty.'

* 'We might be surprised at finding a person of Mr. Walpole's taste and judgment, describing Harley and St. John as *ignominious*, if we did not recollect, that during their administration his father had been sent to the Tower, and expelled the House of Commons for alleged official corruptions. It were to be wished that Mr. Walpole's personal prejudices could always be traced to so amiable a source.'

† 'The demolition of Dunkirk was one of the articles of the late treaty of peace, on which discussions were still depending.'

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Wherein the waters, e'en in calmest mood,
Moaned to the rocks in caverned solitude.
Stretching in rank luxuriance down the steep
And yawning cliffs which formed that dusky bay,
Huge trees entwined their boughs, as though to keep
The space impervious to the beams of day:
At times the turrets of the fabric, too,
Their heavy shadows o'er the Inlet threw,
Deepening its gloom, and veiling from the eye
The fitful surge below, whose sullen roar,
Combining with the sea-birds shrilly cry,
Warned e'en the bold to shun that fearful shore.
So wild, so perilous, uncouth, and drear,
Did that repulsive solitude appear,
That e'en the flowers, which had been trained above
To soothe its aspect, served but to bestow
Such look as Madness wears, when he hath wove
A garland to adorn his moody brow.

'But to the landward was a scene might vie
With aught that's beautiful in bloom or dye
In gentler climes, where winds from dewy wing
Dispense the treasures of perennial spring.
Upon the verge of an expansive vale,
Adorned with gardens rich in all the flowers
That paint the East, refreshed by Ocean's gale,
And lulled by music of soft fountain-streams,
That wahled to the sun's enamoured beams,
The haram peered from its sequestered bowers.

'There—prince of fragrant trees—the keura bloomed;
There did the fine formed tamarind love to spread
Its stately umbrage; and, of softer shade,
Th' acacia's boughs the ambiant air perfumed.
The weeping myrrh, too, and those shrubs that be
Like Love, most sweet in tears—the orange-tree,
Whose golden fruit peeps smiling through a wreath
Of kindred blossoms, almonds of sweet breath,
The blushy peech, the purple-clustered vine,
The pendent citron, and the luscious date,
Sprang so luxuriant there—did so entwine,
In mazes beautiful as intricate,
That wfoun in the sylvan haunt might stray
Would midst its labyrinthine charms delay,
As if detained by some enchanter's spell;
And, when emerging to the beams of day,
Would turn, and sigh that they had traced their way,
They loved that lonely paradise so well.

'Advancing, by a trellised avenue,
Towards a terrace walk, whose mural crest
O'erhangs a wild and turbid stream, the view
Drops full upon the vale's expanded breast.
The lofty palm, the ever-fragrant bower,
The glittering mosque, the crescent-crested tower,
The slender minaret, the gilded dome,
The proud pavilion, and the shepherd's home,
With mingled beauty grace the varied scene:
But, in the midst, is one dark spot, which gloms
Its else fair aspect;—'tis the place of tombs.
There—like unchanging grief—for ever green,
Stand the funereal cypresses—those trees
Whose very dews seem tears by sorrow shed—
Whose branches, as they murmur in the breeze,
Seem fanned by sighs of those who mourn the dead.'

This *is* poetry, and we might select many passages of equal beauty and vigour.

The Private Journal kept by Madame Knight, on a Journey from Boston to New York, in the Year 1704. *From the Original Manuscript.* 12mo. New York, 1825. Wilder and Campbell.

Such is the title of a little volume which has just appeared in the United States; whether it be *genuine* or not, we will not pretend to determine, though its authenticity is strongly vouched for; but still we look with some degree of suspicion to a land where there are more miracles than Prince Hohenlohe ever worked, and which out-Munchausens Munchausen in the marvellous. We say nothing of the frauds of wooden nutmegs, or slipping a piece of granite into a bale of cotton, since some dishonest tradesmen are to be met with in every country, Turkey, perhaps, excepted.

In no country, however, in the world, is credulity more imposed upon than in the United States. You might as well attempt to make Jonathan believe that his country was not the most free, "wisest, virtuousest, best" in the world, as that its shores have not been visited by a sea-serpent as long as Oxford Street or the Strand; and, within the last month or two, we have seen, in the United States' papers, accounts of a whale swallowing a ship's anchor; and an eagle following the Marquis de la Fayette wherever he travelled, and hovering over his head-quarters in whatever part of the Union they were fixed. With these instances, may we not entertain some suspicion, that the same ingenuity which manufactures sea-serpents half a mile long, whales, with a swallow so capacious, and eagles so sensible and grateful, may have produced the Private Journal of a lady that never existed. We are far from asserting this to be the case, but we have our doubts.

Of Madame Knight little is avowedly known by the editor, who is even ignorant of her Christian name, and can give us no better reason for her being called Madame, than that it was a century ago a custom to distinguish ladies of a somewhat superior rank in life by that appellation. We, however, suspect, that if the editor had called her *Dame* Knight, he would have been nearer the mark.

The Journal of Madame Knight, if a fabrication, which we are rather unwilling to believe, is an ingenious one, and describes, we doubt not, very correctly, the manners of the period to which it relates: the adventures of the lady, too, though interesting, do not stagger our credulity, or exact much from it: there is a good deal of humour and point in the narrative, which is given with the abbreviations and orthography of the original manuscript. That the volume is curious, no one will deny; and it exhibits a singular picture of New England, and the New Englanders, a century and a quarter ago. The journey of Madame Knight was a somewhat perilous one; and, notwithstanding the attention of her guides, she had to encounter accidents by flood and field. On entering the state of Rhode Island, she says:—

'I having here discharged the Ordinary for self and Guide (as I understood was the custom), about Three in the afternoon went on with my Third Guide, who Rode very hard, and having, crossed Providence Ferry, we came to a river which they Generally Ride thro'. But I dare not venture; so the Post got a Ladd and Cannoo to carry mee to tother side, and hee rid through and Led my hors. The Cannoo was very small and shallow, so that when we were in, she seem'd redy to take in water, which greatly terrified mee, and caused mee to be very circumspect, sitting with my hands fast on each side, my eyes stedy, not daring so much as to lodg my tongue a hair's breath more on one side of my mouth than tother, nor so much as to think on Lot's wife, for a wry thought would have overset our wherry: but was soon put out of this pain, by feeling the Cannoo on shore. wch I, as soon almost, saluted with my feet, and rewarding my sculler, again mounted, and made the best of our way forwards.'

The idea of not daring to lodge her tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of her mouth than the other, for fear of upsetting the boat, is original and excellent, and surpasses the itinerant coal-dealer, who used to ascertain if seven-shilling pieces were the due weight, by placing them one by one on his right shoulder, and the corresponding weight of the coin on his left. Every traveller in the United States is disgusted with the want of comfort and attention at the inns, and the sullen insolence of even Boniface himself. This, we presume, is a modern yankee *raffinement*, as Madame Knight makes no such charge against the inn where she passed a night, though, it will be seen, dram-drinking was then known in half America.

'Being come to mr. Havens,' she says, 'I was very civilly Received, and courteously entertained, in a clean comfortable House, and the Good woman was very active in helping off my Riding clothes, and then ask't what I would eat. I told her I had some Chocolett, if she would prepare it; which with the help of some Milk, and a little brass Kettle, she soon effected to my satisfaction. I then betook me to my Apartment, wch was a little room parted from the Kitchen by a single bord partition: where, after I had noted the Occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which tho' pretty hard, yet meet and handsome. But I could get no sleep because of the Clamor of some of the Town topeers in next Room, Who were entered into a strong debate concerning ye Signification of the name of their Country (viz.) Narragansett. One said it was named so by ye Indians, because there grow a Brier there of a prodigious Height and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians Narragansett: And quotes an Indian of so barbarous a name, for his Author, that I could not write it. His Antagonist Replyed no—It was from a Spring it had its name, wch he well knew where it was, which was extreem cold in summer and as Hott as could be imagined in the winter, which was much resorted by the natives, and by them called Narragansett (Hot and Cold) and that was the original of their place's name—with a thousand impertinances not worth notice wch He uttered

with such a Roaring voice and Thundering blows with the fist of wickedness on the Table, that it pierced my very head. I heartily fretted and wish't 'um tongue tyed; but with as little success as a friend of mine once, who was (as she said) kept a whole night awake, on a journey, by a country Left, and a Sergent, Ensign and a Deacon, contriving how to bring a triangle into a Square. They kept calling for tother Gill, wch while they were swallowing, was some Intermission; but presently, like Oyle to fire, encreased the flame. I set my Candle on a chest by the bed side, and setting up, fell to my old way of composing my Resentments, in the following manner:

'I ask thy Aid, O Potent Rum!
To charm these wrangling Topers Dum.
Thou hast their Giddy Brains possest—
The man confounded with the Beast—
And I, poor I, can get no rest.
Intoxicate them with thy fumes:
O stilt their tongues till morning comes!

And I know not but my wishes took effect; for their dispute soon ended with tother dram; and so Good night!"'

The following account of rustic simplicity relates to a haberdasher or 'merchant' in New Haven:—

'Being at a merchants house, in comes a tall country fellow, wth his Alfogeos full of Tocacco; for they seldom Loose their Cudd, but keep Chewing and Spitting as long as they're eyes are open,—he advanc't to the midle of the Room, makes an Awkward Nodd, and spitting a Large deal of Aromatick Tincture, he gave a scrape with his shovel like shoo, leaving a small shovel full of dirt on the floor, made a full stop, Hugging his own pretty Body with his hands under his arms, Stood staring rown'd him like a Catt let out of a Basket. At last like the creature Balaam Rode on, he opened his mouth and said: have you any Ribenen for Hatbands to sell I pray? The Questions and answers about the pay being past, the Riben is bro't and opened. Bumpkin Simpers, eryes its confounded Gay I vow; and beckoning to the door, in comes Jone Tawdry, dropping about 50 curtsees, and stands by him: hee shows her the Ribin. *Lass You*, sais shee *its right Geal*, do You take it, *tis dreadful pretty*. Then she inquires, *have you any hood silk I pray?* wth being brought and bought, Have You any *thred silk to sew it* wth says shee, wth being accommodated wth they Departed. They Generally stand after they come in a great while speechless, and sometimes dont say a word till they are askt what they want, which I impute to the Awe they stand in of the merchants, who they are constantly almost indebted too; and must take what they bring without Liberty to choose for themseves; but they serve them as well, making the merchants stay long enough for their pay.'

Madame Knight's narrative is interesting, and we quit the work with a description of a cottage on the banks of the Pankatang river:—

'It was supported with shores enclosed with Clapboards laid on Lengthways, and so much asunder, that the Light came thro' every where; the doore tyed on with a cord in ye place of hinges; the floor the bare earth; no windows but such as the thin covering afforded, nor any furniture but a Bedd with a glass bottle hanging at ye head on't; an earthen Cupp, a small pewter bason. A bord with sticks to stand on, instead of a table, and a block or two in ye corner instead of chairs.'

Admitting Madame Knight to give a faithful description of New England, at the time she wrote, the contrast between its state then and now is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable that any country affords.

Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.

(Continued from p. 419.)

Although William of Normandy claimed the crown of England by inheritance, yet no conquered country was perhaps ever treated with more severity than England was by the Normans. William knew their high spirit, how bravely they had resisted his legions, and how readily they would avail themselves of the first opportunity that offered of throwing off his yoke; he therefore resolved to govern by the terror of his arms, and that those whom he could not reduce to allegiance he would exterminate. The English population was now harassed in every direction; there were no longer any free provinces, any masses of men armed and united,—nothing but scattered individuals, chiefs without soldiers, and soldiers without chiefs; persons of any influence were judged and condemned, and the rest placed at the discretion of the foreign soldiers, who made them grooms for their horses, or labourers for their lands. Such as could emigrate left the country; and—

'A troop of these fugitives, under the conduct of Siward, one of the ancient chiefs of the country of Glocester, steered their course southward, coasted Spain, and went to Sicily, to offer their services to the Greek Emperor Alexis. Alexis enrolled the Saxons in a body of German troops, who had long been in the pay of the empire under the name of *wærings*, or under a Greek name signifying *axe-bearers*. They retained the arms and language of their country, and received lands in Ionia, where a town was built for them. By a singular fate, these men, who had emigrated from their native land on account of an invasion by Gallo-Normans, fought under the banners of their new host against other Gallo-Normans, who were invading Apulia; and, at the battle of Durazzo, which was lost by Robert Guiscard or Guichard, an adventurer and conqueror, like William, the exiles from England formed the front rank of the Greek imperial army.

'Other chiefs and rich men, who could not or would not cross the sea, retired into the forests, with their clients and families. The great roads, along which the Norman convoys passed, were infested by their armed bands; and they took back from the conquerors by stratagem what the conquerors had taken by force—thus recovering the ransom of their inheritances, and avenging by assassination the massacre of their fellow-countrymen. These refugees are called robbers by the historians friendly to the Conquest, who speak of them, in their accounts, as we do of men wilfully and wickedly armed against a lawful order of society. "Each day," say they, "was committed a number of thefts and murders, caused by the natural villainy of the people and the immense wealth of this kingdom." But was not the wealth of the kingdom the wealth of the Saxons? and if the natives became robbers, was it for any other purpose than to recover their own property? The order which they rose up against was the violent order of the Conquest; the law beyond which they placed themselves was the law of the foreigner: and thus the Saxon word *outlaw*, synonymous with *banished man*, and by extension, with *robber*, thenceforward lost its disgraceful sense in the ears of the subjugated people. When any old popular story or Saxon legend makes mention of one of these men laid under the ban of the conquest, it is almost always observable that the narrator takes pleasure in giving a sort of poetical character to the person of the outlaw, and to his wandering life—that life of liberty, under the green leaves of the forest (as some old English verses express it). The outlawed individual nearly always appears to be as much cherished by the oppressed as he is dreaded by the oppressors; he is as gay as he is brave; he is called the king of the forest, and fears not the king of the country.'

The enmity of the Norman soldiery to the Anglo-Saxons and English, were not greater than that of the Norman clergy, who were as eager to seize on the churches and church lands, as the soldiers were on the lay property. Sometimes the English clergy excited their countrymen to resistance;—when William, either by force, or, as M. Thierry says, 'by promises and lies,' subdued or averted the threatened storm. It would, however, lead us too far, to attempt to give even an outline of the oppressions, on one resistance on the other, to which this country was long a prey, and which is so ably narrated by M. Thierry. At length the people sunk into a sort of apathy:—

'The mournful destiny of the English people already seemed irretrievably fixed. In the silence of all opposition, a sort of calm—the calm of discouragement—reigned throughout the country. The foreign brokers displayed without fear, in the public markets, the stuffs of Gaul, which they came to exchange for the booty of the Conquest. A man might travel (says the cotemporary historian), and carry with him his weight in gold, without being addressed by any one in an unfriendly manner. The Norman soldier, in more quiet possession of his share of land or money, less disturbed by nocturnal alarms, less frequently obliged to sleep in his hauberk with his hand upon his cross-bow, became less brutal, less irritated, less violent in his hatred; and even the conquered sunk into the false tranquillity of servitude. The English women had to dread fewer insults to their modesty; and a great number of those who had fled into the monasteries, and taken the black veil of the nuns, as a safeguard from the licentiousness of the conquerors, began to

desire the termination of this forced retreat, and wished to return to social life—ever dear to mankind, even in times of the greatest national calamity.

'But it was not so easy for the Saxon women to quit the cloister as to enter it. The Norman priests held the keys of the monasteries, as the Norman laymen held those of the fortresses; and it was necessary that these sovereign masters of the bodies and souls of the English should deliberate in solemn assembly on the question of setting at liberty such women as had taken the veil against their wish. Archbishop Lanfrank presided at this council, which was attended by all the bishops appointed by the conquerors, together with the abbots of Normandy and other persons of high rank. The prelate's opinion was, that such of the English women as had taken refuge in the convents in order to save their chastity, ought not to be punished for obeying the sacred precepts, but that the doors of the cloisters should be opened to all who requested it. This opinion prevailed in the council—not so much, perhaps, because it was the most humane, as because it came from the ecclesiastical chief of the conquest and intimate friend of the conqueror. Such of the female refugees as had still a family, a home, and protectors, recovered their liberty.'

William was so jealous of the power of the Normans getting on the wane, that he wished to regulate their marriages, and was quite indignant that Guillaume, the son of Osbert, his first captain, should marry his sister Emma to Raulf de Gaël, a Breton by birth, and Count of Norfolk. The marriage ceremony took place at Norwich, and, at the nuptial feast, some harsh things were said against the king; these were followed by a feeble conspiracy, which was severely avenged by William. Raulf de Gaël was dispossessed of all his property, the family of Osbert completely ruined, and even the town where the marriage was held was visited with indiscriminate punishment. The arrival on the English coast of a Danish fleet afforded the king an opportunity to glut his vengeance on Waltheof, a Saxon chief, who had married the king's niece, Judith. He was accused of having invited the Danes (who never landed), and was condemned to death at Winchester:—

'Early in the morning, while the people of Winchester were yet asleep, the Normans led the Saxon chief without the walls of the town. Waltheof walked to the place of execution clothed in his count's apparel, which he distributed among some clerks and poor people who had followed him, and whom the Normans permitted to approach, on account of their small numbers and their entirely peaceful appearance. Having reached a hill at a short distance from the walls, the soldiers halted; and the Saxon, prostrating himself, prayed aloud for a few moments; but the Normans, fearing that too long a delay would cause the rumour of the execution which they wished to perform to be spread in the town, and that the citizens would rise to save their fellow-countryman, said to Waltheof, "Arise, that we may fulfil our orders!" He asked, as a last favour, that they would wait only until he had once more repeated, for them and for himself, the Lord's Prayer. They allowed him to do so; and Waltheof, rising from the ground, and resting on his knees, began aloud, "Our Father, who art in Heaven ——;" but at the last verse—"and lead us not into temptation"—the executioner, seeing, perhaps, that daylight was beginning to appear, would wait no longer, but, suddenly drawing his large sword, struck off the Saxon's head at one blow. The body was thrown into a hole dug between two roads, and hastily covered with earth.

'The English, who could not save Waltheof, put on mourning for him, and made him a saint and a martyr, as they had made martyrs of the ancient chiefs killed by the Danes, and as they had more recently made one of Bishop Egelwin, who had died of hunger in one of the Norman donjons." "They have sought," says a cotemporary, "to efface his memory from this land, but they have not succeeded; we firmly believe that he dwells among the blessed in Heaven." It was rumoured among the Saxon serfs and townspeople, that at the hour of his death, the body of the last chief of the English race, carried away by the monks of Crowland, had been found unchanged, the blood being still warm. Other miracles, springing in like manner from patriotic superstition, were worked at Waltheof's tomb, erected, with William's permission, in the chapter of the Abbey of Crowland. The Norman wife of the decapitated chief was disturbed by the news of these prodigies; and, in order to conjure the supposed power of the man whom she had betrayed, and whose death she had caused, she went trembling to Waltheof's tomb, and laid over it a silk pall, which was instantly thrown afar off, as by some invisible hand.'

As we shall devote one paper more to this interesting work, we shall quit Norman oppression to quote our author's account of the ancient Irish, which must prove seasonable, when Ireland and Irish affairs occupy so much attention. Speaking of the western island, 'which its inhabitants called Erin, and the English Ireland,' M. Thierry says:—

'The people of this island, brethren of the mountaineers of Scotland, and forming with them the last remnant of a great population which, in ancient times, had covered Britain, Gaul, and perhaps a part of the Spanish peninsula, exhibited many of the physical and moral characteristics which distinguish the races of southern original. The major part of the Irish were men with dark hair, with strong passions, loving and hating with vehemence—yet of a social temper, and in many things, especially in religion, enthusiastic. They willingly mixed up the Christian religion with their poetry and their literature, which was perhaps the most cultivated in all western Europe. Their island possessed a multitude of saints and learned men venerated in England and in Gaul; for no country had furnished a greater number of missionaries for Christianity, from no other motive than pure zeal, and an ardent desire of communicating to foreign nations the opinions and faith of their country. The Irish were great travellers, and always gained the hearts of those whom they visited, by the extreme ease with which they conformed to their customs and way of life.

'This facility of manners was allied in them with an extreme love of their national independence. Though invaded repeatedly by different populations from the south or from the north, they had never admitted any prescription for conquest, nor made voluntary peace with the sons of the stranger: their old annals contained recitals of terrible revenge exercised, frequently after the lapse of more than a century, by the natives upon their conquerors. The remains of the ancient conquering races, and the small bands of adventurers who, from time to time, came to seek lands in Ireland, avoided the effects of this patriotic intolerance, by incorporating themselves with the Irish tribes, submitting to the ancient social order established by the natives, and learning their language. This was done very quickly by the Danish and Norwegian pirates, who, in the interval between the eighth and tenth centuries, founded several colonies on the eastern coast, in which, relinquishing their old system of plunder, they built towns, and became traders.

'As soon as the Roman Church had established her dominion in Britain, by the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, she made continual efforts to extend over the inhabitants of Erin the empire which she pretended to exercise over all the worshippers of Christ. As there was on the Irish soil no Pagan conqueror to convert, and as, consequently, she there could not hope to create them an active army, executing their orders in a warlike manner, as the Franks and the Saxons were then doing, they confined themselves to negotiating by letters and messages, to endeavour to bring the Irish to establish in their island an ecclesiastical hierarchy, resembling that of the continent, and, like it, capable of serving as a footstool to the pontifical throne. The men of Erin, like the Britons of Cambria and of Gaul, having organized Christianity in their country spontaneously, without conforming in any way to the official organization decreed by the Roman emperors, had among them no fixed episcopal sees; their bishops were simply priests, to whom had been confided, by election, the office, purely honorary, of visitors or overlookers of the churches. They did not constitute a body superior to the rest of the clergy, nor were there among them different hierarchical degrees. The church of Ireland; in short, had not a single archbishop; none of its members had occasion to go to Rome to solicit or buy the pontifical pallium,—so that this church, enjoying independence with regard to all foreign churches, and its administration, like that of every free society, being in the hands of dignitaries elected and recalled by itself alone, was at an early period regarded as schismatic by the conclave of St. John of Lateran; and a long system of attacks was directed against it, with the perseverance innate in the successors of the old senate, which, by dint of willing one and the same thing, had subjugated the world.

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'St. Peter's Rome had not, like that of the god Mars, legions issuing from its walls to go and conquer nations; all its strength consisted in address, and its skill in making alliances with the mighty of Europe—unequal alliances, which, under the name of friends, made them vassals and subjects of Rome. The victories of foreign conquerors, especially of the barbarians and pagans, over the nations rebellious to the pontifical pretensions, were, as this history has more than once given occasion to observe, the most frequent cause of political aggrandizement to the Roman pontiffs. They carefully espied the first ambitious thoughts of the invaders, to rush into their arms, and enter into partnership with them—in gain, but not in loss. In default of invaders, they loved and encouraged national disputes and usurpers of the liberties of the people. Hereditary power in the hands of one man was what pleased them the most; because it was nearly always easy for them to make themselves agreeable to that one man, to win him to themselves, and, by governing him, to govern the whole extent of territory subject to his absolute authority.

'Had such a system of government existed in Ireland, it is probable that, at a very early period, the religious independence of that country would have been annihilated by mutual agreement between its kings and the Roman priests; for the Romans possessed, above all things, the art of winning the good will of kings; they lavished upon them extravagant titles, the sound of which regaled their ears; and, by virtue of a few drops of oil poured on their heads, erected them into representatives of God himself, sacred to the rest of mankind. But if there were in Ireland national chiefs, to whom the Latin title of *rexes* could be strictly applied, and was really applied in the public acts drawn up in that language, the great number of these kings, their perpetual dependence on the various tribes which had chosen them, and the names of which were the only titles they were accustomed to wear—that absence of unity and arbitrary power—afforded nothing that could be laid hold of by the policy of Rome,—which, not having material conquests for its object, found no chance of success in division. There was indeed in Ireland a chief superior to all the rest, who was called the Great King, or the King of the Country, and was chosen by a general assembly of the chiefs of the different provinces. But this elective president of the national confederation took the same oath to the nation as the chiefs of tribes took to their respective tribes—to observe inviolably the ancient laws and hereditary customs. Besides, the Great King's part was to execute, rather than to decide, in the general affairs; for all was decided in greater or lesser councils, held in the open air, upon some hill surrounded by a wide trench. There the laws of the country were made; and there the disputes between province and province, town and town, and sometimes between man and man, were debated, often in a tumultuous manner.

'It may well be conceived that a social order like this, the basis of which was the multitude, and in which the impulse always proceeded from the fickle and passionate mass, must have been unfavourable to the projects of the court of Rome, whose custom it was to gather money everywhere, but to scatter it nowhere. Thus, in spite of all their endeavours with the Irish kings, during the four centuries and a half which elapsed between the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons and the descent of the Normans upon England, the popes did not obtain the smallest change in the religious practices and organization of the clergy of the Isle of Erin, nor the levy of the smallest tax upon its inhabitants. After the Conquest of England, the intrigues of the primate, Lanfranc—a man devoted to the simultaneous aggrandizement of the papal and the Norman dominion—being actively directed upon Ireland, began somewhat to bend the spirit of national liberty in the priests of that island—thanks to the reiterated messages, the persuasive sophisms, and perhaps the money, of him who had caused himself to be called Primate of England;—for Lanfranc had accumulated large sums,—first, by collecting his share of the plunder taken from the Anglo-Saxons, and afterwards by selling to the bishops of the Norman race pardon for their tyrannies, their thefts, their cruelties, and their debaucheries!'

Juan Secundus. Canto I. 8vo. pp. 46. *Serapiana Poetica.* Part I. By the Author of Juan Secundus. pp. 53. London, 1825. Miller.

We have placed these two *literatures* together, not on account of their similarity of subject, but because they are by the same author, and are both first parts of poems, which are not very likely to reach a second, particularly the Serapiana Poetica, which, though scraps, are not strictly poetical. With regard to the Juan Secundus, it is much better, and we must give the author credit for no ordinary degree of confidence, in following in the wake of Lord Byron, whom he describes as—

'Viewing with scorn—with spirit bold as free,
Dark Hatred's frown—pale sick'ning Envy's mock,—
Greater mid every effort to confound him—
Brighter through every cloud that lower'd round him.'

Byron is not the only poet noticed; for Scott, Campbell, Southey, Milman, all come in for a niche; and the author, who seems on good terms with himself, and in good humour with the rest of the world, notices prominent individuals and prominent events in a very good-natured way, and often with smartness. One single stanza we select; it is a tribute to the talents and memory of Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine:—

'Watt, thou wert one whose scientific mind
Dived deeply, bravely, steadily, and true,
Thro' nature's secret mysteries:—unconfined
Thy power of thought;—thy theoretic view
No care could cloud, no false conceptions bind:
Thy practice did what none but thou could'st do:—
On every shore with gratitude we see
Thy deeds—a pride to us—a monument to thee!'

The Marauders. Two Epistles in Verse on Irish Affairs, and particularly the Recent Parliamentary Discussions. The First addressed to Lord King, the Second to Sir John Newport. 8vo. London, 1825. Hunt and Clarke.

This is a very caustic satire on the leading members of both Houses of Parliament who distinguished themselves, by their opposition to the Catholic claims, in the session which has just closed. The author, who possesses considerable humour, 'tilts at all he meets,' attacking the woolsack, the bench of bishops, the Duke of York, the Marquis of Anglesea, and many others, and treating them with unsparing severity. Though we by no means approve of his estimate of the character of many individuals, and think the author displays as small a degree of liberality as those he censures for the want of it, yet we hesitate not to do justice to talents, however directed, and to acknowledge that The Marauders form a very clever and humorous satire. The volume contains little that would suit us to quote, on account of its political acerbity; but the following simile, leaving our readers to decide on its correctness, will be sufficient, as a specimen of the author's style:—

'There 's a custom in France, which I'll never forgive her,
Where they torture a goose to make larger its liver;
Where they chuckle with joy when the animal faint is—
For its bile-bloated liver is *c* ul of their dainties—
And watch o'er the process till death; for they sugar a
Precious *morceau* in their *paté de foie gras.*
In France, geese are tortured—for *gourmands* and beasts;
Men are tortured in Ireland—for bishops and priests;—
The matter's not minced as a thing to conceal;
The admitted by Liverpool, Eldon, and Peel,
That freedom with clerical wealth won't abide;
And freedom to Ireland is therefore denied.
Thus liberty, peace, and our national health,
Are for ever the victims of clerical wealth.'

A Peep at the Esquimaux. With Forty Coloured Plates. By a Lady. 12mo. London, 1825. Thomas.

This is a pretty book for a child, containing forty coloured engravings of Arctic scenery, zoology, the Esquimaux, their implements, weapons, &c., with poetical descriptions, suitable for juvenile readers. As it is neatly got up, it will form a very good holiday present.

The Juvenile Sketch-Book; or, Pictures of Youth, in a Series of Tales. 12mo. pp. 187. London, 1825. Thomas.

The plan of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and inculcating the principles of morality by stories of fiction, is perhaps as old as education itself; the tales of giants and hobgoblins, however, with which the infant mind used to be stored and frightened, have been succeeded by narratives of a more rational and equally-interesting description. The tales in the Juvenile Sketch-Book, which, we understand, is by the author of Dangerous Errors, are well-written plain stories, calcu-

lated to entice youth to read, and to improve their minds and protect their morals by the perusal.

ORIGINAL.

COUNTRY RAMBLES—A HIGH-BORN COUNTRY CURATE—KEAN AND THE STARS, &c.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

Ma. Editor,—Whilst you and tens of thousands (not bound as you are) continue to broil first on one side, then on the other, in the streets of London, peppered by the dust, and only consoled for your cooking by the *sauce piquante* of good company in which you are swimming, I am wandering in the woods, or reposing under the hedges, of that part of Sussex which I described to you, last year, as the most primitive, uninjured, and unimproved part of the kingdom. Whilst you broil yourself to hear the melting strains of a theatrical warbler, I find a cold seat on the gnarled root of an old oak, to listen to the nightingale in its branches, and amuse myself by observing how much she improves all the songsters in her neighbourhood. I form acquaintance with hedge-roses and woodbines, which I visit every day, observing the progress of their flowers with delight, as the buds expand and glow in the sunshine, that affords prosperity to the whole family. But I freely confess that, in this delicious laziness, this dreamy leisure, in which existence is a calm unruffled stream, that I cannot always hold converse with inanimate nature, and that an importation of magazines and journals, on a market-day, yields a kind of friendly visit, singularly agreeable. If a man *lives* in the country, he is necessarily engaged in the business which belongs to it;—he has vestry-meetings to attend, wrongs to redress, improvements to effect, charities to perform, faults to punish, and good neighbourhood to keep up; and justly does the invaluable author of Tremaine inculcate the doctrine of such good offices being alike essential to individual happiness and social duty. But an occasional resident, who merely flies the din of the 'great Babel,' or courts the sweets of nature for a few weeks, carrying himself with him, in despite of his wishes to dispose of that same self in its habits, cannot cease to recur to his associations, after the first blush of country beauty has subsided; and, without desiring to be in his old haunts, he yet inquires what they are doing there with no small interest.

The foundation-stone of a new London Bridge, the grant of a handsome sum to our Protestant brethren in the Vaudois, and the expected marriage of Miss Tree, who is a very pretty actress and a good girl, are the pleasantest things I have read of in the papers. I should blush for myself if I were not, as a Briton, proud of the *first*—as a new proof of our national prosperity, be unworthy of the church to which I belong, if I did not rejoice in the *second*, and have few of a father's feelings about me, if the *last* did not awaken them. Tis a path of no light danger to youth and beauty—that same dramatic one, to receive every night the language of adulatory love, to be intoxicated with the thunders of applause, and excited to sensibility by all that most touches the heart: to walk through such incentives to error in quiet propriety, in the unblenched majesty of innocence, and then to enter the temple of Hymen with a prospect of finding there not only safety but happiness, is a contemplation of pure delight and honest exultation; may the pretty warbler find her home a 'sweet home' for many a year to come, and make it such to him who takes her under a husband's protection.

After all, it would be a sad thing to survive one's own heart, to be so wearied with the follies and so disgusted with the crimes of this working-day world, as to be incapable of rejoicing in the joys and glowing with the virtues that now and then come before you as sabbath-rests in the turmoil of life, and green spots in the sandy desert. When I was in this neighbourhood last year, and pursuing my usual custom of rambling, one of the very few fair Sundays we then enjoyed tempted me to take a long walk to a distant village where I had never been, but which I knew I should reach before church-time. The reverend rector, I was told, 'was a very aged man, too old to do duty;' his curate, a young man of high family and fashion, whom the evils of pluriorship alone compelled to enter a church. Of course, though the prospect was fair around the sacred edifice, that within was unpromising enough; and my very heart shrank at the idea of seeing the service disgraced by the feeble shufflings of superannuated imbecility, or the more insufferable pertness of dandified haste or yawning languors.

At all events, there was a famous congregation; and that, after all, is a heart-cheering sight to a church-going old-fashioned English gentleman. I love to see clumsy yeomen, their ruddy wives, and handsome young families: the clean frocks and white aprons of farmers and their wives cheer my spirits, and give a picturesque finish, in my eyes, to the surrounding landscape, and I entered the sacred edifice under an assurance that, whatever the ministers might be, the congregation were highly respectable. I was not sorry to see our reverend doctor of eighty in his pew, I confess; and when, a few minutes afterwards, a tall, elegant young man, of pensive countenance, and evident timidity, entered the reading-desk, I was sure that all was safe, at least,—if not edified, yet it was plain I could not be disgusted.

In fact, the service was read with unaffected modesty and devotion; the sermon was plain, and suitable for the congregation, showing alike the good sense and the upright intention of the preacher, whom I concluded to be a stranger. With that feeling natural to us all when we are really pleased and grateful, on leaving the church I determined to make my bow to him. In doing so, I approached him as he was addressing the clerk:—'The congregation is very large to-day; is there a wedding, James?'

'Oh! no, sir; the folks be comed to hear your *last* sermon.'

'My *last* sermon; what do you mean?'

'Why, sir, it be a twelvemonth this very day since you comed here, and we all understood as how his honour your father wouldn't let ye stay more nor *one* year in sich a lone place as this.'

'It is a mistake,' said the young clergyman, as a share of doubtlessly-pleasant feeling suffused his face; and he walked away with that quick step persons under slight agitation assume.

I had not left the church-yard when the four bells of this humble, though ancient church, set up a merry peal; and many of the rustics, lingering in the church-yard, eagerly turned in again, to lend a hand at pulling them; for there was a joyful whisper—at least the clerk had sent it round, 'Mr. ——, the curate, was going to stay; and it was as little as they could do to welcome the good man with a peal.'

I saw him mount his horse; and, though he rode so fast that the tinklings would soon die in his ear, I am sure they would not do so on his heart;—may he remember them in the walks of fashion, in the halls of his father, and in the day of episcopal power (should it ever arrive to him); for they may prove not only the reward of virtue, but its incentive.

This simple scene of rustic applause has returned to my memory very strongly to-day, in consequence of learning, from the newspapers, that Kean has been received with 'unbounded acclamations.' Nothing can be offered more strongly in contrast than the scenes—the performers—the occasion: the 'loud huzzas' of a vast body, in the splendid theatre of an immense city, amongst whom are the learned, the titled, the affluent, the rural, the vile, and the ridiculous, are strongly opposed to the heartfelt joy of a handful of simple, but sensible people, in a circumstance which, perhaps, not fifty out of the applauding thousands in the playhouse could even comprehend, superior as they may deem themselves. I can say nothing of the parties so distinguished by their fellow-men: of course the pardoned adulterer is the more prominent personage; and such, as the world goes, he must remain. I merely mention the circumstance to prove that country people are not stocks and stones, according to the Round Table doctrine, and that there is still some good feeling in the world, on subjects which it has been of late years the fashion for *little* wits to deride, in their affectation of new lights. Tis true we have plenty of gas stirring; but a little quiet fire, warming our own souls, and not annoying our neighbours, is really a novelty in these enlightened times.

Moving from 'grave to gay,' allow me to notice a capital letter in Blackwood's Magazine to the managers of the theatres, going to prove that it is the 'stars who put out the lights, by ruining the true relish for a good play.' Perhaps the observations came a little too late, as the fact is established against stars and monodramatists incontrovertibly, by the success of Covent Garden this late season. Ever since that planet, Macready, withdrew his rays, their past malignant influence was proved by the recovery from deep depression of the sphere he had adorned and injured. In the next place, he is observed, that the comedy of a 'Woman never vexed' offered, in the excellent acting of Mr.

Kemble, Mr. Young, and their assistants, decided proof that a drama, to give all the satisfaction of which such a work of art is capable, must present *several* persons of high talent, contrasting, and in one sense contending, for the power of showing life as it is. 'Greek must meet Greek' to give us the 'tug' of intellectual warfare. If we are to see *one* man only, in the name of selfishness let this one man, like Mathews, do *all*; but do not let other persons, full as respectable, and almost as talented, be set to stalk around, 'reft of 'their natural proportions,' in order to render him gigantic. There is a littleness, wherever this is required, extremely unworthy of any star bigger than a farthing candle. We hear of no such contention at the Globe Tavern in the day when Willy Shakspeare acted and wrote.

The letter of which I speak assures Mr. Kemble 'that he is the best actor now on the English stage.' It was right to inform *him* of this fact, certainly; for such is the modesty of the man, that it is possible he may be the only one in the kingdom ignorant of it; but there is another passage which I must object to—it is the classing Young with Kean and Macready, as the *three* stars so deleterious in their ascendancy.

Now I really cannot rank so chaste an actor, and one who never does 'o'erstep the modesty of nature,' with those who stoop to quackery for peculiar purposes. When I consider the exquisite voice, and the amazing command of that voice enjoyed by this gentleman, I cannot bring myself to doubt but he could, if he would, play as many tricks *with it* as his rivals; and for that he does *not* do it—that he is not idle in one scene that he may bellow till he sobs in another—that he maintains one character throughout a whole piece, I hold myself his debtor. The cry that 'he is always good, but never astonishing—that he always pleases, but never electrifies,' I hold to be mere cant. Can any man in his senses wish to be starved at one time, and crammed at another?—certainly not; for, if the former is appalling, the latter is disgusting. In fact, we all wish to be fed properly, and even at a feast ask for food—not sauce or cayenne; but, if we go determined to be charmed, because it is the fashion, few are honest enough, and the rest not wise enough, to examine their own perceptions at the moment.

That I have done this is certain; and whilst 'my heart misgiving asked if this be right,' I have by my hands 'applauded to the echo.' There is a great deal of contagion in these cases; and that which we all do every day in London, we look back at with surprise, when soberly recollective in the country. In giving you these desultory thoughts, Mr. Editor, I feel assured that some apology is necessary for style, &c., but trust your readers will pardon one who confesses to be of the 'middle ages,' owns to the prejudices which attach to old nations, and is only ambitious of being a rambler alternately in busy and sequestered paths, with his eyes constantly on his fellow-men, and his heart open to love them when they will permit him. No man more enjoys a cigar, a bottle of old port, and a chat with an old friend; but yet no man loves better to trace a young man, in his entrance into life, with all his best feelings unwithered by the touch of selfishness and the blight of suspicion,—and for a woman of the same age—a girl with a fond, pure, warm, yet innocent heart—daring to smile and to jest, without even the knowledge of guilt—with the bloom and sweetness of the wild rose, and the elegance of the garden produce; why, sir! for such a creature as that I can be a very boy again, and yet, thank God! a friend—a father. Rather than I would be *other* to such a one, I would the heart (that in spite of time and care still beats so warmly) should 'rot half a grain a day;' and that I should be compelled to solicit the 'most sweet voices' of those who applauded the seducer, Elliston, and hissed the seduced Kean, and now most magnanimously reverse their judgment in one case, and will probably do so in the other—I can adjure no greater punishment, when he so deserves it, to your humble servant,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

THE INFANT LYRA.

HAVE any of our readers seen and heard the Infant Lyra? If they have not, we know not whether we ought to say we envy them the pleasure of the surprise they undoubtedly will enjoy when they visit her, or we pity them for remaining ignorant of anything so delightful. We are by no means partial to infant Roscii, or to prodigies of any kind; we even dislike the precocity produced in children by any species of hot-bed forcing, and prefer one sensible observation, the result of native reflection in a child, to a hundred affectations of wisdom which cannot exist, or knowledge too premature to be serviceable. But this child is so entirely a child—a very creature of smiles, and frolic, and perfect artlessness—yet so evidently a being of most extraordinary genius, that she delights us at the same moment by infantine simplicity, and beauty, and astonishes us by a display of talent which was unquestionably never paralleled except in the case of the celebrated S. Wesley. Indeed, no one can witness the performance of this child, without being sensible that the question is set at rest, as to 'whether there does not exist an innate power of a given direction in some favoured mortals, and which distinguishes them as decidedly from their fellow-creatures as the colour of their hair or their eyes.' The most doting parent cannot venture to say,—'My Maria or my Edward could do as well if they were taught;' for all who hear her are aware that the child is not under any pupil age which has forced nature beyond its own bent—that, on the contrary, she is a little, lively, unfettered girl, alike free from the control of fear and the language produced by labour. There is a glowing, enthusiastic love of music—a delicacy of organization—a quickness of perception—in her, which evidently renders her performance the sweetest moments of her existence. She is all ear—all nerve, and, in the strong excitement of her mind, produces sounds with those little fingers one would consider beyond her physical strength. No painter would desire to see a more perfect personification of a being 'rapt—inspired'—than this lovely little child, when, with her hand drawing out the softest tones, her ear close to the instrument, and her breath suspended, she seems absolutely absorbed in her own harmony, lost to all around her, and existing but in the Heaven of sweet sounds she was born to enjoy and communicate.

Too much praise cannot be given to her parents and friends for the manner in which this extraordinary child's performances are offered to the world: her hours of rest and refreshment are duly attended to, and even her passion for music is not indulged to the injury of her health, which is evidently excellent; and it is certain her beautiful features and roseate complexion, the freedom of her gait, and the little bobbing untutored courtesy which closes the performance, add not a little to the pleasure of the entertainment. In fact, we never witnessed so many quiet, but strong plaudits, follow any exhibition; for every individual seemed alike delighted: gentlemen were not less warm in their commendation than ladies; and many rushed forward to press the little hand, or snatch a kiss from the rosy cheek, of the fairy minstrel who had given them one hour of such blameless and unmixed pleasure as life seldom can bestow—an hour in which it might be truly said she took—

'The prisoned soul, and wrapt it in Elysium.'

For our own parts, we are not ashamed to say (though we bustled away, content to suffer our little boy to enjoy this honour, which was very freely yielded), that we were charmed even to tears; nor do we hesitate to place this little girl amongst the most illustrious proofs of extraordinary genius the world has yet witnessed. B. H.

ON WILLS.

PERHAPS one of the strangest memorials of humanity we possess, is the collection at Doctors Commons. In those private documents of the departed, we see man displayed in the genuine weakness of his nature, stripped of the disguises by which pride, fear, or interest, conceal him in his intercourse with the world. He is there found treasuring up the neglect of levity, the resistance of principle, or the disobedience of youthful passion, to be punished at an indefinite period of time, and, in lieu of not permitting the sun to go down upon his anger, extending his enmity beyond the grave, deferring the operation of his vengeance to a time when he stands in the greatest need of mercy, and pronouncing sentence on his fellows whilst he is, perhaps, himself receiving his final doom. When neither anger nor revenge mingle in what may be termed his posthumous decrees, the prejudice of opinion is often to be discovered in full force, dooming children for their youth, or relations for their cognomen, to a life of penury, in order to minister to the pride and extravagance of a first born, and enable him to support the honour, or rather the profusion of a certain number of letters. Even when his last edicts are innocent, we not unfrequently

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discover, that the wealth he had attained with trouble was almost as troublesome to distribute, or witness a resolute struggle to gain a momentary attention from mankind, nor fall into the stream of oblivion, without at least creating a splash,—beholding the hard-earned wealth of a long life finally devoted to ostentatious charity, to enable its quondam possessor to run the gauntlet of daily paragraphs and monthly obituaries, and then quietly flourish in precarious immortality on the organ-loft of a church, or the walls of a hospital, proving the selfishness of man in his last act, and showing that we regard our dead selves more than our living friends.

It would seem difficult for man, when invested with arbitrary power, to avoid playing the fool or the tyrant. That the weakness of the weak should be displayed in their will, however unexpected, is not surprising. We can readily imagine, that the feeble-minded would discover something of a kindred spirit when disposing of their only claims to consideration. Even men of strong minds, though of sanguine or of irascible tempers, might be conceived capable of 'fantastic tricks,' but we should not have expected that the calm good sense of the philosopher of Colombia would have been betrayed into vagaries. Yet it is difficult to read Franklin's will without smiling at the schemes which his matter-of-fact mind could indulge in, when their very commencement would not take place till all sublunary things had ceased to interest him. Did he intend it as a posthumous parable on compound interest, or was it the only day-dream he ever indulged in, and even then with an eye to the practically useful.

I was never but once at the reading of a will; and, although 'I returned somewhat richer than I went, the feelings it gave rise to were rather sad than otherwise. I was then several years younger than at present, and had been led, by novelists, to expect some display of anxiety; decorum, however, had carefully suppressed the appearance of solicitude, and the expression of the company's countenances was as uniform as the colour of their clothes. Misled by the same reporters, I had prepared for some assumption of grief; but this expectation was also disappointed; nor was I ever at an assembly where the feelings were under better regulation. When I entered the room, some of the company were in dispersed groups; others were seated at a table, listening his legacy to whom the wines were bequeathed; and several were stationed at the windows, earnestly watching for one of the executors, who, strange to say, had not arrived (though the appointed hour was expiring) and whose absence delayed the reading of the will,—a circumstance that threw additional awkwardness over the party; for, if waiting for dinner be unpleasant, the reader may imagine the unpleasantness of waiting for the distribution of that stuff which dinners are made of. The delay, however, allowed me an opportunity of more attentively surveying the company, and listening to their discourse.

Excepting their inky coats, there was little by which a stranger could have guessed at the business on which they were assembled. It was in vain that I looked around me to discover any traces of grief or even of regret: the assembly, it is true, were grave enough, but it was rather an undertaker's solemnity, than the melancholy of mourners. Whatever regard they might have had for their relation during his life—and much had been professed, was buried with him; his vices and his virtues were written in water with the most laudable impartiality; and even so fruitful a subject as death, seemed unable to elicit a truism. One of his nearest relatives was talking about an extensive failure which had just taken place, and inquiring what prospect there was of a dividend; another was discussing, not the merit of the departed, but that of his wine; some were endeavouring to wile away the time by conversing on indifferent topics, whilst others, in a tone of astonishment, were making assertions of 'It's past twelve,' and receiving dissatisfied confirmations of their statement. Servants bustled in and out of the room unnoticed, ostensibly bearing some trifle, but in reality, as it seemed to me, to gaze at the company. The behaviour of those executors who were present, alone seemed affected by the scene; and I thought (but it might be fancy operating upon knowledge) were easily distinguished by their reserved demeanor, important mysteriousness of look, and occasional whisperings with each other. Meantime the moments rolled heavily on, the forced conversation grew more dull and disjointed, watches perpetually left their fobs, conjectures were hazarded on Mr. B—'s non-arrival, and a messenger was about departing to ascertain the cause, when his approach was announced by the upholsterer. He came with apologies for his delay;—the doors of the apartment were cautiously closed, the important document was laid on the table, the seals of the envelope were broken by the solicitor, and the will handed to his clerk.

Not Beelzebub himself, when he rose to address the Stygian council, drew stiller audience and attention than the quill driver of Mr. A—. He commenced reading in a tone of perfect indifference, which formed a striking contrast to the feelings of his audience, and, with a business-like quickness, highly unfavourable to the document's comprehension. The preamble 'In the name of God, amen,' &c. like grace before dinner, was evidently looked upon as a dull prologue to a good piece, and expectation was on tip-toe for the rising of the curtain. The will, however was a lengthy one, and the commencement relating to no one present. We toiled on for some time, 'without anything on which we could dwell with pleasure,' until the stretch of attention requisite to catch its meaning through its cloud of technicalities, seemed even to weary the mind of interested curiosity; and the looks of the majority discovered their internal struggle to maintain their vigilance, or betrayed the aberration of their minds. Anon the pronunciation of their name, would recal their attention; and then, however the countenance might be guarded, the eye instinctively turned towards the speaker—sometimes, I think, not soon enough to discover the bequest—often too late to comprehend it in its full extent. A few, whose age authorized such proceedings, took notes of items, apparently anxious to dissipate, by employment, their awkward feelings; some gazed with vacant astonishment at the clerk, or rather at the sounds he was uttering; whilst one, at all events, was intent upon keeping his countenance, for he afterwards asked me how he had succeeded.

When the reader had finished, he withdrew, and the majority shortly followed his example. The difference between my coming and going was considerable. I arrived a beggar, and departed, far indeed from wealthy, but still a gainer by my journey; yet, I can truly say, I returned sadder than I went. The hollowness of affection, arising merely from ties of blood, or the distribution of posthumous benefits, pressed strongly on my mind; the utter impotence of gold to purchase friendship, never before stared me so fully in the face; whilst the total recklessness, the complete business-like manner with which the whole had been conducted, made me fully sensible of the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that 'no man must calculate on influence beyond the grave.' NOTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BLOWER VERSUS STOCKHEAD.

(A LAW CASE)

Oh, Harriette, Harriette! Paphian lass!
Whose *pretty fictions* read by all the world are—
Say, black-eyed gipsy, what hath come to pass,
That 'gainst thy moral page anathemas now hurl'd are?
Thy *moral* page! Yes, teacher of morality!
So saith thy publisher, John Joseph Stockhead;
And he's a man who shudders at venality;
And as for telling lies, and such rascality,
Whoever thinks him capable—must be a blockhead!
John Joseph Stockhead, t'other day,
Was call'd upon for satisfaction—
Not in the sense which rival gay
Call out each other,
With sword and pistol, and what not,
Making a potter,
But as defendant in an action,
Where, bowe'er great the ills of court,
And whatsoe'er might be the sport,
His *life* was safe—at least, he'd *not* be *shot*.
And now the plaintiff's counsel read his brief,
And comments made on said John Joseph's force—
His vile dishonesty—his want of shame—
His baseness and unmanly prostitution!
Which, when applied to one so *pure*, exceeds belief!
In short, he spoke of him, as one
Who a long course of infamy had run,
And whom to come in contact with was absolute pollution!
But had you seen John's self-applauding look,
When on his legs he got to make reply,
Or heard the line of argument he took,
To overturn *so vile a calumny*,
And prove how *truly moral* was the book!
How *pure* the author! and her task how grand

To *teach mankind*, that all might understand
(By seeing vice held up to public view)
How to avoid and dread its influence too!
You must have thought a *saint* stood there before ye,
Or Joseph's prototype, so fam'd in story;
In short, John Joseph show'd, by many a sign,
That Harriette's book could boast an origin *divine!*
Whilst *modest* Joseph thus the time beguil'd,
The jury star'd—the court and counsel smil'd,—
But listen'd, ne'ertheless, with mute attention,
To hear his wondrous wit and keen invention.
'Pray what's our crime,' said he (if crime it be),
'Which we've committed 'gainst this Mister Blower?
We say, he us'd the w for the r,
In making love to little Fanny!
What then? 'tis only making rather free
With the king's English, like his betters:—
Have not all cockneys a *prerogative right*
Thus to transpose their letters?
Surely I need not tell this cockney bore
That all his ancestors did so before,
His dad and mam, granddad and granny!—
A LIBEL, oh! I vow it shocks me quite—
'John Joseph Stockhead to be charg'd with libel!
The man who regularly reads the Bible!
The man who once was Kenyon's bosom friend,
Whilst editing the now defunct *True Briton!*
The man, whose pious labours ever tend
To serve the church and state—their cause befriend—
And never shrinks, whatever job is hit on!
Indeed, 'twould cut me to the very heart,
If loyalty and truth, like *mine*, were doubted!
But *conscious Virtue* well sustains her part,
And tells me that my foes, with all their art,
By judge and jury will be quickly scouted!"
He ceas'd—then took a pinch of snuff—
And round the court he look'd, with grin complacent,
But it was evident, enough,
John Joseph's thoughts, just then, were far from pleasant.
The judge some comments made upon the case,—
The jury found their verdict in a minute,
THREE HUNDRED POUNDS awarding Mr. Blower;
John Joseph Stockhead drew a dismal face,
Without one gleam of *conscious virtue* in it,—
Ran out of court, and ne'er was heard of more!

PITZ-PINDAR.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS, LEICESTER SQUARE.

WE do not admire the predominancy of portraits at the annual exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and yet we have been much interested and gratified by the present exhibition, which consists of them exclusively. This may at first sound a little paradoxical; but the seeming contradiction will disappear, when it is considered that the former are, for the most part, mere nonentities; and, although the individuals whom they represent may be very respectable and clever sort of people, too, in their way, who cares about the phiz of a 'gentleman' who, on inquiry, might turn out to be a retired cheesemonger; or about the looks of some, no doubt, respectable woman, who has been masqueraded by the artist into a 'lady?' But here we have genuine historical personages, whose very names conjure up a long train of associations. The princes, potentates, nobles, warriors, and beauties of the olden times here meet us at every glance—and, if the whole truth, too, must be spoken, many a noble dame, who had as little title to the appellation of a beauty as it is possible to conceive. Really, if we may credit the evidence of the pencil, neither of the sexes has degenerated so very much with respect to personal appearance as some *lack-a-daisical* people would have us imagine. Petrarch—the tender, sentimental Petrarch, in his quaint and uncouth costume, looks very much at first sight like an ugly old woman—certainly very little like an enamoured swain: and, as for his much-chanted 'Madonna Laura,' if she at all resembled the effigies which we here find of her, it is absolutely impossible that she should have inspired any other than a platonic affection; for we will venture to assert that a more homely and ill-favoured creature was never the theme of a poet's compliments. There is, too, a portrait of the Countess of Marchmont, so startlingly hideous, that one would not care to be alone with it in an apartment by twilight.

In such an extensive collection, there are of course several mediocre performances; but there are also some very admirable productions; and the general view of the rooms is pleasing, although, instead of splendid gilded frames, the pictures have only plain narrow deal ones: yet it is to be regretted that, for want of sufficient light, and the confined space of some of the rooms, it is impossible to see some of the subjects at all tolerably. In the entrance gallery is a capital portrait of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, said to be by Rubens, although the artist was not contemporary with that personage; also the Infanta Isabella, wife of Archduke Albert, by the same painter, which has a striking degree of character. No. 33, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, is a noble production of Holbein, and worthy of the reputation of that master; there is an unaffected nobleness and real dignity in this figure, that cannot fail to strike the spectator. Its neighbour, Prince Ferdinand, Governor of the Low Countries, by Vandyke, is also a noble portrait. In the next apartment are two very fine whole-length figures, by Mytens, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon—Nos. 53 and 69; and two admirable heads, by Miereveldt, Frederick and Elizabeth, of Bohemia. The latter is certainly not the most beautiful of her sex, neither is there much majesty in her appearance; for the artist seems to have had a very homely pencil, and to have represented nature rather forcibly than flatteringly. No. 59, Philip the Fourth on his Throne, by Velasquez, seems, from the little that can be distinguished of it, to be worthy of a better situation. In another room is an equestrian portrait of the same monarch by the same artist, a capital production, although the countenance is not very animated, and the long lank hair and awkward figure do not impart to him a very noble or warlike appearance. No. 70, Don Carlos, in armour, by Castalio, is an admirably-painted portrait; the drawing is firm and vigorous, and the hands beautifully executed. There is none of that ostentatious trickery which is sometimes so disgusting in modern portraits—no sacrifice of truth to effect. The Spanish prince does not seem to have been studying fine attitudes, nor to have been conscious that he was sitting for his picture. The same remarks will apply to No. 96, Thomas Harley, Esq. of Brampton Bryan, by Cornelius Jansen, which possesses a simplicity and an air of nature that cannot be sufficiently admired. No. 95, the Head of a Doge of Venice, by Tintoretto, has something quite poetical: it seems a personification of the duca! majesty of Venice—haughty and grand. No. 97, the Duchess of Arcos, in a nun's dress, spite of the repulsive and somewhat ghastly countenance, is a fine head, and not the least attractive picture in the collection. No. 104, Don Juan of Austria, by Cuello, is an excellent portrait; as is likewise No. 140, Ferdinand, Prince of Spain, in a cardinal's dress, by Spagnoletto: the drapery is in a particularly broad and free manner, and the whole figure is remarkably vigorous, without being in the least forced or exaggerated. Compared with these and the portrait of Don Carlos, that of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, in his coronation robes, by Gerard, has something vulgar, forced, and theatrical, and much of what is implied by the French term *representation*. It is but just, however, to observe, that it is placed in a very disadvantageous situation, where it is impossible to get to a sufficient distance for viewing it properly. The Queen of Westphalia is even a more unhappy specimen of portrait-painting,—the face being particularly vulgar, and the figure not much unlike that of a stuffed doll; to say nothing of the trumpery-looking dress in which her majesty is *bedizened*. In fact, this picture has very much the appearance of having been painted for the showboard of some booth. Among the modern portraits, that of Baretti, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is one of the best. No. 212, Madame Pompadour, is neither a fine portrait, nor the portrait of a fine woman: she looks like a pert painted doll, and is in as unbecoming and tasteless a dress as it is almost possible to conceive. We are aware that we have passed over many portraits that deserve to be pointed out; yet we make no doubt but what we have said will lead most of our readers to visit the collection themselves; and we can assure them that they will derive from it much gratification, and much instruction also. It is indeed so interesting an exhibition, that we hope the proprietor will meet with sufficient success to be induced to render it permanent. As to the miniatures, we must confess that, with a few exceptions, we were rather disappointed in our expectations; for, as works of art, the generality of them are of an inferior description, and, in our opinion, by no means equal to modern productions. However, the Stuart miniatures, and a few others, are truly exquisite, and cannot fail to afford a high gratification to the admirers of this branch of painting.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered his

ambassador to the papal see, to distribute the sum of 5000 rubles annual'y among the best of young Russian artists studying at Rome: they are to copy the best paintings of the Roman school. A Russian gallery of paintings is now fitting up in the Hermitage (in the winter palace), in which the best productions of able Russian artists are to be hung up, as well as those of foreigners.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

King's Theatre.—The business of this theatre has been extremely languid ever since the commencement of the season, until the *management* (as Mr. Elliston has it) hit upon a new importation, as delicate as it is novel, in the person of Signor Veluti, an Italian singer, who lately lost a fortune he had acquired by his professional talents, and thus, as our friend Asmodeus said, gave a practical illustration of the *Veluti* in *speculum*. What Signor Veluti is, we dare not say; but it is certain that there are only four others of his *species* in Europe; and that, as they are all at least some fifty or sixty years old, the race is likely to be soon extinct; for it is the only class of creatures in the world that does not obey the divine command, 'Be fruitful and multiply.' We can no more describe Signor Veluti's voice than his person: it is as unlike that of other singers, as he is unlike other men; it is a soprano of that class which none but beings like him attain to, except females and boys. Veluti appeared first on Thursday the 30th ult. for his own benefit (a novel device, certainly), and was well received, notwithstanding one or two of the morning papers had attempted, with as much *delicacy* as liberality, to hunt the poor creature down, as if he were a being of his own creating. He made his debut in the character of a chivalrous knight, in the opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*, and looked as unlike a warrior as any being possibly could look: he, however, sung extremely well in his way, and attracted, and does attract, good houses; though he is indebted to curiosity, more than anything else, for this honour; if we except those papers which, by cautioning the public against going to see him, have increased the ardour for it. These moral journalists have all at once found out, that the Italian Opera House is the place

'Where the hir'd eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords, combine,'

And they loudly call out:

'Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
To drive this pestilence from out the land.'

We confess, we rather pity than blame both Veluti and his employers.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Wednesday evening, a new piece was produced at this theatre, entitled, *Five Minutes too late; or, an Elopement to Rheims.* As a drama, it is one of the most wretched productions ever offered to the public; and the attempts at wit are so bad, that Moncrieff knocked down an Irishman six feet high, for merely asking if he were the author of it; and we do not wonder at his indignation. The dialogue is, however, merely the vehicle for introducing a representation of the Coronation of Charles the Tenth, at Rheims. As for story, the piece, like Mr. Canning's knife-grinder, might say: 'Story! God bless you, I have none.' Yet, as there is some attempt at plot, we shall observe, that it turns on the adventures of Jemmy Clipeard (Harley), a pawnbroker's shopman, who runs off with his master's daughter, Nancy Readydumps (Miss Paton), in order to be united in 'the conjugated state' on the 'French continent.' Mr. Readydumps (Terry) follows the pair to Rheims, so called, as we are told, on account of the *reams* of paper made there, and forgives them, as we are almost disposed to do Mr. Elliston the absurdity of this piece, on account of the beautiful scenery it introduces. The panoramic view of the French coast from Dieppe to the mouth of the Seine, and thence along that river to Rouen, with the view of Paris, is one of the best painted and most picturesque scenes we ever witnessed. It exhibits marine painting so illusive as almost to seem a reality, aided as it is by the beautiful varieties of atmosphere, from sober moonlight to the rich hue of morning. The camp before Rheims, and the view of the cathedral, are also beautifully painted by Roberts; the interior of the cathedral, by Marinari, is a splendid painting; and the view of it, with the several characters assembled at the coronation, would make a very fine picture. The procession was well managed, and the dresses were at once splendid and correct. Were it not for the wretched dialogue, the piece could not fail of being popular; but whenever an actor or actress delivered the language of the author, a loud hiss marked the indignation of the audience at being insulted with trash so vile. The piece, however, will, no doubt, have a run.

Covent Garden Theatre.—This house closes this week, on account of the great preparations making for getting up the *Coronation*. When it will open again, we are not told, but we presume in a few days. The managers of this great theatre seem about to imitate Elliston when at the Surrey, who closed the winter season on a Saturday night, and commenced the summer season the Monday following.

English Opera-House.—This charming theatre opened on Saturday night, with such an array of talent as has rarely, indeed, been collected into one company. The first piece was the *Beggars' Opera*, in which a Mr. Thorne made his first appearance as Macheath: his voice is peculiarly sweet, and possesses considerable power; he was very well received. Miss Stephens displayed her almost unrivalled powers of voice and skill, in the character of Polly; and Miss Kelly, as Lucy Lockit, proved to those who did not already know the fact, that she is one of the most natural performers on the stage. The little opera of *Rosina* followed, and introduced to the public Miss Goward, a pretty interesting young lady, who gives promise of being a great favourite, not only as a singer, but as an actress. She possesses a sweet voice, and a cultivated taste. She executed the airs assigned to Rosina with so much judgment, that she was most loudly cheered; and, when she afterwards appeared as Little Pickle, in the *Spoiled Child*, proved that her talents are as versatile as they are sterling.

A new opera, entitled *Broken Promises; or, The Colonel, the Captain, and the Corporal*, was played for the first time on Monday, with complete success. The main plot is simple, natural, and interesting, affording in its development many animated scenes, well designed for dramatic effect, and admirably sustained by a powerful company. The story is as follows:—Mr. Fairfield (Mr. Bartley) has two sons, Captain Fairfield (Mr. Tayne) and Charles Fairfield (Mr. Broadhurst); he is also guardian of two beautiful, accomplished young ladies, Louisa and Emma (Miss Noel and Miss Stephens). These wards he adopts as his daughters; an attachment, naturally enough, is formed in early life between these young ladies and young gentlemen; and a day is fixed for the wedding of Charles and Louisa. But the captain, who is passionately beloved by Emma, while away from home involves himself at the gaming-table, and, to retrieve his fortune, enters into a contract to marry Mrs. Woodland, a wealthy and beautiful widow (represented by an elegant debutante—a pupil of Miss Kelly), and thus he breaks promises with Emma. Mrs. Woodland had previously engaged herself to Colonel Coolard, (Wrench), but affronted at the coolness of his passion, and jealous of another attachment in which he appeared implicated, she resolves to discard him, and, more as a matter of revenge than of affection, to wed the Captain. Another instance of promise-breaking is exhibited in Corporal Balance (O'Connor (Mr. Power), who, having been promoted whilst serving under the captain, and become comparatively wealthy, is worked upon by the fortune-hunting old steward (Mr. W. Bennett) to break off his engagement with Susan Roseby (Miss Kelly) in favour of his niece (Mrs. Wienert) who is wealthy.

These *Broken Promises* furnish the title to the Opera. Susan Roseby comes in a 'bustle' to Mrs. Woodland's; announces the preparations for the wedding at Mr. Fairfields, meets with the captain, who promises to join the family at his brother's approaching wedding, which he does, and there finds that his fortune might have been retrieved without sacrificing his Emma; he becomes wretched at the retrospect of his life, meets the Colonel, who demands an explanation of his engagement with Mrs. Woodland, which is refused, upon a point of honour: they fight—the colonel is wounded—a reconciliation follows, and each, as most agreeable to their feelings, falls into his original contract. The corporal, after struggling with his desires for wealth, and an honest, deep-rooted affection, meets his Susan at the oak-tree where he had originally pledged his 'troth,' and where were the assembled villagers, at Susan's desire; there she calls

upon them to attest her constancy in his absence, and offers to resign the written promise of marriage, which she had worn next her heart as the world's best gift, but which she would then give up, rather than destroy his happiness; this proves too much for the honest Irishman's feelings—affectionate embraces ensue, and they agree to be married. The entire acting of Miss Kelly, 'not in this scene in particular, but all in particular,' surpasses conception;—it is necessary that her powers as an actress, in the character of Susan Roseby, should be witnessed, to help the mind to believe that so deep an interest can be excited by a homely village servant-maid. We were astonished and delighted,—and our admiration and delight recur on reflection. Mr. Wrench's character is somewhat *outré*; but he bustled through it, and rendered it sufficiently amusing.

Emma and Susan are lovely, innocent, and amiable young ladies, well personified by Miss Noel and Miss Stepheus, who sang as sweetly, and looked as interesting as we ever beheld her. The representative of Mrs. Woodland is an elegant and accomplished lady, whose powers seem equal to the path she has chosen; her performance is natural, graceful, and energetic; and, when she becomes more familiar with the stage, she will, no doubt, be a favourite. Her intriguing servant, Mrs. Wiepert, writhed and twisted herself about in a strange, unbecoming manner, even for a pert waiting-maid—otherwise we could have praised her vivacity and freedom. Mr. Broadhurst sung with his usual taste, and Mr. Thorne developed, occasionally, a capability to *act*, as well as sing, that must render him a great acquisition. We never saw Power to greater advantage; his brogue natural, his action free and easy, with the strong display of honest feelings overcoming mean incitements, rendered his character very interesting; and the honest, straight-forward, generous father, Mr. Fairfield, was well supported by Mr. Bartley. Thus the whole piece was strongly cast, the music judiciously adopted, and the opera altogether worthy of the rapturous support it received. We must, however, remark, that as the author has evidently intended to maintain the powers of dramatic illusion in this opera, and has done so for the most part successfully, it is a matter of surprise that he should permit the captain, in the height of distress, and on the eve of fighting a duel, to while away the single quarter of an hour that precedes the meeting, by turning to the audience and singing a ballad; this, in our estimation, is the greatest blemish in the piece, and might be easily avoided.

Vauxhall Gardens.—This fairy land attracts numerous visitors every evening that it is open; and, on Wednesday, more than four thousand persons partook of its festivities, many of them arrayed in the garb of 'Old Gaul,' on account of its being a Caledonian fête; the tartan predominated, and its mingled varieties presented a beautiful scene: the amusements were appropriate; the cosmoramas presented views of Scottish scenery, the lamps were formed into mottos and devices, complimentary to the land of mountain and heather; and the songs and airs were from the national melodies of Caledonia; the fire-works, which have been excellent all the season, were particularly brilliant; and Vauxhall Gardens perhaps never presented a more gay and lively scene than it did on this occasion.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

There is a person of middle age in the vicinity of Boston, who has nothing but the muscles and common integuments to cover or defend the heart on the left side of the thorax. The heart's pulsation can be seen distinctly, even pressing itself beyond the anterior side of the sternum. This is a great curiosity to the anatomist, and strikes those who are acquainted with the beautiful mechanism of this never-tiring organ with astonishment—as it seems, on viewing this phenomenon, as though every succeeding diastole would burst the heart, and sever the thread of life in an instant. The facts in relation to the cause are simply these:—when this individual was a child, by some strange accident all the ribs about this part were badly fractured; but, instead of uniting again, by a deposition of ossific matter the absorbents took away the injured bone, and none was afterwards formed—thus leaving the heart entirely unprotected. Even the puncture of a pin at this tender point would be his death; and yet he is, apparently, so careless of his existence, that he never has provided himself with any pectoral defence beside his common clothing.—*American Medical Intelligencer.*

Not far from the ruins of Vesta's Temple, at Rome, was heard, some months ago, a subterranean noise, which foretold, according to some superstitious people, a great calamity. The Roman police went down to the place; they dug, and soon discovered a subterraneous passage, and seized upon a man who was amusing himself with forging pieces of money, stamped with the effigies of Cesar, Maximilian, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, &c. This novel sort of coiner owned that he had been carrying on this trade for more than ten years; and that, thanks to his industry, the antique cabinets of many English, German, and French antiquaries had been enriched by these means. As the laws did not provide against so extraordinary a case, this *manufacturer of antiquities* has been released, upon promising to sell no more *ob li* for pistrees, or *talents* for louis d'ors.—*Le Petit Mercure.*

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Russian Ladies.—A writer in the New Monthly Magazine draws the following somewhat-contradictory picture of the northern beauties. 'How much more easy, elegant, and refined, are the manners of the Russian ladies than those of great Britain or Ireland! They dress more elegantly, too, because they follow the most recent Parisian fashions; their garments are generally of sufficient extension to cover the body, while they admit of graceful motion; but few of them sport their legs, and still fewer their ancles, perhaps because, for the most part, they are clumsy. They spare no expense in decoration; silks and satins of the most gaudy colours, plumes of feathers, splendid jewels, the most delicious perfumes, and a profusion of *rouge*, are all called to aid the setting off the few natural charms of the Russian ladies; and, generally speaking, they have great need of artificial ornaments, and wide flowing robes, to impart charms which nature has denied, and to conceal their general inclination to *embonpoint*, or already-existing rotundity. I was highly pleased with their society, as a stranger; but their notions of morality seemed too loose to accord with my stern ideas of propriety. I saw not one whom I could have married; and, strange to tell, it rarely happens that an Englishman espouses a Russian, notwithstanding so many of our countrymen reside in Russia, and some of them associate a great deal in Russian society.' Flattering as the commencement of the portrait is, it is not one that our countrywomen, need envy. The writer seems, too, to have some curious ideas of elegance, when, after applying that epithet to the Russian ladies' dress, he says that they wear silks of the most gaudy colours, and a profusion of rouge.

Chinese Physicians.—Among the Chinese, if any physician inadvertently prepares and mixes the medicines destined for the use of his imperial majesty, in any manner that is not sanctioned by established practice, or does not accompany them with a proper description and directions, he is punished with a hundred blows. If the ingredients are not genuine and well chosen, as well as carefully compounded, the physician is punished with sixty blows.

The late Captain O'Byrne, of gambling memory, having made a bet on the subject of Admiral Payne, wrote the following note to him:—

'Dear Payne, pray were you bred to the sea?' To which the admiral returned, for answer:—'Dear O'Byrne,—no; but the sea was *bread* to me.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	10 o'Clock Morning	1 o'Clock Noon.	10 o'Clock Night.	Barom 10 o'Clock Noon.	Weather
July 1	56	67	52	29 86	Cloudy.
.... 2	55	66	58	30·20	Fair.
.... 3	57	74	66	.. 21	Do.
.... 4	64	71	63	.. 22	Do.
.... 5	60	67	62	.. 33	Cloudy.
.... 6	60	62	50	.. 14	Do.
.... 7	51	61	54	.. 06	Do.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Brother Jonathan; or, the New Englanders. In three volumes, post 8vo. pp. 1322. Edinburgh, Blackwood. London, Cadell. 1825.

The reader, who, in taking up this work, expects to find it merely intended to ridicule the peculiarities of the Americans in general, or the New Englanders in particular, will do the author great injustice; for, although it exhibits a lively and faithful picture of the American character, and of the events of a most important and interesting period, yet this is done in sober narrative, and the work displays a vigour and pathos which are only to be found in novels of the first rank. In Brother Jonathan, there are scenes which the 'Great Unknown' might be proud to acknowledge; and the whole construction and management of the story is such as no person but an author possessing powers of the first order could have executed. The writer, whoever he may be, appears to be intimately acquainted with the wild and luxuriant scenery of the United States, and the manners, dialects, and superstitions of the people of New England and Virginia—the former of whom retain so much of that unrestrained love of liberty, courage, and devotion, which led their ancestors to flee from persecution, and prefer, as Chatham says, 'poverty with liberty to gilded chains and sordid affluence.' That the descendants of the men who, two centuries ago, were driven from England, on account of their religious opinions—men whose zeal for those opinions was carried to an excess of enthusiasm; that the descendants of such men should afterwards measure their swords, to gain political as well as religious liberty in the land of their adoption, was to be expected; and, from the way in which we treated the Americans, at the commencement of the war of the revolution, we showed how much we mistook and undervalued the descendants of the English when goaded by recent injuries, and treasuring up the recollection of former wrongs.

The history of New England is, on this account, more interesting than that of any other portion of the United States. There was something romantic and even pathetic in the foundation of the colony; and it is almost the only State in the union that has not the appearance of a newly-formed society and people; indeed, it bears an antiquity of two hundred years—no ordinary period certainly, in a country which doubles its population in a quarter of a century, and in the centre of whose capital the sportsman still uses his rifle or his fowling-piece.

But, notwithstanding America is so young a country, its history is sufficiently romantic to afford the materials for an historical novel; were this fact doubted, we should turn to the volumes before us, which, though relating to events within the last fifty years, teem with interest. The story is too intricate to admit of an easy or brief analysis. With the extraordinary and mysterious adventures of a number of individuals is interwoven the great struggle for independence, which terminated in the separation of North America from this country. In the course of the narrative, there are not only many ideal characters, drawn with singular felicity and perfectly original, but we have the portraits of many individuals who really lived and distinguished themselves in the great events of the period to which the novel relates; nor is the author less successful in his graphic delineations of the romantic scenery of America, or in the superstitions, customs, and amusements of the people. The story commences about a year before the battle of Lexington, where a sharp skirmish, the forebodings of future war, had taken place between the Yankee bush-fighters and the king's troops. The principal hero is Walter Harwood, a fine athletic and brave young man; and, though a singular and mysterious interest hangs about this character, yet Jonathan Peters is as active an agent in the story, and we feel as anxious to know who he really is. The heroine is Edith Cummin, a little spirited girl, innocent but sprightly, of a sincere temper, without one atom of affectation. She loved romping—'that she did,' and 'would go without her dinner any time for a good long race with her cousin Watty's large dog under the elm-trees; or anything else for a few hearty tumbles all alone—head over heels—in the long fresh grass, or the newly-mown hay, before the rich clover-blossoms were dead.' Her uncle, Mr. Abraham Harwood, another important personage in the story, was a great proprietor, 'a small, meagre, active, tidy-looking somebody; a farmer, as the world went, six days in the week; a minister on the seventh.' He was, indeed, a very cunning fellow, who, by his personal character, the assumption of great sanctity, and a pretended gift of prophecy, held great influence over the people. At the house of Harwood the scene commences. Peters is a frequent visitor, and, although unable to penetrate his character, a welcome one; he soon, however, discovers his views of the approaching contest, and his determination to join in the struggle; in short, he shows himself a republican, and foretels the liberation of his country. There are several other personages, particularly Bald Eagle, a Mohawk Indian, whose character is finely drawn. All these mingle and commingle in a story of fearful interest, which, as we could not do justice to it within our limits, we shall leave to develop itself to the reader. It will be enough for us to say, that, after various adventures, Walter and Edith are married, and that Jonathan Peters proves to be the father of Walter, though not known to each other in the relation of father and son until the denouement. It is now time to let the author of this truly-charming novel speak for himself, and, in doing so, we shall vary our extracts as much as possible, in order to show his versatile powers.

We shall first give an account of some New England customs:—

'The husking, which prevails throughout New England only, is brought about in this way. After the maize, or Indian wheat, is gathered into the barn, the farmer to whom it belongs puts a good face on the matter, sends round among all his neighbours, and gives them notice that he is ready to "shell out," or, in other words, to undergo a husking; the meaning of which message is, that as he cannot help himself on such or such a night, he will permit all the "fellers" and "gals" to tumble and roll about in his barn all night long if they please, eat his pumpkin pies, drink his cider, and waste his apples, under pretence of husking corn.

'When the practice began it was an act of neighbourly kindness—a piece of downright labour done for nothing. It is now a wicked and foolish frolic, at another man's expense. Then it was a favour which the owner of the corn went about asking of others; it is now a heavy tax which he would escape if he could. That which they are wanted for is, to tear off the long green coats from the ear, leaving two or three in some cases, whereby a large number of ears, when they are stripped, may be braided strongly together. That which they *do* is quite another affair. Instead of husking the corn, they husk the owner, trample on the product of his toil, and push one another about, sometimes to the squalling of a bad fiddle.

'The Raising—a word of that here, it will save time by and by. The people of New England live in frame-houses. The frame of any building anywhere, in town or country, being ready, the public pour in from all sides, and, for a mouthful of bread and cheese, or a bit of mince-pie, and a "twig o' cider" a piece, put up the frame for the owner in a frolic.

'So too—and here we come back to the story again—so too whenever a young shayankee is "laying out" for a husband, she gives what is called a "quilting frolic." The women gather about her, and, for a cup of tea a-piece, or some such matter, "turn

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out" a handsome bed-quilt for her, sometimes in a single afternoon".

'Edith had been slily tacking little bits of chintz together for a year or two, much to the surprise of at least one person about her, and Peters himself, who had been watching her progress for two or three months, was just on the point of coming to an explanation with her, when, as he came into the parlour one warm summer afternoon—there wasn't a breath of air stirring—he saw a large wooden frame resting upon four chairs, placed in the four corners of the room, precisely so that, for his life, there was no squeezing himself in but by crawling under the frame, or along by the wall, behind some eight or ten young women at work, not one of whom stayed her needle or chalk-line for a single moment, or lifted her head—except Edith, and she, poor thing, though she had no sort of reason for it, burst out a-laughing in his face.'

Now for the supper:—

'A man may be a hypocrite all his life long before the public, but no man ever was before his own family. His true disposition is that which they see, however it may appear abroad, over his wine, or on particular occasions.

'For this reason it is that we love to follow men home to their own fire-sides. The table itself apart from everything else; that alone is a criterion by which the refinement of a people may be determined. There is no better one, or, at any rate, only *one*—the condition of women among them. The rude barbarian virtues—the coarse hospitality, and substantial fierce welcome of every people in a savage state are all of a piece.

'The black broth of the Spartans; the raw frozen fish and sea-blubber of the Laplander; the sour crout of the Germans; the fish and potatoes of the Yankee; the corn bread and homony of an old Virginian; the oatmeal cakes, bannocks, and cowdry of a Scotchman; the train-oil of the Esquimaux; the substitutes of a Frenchman; the horse-flesh and mare's milk of a wild Arab; the brave, coarse meat of the North American—that of a strangled bear, perhaps; the potatoes and point of an Irish peasant; the live, quivering steak of an Abyssinian; the buck-wheat-cakes of a New Yocker; the hon's meat of some people; the broken glass, brick-bats, and old iron of the ostrich; or, worse than all, perhaps, the abominable plum-pudding of an Englishman—that which, if he were not "brought up" on it, the ostrich himself could not manage: what are all these things but so many infallible measures of refinement and character. They are always detestable to strangers, and always agreeable to the "natives." Those who are "brought up" on them, love them: those who are not, bring them up—with a curse. They work upon us, nevertheless, all of them, like our mother's milk, and keep us yearning toward our home, even to the last.

'Now for supper. There being a "pootty consid'r'ble snar'o' gals, I guess," the supper was bravely furnished. As usual, in America, puddings and pies, vegetables and meat, were all on the table at once. "We aint proud, I guess." Here were "sweetmeats," *i.e.* preserved plums; there was a fine goose; here was a pumpkin-pie, nearly three feet in length, baked in a milk-pan; there, a quantity of long, short, and round sauce, or "sauce," *i. e.* carrots, turnips, and potatoes; here were dough-nuts, a kind of sweet cake fried in lard, honeycomb, new butter, cheese, rye and Indian bread, *i. e.* a bread baked in half-peck loaves, made partly of rye meal and partly of Indian meal—the meal of Indian wheat or maize; there, a prodigious pumpkin, "right out o' the oven, by faith," perfuming the whole house, while Miriom stood stirring up the "innards," pouring in the new milk, with now and then a handful of "ginooine" maple sugar, a spoonful or two of "turrible good" corn-stalk molasses, and a little nutmeg, till every body was impatient for a dip while it was bubbling and smoking, his neighbours all a tiptoe and a silver spoon, "the only one about" going the rounds, with a pretty "respectable" Indian pudding, a plate of pickles, a tub of milk-porridge.

'It was a genuine Yankee supper, and such a one as might be met with now at a quilting, husking, or raising, of the northern states.'

From Yankee customs we shall pass to Yankee language. The dialect is the provincialism of a single county in England—that of Kent, with this difference—that the New Englander talks through his nose with a sort of swing to his voice—a drawl, a tune, a regular intonation, that changes every two or three minutes; this is owing to their ancestors, whose tone they follow, having adopted that drawl in the days of fanatacism. We shall now give a specimen, premising that the words on which they lay the stress are in Italics:—

'Out broke a dozen voices, "O, Walter! Walter! are you come at last? where *is* he? where's the injunn? what's become o' *him?* What luck a' gunnin' any bears? any beaver? any wood-chuck? *Be* the niggers railly up or no? rather ryled, I guess, in Carrylynee?—Dod burn *his* hide!—what's *he* laughin' at?—*why* don't he speak up?"

'"*One* at a time; one at a time, if ye last the longer! hul-*low!* marsy on us, *what* a a gabble! flock o' wile geese—in a hurry-cane. *What* a clatter, *to* be sure!"—"Where's Watty?"—"Close by;"—changing his whole manner—"Bald Eagle's runnin' for his life; and Watty's in the woods yet, I ruther guess."

'"*Why?* you *don't* say so! not in the woods!"

'"Guess he *is* tho'; *he* here soon—see'd him jess now, comin' over the smoky mountain there—sun about an hour high."

'"Gracious God!" cried the preacher, "what is the meaning of all this?—out with it—peace, children, peace! who is that crying there? what has happened?"

'"Why, darn it all, Parson Harwood, can't ye let a feller get his breath.—Hole still, Jotty, boy, can't ye hole still? Ony lass Sabba'day"—glancing at Peters, who sat with a portentous frown over his brow, "ony lass Sabba'day, 'at ever was *me* and Bald Eagle, what a feller *he* is! and Watty, boy, what dooze they do, but *in* they goes both on 'em, by gosh! *plump*—into a snar' o' Mohawks campin' out; an they goes! *fierrd* o' nothin', them are fellers—*mad* they; by'm by—told 'm so long aforehand: you know Watty's way, no *whom* to *him*, I guess, what dooze *they* do? but Watty he knocks up a wrastlin' among 'em; Watty's nation sleek at arm's length, you know, Parson Harwood. Well, and so I see what's a-comin', I do, and Watty he throws 'em all, one arter tother same as nothin', which Bald Eagle he dooze jess the same. So that made 'em, and I clears out.—*Then* by, mistered enough, *there* they go! *all* a quarrellin'. A word and a blow with Watty, boy, chock full o' fight, I guess; proper chap too in a tussle; seen him afore *to-day*, I guess; haint you, mister? turrible sharp feller as ever you seed; as *big* as you be; don't care for you; dozen more jess *like* you, with all your snuffy looks."

'"No more of that," said the preacher; "no more of that, if you please; tell us what has happened."

'"Well, and so, Watty boy, *he* knocks 'em about, *fust* one side, then tother; faster 'n sixteen more 'll pick 'em up. So one o' the tribe, he *outs* with a knife, and he *ins* with it into Bald Eagle chock up to the hilt, slick enough!"

'"The old one!—he didn't, though?"

'"Guess he did though; but our Watty—he walks into one o' the rest, *I guess* about right. Then *for* it! *away* they go *off* like a shot. *Bald* Eagle, *he* runs *like* a *deer*; an' Watty—*he* takes right into the woods, an' then back again, which, when I seed him next he had his face painted, and so I painted mine. "Oh, my!"—"*nation!*"—"yah! how they pulled foot when they seed us comin'. Most off the handle some o' the tribe, I guess."

'"God forbid!" exclaimed the preacher, "we shall have the Mohawks upon us!"

'"What a 'tarnal shot he *is* tho', that'ere Watty—*hits* where he likes *when* he's *arter* squrrls, picks 'em off like a daisy; seen him pop 'em off many a time, that's what I have, with ony *one* leetle buck-shot, when he could only see the tip, eend of a nose, *right out* of a clever white oak-tree, jess like nothin' at all too, allays hits 'em in the eye, heered the noise!"

* Customs very similar to those of the New Englanders still prevail in some parts of old England, particularly in the north. The husking is, perhaps, unknown; but nothing is more common than for a farmer to invite his neighbours to assist him with their men, horses, ploughs, harrows, &c., particularly on first entering on a new farm. The raising may be said to be partially adopted, for it is very usual when a person is about to build a house, to procure the loan of the farmers' teams for a day, to fetch the bricks, stone, lime, or even timber for the purpose. The 'quilting' still prevails in the north of England; and the writer of this note has many times, when a boy, seen 'the large wooden frame resting upon four chairs placed in the four corners of the room,' cut-out patterns for hexagonal, and all other agonal, patch-work, and drawn the 'chalk lines' on the quilt, for the needle to trace.—*Rev.*

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"What news?"

"Niggers up in Viginny?"—"No!"—"Yes?"—"Ah!"—"Injunns out all over the wood; whew! tories rosin', all in a buzz; pocket full o' bubble-bees. We'll have a tussle soon, or I miss my guess."

"Well, if ever I heern tell o' sich a feller," cried Miriam, who had caught his eye. "Haw, haw, haw!" added Master Jotham, "he's ony pokin' fun at us, all the time, I know!"—"Scoundrel!" said Peters, growing pale as he spoke and grinding his teeth. "Scoundrel! how dare you come here with such a pack of lies to fright our?"—

"*Find* out by *your* larnin', squire; never seed a wood-chuck in a toad-hole, I guess! I know *you*; don't care for *you*; land o' liberty; walk *into* you any time for half a sheet o' gingerbread. Out with you, Jotty! out with you! come along, I say. What are ye arter there squattin' so, jess like a cub in a bear-trap? Well, well, how goes it, Maryam? how do you carry *yourself* now?"

"Why, none the better for you."—"There—take that"—giving her a smack.—"Ye great beast!"—"Hope you're the same."

The narrator had encountered a bear, and however tedious he makes the account of his adventure, he was only released by Walter's shooting the animal. Peters, during the narration, lost all patience, asking if he would never finish.

"*To* be sure! All the time *there* was Watty *makin'* his way *through* the bushes *half* leg deep, *thrashin'* about an' *tumblin'* over the logs *like* fun—well, arter that, now *for* ye, says he, by 'em by—now *for* it, stand out o' the way. I can't, says *I*.—Move a little, says *he*. *I* can't, says I—I can't see nothin' at all o' *his* eyes—what's that 'ere bobbin' about afore 'em now? says he. That's my head, says I; fire away."—"Well *if* ever I"—"Great sulky beast he was too, would'nt wrastle fair."—"How so?"—"How so! begins to bite and gouze, an' trip an' scratch afore I was half ready—if that's what you call fair—did his best I tell you—would a' turned my rowers inside-out if he could, I know."—"The great nasty critter?"—"Yes, an' every time he slipped, why burn *your* hide if *his* great—*cold* nose—didn't *go*—lollopin' over—*my* neck—jess like a dead fish."

"Will you never finish?"

"Hole on your grip! says Watty, says he, bawlin' so, you might 'a heered him a mile. Hole on your grip, says *he*. *I* can't, says *I*. I'm gettin' tired, says *I*, my hands are pootily fixed, cramped like any *thing* I guess, *and* slobbered all over. So, says he, hold still! says *he*. I can't, says *I*, jess let *me* get a good *aim*, says he. If I *can* I'm darned, says I. Why don't you kick his shins, and make him lay down? says he. I have, says I, over and over again, says I, but he won't lay down. He's *too* plaguy stuffy for that, says I.—*In* fact—*I* thought—*my* time—*had* come—sure enough—I guess."—We preserve the last line as a gem of pure Yankee; and, as a sort of key to the language, have marked the quantity.'

Within a dozen pages of this amusing dialogue we find a description of a churchyard, full of pathos, and we quote it to show the author's powers of description:—

'They were going by the grave-yard, a barren, bleak, and savage-looking place—dreary as death. It had been at one time, not many years before, a place of remarkable beauty, full of large apple-trees, known all over that part of the world, for the size and flavour of their fruit. It had been a nursery; it was now a burial-ground—a place of common sepulture. It had been rich and fertile—green to a proverb; it was now quite overgrown with patches of juniper, ground hemlock, mullein, thistle, and sweet briar. It had been a smooth, wide level; it was now broken up into graves; their wooden tablets mouldering away on the damp earth, or half buried, in the harsh, wild grass. Of the great orchard, and heavy stone wall, which had been, there was nothing left but a few miserable trees, blackened with fire, spoiled of their branches, and stripped of their bark, as if they had been blasted from above; with a loose, irregular hedge, of blackberry-bushes and briers, which had come up of themselves, among the stones of the old enclosure, after it had been utterly overthrown.

'The cause of the desolation was this. The manslayer had been there; blood had been shed unlawfully upon that land, in the time of its fruitfulness. A murder, the only one that had been heard of among this primitive people, for more than twenty years, was perpetrated, under circumstances of thrilling peculiarity, in this very orchard. It was done, without noise or outcry, upon a youthful stranger, by one who had never been found out, in the summer-time, while the trees were all in flower, the wind scented, the blue sky without a cloud, the ground white with apple-blossoms, the whole earth at prayer, on the sabbath, at noon-day.

'The cry of blood went up to the Avenger of blood. Before the sun had gone down, the country was all awake. The people poured in from every quarter, upon every side. Having found, in their search, a little fresh blood upon one of the trees, only a drop or two, they waited in a circle about it, until the sun had set, after which it would be lawful to labour; when they fell upon the abominable tree, and uptore it by the roots, with all that were near, hewed away every limb and branch, built a fire upon the spot, and burnt them to ashes. That over, they turned upon the other trees without mercy, tore off the bark, and seared every one of them with fire; that so they might remain for monuments, out-braving storm and season, time and change, for ever and ever; ploughed up the earth, and sowed it with salt; overthrew the solid heavy walls; laid upon the very spot, where the blood of a stranger had been poured out, even there, before they went away, the foundation of a house of prayer; gave solemn judgment upon all the ground within the four walls, which they had broken up for a grave-yard—a place of mourning and lamentation for ever. And all this, in the dead of the night, before the sun rose again, so that no man would have known the place, not even the owner thereof, in the morning.

'One of the few trees that remained, only one of the whole, upon which a miserable branch or two had been left, after many years of death, had lately put forth green leaves and blossoms, to the consternation of all the people round about; most of whom had looked upon the dead unchangeable branch, year after year, as no more likely to teem again, till it should be wasted away for ever, than the solid rock. But, after a little time, while they were yet wondering over the prodigy, the wind arose, a strong wind of the night, and shook them off, so that no fruit came of the blossoming. And if it had, on this portentous year, when apparitions were seen every day in the woods, and heard every night in the sky, no man would have eaten thereof, in all that part of the world.

'It was frightful, though, to see this green branch flowering forth, suddenly, in the desolation of the place, flourishing, as if the murderer were near; the common weeds underneath it blossoming up, in their savage luxuriance; the herbage of death breaking out, all at once, with a bright, unnatural, fierce bloom.'

The following is a just and eloquent tribute to the memory of a brave man, who was seized and hung up at the nearest port, on the charge of being a spy. The allusion to André may seem somewhat harsh, but it cannot be said to be unjust:—

'Hale was no more: a soldier in the revolutionary armies of America, he had offered himself up a sacrifice on their behalf—devoted himself in their cause—died for them. Pitying their distress—that of his brother-soldiers, who were perishing for lack of knowledge concerning the power and purpose of their foe—he had ventured by himself into the British camp—the city of New York—their strong hold—not as a spy, but as a martyr. He was taken—tried—condemned—executed—hung up,—hung up for a spy, under circumstances—were they not—fifty times more trying to the fortitude of a man—fifty times more trying to his courage—than were those under which the celebrated André met his death? Yet André is lamented everywhere; not only by the multitudes of Great Britain, whose child he was, but, up to this hour, by the multitudes of America—up to this hour, by the children of them whose mortal enemy he was,—yea—yea! while the poor brave Hale—the native hero—is forgotten everywhere—utterly unknown—we do not say here, but even there—at home—there—*there*—among his own people—in his own great country!

'Hale died, like a dog, on the tree-bough—died as a *spy*—a name of deeper—fouler—more terrible reproach to the brave, than that of traitor; for great men have been traitors, while no great man was ever a spy. But André, caught in the same way, under a like unworthy disguise—he died as a martyr—a victim—a creature consumed in the bright splendour of his own chivalry! Poor Hale died alone, with nobody to see how he suffered, or how he bore the suffering, save one, who was to be the survivor only for a

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breath or two, perhaps! André died with whole armies looking at him—a multitude weeping for him! History is full of the young British martyr, while the name of the American is only to be found, up to this hour, in a single book of his own country—that country for which he died so cruel a death! Poems have been repeatedly written, by his enemies, upon the brave André!—not so much as an epitaph, by his friends, from that hour to this, upon the brave Hale!

'Unluckily for Hale, he was a captain, while André was a major—a child of America, while André was her enemy—a poor, uneducated man, while André was accomplished:—but, worse than all for the sympathies of America—worse than all for the memory of this Yankee martyr, who died as we have told you, the major made poetry, while the name of the poor captain was Nathan.'

We shall quote a rather-amusing scene, though relating to a serious subject, the punishment of a deserter. A soldier of the name of Barnes had slept on his post, and was ordered by his colonel, Savage, to be shot. The soldiers—more than soldiers then—did not like to shoot a companion:—

'Savage remained where he was, till they came nigh. "Corporal!" said he, then—"corporal!" with a stern, solid voice, pointing to poor Barnes—"corporal! take that man away." "Take him: away!—where to, our cawnel?" "Where to?—away with him to the guard-house—or—no, no—to the green hollow there."

'The corporal came forward. "Give up your piece," continued Savage. Barnes obeyed. "March him off! march him off!" "Where to?" "Where to!—why, to that hollow there." He was marched off. "Halt! —Barnes, prepare yourself," quoth Savage, taking out his watch—"prepare yourself;—make your peace with God." "Which way?" "You have no time to lose—not a breath to waste;—make your peace with God." "What for?" "Down with you, sir, on your knees." "Well, there now, what am I to do?" "Whatever you like." "Pray, Joe—pray with all your might," said Winslow, in a half-whisper; "pray with all your might—pray like a good feller, Joe." "Pray! how?" "Yes, Joe, yes; pray for your life." "Pray?—I pray for my life?—I shan't not." "By Gosh, then, you're up a tree! I can tell you that." "Who's up a tree?—you'd better mind how you talk." "Who's up a tree?—why you—*you*—he's in a pooty consid'rble huff, I expect." "Have done there—come away sir." "Pray, Joe, pray: you're a dead man, by the Lord Harry, if you don't." "Corporal!" "Sir!—poor Joe, don't get up." "I shan't." "This way sir!" "Comin' sir—comin': poor Joe!" "Do you hear?" "I guess I do." "Draw up your men; look to your cartridges."—"Look to my cartridges! what for?—I shan't not." "You shan't not, sir?—attention there! —we'll see. Forward!—close!—to the left —face!—wheel!—march!" They moved away. "Far enough—halt! Ready, now! —are you all good shots?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,—*no!*" they replied, one after another. It was like a *feu de joie*, or a *general* discharge of raw troops at sea in a transport. "No!—very well; I understand you, my boys; you'll have to fire again, that's all." "Which?" "Why, he's goin' to make us fire—he is—at poor Joe Barnes." "By H—ll, if I'd a known that!"—"Back—back there; pretty fellows, to be sure!"

"'Who's a pooty feller?—I should like to know that;—our cawnel I guess," retorted a large, powerful man, with a good-humoured, free, bold air of equality—dropping his ponderous rifle, as he replied, upon the toes of a bare-footed neighbour, who, giving a tremendous yell, caught up his foot in both hands—letting his own heavy musket fall where it should please God—while he went blundering, head foremost, into the platoon, which gave way on every side—leaving him to go the rounds, for a minute or two, with one leg. "Walk out here, sir," said Savage, after they had got back into their places again—a very complicated, serious manœuvre for them:—walk out here," fixing his eye upon the fellow that spoke. "I shall navt; —who cares for you?—proper cute I s'pose you think you be. (A laugh) Dawd butter your hide!—pooty feller you for a cawnel! —why there! if I could n't spew a better cawnel out o' cawd fish, darn me—that's all!"

"'One at a time," quoth Savage, deliberately unsheathing a large bright sabre, and securing it by the sword-knot—"one at a time. I like this—I have been watching for it:—now I shall give the word again, my lads! Attention!—if I hear a breath in reply, look out for a wipe over your head."

"'Haw, haw, haw!—I'd like to get a wipe over my—O Lord!"—

"A flash—a blow—and, before the words were well out of his mouth—before he could utter a cry for mercy—before it was possible to interfere—the large man lay upon the grass, the blood running out of a deep gash in his forehead.

'His fellows were thunderstruck. They were totally unprepared for such a catastrophe. To them it was murder—absolute murder. One of them, a youth, at sight of the blood, let his gun fall out of his hand; while another, as if he had received a cut of the weapon, tottered away; and all the rest caught up their pieces, and appeared irresolute—holding them, perhaps without knowing it, in a very uncomfortable direction for Walter, who stood near Savage.

"'Stand out of my way, boy;—look to yourself," cried Savage, advancing as if to cut another of the party down; "look to yourself, boy; ground your arms there."

"They obeyed sullenly, slowly, and reluctantly. "Stand where you are!" They were all drawn up in a quiet, green, beautiful place, where no drop of human blood—not a drop —had ever been shed before;—Winslow standing apart—his teeth set—looking as if he were half asleep at the wounded man. "As you were;—attention all!—take up your pieces;—no boggling there!—up with 'em!—ready?"

'Winslow turned away; and our hero felt his legs yielding under him; while poor Barnes, who had some hope, till he saw his companion stretched upon the earth, covered his face, and stood as if he were not much afraid of death (although he did shut his eyes, and cover his face), until the muskets rang all together in the hard, strong, steady hands of the platoon.

"'You had better kneel, sir," quoth Savage. The poor man had no longer any hope of escape; the voice alone was enough to satisfy him that his death was very near. He knelt. "Ready!" The men shook as if they were in battle. "Aim!" They shut their eyes; turned away their heads,—aimed all over the sky, and waited for the word of death. "Rascals!"

"'Bang! bang!—bang!—whish!—bang! bang! bang!—whish!—bang! Away flew the bullets; one after another—to every point of the compass; while our poor Barnes fell forward flat upon his face —— —— bang!—

"'Rascals!" continued Savage, almost laughing—almost—in spite of himself, "I should have been afraid for him, if there had been the shadow of a soldier among you. As it was, though, I would have taken his place for a dollar."

"'My stars!" quoth one; "I wish he would, faith!"—"So do I!"—"Pay the dollar out o' my own pocket."—"So would I!"

"'Who was that?"—Nobody knew. "Nobody hadn't heerd nothin'—as nobody know'd on."

'Poor Barnes lifted himself up, as though he were grievously hurt: and placing both hands upon the turf—looked about him, with a bewildered air, as if wondering to hear voices that he knew in the other world.

"'Barnes! get up. You deserve to be shot; you were on duty; I found you asleep; had I run you through on the spot, considering the time, I should have been justified. You are a brave man, if I permit you to go free—we have no time for a court-martial now—no officers to spare—will you be found after the battle?"

"'Who, I?"—"Yes."—"After the battle?"—"Yes, yes."—"Then, by Gosh, I will—dead or alive! I will!"—Our hero shuddered, when he saw his look. It was that of a self-murderer. "Dead or alive," repeated Barnes; "if you'll give us an hour, to see the babies."—"Babies; what babies?" —"Why, ourn! our own! back o' the heap there. I *should* like to see mother, too, and the little one, afore I go—pore baby!"— "You shall see it."—"Agreed, I'm easy now; lead off;" pressing his large hands with all his might, upon his broad, manly chest—"pooty plaguy comfortable I guess —hey?"

'Our boy's heart rebelled. What! was he to hold his life by such a tenure! The look of Barnes; the very sound of his powerful voice, he never could forget. And, a few days after, when, during the heat of battle, he saw a large man break out of the ranks, rush forward with loud cries, and pitch himself, head foremost, into a troop of horse—wrestling there, —shouting—battling there, until he was literally hewed in pieces,

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and crushed into the soil,—our hero knew him as well as if he saw his face—he knew him, by his terrible voice—he knew him by his more terrible courage—for Barnes, the self-murderer.'

The description of the wrestling-match between Walter and Carter, of the battle between the English and the Americans, the portrait of the Bald Eagle and his death-song, are all descriptions the most felicitous; and we are sure our readers will agree with us, that there are few novels—few indeed, which display so much talent, or possess such a fearful interest as brother Jonathan.

Mathison's Narrative of a Visit to Brazil, Chile, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands.

(Concluded from p. 435.)

From Brazil, of which we have already quoted some interesting particulars, Mr. Mathison sailed for Chile, in the month of January, 1822, reaching Valparaiso in forty-five days, which is considered a very short passage, round Cape Horn. Valparaiso is described as a dirty sea-port, composed of mud-houses seldom more than one story high, and the country around quite barren; in short, it is quite the reverse of what its name (which literally signifies *Paradise Vale*) imports. Mr. M. did not remain long at Valparaiso, but proceeded on horseback to St. Jago, the capital of Chile, attended by a *peon*, as guide, guard, and servant:—

'These *peons* may be said to live on horseback. Their costume is nearly the same in all parts of Spanish South America. Over a common jacket and pair of trousers they wear a garment manufactured in the country, and in Chile called a *poncho*. It is made of strongly-woven cloth, striped and variegated with different colours. The usual dimensions are from six to eight feet square, a small aperture being made in the middle of it, sufficiently large to admit the head; it hangs loose from the shoulders, when put on, like a blanket, and effectually protects the whole body from rain or cold. Black cloth gaiters are buttoned over the trousers as high as the knee; and a huge clumsy pair of spurs, with rowels that bruise, instead of pricking the horse, are attached to the heel. A large high-peaked Spanish saddle covers the whole back of the horse, which, being wrapped round with a number of cloths, thus conveys a convenient sort of travelling bed, for the use of the rider whenever he may choose to sleep. Attached to the saddle is the *lazo*, an instrument of which the use is now too well known to require a very long description.

'It is simply a leathern thong, from thirty to fifty feet in length, strong enough to endure the most violent jerk without breaking; one end of it is fastened to the saddle, and at the other is a slip-knot, and the *lazo*, thus arranged, is held conveniently folded up in the hand of the *peon* ready for use. This is thrown with such dexterity and precision at the animal intended to be caught, as to entangle it in the slip-knot, and render escape impossible. Herdsmen make most use of it in catching cattle; and the strongest bull, when thus caught at full speed, is laid prostrate on the ground by the violence of the jerk. In this manner, it is said, an unfortunate traveller is sometimes dragged from his horse by one of these *peons*, who lies in wait for him on the road-side, and who, with the long pointed knife, which is as necessary an appendage to a South American as the stiletto is to an Italian, soon terminates the struggles of the victim.'

The city of St. Jago de Chile is situated in an extensive and fertile plain, considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and at the base of the Cordillera of the Andes, so that the view along many of the principal streets is terminated by the snow-clad summits of those mountains:—

'The streets are all laid out, as in other Spanish American towns, at right angles, with a good pavement, and streams of water flowing down the middle of them. The houses are seldom more than one story high, as being less likely to be endangered by the frequent earthquakes which happen in this country than loftier buildings. They are built of earth, or rather of unbaked clay, white-washed, and painted in the Spanish style with different colours. Those belonging to the better class of people have a spacious court-yard enclosed within a large portal, with a few steps which lead up to the entrance-door.

'In the principal square, for there are several, stand the government-house and the cathedral. The former is a spacious and rather a handsome edifice, and occupies one entire side of the square. Here his excellency the director of the republic, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, resides, with other members of the government; and here also are the public offices. On the walls in front, the word "*Libertad*" is emblazoned in large letters, with an inscription, purporting that the edifice was finished upon the establishment of Chilean independence, in 1813. Another part is employed as a prison, with an appropriate motto over the entrance-door, thus rendered into English, "Hate the offence, but pity the offender."

'The cathedral occupies another side of the same square, but, being in an unfinished state, without tower or steeple, is not very ornamental. The two remaining sides present a mean and inconsistent appearance, being occupied by small shops, with a piazza in front, where spurs, bridles, *ponchos*, hats, and all sorts of jewellery and hardware, are exposed for sale. Immediately behind the government-house rise the towers of a large church, belonging to one of the many convents which abound in St. Jago, and add greatly to the embellishment of the city.'

The Chileans are hospitable, but illiterate, and by no means accomplished in their manners; the women have pretty faces, marry at an early age, and imitate European fashions in their dress. In agriculture, the first of arts, South America has not made much progress, as may be conceived from the mode of threshing:—

'A circular plot of ground is cleared for the purpose, in the open fields, and encompassed by a wooden railing; here the wheat is deposited as soon as cut, and scattered about in all directions: a number of horses, colts, and mules, are then turned loose into the enclosure, and driven round and round about, until all the corn is by these means threshed out of the ear; it is then separated from the straw for the use of man, and the latter reserved, instead of hay, as fodder for the horses.'

From Chile, Mr. Mathison went to Peru. We have already quoted from this part of the work the description of the fort of Callao, and some account of Lord Cochrane. In Peru, the order of the sun has been created by San Martin, and named after the supposed tutelary deity of the ancient Incas of Peru:—

'It is curious to observe, even in these slight matters, the changes which have taken place in national customs and opinions. Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the empire of the incas fell beneath the Spanish arms; and almost every memorial of their ancient dominion, except that which history preserves, has been destroyed by the unsparing hand of time; yet now, after so long an interval, the favourite emblem of the Peruvian Indians is actually worn, as the highest badge of honour, by the descendants of their conquerors; and every device by which the name of Spain may be debased, and that of Peru exalted, is sought for with avidity, and turned to political account, by the rulers of the present day.'

There is much good sense in the general remarks of Mr. Mathison on South America; he clearly points out its present difficulties and future prospects. 'The example of the United States,' he says, 'affords no just criterion by which we may estimate the rise of South America in population or political greatness: with regard to population, the mixture of Africans, Indians, and Europeans, and their various intermediate castes, must long be a bar; and, as to political greatness, the want of education; prejudices, and the degraded situation of a people long groaning under a tyrannical government, will all be so many, though not insurmountable, obstacles.' After noticing the states separately, Mr. Mathison concludes with the following general remarks:—

'With reference to South America, we believe that the fabric of Spanish government is already virtually demolished; but where are the patriot politicians, capable of rebuilding a new social edifice on firm and equitable bases? Where are the people, whose will, declared in a representative assembly, can safely be trusted with the discharge of legislative functions?

'A very long interval of time, therefore, must necessarily elapse, before the anticipated blessings of independence can be enjoyed to any great extent. Crimes and plunders, alternate periods of anarchy and tyranny, are still likely to prevail for years to come, at least, there is at present no visible check to the perpetuation of such miseries in the moral and intellectual condition of the people; for talent, influence, consistent principles, and superior respectability, are gone with the Spaniards. With the birth and slow education of new generations, the necessary mass of knowledge, skill, talent, and it is to be

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hoped of virtue also, may spring up to assist and direct the labours of the future legislator; but, taking the most favourable view of the actual state of things, it must be confessed that, notwithstanding the sanguine expectations entertained by modern speculators, the prospect which South America displays is far less brilliant and cheering than the friend of humanity would desire, or than the generality of persons at the present day appear willing to believe.'

Mr. Mathison gives a curious picture of the Sandwich Islands, where civilization is sadly in the back-ground, notwithstanding the labours of the missionaries, and the pathetic letters they write about them.

On landing at Woahoo, Mr. M. was surrounded by a mob of men and women, who pressed forward to shake him by the hand, and eyed him with great apparent curiosity:

'They were all dressed *au naturel*, or nearly so, with nothing but the *maro*, a cincture of cloth made from the paper mulberry-tree, round their waists; their cries were most discordant, and the clatter of women's tongues not the least audible. I afterwards found out that they were settling a nickname for me, in allusion to some peculiarity in my dress or person. This they do invariably, whenever a stranger comes among them; and it is astonishing how quick-sighted, and even witty, they often are, in ridiculing the least affectation of manner, awkwardness of gait, or bodily deformity.'

Mr. Mathison was introduced to the palace—a grass hut, but floored with mats. On entering the royal apartment,—

'The royal beast lay sprawling on the ground, in a state of total drunkenness and insensibility. On one side of his head was extended an enormous sow, which every now and then gave a grunt, as if in sympathy with its master; and upon the other side sat his queen, an immense woman, like him, almost in a state of primitive nudity, who seemed endeavouring, though in vain, by her caresses, to assuage his beastly transports: a few chiefs and domestics, in all about twenty, completed the group,—some asleep, others fanning away the flies, and singing the wildest and harshest lullaby that ever saluted mortal ears.

'We then passed into another room, belonging to the head queen, who, though equally large in her person, had a benevolent and pleasing cast of countenance. She was dressed in a loose robe of English chintz, and, to my delight, was engaged in learning to write, which she had only attempted within a few days. She showed me her performance on the slate with great eagerness; and well she might, for really the letters were by no means badly formed. I then underwent, as on my first landing, a thorough examination, during which her majesty often laughed immoderately, and ended her remarks by saying that I was a mere child, and had no beard.

'The ground part of the apartment was matted, and the walls hung round with mats, with a large and handsome mirror on one side, and, upon the whole, had a comfortable appearance; though the furniture, comprising several Chinese chests, a mahogany table, and three matted bedsteads—in addition to the living furniture, comprising her majesty the queen and her numerous attendants, who lay extended on the floor in different attitudes, and kept up an incessant singing sort of noise—gave to the whole scene a truly fantastic character.

'Mr. Jones accommodated me at night with a bed in his hut, and introduced me the next morning to the other American residents, who were all seafaring men, and had come to this place to carry on a trade for sandal-wood.

'We then paid a second visit to the king, who had by this time recovered a little from the debauch of the preceding night. He shook me heartily by the hand, and was pleased at hearing that I was an Englishman, saying, that his islands belonged to the King of Great Britain, to whom they had been formerly surrendered, in Vancouver's time, by his father, old Tama-hama-hah, and desiring me to apply to him for anything I might want during my stay. He afterwards said that he was too much intoxicated to talk with me any longer at the moment, but hoped to be sober in the course of a few days, and, in the mean time, would leave the queen to do the honours of the house. We were ushered accordingly into the inner apartment, where a third lady, whom I had not yet seen, presided at a table, which groaned under the weight of bottles of wine, and almost every known spirituous liquor. I immediately drank her health in a glass of the wine; but she, to my great surprise, pledged me in a good tumblerful of gin, and quaffed it off at one draught, as if it had been water

'The fourth and last queen was next introduced, and made a similar libation; but it was evident that she had gone too far already. She did not hesitate to own her frailty, indeed, and said, that as the king her husband had been enjoying a drinking-bout, she had a right to take the same license herself She then began to tumble about the room, and sing, or rather utter discordant cries, after the fashion of the country, until I could bear the sight no longer, and turned away in disgust, lamenting the beastly excesses to which the human creature is carried, in a natural and unenlightened state.'

And this was the king, and one of these females, the queen, of the Sandwich Islands, whose melancholy death, in London, last year, we deplored! At a small village in Woahoo, an English sailor had established himself, and killed a pig for Mr. M.'s supper:—

'The method of cooking it, which applies to other meats in the Sandwich Islands, deserves particular notice. A hole is first made in the ground, and filled up with wood and stones; fire being applied, the stones soon become sufficiently heated, and the pig is placed thereon until the hair is singed off; it is then scraped with a knife, and cleaned, and otherwise prepared for cooking. This done, the meat is again placed upon the hot stones, wrapped carefully up in folds of tarrow-leaves, and at the same time covered over with earth, so as to exclude the atmosphere. In this manner, after a certain time, the meat, whatever it may be, is baked, and to my palate, in this case, was far from disagreeable. The tarrow also I ate, and approved of, but never could prevail upon myself to taste the *poey*—so dirty and disgusting is their mode of making and eating it. A calabashful is commonly placed in the centre of a party, and the fingers of all are with one accord, and at the same time, busily employed by each individual, in transporting his portion to his mouth.'

A brief notice of some of the customs and superstitions of the Sandwich Islands must close our account of this interesting volume:—

'The extraordinary custom of cutting the body of the dead into pieces, and afterwards burying it under the house of the deceased, deserves to be mentioned. The ceremony is attended with much mystery, and probably arises from some traditionary superstition. Sometimes a small shed is erected, with white poles, upwards of twenty feet in length, piled round in the form of a pyramid, to mark the spot where the remains have been deposited.

'On the birth of a child, it is immediately named, and all the neighbours assemble to drink, and sing their *hourah-hourahs*. The unnatural practice of infanticide continues to prevail, and abortions are still more frequent; the women not only disliking the trouble of rearing children, but dreading the loss of personal charms thereby occasioned, and the consequent diminution of their influence over the other sex.

'The only ceremony used in marriage, is that of throwing a tapper cloth round the bodies of both persons. The common people generally confine themselves to one wife; the chiefs have two or three; the king, four. Though chastity is by no means considered a virtue, or the reverse of it a blemish, it is not unusual for a chief to taboo particular females at an early age, and thus to secure an exclusive right of property in them, which no one would even think of violating. When a man wishes to change his wife, he is allowed, by the custom of the country, to contract with another; but he is not allowed to turn away the first. She will always continue to live in his house, and to share his fortunes.'

Forty Years in the World; or, Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life. By the Author of 'Fifteen Years in India,' 'Memoirs of India,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE favourable reception which the author of these volumes has met with from the public, fully justify him in again appearing in print, particularly as he appears to so much advantage as not only to maintain but enhance his previous reputation. No man of common sense and ordinary observation, one would think, could travel, as Sterne says, from Dan to Beersheeba, and find all barren; and yet God knows how little some persons learn either in foreign travel or in the pilgrimage of life; far different, however, is the author of these Sketches, who has not passed forty years in the world in vain, or had his talent

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in a napkin. He has seen much of the world—has studied books and men, and knows how to turn his knowledge to advantage, so far as to form a correct estimate of human nature. The work, it would appear from the introduction, is not confined to the adventures or observations of one individual, but, like the Fifteen Years in India, contains sketches of a soldier's life, which are continued in these volumes, 'completing an actual sketch of the life of a soldier, a friendless adventurer, who had to struggle with many and great difficulties.'

These sketches and tales spread over a wide field, and present much diversity of character and incident, displaying by turns pathos and humour, and exciting a tear or a smile. If the sketches dwelt less on Ireland, perhaps the work would have been no worse; and yet, were we called on to use the pruning-knife, we scarcely know where we should exercise it, so well have we been pleased with the work. The articles relating to India and Indian society are excellent; and we agree in the compliment the author pays to the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings, as justly merited. We were particularly pleased with the historical sketch of India (No. VI. in the first volume), which contains much valuable information, condensed within a small space. We shall, however, for the present, select a sketch of the administration of justice in India in an account of—

'THE PANJAIT.

"Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."
SHAKESPEARE.

'The engine of Hindoo government, in ancient times, was beautifully simple, and so well calculated to ensure happiness to the full extent of human possible enjoyment, that it is still cherished by the mass of the people, and held as sacred as their religion. It may be useful to draw attention to a subject so interesting.

'I need say very little of the ministers of a raja, or native prince. All governments, both in Asia and Europe, must divide themselves into departments. A Hindoo raja, like a British king, has his prime minister, his secretaries of state, his chancellor of the exchequer, his civil and military branches, his sirdars or headmen, and his courts of justice, and law officers. The obligations of king and subject are reciprocal; both receive valuable considerations for the parts they perform. These principles were well understood at a very remote period in India; and civilization has left us a monument, in Hindostan, of simple justice, which it would be well if we imitated. I shall confine myself, therefore, to the administration of the laws in India, as that part of the machine which is most useful, and least understood or practised in this country.'

'Wherever a native prince, or raja, reigns, in India, every town and village are independent; each has its own invested right of holding panjaits, or courts for the trial of all civil and criminal causes within its jurisdiction, which embrace the entire scope of its necessities. These courts are of three kinds: the most simple is the Panjait of Arbitration, to the decision of which all parties are obliged to submit their petty grievances and complaints; the next is a Debtors' Court, in which all litigation business is tried; and the third is the great Criminal Panjait, which extends to life and death, and takes cognizance of the highest crimes. The same officers and members form one or any of these courts. There must be five judges to constitute a panjait, for the word means five; but it may consist of as many more as circumstances may occasion, or necessity require. Unanimity, as in our jury, is considered desirable; but a majority of voices passes sentence. Neither barrister nor attorney is allowed to plead in this court; but, when the conviction or acquittal has been forwarded to the raja, the law officers are called in to pronounce the conformity of the proceedings to ancient rule and established custom. Execution is then ordered; and thus only a few days intervene between crime and its punishment: on the spot where the former was committed redress is procurable; and no expense is incurred in defeating ingenuity, and in dragging forth justice from the cell of cunning.

'These courts are composed of the chief magistrate of the town or village, and any of the other respectable inhabitants, who are all supposed to be acquainted with the customs, and capable of deciding questions of right amongst one another.

'I am fully sensible that, in a complicated government, like our's, the panjait could never be constituted to meet contingencies: much, however, might be done, by its introduction, in curbing litigation, and gaining the ends of justice. The simplicity of tenure in India, the great regularity of the Hindoos in living, and in conforming to the customs of their caste, render it easy to govern them; and the panjait is all-sufficient for every exigency.

'In different parts of the country I attended these simple native courts; and it is my intention here to illustrate some of their proceedings; premising only, that the particulars do not all apply to any one part of India, but embrace the entire range of my observations

'The reader is aware, that in the company's possessions justice is administered by British civilians, according to the maxims of Mahomedan and Gentoo law, and the customs of established usage; but several able writers, amongst whom is Sir John Malcolm, think, and I believe with great truth, that the general adoption of the panjait would, in its practical effects, benefit government, and greatly increase happiness.

'All the inhabitants are bound to do duty when called upon as panjait judges. In some places they are paid for loss of time and labour; in others it is considered a sacred duty. Like our grand and petty jurors, they are summoned to attend in turn; and no party who has the least interest in the cause is allowed to sit. The court assembles under a summud or warrant from the raja: directed in all its forms by a learned pundit, and governed by the patell, cutwall, or chief magistrate of the town, who is generally the most respectable man in the place, as well for age and gravity as for wealth and character—all goes on smoothly and as impressively as in our courts. The court is generally a large building supported on pillars, and open all round three sides to the public. In the enclosed part are the record offices, and the great books of law, written, as they tell us, by God; together with entries of all the proceedings by the clerk of the crown, who turns to precedents, and, under the pundit, guides the judges—men who are merely supposed to be acquainted with the laws of nature and the customs of their ancestors.

'If you can conceive such a building or great hall, surrounded by a piazza of pillars in the Egyptian style of architecture; if you then fancy one side or end of it raised three or four feet, and covered with carpets or mats, as a bench for the judges and court officers; if you can imagine ten or twenty grave Hindoos in full costume, and with flowing beards, seated cross-legged on this stage, with palm leaves and brass styles before them for writing notes, &c., you will have a tolerable notion of the court. Some of the judges may be smoking the hookah, others chewing betel and pock*, some eating opium, and a few in a seeming slumber. The large turban, long white beard, painted forehead†, flowing robe, and rich party-coloured shawls and slippers, are as imposing to the eye as the costume of our judges. Look around, and you will see the hall crowded with turbaned, bare-headed, well-dressed, half-naked, bearded, close-shaved, sedate-looking, mad-seeming, queer-pointed, wild-staring natives, of all orders, castes, and tribes, sitting, one row rising above another.

'The first trial which came on was a question of disputed demarkation. Complainant alleged that the boundary line should run one way; defendant swore it had always run another. Several old men were called as witnesses. Brahmans attended with a brass vessel of water, in which some sacred leaves were steeped: the witness's right hand was placed in this; and, with the other holding the Veda or Scriptures over his head he swore to tell all he knew, and nothing but what he knew—so help him the record, and so favour him Brahma. Well, there was just as much difference of opinion and cross-swearing as in our own courts. The judges lifted up their eyes and hands, wrote what they thought quickly down on a palm-leaf, and then looked quite demure: the learned pundit stroked his beard, seemed as though he could say a great deal, hemmed, shook his head, and at length said, "My lords, this is a case for sacrifice." "Do you agree?" inquired the president. The plaintiff and defendant kissed the ground. Then a buffalo was killed in presence of the Brahmans; the warm skin of the animal was rolled

* A certain kind of nut, a green leaf, and a small proportion of lime, compose what is called betel and pock; it is a pleasing aromatic—a good stomachic. It stimulates the salival glands.

† All good Hindoos are marked with caste and tribe in red and white chalk, which is carefully renewed every morning.

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round the oldest inhabitant, who knew the boundary line in dispute; that person commenced his procession, followed by a vast multitude; and, having marked with some blood the course which he deemed right, all were forced to submit to this sacred decision.

'My next memorandum describes a case which has often occurred in India. A complainant came to the patell in open court, on the banks of the Mylie, in Guzerat, and stated that he had been robbed of the greatest part of his harvest of unpressed cotton during the night. He swore that his neighbours had taken it; but he acknowledged, though he demanded a warrant for their apprehension, and a panjait, that he had no witnesses to prove the fact. "Are you on good terms with your neighbours?" inquired the patell. —"Yes, my lord," "Have you mentioned this affair—you have not been so rash as to accuse them before you came to me?"—"No, no, my lord."—"Go home, then; ask your neighbours to eat rice with you this night; order the musicians and dancers forthwith, and I shall be your guest.—Choop!" that is, be silent; and the patell placed his finger on his lip.

'At the appointed time Chundoo Doss, who had lost his cotton, was visited by his dear and loving neighbours. The rice was brought in on plantain-leaves, and they all sat cross legged on mats, to enjoy it and the vegetable curry, which made it very nice. The cook had given plenty of ghee or melted butter; and the rice was yellow with saffron and fragrant with spice. O, how they praised Chundoo Doss, as an excellent neighbour and a right soodur! hospitable like Chrishna, and beneficent like unto Mahadeva! Oh! oh! oh! Just at this soft moment in walks the patell, with rage in his looks, followed by his police peons. It is said that his beard was standing. "How dare you," cried he, "false soodurs that you are, come to feast at your friend's with his cotton sticking to your beards?" Those who had stolen the cotton instantly put up their hands. "Seize them!" roared the patell.—Oh! oh! oh! In short, the property was recovered, and the thieves punished.

'The next trial was that of a witch, who it was alleged had played the very devil with every one near her. She had caused her own buffalos to give the milk that those of her neighbours should have streamed into their chattees or earthern vessels; she had prevented the children of those she hated from growing, and made them ugly; in short, she was a most dangerous old woman. It was boldly asserted that she had been seen flying in the shape of a large bat the night before: the people had seized her, according to custom, crammed her eyes full of salt, and, because she had shed tears, pronounced her positively a witch; thrown her into a tank, and, as she did not sink instantly, believed her to be a terrible one—flogged her with the branches of a certain tree; and, when she cried out with pain, they called her the very devil: therefore she was brought to the patell to have her nose cut off, or to be tried and executed. I never heard such a hubbub as her accusers made. Our patell was about a century before his countrymen in the growth of his brain: he did not believe in witchcraft; he did not absolutely deny it; but he knew that it was his wisest plan to keep his doubts to himself; for, if it had been known that his superstitious creed had such a rent in it, he would have lost caste, and been pronounced a philosopher. However, he saved the old woman by a stratagem, although she, in the state of frenzy to which they had reduced her, acknowledged and believed herself possessed of supernatural power. She was asked if the winds and spirits of the air obeyed her. Her answer was a positive affirmation that they did; yet, by her own account, she had never done any one the least harm; and many of her friends were present, who swore that she had cured them of diseases, and increased their wealth by her power, although she was herself miserably poor. Indeed, her appearance indicated the extremity of wretchedness. Contradiction and uproar now began to spread. One party were for cutting off her nose, another for burning her alive, and a third for letting her go home. I thought there would have been a battle royal, as many of the disputants were armed with short swords, targets, and spears, whilst others carried bows and arrows: but, at a critical moment, the old witch raised her voice to an amazingly loud pipe, and vociferated "Hunnymaun! Hunnymaun!—there he is!—I see him among you.—He will eat you all." Instantaneously an indescribable panic prevailed; and one man tumbled over another, till they all lay in a curious but confused heap;—some shouting, "Oh, murder! you are smothering me;" whilst those who could run took to their heels, leaving swords, targets, and bows, behind them. Hunnymaun is the monkey deity; and he was the god of the old woman's idolatry. That she saw him in the wild mind's eye, I have no doubt; and the anecdote shows how much alike the people of all countries are at different stages of civilization. Such scenes have occurred in all parts of Europe in the dark ages. The spirited relation of the witch frightening a whole synod of Presbyterian clergymen—as beautifully given in the first volume, I believe, of Waverley—from fancying that she saw the devil seated among their reverences, will instantly occur to the reader.

'Well, when the people came to look upon each other, they began to laugh, and shake their beards, and ask, "What! did you see anything?"—"Why did you break me down? I was not in the least afraid." This put them into good humour; and the patell, taking advantage of their return to temper, bid her accusers that she would punish the witch provided they submitted to undergo the same ordeal as she. "I shall cause you and her to be thrown into a tank: now, if you all instantly sink, like stones, the devil cannot be in you; but if she, or any of you, come to the surface, and struggle for life, why I shall cut off your noses; for certainly you must be very dangerous people." This mode of trial the patell had learned from a British civilian, who had opened his eyes to many of the superstitions of his country.

'I need not tire the reader with more of this. We had trials for robbery, the punishment for which is, in general, restitution and fine. There were cases of seduction and crim. con., in all which the wives and daughters were put to death, if the fathers and husbands pleased, and the paramours banished, fined, or confined. Some of the female witnesses could not appear in public, on account of custom, jealousy of husband, or usage of tribe. These were sworn behind a purdah, or in a close palankeen; and I often amused myself in guessing what sort of a lady the invisible might be from the sweetness or harshness, shrillness or softness, of her voice. There is a secret charm in imagination when roused by what is unseen. The reader has experienced my feelings if ever he attended divine service in the Bethesda Chapel in Dublin. The penitent female singers sit at a distance behind a green curtain, and ravish your ears like nightingales. Their voices are actually dangerous to repose. She who says "Amen" has a pipe like a round, mellow, octave flute. It is tremulous with emotion; but you trace manner in it, and feel convinced that the invisible bird is not inclined to be a nun. So I thought, and felt often, when I heard the love-tones from the close palkee and this purdah. "That lady would have no objection to be looking about her," said I to myself.

'We had a few trials for murder in the course of twenty years; but this crime is not frequent in India. Private poisoning is said to be often one of the atrocities which characterize the state of Indian society; but this dark crime can seldom be dragged into open day. The sentence on a conviction for murder is—"The accused is guilty; he shall pay the price of blood." It is then left to the raja, and the friends of the deceased, to commute the punishment for a sum of money, if the parties can agree. When a Brahman is the victim, commutation is not allowed: the murderer is then trampled to death by an elephant, or hung up in an iron cage to starve, &c. Beheading is also common in the upper provinces. The condemned is not laid on a block, as with us: his executioner approaches him where he stands, strikes, and follows up his blows, like a murderer, till his victim falls. Sir John Malcolm describes an execution of this kind which took place in the presence of the cruel and infamous Tulsa Bhye, a princess who was as great a disgrace to her sex as Alia Bhye was an honour.

'The mode of swearing a Chinese at a panjait, or in our supreme court, used to amuse me much. He was brought in, fantastically dressed, with his long black queue dangling down to his heels: a plate was placed on his head, which he held with both his hands; and upon repeating—"You shall tell all you know, and not tell anything you do not know, on pain of your soul being shattered so," he dashes the plate against the ground with all his force."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.

(Concluded from p. 441.)

Is nothing, perhaps, is the work of M. Thierry more interesting than in showing the unremitting perseverance, and the daring presumption by which the church established its power. In the early ages of chivalry, its investiture was more of a religious than a military ceremony, but not so in Normandy: and when William, the Norman duke, had established himself in England, his followers felt quite indignant at the idea of a Saxon abbot conferring the military baldrick, expressing their contempt for the rites of sacerdotal consecration. When, however, the English bishoprics were all occupied by men of Norman birth, the very prelates prevailed on their countrymen to receive from them the right of conferring knighthood, with only this difference from the practice in the days of Saxon liberty, that the privilege was imbibited to the monks and all the inferior clergy, who, in fact, were still principally Saxons. Among the brave chiefs who resisted the Norman dominion, was Hereward, a Saxon, who had been long settled in Flanders; but, hearing that the Normans had seized his paternal inheritance, and driven away his aged mother, he rallied a few of his friends, landed in England, drove away the spoiler, and reconquered his property. He afterwards joined a body of the discontented, who defended themselves in the isle of Ely, until betrayed by two monks:—

'All surrendered except Hereward, who, daring to the last, made his retreat through the most dangerous places, where the Normans did not venture to pursue him. He went from marsh to marsh, until he reached the low lands of the province of Lincoln, where some Saxon fishermen, who carried fish every day to a neighbouring Norman post, received him and his companions into their boats, and hid them under heaps of straw. The boats arrived near the post as usual; and the chief and his soldiers, knowing the fishermen by sight, conceived neither alarm nor suspicion, but prepared their repast, and quietly sat down to it under their tents. Hereward and his followers then rushed with their battle-axes upon the foreigners, who were entirely unprepared, and massacred nearly all of them. This coupde-main was not the last exploit of the great captain of the English *guerillas*: he visited several other places with his band recruited afresh; and, wherever he went, laid similar ambushes for the foreign soldiers—unwilling (says a writer of that day) that the fate of his countrymen should be unrevenged. At length, growing weary of a fatiguing struggle, which, unfortunately, could not save his country, he made his peace like the rest; but he had made himself formidable, and, as long as he lived, he kept his paternal inheritance.'

The tyranny of William Rufus was even greater than that of his father:—

'Wherever the Norman king was passing, in his progresses through England, the servants and soldiers in his train were accustomed to ravage the country. When they could not wholly consume the provisions of various kinds which they found in the houses of the English, they had them carried to the neighbouring market by the proprietor himself, and obliged him to sell them on their account. At other times they would burn them for pastime, or, if there were liquor of any kind, would use it to wash their horses' feet. "Their ill usage of masters of families, their insults to wives and daughters," says an eye-witness, "were too shameful to relate. At the first rumour of the king's approach, every one would fly from his dwelling, and retreat with whatever he could save, to the depths of the forests, and into desert places."

'Fifty Saxons, who, by good fortune, or perhaps through some little political cringing, had succeeded in retaining some remnant of their ancient patrimony, were accused, whether falsely or with reason, of having hunted in the royal forests, and taken, killed, and eaten deer—(such were the express terms of the criminal accusation instituted against them). They denied the charge. They were brought to trial; and the foreign judges inflicted on them the ordeal of red-hot iron—which the old English laws ordained only with the consent and at the request of the accused; but the conquerors amused themselves with applying it to the English race, as a sort of prefatory chastisement before the final infliction. "On the day appointed"—such are the words of the historian—"of the whole fifty suffered their sentence in its utmost rigour: it was a painful sight to see: but God, by preserving all their hands from burning, clearly showed their innocence, and the malice of their persecutors." When it was related to William that, after three days, either through some fraud, or by an extraordinary chance, the hands of all the accused had appeared unseared—"And what then?" returned he, "God is no judge of these matters: such affairs concern me; and it is I who must judge them." The historian is silent concerning this new sentence, and the fate of the unfortunate Englishmen, whom the son of the conqueror envied even the miserable chance of a fraud, committed by some priest more humane than himself.

'The Saxons, persecuted by the Red King for transgressions of the laws of the chase,—even more rigorously than by his father—had no revenge but that of calling him, in derision, the *keeper of the woods*, and *herdsman of the wild beasts*, and circulating sinister stories about these forests, which no man of the English race could enter with arms, but at the peril of his life. It was said that the devil, in horrible shapes, appeared to the Normans, and spoke aloud to them of the dreadful fate which he had in reserve for the king, for his counsellors, and for themselves. This popular superstition was strengthened by the singular chance which made hunting in the forests of England—in the *new forest*, too—fatal to the race of the conqueror. In the year 1081, Richard, eldest son of William the bastard, had there received a mortal wound. In May, 1100, Richard, son of Duke Robert, and nephew to the Red King, was killed there by an arrow discharged inadvertently. And—singular as it appears—the king himself perished there by the same kind of death, in July of the same year.

'On the morning of the day on which he died, he gave his friends a great repast at Winchester Castle, after which he prepared for the projected hunt. While tying on his hose, and joking with his guests, a workman presented to him six new arrows. He examined them, praised the workmanship, kept four of them for himself, and gave the other two to Walter Tirel, saying, "A good marksman should have good arrows." Walter Tirel was a Frenchman, who had wealthy possessions in the county of Poixet, in Ponthieu: he was the king's most familiar friend and assiduous attendant. At the moment of departure, a monk from St. Peter's Convent, at Glocester, entered, and put into William's hands despatches from his abbot. This abbot, of Norman birth, named Serlon, sent in great tribulation, to say, that one of his monks (probably of the English race) had had in his sleep a vision of ill omen; that he had seen Jesus Christ sitting on a throne, and a woman at his feet supplicating him in these terms: "O, Saviour of mankind, look down with pity on thy people groaning under the yoke of William." On hearing this message, the king laughed aloud. "Do they take me for an Englishman," said he, "with their visions! Do they think me one of those fools who leave their business and go out of their way because an old woman dreams or sneezes? Come, Walter de Poix, to horse!"

'The king's brother Henry, William de Breteuil, and several other chiefs, accompanied him to the forest. There the rest of the hunters dispersed; but Walter Tirel staid near him, and their dogs hunted together. They had taken their station opposite to each other, each with his arrow on the cross-bow, and his finger on the trigger, when a large deer, tracked by the hounds, advanced between the king and his friend. William drew, but his bow-string breaking, the arrow did not fly; and the animal, astonished at the sound, stood looking about him on all sides. The king made a sign to his companion to shoot; but the latter kept quiet, either not seeing the game, or not understanding the signal. Then William, in his impatience, called out, "Shoot, Walter, shoot—as if it were the devil!" and instantly an arrow—either Walter's or some other—entered his breast. He fell without uttering a word, and expired. Walter Tirel hastened to him; but, finding him breathless, he mounted his horse, galloped to the coast, went over to Normandy, and from thence into the French territory.'

In tracing the effects of the Norman conquest in the middle ages, M. Thierry notices the crusades, and the great influence that poetry had, not only in rousing and exciting the passions, but in recording events. The troubadours were the chroniclers; and their songs, which circulated from castle to castle, and from town to town, nearly performed the office of public papers, particularly in that part of France situated between the Loire,

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the Rhone, and the two seas. That these songs had much influence in producing the crusades is certain; and one of them, written by a priest of Orleans, and circulated in England, excited a great many to take up the cross. The following is a translation of this curious document:—

"What is the banner of the chief? 'Tis the wood of the cross: 'tis that which the army follows.

"Let us go to Tyre; for there the brave are to meet; thither are they to repair who combat to obtain, without other reward, the renown of chivalry.

"But this strife calls for stout fighters, and not men of ease: they who spend much in the care of their bodies, buy not God with their prayers.

"What is the banner? . . . . . .

"New Philistines have carried off the cross; they have taken the ark of God—the ark of the new alliance.

"Christ commands war to be made upon them; and he who shall not make war, what shall he answer to Christ in the day of his opposing?

"What is the banner . . . . .

"He that forsakes the cross, oppresses the cross; he is an enemy to the Christian faith: by the value you set on the faith, redeem the cross, ye whom the cross has redeemed.

"To him that is without money, if he be faithful, the faith shall suffice: the body of the Lord is provision enough for him that defends the cross.

"What is the banner . . . . . .

"When Christ gave himself to torture, he made a loan to the sinner. Sinner, if thou wilt not die for him who died for thee, thou dost not render unto God that which God lent thee.

"Hearken then to my counsel: take up the cross, and say, when making thy vow,—'I commend myself to him who died for me, who gave for me his body and his life.'

"What is the banner of the chief? 'Tis the wood of the cross: 'tis that which the army follows."'

M. Thierry thinks there can be no doubt that Robin Hood was of Saxon birth; and hence his predatory warfare was, perhaps, more in revenge against the men of foreign race, than for the sake of plunder; besides, he was the idol and hero of the poor, the serfs, and the Anglo-Saxon race. The general tradition respecting Robin Hood's death is, that he perished by assassination in a nunnery, whither, feeling ill, he had gone to seek assistance. M. Thierry thinks this account probable, and says:—

'He was to be bled; and the nun who could perform this operation, having accidentally recognised him, did it in such a manner that it caused his death. This account, the truth of which can neither be affirmed nor contested, is quite conformable to the manners of the twelfth century. At that time, in the rich monasteries, many women employed themselves in studying medicine, and compounding remedies, which they offered gratuitously to the poor. Besides, in England, since the conquest, the abbesses, and the greater part of the nuns, were of Norman extraction, as is proved by their statutes, drawn up in old French; which circumstance, perhaps, explains how it was that the chief of Saxon bandatti, whom the royal ordinances had placed *out of the law*, found mortal enemies in the asylum whither he had gone to seek assistance. After his death, the troop, of which he was the leader and the soul, dispersed; and his faithful companion, Little John, despairing of making a stand in England, and impelled by the desire of continuing the war against the Normans, went to Ireland, and engaged in the revolts of the natives of that country. Thus was dissolved the last band of English robbers that has had, in any way, a political object and character, and has thereby deserved a mention in history.'

M. Thierry considers the history of the Norman Conquest ought to terminate with the execution of William Longbeard, in 1196, as it is the last fact which the original writers positively attach to the conquest. William had roused the citizens to oppose the illegal exactions of the government; and, having killed a Norman, Geoffrey, who attempted to assassinate him, he fled to the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, where 'William and his friends, intrenched in the tower of St. Mary de l'Arche, were summoned several times to come out of it; but they constantly refused; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the more speedily to terminate the siege, had a quantity of straw heaped together, and set fire to the church. The heat and smoke, which soon filled the tower, obliged the besieged to come down, half suffocated. They were all taken; and, while they were led along, bound, the son of that Geoffrey whom William had killed at the time of his flight, came up to him, and stabbed him with a knife in the belly. In this wounded state he was tied to the tail of a horse, and dragged in that manner through the streets of London to the Tower, where he was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and received sentence of death. The same horse dragged him in the same manner to the place of execution. He was hung, together with his companions, all of English birth,—"And thus," says an old historian, "perished William Long-beard, for embracing the cause of the poor, and the defence of truth. If the cause makes the martyr, no one can more justly be called a martyr than he."

'This was not the opinion of one man only, but of the whole people: who, though they had wanted energy enough to save their defender, did at least mourn for him after his death, and called the Normans, who had put him to death, murderers. The writers on the side of power—and they form the greater number, tell us that William passed for a saint with the seditious and such as were fond of novelty. The gallows on which he had been hung was carried away in the night, as a relic; and such as could not procure a piece of the wood, scraped together the earth which had touched its foot. So many came to fetch this earth, that in a little time a deep hollow was formed at the place of execution. It was visited not only from the neighbourhood, but from every corner of England; and no Englishman by birth failed to perform this kind of patriotic pilgrimage, when business or traffic brought him to London.

'The popular imagination soon attributed the working of miracles to this new martyr to the foreign dominion; and his miracles were preached, as formerly those of Waltheof had been, by a priest of English race. But the new preacher had the same fate as the former; nor was it then less dangerous to believe in the sanctity of the man with the long beard, than it had been a hundred and twenty years before to believe in that of the last Saxon chief. Chief-justice Hubert sent soldiers, who dispersed, at the point of the lance, the crowd assembled (as he said) to affront him, by honouring an executed malefactor. But the English were not disheartened; being driven off by day, they came by night, either to see or to pray. Armed men were then placed in ambuscade, who having seized a number of men and women, they were publicly whipped, and shut up in fortresses. At last a permanent guard was established on the very spot which the people persisted in regarding as consecrated; and access to it was forbidden to passengers and to the curious. This measure, and the only, had power to discourage the popular enthusiasm, which now gradually abated.'

Although the history of the Norman conquest may here be said to terminate, yet M. Thierry devotes distinct chapters to the Welsh and Scotch, tracing their history to the time of their union with England. In conclusion, M. Thierry makes some remarks on the amalgamation and distinction of the Saxons and the Normans, which we quote. He says:

'The reign of Henry VII. may be considered as the period when the distinction of ranks ceased to correspond in a general manner with that of races, and as the commencement of the state of society at present existing in England. This society, though composed of new elements, has nevertheless preserved in great part the features of the former; the Norman titles have continued; and, which is more singular, the very names of several extinct Norman families have become titles, conferred by the king's letters patent, with that of count or baron. The successor of Henry VII. was the last king who placed at the head of his ordinances the old formula—"Henry, the eighth of that name since the Conquest."—But after him, the kings of England have retained the custom of using the old language of the conquest in their essential acts of royalty, as *Le Roi le veult—Le Roi s'avisera—Le Roi remercie ses loyaux sujets.*—These formulas, which seem, after the lapse of seven hundred years, to refer the royalty of England to its foreign origin, have, nevertheless, not appeared odious to any one since the sixteenth century. The same may be said of the genealogies and titles, by which the existence of certain noble families may be traced back to the invasion by William the bastard, and their great landed property to the partition made at that period.

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'As there no longer exists any popular tradition relative to the division of the inhabitants of England into two hostile populations, and to the distinction of the two elements from which the present language is formed, no political passion is now connected with these forgotten circumstances.'

We, perhaps, may excuse the vanity of M. Thierry, though we deny the assertion, that the mass of the English readers 'love to deceive themselves respecting their origin, and to consider the sixty thousand men who accompanied William as the common ancestors of all who bear the name of English.' This difference of opinion, however, does not lessen our respect for M. Thierry as a writer; and we consider his work as a very valuable addition to the history of this country and of Europe.

Third Vindication of the General Penitentiary, &c., being an Answer to some Observations contained in a Work published by P. Mere Latham, M. D., entitled, "An Account of the Disease lately prevalent at the General Milbank Penitentiary." By George Holford, M. P. 8vo. London, 1825.

It is very rarely we meddle with medical works, for we would not only give physic to the dogs, but treatises on medicine to the cheesemongers, at least when the students were supplied. The subject, however, discussed in the pamphlet before us, has occupied the attention of statesmen, legislators, and philanthropists, as well as of physicians. It is generally known that a dangerous disease prevailed in the Milbank Penetentiary, on which 'doctors disagreed' sadly. The superintendent of the Penetentiary, Dr. Copland Hutchison, who had gratuitously, and now it is universally proved and acknowledged, faithfully served it for some years, did not entertain the same opinion, either as to the nature of the disease, or mode of treating it, that Drs. Latham and Roget did; and it was not until Dr. Hutchison had been displaced, that the correctness of his opinions were fully ascertained, and the blunderings and malice, we may say, of his enemies, detected. The physicians appeared to have been ignorant, and even unsuspicious of the artifices of the prisoners in exaggerating a disease of which they evidently knew little, and eager to listen to the whisperings of the surgeon, Mr. Pratt, whose enmity to Dr. Hutchison arose from the latter's having been appointed to take the superintendence and control of the whole medical department of the prison, in consequence of Mr. Pratt's incapability. It was on the evidence and statements of such a man that Dr. Latham rested his report—a report which is in direct opposition to the statement of Dr. Granville, and which Mr. Holford proves to be entitled to no attention. Mr. Holford was one of the most active members of the committee; and, whatever impression erroneous opinions and fabricated statements may have had on him, he now comes forward to do justice to the injured, and to expose the blunders of the ignorant. The publication of Mr. Holford's pamphlet is not only a triumph to Dr. Hutchison, whose professional reputation stands too high to suffer by any contrary opinions Dr. Latham may entertain as to diseases, but it is a tacit acknowledgment, on the part of the committee, that Dr. Hutchison was in fact ill treated by them.

ORIGINAL.

A TWO-DAYS' JOURNEY IN IRELAND.

THE SECOND DAY.

We were less unfortunate in the weather on the second day of my sojourn. The sun glared upon us from his high station with that steady lustre which banishes all apprehension as to the probability of a change; and we commenced our march for the monastery of Clondalkin at an early hour. Our paths were almost entirely through by-lanes and fields—a method of travelling which I always prefer to the dusty monotony of the highway. Of scenery there was little to boast, and there would have been but indifferent employment for the eye, always excepting the fair damsels who were under our convoy, if it had not been for the frolics of some trout in a small stream, which ran beside us, as they sometimes basked in the warmth, and at others bounded along, emulating in swiftness the element which enclosed them. When we arrived at Clondalkin, I had a very good view of the ladies in the nunnery recently established; for, though the wall was high which enclosed the grounds in which they were walking, curiosity conquered this obstacle. I had the satisfaction, too, of beholding an important personage among them, the Miss Stewart who was so miraculously cured by that wonderful demi-god, Prince Hohenlohe!—Their dress, for I was near enough to have a perfect view, consisted of thick chocolate-coloured stuffs, forming a coif to the head, and flowing to the ground; long black veils were attached to the coif, which were, however, thrown back, so that we could see their faces distinctly. In a more retired part of the garden there stood another group, meditating, apparently, over a huge white cross, where one of the sisterhood had been buried but a week previous. The whole establishment bore strong marks of tranquillity and contentment—at least the fair lawns and spacious gardens appertaining to it were indicative of these. Being extremely anxious to get an insight into the manners and customs of these almost unearthly beings, I requested our ladies would make up to the gates, and solicit permission for a stranger or two to view the chapel—an office which their own natural inquisitiveness made them well adapted to fulfil. After waiting for a few minutes in a parlour destitute of all decoration, unless two pictures, the one of the Saviour, and the other of Pope Pius VII., deserve the name, the abbess made her appearance, and replied to their request, that it was totally impossible to admit men within their walls, even unto the chapel, lest they should happen to meet some of the sisters on the way, but that the ladies, although this was unusual, should see it—an indulgence, which the knowledge of our being in suspense on the outside, had little effect in suppressing. On returning, they were loud in praises of the costly decorations of the chapel, the civility of the abbess, the abstracted piety of the few sisters whom they met, and the general good management of the household. 'No doubt, the whole was very gratifying,' said I, somewhat chagrined at my disappointment; 'but, since these fair nuns have been so uncourteous towards us, you cannot complain of injustice, if you experience the same treatment from the devotees of the other sex, whose quarters we will now beat up;' and so, leaving the little village of Clondalkin behind, we proceeded to the monastery, which stands about a mile beyond it. The situation of this spot has certainly nothing in it to recompense the occupants for their sacrifice of society It is the most elevated within the whole sphere of vision around it—not that kind of sudden rising which shares the character of hill and mountain, but gradual and almost imperceptible, forming a dreary picture of water in straight lines, where the canal takes its course, and of impoverished indifferently-cultivated land. The absence of trees, too, except where they rise, with mathematical precision, on either side of the canal, marking its long course, adds to the desolate impression which this view leaves on the mind, and then the thoughts of a monkish life proved no alleviation. The building itself is little more than a large substantial kind of farm-house, in a very unfinished state; the ground about heaped with piles of rough stones, awaited the future operations of the architect, shops for carpenters, bakers, wheelwrights, school-rooms, &c., enclose the yard, where many of the religionists were busily employed in earning an industrious livelihood on earth, as well as crowns of glory elsewhere. 'And pray, worthy father,' said I to the superior, who kindly came to greet us, and to explain everything which we might deem worthy of notice, 'may I be allowed to ask, to what order you appertain; for assuredly these busy tokens do not accord with my former ideas of monastic life?' 'Sir,' answered he, 'we are Carmelites, founded by the blessed Bishop Almericus, of Antioch, almost a thousand years ago, professing chastity, obedience, and poverty.' In the latter part of your professions I wish the world more largely participated, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the fine sleeky cows, the poultry, and fat pigs, which were waddling around me; for this is a description of poverty by no means disagreeable. 'We renounce the world,' continued he; 'but it does not follow that we should not be industrious and serviceable to our fellow-creatures; and, while we flatter ourselves it will not suffer by the separation, we trust our self-denials and repentance will not be lost upon us. We cannot be admitted brothers of this order, if we leave those behind who have an immediate claim on our assistance, as a father, mother, or child.' 'Or wife,' added I, doubtfully. 'No,' resumed the conductor; 'the married are totally inadmissible; but this does not extend to the widower, if he have no relative depending on him for subsistence.' And yet,' asked I,

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'does not the Saviour command that we shall desert father, mother, child, and all, to take up the cross and follow him.' 'It is very true, sir,' said he; 'but, as society is now constituted, such could not be done; for, independent of other considerations, it would be directly at variance with the laws of the land.'

We were now, after viewing the different working departments, led to the chapel, where were two or three of the brothers absorbed in prayer. The superior bent his knee and crossed himself, as he came before the holy table, which was gorgeously decorated with lights, intermingled with bunches of artificial flowers—miserable substitutes for those which were already blooming in their garden, but considered as objects of great esteem, being the handy-work of one of the fraternity. The walls about the altar were festooned with coarse white gauze and differently coloured ribbons, while the figure of the virgin, surrounded by cherubs, bore all the honours which coloured glass, scraps of lace, and taste appertaining to female dress on the part of the good friars, could bestow. By the side of the entrance-door stood the consecrated water, and immediately below it, a small mahogany box, inscribed, 'Donations for the decoration of the altar'—a way by which visitors can remunerate for the trouble they give, without shocking the feelings of the brotherhood. The gardens attached to this monastery are extensive, the whole management being conducted by themselves—so that, in fact, the monks support each other in a creditable and independent manner, exhibiting none of that dangerous and unnecessary sloth which too frequently exists in such places, creating strong and well-founded prejudices against the motives which impel to a life so secluded. No women being permitted to form a part of the household, all those offices which usually fall to their share are allotted to the members. On extraordinary events, such as the death of one of the nuns, a grand coalition takes place between these parties of both sexes betrothed to Heaven. The monks are then admitted within the portals of the holy sisterhood, and add, by their presence, to the affecting and imposing ceremonies which attend the deposition of the dead.

On the whole, I was exceedingly amused by the visit; and, when we got back to our little peaceful cottage, Joe and I, by the society of our fellow-travellers, concluded a right-merry day with whiskey, toddy, and cigars.

ALOST.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

It is now some time since we noticed this institution—a neglect for which we are, perhaps, in some degree, blameable, as our animadversions on the listlessness which marked the conduct of its directors, in the outset, had the effect of stimulating them to some exertion. Lectures became more frequent, a library was opened, and schools instituted. It is true that the lectures have been without system or method—that physical sciences have usurped the place of the mechanical arts; yet we are far from thinking they have not benefitted one portion of the members, and that the largest—persons who are not really mechanics. The library, too, is a strange mixture; but, while it depends on gratuitous contributions, this must be the case; and if one person chooses to give '*the Book*, or Delicate Investigation,' and another the Death of Abel, or a few odd numbers of a magazine, we do not see how they can be rejected. The schools, we believe, are the best feature in the institution, and give promise of great benefit to such as avail themselves of the instruction. Some new life has certainly been infused into the society and we take to ourselves the merit of having stimulated it: be this as it may, we are always ready to do justice to good intentions, even if not judiciously directed.

The managers have procured an eligible situation for carrying on the business of the institution, in Southampton Buildings; and Dr. Birkbeck having advanced, at the usual interest, a sum of money sufficient for the purpose, a new lecture-room has been erected, under the direction of Mr M'William, the architect, which appears extremely well adapted for the purpose: no space being lost, nor any thing omitted to satisfy the eye and ear of every person present.

On Friday, the 8th instant, this lecture-room was opened with an inaugural address, by the president, Dr. Birkbeck, in the presence of the Duke of Sussex, the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr. Brougham, Sir Robert Wilson, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Hume. The address, which the president read, and afterwards gave to the newspaper-reporters, in order to secure its being printed correctly, contained much common-place remark on the ignorance of former ages, as compared with the knowledge and intelligence which prevails at present: nor was the doctor at all ungrateful to the patrons of the Mechanics' Institution, whom he eulogized in terms which (whatever be their merits) might have been spared, so far as relates to those who were present. It is, however, but justice to state, that the lecture was well received, and much applauded—not only by the members, but by the distinguished personages present.

When Dr. Birkbeck had concluded his address, which was neither long nor tedious, Mr. Brougham mounted the tribune, and bestowed his warmest praise on the president, who had just sat down; his speech was more political than scientific; and it was evident that he looked forward rather to the political and moral influence of the institution, than to any benefits it may render science; he expressed a hope that the mechanics would tread on the heels of their superiors, and declared he should not be sorry to see two or three of the sovereigns of Europe poising their weight against a coal-basket, like the coal-porters in the River Thames; but it is necessary to state, lest Mr. Brougham's loyalty should be suspected, that the sovereigns he named (and we trust he had no mental reservations on the subject) were the Emperor of Russia, the Grand Sultan, and Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

After Mr. Brougham had concluded, and received the compliment of unmixed applause from his auditors, who filled every part of the building, the Duke of Sussex expressed the gratification he had felt at the meeting, and assured the auditors of his good wishes for the prosperity of the Mechanics' Institution, and his readiness to give it all the support in his power. The meeting then dispersed.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXX.

And so, Mr. Asmodeus, you have been after your old tricks again, absenting yourself for three weeks or a month, and then making us believe you have been in every hole and corner of the *universal* world, and all that for our amusement! Such, I doubt not, has been the remark of you, Mr. Editor, and those of your readers who, like you, wish that I should be a hebdomadal scribbler. To tell you the truth, I have, like an officer on guard, or a patrol, been my rounds, not among ordinary sentinels and watchmen, but among the high and mighty of the earth! At home I left some tried and steady watchmen, who, I was sure, would not sleep on their posts. Liverpool and Canning had their widettes, to watch any motion from without; and Eldon and Peel had doubled their guard, to prevent a surprise from the Roman Catholic guerillas, who, having carried the outworks, made an attack on the citadel, but were repulsed, partly owing to the dissensions in their own camp. Portugal I found just awaking from sleep; Spain, in a besotted or idiotic slumber; in France, I found the king and the ultras wide awake, but still dreaming of bringing the country back to the political and religious despotism of the *ancien régime*; while the great mass of the people, though affecting to sleep, were wide awake, and watching with anxiety every movement of the king and his courtiers. In Switzerland, a fit of drowsiness pervaded; but it is only a kind of dog-sleep, from which the people are easily aroused. In Italy, an universal lethargy prevailed, except that at Pavia a number of students started from their sleep, just at the moment that two or three of their number were conveyed, like criminals, to prison, by the Austrian soldiery, for having bathed in a forbidden place. In Naples, the watchmen nodded; Germany, and particularly Prussia, were in a sort of feverish and restless slumber. In Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Hesse, a few faithful watchmen pledged themselves to guarantee the safety of the rest of the community while they slept. In Sweden, the watch was well set; Carl John, however, sometimes started in his sleep, exclaiming, 'Am I aking? 'tis so; but Gustavus lives!' The tranquil slumber of the King of Denmark and the Danes was slightly disturbed by some secret spirit that occasionally whispered 'Copenhagen bombarded and Norway lost.' In St. Petersburgh I found the Emperor of Russia in his library; he had fallen asleep, with his arms across a terrestrial globe, and discovered not only Poland, Russia, Greece, and Turkey in Europe, within his embrace, but one of his arms stretched over Turkistan, while his fore-finger touched the borders of Hindostan. The position was striking, and

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I could not but remark the coincidence between sleeping thoughts and waking dreams. In China I found the whole country sleeping very calmly, relying on the fidelity of the watchmen on the frontiers, who are tutored to suspect no persons so much as Europeans. Having no friend or acquaintance at New South Wales, I did not proceed thither; but, in the Archipelago, I found Mynheer Watchman torturing the natives while they slept. In India there was great commotion: the governor-general had been asleep on his post, and suffered a surprise by the Burmans—a surprise only equalled by that he felt when first appointed to such a charge as that of Viceroy of Hindostan. At the Cape of Good Hope there is a very malicious *Charley* (Lord Charles Somerset), who is likely to be dismissed, as there are many charges against him; but it is just the way of governments, like parishes, to protect all in authority under them, if it be but a watchman or a parish beadle.

I am not so partial to Africa as many Englishmen are, who sacrifice their lives in order to discover the course or source of a river, and therefore I only touched at Cape Coast Castle, where the new governor, Sir Charles Turner, shewed me a spirited proclamation he had issued to the Ashantees. 'But of what use is it,' said I, 'as the savages can neither read nor write?' Sir Charles confessed he had forgot that, but good-humouredly observed, that they *could make their mark*, calling, at the same time, an attendant, whose face bore evidence of their skill in hieroglyphics.

I now had enough of the old world for one ramble, and should scarcely have gone to the new one, had it not been to inquire after Captain Parry and our northern expeditions. Through the whole of South and North America, I found the watch well set; nor in the West India Islands did I observe any remissness: at Hayti, in particular, the guard was excellently arranged for security, and the people were quite indignant at the idea of giving France a hundred millions of dollars, merely on a promise that she will not enter the premises and commit a burglary.

Arrived in the Arctic regions, I saw our gallant navigator *Parrying* mountains of ice, which threatened every moment to break over his head and overwhelm him, or to squeeze his small but firm bark as flat as a flounder; while the enterprising Franklin and his party were pursuing their course over almost trackless snows, or steering their slender canoe amidst the rocks and shoals on the north coast of America.

I now returned to Europe, and had the good fortune to fall in with the Parenga, Lord Cochrane, who kindly invited me on board, and safely landed me at Portsmouth. The newspapers state, that the first question his lordship asked was, if the Catholic bill had passed. Now, his lordship did no such thing; and I pledge my word that his first inquiry was as to the price of the stocks; and a very natural inquiry it was, too, for a nobleman who brings 200,000 dollars with him, to say nothing of 'auld lang syne.' The Catholic question, indeed! Lord Cochrane cares no more for the Catholic question than for the long list of naval promotions made recently.

The rejection of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill has excited less disappointment in Ireland than the tranquillity which has succeeded. The Times newspaper says, 'Our letters from Ireland dwell with satisfaction, mixed, as it appears to us, with some slight portion of surprise, on the general tranquillity which reigns throughout the island, notwithstanding the late events in Parliament.' The fact is, the Irish begin to see that Catholic emancipation is the watch-word of a party, and they feel indignant that sixty or eighty thousand of them should be disfranchised, merely to enable Dan O'Connell to wear a bigger wig or a finer gown: the worthies who undertook to manage this business wished to intimidate Parliament by an indirect threat of rebellion; but, as my friend Thady Mahony says, 'Is it for a small matter, of that sort, that we will be after making targets of our bodies, for your soldiers to practice rifle-shooting, or learn to play at pricking at the belt; no—in good faith it is not!'

A quarrel, I find, has taken place between a *leading* journalist and a *leading* speculator, which shows that the Israelite is not the only *wrath* child that has dabbled in the stocks. A new university has been begun, in order to teach youth the arts and sciences, without religion; and a new dairy is on the tapis for making cream without the aid of cows. What an age of invention this is! Mr. Brougham vindicates the new university, which has been dubbed the Cockney College, and says, as many divines profess religion without possessing any, why may not others possess it without profession. Poor Owen wishes to banish religion from the world at once: the advocates of the new college know that this can only be done by degrees, and begin to train up the young without it. I was amused at the meeting, and much pleased at the respectable appearance of the members of the Mechanics' Institution, on opening the theatre, though I could but pity poor Joe Hume and Alderman Wood, who did not make their appearance until Dr. Birkbeck (nor *Brickbat*, as John Bull erroneously calls the learned president,) had exhausted his stock of compliments. The meeting was, however, rational and sensible, and the dullest person there a Plato or a Newton compared to the *reverend* divines who assembled a few days afterwards at the London Tavern, and called themselves the Gospel TradeSociety. A Catholic clergyman, goaded by a challenge given at another meeting, of a different society, attended to defend his religion, should it be attacked, and was not long unemployed; but the coarse violence with which he was assailed would have disgraced a bear-garden or an Irish row. A Rev. Mr. Iron was so warm, that he has been called *Hot Iron* ever since; and he was naturally enough backed by a *Smith*, accustomed to such metal. As a proof of the ignorance of the *reverends* who attended, one of them invariably called the Society the Gospel Tract Society; and another, attempting to read some document, blundered so much, that the chairman called out, 'Go spell it;'—'and so I will,' said the fellow, 'because this is a go-spel society.' This was the best joke I heard, but equal to anything said in the courts of law for the last twelve months, though every one, from the lord chief justice to the unbearded barrister, makes attempts at wit every hour. By the by, which of you critics is going to call out Mr. Scarlett for his attack on the fraternity the other day, in the action Buckingham *versus* Murray. The newspapers state that he said, for a bribe of a few pounds, it was easy to get the worst book praised, or the best book abused, in the Reviews. *O tempora, O mores!* I hope better of human, or, rather, critical nature; and certainly the charge comes with a bad grace from a lawyer, one of a profession that, for half a guinea, will blacken the most virtuous character, assail modesty in the most vulgar manner, implicate the innocent, or exculpate the most criminal;—the lawyers, of whom may be said, with Swift, on another occasion,

'Most wondrous is their magic power,
For with one colour they will paint!
They'll make the devil a saint this hour—
Next make a devil of a saint!'

The charge made by Mr. Scarlett will however, no doubt, be taken up more seriously than it is now done by ASMODEUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY SPINNING-WHEEL.

The mountain mists have rolled away—
Gray morning's herald throng—
And the blackbird, on the woodland spray,
Pours forth his matin song.
My father speeds, with axe in hand,
The stricken pine-tree—
While mother cries, 'Come, girl! arise,
And mind your spinning-wheel.'
There 's sister gone to milk the kine
That browse beside the wood—
And brother, with his rod and line,
T' ensnare the finny brood—
While I sit here, from morn till night,
Nor but contentment feel—
Nay, e'en mid grief, I find relief
In thee, my spinning-wheel.
I've heard them tell of distant lands,
Bright scenes, and cloudless skies—
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers of thousand dyes:
But what of that, if all unknown
Fair freedom's bold appeal?
That land for me, where, blithe and free,
I twirl my spinning-wheel!
I've heard them tell of regal power,
Of lords and damsels fair;
Of knights that seek their ladies' bower,
In garments rich and rare:
But what of that? to either false,
Alike to both they kneel;
Then take thy crown, but, tyrant, frown
Not on my spinning-wheel!
I've heard of Seville's soft guitar,
Whose strings the rose enwreaths;
How angel-like the fond vows are
The minstrel lover breathes:
But yet, methinks, when Colin's sighs
O'er my young spirit steal,
No music, sure, could e'er allure
Me from my spinning-wheel.

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The gorgeous palace rears its head;
See! there the throne of gold—
The board, with sumptuous viands spread,
All-beauteous to behold!
But I can gaze, nor yet despise
Mine own more frugal meal;
I ask not wealth, so I've but health,
And thee, my spining-wheel!
Princess, there's calmness in thine air,
There's calmness on thy brow;—
Yet it may be but of despair,
Mere sunshine upon snow!
Then happy me, that own no grief
But what a smile can heal,
As away I fling dull care, and sing
To thee, my spinning-wheel!

Temple, 20th December, 1824. H. B.

THE LAMENT OF A QUAKERESS.

Yea, verily, Reuben, thy heart is astray:—
How long from our meeting thou keepest away?
What doll in fine clothes hath deluded thy taste?
The steps of thy forefathers thou hast effaced;
Thou singest at clubs, and thou dancest at balls
Art a soldier, and hearest the trumpeter's calls.
The still voice of love and the comfort of days,
In their silent devotions,—they pity thy ways.
Yea, Reuben, how fall'n from the hill of thy truth!
O thou butterfly boy!—O thou fanciful youth!
What are feathers and veils and silk stockings and lace?
Simplicity's hue is the beauty of grace:—
Thou needst to choose me the vestures I bought,
And rebuke me in kindness, if smartness I sought:—
Ah, Reuben! how altered and vain thou art grown!
Thou hast stolen my heart and to Folly hast flown.

J. B. P.

FINE ARTS.

REMARKS ON THE PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS.

In the last number of the London Magazine is an article on the projected improvements in St. James's Park, from which we had anticipated more ample and satisfactory information relative to the projected new palace, on the subject of which the writer contents himself with merely commenting on one or two features; while, of the extent and general arrangement, the character of its decorations, &c., he says not a syllable. 'Of the whole building, generally,' says the critic, 'and of the part towards the park in particular, we must speak in terms of praise; yet we must remark, that the effect of the centre, particularly as it relates to the outline in (against) the sky, is not so good as it might be: we cannot approve of an outline which is lowest in the middle, and which, from the greater importance of the extremities, reduces the consequence of what, though it should not predominate, ought not to be inferior—namely, the centre.' Not having seen the design ourselves, we cannot say how far, in this particular instance, the effect may be good or bad, especially as there is no description to enable us to judge what proportion, either in height or horizontal extent, these extremities bear to the other parts of the elevation. In a considerable façade, the angles or extremities, as well as the centre, require to be boldly marked, and rendered prominent, which is usually done by making them somewhat loftier than the general line of the structure. However, we will not dispute the correctness of the writer's taste in the present instance; but there are two other points on which we dissent from him *toto cœlo*—he objects both to pediments and to domes. The former he terms 'an expedient of necessity rather than of taste, however it may predominate in the Greek temple: and the proof that it is a radically-faulty form is, that the farther it departs from the lowest possible angles—the more it quits the horizontal line, the more offensive it becomes, as is notoriously the case in the Pantheon.' This seems to us rather a *non sequitur;* for we really do not see, because a low pediment is more beautiful than a high one, that the form is radically faulty. We might as well say, because a small ear, or a small mouth, is more beautiful than a large one, that those features are, at the best, essentially faulty. That the pediment is an architectural feature that has been grossly abused by modern architects cannot be denied; the Italian school abounds with the most horrible and vicious examples; but that it is, therefore, a deformity in itself, we cannot by any means admit. Horizontal and vertical lines *predominate* in Grecian architecture; but they do not exclude others; and we are of opinion that, were the angular form of the pediment to be banished from architecture, the art would be deprived of one great source of variety. The inclined lines of the pediment serve admirably to contrast with and to break the general horizontal lines of the summit of an edifice, and to mark the centre or divisions of an extended façade; and really we should have as much difficulty to persuade ourselves that they are faulty, or that we ought not to be pleased with them, as not to admire the graceful volutes of the Ionic capital. As to the pediment itself being 'an expedient of necessity rather than of taste,' by which we presume is meant that it is a form naturally arising from the construction of the roof, this is so far from being a defect, that it is rather a beauty. Were not all the features of Grecian architecture originally those of necessity? The graceful column was at first nothing more than a plain support adopted from necessity—not with any view to ornament. But the ancient architects made every essential part and member of their buildings contribute to beauty; this was the principle—a principle frequently entirely lost sight of by modern architects—upon which they proceeded; and, had they had occasion for chimneys in their temples and public buildings, there is not the least doubt that they would have rendered them also highly ornamental, and conducive to the general character and decoration of the structures in which they were employed—although this seems to be an effort beyond the powers of any architect of the present day.

As the writer is so severe upon pediments, notwithstanding their classical authority, we are not surprised to find him speaking thus of arches and domes:—'The arch is still more faulty; partly because the Greek architects did not use it, and partly because its form is adverse to the essential lines of that style.'—'The dome, to which we object, errs on this principle, and errs more than the arch, from the conspicuous place it occupies, and the strong marking of its outline in (against) the sky.' If we are resolved to admit into our architecture no feature or form that is not sanctioned by the Grecian architecture of the age of Pericles, without doubt we ought entirely to reject both the arch and the dome: yet they are forms so beautiful in themselves, the source of so much variety, and, when sparingly and judiciously employed, contrast with and relieve so happily, rather than interfere with, the horizontal lines of the composition, that we should hardly be induced to abandon them upon the compulsion of an argument. They have, besides, the authority of Roman, if not of Grecian antiquity; and this is surely sufficient precedent in a matter of mere taste. We confess, however, that we do not greatly approve of the numerous arches and arched windows that many of the moderns have introduced into their designs; neither do we approve of the arches which are to be in the lower part of the centre of the Bank (now erecting), because they are not only diminutive, but are quite at variance with the wings, where all the apertures are terminated by horizontal lines. To say the truth, much caution is requisite in employing them. With regard to the dome, it is, when on a large scale, one of the grandest and most magnificent features that can be imagined, especially in a general or distant view, where its bold swelling convex gives an importance and dignity to the whole mass of the building, and marks it out conspicuously; and even where on a small scale, although not very dignified, it may yet be elegant and ornamental, provided it be not too diminutive for the general character of the rest of the edifice. Whether that be the case or not, with the dome intended to be introduced in the western front of the palace, is another question; but we presume, from the censure here applied to it, that it is disproportionably small, and insignificant.

Connected with the improvements in the vicinity of the Park is a new street, to be formed from Charing Cross to the British Museum. This will certainly be a work of great utility, not only as facilitating the intercourse between the south-west and north parts of the town, but also by clearing away, from the very centre of it, a number of filthy streets and alleys—the wretched haunts of vice and crime. We hope, though, that the circumstance of this street being made will not prevent another being formed, in a straight line from the Museum to Somerset House, on the site of that filthy and inconvenient one, Drury Lane—the only avenue at present between the Strand and Bloomsbury. Then, too, at Long Acre, a sweep or quadrant should be made, affording a spacious approach to Covent Garden Theatre, instead of the present narrow and dangerous passage through the upper end of Bow Street. It is singular that, to the east of Regent Street,

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there is not a single good trading street, or one that affords a direct and convenient access between the two great thoroughfares that extend from Charing Cross and Oxford Street to the city: even Lincoln's Inn Fields still continues blocked up, although the removal of a few miserable houses would open it both to Holborn and the Strand.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—The Coronation, dull as it is, draws as many persons as could be expected to assemble in a winter theatre in the dog-days; we shall, however, be much mistaken if the great lessee gains anything by thus trespassing on the privileges of the summer theatres.

On Tuesday the widow and family of the late James Brandon, who was for about half a century box-keeper at Covent-Garden Theatre, had a benefit, and it was a bumper. Giving the house, on this occasion, does Elliston much credit; and his benevolence was seconded by liberal donations, including one hundred guineas from the king. We are no friends to the system of benefits for living performers, because we think it a degrading custom—as an act of charity to the destitute, we certainly cannot censure it, though the temptation it holds out to dissipation or carelessness, makes it at least a questionable measure. Had James Brandon not been extremely improvident, his widow and family might have been left in affluent circumstances; but he is said to have been of a generous disposition, and, no doubt, shared in the weaknesses of his profession.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—On Monday, the French Coronation was produced at this Theatre, under the title of *The Ramsbottoms at Rheims*. And why the Ramsbottoms at Rheims? we think we hear our readers say. Be it known then, that in the *John Bull* newspaper there have been lately several letters, purporting to be written by Mrs. and Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom, in which greater freedom is taken with the king's English, than any person dare do with the king's coin. The Ramsbottoms travel, and Mrs. R., in her letters to *John Bull*, puts down the *memory bilious* of her journey, determined, while on her '*tower*, to keep a *dairy* (so called from containing the cream of one's information), in which she commits the most horrible blunders; she takes time by the *fire-lock*, regulates it by a pocket *thermometer*, sets out to *explode* the Continent, and calls the Emperor Alexander the *Autograph* of all the Russias. Arrived in France, she prefers *Burephalus* to *Bergami* wine, visits the Louvre, and sees the fighting *aligator*, the *sack of a goose* (Sarcophagus), a *statute* of *Mr'ylones*, among the pictures, some *Remnants* (Rembrandt's), and of course very inferior. The writ of the piece at Covent-Garden Theatre (if writ it can be called) turns on such blunders as these, and, with the loves of an Irish captain and Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom, constitute the piece. The great attraction was the scenery; but in this respect it is much inferior to the Coronation at Drury-Lane Theatre. A platform was carried on the pit-side of the orchestra, over which the procession passes and enters the cathedral of Rheims, which is beautifully painted, as are several other scenes. The dresses are very splendid, and the great personages are represented by the leading performers. Charles Kemble personates his namesake of France; Farren and Fawcett are bishops; and Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, Miss Lacey, and the other ladies, represent the beauty of the French court. The piece was well received, and has been repeated every evening.

English Opera-House.—The new opera of *Broken Promises* is decidedly the best piece of this description (may we not say of any description) that has been produced for some years, and is performed every evening to crowded houses. The acting, too, is such as to do justice to the author. Miss Kelly has even added to her fame, though the chaplet which bound her brows seemed to have left no room for another wreath: no person, perhaps, ever possessed such a command over her auditors as this lady; and, to use an observation of the author of the excellent novel, *Brother Jonathan*, noticed in another part of this paper, 'she has a knack, quite her own, of bringing the water into your eyes, and a smile about your mouth at the same time; and always (which is the charm after all) without intending it, or even knowing it, or even caring for it if she did know it.' The success of this piece is a proof of the effect a good drama has on the performers; for we never heard Miss Stephens sing better, or saw the other performers exert themselves so much *con amore* as on this occasion. The young lady (Miss Gray) who plays Mrs. Woodland improves much, and promises to be an excellent actress; nor must we forget Power, who, if he is careful, will soon be the best Irishman on the stage (if he is not that at present), which we are much inclined to think is the case.

Vauxhall Gardens.—On Saturday, the 9th inst. from twelve to fifteen thousand human beings were rendered happy for several hours at these gardens. It was the juvenile fête, and the entertainments seemed to embrace everything that could possibly gratify young minds. Never did we see such an assemblage of lovely innocents, and we almost wished ourselves as young that we might be equally happy.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the press, A Minstrel's Hours of Song, or Poems, by Agnes Mahony.

Among the novelties of the present inventive era, may be noticed one of humble pretension indeed, yet likely to prove a public benefit, without any injury to individuals, viz., a Swimming School, opened in the Waterloo Road, and supplied with a constant stream of fresh water flowing through it.

The Coinage.—By the account of the gold moneys coined by the Right Hon. Thomas Wallace, Master Worker of his Majesty's Mint, from 29th June, 1824, to the 1st of July, 1825, agreeably to the indenture dated Feb. 6, 1817, the total value of the coinage amounted to £5,046,300. A similar account of the silver coined at the same time, after the rate of sixty-six shillings to the pound-weight troy, of the standard of eleven ounces two penny-weights of fine silver, and eighteen penny-weights of alloy; together with an account of the small moneys coined for his Majesty's Maundy, within the year 1825, the whole of which was only of small amount, state the total value of the coinage at £137,761. 16s.

Dr. Birkbeck has undertaken to edit a work similar to *Les Arts et Metiers*, in France, having, for its object, a view of the useful arts and manufactures of Great Britain.

Yellow Fever.—One of the most important questions for the public health is, to ascertain whether the yellow fever be or be not contagious. A very interesting fact has recently been mentioned on this subject in a memoir presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, by M. Costa. In the presence of that learned assembly, M. Costa, who is of opinion, supported by Messrs. Lassis and Lasserre, that the yellow fever is not contagious, has made a proposition which proves how strongly he is convinced of the truth of the cause he sustains. He desired, 1st, that the minister for the interior should give orders to have brought, from the Antilles, where the yellow fever generally rages, the clothes belonging to the persons who may have fallen victims to that disease; 2nd, that these clothes should be deposited in boxes, hermetically sealed, and sent to Marseilles, or some other part; 3rd, and lastly, that individuals in perfect health should clothe themselves in these habiliments, and wear them for forty days, under the most strict superintendence of a commission, composed of those physicians who may be most convinced of the doctrine of contagion. Well aware of the difficulty of finding men disposed to go through this experiment, and desirous to show his agreement in the opinion of Dr. Lassis, he proposes himself, along with Dr. Lasserre, to be the objects of the experiment. *Journal des Debats.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 10 o'clock Noon.	Weather
July 8	55	64	56	30 07	Cloudy.
.... 9	54	67	57	.. 01	Fair.
.... 10	60	68	61	.. 01	Cloudy.
.... 11	63	75	66	.. 01	Fair.
.... 12	66	77	67	.. 04	Do.
.... 13	66	77	67	.. 22	Do.
.... 14	60	79	70	.. 16	Do.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By John Milton. Translated from the Original, by Charles R. Sumner, M. A. Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Canterbury, 4to. pp. 714. London, 1825. C. Knight.

The publication of a *new* work, by the author of 'Paradise Lost,' cannot fail of being considered as one of the most remarkable events in the history of English literature. There are three circumstances connected with the publication of this work, each of which would be sufficient to call public attention to it in an extraordinary manner: in the first place (for the evidence is, to our minds, perfectly conclusive), it is a work written by John Milton; in the second place, the discovery, now, of the manuscript from which the work is printed, shows how little attention has been paid to the public archives and state-papers that are to be found in our public offices, when a work, the production of our first poet, has been suffered to slumber under the accumulating dust of a century and a half; and lastly, a translation of the work is published by the express command of his Majesty—a prince whose patronage of literature and the arts will mark his reign as the Augustan age.

Though the splendour of Milton's reputation is almost entirely lost in the blaze of his poetical fame, yet it is no less remarkable than true, that, during his life-time, he was most celebrated for his polemical and political writings. That the latter should have sunk into a temporary oblivion is natural enough, since their republican character must have rendered them unpopular long after the restoration; happily, however, we live in an age when little is to be dreaded from the freedom of discussion, and Milton was too virtuous a character, whatever may have been his religious or speculative errors (if errors they are) to write anything inimical to good government.

It was generally believed (perhaps known) and asserted by his early biographers, that Milton had written a treatise on theology; but, notwithstanding the various inquiries made respecting it, it had eluded all research, and was generally supposed to be lost.—Within the last few years, a commission has been appointed to investigate the public records, and this has led to an examination of many files which had been neglected. We do not know that this commission was either directly or indirectly the cause of Milton's work being discovered, although we think it more than probable. Certain it is that, in the latter part of the year 1823,—

'A Latin manuscript, bearing the following title, "Joannis Miltoni Angli de Doctrina Christiana, ex sacris duntaxat libris petita, Disquisitionum libri duo posthumi," was discovered by Mr. Lemon, in the course of his researches in the Old State Paper Office, situated in what is called the Middle Treasury Gallery, Whitehall. It was found in one of the presses, loosely wrapped in two or three sheets of printed paper, with a large number of original letters, informations, examinations, and other curious records relative to the Popish plots in 1677 and 1678, and to the Rye House plot in 1683. The same parcel likewise contained a complete and corrected copy of all the Latin letters to foreign princes and states, written by Milton, while he officiated as Latin secretary; and the whole was enclosed in an envelope, superscribed, "To Mr. Skinner, Merch-" The address seems distinctly to identify this important manuscript with the work mentioned by Wood, though an error has been committed, either by himself or his informant, with respect to its real title.'

Mr. Cyriack Skinner, the merchant here alluded to, was the pupil and intimate friend of Milton, to whom he addressed some of his sonnets, and who is known to have had intrusted to him some manuscripts of our great epic poet. By what means, or at what time, this interesting document was deposited in the State Paper Office, is not known with certainty, every trace of its existence having been lost for nearly a century and a half, until it was discovered by Mr. Lemon, the deputy-keeper of his majesty's state papers:

'In the absence of all positive evidence on this subject, it is due to the sagacity of Mr. Lemon to state the satisfactory conjecture originally formed by that gentleman, which subsequent discoveries have almost converted into a moral certainty. From the decided republican principles which Cyriack Skinner was well known to have adopted, it is not improbable that he was suspected of participating in some of the numerous political conspiracies which prevailed during the last ten years of the reign of Charles the Second, and that his papers were seized in consequence. Supposing this step to have been taken, the Milton manuscript would have come officially, with the other suspected documents, into the possession either of Sir Joseph Williamson or Sir Leoline Jenkins, who held successively the office of principal secretary of state for the southern or home department, during the whole of the period alluded to—that is, from 1674 to 1684. It was at this time the custom for the secretaries, on retiring from office, to remove with them the public documents connected with their respective administrations; but both these distinguished statesmen, from a conviction of the inconvenience of a practice which has since been disused, bequeathed their large and valuable collection of manuscripts to his Majesty's State Paper Office. It was in the course of examining these papers, for the purpose of arranging them in chronological order, and of forming a catalogue raisonné of their contents, that the identical manuscript came to light, of which the public, by his Majesty's gracious command, is now in possession.

'In the same office have been lately discovered some curious documents, hitherto unknown, respecting both the family history and the official life of Milton, which, by the permission of Mr. Secretary Peel, are now incorporated, with other materials, into an account of him and his writings, about to be published by the Rev. Mr. Todd, the well-known and able editor of Milton's Poetical Works.'

'The manuscript itself consists of seven hundred and thirty-five pages, closely written on small quarto letter-paper. The first part, as far as the 15th chapter of the first book, is in a small and beautiful Italian hand, being evidently a corrected copy, prepared for the press, without interlineations of any kind. This portion of the volume, however, affords a proof that even the most careful transcription seldom fails to diminish the accuracy of a text; for, although it is evident that extraordinary pains have been employed to secure its legibility and correctness, the mistakes which are found in this part of the manuscript, especially in the references to the quotations, are in the proportion of fourteen to one, as compared with those in the remaining three-fifths of the work. The character is evidently that of a female hand; and it is the opinion of Mr. Lemon, whose knowledge of the hand-writings of that time is so extensive, that the greatest defidence is due to his judgment, that Mary, the second daughter of Milton, was employed as amanuensis in this part of the volume. In corroboration of this conjecture, it may be remarked, that some of the mistakes above alluded to are of a nature to induce a suspicion that the transcriber was merely a copyist, or, at most, only imperfectly acquainted with the learned languages.'

We shall not dwell longer on the history of the manuscript, as we think Mr. Sumner adduces circumstantial evidence enough to prove the work to be the long-missing treatise of Milton, independent of those proofs of authenticity which the resemblance of its language and opinions bear to the printed works of Milton. The treatise on Christian

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doctrine, now first published, is supposed to have been composed during his declining years; and it, as Mr. Sumner observes, 'affords a pleasing picture of a mind softened by the influence of religious principle, and becoming gradually more tolerant of the supposed errors of others, as the period drew near when he must answer for his own before an unerring tribunal.'

The peculiar feature in the work before us is, that it appears to be a compilation from Scripture alone, as its title expresses. The work is valuable, as it removes many doubts hitherto entertained respecting the real opinions of Milton, and, above all, the charges of his being a 'time server,' and secretly entertaining an inclination towards popery. On the subject of *divorce*, this work coincides with the published opinions of Milton; but it proves what some have suspected, that he believed in the lawfulness of polygamy, to which he appears to have been led by the difficulty he found in reconciling the commonly-received opinion with the practices of the patriarchs. As this is neither the least novel nor the least curious part of Milton's work, we shall make an extract from it. After refuting or explaining the passages of scripture supposed to be against polygamy, which he does with great ingenuity: he thus argues in favour of it:—

'On the other hand, the following passages clearly admit the lawfulness of polygamy. Exod. xxi. 10. if he take him another wife, her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage, shall he not diminish. Deut. xvii. 17., neither shall he multiply wives to himself, that his heart turn not away. Would the law have been so loosely worded, if it had not been allowable to take more wives than one at the same time? Who would venture to subjoin, as an inference from this language, therefore let him have one only? In such case, since it is said in the preceding verse, he shall not multiply horses to himself, it would be necessary to subjoin there, also, therefore he shall have one horse only. Nor do we want any proof to assure us, that the first institution of marriage was intended to bind the prince equally with the people; if, therefore, it permits only one wife, it permits no more, even to the prince. But the reason given for the law is this, that his heart turn not away—a danger which would arise if he were to marry many, and especially strange women, as Solomon afterwards did. Now, if the present law had been intended merely as a confirmation and vindication of the primary institution of marriage, nothing could have been more appropriate than to have recited the institution itself in this place, and not to have advanced that reason, alone, which has been mentioned.

'Let us hear the words of God himself, the Author of the law, and the best Interpreter of his own will. 2 Sam. xii. 8., I gave thee thy master's wives into thy bosom . . . . and, if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things. Here there can be no subterfuge; God gave him wives—he gave them to the man whom he loved, as one among a number of great benefits; he would have given him more, if these had not been enough. Besides, the very argument which God uses towards David, is of more force when applied to the gift of wives, than to any other,—thou oughtest at least to have abstained from the wife of another person, not so much because I had given thee thy master's house, or thy master's kingdom, as because I had given thee the wives of the king. Bena, indeed, objects, that David herein committed incest, namely, with the wives of his father-in-law. But he had forgotten what is indicated by Esther ii. 12, 13, that the kings of Israel had two houses for the women—one appointed for the virgins, the other for the concubines, and that it was the former, and not the latter, which were given to David. This appears also from 1 Kings i. 4., the king knew her not. Cantic vi. 8, there are fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. At the same time, it might be said, with perfect propriety, that God had given him his master's wives, even supposing that he had only given him as many in number and of the same description, though not the very same; even as he gave him, not indeed the identical house and retinue of his master, but one equally magnificent and royal.

'It is not wonderful, therefore, that what the authority of the law, and the voice of God himself has sanctioned, should be alluded to by the holy prophets, in their inspired hymns, as a thing lawful and honourable. Psalm xlv. 9. (which is intitled A Song of Loves), king's daughters were among thy honourable women,—v. 14., the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee. Nay, the words of this very song are quoted by the apostle to the Hebrews, i. 8. unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, &c., as the words wherein God the Father himself addresses the Son, and in which his divinity is asserted more clearly than in any other passage. Would it have been proper for God the Father to speak, by the mouth of harlots, and to manifest his holy Son to mankind as God in the amatory songs of adulteresses? Thus, also, in Cantic. vi 8—10., the queens and concubines are evidently mentioned with honour, and are all, without distinction, considered worthy of celebrating the praises of the bride: there are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number—the daughters saw her and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her. Nor must we omit 2 Chron. xxiv. 2, 3. Joash did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all the days of Jehoiada the priest: and Jehoiada took for him two wives. For the two clauses are not placed in contrast, or disjoined from each other, but it is said, in one and the same connection, that under the guidance of Jehoiada, he did that which was right, and that by the authority of the same individual, he married two wives. This is contrary to the usual practice in the eulogies of the kings, where, if to the general character anything blameable be subjoined, it is expressly excepted; 1 Kings, xv. 5. save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite, v. 11, 14., and Asa did that which was right—but the high places were not removed: nevertheless, Asa's heart was perfect. Since, therefore, the right conduct of Joash is mentioned in unqualified terms, in conjunction with his double marriage, it is evident that the latter was not considered matter of censure; for the sacred historian would not have neglected so suitable an opportunity of making the customary exception, if there had really been anything which deserved disapprobation.

'Moreover, God himself, in an allegorical fiction, Ezek. xxiii. 4., represents himself as having espoused two wives, Aholah and Aholibah; a mode of speaking which he would by no means have employed, especially at such length, even in a parable, nor indeed have taken on himself such a character at all, if the practice which it implied had been intrinsically dishonourable or shameful.

'On what grounds, however, can a practice be considered dishonourable or shameful, which is prohibited to no one even under the Gospel? for that dispensation annuls none of the merely civil regulations which existed previous to its introduction. It is only enjoined that elders and deacons should be chosen from such as were husbands of one wife, 1 Tim. iii. 2. and Tit. i. 6. This implies, not that to be the husband of more than one wife would be a sin—for, in that case, the restriction would have been equally imposed on all; but that, in proportion as they were less entangled in domestic affairs, they would be more at leisure for the business of the church. Since, therefore, polygamy is interdicted in this passage to the ministers of the church alone, and that not on account of any sinfulness in the practice; and since none of the other members are precluded from it, either here or elsewhere, it follows that it was permitted, as abovesaid, to all the remaining members of the church, and that it was adopted by many without offence.

'Lastly, I argue as follows from Heb. xiii. 4. Polygamy is either marriage, or fornication, or adultery; this apostle recognises no fourth state. Reverence for so many patriarchs who were polygamists will, I trust, deter any one from considering it as fornication or adultery; for whoremongers and adulterers God will judge; whereas the patriarchs were the objects of his especial favour, as he himself witnesses. If, then, polygamy be marriage, properly so called, it is also lawful and honourable, according to the same apostle: marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled.

'It appears to me sufficiently established by the above arguments, that polygamy is allowed by the law of God; lest, however, any doubt should remain, I will subjoin abundant examples of men whose holiness renders them fit patterns for imitation, and who are among the lights of our faith. Foremost I place Abraham, the father of all the faithful, and of the holy seed, Gen. xvi. 1, &c. Jacob, chap. xxx. and, if I mistake not, Moses, Numb. xii. 1. for he had married [a Cushite, Marginal Translation, or] an Ethiopian woman. It is not likely that the wife of Moses, who had been so often spoken of before by her proper name of Zipporah, should now be called by the new title of a Cushite; or that the anger of Aaron and Miriam should

at this time be suddenly kindled, because Moses, forty years before, had married Zipporah; nor would they have acted thus scornfully towards one whom the whole house of Israel had gone out to meet, on her arrival with her father Jethro. If, then, he married the Cushite during the lifetime of Zipporah, his conduct in this particular received the express approbation of God himself, who, moreover, punished with severity the unnatural opposition of Aaron and his sister. Next I place Gideon, that signal example of faith and piety, Judg. viii. 30, 31, and Elkanah, a rigid Levite, the father of Samuel, who was so far from believing himself less acceptable to God, on account of his double marriage, that he took with him his two wives every year to the sacrifices and annual worship, into the immediate presence of God; nor was he therefore reproved, but went home blessed with Samuel, a child of excellent promise, 1 Sam. ii. 10. Passing over several other examples, though illustrious, such as Caleb, 1 Chron. ii. 46, 48, vii. 1, 4, the sons of Issachar, in number six-and-thirty thousand men, for they had many wives and sons, contrary to the modern European practice, where, in many places, the land is suffered to remain uncultivated for want of population; and also Manasseh, the son of Joseph, 1 Chron. vii. 14. I come to the prophet David, whom God loved beyond all men, and who took two wives, besides Michal, and this not in a time of pride and prosperity, but when he was almost bowed down by adversity, and when, as we learn from many of the Psalms, he was entirely occupied in the study of the word of God, and in the right regulation of his conduct. 1 Sam. xxv. 42, 43, and afterwards, 2 Sam. v. 12, 13. David perceived that Jehovah had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake: and David took him more concubines and wives out of Jerusalem. Such were the motives, such the honourable and holy thoughts, whereby he was influenced, namely, by the consideration of God's kindness towards him for his people's sake. His heavenly and prophetic understanding saw not, in that primitive institution, what we in our blindness fancy we discern so clearly; nor did he hesitate to proclaim, in the supreme council of the nation, the pure and honourable motives to which, as he trusted, his children born in polygamy owed their existence. 1 Chron. xxviii. 5, of all my sons, for Jehovah hath given me many sons, he hath chosen, &c. I say nothing of Solomon, notwithstanding his wisdom, because he seems to have exceeded due bounds; although it is not objected to him that he had taken many wives, but that he had married strange women; 1 Kings, xi. 1. Nehemiah, xiii. 26. His son Rehoboam desired many wives, not in the time of his iniquity, but during the three years in which he is said to have walked in the way of David, 2 Chron. xi. 17, 21, 23. Of Joash, mention has already been made, who was induced to take two wives, not by licentious passion, or the wanton desires incident to uncontrolled power, but by the sanction and advice of a most wise and holy man, Jehoiada the priest. Who can believe, either that so many men of the highest character should have sinned through ignorance for so many ages, or that their hearts should have been so hardened, or that God should have tolerated such conduct in his people? Let, therefore, the rule received among theologians have the same weight here as in other cases:—"The practice of the saints is the best interpretation of the commandments."

(To be continued.)

Forty Years in the World; or, Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life.

(Concluded from p. 456.)

We have already stated that Ireland and India are the principal subjects of these very spirited Sketches and Tales, and the author is evidently very well acquainted with the topography and customs of both countries. There is much good feeling displayed in his allusions to the land of his birth and the associations of his early life; the local description of Dublin is also very good and very correct, though towards the close of it the author makes a blunder in attributing the farce of the Weathercock to M'Arthy, as it was written by J. Till Allingham. The Attorney's Office does not please us as a professional sketch, but it introduces an interesting tale, which we subjoin:—

'JESSY ——.

'Miss ——, the daughter of a respectable farmer belonging to the Presbyterian congregation of ———, came to our office with her father, respecting an action pending against a neighbour, in her own walk of life, for breach of promise of marriage and seduction. She had been educated with considerable care, and her appearance evinced a mind of much sensibility. Her blue eyes, which had once sparkled w ith hope and life, were now dim, and seemingly dead to pleasure; a hollow, death-like gloom surrounded them. Her face, which discovered the features of exquisite beauty, was now tinged with a sallow hue, instead of the roses and lilies which her once-gay and innocent heart produced in that sweet garden; all animation had fled, and the deep melancholy look of despair, seated in her countenance, communicated awful tidings to the eye of observation. Her person was perfect symmetry, and so delicate in texture, or rather so much weakened by grief, that her bonnet had to be taken off in the office to prevent her fainting, which exposed some of the finest auburn hair in the world, altogether neglected, but bearing the marks of once having been the object of care.

'Her father was an aged venerable-looking man, supported under a load of sorrow by the hand of religion. This lent a stern character of fortitude to all he said and looked. He told the tale for his youngest of twelve children. She had been the little darling of his declining years, and her faltering tongue and tears refused utterance to the tortures of her heart. The simple circumstances I thus gathered from the circumlocution of old age.

'Jessy had been the favorite of her lover in childhood, and a tender intimacy subsisted between them, when reason taught her how to use the veil of modesty. He, however, allured by fortune, married another; and the hopes which young imagination had cherished, though nipped by the frost of disappointment, flourished again with the spring of youth, and promised delicious fruit. Another assiduous wooer had presented himself; and Jessy, considering her first affection in its grave, was beginning to lend her willing ear to the delightful voice of love, when the typhus fever deprived her not only of her new sweetheart, but of the gardianship of a careful mother. The same dreadful disease left her youthful friend a widower, and in the course of time, being a neighbour, frequently dropping in, attentions were renewed on his part, which formed the resurrection of her hopes. In time he made a formal proposal in presence of her sister, and repeated promises afterwards, which completely assured her fond heart of having a protector for life, in the man she had secretly adored.

'It was necessary, however, not to hurry into the married state till the dead had been mourned for a long period; and in that interval, pregnant with the fate of this unhappy girl, a moment of passionate weakness left her, the victim of affection, at the mercy of a villain's generosity.

'Poor Jessy soon found that she should be a mother; and, falling on her knees before her seducer, she implored his pity to redeem her from being the cause of steeping her aged father's couch in tears. All she said reminds me of her namesake, whose case is immortalized by the feeling Shenstone. She thought more of her lover than she did of herself—poor, fond, credulous creature!—

"Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you."

'But he had not even the pity of Shenstone's Henry. In the face of the congregation to which he belonged, he swore that the child poor Jessy bore was not his. The oath was not believed: and the clergyman, whose doctrines he had neglected to follow, wept while he deplored to me his want of success in changing his heart. He was expelled from that religious society, and the distracted father brought the action in question, as well to receive damages for an irreparable injury, as to redeem his child's otherwise spotless name from aspersion.

'When the record came down to be tried, the case was clear; but Jessy's evidence was necessary, and she was led into court, half dead with fear and shame. She was but as the ghost of what she had been; and her silent look, the tone of her sweet voice when she at length broke silence and predicted her own death, calling in agony upon her seducer to look up to Heaven and witness the wreck he had made on earth, impressed me with an idea that she already belonged to the kingdom of spirits. A coldness spread over my whole frame. Her pale lip trembled. I looked upon the man that I might know another like him. The judge wiped his eyes, and sighed over the depravity of human nature. A universal silence expressed the loudest commiseration, and heartfelt pity accom-

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panied the pale creature as she retired from the crowded seat of justice. The jury awarded five hundred pounds damages; for it was proved that Mr. —— had a valuable property. No defence was made, as the defendant's attorney was a man of honour, and absolutely refused to be instrumental in any attempt to injure the reputation of Miss ——. Previously to the trial, however, all his property had been conveyed away; and his bail having surrendered him, he took up his residence in the Marshalsea, together with his wife, for he had forsaken his Jessy on account of another. There he was condemned to remain for three years under the statute of fraud.

'Some time after, I often rode past poor Jessy's place of residence, in the hope of seeing her. Alas! this unfortunate creature's mind became deranged: by constantly dwelling on her grief, the seat of thought burst from its own fulness. Her insanity was a pensive deep melancholy. She was never heard to utter any complaint; but the exclamation, "My God!" was so continually heard to fall from her silver tongue, that it was evident her mind was incessantly occupied by the horrors of retrospection. I have seen her pluck a beautiful flower in a lovely garden, which she had delighted to trim in the days of her happiness, look at it wistfully (then I thought she was comparing what she had been to it), place it in her breast affectionately (then I shed a tear—for, "poor dear," said I, "thus you ought to have been cherished by love), dash it from her, with the mournful cry of "My God!"—"Ah!" said I mentally, "so you were served: first admired, then plucked, and cast away when you expected to be placed in the bosom of truth."

'It scarcely need be added that Jessy, like the flower she had thrown away, withered rapidly, and mingled with the dust whence her beautiful form had sprung. She now lies in the west corner of the meeting-house-yard of ——, and many a sigh of regret is heaved over her green grave.'

The second volume contains an amusing article on the prejudices of the world, as to superiority of blood from ancient descent, which prevails very largely in Ireland:—

'I have heard my turf-makers, up to their middle in mud, talking with rapture about the effects of blood from ancestry. "No man, nor the son of man, nor man's man," says one, "in all Ireland, England, Scotland, or Wales, can back a horse with 'Squire H——, of Narrow-Water."—"Och! botheration to me if I know," said another; "but, bad luck to me, but I tink Mr. C—— his match. O, Jasus! man dear, if you saw them altogether t'other day after the pack, flying all over the ditches just like the mail on the clane road."—"I has seen it, mun,' said a third; "but fine a bit o' Mr. C—— crack a whip wi' the 'squire."—"How should he?" said a fourth; "he has not the blood in his veins." The descendant of the Scotchman entered into an argument, and explained that all men, having come from Adam, must necessarily have the same sort of blood in their veins. The original Irishmen made faces at him all the time; and, with his "grape," one of them nearly covered him with mud and water, but coincided with the descendant of an Englishman, that some horses, and dogs, and cocks, had superior blood, and that, therefore, one man had better blood than another. The fourteen turf-makers were divided in opinion, and almost came to blows in the pit where they were splashing in dirt; but there was a large majority in favour of Mr. H——, and it was decided that his ancient and noble blood enabled him to beat his whipper-in, after the hounds, in leaping over stone-walls and ditches, at the risk of breaking his neck.'

We shall make one more extract, and then leave these very clever and well-written volumes to the certain approbation of the public:—

'Blind Owen was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and his wife had nearly attained the same fulness of days. From the time of their marriage, about fifty years ago, they had resided on a small farm of two acres; and their neighbours spoke of their great industry and irreproachable character with respect and admiration.

'Of a large family one daughter alone remained as a staff to support her tottering parents, and the produce of her wheel had been their subsistence during a long period; for her father had been blind about eleven years, and her mother was crazy. Though Owen was deprived of sight, Providence made his heart glad. With the lark he sang and whistled at summer dawn, and his fife was heard warbling among the rocks after the cuckoo. Hard times, however, had driven him nearly to despair. His cow had been sold to make up arrears of rent, and his fife was pawned in Newry for two tenpennies that went to pay county cess. His crop of potatoes was not in the ground in June for want of seed. He sang not, neither did he whistle. He had not a shirt—his brogues were no security against stones—his whole dress was in tatters. Yet old blind Owen did not beg. "I could bear all," said he, with tears trickling down his cheeks, "but for poor Mary's sake: yet she never complains; but on a Sunday morning, when she stands at the door and sees the girls, with their red cloaks and shawls, passing to prayers, she sobs outright, and well I know it is because she cannot go, for the creature has only a blue bed-gown."

'These particulars the old man detailed one day to me as I met him hobbling to the bog with a creel for turf; and there were such sorrow, sincerity, and worth painted on his withered countenance that a tear started to my own eye whilst I surveyed him and heard the affecting accents of his melodious voice. He went on to fill his creel, and I hastened home to get a shirt, with which I returned; and slipping behind him, as he came from the bog, I placed it in his creel, and followed him to witness his behaviour. He did not discover the shirt until he came to a stile, after passing my house; for there he was forced to place the creel on the steps, from off his back, and turn round to mount and lift it over: then he felt my present. His astonishment was great. He left his creel on the stile, and taking the shirt, sat down by the road-side, and ascertained what it really was, by carefully handling the sleeves, &c. Then, getting up, he struck the ground two or three times with a stick he had in his hand, as in perplexity; but at last he wheeled round, and marched back to my house, where he stood leaning against my gate for some time. One of my little daughters went out, and said to him—

"Well, Owen, what do you stand there for? Why don't you come in?"

"O, Miss!" said he, "as I was passing, one of the shirts drying on the hedge, I believe, fell into my creel, and I returned with it here, sore afraid and wondering."

"I put it into your creel, Owen," said I; "wear it; and I shall endeavour, with the blessing of God, to raise up friends to relieve your distress, and put in your crop of potatoes."

"My prayers are heard," said he; "the Almighty has raised your honour up to be my preservation in this hour of need. I fell upon my knees this morning, and uttered the bitterness of my heart."

'I lost no time in making his case known to the public, through the medium of the Newry Telegraph: and a very handsome subscription was the immediate consequence. This not only sufficient for his present wants to purchase articles of wearing apparel, to put in his crop of potatoes, but also to buy a pig to grunt at his door, and eat his potatoe skins, and a cow to convert daisies into milk and butter. It moreover supplied him with a stock of oatmeal and flax; so that his fife was again heard warbling merrily the gratitude of his heart.'

The Commercial Power of Great Britain; exhibiting a complete View of the Public Works of this Country, under the several Heads of Streets, Roads, Canals, Aqueducts, Bridges, Coasts, and Maritime Ports.—By the Baron Dupin, Member of the Institute of France. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. C. Knight.

Baron Dupin is a liberal and enlightened Frenchman, who, though by no means wanting in the *amor patriæ*, is not blind to the merits of other countries and other governments. He has, for some years, been making a strict investigation into the nature of the British power, both naval and military, and the most liberal access has been given to him to visit our public works and national institutions, with which he has made himself much more intimately acquainted than many well-informed Englishmen. What the Baron Dupin's former work was to the military and naval, the present volumes are to the commercial, power of this country; and, in the introduction to the work now before us, he pays the following eloquent tribute to our greatness:—

'To analyze with regularity the elements of which the British power is composed, we have first examined the institutions and the operations of the "military power," and of the "naval power." We have pointed out the means, offensive and defensive, of a country which nature has separated from the rest of the world by the obstacles of the sea, and

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which nautical science has surrounded by ramparts hitherto impregnable; ramparts which serve also as means of attack; which convey armies from one hemisphere to another, and which, even on the most distant shores, meet with England still! England, equally prudent and ambitious, possesses on every continent, outposts which, according to the fluctuations of her fortune, in turn give aid to her in conquest, and refuge in retreat; and which, at all times, are fields for the enterprise and activity of a commerce which braves every danger, and never allows itself to rest.

'Let us pause for a moment to contemplate this spectacle, unexampled in the history of nations. In Europe, the British empire borders, at once, towards the north, upon Denmark, upon Germany, upon Holland, upon France; towards the south, upon Spain, upon Sicily, upon Italy, upon Western Turkey. It holds the keys of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean; it commands the mouth of the Black Sea, as well as of the Baltic. No sooner had its navy,—the arbiter of the Archipelago, ceased to be adverse to the cause of Greece, than, on the instant, the posts of Peloponnesus found new liberators in the posterity of the Heraclides: and, from Corinth to Tenedos, the sea which leads to the Bosphorus became to the descendants of the Argonauts the road to victory, and to a second and a richer golden fleece—national independence! In Europe, the British empire permits this conquest.

'In America, it gives boundaries to Russia towards the Pole, and to the United States towards the temperate regions. Under the Torrid Zone, it reigns in the midst of the Antilles, encircles the Gulf of Mexico, till, at last, it meets those new states, which it was the first to free from their dependence on their mother-country, to make them more surely dependant upon its own commercial industry:—and, at the same time, to scare, in either hemisphere, any mortal who might endeavour to snatch the heavenly fire of its genius, or the secret of its conquests, it holds, midway between Africa and America, and on the road which connects Europe with Asia, that rock to which it chained the Prometheus of the modern world.

'In Africa, from the centre of that island devoted of yore, under the symbol of the cross, to the safety of every Christian flag, the British empire enforces from the Barbary states that respect which they pay to no other power. From the foot of the Pillars of Hercules, it carries dread into the heart of the remotest provinces of Morocco. On the shores of the Atlantic it has built the forts of the Gold Coast and of the Lion's Mountain. It is from thence that it strikes the prey which the black furnish to the European races of men, and it is there that it attaches to the soil the freed-men whom it snatches from the trade in slaves. On the same continent, beyond the tropics, and at the point nearest to the Austrian Pole, it has possessed itself of a shelter under the very Cape of storms. Where the Spaniards and the Portuguese thought only of securing a port for their ships to touch at—where the Dutch perceived no capabilities beyond those of a plantation—it is now establishing the colony of a second British people; and, uniting English activity with Batavian patience, at this moment it is extending around the Cape the boundaries of a settlement which will increase in the south of Africa, to the size of those states which it has founded in the north of America. From this new focus of action and of conquest, it casts its eyes towards India; it discovers, it seizes, the stations of most importance to its commercial progress, and thus renders itself the exclusive ruler over the passes of Africa, from the east of another hemisphere.

'Finally,—as much dreaded in the Persian Gulf and the Erythrean Sea, as in the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Archipelago, the British empire, the possessor of the finest countries of the east, beholds its factors reign over eighty millions of subjects. The conquests of its merchants in Asia begin where those of Alexander ceased, and where the Terminus of the Romans could never reach. At this moment, from the banks of the Indus to the frontiers of China—from the mouths of the Ganges to the mountains of Thibet, all acknowledge the sway of a mercantile company, shut up in a narrow street of the city of London!

'Thus, from one cause, by the vigour of its institutions, and the advanced state of its civil and military arts, an island which, in the Oceanic Archipelago, would scarcely be ranked in the third class, makes the effects of its industry, and the weight of its power, to be felt in every extremity of the four divisions of the globe; while, at the same time, it is peopling and civilizing a *fifth*, which will follow its laws, will speak its language, and will adopt its manners, with its trade, its arts, its cultivation, and its enlightenment.'

Baron Dupin then contrasts England with ancient Rome, and points out the new force of the former in its commercial power. The various branches of that power are next noticed, and form, indeed, the subject of the work. Our roads, streets, rivers, canals, bridges, docks, ports, commercial edifices, coasts, harbours, &c. in every part of the kingdom, come under his observation, and their relative importance in contributing to our mercantile supremacy and wealth are clearly explained. In the course of the work, Baron Dupin frequently compares, or contrasts, France with England, pointing out how far they differ, and wherein the superiority lies. The author has not only derived his information from the best sources, but he has spared no pains, in a careful investigation of his subject, to which his own scientific knowledge, in forming a due estimate, must be added. We have at present little room for extract, nor would any extracts we could make do justice to the diligent research and talent that Baron Dupin displays: he is not only an able, but a very elegant writer, as indeed will be seen from the passage we have already quoted. The following is a notice of railways—a subject on which the mania was so strong a few months ago:—

'*Wooden Rail-Ways.*—These roads were at first used for the conveyance of coal and ore, both within and without mines. So early as 1671, wooden rail-ways placed longitudinally on transverse slopes were employed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. In France, wooden rail-ways are still used in the coal mines of Auzin, and in the lead mines of Poullaouen. We might apply this plan to many important purposes; for example, for the conveyance of timber for ship-building, when it is too far removed from water-courses to be transported by the usual means.

'*Iron Rail-Ways.*—The general improvement of manufactures in Great Britain, which has occasioned iron to be substituted for wood, in a multitude of ways, has given rise to the use of iron rail-roads. They were originally introduced in the great foundry of Colebrook Dale, about the year 1786. The first idea of this improvement is attributed to Mr. John Curr, civil engineer, of Sheffield. Mr. Jessop was the first engineer of celebrity who made use of iron rail-ways in the south of England.

'We have already shown the advantage derived from the use of these rail-ways by land and by sea, for the conveyance of the materials employed in constructing the Plymouth Breakwater. In treating of commercial conveyance, we shall notice many other uses of these rail-ways, no less advantageous and interesting.

'At the time of my first visit to Great Britain, it was calculated that, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, there were two hundred and twenty-five miles of iron rail-ways along a space of twenty-one miles long and twelve broad, above ground; and those below ground were not less extensive. In Wales, iron rail-ways are very much used for conveying ore and coal from the mines to the furnaces, and iron and coal to the canals and ports. The rail-way from Cardiff to Merty-Tydwil, is thirty-six miles long. In Glamorganshire alone, there are three hundred miles of rail-ways.

'The rail-ways in Scotland are highly important, as well on account of their extent as for the advantages they afford to trade; such, for example, is the road from Kilmarnock to Troon. Next to this, the most remarkable are the rail-ways of the Carron iron-foundry, and of Lord Elgin's, Mr. Erskine's, and Sir J. Hope's coal-mines. A plan has been proposed for making a rail-way from Berwick to Glasgow, along a line of one hundred and fifty miles: the execution of that part of the road lying between Berwick and Kelso, is already authorized by act of Parliament.'

The notice of suspension bridges is very interesting:—

'Europeans were preceded by Asiatics in the erection of suspension-bridges, whether by cables of vegetable substances, or iron chains. In China, and in Thibet, the natives of the west have admired those bold constructions which embellish the narratives of their travels. Thus we have been told by them, that one of the largest works of this kind, the bridge of Chuka, thrown over the Jampoo, has existed from time immemorial. But in this species of works, as well as in several other branches of human industry,

the eastern nations, after having, even in the earliest times, made astonishing progress, stopped all at once in their march. Thus, the inhabitants of Thibet and China erected such suspension-bridges as would allow a man with a burden, or even beasts of burden, to pass the largest rivers; but they never conceived the idea of a bridge upon which horses drawing carriages could pass with security; this great step was reserved for the nations of Europe.

'In a country where all the forms of nature seem proportioned to the grandeur of the continent which they characterize—in North America, the inhabitants were compelled to throw bridges over the largest rivers known, and across precipices not less considerable; to obtain this end, they were under the necessity of finding some method easy and little expensive. Suspension-bridges appeared to them to unite this double advantage; they therefore attempted to erect one sufficiently strong to carry horses and carriages; this bold attempt was crowned with complete success. Now may be seen, above the cataracts of Sekuylkill, a bridge suspended in the air, from three points of support only, and on a length of above 100 yards. Again, another bridge, supported by four points, and being 158 yards long, may be seen; and a third, in the state of Massachusetts, sustained by two points of support only, at a distance of eighty-one yards from each other, has been thrown over the Merrimack, which exceeds, by a great deal, the span of stone bridges executed with all the perfection of which modern art is capable.

'From North America, this noble application of art was soon transferred and naturalized in Europe. It was just that it should be first adopted, on our continent, by the nation who had surpassed others in the execution of those great works in which iron is the principal element.

'Eighty years ago, the English threw over the Tees, at Winch, near Durham, a bridge of iron-wire, which served for foot-passengers. In the present century, by means of chains placed close to each other, carrying cross-beams and planks laid longitudinally, they have constructed bridges, over which workmen might pass with loaded wheelbarrows. Such were the bridges established on iron chains, and thrown from one eminence to another, for the purpose of carrying away the earth which they had to remove, in order to disengage the blocks of marble, which were then blown up with gunpowder, and employed afterwards to form the great Breakwater at Plymouth. These works, which I first made known on the continent, as well as the essays of Captain Brown, were executed in the south of England, as early as 1816, and even before. Towards the end of 1816, the Scotch introduced the use of suspension-bridges into their country, but without extending them, at first, to the passage of horses and carriages. The constructions of this kind, due to Scottish engineers, have this in common, that iron wires are employed in lieu of cables of suspension; but they differ much as to the manner in which the floors are suspended.

'To simplify the descriptions, we will call *suspenoirs* (suspending-rods) the pieces of iron employed for this suspension. There are bridges of which the suspending-rods are directed obliquely from each support or point of suspension, to the platform of the floor. This last system, proposed by M. Poyet, in France, more than thirty years ago, is the least advantageous, and cannot be sufficient for bridges of large dimensions. The suspenders vertically directed from the cables of suspension to the floor, are, in every respect, preferable, as has been demonstrated by experience.'

Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes, and of a Residence in Lima and other Parts of Peru, in 1823 and 1824. By Robert Proctor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 374. London. 1825. Hurst and Co.

Although Mr. Proctor is more of a merchant than an author, yet, by contenting himself with narrating plain facts in a plain way, and avoiding everything like affectation, he has written an interesting volume. He is, however, chargeable with a few offences of omission and commission; the first, in carefully avoiding any remark that can indicate the geographical position of the places he describes; and the second, in being too circumstantial in some disgusting details. Mr. Proctor, having gone to Peru as agent to the contractors of the Peruvian loan, had good opportunities of gaining information, and of becoming acquainted with the individuals who have most distinguished themselves in the liberation of the new world. Of these he gives some interesting biographical portraits or sketches. His notice of Bolivar, General San Martin, and General O'Higgins, we subjoin; and first of Bolivar, then at Lima:—

'A day or two after his arrival, his intention of visiting the theatre was announced to the public, who would thus have an opportunity of seeing him. The greatest competition was instantly excited to procure boxes, as few were to be disposed of, the greater number being let to families by the month or year. The house, which is of about the size and appearance of our old Haymarket Theatre, was ornamented with the Columbian colours in every part; and over the president's box, immediately in the centre of the lowest tier, were the united banners of Peru and Columbia. At an early hour the house was quite filled. The arrival of Bolivar was signified by a discharge of rockets outside, and he entered the box with the president. He was of course most rapturously received, and he returned the greeting by a hasty bow, and took his seat directly.

'He is a very small thin man, with the appearance of great personal activity; his face is well formed, but furrowed with fatigue and anxiety. The fire of his quick black eye is very remarkable. He wears large mustachios, and his hair is dark and curling. After many opportunities of seeing him, I may say that I never met with a face which gave a more exact idea of the man. Boldness, enterprise, activity, intrigue, proud impatience, and a persevering and determined spirit, are plainly marked upon his countenance, and expressed by every motion of his body.

'His dress on this occasion was plain, though military. He wore, as usual, a blue coat and pantaloons, with boots reaching above the knee. He seemed to pay much attention to the performance, bad as it was, and was evidently amused by the *sainete*, or droll afterpiece of low humour and buffoonery, for which the Spaniards in Lima are famous.'

Of San Martin, Mr. Proctor says:—

'I certainly never beheld more animated features, particularly when conversing on the events of past times; and, though he praised the retirement of Mendoza, I fancied I saw a restlessness of spirit in his eye which only waited a proper opportunity for being again called forth with its wonted energy. He was leading a very tranquil life, residing chiefly at an estate eight leagues from the city, which he was rapidly improving. He seemed as much attached to Mendoza as the inhabitants were to him; and, no doubt, as this place was the point from whence he commenced his brilliant career, it was the more endeared to him. He often joined our party without ceremony in the evening, and amused us much by a number of interesting anecdotes, which he has a happy method of relating, set off by his strongly-expressive countenance.'

At Valparaiso, Mr. P. met with General O'Higgins, the late director of Chili, to whom he had letters. O'Higgins was at this time a sort of state-prisoner. Mr. P. says:—

'I found him living in the house of the Governor of Valparaiso, Zenteno, and allowed to walk anywhere in the town on his parole. I was much pleased with the interview, and found him particularly lively and entertaining. This veteran officer was born in South America, but educated in Ireland, of which his ancestors were natives. He spoke our language remarkably well, and seems particularly attached to everything English. He is short in stature, and corpulent, and his face reminded me much of the portraits of Oliver Cromwell. O'Higgins is an undoubtedly brave man, and a tolerable general-officer; but his character seems to be too open and undesigning for times of intrigue and revolution. He acted a very conspicuous part in the liberation of Chili, as he formed a large party in favour of its independence, and was present with San Martin at the battle of Chacabuco. When, on one occasion, the royalist army under Osorio surprised the patriots by night, O'Higgins, by his influence and activity, restored order in the capital, and assisted his friend in re-organizing the scattered troops. He was a main instrument in bringing into the field the army which, a short time afterwards, gained the field of Maipo over the victorious enemy, who was marching in full confidence to take possession of Santiago. O'Higgins would have, perhaps, made a good director to Chili, if he had acted for himself, and had not allowed a designing minister to rule his councils. His name is a considerable support to the cause of independence, as his father, the Viceroy of Peru and Chili, has left

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a character which will always be revered in South America.'

Perhaps, at the present time, the account of the Pasco-Peruvian mines is as interesting as any portion of the volume; and we shall therefore subjoin an extract on the subject:—

'The town of Pasco, properly so called, is fast going to decay, the vein of silver being much exhausted which attracted the population; but, what is termed the Cerro de Pasco, or hill of Pasco, from its metallic wealth, was rapidly rising into consequence before the revolution broke out. The town is two or three leagues farther from Lima than Pasco itself, and is situated among the mines in a valley enclosed by mountains; and many of the buildings are erected on the slope of the hill from which it derives its name, and which is the source of its consequence. It is a large straggling place, composed principally of inferior dwellings, with a few good houses interspersed among them, without forming any regular streets.'

'The minerals in the vicinity are extremely rich and various. In addition to the silver, which is often found almost pure, the country abounds in copper, iron, and tin, which are thrown by, as comparatively worthless. There are also gold-mines, about five leagues from Pasco; and veins of quicksilver were begun to be worked a short time before the revolution. A mine of quicksilver is valued, by the Peruvians, as highly as a mine of silver, the supply from Spain and Germany, for refining the ores, having always been very limited, and the price consequently dear. The only quicksilver-mine in Peru, before the discovery of the veins near Pasco, was that of Huancavelica. This place is one of the greatest singularities in the world, with a complete town, and its cathedral, in the bowels of the earth. In addition to its abundant ores, Pasco has mountains of excellent coal in its immediate vicinity, which, when the country is free from contending parties, will afford the greatest facility to the working of the mines by steam-engines.

'The most curious mine near Pasco is that of Matagente, probably called so from the number of persons who, from time to time, have perished in it. It occupies a large space under ground; and in the interior there is an extensive lake, in perfect darkness. The mine itself has been unworked for years; but the Indians sometimes venture down to rob the pillars of ore which have been left to support the roof; and many, losing themselves in the labyrinth of turnings, have been starved to death. The friend who gave me this account of it once went over the mine, properly attended by lights and guides, and discovered the body of an Indian with the fingers gnawed off: doubtless the poor wretch had fallen a victim to his cupidity, and, in the extremity of his hunger, had begun to devour his own hands.

'Mining, as everybody knows, is a very speculative business, and may be compared to gambling on a great scale, as it has the same influence over the passions. Vast capitals have been lost in it in Peru, and some splendid fortunes made. The proprietor of the richest mines in the district of Pasco inherits them from his father, who was in the first instance a Spanish ship-carpenter, and afterwards went to Pasco with a small stock of wares, and set up a shop. His name was Vives; and, being frugal and industrious, he had amassed some money at a time when the proprietors of some valuable mines wished to dispose of them: they asked Vives if he would buy them: he was of course surprised at the offer, and answered that he had no adequate means of paying for them; but the proprietors, having a good opinion of him, agreed to allow him a certain length of time for paying the instalments, amounting to about 300,000 dollars. This sum Vives paid off in a short period, and, purchasing other mines, he subsequently became the richest man in Pasco.

'The ore is all brought out of the mines on the heads of Indians, who each carry in this manner about three arrobas, or seventy-five pounds weight. From the mouth of the mine, it is conveyed on mules, or *llamas*, to the *hacienda*s, where the *ingenios*, or smelting-houses and mills, for grinding the ore, previous to amalgamation, are situated. This operation is sometimes a distinct business; and the miner, in that case, pays so much per cent for the work, according to the richness of the ore. The silver, after being extracted from the ore, is called *plata pina*, and is without alloy; and in this state it is purchased by the capitalists, in Pasco, who advance money to the miners. The silver is then melted into large bars; and, after paying the king's fifth, which amounts to about 15 per cent., it is sent to Lima on mules, and exchanged at the mint for the same weight in dollars, which are immediately transmitted back again to Pasco. The purchase of the silver, the transmission of it to Lima, and receiving back the dollars in exchange, occupied, on an average, a month, and was calculated to produce, clear of expenses, from 2 2½ per cent. profit on each journey, so that a capitalist would realise from 24 to 30 per cent. per annum on the money thus employed, without risk, as the price of silver was always steady, and, before the revolution, robbery on the road was rarely heard of: the muleteers who carried the silver were answerable for their charge.

'The machinery employed in Pasco belonged to the house of Arismendi and Abadia: it is supposed that it cost them about a million of dollars; and it was just beginning to work, when the commencement of hostilities destroyed all the golden prospect of this once-famous house. They were to receive a per centage, for clearing the mines of water, on all the ore extracted; and it was calculated that, in a very short time, they would have reimbursed the large capital invested.

'Having mentioned the names of this house, once so celebrated in Peru, and indeed throughout Europe, I will here give a short account of its fall, connected as it is with the history of Peru. Abadia, a Spaniard by birth, was a man of enlightened principles, and of a well-cultivated understanding; he spoke English and French fluently, having learned the former during his residence in the United States. His house was always open; and his table was frequented by the foreigners who happened to be in Lima: English officers, before the arrival of San Martin, from Chili, were always especially welcome in the *Casa de las Philippinas*. Arismendi appears to have been the plodding man of business, and to have had the whole management and superintendence of the counting-house. They rose to such a height of importance in Lima, that the viceroy never did anything without consulting them; and it was by the persuasion of Abadia that the royalist troops first evacuated Lima. A short time before this event, General Arenales, having been detached by San Martin, to raise the inhabitants of the interior, behind Lima, had penetrated through the Sierra to Pasco, where he defeated the Spanish general, O'Reilly.

'In this conflict Pasco suffered severely: the machinery was much damaged, and all working of the mines suspended. San Martin having entered Lima, Arismendi and Abadia were as useful to him as they had before been to the viceroy; and the Spaniards, in consequence, determined to do their utmost to ruin the establishment—at once to gratify their own revenge, and to destroy their influence with the enemy. With this view, Loriga, who commanded for the Spaniards in Xauja, employed two monks, spies of San Martin, whom he had taken in the Sierra, to carry back to San Martin, a forged letter, purporting to be from Abadia to a royalist general, detailing a series of events in Lima. The friars readily undertook the office; San Martin was deceived; and Abadia was thrown into prison, and he with difficulty escaped with his life. In the meantime, Arismendi, to support the credit of the house, shaken by these events, and by the heavy losses they had incurred, forged bills of lading of silver by the Hyperion and Superb; and, finally, to avoid detection and punishment, having got together all the property he could collect, he one night disappeared. He had previously embarked his property on board an English vessel, which waited for him at Ancon, a few leagues north of Lima.

'Abadia, the suffering, and, as is believed, the honest partner, was thus entirely ruined: he has since continued to reside at Guayaquil, respected, but poor, while his wife and child, and a junior partner, live in Lima on some little property which could not be taken from them. The remainder of the mining-machinery belonging to this once-powerful house, was destroyed on the last visit of the royalist general, Loriga, who entered Pasco with 600 men, and thus completed the vengeance which had been commenced by the forgery of the letter of Abadia. This last calamity took place while I was in Lobrojillo, on my way to Pasco. Several English engineers came out from Cornwall with the machinery, and were much respected and beloved by the Peruvians; but, since the destruction of the works, most of them have quitted the country, but have left their representatives behind them, in a number of light curly-haired children, known in Pasco by the name of *Los Inglesitos*. These scientific men invariably gave an extraordinary account of the richness of the mines of Pasco, and asserted that they

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should be satisfied with what the natives threw away, in their careless and slovenly mode of working: the refuse contained sufficient silver to enable them to realize fortunes by extracting it, if they were allowed to do so.'

Mr. Proctor gives a very interesting account of the passage of the Cordillera, an undertaking of great danger and difficulty, as will be seen by the following brief extract from his description of the first pass, which we quote in conclusion:—

'In the first pass, I am speaking within compass, when I say, that the path for a few yards was no more than from fifteen to eighteen inches wide: the height above the torrent was perhaps a hundred yards, and the track composed of loose stones, so that the footing was much less secure. The side of the mountain above was of the same dangerous materials. The situation of the traveller in this pass, if not dangerous, is certainly extremely awful: below a lofty precipice, shelving down to the torrent, and above is the mountain, in many places overhanging, and consisting of such loose substances, that the traveller naturally fixes his eye on them, fearful every moment lest they should give way and overwhelm him. Small wooden crosses, stuck in the side of the mountain here and there, tell the fate of some poor wretch who has been thus destroyed. The mule, in these narrow tracks, accustomed to carry a bulky burthen, and knowing that if the side of the load next to the mountain should strike the stones, it would be inevitably precipitated to the bottom, keeps the very edge of the path, and there is never two inches to spare between its foot and the brink, so that half the animal's body, and the outside leg of its rider, overhang the precipice. The ground also often partially falls under the tread of the animal; but it examines the narrow path with patience and caution, and places one foot deliberately in a straight line before the other. I certainly felt inclined sometimes to pull the rein to guide it from the precipice, as there were a few inches to spare between my body and the side of the mountain; but that would have been extremely dangerous; and I invariably found it best to give the mule its head, and allow it to take its own time and course.'

Babington: a Tragedy. By T. Doubleday, Author of The Italian Wife, &c. 8vo. pp. 140. Edinburgh, Blackwood; Cadell, London. 1827.

Whoever may be the historian of the drama for the present age, we trust he will not found his estimate of its merits on the acting pieces, but that he will distinguish between the drama of the closet and the drama of the stage; for, unless he does so, our contemporaries will be treated with injustice. We are by no means disposed to say, that one half of the published plays would have been successful on the stage, though there are among them many that we are sure possess a hundredfold the merit of those that are produced. The system of management, too, of our theatres, actually closes the door against effort. No man now thinks of writing a play, with the hope that it will have a fair appeal to the public on the stage, and that, if successful, he will receive the liberal reward of his talents. No one dreams of this; for, at present, a manager is as difficult of access as a cabinet minister; and it requires much more interest to get a fair reading for a play than to procure a presentation at court; and then, perhaps, the production would be decided on by an ignorant or besotted blockhead, and rejected through mere caprice or pique. We say, the knowledge that such is the present state of the stage, would be enough to deter any man from cultivating dramatic literature, did it not meet with support from other quarters.

The tragedy of Babington, however, though possessing great merit, would not make a good acting play, since the plot is not good; nor are the incidents and situations such as would tell on the stage; that it contains much good poetry, and displays very considerable knowledge of human nature, every person who reads it carefully must allow. The story is founded on the conspiracy of Babington against Queen Elizabeth, which is so admirably narrated by Hume. Mr. Doubleday has in some measure deviated from history, particularly in the catastrophe, where an ideal character does that justice with a dagger which belonged to the hangman. The characters in the tragedy are very well drawn, particularly that of Ballard, an artful and designing hypocrite, and treacherous to his own party in the play, though in reality he was one of the conspirators, and suffered as such. The character of Agnes, the ward of Babington, is also well drawn; and her affection for her guardian forms a beautiful and well-managed under-plot. Plasket, a sort of philosophical jester, is another good character; and, indeed, all the *dramatis personæ* are made to do and say what might be expected of them. We shall now make one or two extracts; in the first, Agnes portrays the character of Babington to his mother:—

'The eagle, when he soars towards the sun,
Is blind to specks beneath; and lofty souls,
Whose aspirations rise a higher pitch,
Stoop not to mingle with the petty crowd
That keep the surface, and fret to and fro,
Full of the little business of the world.
Strong minds are ever difficult to move,
And, most of all, to laughter or disport;—
Such is the gravity of Babington.

'*Lady Maud.* Agnes, thou still wast partial in his praise;
But tell me, think'st thou Babington ambitious?

Agnes. Pardon me, madam—no.

Lady Maud. Nay, blush not, Agnes;
Thou dost mistake me. All my drift was this;
Think'st thou his mind superior to his state?

Agnes. Methinks his mind is *better* than his state,
And would be so, whate'er that state might be.

Lady Maud. But dost thou think distinction is his aim?

Agnes. Virtuous distinction, madam; noble toil
Surely he would prefer to recreant ease.

Lady Maud. In truth, he hath been lofty from a child,
And e'en his boyish pastimes relish'd still
Of a minute and honourable pride:
I have observed it oft.

Agnes. Oh! doubtless, madam.
I well remember, in our infancy,
When each would have a favourite plant or flower,
He low'd the wall-flower most, because it roots
Itself the highest, and can brave the blast,
And climb the rifted rock, or time-worn tower;
And he would praise the holly; for it smiled
Despite the frown of winter, as the bold
Can live and flourish in adversity.

Lady Maud. And say, which was my Agnes' favourite flower?

Agnes. In sooth I know not, madam—or perchance
I have forgotten—'tis so long ago.
Yet do not think but Babington is kind,
For all this prattle. I have seen him weep
O'er a wild air, brought from the Scottish hills—
A simple soothing air, but which they say
Rizzio once sung to failing majesty,
As if his very soul died with the strain,
Dissolved in music, as the summer mists
Melt in the first tide of the tender dawn.
It told of purple hills, and forests green,
Embosom'd lakes, and odour-breathing flowers,
And streams that sped, and sunny streams that glittered
And danced i' the early ray—now distant far,
And seen, alas! no more. In sooth, 'twas sweet;
And I did weep with him, nor ever knew
How melody spoke till then.
Nay, chide me not,
I could not choose but weep. Good truth, it moved me
As it had wakened a new pulse of life
That never beat before.'

The next is an entire scene from the beginning of the fifth act:—

'Scene 1. *An Apartment in the Tower.*

Babington alone. He starts from his couch.

Ha! burn the stars not dim!—What is the hour?
Surely, methought, I heard the midnight toll.
Wild fantasies spring in the troubled breast,
As meteors from the fen. Did I not dream
I saw my mother married; and she stood
Decked for the bridal in her winding-sheet!—
—The tapers flicker'd blurely—and, e'en yet,
The choral voices ring within mine ear!
Methought they issued from the vaults below,
And not the holy choir; and, when they ceased,
Died into sounds unearthly—horrible—
That were not music—'twas a ghastly dream:
I'll walk and watch awhile to calm myself.
This is the time, when round a wretch, like me,
Will hover those ill beings, whose bad pastime
Is human ruin—such as crowd, they say,
To new-made graves; or, like a wandering fire,
Flit round the spot where murder hath made feast;
Or shroud them in the cloud, whose smouldering bolt
Hath struck to earth the thunder-blackened wretch;
Or, with unnatural fears and fiendish prompt-ings,
Infect the restless sleep of those who wake
To suicide.——
Doth not the lamp wax pale? sure morning nears.
Well; let it come. Haply they think to scare me
By bringing death o' the sudden 'fore my face,
As they would fright a child. 'Tis baffled malice.
Had not his visage been familiar to me

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I had not been thus. I am now calm again
As yesternight, when at my grated window
I watch'd the sun go down, lovely as e'er
He did in happier days—ere I knew sorrow,
Yet did not shed one tear. Let them deny
A friendly voice to smooth my waning hours,
And work my death with more of cruelty,
And less of sympathy, than they'd bestow
Upon a thievish cur—I can bear all.
Nor shall a dying eye, 'mid all their tortures,
Ask, "How can ye do this?"
How now?
Enter Gaoler. I come
To say that one would be admitted to you.
Bab. One! Who!
Gaoler. She will not say her name.
Bab. Her name!
Admit her straight, who'er she be; and who
That bears a woman's heart, can seek this den
At such an hour as this? [*Gaoler retires.*
[*Enter Agnes.*] Who'er thou art,
That, in an hour when others would forget,
Dost think of Babington—welcome; and, lady,
Let me in pity see one face whereon
Sure pity must be writ.
Look down, ye powers,
Sure I do know this hand. Oh, speak! unveil!
That I may know what I must yet endure.
Agnes (Faintly.) Babington!
Bab. Agnes, speak! alas! she's pale
As death were on her brow. What! have they
sent thee
That it might kill thee, and thine innocent
breath
Be added to my debt?
Look up, dear saint,
Unless I may die too.
Agnes. Where am I?—Babington!
I shall be strong anon. 'Tis past; forgive me
If, when I look'd upon this place, my heart
Did die within me—but forgive me, sir,
It was a woman's weakness.
Bab. Thou art all good—
But who did guard thee here? Why would'st
thou come?
This is no place for gentleness like thine.
Agnes. Ask'st thou who guarded hither, Babington?
Heaven! Wherefore I would come, oh ask me
not!—
Bab. And wherefore not, dear child?
Agnes (Solemnly.) Because that wherefore
Is nothing now either to thee or me——.
No breath hath ever known't, and, therefore,
henceforth,
Let it remain unbreathed, till death goes too—
God grant not long—no matter. Only say
My presence comforts you—say, that to see me,
Or hear my voice, gives but a single ray
Unto the darkness of extremity;—
Then you are answered, why I would come
here.
Bab. Comfort me!—yes, I am amazed, blest
creature,
Wrapt and uplifted, at the very thought
That excellence like thine should dare these
horrors
For my poor—ruin'd sake. O! I do see
A glimpse—a ray, by which I have been blind,
Even like the fool, that, gazing at the sun,
O'ertrod the precious jewel at his feet—
Look down, great God! But one half hour ago,
The name of comfort to my loneliness
Were as a very echo—but the shadow
Of that which in itself was scarce a sound.
—Oh! what an hour of contrarieties!
Speak to me, Agnes.
Agnes. And what should I say?
What contrarieties?
Bab. Ay, what indeed!
Time is too short, e'en to o'errun them now.
To seek for love, there, where it might not be;
And to o'erpass it, there, where it hath been;
To live long, watching hope which ne'er could
bloom;
To die, with hope unlook'd for, yet fulfill'd,—
Is't not an hour of contrariety?
Answer me, Agnes, is it not?
Agnes. Oh! what—
What can I answer?
Bab. What canst thou, indeed?
Nor would I have thee. Only answer this,
Ere darkness hath made vain the utterance—
—Dost thou not love me?
See how forward, Fate
Can make a reckless wretch.
Agnes. Let my tears fall—
Believe me they are cold. Yes! I *have* loved
thee;
That is the word,—and will—thy memory.
Bab. I die content. I will not utter more;
Fate and the hour forbid. I must not take
Those thoughts that should be God's, not e'en
to give them
To thee. So be't. Yet never, therefore, deem
That priceless love hath all been cast away.
Half of my life thou hast preserved, which else,
Alas! perchance had died—List to me, Agnes,
I do bequeath thee a dear legacy,
A rich one—for my sake, oh! cherish it!
My mother——
Ha! why has thy colour fled?
What spell enchains thine utterance? what is
this?
Thou shudderest—as if thine eyes could see
The hell that's here. Agnes, my blood is curdling—
My heart is shrunken up, as by fierce fire,
Even at my horrible imaginings;
Before its strings have snapp'd, speak but one
word—
Although its sound shall be too desolate,
E'en for the fiends to laugh at. Thou speak'st
not,
But turn'st away thy face, and wring'st my
hand.
I'll say it for thee, then—My mother's dead!
Sign to me; isn't not so?—Hold up, my heart;
This is thy hatest pang—My mother—dead!
(Passionately.) And wherefore should she
live? is it not better
That her old eyes are blinded in the dust,
Than left to be put out by sights like this?
Thank God. For her 'tis better, howe'er
Heaven
May judge for me. Unto this latest trial,
As unto all gone, or that yet may come,
I bow—'Tis o'er—thank God!
[*Enter Gaoler.*] How now! what would ye?
Gaoler. The time is over which is meted out
For such a conference.
Bab. But one half hour more,
And it is ended.
Gaoler. Sir, it pities me,
For that mine orders are most peremptory.
I cannot dare to do what fain I would.
Bab. What! would ye tear my heart out ere
my time?
I tell thee, fellow, were thy masters here,
Methinks a sight like this might move e'en
them
Not to molest my few short ending hours.
Gaoler. Sir, I shall wait here for a half hour
more,
But, trust me, at my peril.
Bab. I'll not betray thee;
A traitor as I am. [*The Gaoler retires.*
Oh! how time flies—
E'en to the wretched, when they'd have him stay.
Agnes, we must be brief. With iron hand
Fate tears our hearts asunder. We must part;
And let me part as doth become a man.
Oh! could I crowd into a few sad minutes,
A smiling summer's day, I might say much—
Much! ah! how much! Let me quit that. I
know not,
Why thou hast loved a wretch, whose dazzled
sight,
Blind with a fatal passion, hath betray'd
His steps into destruction—I know't not—
Unless that extreme coldness, as they say,
Can burn like fire. It is enough for me,
To feel what thou hast given, and I have lost.
Let it be comfort yet, that thine affection
Is so far happy, that it brings to me
One beautiful recollection, which shall gild
My passage. It shall dwell on thee in dying,
And smile away my pain. [*A distant bell tolls.*
Our hour is come—
Oh! let us part, as those alone should part,
With nothing of remorse, and therefore nothing
Of fear. 'Tis fit we should be firm, my Agnes,
Who are unfortunate, but innocent.
Malice may gnaw my name; but thou shalt
know
I gave my breath but for my country's weal.
This is the last; and we must say—farewell!
Agnes. No—not farewell! Say not farewell; we may
Meet ONCE again; thou see'st how firm I am.
Bab. No! not again—not again!
Beseech thee, do not
Breathe such a thought. Wast thou all angel,
yet
Thy ministry ends here. What is to come,
No eye should see, save ONE above—and
THEIRS!—
Hear my last blessings—but, before I breathe
them,
Gaze for one passing moment in my face.—
Now turn away those eyes. They do awake
Thoughts—oh! too sweet not to be alien
To such an hour as this. Give me thine hand,
And, when I say farewell, leave me at once.
Thy hand—not yet—be firm, and tremble not.
[*He puts a ring on her finger.*
Wear this, dear saint, for Babington's poor
sake,
And let it wed thee to his memory.
Live thou to think that, dying, he was thine;
And shall be thine again!
And now to Heaven,
Where, let me humbly hope I shall soon be,
I do commend thine innocence, God keep
thee;
God watch o'er thee—support thee—guard thee
—save thee;
And, ere my voice is choken, and my tongue
Doth lose its office—oh! farewell! farewell!
Heaven bless thee! oh! Heaven bless thee!
[*She runs out.*
The last string
Is crack'd at length, that held me to the world;
And welcome, death and darkness!"
This is beautiful; and there is much pathos,
as well as true poetry, in many of the scenes
in this well-written tragedy.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England and Wales, and Part of Scotland; on the Plan of Reichard's Itineraries: containing an Account of all the Direct and Cross-Roads. 12mo. pp. 404. London. 1825. Leigh.

WHOEVER wishes to 'take to the road' (we do not mean in the way Macheath al-

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ludes to it) will not have his travelling equipage complete, if Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book does not form part of it, since it is at once the most concise and intelligent work of the sort that has yet appeared. The arrangement is admirable; London is the centre whence the principal roads emanate, and the towns are arranged alphabetically, so that every route, and every town on that route, is perceived at once, and rendered perfectly intelligible on the first inspection. Thus the first route is from London to Aberdeen, and the last from London to York. The cross-roads are kept separate; and the whole number of routes which are traced are 329. Independent of these routes, the work contains a brief but well written discription of every remarkable place—its commerce, manufactures, population, curiosities, &c.; the principal inns, and even the villages and noblemen's seats, are noticed. The whole forms a neat pocket volume, containing a great body of useful information.

ORIGINAL.

CRUSADERS, ARMOURY, AUTOMATONS, PRIZE-FIGHTING, AND JOUSTING.

WHOEVER has read the new tales of the Crusaders (which includes, we apprehend, all who have been able to procure them) ought, by all means, to visit the armoury, now exhibiting in the Haymarket. Although it is notorious that the 'great unknown' is the best of all possible describers—that he paints at once with the fidelity of the Dutch, and the grace of the Italian school, it is yet certain, that, to bring actually before our sight men, armed cap-a-pie, mounted, and accoutred at all points, makes us better acquainted with these gentlemen, in ten minutes, than he can do in a thousand pages.

Nothing could exceed our pleasure, on being taken by a friend to see this wonderful collection of ancient armour at the very time when we were reading the Talisman; for we appeared transported by magic into the very midst of our acquaintance. A man in a complete suit of armour is a creature so encased and enshrined—so apparently inaccessible, that it does not make much difference to a mere gazer, whether the substance be wood, wax, or flesh, which dwells in the steel enclosure; and, to our conception of the case, every redoubtable warrior around us was as good a knight, as great a hero, as ever wielded lance, or swore fealty to fair lady. We gazed till we felt surprised that they did not move a *little;* but we certainly did not expect them to be alert in their motions; for we were aware, that even thus 'armed in complete steel,' as we saw them, yet they were, in truth, inhabitants of the tomb—beings of another day and generation; and we almost expected a vision, so pleasing and gracious to our minds, at such a moment, to fade away, as the camp of Richard and the banquet of the soldan must do, too soon, in our memory.

Perhaps it was this impression which made us hasten to the top of the gallery, and gaze with the most interest on Saladin himself; for there he is, as painted by the northern artist, whom we have no doubt drew from this figure as his original. The light armour; the rich, graceful turban; the high-arched eye-brow; and particularly the small ancle and narrow heel of the Saracen; all bespeak this fact. From him we turned naturally to look for the Lion-hearted Richard, and found him, to our conception, 'clad in complete steel'—a man of mighty proportions, yet so compressed in the waist, as to be lion-like externally, as well as internally.

It is true our catalogue informed us that this was a German duke; but who would believe a dull truth that could revel in a romantic fiction? It was our pleasure to believe all the silent warriors around *old* acquaintance; and we therefore found the Knight of the Leopards, on horseback—the Constable of Chester also, mounted in dark heavy armour, displaying a mighty breadth of back, and most Herculean strength of arm. The fierce Templar stood with a lance in his hand; Ivanhoe was arrayed in chain armour—a fine, bold, and yet youthful figure; and a pretty page, whose slight limbs were all unfit for the weighty greaves on his slender form, we recollected as the fair Elinor: in short, the whole scene was a species of enchantment, in which we were completely spell-bound.

Not one of the many instruments spoken of in olden times, of annoyance or defence, but may be found in this repository; many of them are of extraordinary elegance, and great cost; such are an embossed silver shield, the work of Benvenuto Cellini—and a bronze one, designed by Raphael. The whole collection merits to be placed in the Museum, as a national treasure, and one unquestionably without a rival on the Continent.

The place where this armoury is seen has also great attractions in automaton figures; of which, two—a boy, who draws various designs, and a conjurer, who gives answers, are the most perfect specimens we remember to have seen; but to these personages we mean to pay due attention another day, since it is certain we were so busy with the *great* and the *terrible*, that we could not give due honour to the *pretty* and the *curious*. Two very distinct and interesting exhibitions might be given of the treasures in this gallery; but, on the principle of giving plenty for money, perhaps it is found more gratifying to the many that it should remain as it is.

At all events, it is a place which every *man* should visit; for war, and all its contrivances, whether offensive or defensive, is interesting to man; and the wonderful ability displayed in the manufactory of these suits of most inexplicable clothing is surprising. One thing is, however, evident—that the men who used them were not better grown than they are now, which has been sometimes asserted; and, although 'Use your limbs, and have your limbs' is an old and instructive proverb, yet it does not appear that the extraordinary exertion given to the human frame, by the use of these weighty habiliments, did so increase its growth as to produce any evident effects. Two of these suits of armour evidently belonged to tall, stout men; but many of our life-guard's-men go far beyond them in height and muscular proportions; and, from the general size of the suits of armour, we should be inclined to say they belonged to a race rather below than above the aggregate standard.

We must certainly allow that fighting was a more sublime exercise in those days than it is at present, and that, as the war of the Crusades was compounded of the romantic and generous in our nature, combined with the ridiculous and unjust, so there was more of the 'pomp and circumstance'—the terrible and the magnificent—than we have at this time.

'This villainous saltpetre hath been dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth;'

And therefore the mirror-like panoply of brilliant steel plates; the rings, and scales, and quilted gambadoes; the shields, and spears, and battle-axes; the shock of unhorsing; the adroitness of piercing what was vulnerable, or battering that which was defended; is no longer required. We apprehend the present mode of warfare calls for more courage, since it presents a more formidable and less discriminating enemy, in the destruction of the 'cannon's mouth;' but it requires less address; and we must do our forefathers the justice of believing that, notwithstanding the extent of our modern improvements, they also were men of great mechanical knowledge and scientific attainment in the art of manslaughter.

Heaven grant that peace may long continue amongst us! but, since the experience of all nations and all ages has proved that it is a state of affairs rather to be desired than expected, we must own we rejoice to find that the athletic exercises of cricket, racket, &c., are much in fashion. These manly sports keep up the national spirit, and train our young men for 'the tented field,' should circumstances call for their exertions, and form a most happy substitute for the excitement of prize-fighting, whilst they entirely escape from the ferocity it is apt to engender. Every man who accustoms himself to look on another man's pain with *calmness*—much less to drink in with pleasure the sight of his 'punishment,' and glut his eyes with the blood and bruises of an unoffending brother, irreparably injures and degrades himself, by hardening his heart, and doing violence to his own nature; but the generous contention of skill and strength, while it heats the blood, does not brutalize the heart. Even the hateful strife, of which we speak, is less injurious to the moral character of those who fight than to the spectators; for they are too much engaged in the turmoil of the fray—in the proof of displaying skill or endurance. No,—it is the calm calculator—the accurately-eyed inquisitor, who can pry into the quivering nerve and the tortured muscle, and bet on the symptoms of agony and the appearance of exhaustion—it is *he* who becomes a brute in the first instance, and a fiend in the second.

So truly may it be said that 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made,' compounded of contradictions, and capable of contending extremes, that we are willing, as individuals, to confess, that, with all that hatred for the amusements of 'the ring' which we have re-

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peatedly manifested, we yet should exceedingly like to witness a tournament, and heartily wish that a few spirited young men of fashion would take it into their heads to give the present generation proof of their activity and prowess, in an amicable tilting-match. The Regent's Park would afford a beautiful and magnificent area

'Where bright eyes' might
'Rain influence, and judge the prize;'

And it is certain this country was never so rich as it is at present in those 'gallant studs' which make so considerable a figure in shows of this description: nor do we think it too much to assume that our young nobility and gentry are, at this time, better calculated to engage in such an exercise than they ever were at any previous period, since their minds are too highly cultivated for them to render it an occasion of stirring up bad blood; and they are, we trust, not so enervated by luxury, or out of the habits of activity, as to find the task one of difficulty. It is certain that our military men would have some advantage, but not so great as to deprive those who were well trained of their due importance; and it would certainly be a most splendid and 'spirit-stirring sight' to see the young Buccleugh, Doura, Churchill, and many a noble name beside, ride into the lists, 'gallantly armed,' in all the paraphernalia of nodding plumes and rich trappings, and met by the courteous citizens, in costly guise, worthy of the most wealthy and polished race of merchants the world has yet beheld. The expense of such a scheme would be, perhaps, its best recommendation, since it would make some necessarily careful, who have never been so before, and others liberal, under the same circumstance, and might save many from Hell who are too much in the habit of going thither. Surely it would be a manly amusement—a noble folly—when the worst was said of it; and when we consider the first, as necessary to our existence—the second, as consistent with the present state of society, in which the rich man's humours are the poor man's support, little could be urged against it.

That a tournament would meet the sanction of the highest authority, we can entertain no doubt, since we well know that the spirit and magnificence it indicates accord with his majesty's taste; and we are all sure, that, had it been the fashion of his day, Europe never saw a prince more likely to have been, in every respect, the 'flower of chivalry,' than George IV. of England. One reason why we wish for this splendid exhibition is, because the area we have pointed out as proper for it is unparalled in the world, for its combination of that elegance and grandeur, in which this country was long deficient, with that convenience, comfort, beauty, and unostentatious riches, for which it has been long unrivalled; and, since this has arisen entirely under the auspices of the king, we would wish the present age to stamp every possible act of celebrity on an achievement not less glorious, and far more delightful, than the conquests which preceded it.

B.

ON THE STATE OF THE STAGE.

'Your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.'
Taming of the Shrew.

It has, of late, frequently been the subject of remark and censure, that the utility, and other main objects of the drama, have considerably fallen from their former and deservedly high place in the public estimation. Without questioning the justness of the remark and censure, when applied to the degeneracy of the stage—for this, I imagine, can admit of no question, I shall, in the present instance, endeavour to point out from whence the evil arises, and shall, afterwards, suggest a few observations that may go towards its removal or amelioration.

It is now not doubted by the enlightened and unprejudiced part of the community—those who are strictly punctilious in their moral duties, but allow a latitude for innocent recreations—those who, consulting the judgment with which they are endowed, avoid, on the one hand, the destructive and abusing pleasures, which render after-life a misery, and, on the other, equally avoid the senseless and unmeaning bigotry and fanaticism of religious party, and its laws or observances—those, in fine, who constitute the intelligent, and, I scruple not to say, the happiest of mankind, that a well-regulated stage is as much conducive to the morals of a people, as the most florid oration, or the most splendid composition in print. Admitting this to be the fact, the next point to the utility is the necessity.—Is the drama necessary for the good conduct of a people? This question admits of an easy solution, and may be answered decisively in the negative; but surely its non-necessity can never be urged, with any show of reason, for its abolition. The remark, had been spared, were there not many good-natured folks, who, not denying its general utility, argue against its encouragement, by asserting that it may occasionally lead to harm, and then add, in corroboration of their reasoning, there is no necessity for it in a moral point of view. To these, and such as these, the wise saying of Dominie Sampson, may be appropriately brought into force—*abusus non tollit usum*. It is not *necessary* for our physical existence that we should drink wine, or any more potent beverage than that procured from the pure stream; it is not *necessary* that we should associate with our friends, nor that we should perform kindnesses for each other; but we know the cup of our board is enlivened when the sparkling wine is seen mantling in its concavity, from the knowledge of the fact, that when we partake of this liquid, we are more capable of enjoying the meal which is essential to existence; we know that by associating with our friends, we are relieving ourselves and others of the odium, always attending the life of the solitary; and we know that by doing a kindness for another, we are imparting a pleasure which we should gratefully feel, had that friend rendered the kindess to ourselves—and this is ample repayment to a generous mind. And yet no one will urge the absolute *necessity* of these and many other observances, further than that they tend to make us better members of society: so, on the same principle, I do not urge the absolute necessity of theatrical amusements, even when conducted properly, than that they tend to make us better members of society. The drama should only be considered one of the many little causes or springs, not the main-spring, of the well-being of a people.

Is the drama, in its present condition, popular?—It is not: the managers of theatres know, to their cost, that theatrical property is at a very low ebb. It may be asked, if the drama is of so much use to the populace, why do they not support it?—If it afford amusement why do they not seek after it?—Are their minds so corrupt that they close their eyes to all precept and example?—or are they so poor, that they cannot afford the price of admission into the theatre? At no time, probably, has there been a greater circulation of capital than at the present: trade flourishes, and labour is exerted and remunerated: poverty cannot be pleaded. Nor do I think the people less inclined to moral and religious duties than formerly—but we arrive at the cause of its unpopularity, when we affirm that the stage is not, as heretofore, the arena of instruction and amusement. The reasons for this defection seem to be the following:—

I. *Writers for the Stage.*—What names grace the dramatic literature of the present day? Poole, Planché, Bull, Parry, Terry, Pocock, Shiel, *cum multis aliis* of the same stamp and character. Can it surprise any sensible person, that a stage supported by such writers should be in a tottering condition?—that the drama, a subject which called forth the energies of a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Jonson, a Massinger, an Otway, and a Sheridan, should be sacrificed by such individuals to the caprice of the reigning manager or favourite actor? True, Mr. Knowles has written a tragedy of great merit, and from whom, had we not vouchers to the contrary, we might expect better things; but even Virginius cannot pit against *any* of the acting plays of the above-mentioned authors. In saying it is superior, as a drama, to the works of Rowe and his milk-and-water school, or the 'poetical class,' is confessing a great deal. I earnestly hope Mr. Knowles does not rest his fame on Virginius,—and assuredly he will never attain celebrity or thanks for such productions as Caius Gracchus or William Tell. From Miss Baillie, Mr. Proctor, and Mr. Croly, each the author of one, and one only, acting play, we might reasonably expect a supply of intellectual amusement; but our expectations receive a check when we remember the length of time elapsed since the play of either of them was produced*.

II. *The Managers.*—That the managers should be considered the *primary* cause of the evil complained of, will admit of little doubt, though the dramatic writers were noticed before them, and only so noticed from their being of infinite more importance.

* Mr. Croly may be considered an exception. He brought out Pride shall have a Fall, at Covent Garden Theatre, last season.

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A writer in Blackwood's Magazine* truly remarks, that the theatre would be better attended, and the drama better represented, if the principal performers were paid a less salary. According to the present system, an actor is paid £30 a night; he appears only once or twice a week, never in the after-piece; and on him alone does the manager rely for the filling of his theatre; the consequence of which arrangement is, that the plays requiring two or three principal actors, are either 'laid on the shelf,' or are cast with inferior performers in all but one part. True admirers of the drama go not to see an actor, but the piece well played throughout;—not to see Mr. Kean, but the Merchant of Venice—not Mr. Macready, but Macbeth. I will grant, readily enough, that in such monodramas as the acting Richard III., or the play of William Tell, where all but the principal character are quite subordinate, the actor who plays the principal character is the only magnet of attraction; but these are plays, with a few others, that disgrace our national drama†. The managers‡ seem so utterly blind to public opinion, and to their own interests, that we have only to take Shakspeare's superb tragedy of Othello to example the 'casting' of plays in general. The names we see placed in the bills, purposely for attraction, are Mr. Wallack for Iago, and Mr. Penley for Cassio: these two actors, good in their way, sometimes excellent, are totally unfit for the characters here assigned them. Having seen and enjoyed Othello (as who did not?), where J. Kemble, Cook, C. Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, acted in it, I cannot but say I was miserably entertained with its recent performance at Drury Lane. I had no reason to complain of Mr. Kean's Othello, nor of the acting of Mrs. West and Mrs. Bunn; but the illusion of the scene totally vanished, by the wretched manner in which the arch villain Iago was sustained—the character, in the formation of which, I suppose, Shakspeare has taken more pains, and has succeeded more triumphantly, than in the accomplishing of any other in the whole range of his great and masterly series. Cassio—the light, gentlemanly, and honourable Cassio, was burlesqued from beginning to end. This clatter of names, without power, reminds one of the well-known formal and punctilious introduction of the duchess's poodle. Another evil is the want of novelty—not the want of 'new pieces,' but the want of *revivals*, as they are called. A revival is, indeed, now-a-days, a novelty; and there is as much fuss about resuscitating an old play as in bringing out a new one: this evil is two-fold: to the admirers of the drama—a neglected race—from the sameness of representations; and to the admirers of the actor—the courted of the manager—from the limited range of characters he is allowed to personate: with the 'first-rate actors,' this range is confined to, at most, a dozen characters in the season. Again, a cause of the decline of the drama is, a pandering for the senses—for the pleasure of the eye—for the delight of the ear—without a corresponding pleasure and delight of the mind. In pursuance of this plan, we are presented with Enchanted Coursers, Hafed the Gheber, Coronations, Aboo Hassan, Devils, and the abortions of the German fancy, unaccompanied with the intellectual grandeur and poetry associated with the productions of German writers. It will be easily seen, that what has just been said has relation to what has been done in one season, and in one theatre only.

These spectacles may fill the house for a few nights; but the manager is egregiously mistaken, if he supposes they give any real pleasure to the audience; they may excite admiration of the powers of the scene-painter and machinist, but none will confess they give dramatic satisfaction. The people may see these kind of things as well done, and with better accommodation, at the minor theatres. Let the managers of the theatres-royal leave the minors to enjoy the popularity these flimsy productions confer, and let them, disdaining improper means, endeavour to bring the much-neglected and despised regular drama into its genuine favour with all classes of the community. And again, in consequence of this prevalence for expensive spectacle, comedy is suffered to pine away; or, if she is allowed to appear, she exhibits such manifest signs of disease, that we turn away from her disgusted. Let us see how Colman's Jealous Wife—a comedy combining wit with instruction in an eminent degree—was performed a little time since. The part of Oakley, which Young enacted with inimitable truth, was represented by Mr. Pope, an old man without teeth; Lord Trinket, Jones's character, assumed the appearance of a Mr. Comer, a discarded actor of Covent Garden Theatre, and who never did anything well on the stage in his life; the rest of the characters, with the exception of those delineated by Mr. Wallack, Mr. Harley, and Mrs. Bunn, were so badly represented as would disgrace the most insignificant of the minor theatres. If our tragedies and comedies are to be performed in the manner already alluded to, can we wonder at their being performed to empty benches?

The remedy for these disorders seems obvious to all but the managers of our theatres; and, as they do not appear acquainted with it, no impropriety will be committed in pointing it out very briefly to them in this place.

In the first place, let the managers engage the first literary characters of the day to write for their stage; but let the writers be unfettered by opinion, advice, or interruption on their parts, and let them hold no consultation with an actor, who will, when left to his option, have the part he is to represent so mangled and altered as to suit none but his own talents, and, by thus mangling and altering a character, spoil, in a material degree, the symmetry of the drama. I hope we shall never again hear the absurd nonsense of having a play written to show off the peculiar powers of one actor. Secondly, as was advocated on a late occasion*, engage the actors at a weekly salary, with an understanding they shall play when, and in what characters, the manager may please, with the proviso that such characters be in the 'line' they contract to represent: consequently, tragedies requiring more than one 'first-rate actor,' would be well represented; and such comedies as the School for Scandal, Rivals, John Bull, &c. &c., containing a sentimental character, that can only be personated properly by one of these *first-rates*, as they are termed, with the rest of the characters as adequately filled, would now, as they once did, delight and improve an audience. In short, cast like old plays well, not one or two, but all of them, and they will be sure to draw. Thirdly, have a scale of salaries; and let not one actor, in the time he engages, be paid more than another: this would go far to establish unanimity behind the scenes—a feeling now so much wanted. Fourthly, let not the manager trust to one actor for filling his house; let him rather say, such or such a play is popular, than such or such an actor: he may depend upon it, if he put his actors in parts that suit them, he will find one actor as popular as another. Above all, let him give up the system of puffing, or, in other words, that of lying; it is the most destructive he can employ: a good play or a good actor requires no mean arts to gain popular favour. Covent Garden Theatre, this season, stands forward a memorable example of what may be done by fair and honourable conduct, and deference to public opinion. In conclusion, I have only to say to theatrical managers, if you wish to possess public esteem, you will surely obtain it when, and not till when, you deserve it.

OBSERVATOR.

* No. 101.

† Mr. Macready deserves well of the lovers of the theatre, for the great treat he prepared for them, a few seasons back, at Covent Garden, in the revival of Richard III. according to the text of Shakspeare. I marvel much he is not allowed to make the experiment at the theatre in Drury Lane.

‡ Many of the observations which follow apply only to the management of Drury Lane Theatre.

* See Blackwood's Magazine, No. 101.

† I am confident nine-tenths of the sensible part of the play-going public will coincide with me when I say, I should no more think of going to the theatre to see Mr. Kean or Miss Foote, as Mr. Kean or Miss Foote, though the lady has sufficient personal attractions to delight a more phlegmatic admirer of female beauty than myself, than I would pay twenty shillings for the dinner I might obtain for five. The manager may be assured that when the feverish excitement, occasioned by the display of persons rendered notorious from peccadilloes off the stage, has subsided, it will be succeeded by as smooth a calm as has already been evinced in the case of Miss Foote. Mr. Kean has had the advantage of this lady in the way of puffing, consequently his 'dramatic triumph' may a little longer be thought of; but, let the time arrive when it may, the calm will approach—the more awful the longer delayed. 'Let him look to his bond.'

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MARCO BOZZARIS.

From the first number of the Athenæum Magazine, an American journal.

[The Epaminondas of modern Greece fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—'To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.']

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persians' thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots, falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
'Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!'

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah!
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood bought—
Come in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris, with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee!—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry—
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch, and cottage-bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears,
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak—
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few of immortal names,
That were not born to die. H.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MORNING: A FRAGMENT.

From an unfinished Poem, by Mrs. Carey, Author of Lasting Impressions.

THE morning smil'd, in vernal beauty bright,
And Sol, emergent, shed his glorious light
On tow'r and tree, and ting'd the lucid stream
With the rich lustre of his orient beam.
From verdant boughs, impearl'd with glist'ning dew,
On joyous wing the feather'd warblers flew.
The blackbird carol'd on the fragrant thorn;
And the blithe lark, up-springing from the corn,
Join'd the harmonious choir, and soar'd to hail the morn.
In that sweet hour—while Nature breath'd perfume,
And bright Hygera lent her loveliest bloom—
Fresh as the morn, and, as its smile, serene,
The young Amanda view'd the lovely scene;
Trip'd with light step across the dainted vale,
Or climb'd the hill, to woo the balmy gale;
And joyous heard the birds, on ev'ry spray,
Pour their glad welcome to the god of day;
While all that good men seek, and wise men prize,
Glow'd on her cheek, and sparkled in her eyes.

LINES BY THE SAME.

On finding a Bank-Note between the leaves of an old Book.

A TALE, when twice told, grows insipid, 'tis said,
And e'en wit becomes dull, when repeatedly read.
But if books, in their pages, such treasures contain,
Say, who would not read them again and again.

SONNET TO SUMMER.

ALL bounteous SUMMER! clad in smiles appear,
And with unsparing hand thy favours shed,
Thy varied blossoms all around thee spread,
And scatter wide the beauties of the year.
Thy bowers refreshing, from the noontide heat,
With foliage thick, affording pleasant shade,
Thy verdant carpet, with sweet flowers inlaid,
Inviting in the eve the willing feet.
The cooling grove, the ever-purling stream
That gently ripples o'er its pebbled bed,
The soft moss yielding to the peasant's tread,
And of the setting sun the parting beam,—
With charms like these arrayed, fair goddess, haste,
And let all nature be with thy presence graced.
Brighton. VRANISKOS.

SAINTS AND SINNERS;

Or, Mr. Fletcher and the Corner Stone.

THE Saints assembled, and the day was fine;
The ladies smil'd—the preacher was divine.
At least, so said his followers, who knew
Virtues concealed (no doubt) from public view;
Though some—*the sons of Belial*—who were there,
Talk'd of Miss Dick, the twice-deserted fair—
Of Works—not Faith.—But one, perhaps more wise
(As, with due forms, long pray'rs, and upturn'd eyes,
The stone was laid), turn'd round, and archly said,
'A miracle! that stone will turn to *bread!*'
A SINNER.

SONNET,

Written at the foot of a large Cedar, in Weybridge Park, Surrey, supposed to have been planted by King James.

CEDAR! two centuries ago, 'tis said,
Thy form was planted by a kingly hand;
He long has sought the mansions of the dead,
Whilst here in stateliness thou still dost stand.
Oh! what a chronicler thou mightest be
Of all the generations thou hast seen,
Since thou wert cherish'd first by royalty,
Who now thy self art monarch of the green!
What a poor worm is man! whose longest years
Thou laughest at,—a poor three score and ten—
All subject, too, to pains and toils and fears,
Whilst pilgrimaging through this earthly glen!
Two hundred years are thine!—a goodly store!
Yet you seem like to live two hundred more!
J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

The Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. By John and Henry Le Keux, after Drawings by Augustus Pugin, Architect. The Literary Part by JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. Medium 4to. No. I.

ON taking up this first portion of his work, we cannot help complimenting Mr. Pugin, on the professional knowledge and taste it exhibits; and congratulating the admirers of architecture, on the appearance of a

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publication that will supply them with many curious and elegant specimens of a style of building, the character of which varies in many respects from the contemporary edifices of our own country. We ourselves have frequently regretted that, hitherto, we have had no works illustrative of the continental architecture of the middle ages, similar to Mr. Britton's English cathedrals, which we regard as models, both as to graphic beauty and as to satisfactory exhibition of the various parts and features of the edifices they are intended to elucidate.

In making his drawings for the present work, Mr. Pugin has paid that attention to architectural precision, and to construction, which distinguishes his work on 'Gothic Architecture,' and renders it not only interesting to the men of taste, but of real utility to the builder. Hence it will possess a scientific and practical value which the mere draftsman, however tasteful his delineations might be, could not impart to such subjects. And we hesitate not to say, that not the architect alone, but every one whose profession is at all connected with design and decoration, will here find ample materials and hints, of which he may profitably avail himself. What a piece of exquisite ornamental design, for instance, is the circular window in the west-front of the church of St. Owen, at Rouen! The eye can hardly tire of gazing at the playful intricacy, and the varied, yet harmonious forms, of which it is composed; and we should really pity any one who should be so bigotted to the beauties of Grecian art, and so exclusive, or, to employ a Germanism, so *one-sided* (einseitig) in his taste, as not to be charmed with this exquisite specimen. This window, of which Mr. Pugin has given two plates, one showing it entire—the other a portion on a larger scale, affords a design that might be very variously applied:—it would form a beautiful ceiling for a circular boudoir, or a central compartment for a floor or carpet, or would supply many hints for panelling, ornamental ironwork, or articles of furniture. When thoroughly studied, there will, perhaps, be found no style more plastic, more susceptible of varied combinations, or that more readily adapts itself to every purpose of architecture and decoration. The elevation of part of the south-front of the *Palais de Justice*, at Rouen, is an exceedingly rich and tasteful example of this style as applied to civil or domestic buildings.

As no text is given in this first number, we subjoin the following description from Turner's Tour in Normandy, a work abounding in architectural and antiquarian information, and replete with a variety of interesting historical details:—'The palace forms three sides of a quadrangle. The fourth is occupied by an embattled wall and an elaborate gateway.' [Given in the plate we have just mentioned.] 'The building was erected about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, with all its faults, it is a fine adaptation of Gothic architecture to civil purposes. It is in a style which a friend of mine chooses to distinguish by the name of *Burgundian architecture*; and he tells me that he considers it as the parent of our Tudor style. Here the windows in the body of the building take flattened elliptic heads, and they are divided by one mullion and one transom. The mouldings are highly wrought, and enriched with foliage. The lucarne windows are of a different design, and form the most characteristic features of the front; they are pointed and enriched with mullions and tracery, and are placed within triple canopies of nearly the same form, flanked by square pillars, terminating in tall crocketed pinnacles, some of them fronted with open arches crowned with statues. The roof, as is usual in French and Flemish buildings of this date, is of a very high pitch, and harmonizes well with the proportions of the building. An oriel, or rather tower, of enriched workmanship, projects into the court and varies the decorations.'

The Hotel de Bourtheroulde, in the Place de la Pucelle, Rouen, of which two plates are here given, is an exceedingly rich and curious structure, thus described by Mr. Turner:—'In the square is a house within a court, now occupied as a school for girls, of the same size as the Palais de Justice, and in the same *Burgundian style*, but far richer in its sculptures. The entire front is divided into compartments by slender and lengthened buttresses and pilasters. The intervening spaces are filled with basso-relievos, evidently executed at one period, though by different masters. A banquet, beneath a window in the first floor, is in a good *cinque-cento* style. Others of the basso-relievos represent the labours of the field and the vineyard—rich and fanciful in their costume, but rather wooden in their design: the salamander, the emblem of Francis I. appears several times among the ornaments, and very conspicuously. I believe there is not a single square foot of this extraordinary building that is not sculptured. On the north side extends a spacious gallery: here the arches are in rather in Holbein's manner; foliaged and swelling pilasters, like antique candelabra, bound the arched windows. Beneath is the well-known series of bas-reliefs, executed on marble tablets, representing the interview between Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England, in the *Champ du Drap d' Or*, between Guisnes and Ardres. They were first discovered by the venerable Father Montfaucon, who engraved them in his *Monumens de la Monarchie Françaiz*; but to the greater part of our readers, at home they are known, perhaps, more commonly, by the miserable copies inserted in Ducarel's work, who has borrowed most of his plates from the Benedictine.'

Among the more remarkable features in this edifice, that impart to it a character quite different from that of any examples of ancient domestic architecture in this country, are the lofty and magnificently-decorated *lucarnes*, in which the windows are set, with rich pointed arches, the upper part of which is occupied by heraldic sculptures. These lucarnes are crowned by a kind of open-work battlement, terminating in crocketed pinnacles and finials, so as to form a composition of extraordinary richness and grandeur. The other engravings which this number contains, in all, twenty, represents part of the cathedral, the nunnery of St. Clair, the abbey of St. Aurande, and the fountain *de la Crosse*, at Rouen; and the *Abbaye aux Hommes*, the *Abbaye aux Dames*, and the church of St. Nicholas, at Caen.

Of the success of this publication, we entertain no doubt; for, when completed, it must form a valuable accession to the architect's library, and will contribute much towards the history and exemplification of a style of building which, the more it is studied, the more it will be admired. When the work is more advanced, we shall return to it again.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The Theatres Royal of Drury Lane and Covent Garden (for the term winter theatres does not apply in the dog-days) have closed; the latter on Tuesday, and the former on Thursday evening. The managers at both houses boast of a good season, and such it must have proved in the early part; but for the last month or two, we are sure the receipts could not cover half the expenses. On several evenings there were not thirty persons in the pit of either house; and the boxes, if not equally thin, were occupied with that class of visitors who pay not. Nor are we surprised that, during such hot weather, when the thermometer was near ninety, persons should absent themselves from the fumes of gas at a play-house; what we are surprised at is, that the managers, with all their absurdity, should, in order to injure the summer theatres, impoverish their own treasury, and dissipate the gains of one part of the season, by playing to empty benches in the other.

English Opera-House.—The new opera of *Broken Promises* is played every night, and increases in attraction.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the press, Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata; to which are added a description of the mines in that country, and an appendix, concerning the occupation of Monte Video by the troops of Brazil and Portugal.

French Translators.—The first door into French of the novel of Waverley translated the *pope's legate* into a *commentator on Pope!* Another Frenchman, finding in Kenilworth the words *Winter's Tale*—the name of one of Shakspeare's plays, translated it *Conte de M. l'Auter*—Mr. Winter's tale!

Evans, a few days ago, sold an entire set of De Bry's Voyages, for one hundred and thirty-five pounds. This copy consisted of twenty-five parts, including the original edition of the Elenchus, and the appendix to Congo. This collection is excessively rare. Thorpe, who bought it, also purchased, for forty-three pounds, an extremely curious French poem, in manuscript, on vellum, with illuminations, written in the middle of the fourteenth century. From a perusal of this poem, we learn that Gillion le Musit, the

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author, was born in 1272, became a monk in 1289, and Abbot of St. Martin's, at Tournay, in 1331. It appears that this celebrated person lost his sight about 1348, but recovered it in 1351, by the aid of Maister Jehen de Meince, who operated on his eyes with a silver needle, when he had attained his 80th year. This is the earliest instance of a practice now much in use, that of *couching* the eyes. An early edition of Horace, printed with Gothic types, without date, place, or name of the printer, sold for twenty pounds.

The celebrated Mazarine Bible, printed on vellum, was purchased on Wednesday by Mr. Perkins, the opulent brewer, for 480 guineas. The Duke of Sussex bought the Latin Bible, in two vols., without date, place, or name of the printer, but undoubtedly from the press of Ulric Zell, for 44 guineas; likewise the Latin Bible, printed at Nuremberg, by Frisner et Sensenschmin, 1475, for 481. Mr. Thorpe purchased the excessively-rare Latin Bible, in two vols., without signatures, date, place, or name of the printer, but certainly one of the earliest and noblest productions of the press of Mentelin, and printed before 1466, for 180 guineas. Mr. Thorpe also bought the original drawings by Francis Grose, most of which have been engraved for the antiquities, for 100 guineas.

A farmer of Slippeback, in Moravia, has just invented a new plough, drawn by a single horse, which makes three furrows at a time. The Society of Sciences of Vienna have rewarded him with a gold medal.

Voyage of Discovery.—A commission, nominated by Baron Millius, Governor of French Guyana, which had set out to explore the sources of the Oyapock and the Maroni, returned on the 24th of January last; and though a variety of circumstances have prevented the completion of its object, yet it proceeded a considerable distance from the mouth of the river Oyapock, and has entered into an alliance with the tribe of the Oyampis. Ounanica, the chief of this tribe, had sealed this union with an oath of fidelity to the King of France. M. Bodin, commander of the French expedition, invested him with the uniform and insignia of captain; and, during this ceremony, the French flag was hoisted by Ounanica, who gave a fête upon the occasion, enlivened by dancing, and at which there was no want of ouicchiri (a fermented beverage). The tribe of Oyampis is composed of about 6000 individuals, and is not far from that of the Emerillons, which is also very numerous. Among the useful things which were brought by Baron Milius, is some cotton, cultivated by the Oyampis, which is extremely beautiful, and is said to be much superior to that of Cayenne, and even of Pernambuco. In a great part of its course the Oyapock is barred by cataracts and waterfalls, which, in some places are at an immense elevation: one of these cataracts is five hundred feet long, and eighty high. M. Bodin has brought back a branch of a tree called the galibis or carouachi, the leaf of which is a mortal poison. The difficulty which the Indians raised to Monsieur Bodin taking this away, led him to believe that it is with the sap of this vegetable that they poison their arrows. Ounanica accompanied the expedition as far as Camopi; and Macarayon, another chief, confided his son, a youth, to M. Bodin, who brought him to Cayenne. The Abbé Fournier, while with the Oyampis, baptized forty-nine children. The relations which will be established between this and the French colony is not the only advantage likely to be derived from this expedition.

There was lately found, in the parish of Cambusnethan, two Denarii of the Emperors Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, that of Hadrian a finely-finished head, with the inscription, 'HADRIANVS AVG. COS. III. PP.' On the reverse, a winged female figure, with an olive branch in the left hand extended, the right hand pointing to the breast, with the inscription 'VOTORIA.' This Emperor began his reign A.D. 117. That of Antoninus has a finely-executed head. He appears to be very aged, with a long beard, divided into two points at the bottom. Inscription, 'ANTONINVS AVG.' From the silver not meeting the dye, the rest of the inscription on this side is partly illegible. On the reverse is a female figure, sitting, with a balance in her right hand, the cornucopia in her left, and the trident at her side, with the inscription, 'V. COS. III. P.P. TRP. XXII. IMP.' The Emperor began his reign, A.D. 138. They are both of the finest silver, and in as good condition as when coined.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

The Imperial Russian frigate, Kruizer, of 44 guns, commanded by Captain Lazaroff, arrived at Spithead, from the North Pacific Ocean, and a visit to the Russian Settlements on the north-west coast of America, a few days ago. This ship sailed from Spithead in November, 1822, with a government storeship in company—proceeded to Rio Janeiro, Van Dieman's Land (and was the first Russian flag that ever visited that quarter), Otaheite, and Port Francisco, in California, at which latter place she and her consort landed a large quantity of stores. They then proceeded to Mount Edgecome Sound (a harbour in the vicinity of Cook's inlet), where the Russians have a garrison, and a trading furpost. The Kruizer, in her homeward passage, made a few trifling surveys, but effected no discoveries; she did not go to the northward of 57. She again touched at California, and made her passage thence to Rio Janeiro in 92 days, and in 72 days from Rio to Spithead, on her way to St. Petersburg.

Unicorn in Africa.—Mr. Rüppell, now in the interior of Africa, writes to a friend in Germany, that a native spontaneously mentioned that there was an animal, which he had seen, in Africa, about the size of a cow, with a long straight horn growing from its forehead. In the female of the species the horn was deficient.

To make the ancient Persian Ink.—Take of lamp-black and vitriol equal parts, the weight of both of fine galls, and the weight of all three of gum-arabic cleared from all dirt and grit. Pulverize the above, and triturate on a marble slab for six minutes gradually, mixing water till of proper consistence to write with, and you will have the finest and most durable ink in the world.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A particular Disappointment.—Soon after the bronze statue was erected in Hyde Park, which caused at the time so much scandal to a certain class of moralists, whose feelings of delicacy were much shocked at such an abomination, and who, accordingly, expressed their indignation in scurrilous language and caricatures, the following dialogue took place on the very spot, by two *ladies*, whom the novelty had attracted to the *terra incognita* of the park:—'And so, Betty Mullins, you too be come all this way to have a look at this here *statter!*' 'Yes, Nan, and I am quite particularly disappointed, I assure you.' 'Why, us a fine strapping *fegger*, that's *sartain!*' 'Yes,—but Betty, I came toiling up here because I was told it was quite *undasant*, and not at all fit to be seen; and now I find that it is not *undasant* at all; and they who say as how it be, don't know what *undasancy* means.'

Prussian Statistics.—In the Annals of M. Campy there are the following details for the year 1817, which are somewhat curious:—Pomerania is first as to morality; and there, out of four thousand seven hundred and sixty persons, there is only one criminal. On the contrary, in the towns of Dusseldorf, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Munster, there is one criminal out of four hundred persons. For six thousand four hundred and thirty-two persons in Pomerania, there was only one thief; and only one for three thousand persons in Eastern Prussia and Silesia; while in Treves and Coblentz there was one for every eight hundred; and in Dusseldorf, Aix-la-Chapelle, and the country round Munster, there was one in four hundred. When there are most holidays, there are most robberies; but other crimes are not so frequent. At Aix-la-Chapelle and at Cologne, only one assassin is found in sixty thousand persons; in Saxony, one in thirty-five thousand; while, in the country round Marienwerder, there is one in every twenty-five thousand. In Cleves there is an assassin in every *circle*, while there is only one in the whole district of Stetten.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	12 o'clock Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom. 8 o'clock.	Weather
July 15	81	84	72	30 05	Fair.
.... 16	70	83	68	.. 25	Do.
.... 17	70	83	70	.. 28	Do.
.... 18	70	86	72	.. 25	Do.
.... 19	72	89	69	.. 25	Do.
.... 20	67	80	64	.. 34	Do.
.... 21	62	69	55	.. 26	Do.

Works published since our last notice.—Baron de Stael's Letters on England, 8vo 10s 6d—The Troubadour and other Poems, by E. E. L. 12mo. 10s 6d—Odes and Addresses, Second Edition, 3s. 6d—Theory and Practice of Warming and Ventilating Public Buildings, 8vo. 20 plates, 18s.—Historical and Literary Tour in England and Scotland, 2 vols. 1l. 8s.—Matilda, a Tale of the Day, 10s. 6d.—O'Hara, 3 vols. 16s.—Manchester Socinian Controversy, 3s.—Hayley's Perspective, 8vo. 12s.—Holland's Family Receipt Book, 4s.—Fraser's Journey to Khorasan, 4to. 3l. 3s.—Kemp's St. Martin's at Work, 6d.—Wilbraham on Syphilis, 7s. 6d.—Unlocks's New Jury Law, 12mo. 3s.

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £10,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'Clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor.

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No. 324. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 907. London, 1825. Saunders and Otley.

We had scarcely finished the work of one French author on England,—that of Baron Dupin, when the Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner presented itself to our notice, and demanded our inspection. The Baron, whose book we had just dismissed, devotes his attention to the progress of the useful arts in England; but the author of the volumes before us neglects them, as he acknowledges, for the inspirations of the British muse; this, however, we should scarcely say, for he does glance at them incidentally, as will be seen by the following extract from his preface:—

'I cannot, indeed, pronounce which view, during my tour, attracted most of my admiration; the vast and splendid chateaux—such as that of the Earl of Lonsdale, where ancient hospitality is found connected with modern luxury—or the enormous London brewhouses, the stables of which, contain hundreds of horses, worthy of ranking, on the score of size, with those of the King of Brobdignag, and the colossal steam machinery of which supersedes the united power of a thousand workmen. One is legitimately astonished to see matter, thus endowed with an almighty energy, performing labours which fabulous antiquity would have shrunk from ascribing to the vigour of the god of strength himself. The exaggeration of eastern fairy tale is surpassed by the actual prodigy of mountains levelled into roads; of canals which multiply the communications between cities and sea coasts; of rivers suspended by aerial aqueducts over the most impracticable eminences; of bridges which protract their airy forms into the sea in order to supply means of prompt disembarkation to the approaching ship. In short, the tranquil lakes of old Scotland already behold their hitherto undisturbed expanse traversed from shore to shore, by those clacking steam-boats, the first of which would have been classed, by the superstitions of a preceding age, among the monsters of Caledonian mythology.'

It is, however, to literature and literary men that our author devotes his principal attention; and his knowledge of the one, and intercourse with the other, aided by a liberal mind, has enabled him to give a very interesting picture of both.

The author visited England during, as he says, 'the viziership of Lord Castlereagh, whose fatal influence prolonged its duration for some time under the administration of Mr. Canning.' He freely censures the policy of the former, and praises that of the latter statesman; though attached to monarchy, he is liberal in his opinions, loving liberty, without adopting its dogmas. He expresses himself freely on all subjects; and if his opinions are not always correct, they have at least the merit of honesty. He touches upon almost every subject. When in town, he seems to have gone everywhere, and seen everything; and, in the country, the same locomotive and inquisitive spirit attended him. By this means he has collected a great body of information, of a highly interesting character, interspersed with original views and opinions of men and things. The work is written in a series of letters to the author's friends; but private and personal details are omitted, and the ordinary formulas of the epistolary style are dispensed with. The work does not appear to be a translation, but written in English, and if so, the author writes the language well; a few gallicisms, and the misprinting of a few proper names, are, however, to be met with. The author is well acquainted with English history, and he mixes historical remarks with his topographical descriptions; an early instance of this occurs in his fourth letter, where, noticing Canterbury cathedral, he gives us an account of Thomas-à-Becket. The fifth letter brings the author to town, and we find him presenting a sort of *coup-d'œil* of the metropolis and the surrounding country, as well as of English society. So intimately does the author appear acquainted with England, that each place brings with it some association or recollection; thus Holland-house reminds him of Addison, and Addison of the Spectator, and this of Steele and Stepney, where we find the following just remarks on epitaphs:—

'The recollection of the principal writer of the Spectator, directs my thoughts to Stepney, whose old church is surrounded by tombstones, the singular epitaphs on which have been noticed by Steele. The village poets of the present day are not more sensible of the memory of the dead, and the humble gravestone is doomed to record their compositions. In this respect Paris can claim no advantage over London, for even in our most superior burial grounds the monumental marble, exhibits the dull or ludicrous expressions of vanity, rather than the effusions of grief. Epitaphs really form a part of the literature of a people; indeed some ages of the world have transmitted to us no other historical monuments than tombs. If literary censorship be good at all, certainly it would be but just to exercise it in favour of those whom death consigns to the ridicule excited by vulgar encomium. The epitaph is a part of the sacred worship of the dead; why then should it not be subjected to the rules of decorum, like funeral ceremonies? Calumny and slander are generally buried in the grave; why then should we be flattered by the ignorance or affectation of friends or even strangers? Would we not consign to oblivion the revered names of a parent or benefactor, rather than expose them to ridicule? In England, an epitaph frequently consists merely of a verse of scripture, which perhaps, after all, is most appropriate to the tomb of a Christian. One of the most affecting traditions revived by Sir Walter Scott, is that of the presbyterian, Old Mortality, who visits burial grounds, to retrace the obliterated names of the martyrs of his faith, and the holy attributes which adorn their gravestones. It would doubtless have cost him a pang of regret to have rescued from oblivion, the decaying monuments of his brethren, had their claims on his pious recollection been recorded by doggrel verses and grotesque emblems.'

In noticing the architecture of the metropolis, which the author does much in detail, he observes, truly, that the great buildings of London are so badly situated, that one is entrapped into a denial of their existence. He freely censures the monuments in St. Paul's, on account of their introducing the idols of paganism, and asks, 'Why is this magnificent temple encumbered with the tombs of men who, when living, claimed no distinctions save those which wealth conferred?' But this is not the case. It was not on account of their wealth that monuments were erected in St. Paul's to a Johnson, a Jones, or a Howard; and certainly a Nelson, a Howe, a Cornwallis, a Moore, and an Abercrombie, when living, claimed other distinctions than those which wealth conferred. We, however, condemn, with the author, the rapacity of the Dean and Chapter, in demanding £600 or £1000 for the privilege of erecting a monument within the walls of the cathedral. Our author visited Westminster Abbey at the same time as M. de Chateaubriand, whom he eulogizes. In an account of the British Museum, we find the following anecdote, which, though not new, is curious. Speaking of Mr. Payne Knight, the author says:—

'Some years previously, Mr. Knight had purchased an antique cameo representing Flora. For this he paid £250, the sum at which he estimated the horse's head in the Elgin gallery, a precious monument of art, and the object which I must confess most forcibly struck me when I visited the collection in the British Museum. As long as the dominion of Bonaparte, interrupted the communication between England and the

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continent, Mr. Knight's Flora was regarded as authentic; but on the establishment of peace, an Italian artist, Signor Petrucci, came to England, and discovered that the pretended cameo was a modern production. This Mr. Knight denied; but Petrucci persisted in his assertion; and the amateur became furiously indignant. At length Petrucci was forced, in self defence, to confess what he has since attested on oath before a magistrate, that he himself executed the *antique cameo*, which he sold for the sum of twenty scudi to Signor Borelli, of whom Mr. Payne Knight had been lucky enough to purchase it for £250!'

Our author notices all the most eminent sculptors and painters in England, and appears duly to appreciate their relative merits and schools. Of Wilkie, he says,—

'In England, rural pictures are in general confined to domestic subjects. Among the painters who are most distinguished in this department, Allan alone has attempted history. Wilkie and Mulready confine themselves to subjects of common life. Wilkie's style must not be confounded with the imitation of the Flemish school in general, nor even with that of Teniers; though the title of the *Scotch Teniers* has occasionally been applied to Wilkie. He is not fond of exercising his pencil on the burlesque orgies of the tavern, the gross scenes of the guard-house, or the filthy and tattered garb of beggary. There is always a touch of caricature in the pictures of the Flemish masters. The heroes of the Dutch school produce a laugh, because they are buffoons; Wilkie's characters only excite a smile, because they are true to nature. Wilkie's domestic scenes deserve to be as popular as the history of the Vicar of Wakefield. His interiors, compared with historical pictures, are what Goldsmith's novel is to the pompous recitals of the epic muse. Teniers, who was endowed with great facility of talent, produced a vast number of works; but if Wilkie has produced less, it is because he is select in his choice, while Teniers never shrunk from any subject whatever. Wilkie's pictures are at once remarkable for simplicity and correct drawing; but, perhaps, owing to this very correctness, we do not always find the freedom of touch and freshness of colour which distinguish the pictures of Teniers. The latter frequently brings out only one striking trait of the countenance: but Wilkie expresses every little gesture of his figures. The works of the latter have been so multiplied by engravings, that it would be superfluous to describe here the moral and dramatic pictures of *The Reading of the Will*, *The Village Politicians*, *The Rent-Day*, &c. It is difficult to say whether these highly-original productions are most worthy of admiration for their general effect, or the exquisite finish of their details. Every time we look at one of Wilkie's pictures, we discover some object which we had not seen, or had not sufficiently observed before, but which is, nevertheless, perfectly in its place. Even when all his figures are animated by the same sentiment, what variety of expression does he display! There are some sensations which Wilkie has succeeded in portraying, and which, perhaps, no other painter would so much as attempt; as, for example, sneezing, and the mingled feeling of pain and alarm, unaccompanied by grimace, which is evinced by the child in *The Cat Finger*. It is curious to visit Wilkie's painting-room, when he is arranging his materials for a new picture. He procures a box of a size corresponding with that of the picture he is about to commence; and he places within it chairs, tables, and every minute article of furniture, according to the rank of the character he intends introducing into his picture. He then arranges in this miniature apartment a group of little manikins, and closes the door, having contrived an aperture through which his eye commands a full view of the interior.'

From English artists, our author proceeds to English society, the state of the drama, critiques on authors and actors, preachers, lawyers, &c. Of the Rev. Mr. Irving, he gives a striking portrait:—

'In spite of the exaggerated and declamatory tone, which has become so fashionable in literature, the inhabitants of London remain satisfied with preachers, whose reputation seldom extends beyond the limits of their respective flocks. Lately, indeed, there has risen up one who has made a noise, and who seems likely to fix the public attention for a considerable time. I very much fear, however, that Mr. Irving is calculated only to *make a noise*. He is a presbyterian preacher, who has recently come from Scotland, exclaiming, like Jonas, that Nineveh had offended the Lord. But, preferring a literary to a popular success, the Scottish Jonas addresses himself to the great characters of the day. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, all in their turn, come under the lash of his animadversions; and the Caledonian chapel is alternately a tribunal and an athenæum. Mr. Irving has frequently surprised his hearers, by mingling passages from Shakspeare with quotations from the Bible. The poet-laureate and Lord Byron have both been summoned before this ecclesiastical tribunal; the one, as a profane flatterer of worldly power, the other, as an impious Goliah, against whom the sling of David had kept a stone in reserve. The erotic school of Thomas Moore has been denounced as a sect of worshippers of the Cyprian goddess. Princes of the blood, ministers of state, men of fashion, orators, and authors, crowd together to hear themselves apostrophised by this missionary, who looks very much as if he had escaped, like Macbriar, from the massacre of Bothwell Bridge. Only imagine the effect of a denunciatory harangue, issuing from the sonorous lungs of a puritanical Sampson (for Mr. Irving is more than six feet high), and accompanied by the threatening action of an arm vigorous enough, like that of the son of Manuel, to shake the columns of the temple. His style of oratory is unequal, and is characterised by sudden bursts of expression. His exaggeration and emphasis appear natural, accompanied, as they are, by physical energy, and the tremendous expression of his countenance. Mr. Irving has produced effect; yet he has gained no proselytes. He is a fashionable preacher, but not an edifying one. He has laid himself open to the censure of the reviews, by mingling profane with sacred literature; and critical analysis has reduced his discourses to incorrect and tedious circumlocutions, sharpened by satire or menace. A few bursts of sublimity occasionally reveal the talent of Irving; but he instantly compromises his dignity by trivial allusions. His enthusiasm partakes of the artifice of a rhetorician; his delivery is that of an actor, rather than a Peter the Hermit. He certainly will not form a sect; and he will lose all his popularity, when the temporary astonishment he has excited wears away.

'At the same time, it would be no difficult matter to justify Mr. Irving's panegyrists by quotations. A selection of fragments from his discourses would give a high idea of his talent for narrative, description, &c. He might often be advantageously opposed to Bishop Taylor, if it were not forbidden, in the nineteenth century, to combine the defects of Taylor with his beauties.'

Without confining ourselves to any strict order, we shall accompany our author, *per saltum*, to Scotland, where we find him mingling with Sir Walter Scott and the literati of the Modern Athens. Alluding to Burns, James Hogg, and Scotch morality, he says:—

'The Scotch greatly eulogize the grave demeanour of their peasants; their severe morals, and their religious enthusiasm, resulting from their daily perusal of the Bible, which imparts occasionally to their language an oriental colouring. This character, which is a relic of puritan austerity, is no slight constituent of the tiresome dignity, or reserve of some of the Edinburgh drawing-rooms. I have not yet been enabled sufficiently to study the aspect which it imparts to the families of the farmers' labourers, and of the little domestic establishments of the hamlets; but it is worthy commemoration, that the poets sprung from the class of Scotch peasantry, have constituted personification of very opposite manners and ideas. Burns did not seek for an asylum against his misfortunes in religion. The last days of his life exhibit him in the act of trying to drown his recollection in orgies, which were finally fatal; and James Hogg is quoted as the most decided whiskey drinker throughout Scotland. The Presbyterian bigots treat Burns as an infidel, and I have heard them murmur, that Mr. Hogg, as a poet, is sometimes a little too profane. Their chosen laureat is Graham, the pious author of the Sabbath, to whom I shall subsequently refer. It is but just to add, that Mr. Hogg has only become amenable in his poetry since the reputation of his first poems attracted him to Edinburgh. His youth was that of a shepherd, living a life of solitude and contemplation with his flock and his muses—that is to say, with the fairies; which no poet of Scotland, from the time of Thomas of Erceldoune, has depicted with so many fascinations. It was this pastoral life, passed upon his native mountains,—a life of tranquillity and reflection, far from the bustle of the world;—which familiarised James Hogg betimes with all the imagery of material nature, the various incidental sp-

pearances of which, in the rural landscape before his eyes, varying as they did with the hours of the day and night, and the difference of the seasons, modified the variable form in his imagination. The local spots where he first became a poet, appeared to him like the friends of his solitude, and the remembrance of the stories told to his early infancy, assisted him in peopling them with the invisible beings of popular tradition. At that time he was probably ignorant even of the existence of Oxford and Cambridge; still more of the mythology of Athens and Rome, taught in those colleges. It was, in short, this contemplative life which explains why James Hogg was so long ignorant of men, and succeeded better in depicting simple and tender emotions than the passions, and imaginary beings than historical personages. When he aspired to imitate Sir W. Scott in novel writing, he failed. An allusion to some actual fact, or some historical name, is not out of place in his poetry; but he is unable to amuse the heart of a Claverhouse or a Burley.'

Our author called on Mr. Constable, the bookseller, whom he thought, perhaps, to decoy into a sight of the MSS. of the Scottish novels:—

'I requested Mr. Constable to show me some MS. of Sir Walter Scott, reminding him that he had promised, among the rest, to let me see that of Marmion. Unfortunately he had lent it the evening before. He showed me an ancient receipt book of George Heriot, whose memoirs he has just published. He was, moreover, going to show me some manuscript sheets of the author of Waverley; but he, no doubt, feared committing an imprudence, and found an ingenious Scotch evasion to elude the request.

'Mr. Constable made the following calculation in round numbers of the sale of the Scotch novels, from the earliest down to Peveril of the Peak; they compose forty-six volumes in English, which cost, upon an average, 500 francs; twenty thousand copies of each novel have issued from the house of the publisher, amounting to 10,000,000 francs. Out of this sum Mr. Constable has paid the author 1,500,000 francs for copyright since 1814.

'The first edition of each novel amounts to ten thousand copies. Then come the reprints, and the additions to the complete sets in various shapes.

'Sir Walter Scott has recently received a thousand guineas for the little poem of Halidon Hill alone. His poems, which have sold as well as his novels, have produced him nearly a million of francs. His biographies, his periodical contributions, his prefaces, his commentaries, have not been lost pages in point of profit. In fine, it may be calculated, that there are in the trade more than twenty millions (francs) worth of printed paper bearing the name of Walter Scott, without calculating the translations into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Polish, &c. If the paper manufacturers do not some day erect a statue to the Scotch novelist, they are very ungrateful.'

(To be continued.)

Faustus: his Life, Death, and Descent into Hell. Translated from the German. 12mo. pp. 251. London, 1825.

This work is a very severe satire—can we call it libel?—on human nature. The author looks altogether to the dark side of the picture, and seems to think that, in order to satiate ambition or gratify sensual passions, mankind will stick at nothing. The pictures of society which Leviathan, the devil, exhibits to Faustus, may not be without their prototype; but still, instances of such deep depravity, like earthquakes, are not of frequent occurrence, and are not to be considered as giving a correct picture of nature in general. Many of the scenes have a strikingly verisimilitude in real life, though some of them are revoltingly-disgusting and indelicate: this is the more to be regretted, as there is a caustic humour runs through the work, which is likely to make a reader not discard it on slight grounds. The author is not one of those mentally-enslaved Germans the Emperor of Austria would wish to have for a subject; he ventures to think for himself, and, under the mask of exhibiting the creations of Satan, gives a very unfavourable, but in too many instances correct, picture of the worst parts of our nature. However, mayors prostituting their wives for a title, hermits ready to commit murder in order to gratify their lusts, feudal lords destroying villages and the inhabitants in revenge for an infringement of the game laws, and many other atrocities, which are here attributed to mankind, are, thank Heaven, occurrences so much out of the pale of ordinary actions, as to be viewed with horror by mankind. With these remarks, we shall introduce our author to the reader: that he is a keen observer and powerful writer every one must admit, and there are more original conceptions in this little duodecimo than are often to be met with in a dozen bulky quartos. Some of the most piquant passages, for certain reasons, cannot be transferred to our pages, and we go pretty far in introducing the following from the description of an infernal banquet:

'Already the monstrous vaults of hell resounded with the wild cries of the fiendish populace, while myriads seated themselves upon the scorched ground. The princes then stepped forth, and commanded silence to the multitude, whilst Satan heard the intelligence, brought by his envoys from the upper world. The devils obeyed, and a death-like stillness prevailed amid the thick misty darkness, interrupted only by the groans of the damned. In the mean time, the slaves of the fiends—shades, who are neither worthy of happiness nor damnation—prepared the immeasurable tables for the banquet, and they deserved to be under the thraldom of such a task. When they were yet in flesh and blood, and ate the fruits of the earth, they were of that equivocal kind, who seem the friends of all men, and yet are the friends of none; whose tongues continually prattle of the noble precepts of virtue, which they feel not in their hearts; who only abstain from evil, because it is accompanied by danger, and from doing good, because it requires courage and self-denial; who traffic with religion, and, like avaricious Jews, lay out their capital at interest, for the purpose of securing a comfortable birth for their miserable souls; and who worship God from fear, and tremble before him like slaves.

'The devils, who, to say the truth, are no better masters than the Polish, Livonian, and Hungarian nobility, drove them about in hell at a furious rate. Others were sweating in the infernal kitchen, and cooking the meal for their haughty lords; an unpleasant service for a soul, which had once supported its own human body by eating and drinking. For, although the devils originally neither ate nor drank, yet they have learned from men the custom of celebrating every solemnity by means of the glass and platter, and, on such occasions, they feast on souls. The general of each legion (for hell is arranged on a military footing, and in this respect resembles every despotic government, or rather every despotic government in this respect resembles hell) chooses a certain number of damned souls as food for his subalterns. These are delivered over to the slaves, who stew, broil, and baste them with hellish sauce. It frequently happens that those wretches have to stick their own wives, daughters, fathers, sons, or brothers, upon the spits, and to keep up the purgatorial fire beneath them: a truly horrible and tragic employment, rendered yet more so, since their overseer, a capricious devil, like all understrappers of great lords, stands behind them with a whip, in order to expedite the work. On the present occasion, two popes, a conqueror, a celebrated philosopher, and a recently canonized saint, were intended to feast the palates of Satan, his viziers, and his favourites. Abundance of fresh victuals had just arrived for the common people. The pope had a little time before set by the ears two armies of French, Italians, Spaniards, and Germans, in order to fish up in the tumult certain districts, to add to the patrimony of St. Peter. They fought like heroes, and fell by thousands into hell. What happiness would it be for the souls, intended for these devilish repasts, if they were thereby to find an end to their torments; but no sooner are they swallowed, digested, and returned piecemeal into the pools of hell, than they are regenerated, and arise to become the patients of new suffering.'

Our next extract shall be of a less grave and awful character; it is a good-natured satire on over-strained theories of physiognomy and craniology, in the portrait of a monk who formed the design of physiognomically dissecting the master-piece of creation, and of allotting to him his interior qualities by means of his exterior appearance:—

'Our monk did not confine his researches to man alone, for he descended to the more ignoble beasts of the earth, allotted to them their qualities by examining their faces and the structure of their bodies, and imagined that he had made a wonderful discovery when he proved—from the mighty claws, the teeth, and the aspect of the lion, and from the tender, light fabric of the hare—why the lion was not a hare, and the hare a lion. He was strangely surprised that he had succeeded in pointing out so clearly the appropriate and unalterable signs of brute nature, and to

be able to apply them to man, although society has so much accustomed the latter to mask his features, that they are rarely to be seen in their primitive state. Not satisfied with these triumphs, our monk descended even into the kingdoms of the dead, tore skulls from the graves, and the bones of animals from the mock-beaps; and showed his visitors why the dead were dead; and, from their bones, how it was impossible that they should be otherwise than dead. In a word, he proved clearly, and unanswerably, that death never yet came without a cause.

'The devil was well aware of the general infatuation, and perceived that, while he and Faustus sat at dinner in the common apartment, some of the company, and even the innkeeper himself, were surveying them with the utmost attention, and were communicating to each other, in whispers, the result of their observations, and showing the profiles which they had secretly taken. The fame of the wonderful monk had long since reached the ears of Faustus, but he had hitherto paid so little attention to it, that he now hardly knew what to make of these signs and whisperings. When they arrived in the market-place, they were surprised by a new and extraordinary spectacle. This report was the true school for physiognomists. Every one there could single out his man, lay his visage upon the balance, and weigh out the powers of his mind. Some stood gazing at horses, asses, goats, swine, dogs, and sheep; others held between their fingers, spiders, butterflies, grasshoppers, and other insects; and endeavoured to ascertain what their instinct might be from an attentive survey of their exterior. Some were employed in judging, from the weight of jaw-bones, or the sharpness of teeth, to what animals they belonged. But, when Faustus and the devil advanced among them, each man desisted from his occupations, and began to cry out: "What a nose! what eyes! what a searching glance! what a soft and beautiful curve of the chin! what strength! what intuition! what penetration! what a clean-made figure! what a vigorous and majestic gait! what strength of limb! how uniform and harmonious is his whole frame!" "I would give I know not what for the autographs of the gentlemen," said a weaver, "in order that I might judge, by their letters, of the quickness of their thoughts." The devil happening to knit his brows from impatience of this folly, one of the physiognomists instantly said, "The internal force of the lion, which the gentleman possesses, has been aroused by some external provocation, or some trifling thought."'

Black as some of the transactions attributed to mankind are, in this volume, they are not all imaginary, but many of them real facts: such are the anecdotes (however gross) of the French court in the reign of Louis XI., of modern Rome, of Cæsar Borgia, and others. The devil possesses the power, not only of transporting Faustus where he pleases, but of bringing the events of remote ages before him, and conducts him to England at the time that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, is making his way to the crown through blood. The character given of the English by the devil is dreadfully severe; and it will be seen, by the continuation of the extract, from what portions of history his satanic majesty draws his inferences. Speaking of the English, he says:—

'These people will groan for a time beneath the yoke of despotism; they will then sacrifice one of their kings upon the scaffold of freedom, in order that they may sell themselves to his successors for gold and titles. In hell there is very little respect paid to these globmy islanders, who would suck the marrow from all the putrid carcasses in the universe, if they thought to find gold in the bones. They boast of their morality, and despise all other nations, yet if you were to place what you call virtue in one scale, and vice, with twopence, in the other, they would forget their morality, and pocket the money. They talk of their honour and integrity, but never enter into a treaty, but with a firm resolution of breaking it, as soon as a farthing is to be gained by so doing. After death, they inhabit the most pestilential marsh of the kingdom of darkness, and their souls are scourged without mercy. None of the other damned will have any communication with them. If the inhabitants of the continent could do without sugar and coffee, the sons of proud England would soon return to the state in which they were when Julius Cæsar, Canute of Denmark, or William the Conqueror, did them the honour to invade their island.

'*Faustus.*—For a devil, thou knowest history passably well.

'Hereupon he led him to Milan, where they saw the Duke Galeas Sforza murdered on St. Stephen's-day in the cathedral. Faustus previously heard the assassins loudly beseeching St. Stephen and St. Ambrose to inspire them with the courage necessary for so noble a deed.

'In Florence, the seat of the Muses, they saw the nephew of the great Cosmo, the father of his country, murdered in the church of Santa Reparata, at the altar, just at the moment when the priest raised the host in his hands; for the Archbishop of Florence, Salviati, had informed the murderers, that this was to be the signal. He had been bribed to assist in this enterprise by the pope, who was determined to annihilate the Medicis, in order to rule sole sovereign in Italy.

'In the north of Europe, they saw wild barbarians, and drunken ruffians, murdering and pillaging like the more civilized Europeans. In Spain, they found upon the throne deceit and hypocrisy, wearing the mask of religion. They saw, at an auto-da-fé, men and women immolated in the flames to the mild God of the Christians; and they heard the grand inquisitor, Torquemada, boast to Ferdinand and Isabella that, since the establishment of the holy tribunal, it had tried eighty thousand suspected persons, and had burnt six thousand convicted heretics. When Faustus first saw the ladies and cavaliers assembled in the grand square, dressed in their richest habits, he imagined that he had come just in time for some joyous festival; but, when he heard the condemned wretches howling and lamenting in the midst of a mob of monks, who were praising God, he was convinced that religion, when misused, makes man the most execrable monster on the earth. He, however, began to imagine, that all these horrors were the necessary consequences of man's nature, who is an animal that must either tear his fellow-creatures to pieces, or be torn to pieces by them.'

We dare not accompany Faustus and his guardian further, having done enough to show that this is a most extraordinary and a very clever work,—which lashes the vices of mankind with the most unsparing severity.

A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Scriptures alone.

(Concluded from p. 467.)

We now resume our notice of a work which, we are sure, will excite an unusual interest among theologians, and, we doubt not, call forth a host of polemical critics on what they will call the heterodoxy of Milton: to those gentlemen we leave the work, contenting ourselves with describing it to our readers, and giving a few extracts.

There is a very interesting chapter 'On the time for divine worship; wherein are considered, the sabbath, Lord's-day, and festivals.' With regard to the time of public worship, what this was before the law does not appear; but the command to the Israelites to observe it was given for various reasons, which Milton enumerates:—first, as a memorial of God's having completed the work of creation on the seventh day; secondly, because God was pleased, by this distinguishing mark, to separate the Israelites from other nations; thirdly, that the slaves and cattle might enjoy a respite from labour; fourthly, in remembrance of their liberation from Egypt; and, fifthly, as a shadow or type of things to come. The author thus proceeds:—

'Since, then, the sabbath was originally an ordinance of the Mosaic law, since it was given to the Israelites alone, and that for the express purpose of distinguishing them from other nations, it follows that, if (as was shown in the former book) those who live under the Gospel are emancipated from the ordinances of the law in general, least of all can they be considered as bound by that of the sabbath, the distinction being abolished which was the special cause of its institution. It was for asserting this in precept, and enforcing it by example, that Christ incurred the heavy censure of the Pharisees; John ix. 16, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the sabbath-day. Gal. iv. 9, 10, How turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. Col. ii. 16, 17, Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days. If it be contended that it is only the septennial, and not the seventh-day sabbath, which is said by Paul to be abrogated, I reply, first, that no exception is here made; and, secondly, that it may as well be contended that baptism is not meant, Heb. vi. 2, on account of the plural noun *baptisms*. Besides, it is certain that the words sabbath

and sabbaths are used indiscriminately of the seventh day; Exod. xxxi. 13, 14; Isai. lvi. 2, 4, 6. Whoever, therefore, denies that, under the words of the apostle, in respect of an holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days, the sabbath of the fourth commandment is comprehended, may as well deny that it is spoken of, 2 Cron. ii. 4, or viii. 13, or xxxi. 3, from which passages the words of Paul seem to be taken.

'The law of the sabbath being thus repealed, that no particular day of worship has been appointed in its place is evident from the same apostle; Rom. xiv. 5, One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike: let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. For since, as was observed above, no particular place is designated, under the Gospel, for the public worship of God, there seems no reason why time, the other circumstance of worship should be more defined. If Paul had not intended to intimate the abolition of all sabbaths whatever, and of all sanctification of one day above another, he would not have added, in the following verse, He that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. For how does he not regard the day to the Lord, if there be any commandment still in force by which a particular day, whether the sabbath or any other, is to be observed?

'It remains to be seen on what they ground their opinion, who maintain that the Lord's-day is to be observed as set apart for public worship by divine institution, in the nature of a new sabbath. It is urged, first, that God rested on the seventh day: this is true, and with reason, inasmuch as he had finished a great work, the creation of Heaven and earth: if, then, we are bound to imitate him in his rest, without any command to that effect (and none has yet been produced), we are equally bound to imitate his work, according to the fable of Prometheus of old; for rest implies previous labour. They rejoin, that God hallowed that day. Doubtless he hallowed it, as touching himself, for on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed—Exod. xxxi. 17; but not as touching us, unless he had added an express commandment to that effect; for it is by the precepts, not by the example, even of God himself, that we are bound. They affirm again, that the sabbath was observed previously to the Mosaic law. This is asserted with more confidence than probability; even if it were so, however (a point as to which we are altogether ignorant), it is equally certain that sacrificial rites, and distinctions between things clean and unclean, and other similar observances, were in force during the same period, which, nevertheless, are not classed among moral duties.

'They urge, however, that the celebration of the sabbath was subsequently ordained by the fourth commandment. This is true, as regards the seventh day; but how does this apply to the first day? If, on the plea of a divine command, they impose upon us the observance of a particular day, how do they presume, without the authority of a divine command, to substitute another day in its place? or, in other words, to pronounce that not merely the seventh day, which was appointed for the observation of the Israelites alone, but any one of the seven, may, even on the authority of the fourth commandment itself, be kept holy; and that this is to be accounted an article of moral duty among all nations.

'In the first place, I do not see how this assertion can be established; for it is impossible to extort such a sense from the words of the commandment, seeing that the reason for which the command itself was originally given, namely, as a memorial of God's having rested from the creation of the world, cannot be transferred from the seventh day to the first; nor can any new motive be substituted in its place, whether the resurrection of our Lord, or any other, without the sanction of a divine commandment. Since, then, it is evident, from more than one passage of Scripture, that the original sabbath is abrogated, and since we are nowhere told that it has been transferred from one day to another, nor is any reason given why it should be so transferred, the church, when she sanctioned a change in this matter, evinced, not her obedience to God's command (inasmuch as the command existed no longer), but her own rightful liberty; for, in any other view, it can only be termed folly. To make any change whatever in a commandment of God, whether we believe that commandment to be still in force or not, is equally dangerous, and equally reprehensible; inasmuch as, in so doing, we are either anmulling what is not yet repealed, or re-enacting what is obsolete. It ought also to be shown what essential principle of morality is involved in the number seven; and why, when released from the obligation of the sabbath, we should still be bound to respect a particular number, possessing no inherent virtue or efficacy. The only moral sabbatical rest which remains for us, under the Gospel, is spiritual and eternal—pertaining to another life rather than in the present; Heb. iv. 9—11, There remained therefore a rest to the people of God; for he that hath entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his: let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief. If, then, the commandment of the sabbath was given to those alone whom God had 'brought out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage,' it is evidently inapplicable to us as Christians; or if, as is contended, it is applicable to us, inasmuch as we have been brought out of the slavery of a spiritual Egypt, the sabbath ought to be such as the deliverance—spiritual and evangelical, not bodily and legal; above all, it ought to be a voluntary, not a constrained observance, lest we should be merely substituting one Egyptian bondage for another; for the spirit cannot be forced. To contend, therefore, that what, under the new dispensation, ought to be our daily employment, has been enjoined as the business of the sabbath exclusively, is to disparage the Gospel worship, and to frustrate rather than enforce the commandments of God.

'It is urged, however, that it is on the fourth commandment that the church relies, as its perpetual authority for the observance of public worship. That public worship is commended, and inculcated as a voluntary duty, even under the Gospel, I allow; but that it is a matter of compulsory enactment, binding on believers, from the authority of this commandment, or of any Sinaitical precept whatever, I deny. With regard to the doctrine of those who consider the decalogue as a code of universal morality, I am at a loss to understand how such an opinion should ever have prevailed, these commandments being evidently nothing more than a summary of the whole Mosaic law, as the fourth, in particular, is of the whole ceremonial law, which, therefore, can contain nothing applicable to the Gospel worship.

'Whether the festival of the Lord's-day (an expression which occurs only once in Scripture, Rev. i. 10.) was weekly or annual, cannot be pronounced with certainty, inasmuch as there is not (as in the case of the Lord's supper) any account of its institution, or command for its celebration, to be found in Scripture. If it was the day of his resurrection, why, we may ask, should this be considered as the Lord's-day in any higher sense than that of his birth, or death, or ascension? why should it be held in higher consideration than the day of the descent of the Holy Spirit? and why should the celebration of the one recur weekly, whereas the commemoration of the others is not necessarily even annual, but remains at the discretion of each believer?

'Neither can the circumstance of Christ's having appeared twice to his disciples on this day (if, indeed, the words After eight days—John xx. 26, are rightly interpreted the eighth day after) be safely adduced in proof of the divine institution of a new sabbath, inasmuch as there can be no doubt that he appeared on other days also; Luke xxiv. 36, and John xxi. 3, 4, Peter said unto them, I go a-fishing, which was not lawful on the sabbath; so that the day following, on the morning of which Christ appeared, could not have been the first day of the week. Even supposing, however, that it had been so, still the assigning this as a reason for the institution of a new sabbath is matter solely of human inference, since no commandment on this subject, nor any reason for such institution, is found in all Scripture.

'From commandments, of which we have proved the non-existence, we pass to examples, although no example can weaken the force of a contrary precept. We shall proceed, however, to prove, that what are adduced as examples are not such in reality. First, then, with regard to Acts xx. 7, where it is related that the disciples dwelling at Troas 'came together to break bread upon the first day of the week,' who shall determine with certainty whether this was a periodical meeting, or only held occasionally, and of their own accord; whether it was a religious festival, or a fraternal meal; whether a special assembly, convoked on that particular day, or a daily meeting, like those recorded in chap. ii. 42, compared with v. 46; lastly, whether this meeting was held

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by order of the apostles, or whether it was merely permitted by them in compliance with the popular custom, according to their frequent practice on other occasions?

'The inference deduced from 1 Cor. xvi. 2, is equally unsatisfactory; for what the apostle is here enjoining, is not the celebration of the Lord's day, but that on the first day of the week (if this be the true interpretation of κατὰ μίαν σαββάτων, per unam sabbathorum) each should lay by him (that is, at home) for the relief of the poor; no mention being made of any public assembly, or of any collection at such assembly, on that day. He was perhaps led to select the first day of the week, from the idea that our alms ought to be set aside as a kind of first-fruits to God, previous to satisfying other demands, or because the first day of the week was most convenient for the arrangement of the family accounts. Granting, however, that the Corinthians were accustomed to assemble on that day for religious purposes, it no more follows that we are bound to keep it holy, in conformity with their practice, without a divine command to that effect, than that we are bound to observe the Jewish sabbath, in conformity with the practice of the Philippians, or of Paul himself; Acts xvi. 13, On the sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made. xvii. 2, Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three sabbath-days reasoned with them out of the scripture. xviii. 3, 4, He abode with them and wrought . . . and he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath;—following his own occupation at home, as we have reason to believe, during the six remaining days.

'Those, therefore, who, on the authority of an expression occurring only once in Scripture, keep holy a sabbath-day, for the consecration of which no divine command can be alleged, ought to consider the dangerous tendency of such an example, and the consequences with which it is likely to be followed in the interpretation of Scripture.

'Hence we arrive at the following conclusions: first, that under the Gospel no one day is appointed for divine worship, in preference to another, except such as the church may set apart, of its own authority, for the voluntary assembling of its members, wherein, relinquishing all worldly affairs, we may dedicate ourselves wholly to religious services, so far as is consistent with the duties of charity; and, secondly, that this may conveniently take place once every seven days, and particularly on the first day of the week—provided always that it be observed in compliance with the authority of the church, and not in obedience to the edicts of the magistrate; and likewise that a snare be not laid for the conscience by the allegation of a divine commandment, borrowed from the decalogue—an error against which Paul diligently cautions us; Col. ii. 16, Let no man therefore judge you, &c. For, if we under the Gospel are to regulate the time of our public worship by the prescriptions of the decalogue, it will surely be far safer to observe the seventh day according to the express commandment of God, than, on the authority of mere human conjecture, to adopt the first. I perceive, also, that several of the best divines, as Bucer, Calvin, Peter Martyr, Musculus, Ursinus, Gomarus, and others, concur in the opinions above expressed.'

From a chapter on oaths and the lot, we select a few passages in conclusion:—

'An oath, involving a promise, is to be observed, even contrary to our interest, provided the promise itself be not unlawful. Josh. ix. 19, We have sworn unto them by Jehovah, God of Israel; now, therefore, we may not touch them. Judges xxi. 7, How shall we do for wives for them that remain, seeing we have sworn by Jehovah that we will not give them of our daughters to wives? Psal. xv. 4, He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

'In connexion with this subject, it has been made matter of discussion whether an oath sworn to a robber for the observance of secrecy, or for the payment of a stipulated ransom, is binding. Some answer, that the oath only which relates to ransom is to be observed, not that which relates to secrecy; inasmuch as every man is bound by a prior obligation to the civil magistrate to denounce any known robber, and that this obligation is of more force than the subsequent one of secrecy can possibly be. They conclude, therefore, that it is the duty of such person to give information to the magistrate, and to consider his compulsory oath as annulled by his prior engagement, the weaker obligation yielding to the stronger. If, however, this be just, why does it not apply equally to the oath respecting ransom? seeing that it is the positive duty of every good man not to support robbers with his substance, and that no one can be compelled to do a dishonourable action, even though bound by oath to its performance. This seems to be implied in the word *jusjurandum* itself, which is derived from *jus*. Considering the robber, therefore, as one with whom (at least while in the act of robbery) we can be under no engagement, either of religious obligation, or civil right, or private duty, it is clear that no agreement can be lawfully entered into with one thus circumstanced. If, then, under the influence of compulsion, we have sworn to perform any such act as that above described, we have only committed a single offence; but if, from religious scruples, we observe an oath extorted under such circumstances, the sin is doubled, and, instead of giving honour to God, and acquitting ourselves of an obligation which we ought never to have incurred, we are only entangling ourselves more deeply in the bonds of iniquity. Hence, if we fail to perform such agreement, it ought not to be imputed to us as a crime that we deceive one who is himself guilty of deceit or violence towards us, and refuse to ratify an unlawful compact. If, therefore, a man has allowed himself to be involved in such an engagement, the point for consideration is, not whether a bond of faith extorted by a robber ought, in conscience, to be observed, but how he may best effect his escape.'

* * * *

'Adjurations are to be complied with, in matters not contrary to religion or equity. Thus Christ, Matt. xxvi. 63, 64, On the adjuration even of the impious high-priest Caiaphas, no longer kept silence, but confessed openly that he was the Christ.

'Opposed to this are magical adjurations, and the superstitious or mercenary practice of exorcism. Acts xix. 13, &c. Certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them, &c.

'Thus far of oaths. In the casting of the lot we appeal to the Deity for the explanation of doubts, and the decision of controverted questions. Lev. xvi. 8, Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats. Josh. vii. 14, It shall be, that the tribe which Jehovah taketh, shall come, according to the families thereof. 1 Sam. x. 20, When Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken. Prov. xvi. 33, The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of Jehovah. xviii. 18, The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty. 1 Chron. xxvi. 13, 14, they cast lots, as well the small as the great. Neh. x. 34, We cast the lots among the priests, the Levites, and the people. Luke i. 9, According to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense. Acts i. 24, 26, they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen . . . . and the lot fell upon Matthias.

'Against the use of the lot it has been urged, that on successive repetitions the result is not invariably the same, and that therefore it must be considered as a matter of chance. This objection is of no force, inasmuch as the Deity, even in his direct verbal communications with the prophets of old, did not uniformly return the same answer, when tempted by importunate inquiries; as in the instance of Balaam, Num. xxii. 12, 20, Thou shalt not go with them . . . . rise up and go with them.

'To this is opposed the casting of lots in jest, or with a superstitious or fraudulent purpose.'

The Troubadour, Catalogue of Pictures, and Historical Sketches. By L. E. L., Author of The Improvisatrice. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1825. Hurst and Co.

With little of a story, and that little by no means ingeniously worked out, there are many beauties and still more pretinesses in the poem of The Troubadour, which, as a whole, is fully equal to the author's former production, The Improvisatrice, of which we spoke favourably. The muse of Miss Landon, for we see no utility in mystifying her name in initials after her portrait has been in the Exhibition, possesses more sweetness than energy, and more facility of adaptation than originality of thought; hence it is that in reading her works we are pleased—sometimes delighted, but they leave no lasting impression on the mind. This, we confess, is the case with us, and we suspect with many others, for we have heard her most warmly eulogized by several who could not repeat a single couplet she had written. The poem of The Troubadour exhibits great facility of versification, and we should add freedom

did not some of the rhymes remind us that too much liberty has been taken in this respect; and we cannot but regret to find in a poem of so much real merit such constrained rhymes as eye and vacancy, eye and energy, bees and palaces, trees and cottages, destinies and votaries, haughtiness and mournfulness, left and gift, &c. Anxious at once to get rid of the most painful part of our duty, we would caution Miss Landon against the danger she incurs by the barefaced puffing of her friends. The poem of The Troubadour was only published on Friday, and yet one of our contemporaries, who must have written his review of it, at least, the day before, talks of the great popularity of the work, which he says 'is *running a very wide* career, with a rapidity seldom equalled in poetical publication, and, indeed, only surpassed by such works as the Scottish novels.' The second sight of the critic serves him well here, but we must question the propriety—to call it by no worse a name, of its application.

Whether the age of chivalry is, as Burke asserted, gone, or not, we will not pretend to assert, but certainly the age of writing about it is in its zenith. We all know with what a masterly hand Sir Walter Scott has touched the subject, and it argues no ordinary confidence in her own powers to see a young lady of twenty-one, like Miss Landon, venturing on the same path; perhaps, as she herself says on another occasion, her apology for venturing on such hallowed ground has the common excuse for most human errors—she was tempted by beauty. The hero of The Troubadour, Raymond, is a minstrel knight,

'The last of a proud race,
Who left him but his sword and name,
And boyhood pastime restless dreams
Of future deeds and future fame.'

The heroine, Eva, the mysterious daughter of a Lord Amiraid, is thus described:—

'They said she was not of mortal birth,
And her face was fairer than face of earth:
What is the thing to liken it to?
A lily just dipp'd in the summer dew—
Parian marble—snow's first fall?—
Her brow was fairer than each and all.
And so delicate was each vein's soft blue,
Twas not like blood that wander'd through.
Rarely upon that cheek was shed,
By health or by youth, one tinge of red;
And never closest look could descry,
In shine, or in shade, the hue of her eye:
But as it were made of light, it changed,
With every sunbeam that over it ranged;
And that eye could look through the long dark lash,
With the moon's dewy smile, or the lightning's flash.
Her silken tresses, so bright and so fair,
Streamed like a banner of light on the air,
And seldom its sunny wealth around
Was chaplet of flowers or ribbon bound;
But amid the gold of its thousand curls
Was twisted a braid of snow-white pearls,—
They said 'twas a charmed spell; that before,
This braid her nameless mother wore;
And many were the stories wild
Whisper'd of the neglected child.'

Having introduced the parties, we shall not follow them through their history, but merely observe, that after various adventures in foreign lands, Raymond returns and receives the prize of the Golden Violet, at Thouloure, from the hand of Eva, who had been elected queen of the Floral games. In the course of the narrative there are many fine passages and descriptions, as well as some pretty ballads, happily introduced as episodes. The following opening of the second canto is at once correct and beautiful:

'The first, the very first; oh! none
Can feel again as they have done;
In love, in war, in pride, in all
The planets of life's coronal,
However beautiful or bright,—
What can be like their first sweet light?

'When will the youth feel as he felt,
When first at beauty's feet he knelt?
As if her least smile could confer
A kingdom on her worshipper;
Or ever care, or ever fear
Had cross'd love's morning hemisphere.
And the young bard, the first time praise
Sheds its spring sunlight o'er his lays,
Though loftier laurel, higher name,
May crown the minstrel's noontide fame,
They will not bring the deep content
Of his lute's first encouragement
And where the glory that will yield
The flush and glow of his first field
To the young chief? Will Raymond ever
Feel as he now is feeling?—Never.'

A young lady, like Miss Landon, may naturally be expected to write well on the tender passion, and so she does, as the following brief extract will show:—

'Where is the heart that has not bow'd
A slave, eternal Love, to thee!
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?
The cold, the proud,—oh! Love has turn'd
The marble till with fire it burn'd;
The gay, the young,—alas that they
Should ever bend beneath thy sway!
Look on the cheek the rose might own,
The smile around like sunshine thrown;
The rose, the smile, alike are thine,
To fade and darken at thy shrine.
And what must love be in a heart
All passion's fiery depths concealing,
Which has in its minutest part
More than another's whole of feeling.'

In the course of his adventures, Raymond meets Lord Amiraid, the father of Eva, from whom he receives the following narrative:—

'It was one evening we had sate
In my tower's secret council late,
Our bands were number'd, and we said
That the pale moon's declining head
Should shed her last full light o'er bands
With banners raised, and sheathless brands.
We parted; I to seek the shade
Where my heart's choicest gem was laid;
I flung me on my fleetest steed,
I urged it to its utmost speed,—
On I went, like the hurrying wind,
Hill, dale, and plain were left behind,
And yet I thought my courser slow—
Even when the forest lay below.
As my wont, in a secret nook
I left my horse,—I may not tell
With what delight my way I took
Till I had reach'd the oak-hid dell.
The trees which hitherto had made
A more than night, with lighten'd shade
Now let the stars and sky shine through,
Rejoicing, calm, and bright, and blue.
There did not move a leaf that night
That I cannot remember now,
Nor yet a single star whose light
Was on the royal midnight's brow:
Wander'd no cloud, sigh'd not a flower,
That is not present at this hour.
No marvel memory thus should press
Round its last light of happiness!
I paused one moment where I stood,
In all a very miser's mood,
As if that thinking of its store
Could make my bosom's treasure more.
I saw the guiding lamp which alone
From the wreath'd lattice, pale and lone;
Another moment I was there,
To pause, and look—upon despair.
I saw her!—on the ground she lay,
The life blood ebbing fast away;
But almost as she could not die
Without my hand to close her eye!
When to my bosom press'd, she raised
Her heavy lids, and feebly gazed,
And her lip moved: I caught its breath,
Its last,—it was the gasp of death!
I leant her head upon my breast,
As I but soothed her into rest;—
I do not know what time might be
Past in this stony misery,
When I was waken'd from my dream
By my forgotten infant's scream.
Then first I thought upon my child:
I took it from its bed, it smiled,
And its red cheek was flush'd with sleep:
Why had it not the sense to weep?
I laid its mother on the bed,
O'er her pale brow a mantle spread,
And left the wood. Calm, stern, and cold,
The tale of blood and death I told;
Gave my child to my brother's care
As his, not mine were this despair.
I flung me on my steed again,
I urged him with the spur and rein,—
I left him at the usual tree,
But left him there at liberty.
With madd'ning step I sought the place,
I raised the mantle from her face,
And knelt me down beside, to gaze
On all the mockery death displays,
Until it seem'd but sleep to me.
Death,—oh, no! death it could not be.
The cold grey light the dawn had shed,
Changed gradual into melting red;
I watch'd the morning colour steal
With crimson dye her marble cheek;
The freshness of the stirring air
Lifted her curls of raven hair;
Her head lay pillowed on her arm,
Sweetly, as if with life yet warm;—
I kiss'd her lips: oh, God, the chill!
My heart is frozen with it still:—
It was as suddenly on me
Open'd my depths of misery.
I flung me on the ground, and raved,
And of the wind that past me craved
One breath of poison, till my blood
From lip and brow gush'd in one flood.
I watch'd the warm stream of my veins
Mix with the death wounds clotted stains;
Oh! how I pray'd that I might pour
My heart's tide, and her life restore!
And night came on:—with what dim fear
I mark'd the darkling hours appear,—
I could not gaze on the dear brow,
And seeing was all left me now.
I grasp'd the cold hand in mine own,
Till both alike seem'd turn'd to stone.
Night, morn, and noontide pass'd away,
Then came the tokens of decay.

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'Twas the third night that I had kept
My watch, and, like a child, had wept
Sorrow to sleep, and in my dream
I saw her as she once could seem,
Fair as angel: there she bent
As if sprung from the element,
The bright clear fountain, whose pure wave
Her soft and shadowy image gave.
Methought that conscious beauty threw
Upon her cheek its own sweet hue,
Its loveliness of morning real!
I woke, and gazed upon that dead.
I mark'd the fearful stains which now
Were dark'ning o'er the once-white brow,
The livid colours that declare
The soul no longer dwelleth there.
The gaze of even my fond eye,
Seem'd almost like impiety,
As it were sin for looks to be
On what the earth alone should see.
I thought upon the loathsome doom
Of the grave's cold, corrupted gloom;
Oh, never shall the vile worm rest
A lover on thy lip and breast!
Oh, never shall a careless tread
Soil with its step thy sacred bed!
Never shall leaf or blossom bloom
With vainest mockery o'er thy tomb!

And forth I went, and raised a shrine
Of the dried branches of the pine,—
I laid her there, and o'er her flung
The wild flowers that around her sprung;
I tore them up, and rent and all,
I bade them wait her funeral,
With a strange joy that each fair thing
Should, like herself, be withering.
I lit the pyre,—the evening skies
Rain'd tears upon the sacrifice;
How did its wild and awful light
Struggle with the fierce winds of night;
Red was the battle, but in vain
Hiss'd the hot embers with the rain.
It wasted to a single spark;
That faded, and all round was dark:
Then, like a madman who has burst
The chain which made him doubly curst,
I fled away. I may not tell
The agony that on me fell:—
I fled away, for fiends were near,
My brain was fire, my heart was fear!"

We have alluded to the ballads introduced in the Troubadour; one of these, founded on a legend in Russell's Tour through Germany, we subjoin:—

'THE PROUD LADYE.

'Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride;
An hundred knights from far and near
Wo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that wo'd for her land and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that wo'd for her loveliness;
But her answer was still the same.

"There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,
From a strange and far country,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love,
Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her tears,
And flung him on his steed,—
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she prayed not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If Heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,—
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the Ladye Adeline
From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
Ladye, for love of thee;
The honour that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear;
But not in honour of the eyes
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud cruelties,
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell,
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she laid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,
And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a veiled nun
In Saint Marie's cell.'

We cannot, perhaps, conclude better than the author has concluded, with contrasting the pleasing prospect and reflection with which she commenced her poem, when flattered by the praise of her former work, to the gloom which a domestic calamity threw over her:—

'My task is done, the tale is told,
The late drops from my wearied hold;
Spreads no green earth, no summer sky
To raise fresh visions for my eye;
The hour is dark, the winter rain
Beats cold and harsh against the pane,
Where, speedthrift-like, the branches twine,
Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;
And the wind howls in gusts around,
As omens were in each drear sound,—
Omens that bear upon their breath
Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death.
Thus should it be,—I could not bear
The breath of flowers, the sunny air
Upon that ending page should be
Which One will never, never see.

Yet who will love it like that one,
Who cherish'd it would have done,
My father! albeit but in vain
This clasping of a broken chain.
And albeit of all vainest things
That haunt with sad imaginings,
None has the sting of memory;
Yet still my spirit turns to thee,
Despite of long and lone regret,
Rejoicing it cannot forget.
I would not lose the lightest thought
With one remembrance of thine fraught,—
And my heart said, no name but thine
Should be on this last page of mine.

My father, though no more thine ear
Censure or praise of mine can hear,
It soothes me to embalm thy name
With all my hope, my pride, my fame,
Treasures of Fancy's fairy hall,—
Thy name most precious far of all.

My page is wet with bitter tears,—
I cannot but think of those years,
When happiness and I would wait
On summer evenings by the gate,
And keep o'er the green fields our watch
The first sound of thy step to catch,
Then run for the first kiss, and word,—
An unkind one I never heard,
But these are pleasant memories,
And later years have none like these:
They came with griefs, and pains, and care,
All that the heart breaks while it bears;
Desolate as I feel alone
I should not weep that thou art gone.
Alas! the tears that still will fall
Are selfish in their fond recall;—
If ever tears could win from Heaven
A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
Mine surely might; I may not tell
The agony of my farewell!
A single tear I had not shed,—
'Twas the first time I mourn'd the dead;—
It was my heaviest loss, my worst,
My father!—and was thine the first?
Farewell! in my heart is a spot
Where other griefs and cares come not,
Hallow'd by love by memory kept,
And deeply honour'd, deeply wept:
My own dead father, time may bring
Change, change, upon his rainbow-wing—
But never will thy name depart
The hoarded god of thy child's heart,
Until thy orphan girl may share
The grave where her best feelings are,
Never, dear father, love can be,
Like the dear love I had for thee!'

This is an affectionate and a beautiful tribute to the memory of her father, and does honour to the head and heart of the fair author,—who has only to discard the ambition of writing much, to turn a deaf ear to the flatteries of her admirers, and to be less negligent, and then she may achieve more than she yet has, although she has already taken a prominent stand in the rank of living poets. The miscellaneous pieces possess considerable merit.

The Art of improving the Voice and Ear, and of increasing their Musical Powers, in Philosophical Principles: adapted to Public Speakers, Musicians, and Actors, and particularly useful for the Instructors of Youth. 8vo. pp. 336. London, 1825. Prowett.

The question whether the English are or are not a musical people has long ago been decided in the affirmative; indeed, the many

excellent vocal and instrumental performers the country has produced, the patronage bestowed on the professors of the art, the founding of an academy for the cultivation of music, and its almost universal diffusion, not only among the higher classes of society, but in the middle and humbler ranks, are all so many proofs that we are a musical people. But it can scarcely be necessary for the land of a Billington, a Braham, or a Stephens, to put in a claim to a participation in one of those arts which seem half human, half divine.

That a good singer, like a good poet, must be born with a large portion of the requisite qualities, is certain; but, in both cases, much may be done by art and perseverance. So far as regards the former, the author of this work states, in the outset, that 'the worst voice may, by the directions which he shall give, be astonishingly improved, and a fine voice may be preserved from being cracked and ruined,' an event by no means uncommon, owing to ignorance or carelessness in the management of it.

Our author, who plunges at once into his subject, commences with an anatomical and physiological description of the several organs of the voice; secondly, its mechanism, with a critical examination of the various theories on the subject; next comes a philosophical inquiry into the varieties of the voice, and their causes—its cadences and transitions, tone and pitch, &c. The articulation, accent, and emphasis, come next, and are followed by many practical suggestions as to the formation and improvement of the vocal faculty; and this part of the subject is concluded by an account of the diseases arising from singing and public speaking, with the disorders of the voice.

The second branch of this treatise relates to the improving the ear, in which its anatomy, the nature of sound, the changes and varieties in this organ, its defects, disorders, &c., are all distinctly and ably treated of. This scientific arrangement is a proof that the author is well acquainted with the nature of his subject; and, that he treats it judiciously, and furnishes an abundance of useful information, highly necessary to all who wish to possess or preserve a good voice, will be readily discovered. The work is not, however, a dry treatise; but particular points are illustrated by many curious facts and interesting anecdotes. We do not know who the author may be; but few individuals possess such varied information as is displayed in this volume; for he is not only acquainted with the principles and practice of music, but with the construction of the human frame, the theory of sound, &c. Were not the work less discursive than the usual productions of the author, we should certainly ascribe it to that popular writer, Dr. Kitchiner: but what have we to do with the authorship? rather let us confine ourselves to the work. The more we examine, the more we are struck with the admirable and delicate construction of the human frame; no, artificial mechanism can approach it, much as art has done, and is capable of accomplishing. We all know we live and breathe; but we are little aware how delicately constructed those cells are through which the air is filtered. In a description of the organs of the voice, we are told:—

'When the windpipe enters the chest, it divides itself into two branches, one going to the right lung, and the other to the left. These branches are again subdivided into a great many twigs, which become gradually smaller, and lose their gristly and ringed structure, as they dip deeper into the substance of the lungs, till at last their extreme divisions terminate in the small cells which form the chief part of the substance of the lungs, and alternately receive and emit the air we breathe: the shape and magnitude of the cells are various, but they are all united by the common, yet delicate mucous web, which is the general connecting chain of the whole body. Keil calculated that the number of these air-cells in one of the lungs of a healthy man was 1,744,000,000: this is, in all probability, greatly exaggerated; but we know that, in a healthy individual, the lungs will contain, during a strong inspiration, about one hundred and twenty cubic inches of air.'

In examining the various theories on the mechanism of the human voice, our author inclines to that of Richerand, who considered the larynx as an instrument combining the advantages, and exhibiting the double mechanism of wind and stringed instruments: it is on this account that it surpasses all musical instruments, by the extent, the perfection, and, above all, the inexhaustible variety of its effects. The various theories of ventriloquism are curious; but that of Dr. Mason Good is considered by our author as the most philosophical and plausible:—

'The first impression,' says Dr. Good, which this ingenious trick or exhibition produced on the world, was that of the artist's possessing a double or triple larynx—the additional larynxes being supposed to be seated still deeper in the chest than the lowermost of the two that belong to birds, whence, indeed, the name of ventriloquism, or belly-speaking. From various concurring facts, ventriloquism appears to be an imitative art, founded on a close attention to the almost infinite variety of tones, articulation, and inflexions, which the glottis is capable of producing in its own region alone, when long and dexterously practised upon; and a skilful modification of these vocal sounds, thus limited to the glottis into mimic speech, passed for the most part, and whenever necessary, through the cavity of the nostrils, instead of through the mouth. It is possible, however, though no opportunity has hitherto occurred of proving the fact by dissection, that those who learn this art with facility, and carry it to perfection, possess some peculiarity in the structure of the glottis, and particularly in respect to its muscles or cartilages.'

In treating on imperfect or deficient articulation, our author gives some good suggestions on the subject of stuttering:—

'In ordinary conversation, or where a man has time to pick out single words, instead of speaking whole sentences, the stammerer always hesitates most, and hence always least where his attention is completely engrossed; on which account there are many stammerers that scarcely utter a word in speaking without betraying themselves, who, nevertheless, sing and enunciate the words of the song without any hesitation whatever, their whole mind being led away with the tune, and a strong desire to keep in time and harmony; while there are others who hesitate as little in reading, the words being immediately before them, and their attention being swallowed up in the subject. "One of the worst stutterers," says Dr. Good, "whom I ever knew, was one of the best readers of Milton's Paradise Lost. He was a scholar of considerable attainments, and had taken some pains with himself for his natural defect, but without success; yet the moment an interesting poem was opened, his defect completely vanished, from his being led captive by the force of his subject, and the great interest he took in this branch of polite letters."'

'This affords us one means, therefore, of remedying the evil before us: the stammerer should learn by heart, and repeat slowly, whatever most arrests his attention. But, at the same time, the will must learn to obtain a control over the muscles of articulation; and, for this purpose, single words should be uttered for hours at a time, deliberately, and when alone.'

We have said that our author illustrates his subject with anecdotes, and we shall now select one or two:—

Mistaken Talent.—'The instances, says Mr. Bacon, of young people who are misled by the partiality of friends are numberless, and often exceedingly ridiculous. I remember the late Dr. A. having been engaged in a correspondence with a lady in Ireland, who wished to be ushered into the musical world under his protection; and, according to her letter, Madame Mara could not be expected to surpass her;—she could sing everything. The lady accordingly came to England; but, on hearing her sing, the doctor, with his accustomed honesty, exclaimed, "Madam, you must go back to Ireland; for, by G—, unless you and I were shut up in a bandbox together, I could not hear you." About the same time, a person who had lavished an enormous sum in Italy upon the musical education of his wife, brought her to Dr. A. for lessons. The doctor very candidly told him the lady had no ear,—she sung too sharp, and nothing could be done. This was a severe stroke upon one who aspired to become *prima donna* at the Opera. The doctor's opinion was, however, verified by the public judgment; for she was advertised for Sadler's Wells the ensuing winter.'

Curled Notes.—'A great lover of sacred music, after hearing, or rather seeing, an anthem sung, wittily remarked, "I should judge the person who sung the bass to be a barber." "Why?" asked his companion. "Because," says he, "the man tossed his head about, and *curled* his notes so much."'

Mr. Phillips.—Alluding to what care and perseverance may effect, Mr. Bacon says, "I have known very singular instances in private life, but never, that I remember, so striking and extraordinary advancement as in Mr. Phillips, who was some time since at

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Covent Garden Theatre. This gentleman, when he first intended to make music his profession, applied to Dr. Arnold, from whom he received some instructions. He soon after was engaged at the Norwich Theatre, where he was distinguished by his very florid use of ornament. His voice was then a mere thread, and absolutely without a particle of what could be called tone. His industry and perseverance, however, were astonishing, and they have led him to the very respectable situation he now enjoys. After an interval of some years, I heard him with amazement, scarcely being able to bring myself to believe it was the same individual."'

Performers are very fond of introducing embellishments not in the original composition in their singing, and of attempting to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art: an anecdote connected with this subject, and showing how Rossini wailed himself of it, is worth quoting; particularly as it concerns an unoffending, but much-injured individual, Signor Velluti:—

'On Rossini's arrival at Milan, in 1814, when he was in his twenty-second year, to compose the Aureliano in Palmira, he became acquainted with Velluti, who was to sing in his opera. Velluti, then in the flower of his youth and talents, and one of the handsomest men of his time, had no small share of vanity, and was fond of displaying and abusing the powers of voice with which nature had gifted him. Before Rossini had an opportunity of hearing this great singer, he had written a *cavatina* for the character he was to perform. At the first rehearsal, Velluti began to sing, and Rossini was struck with admiration. At the second rehearsal, Velluti began to show his powers of gracing; Rossini found the effect produced just and admirable, and highly applauded the performance. At the third, the simplicity of the *cantilena* was entirely lost amidst the profusion of the ornaments. At last, the great day of the performance arrived. The *cavatina*, and the whole character sustained by Velluti, was received with rapture; but Rossini scarcely knew what Velluti was singing—it was no longer the music he had composed; yet still the song of Velluti was full of beauties, and succeeded with the public to admiration. The pride of the young composer was not a little wounded. This opera fell, and it was the *soprano* alone who had any success. The ardent mind of Rossini at once perceived all the advantages that might be taken of such an event. Not a single suggestion was lost upon him. It was by a lucky chance, we may suppose him to have said to himself, that Velluti discovered he had a taste of his own; but who will say that in the next theatre for which I compose, I may not find some other singer, who, with as great a flexibility of voice, and an equal rage for ornament, may so spoil my music, as not only to render it contemptible to myself, but tiresome to the public?'

To prevent such an occurrence, Rossini thus resolved:—

'My embellishments shall be in good taste; for I shall at once be able to discover where my singers are strong and where defective, and I will write nothing for them but what they can execute. My mind is made up. I will not leave them room for a single *appogiatura*. These ornaments, this method of charming the ear, shall form an integral part of my song, and shall be all written down in my score.'

With quoting a few hints on the improvement of the voice, we shall conclude our notice of this part of the work. The author recommends frequent exercise of the lungs in speaking and singing, and bathing and gargling the throat regularly, morning and evening, with cold water:—

'With respect to food and drink, all acids and astringents do injury to the voice, by hardening and crisping the more delicate fibres of the *reeds*. Why, then, do Mr. Mathews and others sometimes suck an orange during their performances? It is very wrong. Oranges, apples, stone-fruit of every kind, nuts, raisins, port-wine, rough-flavoured tea, &c., are all highly injurious to the power and polish of the voice, and ought to be avoided or used sparingly. If the throat be apt to become harsh and dry, the best moistener is peppermint or nitre lozenges, or a small bit of purified nitre or of sal prunelle, allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth.

'When the voice is required to be forced for any great emergency, we know nothing superior to a raw egg beat up with a wine-glassful of good Madeira, or half the quantity of brandy or rum and a little water, to which you may add with great advantage two or three tea-spoonfuls of the compound tincture of cinnamon. This tincture is of itself an excellent tonic for the voice. The egg prevents the spirit from acting all at once, and it likewise preserves the stomach from getting out of order, which would also hurt the voice. We may add, that whatever tends to injure digestion or impair the general health will also hurt the voice; such as irregular living, late hours, want of exercise, ignorant feasting, and all sensual indulgences.'

The treatise on the Art of Improving the Ear displays equal good sense and practical and theoretical knowledge; and we recommend this work not only to the mere professional singer, but to all who have bad voices to improve, or good ones to preserve.

The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Year 1783 *to* 1822. By Edward P. Brenton, Captain, R. N. Vols. IV. & V. London, 1825. Rice.

We have already noticed in favourable terms the early portion of this work; and the two volumes, now published, which complete it, possess equal interest. Indeed, he must be a dull author who did not make a good book out of the annals of the British navy, rich as they are in heroism, glories, and victories. Every page teems with some act of daring or some trophy of our arms. To these Captain Brenton does ample justice, and relates many anecdotes by no means generally known; and his remarks on the treatment of our seamen, and encouraging them, like soldiers, by medals and ribbons, are sensible and judicious.

'The battle of Waterloo,' he observes, 'crowned the great pyramid of glory acquired by our soldiers on the continent of Europe, and in Egypt; but was the battle of Trafalgar less glorious or less important to Britain? Were British valour and skill less conspicuous on the day that Nelson (under Providence) sealed the safety of his country, and asserted the empire of the seas with his own blood? Was the destruction of the naval power of France and Spain less glorious, or less beneficial to this country, than the destruction of an army which at most could but have overrun Belgium before it was crushed by the united powers of Russia, Prussia, and Austria? For Waterloo the army had medals, and clasps, and ribands, even to the private soldiers: the latter had two years' servitude allowed to them. These rewards were bravely won, and well bestowed. Would not the men of Trafalgar have been equally grateful, and more than ever attached to the service, by such a mark of royal favour? Nelson, to his last hour, never knew why medals were denied to his captains for the victory of Copenhagen, which broke up the northern confederacy. If silver badges, of the value of one half a crown, had been presented in the name of his majesty, to the captains and second captains of guns, and to seamen or marines who distinguished themselves in the late war, it would have done more towards reforming the service than all the penal laws that ever were enacted. So justly and so highly appreciated by all classes were these honorary distinctions, that we are quite sure their more general distribution in the navy, during the war, would have produced the happiest effects.

'If a fore-mast man, by acquiring a medal, became exempted from corporeal punishment, was permitted to go on shore as an officer, and allowed one or two years' time, as the soldiers were at Waterloo, we should soon have such a class of men as would enable us to dispense with impressment, and purge our ships of ruffians and useless hands.'

Among the anecdotes, there is not one that we could select more striking or seasonable than that which relates to the gallant Lord Cochrane, who has so recently returned to his ungrateful country:—

'In detailing the actions of single or detached ships, those of the Pallas or the Imperieuse, commanded by that distinguished and promising officer, Lord Cochrane, stand pre-eminent. The career of this young nobleman had been marked by a series of actions, useful to his country, and honourable to himself. Their value was always greatly enhanced by the skill and judgment with which they were executed: the effect of this was particularly observable on reference to his lists of killed and wounded. No officer ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises with so little loss. In his attacks on the enemy, the character of *vigilans et audax* was entirely his. Before he fired a shot, he reconnoitred in person, took soundings and bearings, passed whole nights in his boats under the enemy's batteries—his leadline and spy-glass incessantly at work. An-

other fixed principle with this officer was, never to allow his boats to be unprotected by his ship, if it were possible to lay her within reach of the object of attack. With the wind on shore, he would veer one of his boats in by a hass-halser (an Indian rope, made of grass, which is so light as to float on the surface of the water): by this means he established a communication with the ship, and, in case of a reverse or check, the boats were hove off by the capstan, while the people in them had only to attend to the use of their weapons.

'At the breaking out of the Spanish war, in 1805, his lordship was appointed to the Pallas, a new frigate of thirty-two guns, which he fitted for sea, and manned with a celerity peculiar to himself, at a time when seamen for other ships could rarely be procured. Having got off the Western Islands, he soon returned to Plymouth with prizes to an enormous amount.

'In April, 1806, Lord Cochrane was stationed in the Bay of Biscay, under the orders of Vice-admiral Thornborough. Off the Gironde, he obtained information of an enemy's corvette being in the mouth of that river: after dark, on the evening of the 6th of April, he anchored his ship close to the Cordouan lighthouse; and, sending his boats in they boarded the vessel, and brought her out, although she lay twenty miles above the intricate shoals, and within two heavy batteries This enterprise was conducted by Lieutenant Hewett, of the Pallas: daylight and the tide of ebb found this gallant officer and his prize still within the probability of re-capture. Another French corvette weighed, pursued, and brought him to action, but was defeated, and only saved from capture by the rapidity of the tide. The prize which had been so nobly acquired, and so bravely defended, was called La Tapageuse; mounted fourteen long twelve-pounders, and had ninety-five men.

'While the officers and a part of the ship's company of the Pallas were away on this duty, Lord Cochrane perceived three vessels approaching him. He weighed, chased, and drove them all on shore, and, with the injury of only three men wounded, furnished to the admiral the following surprising result of this enterprise:—

'Vessels taken.

'La Tapageuse . . 14 guns, 95 men.
La Pomone (a merchant brig).
Another ditto (burnt).
And two chasse-marées.

'Vessels wrecked.

'La Malicieuse . . . . . 18 guns.
Imperial . . . . . 24 guns.
Imperial (also), a ship of 22 guns.
And a chasse-marée.'

The following narrative is in refutation of a charge, brought by M. Dupin, that we treated our prisoners with cruelty:—

'When the British troops had been put in possession of Martinique, the French garrison was embarked on board the Belleisle, of seventy-four guns, and the Ulysses, forty-four, with seven sail of transports. Commodore Cockburn, having the captain-general and all his staff embarked on board the Belleisle, proceeded to Europe, agreeably to the terms of the capitulation, to land the prisoners in France, and to receive as many British prisoners in return, rank for rank.

'On the 23rd of April, the commodore anchored in Quiberon Bay, with the Ulysses, and convoy. Colonel Boyer, chief of the staff taken on the island, was immediately sent with a letter from the captain-general to the minister of the marine, and another from Commodore Cockburn to the same personage, stating the circumstances under which they had arrived. The boat which landed Colonel Boyer, in the Morbihan, brought a note from him, stating that an officer was waiting there for the arrival of the prisoners, with full powers to treat for their exchange. The word "treat" was understood to conceal some chicanery, by which the enemy were to gain possession of their men, without returning ours. The capitulation of Martinique had been received in France previously to our arrival, or how should an officer have been "waiting for us with full powers!" and had there been any honourable intention of fulfilling the treaty, an equal number of British prisoners would have been prepared to embark. "Treating" had ended at Martinique before the men had laid down their arms. We must therefore relate one more instance of the falsehood of Napoleon.

'Monsieur Redan, the commissioner, soon appeared, covered with silver lace and smiles; he approached and saluted the commodore, after which he pronounced some flattering eulogiums on the valour and generosity of England, particularly of her navy; and did not fail to claim a large share of those qualities for the great Napoleon and the French nation. So earnest was Monsieur Redan to begin the work of exchange, that he proposed immediately disembarking the prisoners; but the commodore was in no such hurry. He observed to Monsieur Redan, that he (the commodore) would proceed up the bay, nearer to the town, for the purpose of more ready communication; and in the mean time the Ulysses, commanded by the Hon. Warwick Lake, and Cossack, Capt. G. Digby, should remain off Hedic, with the transports. This was of course agreed to, under the stipulation also provided by the commodore, that during any delay of negotiation, the British quadron and the prisoners should be supplied with such refreshments as they might require after their long voyage and arduous services.

'On the following day, the commissioner again appeared, with a joyful countenance; "Alons, Monsieur le Commodore, tout est arrangée." "I am glad to hear it," said the commodore, "but where are the two thousand four hundred Englishmen in exchange for as many Frenchmen." "Je les ai dans ma poche," replied the flippant commissary. The commodore looked very grave, and returned no answer to this impertinent familiarity; while Monsieur Redan handed from his pocket a list of three thousand seven hundred Englishmen, whom he pretended had been liberated by French cruisers, observing that the commodore would no doubt redeem the honour of his country by taking up these receipts; and then, with the most unparalleled effrontery, he added—"When Monsieur le Commodore has put on shore the whole garrison of Martinique, he will still be indebted to the French government one thousand three hundred men!" It is very easy to suppose the kind of answer given to this insolent Frenchman, who affected, or perhaps really felt some surprise, that his proposals were rejected with contempt. He entreated, however, that the commodore would wait the return of a courier from Paris; this was granted; and, in the mean time, a constant and vigilant guard was kept on the motions of the prisoners. At the end of four days, an answer arrived from the minister of the marine, repeating the former rejected proposals, as a *sine qua non*; and Monsieur Redan intimated, that unless these terms were acceded to, all further communication with the shore was to be interdicted. Turning with indignation from the agent of a government so faithless, and which could thus cruelly forsake its servants in the hour of extreme distress, the commodore ordered the signal to be made to weigh; it was instantly complied with; and as the squadron moved out of the bay, it was followed by numerous boats, in which were the wives, the parents, the children, of many of the unhappy prisoners, in a state of grief which it would be vain to attempt to describe. The poor men, afraid to trust each other, shouted with ill dissembled joy—"Vive Napoleon!" This was the magnanimous and humane emperor, who consigned his soldiers "to the confinement of hideous pontons;" and separated them, at least in this world, from all that renders life worth retaining. Look, after this, at the termination of his captivity, and say, whether the decree of Providence was not founded in justice.

'These brave fellows were the sad remains of eight thousand soldiers and sailors, who, within the six years then expired, had fought, and bled, and died, in the pestilential climate of the West Indies, for the honour of the despot and the advantage of their country.

'The Belleisle and her convoy reached Spithead early in May. The prisoners on board the transports made no effort to rise and take the ships, though in numbers three hundred to fourteen Englishmen.

'This little narrative is recommended to the serious perusal of those who may have read the aspersions of Monsieur Dupin. That able writer has accused us of treating our prisoners with cruelty. The author was himself an eye-witness to the whole transaction, from the first shot being fired against the island of Martinique, until the arrival of the Belleisle at Spithead. If there was rigour in our mode of treatment, if the French had cause to complain of a long captivity, whom had they to blame but their own Baal, the god of their idolatry? The garrison of Martinique was condemned by Napoleon to five years' confinement in our pontons or receptacles for prisoners.'

These volumes contain some well-executed portraits of distinguished admirals.

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Husband Hunting; or the Mother and Daughters. A Tale of Fashionable Life. 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1825. Whittaker.

The author of Husband Hunting, in his preface, very truly observes, that the age has passed away when novel writers delighted themselves 'with the picture of manners that never existed, and the narration of adventures that never could have been performed; with unnatural sentiment, and ponderous impossibility." Our modern novelists seek not to describe 'the frightful monster the world ne'er saw,' but paint from nature; and though their works must be less extravagant, they are much more interesting, inasmuch as they are pictures of real life. Husband Hunting is avowedly drawn from the life; and the author, who is evidently acquainted with fashionable life, gives a lamentable but true picture of the degrading intrigues by which mercenary mothers dispose of the hand, heart, and happiness of their daughters, in order to insure them a splendid establishment, and a good jointure. In high life, indeed, a mother's chief duty is considered to centre in disposing of her daughters. Selling wives in a halter at Smithfield market (if such things exist, though we never knew eye witnesses to the fact) may be a less vulgar, but not a more immoral proceeding than bartering away youth and beauty to age and deformity, possessing no redeeming quality but that of wealth.

Many writers who profess an intimate acquaintance with the fashionable world, only depict as much of manners as the footman would describe; the author of Husband Hunting, on the contrary, unmasks society in high life, draws the curtain, and shows the picture. The characters of the novel are extremely well drawn, or rather as they are less imaginary than real, without being personal, we ought to say well described. The moral is good; and the episode, relating to the war in Spain, is not only an animated picture of events, but a good incident in the general story, which of itself is very interesting. The author writes well, and has taken a line in which he cannot fail of distinguishing himself, if he continues productions even of a higher order than the one before us. Husband Hunting is, however, a novel which would not discredit any writer.

Dupin's Commercial Power of Great Britain.

(Concluded from p. 470.)

Every foreigner who has visited England has been struck with the superiority of our gardens and pleasure-grounds over those of any other country: for the good taste now displayed in our parks and gardens the public is much indebted to the genius of Mr. *Capability* Brown, as he was called, from his frequent use of a word which seemed wanting in our language. The Baron Dupin, after describing those pleasure-grounds, and praising the good taste displayed in them, says—

'To enjoy these walks and rides in perfection, one should visit the country in fine autumn or summer weather; for in England, even in the fruit season, the verdure and flowers retain the freshness of spring and the sweetness of their early perfume. When, seated in a light elastic open carriage, drawn by horses whose swiftness might have been envied at the games of Olympus, we drive along, sometimes beneath the shade of thickly-planted trees, and sometimes on the brow of a hill, whose declivity, gently uniting with the plain, unfolds a magnificent amphitheatre of fields, gardens, meadows, and forests, —and when, without feeling our motion, we are transported to an open space smoothed with more art than the Hippodromus; a thousand varied and yet harmonious sensations take possession of the mind; a feeling of repose in motion, and of security in a course in which we seem to be removed from the earth, produces a thrilling of pure delight throughout the whole frame; and at the moment when Nature smiles with her utmost grace, to rouse the soul to enthusiasm! Well do I conceive why the wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain should hastily desert the gayest and most brilliant capitals of Europe, for the sake of enjoying in silence and tranquillity the innocent and delightful pleasures which await them at home.

'In recalling these scenes to my mind, I feel the full force of their enchantment; and yet, when they were present to me, they wanted, in my eyes, the charm which the enamoured Rinaldo felt to be absent even in the gardens of Armida. This charm is the happiness we experience at sight of the beauties of our native land, which immediately arouse feelings of noble patriotism, and revive the sweet recollections of our youthful years. In contemplating the sublime landscapes of England and Scotland, I could not, therefore, feel that which to the patriotic inhabitants of those countries must constitute their highest attraction.

'The "Jardins" of Delille, in offering to our view an idea of the embellishments of the country in England, has produced amongst us nothing but awkward and poor imitations. Our decorators thought that the character of an English garden consisted in presenting the most tortuous roads, and the most painfully worked-up grounds. In attempting to produce great effects upon confined stages, they have produced nothing but ridiculous caricatures.

'In Great Britain we never see a straight avenue leading from the public road to those pretty modest residences called *cottages*, which hold a middle rank between our *chaumières* and *châteaux*. There are no avenues of trees ranged in right lines as it were for the purpose of announcing these pleasure-houses, or rather palaces, in which all the luxuriance of architecture and sculpture seems to vie with the richness of nature herself. Instead of endeavouring to display the beauties of art from the most distant point possible, the English endeavour to conceal them. Nothing is more repugnant to English taste than those long and gloomy avenues which exhibit, from the distance of a quarter of a league, the front of the building, and the formal plantations before it; whilst, on either side of these regular rows of trees, the eye perceives nothing but fields devoid of taste, and exhibiting a spectacle of desolation and barrenness. The English country-residence is, on the contrary, approached by a walk running between groves and carpets of verdure; the different parts of the structure are discovered at intervals; but you do not perceive the whole edifice until you arrive at the point whence the whole can be comprised in a single glance, and which develops just so much of detail as to allow no beauty to be diminished or lost by the effect of distance.'

In noticing the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, Baron Dupin pays a just tribute to the services this nobleman has conferred on his country. He says—

'The Duke of Bridgewater had not only the honour of being the first to afford a specimen to his country of the daring enterprise which the construction of canals required, but during the whole of his glorious and useful career, he exhibited the perseverance which gives a still higher grandeur to grand conceptions, by imparting to them in the course of years and by unceasing efforts, all the utility and extent which can be derived from time and human exertions. He gradually extended his canal in every direction where he thought it would be of service to industry and agriculture. It became the basis of a new system of hydraulic communication between the principal trading and manufacturing towns of England, both inland and maratime. He received the proper reward for his exertions and his sacrifices. Before his labours were completely successful, he expended nearly £300,000; but at the present day, the annual produce of that capital exceeds £60,000, or more than twenty per cent! This immense revenue is so much the more to be admired, as it springs out of the same source of wealth which has been laid open by the creative genius of a single individual, to the rest of his fellow citizens. The Duke of Bridgewater derived from his great undertakings and extensive sacrifices, not merely this considerable return, but he gained a rarer, and for a generous character, a still more desirable distinction—that of seeing his name consecrated amongst those of the benefactors of a country, which it was his good fortune to serve, by giving it new measure of wealth, prosperity, and power.'

'Such is the legitimate and lasting recompense which attaches to the labours of the Duke of Bridgewater. To arrive at the success which crowned all his undertakings, he was fortunate enough to discover in a humble station, an artist whom Nature had endowed —which she rarely does—with a fertile imagination and a correct judgment. James Brindley was his own teacher, and formed himself by the strength of his own genius: like Rennie and Telford, he began as a simple artisan; and like them, he became at last a distinguished engineer.

'Brindley was at first a mill-wright. He constructed machines of different kinds with great success, and improved the form and application of the steam-engine, at the same time rendering it less expensive. To him England is indebted for the plans and execution of the Grand Trunk, and the Oxford and Coventry canals. He also gave the plans for the canals of Leeds and Liverpool, Huddersfield, Chester, Forth, and Clyde, and

the Severn Grand Trunk, &c. He was born in 1716, and died in 1772.'

Of the great advantages of the canals, the Baron Dupin thus speaks:—

'If the reader has been able to induce himself to follow the dry and tiresome itinerary of these hydraulic communications, opened on all points of the horizon of which Manchester is the centre, he will conceive what advantages that commercial town must have derived from so fine an assemblage of works. Let us take at once the four great canals of Briare, de Loing, Orleans, and St. Quentin, the only ones which are yet navigable round Paris, in an extent of forty-two leagues; let us bend and compress them in a circle thirty-six times less spacious, and we shall have a precise idea of the canals which branch around Manchester, about the distance of seven leagues. Let us add to these artificial communications, the navigation of the Irwell and the Mersey; then seven great turnpike-roads which lead from Manchester; lastly, all the iron rail-roads from the divers canals to the mines and these manufactories, which stand enclosed, we shall then have an idea of the means of communication which the art of public works has given to this focus of industry, and we shall cease to be surprised, that from 1758 to 1821, that is since the iron rail-roads and the canals have been made, the population of Manchester has increased from twenty-seven thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand souls.'

Our author also introduces very curious facts in the course of his illustrations. The following is one:—

'At first, carriage-roads were formed merely by enlarging the paths made for horses; then by laying down gravel extracted from the neighbouring ground. Down to the year 1542, even the streets of London were made in this way. According to the records of parliament, it appears, that at the period when the new method of making roads was proposed to be extended to the distance of a few miles beyond the capital, great opposition was raised by the neighbouring landowners. They wished to retain their monopoly of supplying the capital with provisions.'

Happily for the world, the return of peace has done much in converting the jealous enmity of nations into a generous rivalry; we no longer think the prosperity of neighbouring nations incompatible with, or regard any advance made in the arts of another country as fatal to, the prosperity of our own. Had such a feeling prevailed, an intelligent foreigner like Baron Dupin would not have been permitted merely to describe, but to take plans, elevations, and sections of our public buildings—which, by the by, we ought to have stated form a valuable appendage to these volumes;—this we have done, and from the ability he has displayed, he will not only confer a benefit on his own country, but has repaid British generosity by raising a monument to her greatness, in an elegant and faithful history of her military, naval, and commercial power, to which he has done ample justice in his truly-valuable work.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Variedades ó Mensagero de Londres. No. VII. Ackermann.

This periodical increases in spirit and interest as it proceeds, and contains much valuable historical and political as well as literary information, especially for the Colombian and the other South American States, for which it is chiefly designed. The first article, *Consejos Importantes sobre la Intolerancia*, which bears strong internal evidence of being from the pen of Blanco White, the author of Doblado's Letters, is one that deserves the most serious attention of the government and people of the United Mexican States. The writer points out, in a very forcible manner, the evils to be apprehended—or, rather, the the evils that must inevitably result from that article of their constitution, which prohibits every other form of religious worship than that of the Roman Catholic church. After justly observing that Spain is *incurable*, he calls upon the Hispano-Americans to avoid the fatal rock upon which that country has split—*religious intolerance*. Nor is it difficult to predict what will be the result to Spanish America, should it continue to submit to the paralyzing influence of this degrading species of tyranny; on the one hand, there will be the most disgusting ignorance and superstition, on the other, the most horrible hypocrisy; and on both the same practical immorality. Roman Catholicism is, of itself, admirably adapted to the purposes of despotism; it is satisfied with the *very minimum* of morality; but despotic governments can dispense almost entirely with morality on the part of their subjects: unjust and tyrannic themselves, their safety consists in the ignorance and blind obedience of the governed. Hence the compromise that we may observe between arbitrary governments and religions, and those over whom they hold sway. Their language seems to be this: 'Provided you are but as submissive as we wish, we allow you to be as immoral as you please.' The question is, not whether any one be irreproachable in his conduct, and discharges all the duties of a good citizen, but whether he be a good Catholic; and a man had better be the greatest miscreant on earth than suspected of heresy. It is notorious that morality is most lax in Catholic countries: crimes the most pernicious to society, and vices that, among us, are looked upon with horror, seem almost tolerated. The number of assassinations committed during the pontificate of Pius the Sixth are reported to have been so numerous as hardly to be credible; and we, who are sad heretics, may think that these murders reflect very little credit upon the government of his holiness, for we would as lieve encounter the poniard of the worst Atheist as of the best Catholic. Had any one spit upon the image of some Madonna, or stabbed the picture of some saint, all Rome would have been convulsed with horror at the atrocious act; but of what importance are the lives of a thousand victims to the stiletto?—These assassinations did not endanger the power of the Romish church. It would even seem that a certain quantity of vice were absolutely necessary to the existence of such a priesthood as that of Rome. Take away confessions, absolutions, and penances, and you remove that to which they owe their greatest influence; virtue is not so profitable to such a system as vice and guilt. Physicians are paid only for curing people; therefore it is hardly to their advantage that all the world should be well.

From what we have said, it will be seen that we do not think Roman Catholicism has the best claims upon the affection of any state that has the interests and welfare of the community at large most at heart. But Catholicism itself, it is said, is no longer what it was two or three centuries ago: not in countries where it possesses no political power; but where it holds sway, it is as bigotted, as intolerant, and as superstitious as ever. But, perhaps, the fact, after all, is, that it cannot afford to be in the least tolerant; for its absurdities are so revolting, its superstitions so gross, its spirit so anti-christian, that the only efficient way it has of maintaining its doctrines and authority is never to permit them for a single instant to be questioned; the only way by which it can silence doubt and refute argument, is by excommunication, the dungeon, and the stake. But then this very prudence is suspicious; for what kind of doctrines must those be that cannot endure the touching or examining? Are they not somewhat akin to that infallibility that would raise such an atrocious monster as the detestable Rodrigo Borgia to be the successor of St. Peter, and condemn Galileo to a prison?—Yet, perhaps, we are here accusing the Romish church unjustly; for it had nothing to apprehend from the vices of the former, and something to fear from the enlightened mind of the latter.

Should it be said that we ignorantly traduce Roman Catholicism without understanding it, this censure cannot at least apply to the writer of these '*Consejos*,' who has himself been a member of that church; and he assures us that the intolerance of his native country rendered him in his youth a declared enemy of Christianity. And he, moreover, asserts, that the greatest laxity and dissoluteness of morals is tolerated in countries where the bare idea of permitting Protestants to open a chapel for the worship of God, and preaching the doctrines of Christ, would be regarded with horror.

The next article is the Constitution of the United Mexican States, to which succeeds, '*Las Intrigas Venecianas, ó Fray Gregorio de Jerusalem*,' a tale of a young German, who is employed by a friar (Fray Gregorio), to watch and denounce Mocénigo, a powerful Venetian noble, as a conspirator against the state. Their plot is frustrated, and they themselves both fall into the hands of the patrician, and are conducted before the Council of Ten. Here, in the course of the proceedings against the delinquents, it is discovered that Albert, the younger one, is the son of a German lady, in the suite of the Queen of Spain, and privately married to a young cavalier. In order to avoid the importunities of an ambassador, she owns to him that she is the wife of another; but, within a few hours after this imprudent con-

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fidence to a man determined to gratify either his guilty passion or his revenge, the husband has disappeared, and the unhappy lady is thrown into a convent, for having acted contrary to both the civil and ecclesiastical laws, by contracting a clandestine marriage while holding an office within the court.

'At this point of the proceedings, Mocénigo exclaimed—"If what you have said be true, your real name is Guevara." The astonishment that Albert felt at these words, caused him to swoon away again; and Mocénigo, turning towards his companions, said, with an air of triumph, in which, nevertheless, was apparent some degree of compassion for the unfortunate youth before him: "Who would have imagined that, after so many years, I should meet with the son of my detested rival in a conspirator against my person!"

'"It was yourself, then," observed one of the senators, "who was the cause of the separation of the two unhappy lovers."

'"Merely a youthful indiscretion," replied he, with a malignant smile: "but the strangest part of the history is, that although once nearly assassinated by him, I never yet saw the person of my rival"

'"Then, behold him now!" exclaimed a voice in a dreadful tone, that caused the hall to reverberate; and, in the next instant, Mocénigo fell mortally wounded at the feet of the friar.

'"Let me embrace my son, my unhappy son, whom, without knowing who he was, I have reduced to this deplorable wretchedness,—and then do with me even as you list." Saying this, he threw from him a crucifix stained with blood, the lower part of which had been contrived so as to serve as a sheath to the blade of the dagger, with which he had executed his long meditated vengeance on Mocénigo. 'Listen to me, signors, a few moments, before I am conducted to the slow and horrible death which I well know awaits me; and, unless interest and policy have rendered you completely deaf to the voice of nature, confess that the wretch whose life I have just taken, has not half repaid me, by the forfeiture of his existence, for the countless pangs—the protracted anguish to which I have been subjected by his infernal machinations. Separating me from the object to whom I was so devotedly attached, that barbarian compelled me to wander as an outcast, and as the companion of outcasts, for more than two years after I had escaped from the fortress, where he had caused me to be imprisoned. What I have just heard from the lips of this unhappy youth—whom I find to be my own child, and whom, by implicating in my stratagems of vengeance, I have brought to destruction—discloses to me all the infernal arts by which the villain, who lies before you, worked my ruin. His, doubtless, were the fabricated letters which were delivered to me in prison, informing me, that my wife had consented legally to annul our marriage; and the signature which stamped her a traitress was a vile forgery. Having escaped, I ventured to enter Madrid by night, wounded my persecutor, and, in consequence, was obliged to seek a refuge in the mountains among banditti, with whom I continued, until, filled with horror at such a life, I went in disguise to Jerusalem, where I assumed this habit. My thirst for revenge had at length gradually subsided, when my evil destiny brought me to Venice. Here the daily sight of my enemy renewed my former hatred, and I determined upon his ruin, although, if possible, without having recourse to violence.—My revenge is at length gratified, and were it not for this son whom I thus discover on the brink of the grave, I should smile at all the tortures that your vengeance can inflict.'

Among the remaining articles, that on Condé's History of the Arabians in Spain is replete with interest; but, as this is to be continued, we shall defer any notice of it until we have the whole before us.

ORIGINAL.

THEATRES, WATERING PLACES, AND EXHIBITIONS.

The winter theatres were closed by the extreme heat, which relaxed its severity as soon as they had done so, and the summer places of entertainment may now be visited with great comfort. Liston excites a hearty laugh at one house, and Miss Stephens 'laps us in Elysium' at another, without putting us into a fever or threatening our fair companion with a swoon. It is, however, certain that the metropolis is daily thinning; the hot weather drove many to the sea-coast, and those who have bravd it are now preparing for distant emigration.

The rage for visiting the Continent being pretty well satiated, many persons now begin to think of seeing that which is most beautiful or celebrated nearer home, and we learn that Matlock is already full, that numerous pedestrians are exploring Dovedale, and would-be invalids, as well as real ones, looking towards Buxton. Numbers are holding their noses, and making wry faces, over the fetid wells of Harrowgate, and Cheltenham is overflowing. Those of still stronger wing fly towards the lakes of Cumberland, and some rest short only on the banks of Loch-Lomond or John o'Groats. These, we confess, we envy, for we have enjoyed too much pleasure in these scenes, not to desire to revisit them, and catch again the full sense of pleasure, the dancing joyousness of spirit, or the speechless sublimity of delight, with which they inspired us.

Yet a watering-place, after all, is a pleasant lounge, a kind of enchanted ground where a man leaves care at the gates, and, for a time, considers himself one of a gay, wealthy, laughter-loving train, on whom the sun always shines, and the air breathes odours, and with whom he now mixes as he has never done before. 'Tis a red letter day in the ledger of life, and he resolves to enjoy it while he may; to feast now the table is spread, to dance whilst the music is playing, and leave the hour of reckoning to chance. Doubtless, many persons have had reason to lament, that ever themselves, wives, or daughters were led to these vanity-fair scenes; but it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that many a heavy heart has, for a season at least, lost its load, that many a dull mind has picked up an accession of ideas, and that many a long winter has been enlivened by the memory of a gay summer. This effect has not much influence on London people, but is of immense consequence in secluded villages, affording the same aid to our fellow subjects, so situated, in their minds, that the fresh air and exercise our pent-up citizens so partake, has upon their bodies.

Truly obliged are those of us who must remain at home, for all those exhibitions which give us those peeps at nature, which are our sole substitutes for the reality.—We regretted much when the Water-colour Society and the Exhibition in Suffolk Street closed, because our views of field and grove, lake and mountain, vanished, but we rejoice in that of the British Gallery, which gives us all we can receive of this species of pleasure. The Panoramas are all delightful haunts, and the Diorama perfect magic; nor should the Cosmorama be forgotten, since, although inferior in effect, it offers a variety which is exceedingly agreeable, and by recalling one man's travels and another man's reading to his mind, induces those trains of thought into each, which contribute to tranquillize and delight it. Much as it is the fashion to decry our theatric exhibitions, yet all must allow, that the improvements of the scenery are such as to render the entertainment not only pleasurable to the senses, but happy in its effects upon the mind, since the display of pastoral beauty, or of high art, never fail to soften our asperities of temper, or enlarge our conceptions of greatness and goodness.

We never remember to have been so pleasingly impress by any panoramic view as that of Lausanne, although some others may, perhaps, have excited a more piquant interest. The union of the simplest forms of pastoral life with the most sublime objects in nature, probably left this sense on the mind, for which reason we heartily wish we could see the scenery of our own country represented by the same medium. Whether our own lakes and mountains would be so well received as those of other countries, we dare not say, but sincerely wish that it might be tried as the medium of gratifying that taste and proper curiosity which is continually asking a new supply in the exhibitions of the metropolis. We have heard much of the arrival of one who is, so far as we can learn, neither of this world, nor the 'land of souls,' but something bearing the impress of both—a living skeleton, a faster representation in his 'gaunt bony form' of the King of Terrors, than Stephen Kemble made of the fat knight. We were assured by a friend, who has beheld this unhappy caricature of humanity, this being robbed in every part of his 'fair proportions,' that he was persuaded, if he had beheld him unexpectedly, such was the horror of the impression, that he should have died, or lost his senses, yet our friend is a man of nerve and strong mind. That as a show, this wretched being will be visited by thousands, we cannot doubt, but there is one piecaut advice we wish earnestly to impress upon our readers, before the doors to death and the doctor are

opened. We beg them earnestly to say as little as possible on the subject, after their return home, and as female curiosity will be much upon the alert, to remember, that every answer should deal in generals rather than particulars. Were we an absolute prince, the spectacle should be denied to all our subjects, save surgeons, but since, in this free country, every man may give himself horrors in what way he chooses, all we can do is to endeavour to neutralize the evil, we cannot cure. We have lived much too long in the world, to say, 'Ladies ask no questions,' but we may be permitted to hope, that saying, 'Gentlemen give short answers,' will not be entirely without success.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

How soothing is the pow'rful spell
An evening's walk supplies,
When Spring her varied store of sweets
Displays before our eyes:
How sweet to rove along the glen,
Far from the 'busy haunts of men!'

As thus I wander'd through the wood,
Unthinking where I went;
The sun fast hast'ned to the west,
His piercing rays all spent:
A lowly cot I then espied,
Rising beneath the wood's dark side.

The door was broken by the blast
Which blew across the heath;
The roof was torn,—'twas scarce enough
To shelter those beneath:
Old rags fill'd up where glass should be;
It was a scene of poverty!

As down I stoop'd to look within,
A beggar girl ran by;
She was o'erwhelmed with dismay,
And wildly she did cry:
Her hair hung loosely all about,
Through which her angel face peep'd out.

She cast herself upon her knees,
And rais'd her large blue eye;
And thus address'd herself to me,
With many a broken sigh:
'They tell me, sir, that one call'd Death,
Will shortly stop my mother's breath.'

'I hope, good sir, you are not him?
Oh, let my mother live!
All that within the house I have,
To you I'll freely give:
I'll willing give you my new hat,
Which I received from Mr. Platt.

I also have a fine new gown,
And a smart pin-a-fore
Which 'Squire Allgood gave to me,
And he has promis'd more:
All these to you I'll freely give,
So that you let my mother live!'

'I am not Death, my pretty girl,'
I said; 'so cease to weep:
There is a God above the sky,
Who all mankind doth keep;
And, if your mother now should die,
This God will all your wants supply.'

'The vicar told me just the same,
When he came here to see
My mother; but I won't believe
That this can ever be;
For this great God I ne'er did see;
Then how can he take care of me?'

'Have you a father,' then I ask'd,
'Who will your way watch o'er,
When bow'd by Death's relentless pow'r,
Your mother is no more?'
'O, no, good sir, to me they say,
That Death has carried him away!'

'Where was it that your father died?'
'Why that I cannot tell;
But it was fighting for the king,
They say he bravely fell;
I can't tell who this king can be,
He ne'er did any good to me!'

'What was it they were fighting for,
When thus your father died?'
'They say it was for honour, sir,
I can't tell what beside;
But Death my father took from me,
And I no more his face shall see!'

'And can't you tell me what is death?'
'No, sir, I do not know;
But mother tells me he is found
Wherever I can go:
But, O, good sir, if you are Death,
O, pray don't stop my mother's breath!'

O. N. Y.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the press, The German Novelists, from the earliest period down to the present time; comprising selections from the most popular national traditions, from the tales, and from the more modern novels of the most distinguished living writers; accompanied with biographical and critical notices, and an historical view of the traditionary and romantic literature of Germany; by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

A celebrated improvisatrice, named Rosa Taddei, is now at Rome, where she excites the enthusiasm of the numerous audiences who behold her performances with delight and astonishment. On the 3d of this month, she composed extemporaneously on seven subjects in different metres. An elegant style, splendid imagery, rhymes always happy, and verses always harmonious, have distinguished her effusions. She unites a profound learning to the most lively wit. The Latin Academy have hastened to inscribe this new Corinna in the number of their members.

African Discovery.—The accounts brought by Captain Clapperton and Major Denham from Soudan, and other places in the interior of Africa, which have been visited by these enterprising travellers, is very satisfactory, and much valuable information, relative to the inhabitants, has been obtained. The surprise of the former gentleman may readily be conceived, upon his reaching Sockatoo, in finding plates, dishes, basins, and other articles of English manufacture, with the makers' names marked thereon; and during his residence, which was nearly three months, he daily used wares of this description. The markets are regularly supplied, in addition to flour, with fine stall-fed beef, mutton, and kids; as also poultry, including wild ducks and geese, eggs, &c. The existence of this place, which is to the westward of Bornou, was before unknown; it is governed by a sultan, who has several wives, and many children, and who, with all the persons about him, evinced every attention to Captain Clapperton. Major Denham proceeded to the south and east of Bornou, and examined the Lake Tsad, which is an immense fresh water lake, visiting many towns and villages in his journey. The country, to the southward of Fezzan, may be considered as a new discovery, and extends from that place to about the ninth degree of latitude, between the sixth and fourteenth degrees of longitude east of Greenwich. Ministers have considered it as an object of such importance, as to again send another mission, placed under the direction of Captain Clapperton, in which he will be assisted by Captain Pearce (also of the Royal Navy), and the Camelion sloop of war is preparing at Portsmouth for their conveyance. Very sanguine hopes are entertained of success, and of ultimately introducing, by the route Captain Clapperton will proceed, many of our manufactures into central Africa.

Antiquities.—In making the common sewer in London Street, Glasgow, from the part near the Cross, which is finished, down to the Molendinar Burn, there was found, some time ago, at the depth of about ten feet, the remains of a boat lying in a bed of blue clay, which was covered and surrounded by fine sand, like that found on the shores of a navigable river or wide frith. Some of the clinker nails which were used as fastenings were found in the wood, which was fine oak, become quite black from its long immersion under the earth. The calking used for the boat appeared to have been wool dipped in tar. It is a curious fact, that some years ago, when the common sewer was cutting in the Stockwell, that a boat of a similar description was found a little above Jackson Street; which would indicate that these two places where the boats have been found, were then the line of the shore of the frith, or bed of the river. These boats must have lain in the places where found many centuries. It is not probable that they belonged to, or were constructed by, the aborigines of the country. The workmanship would indicate that they were formed by a people considerably advanced in civilization. It is probable they were constructed by the Romans, about the period of Agricola's expedition into Caledonia, about 1740 years ago; at which period, there seems little reason to doubt, the greater part of the ground on which Glasgow now stands, and all the low lands on both banks of the river, to a considerable distance, were covered by the waters of the Frith of Clyde. —*Glasgow Courier.*

African Mirror.—There has been lately found, near the river Maloi Krapkoï, in the country in which it is believed the ancient city of Thama was situated, a bronze mirror bearing a Cufic inscription. It was discovered in a tumulus, upon the breast of a skeleton, with some other articles. A representation and brief description of the mirror and the rest of the articles are given in the *European Messenger* for 1824, No. 12, a Russian journal published at Moscow.—*Journal Asiatique.*

Fruit Models.—The difficulty experienced by the most skilful horticultural writers, even when assisted by the pencils of able artists, satisfactorily to describe and represent the various and almost infinite kinds of fruit that

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ornament the garden, and supply the table with one of its most agreeable luxuries, has suggested to Messrs. Pizzigalli and Degaspari, of Milan, to undertake a work which they call 'Pomona, in relief;' that is to say, a collection of models of all the fruits cultivated in Europe, so perfect, that it is impossible, without touching them, not to mistake them for the natural fruits. The smaller fruits are modelled in wax—the larger in plaster, with a coat of wax. Some, such as grapes, gooseberries, &c., are blown in glass. This collection is already considerably advanced, and will comprehend above five hundred descriptions of fruit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLDFIELD's Dairy in our next.

Q. will find he was anticipated in the notice of L. E. L's poems; besides we never insert critiques from anonymous writers, nor adopt those of our friends without satisfying ourselves as to their justice. Q.'s remark on the manner in which this lady's poems are puffed off by our contemporary are very just.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
July	22	55	69	60	30	14	Fair.
....	23	55	65	56	..	03	Do.
....	24	56	68	57	..	14	Do.
....	25	57	66	60	..	31	Do.
....	26	60	66	52	..	31	Do.
....	27	60	72	56	..	26	Do.
....	28	61	73	57	..	20	Do

Works published since our last notice.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Part XV., 1l. 1s.—Trimmer's Natural History, 2 vols. (Whittingham's Library) 7s.—Platonis Phædo, Bekeri, 8vo. 9s.—Tacitus Aberlini, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s.—Blackstone's Commentaries, by Coleridge, 4 vols. 2l. 10s.—Impey's Questions in King's Bench and Common Pleas, 12s.—Maugham's Law of Attornies, 15s.

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £10,000., display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'Clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.

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London: printed for Payne and Foss, Pall-Mall; and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

⁎ This Review supplies the place of a library of Old English Literature; it contains Extracts from the most interesting and important works which have been published up to the commencement of this century, Analyses of their contents, and Biographical particulars of their Authors, with a critical account of their merits. In many cases the Review supersedes to the general reader the work reviewed, and in most others compiles from it an instructive and entertaining article. Many of the works of which an account is given are extremely rare; many others are of great value; and to procure the whole collection of the works reviewed would be a most difficult and expensive undertaking; an undertaking, however, rendered in a great measure unnecessary by the existence of this Review. To all lovers of Old English Literature resident in the country, or in any part of the world where access to extensive libraries is difficult or impossible, the Retrospective Review must prove an invaluable publication. In addition to the accounts of particular books, the Review contains a considerable number of dissertations on points of literary history, together with general views of the state of literature at different periods, the whole forming, or about to form in the succeeding numbers, a complete, though miscellaneous, history of modern literature.'

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number.—Reviews: A Tale of Paraguay, 497. Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism, 498; Historical and Literary Tour of a Traveller in England and Scotland, 499; A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, 503; The Art of Preserving the Hair, 504; A Natural History of Quadrupeds, &c. 506; The Poor Man's Petition to James I., 506.—Description of Gibraltar—History of its celebrated Siege, 508—*Original:* Mr. Martin and his Reviewers, 508; Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.; on Milton's Work—Polygamy, 509.—*Original Poetry:* On Three British Religious Poets, 510; True Friendship, 510.—*The Drama,* 511.—*Literature and Science,* 511.—*The Bee,* 512.

No. 325. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Tale of Paraguay. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate. 12mo. pp. 199. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

That Mr. Southey, alias Dr. Southey, Esq., for so he dubs himself in the title page of his work, is a man of genius will scarcely be doubted when we consider that he wrote Wat Tyler, thought himself a match for Lord Byron, and had the Percy Anecdotes of Genius expressly dedicated to him. That he is a prolific writer is, if possible, still less indisputable. Only think of a man whose poems in foolscap sell for five good guineas and a half, and then he has written prose enough to freight the Baron Renfrew, just launched at Quebec, though of eight thousand tons burden; as, however, it cannot be denied that the worthy doctor has often written well, we ought not to enumerate as sins what his admirers will designate as blessings.

The Tale of Paraguay is founded on an historical fact which is narrated in Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones. It is preceded by a dedication to the author's daughter, Edith Mary Southey, a child of ten years, who must feel proud of such a tribute of parental affection so feelingly expressed. The concluding lines of this dedication are particularly beautiful:—

'How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning when thine eyes unclosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something I ween thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
The attempered soul to tenderness can move
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow,—
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love,—
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

'The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent:—Like yesterday
To me, so soon they fill'd their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change; and something too
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where man abideth never in one stay;
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal grey
The touch of eld hath mark'd thy father's head;
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

'Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the grave: thou know'st not
How large a portion of my heart is there!
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to come,
Summon'd before me to their heritage
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

'Thus wilt thou feel hereafter mutatis mutandis;
When grief shall be thy portion, thou wilt find
Safe consolation in such thoughts as these,—
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.
Take therefore now thy father's latest lay,—
Perhaps his last; and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey.
A song it is of life's declining day,
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath;
A reverent offering to the grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of death.'

A poem to the tale contains an allusion to the Peninsular war, particularly to that period when the French in Pamplona were looking for succour; this day is contrasted with that when Ignatius Loyola was wounded before the walls of that city, and during his confinement read those books which determined him to enter the church, and found the order of the Jesuits. The tale commences with an apostrophe to Dr. Jenner, which is appropriate, as it relates to the ravages of the small pox in Paraguay, when the whole of a tribe of the Guarani race, with the exception of one pair, fell victims to the pestilence: on the fate of these and their children the tale is founded:—

'Quiara could recall to mind the course
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew
Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,
And from his bow the unerring arrow flew
With fatal aim: and when the laden bee
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain aim, and follow free
Until he traced the hive hidden bank or tree
'Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household ways.
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise
The lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;
Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for dainties fare.

'And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And bleaching them in sun and silvery dew;
From dry and glossy filaments entwine
With rapid twirl of hand the lengthening line;
Next interknitting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

'Time had been when expert in works of clay
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the appointed festal day
With the beloved beverage which the bold
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of old;
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When in their drunken bravery uncontroll'd,
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds and death ensued.

'These occupations were gone by: the skill
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.
Content were they, when thirst impell'd, toiling
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;
The river from its sluggish bed supplied
A draught for repetition all unmeet;
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;
No feverish pulse ensued, nor fretful heat,
Their days were undisturb'd, their natural sleep was sweet.

'She too had learnt in youth how best to trim
The honoured chief for his triumphal day,
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
Well-pleased the glorious savage stood and eyed
The growing work; then vain of his array
Look'd with complacent frown from side to side,
Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd with statelier pride.

'Feasts and carouals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiara day by day his game pursued,
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepared the hunter's food:
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate,
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.'

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The happy pair are blessed with a child, and Dr. Southey dwells with rapture on the happiness which such an event is to a parent; indeed it is difficult to say whether parental feeling or poetry predominate most in the description:—

'Days pass, and moons have wex'd and waned, and still
This dovelet nestled in their leafy bower
Obtains increase of sense, and strength, and will,
As in due order many a latent power
Expands,—humanity's exalted dower:
And they, while thus the days serenely fled
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower
Which lifting from a genial soil its head
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

'Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give place,
That age with sense of conscious growth endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace:
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering pace;
And wateful hopes and emulous thoughts appear;
The imitative lips essay to trace
Their words, observant both with eye and ear,
In mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.

'Serenely thus the seasons pass away;
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-day,
Glides on in peaceful uniformity!
Five years have, since Yeruti's birth, gone by,
Five happy years;—and ere the moon which then
Hung like a sylphid's light canoe on high
Should fill its circle, Moneena again
Laying her burden down must bear a mother's pain.

'Alas, a keener pang before that day,
Must by the wretched Monneena be borne!
In quest of game Quiara went his way
To roam the wilds as he was wont, one morn;
She look'd in vain at eve for his return.
By moonlight through the midnight solitude
She sought him; and she found his garment torn,
His bow and useless arrows in the wood,
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and blood.'

Monnema brings forth a girl, and our author beautifully describes the feelings of the boy on seeing his sister:—

'At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts, without alloy,
The sense of kind: a fellow-creature she,
In whom when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy.

'For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he brought
To this beloved sister,—whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully wrong mankind.

'Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here: three happy souls, which, undefiled,
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.'

The third canto is almost entirely devoted to the labours of the Jesuits in Paraguay, and contains a somewhat prosaic character of Dobrizhoffer. The following is a just reprehension of the slave trade:—

'O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone
But for all lands that bear the Christian name!
Where'er commercial slavery is known,
O shall not Justice, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
The foul reproach, the black offence the same?
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England, hear!
Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself from shame,
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear,
Then from this guilt, and not till then, wilt thou be clear.'

Mooma, the daughter of Monnema, is thus described, at the moment she is met in the woods by the father of the Jesuits:—

'No art of barbarous ornament had scarr'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'bled her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd
In her sweet countenance the natural grace
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

'Across her shoulders was a hammock flung;
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Her only garment. Round her it hung,
In short unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves, display
Her form. She stood with fix'd and wondering eyes,
And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries
She call'd her mother forth to share that glad surprise.'

The Guarani family become converted, and going to live in one of the towns among the Spaniards, successively fall victims to the change of habits, air, and food. Monnema first, then Mooma, and lastly Yeruti. The feelings of the worthy father, Dobrizhoffer, at seeing the family had brought from their wilds, gradually sinking away, are well expressed:—

'At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer stood
Beside her bed, oh, how unlike, he thought
This voice to that which ringing through the wood
Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
And was it then for this that he had brought
That harmless household from their native shade?
Death had already been the mother's lot;
And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to fade
So soon,—so soon must she in earth's cold lap be laid?

'Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
And wherefore should he? he had acted well,
And deeming of the ways of God aright,
Knew that to such as these, whate'er befell
Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell,
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!

'She saw him weep, and she could understand
The cause thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved she took his hand;
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Past, while she look'd at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loth to part,
Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak,
Play'd with their hold; then letting him depart,
She gave him a slow smile that touch'd him to the heart.

'Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to live,
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?
That simple heart, that innocence sincere
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be
For the great change; and now that change is near,
Oh, who would keep her soul from being free?
Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee!

'She hath pass'd away, and on her lips a smile
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they aright
Or suffered they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she had sight
Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight;
That angels waited round her lowly bed;
And that in that last effort of delight,
When lifting up her dying arms, she said,
I come! a ray from Heaven upon her face was shed?

'St. Joachim's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief before,
As when with tapers, dirge, and long array
The maiden's body to the grave they bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;
Yet wondering at the fortune they lament,
They the wise ways of Providence adore,
By whom the pastor surely had been sent
When to the Mondal woods upon his quest he went.'

This is very natural and very beautiful; and The Tale of Paraguay is altogether a very pretty poem. The author, whose amiable domestic life is proverbial, seems to have poured forth his whole soul in song, and poets never write better than when they write from the heart. We are glad to see Mr. Southey return to the muses, for really, after his Vision of Judgment, he had some atonement to make and some reputation to regain, which he has done by the volume before us. Several notes, and two engravings by Heath, from designs by Westall, are added to the work, which is, however, somewhat dear at half a guinea.

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Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism. By the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, M. A. and B. D. 8vo. London, 1825. Murray.

Numerous as are the writers against the Roman Catholic religion, yet it perhaps never had so formidable an assailant as Mr. Blanco White, a gentleman whose knowledge of the subject is only equalled by the eloquence of his pen. Mr. White was born a Roman Catholic, and was brought up in a country where that religion has its firmest hold—Spain. Though descended from an Irish family, his mother was a Spanish lady, whom few could equal in religious sincerity. Educated for the church, instructed in all its mysteries, and imbued with habits of devotion, he began to doubt its truth, and he relates, with much sincerity, the state of his mind and the reasons which induced him to relinquish the religion of his ancestors, and embrace Protestantism:—

'My religious belief had hitherto been undisturbed; but light clouds of doubt began now to pass over my mind, which the warmth of devotion soon dissipated, yet they would gather again and again and an increased darkness which prayer could scarcely dispel. That immorality and levity are *always* the source of unbelief, the experience of my own case, and my intimate acquaintance with many others, enable me most positively to deny: as to myself, I declare most solemnly that my rejection of Christianity took place at a period when my conscience could not reproach me with any open breach of duty but those committed several years before: that during the transition from religious belief to incredulity, the horror of sins against the faith deeply implanted by education in my soul, haunted me night and day; and that I exerted all the powers of my mind to counteract the involuntary doubts which were daily acquiring an irresistible strength. In this distress I brought to remembrance all my arguments for the truth of the Christian religion, which I had studied in the French Apologists; I read other works of the same kind; and having to preach to the royal brigade of carabineers, who came to worship the body of St. Ferdinand, preserved in the king's chapel, I chose the subject of infidelity, on which I delivered an elaborate discourse. But the fatal crisis was at hand. At the end of the year, from the preaching of this sermon,—the confession is painful, indeed, yet due to religion itself,—I was bordering on Atheism.

'When I examine the state of my mind previous to my rejecting the Christian faith, I cannot recollect anything in it but what is in perfect accordance with that form of religion in which I was educated. I revered the Scriptures as the word of God, but was also persuaded, that without a living infallible interpreter, the Bible was a dead letter, which could not convey its meaning with any certainty. I grounded, therefore, my Christian faith on the infallibility of the church. No Roman Catholic pretends to a better foundation. I believe whatever the holy mother church holds and believes is the compendious creed of every member of the Roman communion. Had my doubts affected any particular doctrine, I should have clung to the decisions of a church which claims exemption from error. But my first doubts attacked the very basis of Catholicism. I thought within myself that the certainty of the Roman Catholic faith had no better ground than a fallacy of that kind which is called reasoning in a circle; for I believed the infallibility of that church, because the Scripture said she was infallible; while I had no better proof that the Scripture said so, than the assertion of the church, that she could not mistake the Scripture. In vain did I endeavour to evade the force of this argument, indeed I still believe it unanswerable. Was then Christianity nothing but a groundless fabric,—the world supported by the elephant,—the elephant standing on the tortoise? Such was the conclusion to which I was led by a system which impresses the mind with the obscurity and insufficiency of the written word of God. Why should I consult the Scriptures? My only choice was between Revelation explained by the church of Rome, and no Revelation. Catholics who live in Protestant countries may, in spite of the direct tendency of their system, practically perceive the unreal nature of this dilemma. But wherever the religion of Rome reigns absolute, there is but one step between it and infidelity.'

For ten years did Mr. White struggle with infidelity, when the approach of the French army to Seville made him quit that city and Spain for England. On his arrival here, he read Paley's Natural Theology, which appears to have been mainly instrumental in removing his atheistical doubts; he next found himself verging towards Unitarianism, but at length avoided that danger, and he concludes the history of his mind during a long and interesting period, with the following observations:—

'I have now gone through the religious history of my mind, in which I request you to notice the result of my various situations. Under the influence of that mental despotism which would prevent investigation, by the fear of eternal ruin, or which mocks reason, by granting the examination of premises, while it reserves to itself the right of drawing conclusions; I was irresistibly urged into a denial of revelation; but no sooner did I obtain freedom, than instead of my mind running riot in the enjoyment of the long delayed boon, it opened to conviction, and acknowledged the truth of Christianity,—the temper of that *mind* shows, I believe, the general character of the age to which it belongs. I have been enabled to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare again and again, that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England. The testimony of all who frequent the Continent,—a testimony which every one's knowledge of foreigners supports, represents all Catholic countries in a similar condition; will it then be unreasonable to suppose, that if a *fair* choice was given between the religion of Rome and other forms of Christianity, many would, like myself, embrace the gospel which they have rejected? Is there not some presumption of error against a system which everywhere revolts an improving age from Christianity?'

After Mr. White has concluded his personal history, he enters on the question of Catholicism, which he treats in a masterly manner; he differs from the amiable and venerable Mr. Charles Butler, as to the power of the pope; he exposes the dreadful intolerance of the Roman Catholic religion, and the Jesuitry by which some of its advocates defend it. How intolerant it is, and to what infatuation it leads its votaries, will be seen by the following extract: there is no tie of affection more strong than that of a mother, and yet a slavish adherence to a bigoted and tyrannical church goes far to violate the most sacred of bonds and almost to drive a parent to become the misguided murderer of her own son; for had she in one frenzied moment denounced him, all the powers on earth would not have wrested him from the relentless fangs of the inquisitors; but we must let the elegant author relate his own anecdote, and then we will ask if the charge of intolerance against Catholicism requires to be further substantiated. Mr. White says:—

'Believe a man who has spent the best years of his life where Catholicism is professed without the check of dissenting opinions, where it luxuriates on the soil which fire and sword have cleared of whatever might stunt its natural and genuine growth—a growth incessantly watched over by the head of your church, and her authorised representatives the Inquisitors.—Alas! "I have a mother" outweighed all other reasons for a change in a man of genius (Pope), who yet cared not to show his indifference to the religious system under which he was born. I too "had a mother," and such a mother, as did I possess the talents of your great poet tenfold, they would have been honoured in doing homage to the powers of her mind and the goodness of her heart. No woman could love her children more ardently, and none of those children was more vehemently loved than myself. But the Roman Catholic creed had poisoned in her the surest source of affection. I saw her during a long period unable to restrain her tears in my presence. I perceived that she shunned my conversation, especially when my university friends drew me into topics above those of domestic talk. I loved her, and this behaviour cut me to the heart. In my distress I applied to a friend to whom she used to communicate all her sorrow, and to my utter horror, I learnt that suspecting me of anti-catholic principles, my mother was distracted by the fear that she might be obliged to accuse me to the Inquisition, if I unconsciously uttered some condemned proposition in her presence. To avoid the barbarous necessity of being the instrument of my ruin, she could find no other means but that of shunning my presence. Did this unfortunate mother overrate or mistake the nature of her Roman Ca-

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those duties? By no means. The Inquisition was established by the supreme authority of her church; and under that authority she was enjoined to accuse any person whatever whom she might overhear uttering heretical opinions. No exception was made in favour of fathers, children, husbands, wives;—to conceal was to abet their errors, and doom two souls to eternal perdition.'

Speaking of the forced celibacy of the Catholic clergy, and its consequences, Mr. W. says:—

'The cares of a married life, it is said, interfere with the duties of the clergy. Do not the cares of a vicious life, the anxieties of stolen love, the contrivances of adulterous intercourse, the pains, the jealousies, the remorse attached to a conduct in perfect contradiction with a public and solemn profession of superior virtue,—do not these cares, these bitter feelings, interfere with the duties of priesthood? I have seen the most promising men of my university obtain country livings, with characters unimpeached, and hearts overflowing with hopes of usefulness. A virtuous wife would have confirmed and strengthened their purposes; but they were to live a life of angels in celibacy. They were however, men, and their duties connected them with beings of no higher description. Young women knelt before them in all the intimacy and openness of confession. A solitary house made them go abroad in search of social converse. Love, long-resisted, seized them, at length, like madness. Two I know, who died insane; hundreds might be found who avoid that fate by a life of settled systematic vice.'

The family of Mr. White has fallen victims to their rigid adherence to their religion; his eldest sister died at the age of twenty-two, in a convent, when, had she not been a slave to that church, air, amusement, and exercise, might have saved her. He had another sister, to whom he looked forward as a companion for life:—

'But,' says he, 'she had a heart open to every noble impression, and such among Catholics are apt to be misled from the path of practical usefulness, into the wilderness of visionary perfection. At the age of twenty, she left an infirm mother to the care of servants and strangers, and shut herself up in a convent, where she was not allowed to see even her nearest relations. With a delicate frame, requiring every indulgence to support it in health, she embraced a rule which denied her the comforts of the lowest class in society;—a coarse woollen frock fretted her skin; her feet had no covering but that of shoes, open at the toes, that they might expose them to the cold of a brick floor: a couch of bare planks was her bed, and an unfurnished cell her dwelling. Disease soon filled her conscience with fears, and I had often to endure the torture of witnessing her agonies at the confessional. I left her when I quitted Spain, dying much too slowly for her only chance of relief.—I wept bitterly for her loss two years after: yet I could not be so cruel as to wish her alive.'

Our extracts, it will be seen, consist rather of facts than arguments, though they are pretty conclusive as to the latter; the fact, however, is, that we hate political and polemical controversy, and have no wish to make our journal the medium of either; we shall now only quote another passage, relating to the general tendency of the Roman Catholic religion, and leave the more argumentative part of the work, to those who have opinions to form or doubts to remove:—

'But has not the influence of Roman Catholic infallibility, even in the less oppressed countries, disturbed the best efforts of the the human intellect, closed up many of the direct roads to knowledge, and forced ingenuity to skulk in the pursuit of it like a thief? Sound the antiquary, the astronomer, the natural philosopher of Italy; and the characteristic shrug of the shoulders will soon tell you that they have gone the full stretch of the chain they are forced to wear. What if the chain be already snapped at every link, and kept together by threads? Reckon, if you can, the struggles, the sighs, the artifices, the perjuries which have brought it to that state. Look at Galileo on his knees. See the commentators of Newton, prefixing a declaration to his immortal Principia, in which by a solemn falsehood, they avoid the fate of the unhappy Florentine astronomer. Newton, say the great mathematicians Le Seur and Jacquier, assumes in his third book, the hypothesis of the earth's motion. The propositions of that author could not be explained, except through the same hypothesis. We have therefore been forced to act a character not our own; but we declare our submission to the decrees of the Roman pontiffs against the motion of the earth. The same sacrifice of sincerity is expected at the Spanish universities. Science indeed has scarcely ever made a step without bowing, with a lie in her mouth, to Roman infallability. Mankind has to thank Lord Bacon, as he might thank the intellectual liberty which the Reformation allowed him, for that burst of light which at once broke out from his writings, and spread the seeds of true knowledge too thick and wide for Rome to smother them.'

We need not, we are sure, say one word to convince our readers, that this is a very important and interesting work, and that the author is a man of very high attainments and great conscientiousness.

Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland.

(Concluded from p. 481.)

Dr. Pichot, for this is the name of the author of this work, though displaying a much more intimate acquaintance with us and our institutions than a foreigner could be expected to obtain, occasionally blunders, and in nothing more than when he compares methodism to popery. On the subject of the law, and the way in which a young student *eats* his way into the profession, he also makes some mistakes; as he does when he states that Sir James Mackintosh is the author of a history, since it is well known that Sir James has written nothing but the prospectus, and that a dozen years ago—though a clever man, he is too indolent for an historian. The remarks on Brougham and Scarlett are, in general, correct, except so far as relates to the queen's trial, when Brougham displayed much vulgarity and bad tact, but no dignity whatever. The author makes a curious mistake as to The Rejected Addresses, which he says are by Messrs. Frere and Smith; this we should naturally attribute to his converting the French word for brother into a proper name, but that he mentions Mr. Frere as the author of The Monks and the Giants. Our author had letters of introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and his account of the interview is by no means the least interesting chapter in his work:—

'Sir W. Scott.—"Well, doctor, how did you like the banks of the Tweed and Melrose Abbey?"

"They are worthy of the bard who has sung them. I, besides, paid a visit to Abbotsford, and surveyed with interest your Gothic sculptures, your armoury, and pictures, some of which are speaking representations. I shall now reperuse, with double pleasure, The Lay of the Last Minstrel, and your other works."

'Sir W. Scott.—"Are you acquainted with the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border?"

"A great part of it; but more especially with your own imitations of the old border ballads. It was, I believe, your first publication.

'Sir W. Scott.—"Not exactly. I made my debut in 1799, with an imitation of some ballads of Burger, and a translation of the chivalresque drama of Goethe, Gotz Von Berlichengen. These essays procured me the acquaintance of the famous Lewis, author of The Monk, and surnamed Monk Lewis. He was a very agreeable man, whose imagination was perfectly amorous of the supernatural, and of popular superstitions. I read to him my Eve of St. John and Glenfinglas; and he requested my permission to insert these two poems in his Tales of Wonder."

"I should apprehend that The Monk of Lewis is a little out of fashion."

'Sir W. Scott.—"It is a work written with power. It produced an effect, although it came after the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe. Like the latter, Lewis has chosen the south as the seat of his action: in a southern atmosphere, passions as well as vegetation have more energy; passion is wanted in these kind of works. The marvellous alone will not suffice for so sceptical an age as this. I should have liked Mrs Radcliffe more, if she had been less anxious about the explanation of her mysteries. Lewis wrote as if he believed."

"Might not Mrs. Radcliffe, as a woman, be in dread of passing for superstitious?"

'Sir W. Scott.—"It may be so. Her works, compared with the common novel, are what melo-drames are compared with tragedies and comedies. Terror is their chief spring of action. But there are some good melo-drames. Walpole created the melo-dramatic romance; but Mrs. Radcliffe surpassed Walpole. Lewis and Maturin have alone come near Mrs. Radcliffe. The Montorio Family is a very astonishing work."

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"'Was your Götz von Berlichengen published at Edinburgh?'

'Sir W. Scott.—"No, I published it at London, where I then was. It is from the same epoch that my acquaintance with M. M. Canning and Frere commenced."

'"You have contributed to transfer a portion of the English bookselling business to Edinburgh."

'"Sir W. Scott.—"Authors doubtless make publishers; but Mr. Arch. Constable has done much for Scotch authorship."

'"Scotland has always supplied great men to the literary republic."

'Sir W. Scott.—"The patriarch of our authors is Mr. Henry Mackenzie, who knew Hume and Robertson intimately. In his Life of John Home, lately published, he has charmingly described the Literary Society of Edinburgh during the second half of the last century. He is a poet and romance writer; a poet in versification; but a poet also in his prose fictions; indeed, it is difficult for a good romance writer not to be so in some degree. Mr. Mackenzie is an ingenious critic in his periodical essays (The Mirror and Triffer), and a pathetic author in his novels. There is a little of Sterne's manner in his Man of Feeling; the pathos of Julia de Roubigné is more natural and pure."

'"Scotland continues to enrich English literature with its best works. Thomas Campbell is a Scotchman."

'Sir W. Scott.—"A Scotchman and a great poet. Lord Byron is also a little Scotch."

'"May I ask you on what terms you are?"

'Sir W. Scott.—"I received a letter from him yesterday. We are in correspondence, and that of an amicable and intimate description."

'"He has scoffed a little at Scotland."

'Sir W. Scott.—"The review went much too far. Lord Byron is very irritable."

'"I saw the portrait of Mr. Jeffrey at Abbotsford. I presume you are friendly."

'"Yes; he is one of our literary notables, and a distinguished barrister."

'"Have you also appeared at the bar?"

'Sir W. Scott.—"Like all young barristers, I have pleaded on criminal trials."

'"I shall here add, from the authority of Mr. Lockhart, that Sir W. Scott, when called to the bar, at the age of twenty-one, gave but few testimonies of his talent. He once, however, had an opportunity of speaking before the General Assembly, and the question he treated of having suddenly kindled his powers, he expressed himself with a flood of eloquence. The famous Dr. Blair was present, and said aloud, "This young barrister will be a great man."

'I resume our dialogue. "You quitted pleading for a judicial situation."

'Sir W. Scott.—"I was not appointed clerk of the Court of Session till after I had published Marmion. I was already sheriff of Selkirkshire."

'This post brings Sir Walter in about £300 per annum, and he was indebted for it to the Buccleugh family. He was afterwards appointed deputy-lieutenant of Roxburghshire. Sir Walter Scott owed his nomination of clerk to the Court of Session to Pitt, who was superseded by Fox before the nomination was signed and sealed. On its presentation to Fox for signature, he approved it without hesitation. "It is providing," said he, "for a man of genius; the precedent cannot be dangerous to us." It must be added, that Walter Scott performed his functions for several years gratuitously, while expecting the death of the titular clerk, his predecessor, who was an infirm old man. This fact has been disputed by M. Simond in his Voyage en Angleterre; he rectified the error in his second English edition only. If I do not give Fox's expression in the actual terms he used, I have a member of Sir W. Scott's family for my authority. The place of clerk or secretary to the Court of Session is worth, from 12 to £1500 per annum. Sir W. Scott performs its duties with assiduity. It may be recollected that a member of the House of Commons one day denounced this place as a useless office, because it was exercised by a man, who found time to publish seven or eight volumes yearly, without counting his contributions to the journals, &c. Reckoning up the emoluments derived from his place and books only, it may readily be conceived, that Sir Walter Scott has a chateau, an elegant town-house, numerous servants, a carriage with four horses, &c. &c.

'Lady Scott entered the drawing-room, and laid a box on the table, which she opened, and showed to Mr. Crabbe, and then to me: this box contained a kind of cockade or St. Andrew's cross, composed of pearls and precious stones found on the coasts of Scotland.

'Lady Scott.—"It is a St. Andrew's cross, which the ladies of Scotland have commissioned Sir W. Scott to present to his majesty before he alights. It is the work of a lady of high rank and great beauty."

'I naturally admired the cross, the pearls, and the delicacy of the workmanship. Two children now entered; one the youngest son of Sir W. Scott, and the other, I believe, a brother of Mr. Lockhart; those are his majesty's two pages, said Lady Scott to me; and she explained to me that they would be pages only during the residence of the king at Edinburgh. I asked Sir Walter if he had not another son; and he replied, that he had a son twenty years of age, a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars. Mr. Scott is now in Prussia.

'Sir W. Scott.—"You find us in the midst of festivities, doctor. You are come to Edinburgh at a time when our city is going to put forth all its bravery."

'"I intend, however, to escape from all this bustle, and make my excursion into Perthshire during the king's stay."

'Sir W. Scott.—"Indeed! What urgency induces you? You will be decidedly in the wrong. The mountains and the lakes are always to be found; but the spectacle about to be exhibited in Edinburgh will not be renewed for some time."

'Lady Scott.—"Baron Staël was also careless of staying; and set off for the north of Scotland. Pray, do not imitate him. We have, however, repeatedly told him that he was about to lose an unique spectacle."

'Sir W. Scott.—"Since you love old Scotland, you will see its living physiognomy, or, at least, its national costume. We shall revive our old devices, our old titles, and some of the customs of independent Scotland. Why go to look for the Highland clans in the mountains, when the report of the king's arrival has resounded to the extremity of the ancient kingdom of Bruce, and brings hither daily new representatives of our historical names? You must remain. I will undertake to procure you a place where you will see everything."'

Dr. Pichot is a great admirer of Lord Byron and his Don Juan. He says—

'A pretence has been lately set up in England that Byron was becoming unfaithful to his own glory; and that his latter works are deficient in the vigour which characterized the first. But if you quote Don Juan, the conversation changes its tone, and loses its literary complexion. The big words of morality, religion, and chivalrous loyalty, compose the text of the discussion. Byron had been pardoned for passing for a *voluptuous misanthrope;* for a *sceptical* enthusiast; but he dared to betray the great secret of the English *moral* aristocracy, and denounce its mock dignity of character. From that moment he became a bad citizen and a fallen poet. It must be confessed, that Don Juan is cosmopolitan in every sense of the word; but it is also a poem which has given the lie to those who pretend that he has only one string to his lyre. What a variety of tones! what sublime and graceful descriptions! but especially what profound knowledge of the world! what dexterity in detecting the little springs of so many great actions, and so many great virtues! The demirods descend from their pedestal: it is sometimes, if objectors will have it so, the smile of a demon which discomposes their laughable gravity; but is it in the right or in the wrong? I have, undoubtedly, protested elsewhere against the abuse of talent, the three or four personalities, and the symptoms of bad taste, which stain some of the beautiful pages of the poem; but, like many others, I am hurried away by the mockery of a superior man, who has closely inspected those whose character he depicts. There is in Don Juan a curious mixture of the satirical spirit of Voltaire, Fielding, and Sterne, with the most noble and exalted poetry. But one is naturally disposed to quarrel with the noble bard, when, after having excited in us all the most terrible emotions of our nature, he concludes with bantering us for having believed him in earnest like ourselves. Let any one conceive the idea of Talma, stopping short in the expression of some mental grief, or tragic passion, in order to parody himself! But in the cantos succeeding the fifth, Lord Byron aims more at the sublime, and limits himself to the portraiture of men and things in their unsophisticated state. If he abandons himself to the impulse of susceptibility in favour of liberty, virtue, or any other honourable feeling, he no longer seeks to persuade us that it is feint and mockery; it

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he traces a chaste picture, he no longer spoils the effect by grotesque imagery; and if he assembles therein less noble figures, it is only for the sake of obeying the eternal law of contrast and of truth. His facility of composition is inexhaustible. He passes "'Du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe;" but without confounding the different species. His portraits are comic or ridiculous, because they are faithful, and no longer exhibit that burlesque exaggeration which is the constituent of caricature. What a painting is that of Suwarrow and his camp! What a terrific lecture on military glory, is the narrative of the siege of Ishmael! What a transition from the sultan's seraglio, to the court of Catherine! and finally, what a striking picture of the domestic interior of the English aristocracy! But here a cry has been raised, that Byron was never used to the good company of London. It must then be denied that the Prince Regent personally met him in such society, and made advances to him, with which the pride of the poet, it is true, was but little flattered; it must be denied that the entirely aristocratic review of Gifford, stated in 1819, that before his exile, Byron was the idol of all circles; it must, in short, be denied, that the upper class of society is good company, which would be worse than confessing that it is not exempt from the vices with which Lord Byron charges it.'

In his critical remarks, Dr. Pichot is generally correct, and his work forms a very clever and interesting picture of the literature of England, and a very faithful character of its principal writers.

A Critical Inquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. 8vo. London, 1825. Phillips.

Who was Junius? This is a question which every person who has read his letters, or heard his name, has been asking for the last half century, without either getting, or expecting to get, a satisfactory answer; and as much ink has been shed in the solution of the question, as on any literary or polemical discussion or controversy, with which we are acquainted. The letters have been attributed in succession to—Charles Lloyd, John Roberts, Samuel Dyer, William Gerard Hamilton, Edmund Burke, Dr. Butler late Bishop of Hereford, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, General Lee, John Wilkes, Hugh Boyd, the Earl of Chatham, Dunning Lord Ashburton, Henry Flood, Glover the author of Leonidas, the Earl of Shelburne, the late Duke of Portland, Lord Chesterfield, De Lolme, Horne Tooke, Dr. Wilmot, Sir Philip Francis, and Lord George Sackville. Of all these claims to the honour of Junius, advanced by their respective friends, not one was so absurd as that made for De Lolme by Dr. Busby, but as the worthy gentleman observes:—

'When energizing objects men pursue,
What are the freaks they will not do.'

Even the claim for Dr. Wilmot, made by that illustrious personage, the *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland, was rational, compared to that of De Lolme; but, passing over these, we may observe, that the field has been very satisfactorily cleared of every candidate, except Sir Philip Francis and Lord George Sackville. The external evidence in favour of the former is very strong. The knowledge of transactions in the war-office, displayed by Junius, Mr. Francis was supposed to acquire as he was a clerk in it at the time; and the antipathy of the writer to Bradshaw and Chamier, is accounted for, by their being retained as the favourites of Lord Barrington, when Mr. Francis was dismissed; the political opinions, temper, phraseology, and handwriting of Sir Philip and Junius also correspond to a considerable extent. In the spelling of some words, in the signing of their initials in private letters in the manner of correcting the press, marking quotations, and in their system of punctuation, there was great similarity between Junius and Sir Philip; and in their writings, they both connect words divided at the end of a line, not by a hyphen, but by a colon, which they repeated, contrary to general usage, at the beginning of the second line, as well as at the end of the first. The personal appearance of Sir Philip, also, corresponded with that of the gentleman who was seen to have left one of Junius's letters at Woodfall's; and the appointment of Mr. Francis, from a clerkship in the War Office, to be a Member of the Supreme Council of India, at the moment Junius ceased to write, seem to countenance the idea that they were one and the same person. Against this array of evidence, there is, however, the great improbability that so young a man as Mr. Francis was at the time could write these letters, and that so obscure a person could possess the information Junius obtained. To this must be added the denial of Sir Philip, made some years ago to Sir Richard Phillips, who modestly sent a note to ask him to betray his own secret. To this note he replied:—'The great civility of your letter induces me to answer it; which, with reference merely to its subject matter, I should have declined. Whether you will assist in giving currency to a silly malignant falsehood, is a question for your own discretion; to me it is a matter of perfect indifference.'

With regard to Lord George Sackville, if there is not such apparently-strong evidence, there is no positive contradiction. Lord George was the first person generally suspected, and Sir William Draper was of opinion that he was the man. Young Woodfall, too, after a patient and ingenious investigation of the several claims, ascribes the letters to Lord George, who, it must be recollected, had greater provocations to justify the resentments which Junius manifests than any person then living; for, after a brilliant career of military glory, he was dismissed—ignominiously dismissed—from all his appointments, without a trial, on a charge of neglecting the orders of Prince Ferdinand, and an insinuation that the disobedience arose from cowardice, and, when he demanded a trial, he was found guilty of the imputed neglect, and declared incapable of again serving the king in a military capacity. How this must have rankled in the heart of a man of Lord George's spirit, when he knew his innocence, it is not difficult to conceive; and if he were Junius, he took an awful revenge on those who wronged him. Punished by George the Second, and insulted by his successor, in an intimation, to abstain from court, it is no wonder that he became inimical to the family: besides, although he was appointed to office in 1765, yet he was, in the very next year, dismissed, on the ground of his court-martial, which took place long before his appointment. This reminds us of the infamous injustice of James the First, in reviving the sentence against Raleigh, although he had been employed in his service after the finding of the sentence; in the latter case, however, it was the personal act of the monarch; in the former, that of his ministers; for, in the present day, as Brooke observes in his play of Gustavus Vasa (we quote from memory),—

'Has the king virtues?—They are his own;
His vices are his ministers'.

Equally cogent reasons may be adduced for Junius's rancorous enmity to Lord Mansfield, the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, and Lord Barington, as for his fierce attacks on the king, if we assume that Lord George was Junius; for by them he suffered, or at least thought so. There are, no doubt, strong points in favour of the presumption that Lord George was Junius; and they are ably urged by Mr. Coventry, however faulty his arrangement may be. Junius's knowledge of war, and of society in high life, would be equally material, on the same assumption. One thing has always staggered the Junius-hunters; we allude to his knowledge of a visit Garrick paid to the king at Richmond, as is proved by the following letter, which he sent through Woodfall to the Roscius:—

'"*To Mr. David Garrick.*

'"*November* 10, 1771.

'"I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day. Now mark me, vagabond—keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! it is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—Junius."' No. 41.

Lord George's knowledge of this event is very satisfactorily accounted for by Mr. Coventry, who says,—

'We have no other means of accounting for the quickness of the communication, but by supposing that Junius was at Richmond on that day.

'The palace which the king occupied at that time was situate near Richmond Green. The entrance to the grounds was exactly opposite to a house formerly the residence of Thomson the poet.

'At the era in question this house was rented by Lord George Sackville, who, during this eventful period of his life, spent part of his time here, which not only offered him an occasional retirement, but facilitated his means of information on what was passing in the king's household.

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'The front of the house so completely overlooked the palace, that, without exciting suspicion, he could notice the daily arrivals with the utmost facility.

'His friend Colonel Amherst, also, who was one of the king's aide-de-camps, would naturally be of service to him with regard to any particular intelligence.'

There are many other strong points which favour the assumption that Lord George Sackville was Junius: we could not, however, state, as one, his interview with Lord Mansfield, when on his death-bed, as related by Cumberland, without charging him with ingratitude or hypocrisy; for Mr. Coventry says Lord Sackville had received no favours from Lord Mansfield. We insert Cumberland's account of the interview:—

'I was present at their interview; Lord Sackville, just dismounted from his horse, came into the room where he [Lord Mansfield] had waited a very few minutes: he staggered as he advanced to reach his hand to his respectable visitor; he drew his breath with palpitating quickness, and, if I remember rightly, never rode again. There was a death-like character in his countenance, that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shown, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend, invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety.

'As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologizing for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him, in the condition he was now reduced to, "but, my good lord," he said, "though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my unfeigned thanks for all you goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me through the course of my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not wish to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character, and now, in the most serious manner, to solicit your forgiveness, if ever, in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party, I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours."*

Mr. Coventry, anxious to gain every information, waited on the Duke of Dorset, the son of Lord George Sackville, to ask for information connected with the subject; and the following is the account of the interview:

'He received me in the most polite manner, but told me it was out of his power to render me assistance, not having any of his father's letters in his possession. Upon the whole he considered, that as the affair in question was now at rest, it would be as well not to revive it, lest animadversions should be made that would tend to recall past events. His grace more than once observed during the interview, that his father was an injured man; but he believed there never existed one who naturally possessed a better or more susceptible heart. I told him that this was my firm belief, and that the inquiry in which I was engaged, would not, in the slightest degree, tend to alter that opinion.'

We agree in the assertion of the late Theophilus Swift, that one man firing a pistol at another is no proof of courage; but that Lord George was a brave man we never doubted, and the following account of his duel, if it does not prove, at least confirms it.

'On the 14th December 1770, Lord George moved, "That the speaker do write to such eldest sons and heirs apparent of peers, kings, serjeants, and masters in chancery, as are members of this House, and to the attorney and solicitor-general, requesting them to attend in their places every day at two o'clock, to assist in carrying bills to the Lords."—Seconded by Lord George Cavendish.

'Among other things in support of his motion, Lord George said, that what he had been urging was for the honour of the nation, *in which, he did declare, he greatly interested himself.* It was thought a very remarkable motion altogether.

'Governor Johnstone, in reply, took occasion to say, "that he wondered that noble lord *should interest himself so deeply in the honour* of his country, *when he had, hitherto, been so regardless of his own.*"

'These words occasioned a duel, the particulars of which are as follow:—Governor Johnstone's speech was not, at the time it was delivered, heard by Lord George Germain; and he declared he was sorry that he had missed the opportunity of making an instant replication; but that, however, he would take proper notice of it. On Monday, the 17th December, 1770, Governor Johnstone was attending the committee who were sitting on the petitions relative to the embarkment at Durham Yard, when Mr. Thomas Townshend came to him, and desired to speak with him; he took him into another room, when he told him, after making a very polite and gentlemanly excuse as to what share he had in the business, he came upon, that the reflection he had cast on the character of Lord George Germain, though not heard by himself at the time, had been communicated to him by his friends; and that, in consequence, Lord George had begged of him to wait on Governor Johnstone, to desire that he would retract what he had said; that for his own part he should be exceedingly sorry to have a quarrel happen between two gentlemen, whom he knew, and for whom he had a great respect, and he therefore hoped that, to prevent the consequences, Governor Johnstone would retract what he had said respecting Lord George.

'The governor said, it was very true, he had made use of such and such expressions in the house; that they conveyed his opinion, and that he would maintain and support it. Upon which, Mr. Townshend said, in that case, Lord George demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman from him, which the other declared he was ready to give his lordship at any time. Mr Townshend then said, Lord George was in an adjoining room, and, if the governor pleased, they would go to him. The governor assented; and Mr. Townshend conveyed him to the room in which Lord George was waiting. Lord George repeated the cause of quarrel, and the demand of satisfaction, which the other acquiesced in, desiring his lordship would appoint his own time and place. Lord George then mentioned the ring in Hyde Park; and as, in affairs of this kind, all times were alike, the present was, in his opinion, as good a one as any. Governor Johnstone entirely agreed with Lord George as to place; but said, as he was now attending his duty in a committee on a subject he had very much at heart, he hoped the meeting Lord George an hour hence would make no difference. Lord George said no; and then spoke as to seconds, informing the Governor, at the same time, that he had desired Mr. Townshend to attend him in that light. Governor Johnstone said there was little occasion for seconds, and that, therefore, Mr. Townshend should stand in that light, as to both of them. Governor Johnstone further said, that as he had at that time an open wound in his arm, and his legs very much swelled, he could wish they would use pistols; to which, Lord George saying it was equal to him what the weapons were, they separated, and Governor Johnstone returned to the committee.

'In this conference, as well as through the whole affair, both the gentlemen behaved with the greatest politeness to each other, as well as with the greatest courage.

'At the appointed hour, Lord George and Mr. Townshend were in the ring; and soon after, Governor Johnstone, accompanied by Sir James Lowther, whom he happened to meet on his way, and had requested to go with him. Lord George accosted Governor Johnstone, and desired he would mention the distance, declaring he was then upon his ground, and the governor might take what distance he pleased. The governor was taken back by the seconds about twenty small paces. The antagonists having prepared their pistols, Lord George called on the governor to fire, which the governor refused, saying, that as his lordship brought him there, he must fire first. Upon which Lord George fired, and then the governor. Neither of the shots took effect. Lord George then fired his second pistol, and as he was taking down his arm, the governor's second ball hit his lordship's pistol, broke some part of it, and one of the splinters grazed his lordship's hand. The seconds immediately interfered, and the affair ended. Governor Johnstone afterwards declared to his friends, that in all the affairs of the kind which he ever knew, or was ever concerned in, he never found a man behave with more courage and coolness than Lord George did on this occasion.

'This testimony of Governor Johnstone in favour of Lord George's courage is directly in unison with that of Lord Orford, who

* 'There is no instance on record of Lord Sackville having received any favours from Lord Mansfield, which makes the interview the more extraordinary.'—COVENTRY.

knew him well in earlier life. The latter affirms, that he was endowed by nature with a high spirit, a high sense of honour, and undaunted courage. Can we then for a moment suppose that he would shrink from his natural propriety at the battle of Minden, when he had, previous to that event, been among the first to court danger in various other engagements? The tongue of malice is at all times a more formidable enemy than the cannon's mouth. The former inflicts a wound oftentimes incurable; the latter gives a man three chances: that of not injuring him at all, killing him on the spot, or giving him a wound that time is sure to heal.

"The tooth of malice never rankles more,
Than when it bites, and healeth not the sore."

'Sir James Lowther, who was Governor Johnstone's second, all readers of Junius must be well acquainted with. His being son-in-law to Lord Bute, was quite sufficient for Junius to take up the Duke of Portland's case, which is fully examined, 12th May, 1768. It had previously been discussed in the House of Commons, in the course of the debate on Sir George Saville's quieting bill, for which Lord George was a strong advocate.

'Sir James formed part of the expedition to St. Malos, with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord George, to the latter of whom he had given offence. I cannot find that Sir James went out in any official capacity, but merely as a looker-on. Some imprudent observation might easily have given this umbrage. After the Nullum Tempus affair in 1768, he was not again noticed by Junius, until this duel had taken place, when the subject, which appeared fully at rest, was again resumed, to expose the litigious spirit of Sir James. The coincidence is not a little singular, although it was matter of no moment to Lord George who was the governor's second; nevertheless, it appears to have awakened recollections of former enmity."

That Mr Coventry has made out a strong case in favour of Lord George Sackville is certain; but still we have our doubts, and these are in no degree lessened by the fact, that Lord George Sackville employed Cumberland to write his defence, which Junius surely could have no occasion for doing. Still, we say, Mr. Coventry has accumulated so much evidence for his client, that it will be difficult to refute it.

The Art of preserving the Hair on philosophical Principles. By the Author of the Art of Improving the Voice. 8vo. pp. 260. London, 1825. Prowett.

MONEY and Macalpine, avaunt! Rowland, *ahe* with thy Macassar! Prince, keep thy Russian oil for Russian boors! and hide thy head, O Taylor! for the public will bear bear's grease no longer. Your 'occupation's gone;' the work before us has annihilated it; for every man may now become his own hair-preserver on philosophical principles, without intrusting it to your keeping. But, to speak seriously, this is a very elaborate treatise on the hair, in which its anatomy and physiology are scientifically analyzed and explained, and much useful information given with regard to the management of this ornamental portion of the head. Before, however, we enter on the more practical part of the volume, we shall quote an historical account of the fashions of wearing the hair in France:—

'Before the establishment of the monarchy, the Gauls wore their hair very long; "and this custom," says Pliny, "gave the whole country the appellation of *Gallia comata*, or hairy Gaul;" but, on the foundation of the monarchy, the kings, desirous of having a distinctive mark of their pre-eminence, reserved the right of wearing long hair for themselves and the princes of the blood; their subjects were forbidden to wear long hair; and this custom continued till the twelfth century, when Pierre Lombard, Bishop of Paris, at length prevailed on the king to repeal this prohibition.

'The hair, during the early periods of the monarchy, was held in such veneration, that if it was designed to degrade a prince, his head was shaved. In this manner Clovis treated Curaric, whom he had conquered. The son of the king, involved in the same disgrace, said to his father, in order to comfort him: "My hair, which has been cut off, was nothing but green branches, which will grow again, for the trunk is not dead."

'At this time people swore by their hair; and this oath was as sacred as when now-a-days they swear by their honour. Traitors implicated in one and the same plot, were sentenced to cut off each other's hair. Fredegonde caused the hair of a mistress of her son-in-law to be cut off and hung up at the door of the prince's apartment: this proceeding was then considered as the height of barbarity. A very singular custom of those times likewise proves the great value that was set upon the hair: in saluting any one to whom it was intended to show the greatest respect, the highest compliment that could be paid was to pluck out a hair and present it to him. Historians relate that Clovis pulled a hair from his head, and gave it to St. Germier, to prove how highly he esteemed him; and that the courtiers, who witnessed this action of the monarch, were eager to pluck each of them a hair, and to present it to the virtuous bishop, who withdrew enchanted with the politeness of the court.

'Under the first dynasty, the French women wore their hair separated on the forehead, lightly curled on the temples, and again united in long flowing tresses. Such were the statues of the great personages of this period, which formerly decorated the portal of the church of St. German des Prés. There were seen Ultrogoth, and Clotilda, the wife of Clovis: the latter was remarkable for two long tresses, that descended to her shoulders, and were decorated with rings of pearls and other ornaments: the hair of the former waved in a graceful manner over his broad shoulders. This was also the fashion adopted by the beautiful and terrible Fredegonde, and by Bertrude, the wife of Clotaire II. Odelia, the daughter of a German prince, allowed to be seen, under her veil, her hair twisted in the form of a long cord. Hadwida, the wife of Gerard of Alsace, Duke of Lorraine, as represented on her tomb, has her hair parted into two long tresses descending upon her bosom; a kind of small bonnet in form of the head, the only ornament being a tress of hair which surrounds it.

'Among the queens and princesses whose images are preserved by antique sculpture, all those that are celebrated for their piety are represented with their forehead covered by a veil, without any appearance of hair. The wives of Charlemagne, without entirely concealing the hair, set off their tresses, and allowed only a few thin curls to appear around the face. Richilda, the wife of Charles the Bald, raised her hair up in a bunch, and concealed its extremities under a kind of *toque*. Richarda, the wife of Charles le Gros, plaited and twisted the lower half of her hair, and raised them again on each side of her cheeks,—a fashion which was prevalent in the ninth and tenth centuries. The eleventh century was remarkable for the entire disappearance of the hair on the forehead, and the invention of *bourrelets*, which in later times degenerated into *hennins*, or horns.

'Oftener than once, the church interposed its authority to prohibit or enjoin in France particular modes of dressing the hair; and sometimes long, and at other times short hair, excited the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities. The unhappy result is well known of the ill-judged piety of Louis VII., who, thinking his conscience interested in setting the example of submission to the reiterated ordinances of the bishops, had his hair cut short.

'At the end of the twelfth, and during the thirteenth century, fashion made a retrograde movement. Blanche of Castile resumed the head-dress of Clotilda, her hair waving about her temples, and her veil over her crown. Jeanne, the Countess of Toulouse, made some happy innovations: her hair, parted on the forehead, displayed her ears, and fell, *en tresse*, over her shoulders; and she wore a *chapel*, from which fell a very thin gauze. Her head-dress was very graceful; but the novelty did not last long, for the veil and the stomacher soon after concealed the hair, the head, and the graces of female beauty.

'The fourteenth century ushered in a morning of splendour. A lady, whose name, dear to the muses, is deservedly celebrated—Clemence Isaure, appeared, and drew forth her sex from the obscurity to which it had so long been condemned during the ages of ignorance and tyranny. A beautiful print of this lady, illustrating the head-dress of the times, is given by M. N. H. Jacob, in the *Collection du Mirroir*. In spite of the evils which at this period desolated France, luxury made extraordinary progress. The vain and coquettish Isabelle de Baviere, invented the most extravagant fashions. By a strange perversion, or rather dereliction of all the harmony and principles of taste, she concealed her hair altogether, and displayed her shoulders and bosom. No graceful recollection is associated with the corrupted and unnatural taste of this extravagant queen. It was she who brought into fashion those head-dresses, so extravagant in form and ridiculous

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in altitude, called horns, or *hennins*, the wearing of which kindled such zealous fury in the preachers of the time. Every body, says Paradin, a cotemporary author, was at this time very extravagant in dress, and that of the ladies' heads was particularly remarkable; for they wore on them prodigious caps, an ell or more in length, pointed like steeples, from the hinder part of which hung long capes or rich fringes, like standards. These extravagant head dresses arose from the gradual enlargement of bonnets in form of a heart. The women, says Juvenal des Ursins, ran into great excesses in dress, and wore horns of wonderful length and size, having on either side ears of such monstrous dimensions, that it was impossible for them to pass through a door with them on. About this time the Carmelite Cenare, a celebrated preacher, exercised his talents against these horns. They likewise wore hoods, strengthened in front with leather, and hoops of whalebone, to give them more consistency. Above this kind of funnel, figure to yourself a head surmounted with two huge horns, and pails with prodigious ears, and you will have a correct idea of the ladies of that age.

'It must not be imagined, however, that this head-dress was worn generally, for we should think that then, as at present, the most ridiculous costumes were more especially adopted by those who courted distinction, and disfigured themselves in proportion to their rank and dignity; and if monuments have been handed down to us of many strange dresses, the reason is, that painters and sculptors usually perpetuate only the portraits of distinguished persons.

'During this period, the sugar-loaf hats began to grow numerous, having veils fastened to them, which hung more or less low, according to the quality of the wearer. The fashion appears to have been first imported into France from England, the earliest monument in which, it appears, being a miniature in an ancient manuscript copy of Froissart, representing the entry of Isabel, Queen of England, and sister of Charles the Fair, into Paris. This princess is represented with a peaked head-dress of extraordinary height, trimmed with lace that floats in the air.

'In emulation perhaps of Cenare, we find that another Carmelite, named Thomas Connecte, preached vehemently against the *hennins*; but, alas! the poor friar was ill requited for his zeal; for, six years afterwards, in 1440, he was burned alive at Rome as a heretic. "This preacher," says Paradin, "held the *hennins* in such abhorrence, that most of his sermons were directed against them; attacking them with the bitterest invectives, and launching out into the severest animadversions against those who wore them. Wherever brother Thomas went, the *hennins* durst not show themselves, on account of the hatred which he had sworn against them. This had an effect for the time, and till the preacher was gone; but, on his departure, the ladies resumed their horns, and followed the example of the snails, that, when they hear any noise, speedily draw in their horns, and, when the noise is passed, suddenly erect them to a greater length than before. Thus did these ladies; for the *hennins* were never larger, more pompous, and more superb, than after the departure of brother Thomas." Such is the effect of warmly contending against prejudices.

'Those high head-dresses rendered it necessary, at this period, to heighten the doorways, as they had been previously widened on account of the ears. They at length vanished, though only to make their appearance at other periods more ridiculous than ever. Becoming weary of head-dresses a yard high, they passed, as is commonly the case, from one extreme to another; and reduced them to such a degree, that the women appeared as though their heads were shaved.'

Many of the advertising hair-operators pretend to give you an infallible depilatory for removing superfluous hairs: but our author honestly tells us that no external wash or application will destroy the hair, and leave the skin uninjured. Even if you pull the hair up by the roots, it will not avail, as there are thousands of roots ready to start through the skin, the moment room is made for them by pulling out their companions. The author, however, recommends the razor, and that very ungallantly, to the ladies, adding that 'it will seldom, in ordinary cases, be requisite to use it more than twice or thrice a week!' He is evidently not a married man, or he certainly would not suggest such means for enabling wives literally to *beard* their husbands.

On the subject of dyeing the hair, our author dilates at some length, cautioning against the dangerous methods, and giving the following very simple directions:—

'We think that the most useful hints on this subject may be derived from the scientific modes of dyeing woollens and silks of a black colour, as both of these are animal substances of similar chemical composition to the hair. We should recommend, therefore, to procure from the dyers a quantity of walnut-water, which is prepared by steeping for a year in water the green shells of walnuts, and with this to wash the hair, as the first part of the process: then to make an aromatic tincture of galls, by scenting the common tincture with any agreeable perfume, and with this to wet the hair, which must next be moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron.

'If this be properly done, we have no doubt that it will tinge the hair black or dark; but care must be taken not to let any of the substances touch the skin or the linen, as they will have a similar effect on these. It is most absurd, indeed, to pretend that any preparat on will dye the hair and not tinge the skin, if applied to it; for the skin being of precisely the same chemical composition with the hair, it must be affected by the same chemical agents. The advertised nostrums, therefore, which are said to dye the hair, and not to discolour the skin or soil the linen, must be a gross imposition on the public.'

With respect to curling fluids we are told that—

'The liquids which are sold for the professed purpose of assisting in the curling of the hair, are chiefly composed of either oily or alkaline substances; and perhaps you will find that the essence of soap, for which we have given the receipt above, is as good as any other. Any combination of potash or hartshorn with some of the aromatic oils, will answer every purpose of the most expensive curling fluid.

'Oils, if not put on too copiously, for this will destroy the effect intended, are the best preparations for keeping in the curls during moist or damp weather, or in ball-rooms and theatres, where they are exposed to moisture from perspiration and from the breath; because oil, when spread over the hair, prevents it from imbibing moisture, which will infallibly cause it to lose curl.'

The receipts for hair oils are very numerous, and embrace every variety; two of these we subjoin:—

'*Imperial Oil.*—Take a gallon of salad oil, and put it into a pipkin, with a bag containing four ounces of alkanet root, cut and bruised. Give the whole a good heat, but not a boiling one, until the oil is completely impregnated with the red colour; then pour the whole into a jar, let it stand till cold, and then add four ounces of essence of bergamot, four ounces of oil of jasmine, and three ounces of eau des mille fleurs. When properly mixed, put the compound liquid into small bottles for use.

'*Haïtes Antiques.*—These oils, which are sold in considerable quantity, are chiefly composed of oil of ben, or behn nuts. The oil, like that of almonds, is made first by beating, and then sifting the behn nuts through a coarse wire sieve, and expressing them by means of a press. The nuts are imported from Italy, and are of various quality; but the oil differs from that of almonds, in being adapted to keep more years than the latter will months. Its principal excellence consists in its having no smell of its own, and consequently being ready to imbibe the odour of any perfume with which it may be combined.'

With directions for colouring the eyelashes when too light, we conclude:—

'Dissolve in one ounce of distilled water, one drachm of sulphate of iron, add one ounce of gum-water, a tea-spoonful of Eau de Cologne. Mix, and after having wetted the eye-brows with the tincture of galls, apply the wash with a camel hair pencil.

'We shall here give another receipt of a different description; being a celebrated paste for darkening the eye-brows. Take an ounce of walnuts, an ounce of frankincense, an ounce of resin, an ounce of mastiche. Burn them all on clear red-hot charcoal, and receive the fumes into a funnel, in which a very fine black powder, slightly perfumed and unctuous, will adhere. Mix this with a little oil of myrtle, in a leaden mortar, and apply, it to the eye-brows. This paste has the property of resisting both heat and perspiration; but it must be occasionally renewed. The following method may also be used:—Burn a clove in the flame of a wax candle, dip it in the juice or the *rob* of elderberries, and apply it to the eye-brows.'

We cannot certainly answer for any one of

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these recipes, for we are content with our hair as nature and the civilest hair-dresser in London (for so Charles Lamb pronounces him to be) make it; but as they are evidently founded on chemical science, we have no doubt that they are the best that are known, and with that confidence recommend the work to the toilette of the British fair.

A Natural History of the most remarkable Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Serpents, Reptiles, and Insects. By MARY TRIMMER, Author of The History of Man in a Savage and Civilized State, &c. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 480. London, 1825. Tegg.

THIS is really a very pretty little work: it contains a brief but correct description of all the most remarkable creatures of the animal world, neatly got up, and enriched with some three or four hundred engravings on wood, many of which would do no discredit to Bewick himself. Some of them are beautifully done, and are fine proofs of the rapid advancement which this country has made in the art of wood-engraving. There is a horse so natural as to be likely to make a Yorkshireman run the hazard of a halter to obtain it, and a sow which an Irishm n would persuade himself he could hear grunt. It would be an act of injustice to the artist to conceal his name, which is Mr. S. Williams.

THE POOR MAN'S PETITION TO JAMES I.

WE have already noticed Mr. Nichols's truly interesting and highly curious work, the Processes, Processions, &c. of James I., two numbers of which have just appeared. As we shall have many occasions for further remarks, as the work proceeds, we shall content ourselves for the present with quoting a single page, which we think will be deemed a curiosity. Though more than two centuries old, and though living under a prince the very reverse of King James, yet some of the prayers of the petition would not now be deemed inappropriate, particularly such as relate to the law's delay, the rapacity of lawyers, and the evils arising from the Chancery being made 'a common shifting-place to prolong causes for private gain.'

'In Savile's Account of the King's Entertainment at Theobalds (p. 137), it is mentioned, that on the king's arrival there, "a petition was delivered him by a yong gentleman." The following singular production, whether the same I cannot determine, I have obtained from a MS. in the cathedral library at Exeter:—

'" *The Poore Man's Petition to the Kinge at Theobalds, the 17th of Aprill* 1603*.

'" Good king, let there be no uniformitie in true religion, without any disturbance of Papist or Puritan.

'" Good king, let good preachers be well provided for, and without any briberie come to their livings.

'" Good king, let poore souldiers be paid ther wages whilest they be well emploied, and well provided for when they are maymed.

'" Good king, let their not be such delaie and craftie proceedings in the lawe, and let lawiers have moderate fees. A poxe take the proude covetous attornie and merciles lawyer!

'" Good king, let noe man have more offices than one; especially in the case or touching the lawe.

'" Good king, let poore suitors be hard [heard] quietlie, and with speede dispatched favourably.

'" Good king, let ordinarie causes be determined in the ordinarie courts, and let not the Chauncerie be made a common shifting place to prolonge causes for private gaine.

'" Good king, cut off those paltry licences and all monopolies. Fye upon all close byting knaverie!

'" Good king, suffer noe great ordinance to be carried out of the realme to the enemies, as it hath been. A plague upon all covetous griping treasurers!

'" Good king, looke to thy takers and officers of thy house, and to their exceeding fees, that peele and powle thy princely allowance.

'" Good king, let us not be oppressed with so manie impositions, powlings, and paiements.

'" Good king, make not Lord of good Lincolne duke of Shorditch, for he is a, &c

'" Good king, make not Sir Walter Rawleigh earl of Pancradge, for he is a, &c.

'" Good king, love us and we will love thee, and we will spend our harts' blood for thee."'

DESCRIPTION OF GIBRALTAR—HISTORY OF ITS CELEBRATED SIEGE.

[THE following interesting account of Gibraltar is copied from an excellent article in No. XX. of The Oriental Herald, just published, entitled Unpublished Manuscripts of a Traveller in the East.]—ED.

THE Bay of Gibraltar, in which we anchored, is safe and commodious, and though it has the Spanish towns of St. Roque on the north, and Algeziras on the west, it is so well commanded by the fortifications, as to make it perfectly secure for British vessels, even in time of war. The inner harbour is formed by two moles, projecting into the sea, making a kind of artificial basin. These are well planted with heavy cannon, and, like the whole of the fortifications on the rock, are bomb-proof. The landing-place is a spacious wharf, at the end of which is a regular town-gate, where sentries are posted to examine all who pass, and to prevent all persons from communicating with the town who are not provided with pratique, i.e a license from the health-office of the port to land. The town itself is built at the foot of an immense mountain, anciently called Calpe, which, with Mount Abyla, on the African shore (now called Ape's Hill), formed the famous pillars of Hercules. This abrupt and mountainous mass, with great propriety called the Rock of Gibraltar, is computed to be one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and rises so steeply from its base to its summit on all sides, as to make it in many places perfectly perpendicular. It appears, at a little distance, one mass of solid rock, incapable of the least vegetation; and the roads, which have been cut with great labour and expense, are invariably in zig-zag directions, as it would be literally impossible to ascend in a straight line. On the summit, there are two signal-posts and watch-towers, with a battery to each, to give alarm in case of danger: and in every part of this immense rock that is at all accessible to human tread, large caverns have been dug and port-holes opened through the sides, forming subterranean batteries, the elevation of which alone would prevent an enemy's fire from reaching them, while the same cause would enable them to pour destruction on the heads of their assailants. The principal part of these fortifications guard the narrow isthmus that connects the rock with the continent of Spain, and, opposing so formidable a front, renders it literally impregnable to the largest besieging force, nor could anything but treachery wrest it from the hands of its present possessors. I could not learn the exact number of cannon mounted, but heard it supposed to be nearly a thousand; and our precarious stay, added to the difficulty of obtaining official permission, prevented my seeing those stupendous efforts of military skill which the fortifications exhibit. About midway up the mountain, is an ancient Moorish castle, in a state of excellent preservation for its age, but being now converted into a military magazine, strangers cannot obtain admission. From the ships in the bay it has a good appearance, and looks like an octangular building of stone, which has a greyish cast, and is about the usual height and circumference of garrison citadels. From its commanding situation it must have been admirably well adapted to the purposes of a governor's residence, or a stronghold, during the Moorish wars with Spain.

The town of Gibraltar, stretching itself along the foot of the rock, and rising gradually from the shore, forms a kind of amphitheatre, and, from the bay, has a charming appearance. It is about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth, allowing for its irregularities of shape, and is said to contain, independent of its garrison, about two thousand English, and nearly five thousand foreigners. The houses are, in general, well built, partaking partly of the English and partly of the Spanish style of architecture, calculated in every respect for the situation and climate. The public buildings are excellent, and the streets, though narrow, are well paved, and present an air of health and cleanliness not often to be met with in this part of the world. The language most in use is Spanish, but in this it may be called a modern Babel, for its inhabitants comprise nearly every nation, kindred, and tongue: English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Moors, Arabs, and Jews, with intermediate classes and divisions even of these. The French and English dress much the same as in their respective countries. The Spaniards assume an air of grandeur amidst their poverty that is truly ludicrous. Their people of distinction are attended by all the parade that can be imagined; and the clergy, in their monastic habits of humiliation, seem to look on the hairy

* This is probably the date of its composition, not its delivery. On the 17th of April the king was no further than York, and did not arrive at Theobalds until May 3.'

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as a race of inferior beings. In the middle ranks of society, there is something really interesting, particularly about the Spanish ladies. They possess, in general, elegantly proportioned figures, the effect of which is heightened by a majestic gait, in which they are said to excel every nation on the globe. Their complexion is a fine brunette; their features regular, with small lips and beautifully white teeth. They dress universally in black, with a scarf or hood thrown over the head, which covers the ears and neck, and falls carelessly over the shoulders; it is difficult to describe it with precision, yet its effect is highly interesting. There are, indeed, a thousand dangerous allurements in the beauties of an Andalusian woman, and something irresistibly bewitching in eyes full of fire and expression, that vivaciously sparkle from beneath a fine arched brow, negligently shaded by dark glossy tresses, and occasionally eclipsed by the seemingly accidental intervention of an elegant fan, the graceful exercise of which displays an arm that serves but to rivet admiration more firmly. They are, however, so piously attended by lynx-eyed governesses, maiden aunts, and human Cerberuses, that one can but silently admire and pity them. The lower orders of Spaniards here are composed chiefly of Andalusian peasants, who bring supplies to the garrison and town. They have preserved the costume of the age of Cervantes, and exactly resemble the peasantry of the oldest Spanish paintings. They wear high and short-quartered shoes of light brown leather, tied with a rose-knot of some gay-coloured ribbon; cotton or silk stockings (often in rags); velvet or leather breeches, the knees and flap finely worked with cord, round silver buttons hanging by a silver chain instead of an eye, and long open slits cut round the thigh, with a white lining underneath; a white calico shirt, open at the neck, and sometimes turning down over the shoulders with a frilled collar, like children at home; a jacket made of the same materials as the breeches, worked with cord, silver buttons and chain, and open slits round the arms; with a black velvet cap and feather, ornamented with tassels, not much unlike our college caps with the trenchers taken off. I was at first surprised to see persons of so low a rank in life wearing so expensive a dress, as I think it could not be made in England for less than £20 or £30; but I was told their wives and children in the country are employed in making them, and that one suit lasts them for many years, which I was ready to believe, from the thread-bare condition in which most of them appeared to be. The Portuguese and Italians dress as in their own countries. The Turks with much splendour of costume. The Greeks nearly the same, except in the colour of their turbans and slippers, to which they are restricted in their choice by their imperious masters. The Moors, great part of whom are blacks, wear also the Mohammedan dress, as they profess that religion. The Arabs, some of whom are Bedouins, or Wanderers of the Desert, having no fixed residence or habitation, are literally rolled up in a singular garment of white serge or stuff, large enough to make two pair of sea blankets, wearing neither shirt, cap, nor shoes. And the Armenians and Barbary Jews, who are chiefly pedlars and porters, forming the lowest grade in the scale of this mixed multitude, and treated with indignity on all sides, are glad to cover their nakedness with any garment their precarious gains will allow them to procure, reserving to themselves no other distinction than that of shaving their heads, and wearing short beards, rigidly adhering to all the mortifications imposed by their creed.'

After the conquest of Gibraltar from the Moors, it remained in the hands of the Spaniards until the year 1704, when it was taken by the English. The circumstance is thus related by Smollett, in his Continuation of Hume's History:—

'On the 16th day of June, Sir George Rooke being joined by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, resolved to proceed up the Mediterranean in quest of the French fleet, which had sailed thither from Brest and which Rooke had actually discovered in the preceding month, on their voyage to Toulon. On the 17th day of July, the admirals called a council of war, in the road of Tetuan, when they resolved to make an attempt upon Gibraltar, which was but slenderly provided with a garrison. Thither they sailed; and on the 21st day of the same month, the Prince of Hesse landed on the isthmus with eighteen hundred marines. On summoning the governor to surrender, he was answered, that the place would be defended to the last extremity. Next day the admiral gave orders for cannonading the town. Perceiving that the enemy were driven from their fortifications at the South Mole Head, he commanded Captain Whitaker to arm all the boats, and assault that quarter. The Captains Hicks and Jumper, who happened to be nearest the Mole, immediately manned their pinnaces, and entered it sword in hand. The Spaniards sprung a mine, by which two lieutenants and about a hundred men were killed or wounded. Nevertheless, the two captains took possession of the platform, and kept their ground until they were sustained by Captain Whitaker and the rest of the seamen, who took, by storm, a redoubt betwixt the Mole and the town. The governor then capitulated, and the Prince of Hesse entered the place, amazed at the success of this attempt, considering the strength of the fortifications, which might have been defended by fifty men against a numerous army.'

By the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Spain, it was ceded by Philip to Queen Anne, with the island of Minorca, on condition that the inhabitants should enjoy their estates, and the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion.

In 1727 it was besieged. The trenches were opened before this fortress on the 11th day of February, by the Condé de las Torres, at the head of twenty thousand men. The place was well provided for a defence, and the old Earl of Portmore, who was at that time governor, embarked with a reinforcement from England, under convoy of a fleet commanded by Sir Charles Wager. He arrived at Gibraltar in the beginning of April, where he landed the troops with ammunition and stores. At the same time five hundred men arrived from Minorca, making the garrison six thousand, who, being plentifully supplied with fresh provisions from the coast of Barbary, treated their besiegers with contempt.

In 1779, immediately succeeding the Spanish declaration of war, it was again closely invested; and though the Spanish batteries were not in a sufficient state of forwardness to annoy the garrison to any extent, they suffered much from a dreadful scarcity, the daily food of many being thistles, dandelions, &c. Admiral Rodney was, therefore, sent with a fleet of transports to its relief, and had been but a few days at sea before he captured a large fleet of frigates and transports, bound with supplies from St. Sebastian to Cadiz: and had scarcely adjusted the distribution of his prizes, when, off Cape St. Vincent, he fell in with a Spanish squadron, consisting of eleven sail of the line, and, after a brilliant action, captured three of seventy guns, and the admiral's ship of eighty, the whole of which he took to Gibraltar, and thus afforded them a seasonable relief. After his departure for the West Indies, the blockade was again renewed; but the Spaniards, under Don Barcelo, were defeated in an attempt to burn the English shipping in the harbour, and their plans, for the moment, rendered quite abortive.

In the mean time, the court of Spain, mortified at their repeated disappointments determined to make still greater exertions for the reduction of Gibraltar. Their works were carried on with more vigour than ever; and having, by experiment, found the inefficacy of a blockade, they resolved to try the effects of a bombardment. Their batteries were mounted with guns of the heaviest metal, and with mortars of the largest dimensions. These disgorged torrents of fire on a narrow isthmus; and it seemed, says Barlow, as if not only the works, but the rock itself, must have been overwhelmed, for all distinctions of parts were lost in flames and smoke. This cannonade continued day and night, almost incessantly, for three weeks, in every twenty-four hours of which, 100,000lbs. of gunpowder were used, and between four and five thousand shot and shells went through the town. It then slackened, but was not intermitted for one whole day for upwards of twelve months. The fatigues of the garrison were extreme. The towns itself was nearly destroyed; and such of the inhabitants as were not buried in the ruins of their houses, or torn to pieces by the shells, fled to the most remote parts of the rock; but destruction followed them to places which had always been deemed secure. No scene could be more deplorable. Mothers and children, clasped in each other's arms, were so completely torn to pieces, that it seemed more like an annihilation of their shattered fragments, than a dispersion of them; and even ladies of the greatest sensibility and most delicate constitutions, deemed themselves happy to be admitted to a few hours of repose in the barracks, amidst the noise of a crowded soldiery, and the groans of the

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wounded and dying. At the first onset, General Elliott, the governor, retorted on the besiegers a shower of fire; but, foreseeing the difficulty of procuring supplies, he soon retrenched, and received with comparative unconcern, the fury and violence of his adversaries. By the latter end of the year, the besiegers had brought their works to that state of perfection which they intended. The care and ingenuity employed upon them were extraordinary. The best engineers of France and Spain had united their abilities, and both kingdoms were filled with sanguine expectations of success. In this juncture, when all Europe was in suspense concerning the fate of the garrison, and when, from the prodigious efforts made for its reduction, many believed that it could not hold out much longer, a sally was projected and executed, which, in about two hours, destroyed those works that had required so much time, labour, and skill to accomplish. A body of two thousand men, under General Ross, made an attack, under cover of the night, on the exterior front of their lines, when the Spaniards gave way on every side. Their magazines and works were blown up, their cannon spiked, and all demolished, with an inconsiderable loss in the detachment who accomplished it. This unexpected event disconcerted the besiegers; but they soon recovered from their alarm, and, with a perseverance peculiar to their nation, determined to prosecute the siege, more particularly as the reduction of Minorca had inspired them with fresh motives to exercise their indefatigable ardour and perseverance.

'The Duke de Crillon, who had been recently successful in the siege of Minorca, was appointed to conduct the siege of Gibraltar; and it was resolved to employ the whole strength of the Spanish monarchy in seconding his operations. No means were neglected, or expense spared, that promised to forward the views of the besiegers. From the failure of all the plans hitherto adopted for effecting the reduction of Gibraltar, it was resolved to adopt new ones; and among the various projects for this purpose, one, which had been formed by the Chevalier d'Arcon, was deemed the most worthy of trial. This was, to construct such floating batteries as could neither be sunk nor fired; with this view their bottoms were made of the thickest timber, and their sides of wood and cork long soaked in water, with a large layer of wet sand between. To prevent the effect of red-hot balls, a number of pipes were contrived to carry water through every part of them, and pumps were provided to keep these constantly supplied with water. The people on board were to be sheltered from the fall of bombs by a cover of rope-netting, which was made sloping, and over-laid with wet hides. These floating batteries, ten in number, were made out of the keels of large vessels cut down for the purpose, and carried from ten to twenty-eight guns each, and were seconded by eighty large boats, mounted with guns of heavy metal, and also by a host of frigates, ships of force, and some hundreds of small craft.

General Elliott, the intrepid defender of Gibraltar, was not ignorant that inventions of a peculiar kind were prepared against him, but he knew nothing of their construction. He nevertheless, provided for every circumstance of danger that could be foreseen or imagined. The day was fixed and publicly known when this grand attack was to be made; and the new-invented machines, with all the united powers of gunpowder and artillery in the highest state of improvement, were to be called into action. The combined fleets of France and Spain in the bay, amounted to about fifty sail of the line. Their batteries were covered with one hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy brass cannon, and the numbers employed by land and sea against this fortress were estimated at one hundred thousand men? With this force, and by the fire of three hundred heavy pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers, from the adjacent shore, it was intended to attack every part of the British works at one and the same instant. The surrounding hills were covered with people to behold the spectacle. The cannonade and bombardment was tremendous. The showers of shot and shells from the land-batteries and ships of the besiegers, and from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a most dreadful scene! Four hundred of the heaviest pieces of artillery were playing at the same moment, and the whole Peninsula seemed to be overwhelmed in the torrents of fire that were incessantly poured upon it. The Spanish floating-batteries, for some time, answered the expectations of their framers; for the heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, while thirty-two-pound shot made no visible impression upon their hulls. For some hours the attack and defence were so well conducted and equally supported, as to admit no appearance of superiority on either side. The construction of the battering-ships was so well calculated for withstanding the combined force of fire and artillery, that they seemed for some time to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the effects of red-hot shot became visible. At first there was only an appearance of smoke; but in the course of the night, after the garrison had continued firing fifteen hours, two of the floating-batteries were in flames, and several more were beginning to kindle. The opening of daylight disclosed a most dreadful spectacle! Many were seen in the midst of the flames crying out for help, while others were floating upon pieces of timber, exposed to equal danger from the opposite element; but the generous humanity of the victors equalled their valour, and was the more honourable, as the exertions of it exposed them to no less danger than those of active hostility. In endeavouring to save the lives of his enemies, Captain Curtis nearly lost his own: while, for the most benevolent purpose, he was alongside the floating-batteries, one of them blew up, and sunk his own boat; but he fortunately escaped to land upon some fragments of the wreck. By similar perilous exertions, nearly four hundred men were saved from destruction. The exercise of humanity to an enemy under such circumstances of immediate action and impending danger, conferred more true honour than could be acquired by the most splendid series of victories. It, in some measure, obscured the impression made to the disadvantage of human nature, by the madness of mankind in destroying each other in wasteful wars!

The whole of the Spanish flotilla were thus destroyed; and very soon afterwards, Lord Howe, with thirty-five sail of the line, brought to the brave garrison an ample supply of everything they needed, either for their support or their defence; since which, they have remained in undisturbed possession of the Rock, which their valour so ably defended.

ORIGINAL.

MR. MARTIN AND HIS RIDICULERS.

MUCH allowance is, doubtlessly, to be made for that kind of party feeling and spirit of discussion among us that converts every subject, at all debateable, into a kind of newspaper-war and a contest; yet there are certain points upon which it might be supposed every one would agree, or from which they would at least have the grace to *seem* not to dissent. To us, therefore, the cold-hearted ridicule and sneers, and the malignant obloquy, with which Mr. Martin has been assailed, for attempting to repress cruelty towards animals, appear to reflect very little credit on those who have indulged in it. We would, indeed, much rather that there was no occasion for any interference, on the part of the legislature, to restrain from the commission of barbarities from which the mere feelings of humanity, setting religion entirely aside, should withhold every one: but, since experience too fatally convinces us that there are wretches who seem to delight in inflicting torture and agony upon the unfortunate animals who are the victims of their caprice and their tyranny, surely no one can censure the legislature for attempting to check that spirit of cruelty, which, if indulged in, renders man not only a merciless tyrant towards the animal creation, but to his fellow-man: and, did not a similar experience prove the contrary, we should think it utterly impossible that any one who can hold a pen should employ it to vindicate cruelty, or to scoff at those who would rescue any portion of the animal race from suffering. 'What!' exclaim these amiable gentlemen, 'are we to reserve all our sympathies and sensibilities for horses, and dogs, and cats? Might we not be better employed in seeking to mitigate the mass of human misery and misfortune?—or are we to satisfy ourselves with legislating for horses—with declaiming against bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and cock-throwing, without bestowing a single thought on so many other animals daily tortured by man? Next, perhaps, we shall be forbidden to skin eels, boil lobsters, or set traps for vermin. Angling is a barbarous sport, yet will you enact penal statutes against the followers of the gentle Isaac Walton? If cock-fighting is cruel, so is hare-hunting, stag-hunting, partridge-shooting, snipe-shooting; yet will you tolerate these, or even pronounce the name of the *reverend* author of Rural Sports without an anathema?'

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By these and similar arguments, if arguments they can be called, do such persons endeavour to overwhelm with ridicule the efforts of the humane, well knowing that they have the passions and the prejudices of the ignorant, and thoughtless, and unprincipled, on their side. They point out the utter impossibility of rescuing every part of the animal creation from suffering, and therefore most humanely and most wisely infer, that it is idle, and useless, and absurd, to attempt to relieve any. 'Do what you will, you cannot protect all; therefore *our* wisdom tells us that it is all mere *cant*, and affectation of humanity, to protect any!'

But what should we say to any one who, reasoning similarly, viz., that it is utterly impossible to remove all physical and moral suffering and degradation from the human race, should maintain that no effort should be made to counteract what seems to be a decree of Nature? If the plague rages in Turkey, we ought not to attempt to keep from ourselves an infliction to which so many thousands of our fellow-creatures are falling victims. Were we to say to one of those humane arguers, who are so scandalized at the injustice and inconsistency of our commiserating a poor cart-horse or donkey, when we ourselves, perhaps, have eaten lobsters at our last dinner, 'There are many poor famished wretches who have this day hardly had a crust of dry bread; it is, therefore, evidently unjust that you should sit down to a good dinner,'—we apprehend that we should not receive the most courteous reply. Why should not a ruffianly populace be allowed to enjoy bull-baiting and cock-fighting, as well as a country gentleman his coursing, hunting, and shooting? The cry always is, Let the rich reform themselves first, and the poor afterwards. There is gaming in high life: to be *just* and consistent, therefore, we ought to tolerate it in low life. There is also profligacy enough in high life; shall we therefore say that there *ought* to be as much in low? Supposing, now, good, liberal Mr. Advocate for the rights of the people and the lower orders, you yourself should have indulged rather freely with champagne one night, would you, therefore, tolerate your footman's getting fuddled the next; or because, unfortunately, you cannot, as we charitably presume you wish to do, put an end at once to all intriguing and dissipation among your superiors, would you suffer a big-bellied housemaid to continue in your service, as a proof of your liberality and your consistency? We apprehend not. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum* is a very admirable maxim, but one that is attended with considerable practical difficulties. By way of further illustration, we will suppose that a man sees ten persons drowning; shall he, therefore, carry his love of justice to such a pitch, that, because he cannot rescue all, he will not attempt to save one? Some persons seem to entertain rather singular notions of moral equity.

Mais revenons à nos moutons—not exactly, however, to our sheep, but to our stags, hares, and partridges. Has Mr. Martin, it may be asked, no commiseration for them? We dare say he has, but he is hardly so Quixotic as to attempt redress where none is to be obtained: yet that does not render him less entitled to commendation for what he has actually done. Although, what he has accomplished be but comparatively small, it is still something, and something that entitles him to the thanks of every humane man. To discuss the barbarity of field sports would be to enter upon a subject for which we have now no room, we must, therefore, content ourselves with merely remarking, that they have at least this palliation,—they contribute to health, and bestow a certain energy of spirits and of mind; whereas, seeing animals tear each other to pieces, tends only to harden and deprave the mind; the latter sport, too, leads almost invariably to low gambling, swindling, and profligacy. Those who indulge it, whatever be their rank, must come in contact—perhaps associate with ferocious ruffians and blackguards, and listen to the execrations of wretches as destitute of manners as they are of principle.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.
ON MILTON'S WORK—POLYGAMY, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—Nothing could be further from my intention than to interrupt my solitary meditations on the banks of the Dove, in the romantic dale which bears its name, or the wild scenery through which it wanders, by writing letters; but your last two numbers compel me to it. You London people are by no means aware, when you bring hidden treasures to light, or disseminate *new* doctrines with grand *old* names, what a mighty fermentation you may be raising in obscure corners of the earth never taken into your reckoning. You know not the truth or extent of that doctrine—'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and can therefore form no idea of the power of a few of your own pages, as extracted from the work of so great a man as Milton, at a time when he is, as a Christian divine, garnishing his page with texts of scripture, and apparently in such downright, conscientious, good earnest, and so deeply informed on his subject. Why, my good sir, every man hereabouts concludes all he says to be right, from the squire of the parish to the blacksmith, who can give a reason, between every stroke of his hammer, why he should take to wives the maid of the Dog and Partridge, Sally Clossop, the miller's daughter, and the old widow at the mill, whose substance might help to maintain them all.

Nor is the second grand proposition, that of abolishing the Sabbath, less warmly canvassed. Sunday is, in the opinion of many, the best day for bear-baiting, which is the favorite amusement in many parts of Derbyshire; and the damsels, who are all much alarmed and extremely wroth at the idea of being so short in the article of husbands, maintain 'that 'Squire Milton had a good notion of a day for a dance or a fair.' The higher orders are all reasoning on the probability of these liberal ideas being acted upon in this enlightened age, and conclude that nothing less than a conviction of the utility of the work could have induced their benevolent sovereign and his reverend librarian to rescue the great poet's work from its long slumber, and send it into the world in this season of peace and prosperity.

'Since, say they, 'war must abound in the latter times, and national war is now at rest, no substitute for its stimulating energies can be found more likely to answer that purpose than domestic warfare, which will undoubtedly be called into immediate action so soon as this agreeable and novel system shall be acted upon. Women are not sufficiently enlightened, nor have they such religious meekness as to see the propriety of the system in the first instance, or submit to it with due deference in the second. Heroic must be the spirit, and persevering the courage, of him who first adventures to take the most unexceptionable bride into the house of his wife, and claim for her due observances. Young ladies, whose minds combine Amazonian strength with the humility imputed alone to patient Grizzle, are the only persons, we apprehend, who ought to make the experiment.'

As it is universally concluded, from that self-evident restriction to the plan of polygamy furnished by poverty, that the comfort of many wives, and many contentions, must be the especial boon of the *rich*, some of the good folks here conclude that a nobleman's wives will be according to his titles, the first taking precedence of the rest, an idea which I certainly think very good, since it strikes me that priority of marriage should give the highest rank. Nevertheless, should a youth of high quality take a humble maiden in the *first* instance, and the branch of a noble house in the *second*, one may readily conceive no few bickerings will arise between the descendants of each, and the little lord's plebeian blood be very sufficiently thrown in his teeth as a balance to his rights of primogeniture. Or if, in the dotage of life, a system the reverse should be practised, how many airs may be played off by the new-made aristocrat, in balancing her youth and beauty against the rank and established importance of her predecessors. What envious heart-burnings, what severe insuendoes, what delicate sneers, or indelicate reproaches, may be daily supposed to pass even at the highest tables, when the duchess perceived that the marchioness was presuming to look bigger than herself, and the young baroness was dressed out in such diamonds as she could never compass; and what coalitions would the three hitherto inveterate enemies form, on learning that preparations were making for a fourth! What battles in the nursery! What bickerings at the breakfast-table! What lectures in the chamber! 'Tis true, authority can settle all disputes; probably a Turkish harem contains a very agreeable, polite, rational party of ladies, each making the amiable to the other, so long as the feelings of the mother are quiescent; but, alas! no longer; for to her ambition for her child, any more than her love for it, there is no end: and the secret injury, the illiberal taunt, the malignant report, perhaps the murderous potion, would not fail to spread in every direction through a family so situated, and turn the

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houris of such a paradise into demons, at once suffering and tormenting.

From jealousy I consider the females of such an establishment would be for the most part free, for, as it would consist of women who, however distinguished by birth and merit, must be inherently slaves, it is hardly likely that they should love their lords, and jealousy, except of rank and power, they might be tolerably free from; and, by the same rule, capable of esteeming each other to a certain degree. That passion, however, which they did not feel, they would inspire, and the possessor of many wives might look round in vain for one heart, one friend. The lawyer in the neighbouring town (who naturally enough approves a scheme which would produce suits without end) suggests the idea, that a man would find delight in the beauty of one wife, satisfaction in the intelligence of another, and comfort in the tenderness of a third; but for my own part, Mr. Editor, I confess that I can form no idea of this species of threefold pleasure and consolation. That man is by nature inconstant and vain, that the first prompts him to run after new objects of attraction, the second to tempt others to consider himself such object, there is no denying; but yet few men desire to be charmed or cherished by more than one at a time, and as 'a house divided against a house cannot stand,' so an affection cut into such shreds and parings can never be consolidated sufficiently to satisfy the husband himself, if he is a man capable of loving; to say nothing of the women, whose happiness is, of course, utterly out of the question—the whole system is debasing to them, and places them on a level with the brutes.

It is amusing, yet painful, to see how far selfish feelings or an absurd devotion to any favorite system, can pervert the better judgment of even great and good men. That Milton entered upon this disquisition, and took this side of the subject, in consequence of his own unhappy difference with his wife, will, I apprehend, admit of no doubt in the minds of those acquainted with his biography. That his assertions are true, respecting the state of the eastern world, both in old and present times, admits no doubt; but his conclusions as to the justifiableness of Christian polygamy have a very insufficient basis, for it must be evident to all, that the *spirit*, if not the *letter*, of the Christian code, is decidedly against him. At the time of our Lord's appearance, the civilized world did not use polygamy, nor does one instance occur in the New Testament where mention is made of two wives, of course the custom is not commented upon. It is known, that where, among the early converts, this system had obtained, it was deemed by the primitive church a man's duty to retain his wives, but not permitted him, by any means, to take a second, if already in possession of one. It also appears plain to me, that by the term, 'the husband of one wife,' St. Paul implied a man who had only married *once*, even though he were a widower, since in speaking of widows he makes precisely the same distinction, of course this part of the inference leads to no such conclusion as he has drawn.

The very spirit of Christianity, in its ordinances, moralities, and, above all, in the clear views of immortality it opened alike to man and woman, as creatures alike sunk in sin and misery, yet capable of virtue and glory, by making woman the companion, friend, and equal partner of man,—raises her to the dignity of being a wife in its long-accepted sense. Many modifications of the state may be admitted, and many cases alleged, in which individual hardships may be experienced, from the impossibility of raising a second wife to the seat of the first—for I have myself known a painful instance of it; but what are a few isolated instances, opposed to the purity, utility, and happiness, of a system which gives to every man an object for his affections, whilst it restrains his passions, and provides for all that is earthly and that is heavenly in his composition—gives him a friend whose interest, being inevitably connected with his own, is alike secured by the generosity of love and the prudence of common interest—one who, destined to the same high fate as the heir of eternity, is worthy of the same cultivation, capable (in the general sense of the word) of being imbued with the same knowledge, and inspired by the same hopes, sentiments, and imagination; and who, in so far as she is inferior, ensures his tenderness, but never excites his contempt? As a Christian, man 'honours his wife,' for he holds her as bought by the same price—taught by the same spirit as himself; but this especial estimation, given as to one who is a 'mother in Israel'—a 'sister in Christ,'—Milton himself could never, for one moment, affect to believe any man could give to a dozen. The very moment we congregate women in our ideas, whether as wives or concubines, all that is high and sacred in their character and destination vanishes,—they are beautiful animals, claiming our protection and admiration; but they are no longer dignified in our eyes as 'holy women,' or even as fond faithful wives, wise friends, and meet instructors of our children: these ideas apply only to the *one* woman who has become a part of our very being—the 'wife of our bosom.'

Nor would it be difficult to prove, even from the Old Testament, that polygamy was rather permitted than approved, even where the infancy of the world furnished a ready reason for its adoption. Adam, the father of men, had but one wife. Abraham was so fondly attached to the childless Sarah, that he took no concubine until she entreated him; and it was not till long after the days of his mourning were ended that he married again. Only one wife was provided for Isaac, although he was the sole root from whence a great nation was to spring; and Ishmael is placed on the same footing, for 'his mother took him a wife (not wives) from the land of Egypt;' and for the marriage of Moses to a second wife strong reasons may be assigned; and, however true the fact is that a multitude of women were kept as a part of the kingly retinue, yet there is much, even in the earlier development of God's will, tending to prove that abstinence in this respect was a virtue; and the history of Jacob exhibits no tempting picture of domestic society, though a very faithful one under such circumstances as Milton advocates.

'Many things are lawful,' says St. Paul, 'which are not expedient;' and, if some persons should consider the calamity of our great epic poet decisive in proving the first part of the case, I am persuaded they must yet allow the *conclusion* to be decisive against it; but it will be sufficient for the young and unvitiated mind, to consider the cause as Milton versus Milton, by repeating his magnificent burst of poetry and passion,—

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious law,' &c.—

And ask whether common sense and good feeling, even without the aids of a pure religion, would not decide in favour of the poet Milton, against the theological controversialist Milton.

Trusting that you and I, Mr. Editor, shall each remain the husband of *one* wife, I am your's, sincerely, JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

Dovedale, Aug. 2.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THREE BRITISH RELIGIOUS POETS.

THREE poets, in one age, one land, were born,
And with their verse Britannia's isle adorn;
Sublime and beautiful, with humorous vein,
COWPER enchanted with his pious strain.
MONTGOMERY came, in sweet and sacred mood,
His theme was love, 'The World before the Flood.'
Then BERNARD BARTON join'd the tuneful choir,
And poured sweet numbers from affection's lyre.
Long ages passed, before poetic flame
From Greece, through Rome, to our own Milton came;
But here these poets are at once preferred
To claims of which, not Greece, nor Rome, had heard,
Nor can we think they e'er will be surpass'd,
'Till heaven's own harpings fill our ears at last.*

J. P.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I AM thy friend—oh, think on this—
But not whilst millions court thee,
Whilst sparkles high the cup of bliss,
And powerful ones support thee:
May no harsh thought of me intrude,
When soft allurements woo thee,
To darken, with a shade so rude,
The phantoms which pursue thee!
A thousand heads around thee bow,—
A thousand welcomes meet thee,—
A thousand smiles a-hint thee now,—
And countless friendships greet thee;—
The flush of health is on thy cheek,
The hopes of manhood fire thee;
And through thine orbs of lightning break,
The high thoughts which inspire thee.
The meed of Genius decks thy brow,
And Fame's loud trumpets laud thee;
Thy youthful pulse beats high, for thou
Behold'st a world applaud thee;
But, wert thou sick, or sad, or lorn,
Would that gay world befriend thee?
Ah! no; 'twould turn in silent scorn,
Should Fate's dark clouds attend thee!
But *I* will stand, like a rock in the sea,
Whilst the tempest sweeps above thee;

* We differ from J. P., who has indulged freely in poetical license, in his praise of Bernard Barton.—ED.

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And thy tristful heart, as it clings to me,
Shall feel how much I love thee:
There's not, on this cold selfish earth,
A breast where love is brighter;
That trembling flower, of heavenly birth,
No lily of earth is whiter.
More dear that languid orb of thine,
Than others' smiles of gladness,
The paleness of thy brow divine,
More heavenly in its sadness.
I am thy friend!—Oh! turn to *me*
When Sorrow's mists o'ertake thee,
When ills of earth encompass thee,
And heartless crowds forsake thee!

London, 1825. M. G. LEWIS.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy, called *Quite Correct*, was produced at this theatre last week: it is in three acts, is taken from Sayings and Doings, and its interest consists principally in its satire on the insincerity and levity of fashionable life, and in the oddities of Grojan (Liston), the keeper of the Imperial Hotel, at Brighton, who is always anxious to be 'quite correct.' Sir Harry Dartford (Mr. Vining), a fashionable rake, has been many years separated from his wife (Mrs. Davison), who assumes the name of Rosemore, and who has a daughter, Maria (Miss P. Glover), whose hand is solicited by Henry Milford. Lady Almeria Milford (Mrs. Glover) having heard of the probability of her son forming an obscure alliance, arrives at Grojan's hotel at the time all the other *dramatis personæ* are there assembled. Sir Harry reviles the whole of female society, and engages, unknown and unseen, to obtain a secret meeting with Milford's idol, which enrages Milford, and nearly produces a duel, but is, nevertheless, consented to. Sir Harry writes accordingly, soliciting an interview with Maria, which, with the sanction of Mrs. Rosemore, is fixed for seven in the evening. The assignation is duly kept: Sir Harry then discovers his daughter, and becomes reconciled to his wife; Lady Milford is satisfied with her son's choice; and the whole concludes to the happiness of all concerned. The humour of the piece is heightened by the dependant friend of Lady Milford, Miss Leech (Mrs. W. Clifford), who echoes everything said by her ladyship, and is nick-named her 'toad-eater.' The quaintness and satire of this character were admirably hit off, in tone, manner, and dress. The duelling, reckless, and fashionable gentleman—the character of Sir Harry Dartford, was remarkably well played by Mr. Vining, than whom there is not an actor, in the whole circle of the theatres, that has improved so much in so short a space of time: we remember to have seen Mr. C. Kemble, many years past, so *gauche* in the very characters in which he has now no equal, that he can scarcely be deemed the same comedian; and we should not be surprised if, in a short time, a like remark would apply to Mr. Vining. Mrs. Davison gave a good picture of the forbearance of virtuous female affection suffering under the cruel neglect of a rakehelly husband; but her daughter wanted the simplicity and softness of winning innocence that is so congenial to, and so easily recognised by, correct feeling. Liston's character is not so grotesque as those which generally devolve to him; but his desire to be 'quite correct' does not prevent the making of double entendres, somewhat more coarse than are generally admitted into modern dramas. However, the piece, being smartly written, and well acted, was well received, which may enable the managers to abate the repetition of some of the stupid stock pieces, viz., *Frightened to Death*, &c.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—The opera of *Der Freischutz*, which was first and best dramatised at this theatre, was performed on Monday night, when Braham and Miss Paton made their first appearance this season, in the characters of Rodolph and Agnes, which they sustained with their accustomed excellence. A new afterpiece followed, entitled *Who's at Home?* or, *Man and Wife before Marriage*. It can boast of little dramatic merit; but there was some good acting by Miss Kelly, and her pupil, Miss Gray, and Wrench, and it has been performed every evening since.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
July 29	62	73	56	30 18	Fair.
.... 30	62	71	61	.. 18	Do.
.... 31	64	76	66	29 99	Do.
Aug 1	66	82	73	30 02	Do.
.... 2	70	69	66	.. 01	Showery.
.... 3	63	70	64	29 97	Fair.
.... 4	66	68	60	.. 57	Showery.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. C. A. ELTON, author of Specimens of the Classic Poets, &c., has in the press, A History of the Roman Emperors, from the Accession of Augustus to the Fall of the last Constantine.

A new and considerably improved edition of the Rev. G. N. Wright's Guide to Dublin, is nearly ready for publication. Among other additions, it will contain an account of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Painting; with an enlarged account of the Dublin Society, and the contents of its gallery of statuary, and museum, together with additional collections of pictures, &c.

Among the number of joint-stock associations which the spirit of speculation still continues to pour upon the world, with the view in many cases of deluding the unwary public, some few have been brought forward with objects so undeniably laudable, and likely to prove ultimately so beneficial, that those even who have hitherto been the greatest enemies to institutions of this form, will scarcely withhold their approbation. One of this kind has been announced in the course of the last fortnight, under the title of The British Invention and Discovery Company. It is somewhat similar in its nature to The Société de l'Industrie at Paris, the establishment of which has recently created so much sensation, except that the latter seems rather to have adapted itself to the backward state of manufactures in France, whereas the object of this is to afford the authors of all useful inventions assistance in overcoming the obstacles that at present stand in their way, to open the most extensive field for judicious experiment, to correct and apply the designs of those whose attention is beneficially directed, and to prevent the mere projector from wasting his time in delusive speculations. It will be, as it were, a common fund, to which the artizan may have recourse, to afford him the means of turning his genius to practical and profitable account, and to which he will return from his ultimate profits an adequate compensation for the risk; and if the mechanical classes themselves become its chief proprietors, as it is to be hoped they will, it will in fact, be nothing more than an extensive association among themselves, for the purpose of mutual assistance. We look forward with great interest to the period when it shall commence active operations. Its establishment will be a new and most important era in the history of the arts; and if it is conducted on the public principles which it professes at its outset, it must be attended with the most beneficial results, not only to the mechanical and scientific classes, but to the public and the world. Were its only effect to prevent so much money from being daily wasted in taking out patents for designs, which are impracticable or already in existence, we should hail it as one of the most meritorious establishments of the present day.

New Crane and Clock.—On Friday, the 29th ult., Dr. Birkbeck delivered the first lecture at the new *theatre*, as the lecture room of the Mechanics' Institution is affectedly called: the subject was, The general principles of mechanical science. In the course of his lecture, the doctor stated that there was one combination of power, lately arrived in this country, which was completely original, and wonderfully effective. It was the invention of Mr. Dier, a watchmaker in Boston (America). The patent by which he means to secure his great invention is not yet extended to France, which makes some caution in its illustration necessary; but enough could be exhibited to show that it was scarcely possible to imagine that any machine could be constructed, more simple, or more powerful, in equal space. Mr Dier, the inventor, had applied his contrivance to his own art in clock-making, and had, by its means, constructed clocks, with but three wheels, which, with a very small motive-power, went for twelve months without winding up. The doctor here exhibited one of the clocks, and also one of the machines for raising heavy weights, which consisted of a single wheel, of six inches diameter, on a barrel, round which a chain, to which the weight was suspended, was fastened. The wheel had on its periphery fourteen leaves, placed obliquely, which worked in a spiral groove in a parallel arbour or spindle, which was turned by a handle, and, communicating motion to the wheel, and, by consequence, to the barrel on which the chain was wound, raised the weight. Four pounds on the handle of the spindle balanced five hundred pounds at the end of the chain, and eight pounds on the

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handle completely raised the five hundred pounds.

On Tuesday last, the steam-vessel called the Enterprise, left the Thames for the Ganges. Her burden is 500 tons. She has two sixty-horse power engines. The boilers, which are made of copper, extend across the ship, with seven furnaces, each seven feet in depth. Although the Enterprise will make use of her sails when the wind permits, she will rely principally on her steam, and for this purpose she takes out not less than 300 tons of coals. The coals are partly contained in chambers, within the sides of the vessel, covered with sheet-iron, and partly in tanks beneath; which, as they are emptied of coals, will be filled with water to keep the vessel properly ballasted. The cabins, of which there are twenty, are furnished with every convenience.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

IMPROMPTU.

The Shaver and the Shavee, both Fined for Sabbath-Breaking.

LONG beards, long faces, and long pray'rs,
Distinguish Saints from Sinners:
But chins might better lose their hairs,
Than barbers lack their dinners.

Barbers, arise! your rights maintain;
And tell those canting knaves,
Their preachers wish the pence to gain,
For which the barber shaves. A SINNER

Elephant-Fights.—Mr. Gibson, the missionary, gives the following account of a mock-fight he witnessed in Cochin-China in August last:—'A mock-fight was represented. The elephants, sixty in number, charged a fence made of fascines and branches of trees, and defended by a line of soldiers discharging rockets and small arms. The elephants broke through it, and pursued those who defended it until stopped by the riders. Good order and discipline were preserved, and the commands for advance and retreat given by trumpets and beat of drum. Another species of mock-fight was afterwards exhibited. The elephants were made to attack, two and two, the effigy of a lion or tiger spitting fire, and accompanied by many soldiers discharging fire-arms. Very few of the elephants ventured to attack this object, but, in spite of all the efforts of the riders, ran away. One of the conductors received twenty blows on the spot for not doing his duty. His excellency made his favourite elephant go through his exercise. The animal knelt, inclined his head, and made us an obeisance. He is thirty-seven years old, and the governor has had him twenty-five years.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Hand in Hand Gentility Club in our next. We have also the promise of a ramble by Asmodeus.

Candour surely cannot expect us to interfere in the portentous dispute waging between the editor of Longuemanne's Cunnynge Advertyzer and Mr. T. Clerc Smith about *two pence*. The gentlemen had better refer it to some umpire.

Works published since our last notice.—Southey's Tale of Paraguay, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Bentham's Indications respecting Lord Eldon, 3s.—Edwards's Letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, 3s. 6d.—The Maid of the Greek Isles, foolscap, 3s. 6d.—The Complete Servant, 7s. 6d.—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, by Lewis, two vols 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Napier's Statistical Account of the Island of Cefalonia, plates, 7s 6d—Wrongson's Imprisonment and Delays in Trials in Scotland, 2s. 6d.

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £16,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'Clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 8vo. price 36s. boards,

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The Porter, &c. &c.	&c. &c. &c.

London: printed for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row; and to be had of all Booksellers.

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 326. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the French Revolution. From the French of A. Thiers and F. Bodin. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1642. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The annals of history, fertile as they are in remarkable events, do not furnish one more striking than that of the French revolution; and, were it not so recent that we are enabled to verify the facts, the occurrences with which it was fraught would appear as the reveries of a feverish dream, or the imaginations of romance. In a few short years, we have seen France pass from an arbitrary monarchy to a wild republic, and play such freaks, both as to religion and politics, as it is scarcely possible to believe rational men, in an enlightened age, could be guilty of; it seemed as if the whole nation was intoxicated or insane, or if as some demon, with supernatural power, was inflaming all the bad passions, and urging men to massacre and bloodshed. From despotism to republicanism, and then to a dictatorship—and all this within a few years did France pass; infidelity succeeded bigotry: and yet the French, who thirty years ago overturned the altar and the throne, and sacrificed their king, have relapsed into nearly all the errors that millions fell to correct, and offer incense as gross to the brother of the king they executed, as they once did to him or any of his ancestors. This is, however, but a feeble outline of those extremes to which the French have, within the last few years gone, and the general events are too well known to require us to dwell on them.

Much has already been written on the French revolution, but that principally by contemporaries, who, if they were witnesses of the events they recorded, were also too deeply involved in them to be strictly impartial. The present is, however, a period when an author, standing between that epoch and posterity, may fearlessly do justice to both. The authors of the work now before us, seem aware that they stand in that situation; they are enabled to distinguish between the cause and those who espoused it, and having seized the moment when the actors of an eventful drama are about to quit the scene, they can collect their testimony without partaking of their passions, or their prejudices.

The authors of this history appear to possess one great requisite—that of honest impartiality; they distinguish between freedom and anarchy, between good government and despotism, and they mark with just reprehension the atrocities which, as faithful historians, they are compelled to record. The work only embraces the actual period of the revolution, to the establishment of a republic on the fall of the Girondists: this is, no doubt, the period of the revolution, but it was succeeded by an era and events so extraordinary, that we wish Messrs. Thiers and Bodin would continue their history down to the fall of Bonaparte, and the restoration to the throne of France of the family it had proscribed. We ought, however, to thank these authors for what they have done; they have given us a faithful and well-written history of one of the most interesting, but, at the present time one of the most awful epochs the world has presented.

Our authors commence with a view of France, on the accession of Louis XVI., when the public mind had been long unsettled, and France was evidently verging on some important change, hastened by the dissensions of the clergy and the parliament, who were contesting the power of the court; and the court itself was careless and tranquil, wasting the property of the people, whilst surrounded by the greatest disorders. Industry had, by this time, ameliorated the condition of the French population; agriculture, commerce, and manufactures made progressive steps, and literature followed; these united, acquired sufficient importance to influence the whole nation; and the people, anxious to profit by the mistakes of the contending parties, broached dogmas and theories, the most extravagant:—

'Inability to act only made the views of the people the more exaggerated. The double ambition of recovering their rank in the state and in Europe increased the ferment of their minds, and all their griefs were imbittered by seeing themselves so weakly defended or meanly abandoned by their masters. Such was the eighteenth century. Its iniquity had reached its height when Louis XVI. an equitable, moderate, and benevolent prince, whilst yet very young, ascended the throne. He elevated an old courtier to the highest place in his councils, and divided his confidence between Maurepas and the queen,—an Austrian princess of lively and amiable disposition, who had obtained the greatest ascendency over him. Great Maurepas and the queen not agreeing long together, the king yielding sometimes to his minister and sometimes to his wife, began very early to show his unstable disposition. Not disguising from himself the state of his kingdom, he believed the philosophers on this point; but having been educated in severely religious principles, he, in other respects, entertained a decided dislike both against their opinions and themselves. The public voice, which at that time expressed itself loudly, pointed out to him, as a proper person to call to his councils, Turgot, a member of the Society of the Economists. Turgot was a man of a simple and virtuous character, but although his political views were extended, he possessed an obstinacy of mind which but ill fitted him for his situation. Convinced of his honesty and charmed with his projects of reform, Louis XVI. has often declared, "There are none but myself and Turgot who are the friends of the people."'

The reformations of Turgot were defeated by the nobles, and Louis dismissed him with regret, and took Necker for his minister of finances. 'He was a skilful financier, and an upright economist, but a vain man, who set himself up as moderator and judge in every question, whether of philosophy, religion, or liberty; and deceived by the praises of his friends, and by the transports of a populace seized with admiration of all reformers, flattered himself that he could lead the public mind into the adoption of his own views.'

M. de Calonne succeeded Necker, and the public treasury being empty, he endeavoured to meet the evil, by a reduction of the expenses of the state, and an extension of the taxes to a greater number of contributors. This was only to be done by the consent of the privileged orders, and he tried to unite them in an assembly, composed entirely of 'notables.' We shall not, however, dwell on the debates in this assembly, or the dissensions in the parliaments, but merely observe, that it declared itself unauthorised to consent to taxes, and maintained that that power solely belonged to the States General:

'This declaration of incompetency, and even of usurpation, for the parliament had until then arrogated to itself the right of consenting to taxes, astonished every one. The prelate minister irritated by this opposition, commanded the parliament to assemble immediately at Versailles, and had the two acts enregistered in a "lit de justice." The parliament on their return to Paris made protests, and ordered an inquiry into the prodigalities of Calonne. Suddenly a decision of the council broke up its proceedings, and banished it to Troyes.

'Such was the situation of things on the 15th day of August, 1787. The two brothers of the king, Monsieur and the Count d'Artois, were sent, one to the Court of Accounts, and the other to the Court of Aids, to have the edicts there enregistered. The first, who had become popular by the opinions he had manifested in the assembly of "notables," was received by an immense crowd with acclamation, and reconducted to the Luxembourg in the midst of universal applauses. The Count d'Artois, who was odious on account of the support he had given to Calonne was saluted by murmurs of discontent; his suite was attacked, and he himself was

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obliged to have recourse to an armed force for his protection.'

Political assemblies now began to be formed in various parts of the kingdom, in which their rights were discussed, and the proceedings of the court freely censured; mobs and riots succeeded. On the 6th of May, 1788, the States General met, including the third estate, the elections of which had just taken place; the two other estates were the nobility and the clergy. The first dispute might seem a trivial, but it was made a serious, one; it was, whether the verification of their powers should be a general or a separate transaction. The nobility and clergy insisted on a separate verification, which the commons refused. A month passed, and the latter still invited the two other estates to join them, without effect. On the motion of Sieyes, who was introduced by Mirabeau, a last invitation was given:—

'The two orders answered that they must deliberate; and the king that he would make known his intentions The calling over of the bailiwicks commenced. On the first day, three clergymen joined the commons, and were received with acclamation; on the second, six came; and on the third and fourth, ten, among whom was the Abbé Grégoire. During the calling over of the bailiwicks and the verification of the powers, a weighty dispute arose, concerning the title the assembly should take. Mirabeau proposed that of Representatives of the French People; Mounier, that of The Majority deliberating in the absence of The Minority; the deputy Legrand, that of The National Assembly. The last was adopted after a long discussion, which was prolonged to the hour of midnight, on the 16th of June. At one o'clock in the morning the commons were deliberating whether they should constitute themselves a national assembly during the present sitting, or put it off till the next day.'

They adjourned; and on the following day, the 17th of June, constituted themselves a National assembly, by a majority of 491 to 90. The king, on the 20th suspended their sittings until the 22d, but they met in the Tennis court, and took a solemn oath never to separate, until the constitution of the kingdom was established, and settled on the most solid foundation. On the 23d, the royal sitting took place:—

'It was arranged that the deputies of the commons should enter the chamber by a byway door, whilst the nobility and clergy made their entrance in the regular way. In lieu of violence, humiliations were not spared. The commons remained dripping in the rain a long time before the door was opened for them. The president rapped, and called frequently, but was answered from within, that it was yet too early. The deputies were now about to retire, when the doors at last were opened, and, on entering, they found their seats occupied by the two first orders. This assembly was very unlike that of the 5th of May. The hopes of all parties were then high, and the solemnity majestic and affecting. Numerous bands of soldiers might now be seen in all parts of the chamber, and a gloomy silence prevailed throughout. The deputies of the commons persisted in the most obstinate taciturnity. The king first addressed the assembly; but his expressions, which were too energetic for his character, betrayed his counsellors. Reproaches and commands were put into his mouth. He ordered the separation of the three orders; annulled the proceedings of the third class; and promised to sanction the abdication of pecuniary privileges, when they were resigned by their possessors. He required the maintenance of all feudal rights, both practical and honorary, as inviolable property; and concluded by saying, that, although he did not enjoin any junction of the three orders, he left the third class to hope for it from the moderation of the highest ranks.

'Thus he endeavoured to force the obedience of the commons, and contented himself with supposing that of the aristocracy. He left the nobility and clergy judges of that which particularly concerned themselves, and finished by saying, that if he met with any further obstacles, he should take the good of his people solely into his own hands, and regard himself as their only representative. This tone and language deeply irritated the minds of the commons, not against the king, who represented feebly those passions which were not his own, but against the aristocracy, of whom he was the organ.

'Immediately after his discourse, he ordered the assembly to break up. The nobility and part of the clergy followed him: the other ecclesiastical deputies remained: the commons kept their seats, and preserved a profound silence. Mirabeau first rose. "Gentlemen," said he, "if the presents of despotism were not always dangerous, we might imagine that the admonitions we have just received might be salutary.—What! an array of arms, and the violation of the national temple, to command you to be happy!——Where are the enemies of the nation? Is Cataline at our gates?—I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity, and legislative power, and to call to mind the religious obligation of your oath which will not suffer you to separate, till you have established a constitution."'

But we skip in our narrative, to show to what an extent of savage ferocity, the most polished people in the world, as the French would make us believe they are, went. We allude to the massacres in the prisons, planned by Danton and his associates on the night of the 30th and 31st of August, 1792:—

'Three years before, a person named Maillard figured at the head of the band of women who marched to Versailles on the famous 5th of October. This Maillard was a bailiff by occupation; in mind intelligent; in disposition sanguinary; and, since the unquiet times of the revolution, had left every man at large to exert his own influence, without any control or impediment, he had collected together a band of ignorant and low-born associates, who were prepared for every desperate undertaking. He himself was captain of this band; and, if we may credit a discovery which transpired so long a time after the event it refers to, he was employed by Danton and his party in the execution of the most atrocious cruelties. He was ordered to place himself in a situation best calculated to effect this dire intention; to prepare instruments of death; to take every precaution to stifle the cries of his victims: and to have vinegar, holly-brooms, lime, and covered carriages in readiness for all these purposes.'

On the 3rd of September,—

'The ministers assembled at the hotel of the marine department only waited for Danton, to hold their council. The whole city was on tiptoe. Terror reigned in the prisons. The royal family, to whom every noise seemed menace, anxiously demanded the cause of so much agitation. The gaolers of the several prisons appeared struck with consternation. He who had the care of the Abbaye sent away his wife and children in the morning. Dinner was served to the prisoners two hours before the accustomed time; and all the knives were taken from their plates. Alarmed at these circumstances, the victims demanded the cause with importunity, but could obtain no answer. At two o'clock the generale commenced beating to arms; the tocsin sounded, and the alarum cannon was fired. Troops of citizens crowded to the Champ de Mars; others surrounded the commune and the assembly; and all the public places were, in like manner, thronged to excess.

'This was the moment chosen for the transfer of eighty recusant priests from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye. They were removed in hackney coaches, escorted by Bréton and some confederates, and conducted at a slow pace towards the Faubourg St. Germain, along the quays, the Pont Neuf, and the Rue Dauphine. The rabble surrounded the carriages, and heaped upon them every species of insult. The confederates pointed them out: "Behold," said they, "the conspirators who had designed to murder us, our wives, and children, whilst we were on the frontiers." These words heightened the indignation of the multitude. The doors of the coaches were opened, and the unfortunates within endeavoured to shut them to shelter themselves from the outrages which assailed them, but the attempt was ineffectual, and they were forced to sit patiently under the assaults of the infuriated populace. They at last arrived at the court of the Abbaye. An immense crowd had collected there to meet them. This court led to the prisons, and communicated with the saloon where the sections of the "Four Nations" held their sittings. The first carriage drew up before the door of the committee, and was immediately surrounded by a throng of furious-looking men. Maillard was already there. The coach-door being opened, the priest nearest to it descended, and was making his way towards the committee, when he fell covered with a thousand wounds. The second endeavoured to draw back, but was dragged out by force, and suffered the fate of the former. The two others shared the same fate, and their murderers then abandoned the first carriage, and betook themselves to those which followed. These entered, one after

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another, the fatal court, and the last of the eighty priests expired amidst the savage acclamations of the furious rabble.

'At the moment of the consummation of this bloody deed, Billaud-Varrennes arrived on the spot. Of all those concerned in these frightful massacres, he alone dared constantly to approve of them, and appear personally active in their perpetration. He now came boldly forward, and, with his scarf of office on his shoulders, walked in the blood, and trampled on the bodies of the murdered priests, addressing at the same time the butcher throng about him: "People," said he, "you have done your duty, you have sacrificed your enemies." The voice of Maillard was immediately after heard above the crowd: "There is nothing more to be done here," cried he, "let us go to the church of the Carmelites."

'In this place two hundred priests were confined. The gang broke into it; and the unhappy victims, giving up all hope, ejaculated a prayer to heaven, embraced one another, and resigned themselves to death. The archbishop of Arles was first sought out, and, being soon discovered, was despatched by a sabre-cut over the neck. But the sword was found too dilatory a weapon; fire-arms were, therefore, resorted to, and general discharges of musketry quickly strewed the church with the bodies of the dead; some also fell in the garden, others, in attempting to climb over the walls, and some in the trees, where they had endeavoured to conceal themselves.

'Whilst this massacre was carrying on at the church of the Carmelites, Maillard, with a party of his band, returned to the Abbaye. *He* presented himself at the section of the Four Nations, covered with perspiration and blood, and demanded "wine for his brave comrades, who had delivered the nation from its enemies." The committee, struck with consternation, granted him twenty-four pints.

'This was served out upon tables in the court, in the midst of the mangled bodies of those slain in the afternoon. The wine was scarcely drank when another atrocious scene took place. Maillard, who was the leader in all these massacres, pointing to the prison, cried out "*à l'Abbaye*" (to the Abbey). He then led the way, and was followed by his gang, who assaulted the gate of the prison with violence. The poor wretches within heard the din, and considered it a signal for their death. The gaoler and his wife fainted through fright. The doors were burst open. The first prisoners who were laid hold of were dragged out by the feet, and thrown bleeding into the court, to be butchered by the mob. Meanwhile Maillard and some of his most faithful comrades demanded the gaoler's register, and the keys of the several prisons. One of the gaolers, however, more bold than the rest, endeavoured to remonstrate; and, advancing towards the wicket of the door, he mounted on a stool, and addressed the multitude: "My friends," said he, "I see you are bent upon the destruction of the aristocrats, the enemies of the people, who have conspired against the lives of your wives and children. In this you are undoubtedly right; but you are good citizens, you love justice, and would be shocked to dip your hands in innocent blood." "Yes, yes," cried out the executioners." "I ask, then," resumed the gaoler, "if you do not expose yourself to the danger of confounding the innocent with the guilty, when you rush like tigers upon your prey, making no distinction, and listening to no appeals." Here he was interrupted by one of the gang, who, flourishing his sabre, exclaimed: "Would you have us sleep in the midst of danger? If the Prussians and Austrians were at Paris, would they distinguish between guilt and innocence? I have a wife and children, who I will not leave in danger. If you think fit, give the scoundrels arms, and we will engage an equal number of them, but Paris must be purged before we depart." "Right, right," exclaimed many voices, and a push was made forward; nevertheless, they were at last prevailed on to desist, and consent to a species of trial. The gaoler's books were then given up, and it was decided that one of the band should be appointed president, to read the names, and the cause of every prisoner's detention, and that immediate sentence should be passed on all the culprits. The business of electing a president now engaged the attention of all, and the name of Maillard was shouted from every quarter. This blood-thirsty butcher was, therefore, instantly invested with his terrific but congenial authority; and, seated before a table covered with the gaoler's registers, and surrounded by a few of his gang, chosen at random from the multitude, to assist him by their advice, the prisoners were summoned, one after another, before his appalling judgment-seat. They were led out to their trial by hands already dyed in blood, and then thrust among the wild beasts, panting for their destruction. The sentence of condemnation was pronounced in these words: "*Monsieur, à la Force*" (to the prison of La Force), and the unfortunate victim was then precipitated through the partition which separated the judges from the executioners, and found his death on the blades of sabres already clotted with carnage.

'The first who were brought before this dread tribunal were the Swiss soldiers imprisoned in the Abbaye, whose officers had been removed to the Conciergerie. "You are those," said Maillard, "who assassinated the people on the 10th of August." "But we were attacked," replied the unfortunates, "and obeyed our commanders." "It does not signify," resumed Maillard, coldly, and pronounced the sentence "*A la Force*." The wretched victims could not mistake the dire import of these words, for they perceived the menacing sabres on the other side of the wicket; they hung back, and crowded behind one another in fearful recoil, till one, more bold than the rest, asked, "Whither he must pass." The door was opened to him; and, stooping his head, he rushed with hopeless desperation into the midst of sabres and pikes. The rest followed his example, and shared his fate.

'The females were all now locked up together in the same room, and other prisoners were brought forward. Several accused of forgery next suffered. After them, the celebrated Montmorin, whose acquittal had caused so much discontent, but had not gained him his freedom, was led out. Being presented to the blood-stained president, he declared that he had been tried by the regular tribunal, and could acknowledge no other. "Be it so," replied Maillard; "prepare, nevertheless, for a different sentence." The ex-minister, who understood not this language, asked for a carriage. He was answered he would find one at the door. He then demanded permission to take with him a few necessaries, but, receiving no answer, he advanced towards the wicket, and there discovered and fell into the snare of death.

'After him, Thiery, the valet-de-chambre of the king, was led forward. "Like master, like man," exclaimed Maillard, and he was instantly assassinated. Buob and Bocquillon then advanced. They were accused of having been members of a secret committee held at the Tuileries, and this was sufficient for their condemnation and death. The night was now fast approaching, and the prisoners, hearing the acclamations of the assassins, felt that they had but a few moments to live.'

'This frightful massacre lasted the whole night. The executioners and judges alternately exchanged their situations. Wine stimulated their thirst for blood, and the goblets out of which they drank were marked with the prints of their blood-dropping fingers. Yet in the midst of this carnage some victims were spared, and their lives were granted to them with every frantic demonstration of drunken joy. One young man, who was claimed by one of the sections, and declared free from aristocracy, was acquitted in the midst of acclamations of "Long live the nation!" and carried in triumph in the blood-stained arms of the executioners. The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the invalids, was afterwards led forth and condemned. His daughter, from the middle of the prison, heard his fate pronounced, and springing forward, darted into the midst of the pikes and sabres, clung round her father, and implored mercy from the murderers in such an heart-piercing accent, and such torrents of tears, that their fury was for a moment suspended. To put her sensibility to the test, they offered her a goblet full of blood. "Drink," said they, "drink the blood of the aristocrats!" She drank, and her father was saved. The daughter of Cazotte also succeeded in rescuing her parent in like manner; but she was still more happy, and obtained his safety without undergoing such a horrible test of her affection.

'These scenes caused tears to stream from the eyes of the assassins, yet they returned immediately to demand fresh victims; and one of those who had displayed this sensibility, instantly resumed his dreadful office of leading out the prisoners to death, and was on the point of killing the gaoler, because he had not supplied his victims with water for the last twenty-four hours. Another of these singular monsters interested himself in a prisoner whom he was leading to the wicket, because he heard him speak the lan-

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guage of his country. "Why are you here," said he, to M. Journiac de Saint Méard. "If you are not a traitor, the president, *who is no fool*, will give you justice. Do not tremble, but answer me." He was presented to Maillard, who, looking over the register—"Ah," said he, "M. Journiac, you are he who wrote in the journal of the court and the city." "No," replied the prisoner, "it is a calumny; I never wrote in it." "Take care," replied Maillard, "falsehood is punished here with death." "Did you not recently absent yourself to join the army of the emigrants?" "This is another calumny," replied he; "I have a certificate attesting that I have been for the last twenty-three months in Paris." "Whose certificate is it? Is the signature authentic?" Happily for M. de Journiac, a person was present to whom the subscriber of the certificate was personally known. The signature was, therefore, declared worthy of credit. "You see, then," resumed M. Journiac, that I have been calumniated." "If the calumniator was here," replied Maillard, "he should receive terrible justice. But answer me, were you imprisoned here for nothing?" "No," answered M. de Journiac, "I was known for an aristocrat." "Aristocrat!" "Yes, aristocrat; but you are not here to judge of opinions, but actions; mine are blameless; I have never conspired; my soldiers, in the regiment which I command, are devoted to me, and, when, at Nancy, urged me to seize on Malseigne." Struck with such courage, his judges fixed their eyes on him with astonishment, and Maillard gave the signal of pardon. Immediately the cries of "Live the nation!" resounded from all parts. All hastened to embrace him; and two of the bystanders, enclosing him in their arms, led him safe and sound through the hedge of swords and pikes which a few minutes before menaced his life. M. de Journiac offered them money, but they refused it, and only asked permission to embrace him. Another prisoner, saved in the same manner, was conducted to his house with similar enthusiasm. The executioners, all covered with blood, begged to be permitted to witness the joy of his family, and immediately after returned to the carnage. In such a state of over-wrought excitement, the mind is keenly alive to all the emotions and instincts of its nature; they succeed each other rapidly and convulsively, alternately melting and firing the soul, and hurrying those who have resigned themselves to their unrestrained sway from one extreme to the other with wild caprice; the passions, which seemed one moment quenched in tears, rise the next in flame; the whole man is subject to delirious changes, and he weeps and assassinates, with the same heart-felt sincerity, in the short space of a few minutes. Whilst wading in blood, he is arrested by admiration of courage or devotion; he is sensible of the honour of appearing just, and vain of the semblance of disinterestedness. The events of the deplorable period which we are now narrating afford many instances of these striking contrarieties; and among this number must be recorded the circumstance of the robbers and murderers of this night depositing the jewels found on some of the prisoners with the committee of the abbey.

'But the massacre of the captives was not confined to one prison. The gang, having set their tools to work at the Abbey, detached parties to follow their example, at the Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the Bernadins Salpetrière, and the Bicêtre prisons, all of which were surrounded with mangled carcasses and streams of blood. When the morning dawned upon the havoc of this frightful night, the spectacle it presented to the broad glare of day was as sickening as it was horrifying. Billaud-Varennes repaired early to the Abbey, where, the evening before, he had encouraged his workmen, as he termed them. He now again addressed them. "My friends," said he, "in slaughtering these wretches you have saved your country. France owes you an eternal debt of gratitude, and the municipality is at a loss how to acknowledge your merit. It however offers you twenty-four livres apiece, and you will be paid immediately." These words excited shouts of applause, and those to whom they were addressed followed Billaud-Varennes into the committee, to receive the payment which he had promised them. But here a difficulty arose. "Where shall we find the funds," said the president to Billaud, "to pay this debt?" Billaud replied by again eulogizing the massacres, and declared that the minister of the interior ought to have money to be expressly devoted to this purpose. The crowd then immediately hastened to the house of Roland, but he sent them back with indignation, and refused to listen to their demands. The assassins, thus disappointed, returned to the committee, and threatened its members with instant death if they were not immediately paid the wages of their crimes; every one, therefore, was obliged to contribute from his private pocket, and they at last departed satisfied. The commune afterwards repaid these contributors; and several other sums, dedicated to the same purposes, may be seen entered in the account-books: 1463 francs were paid to the executioners up to the date of the 4th of September.'

The most savage horde of the most savage nation presents nothing equal to this; but we turn from the horrid narration, and shall resume the work in our next.

Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the Years 1821 *and* 1822, *including some Account of the Countries to the North east of Persia*, &c. &c. By James B. Frazer. 4to. pp. 771. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Mr. Frazer is favourably known to the public by a Tour to the Himala Mountains, and he has now given an interesting, but too ponderous, and, we fear, in some degree, too prejudiced an account of Persia. The volume, it will be seen, contains nearly eight hundred pages, and yet we are threatened with more tomes, which, we presume, will not be less bulky. We fear our author must have been in an ill mood when he travelled in Persia, and that he viewed things in an unfavourable light, for he speaks very differently of the country and the inhabitants from other travellers. Which of them comes nearest the truth we cannot decide, and have no reason to doubt that Mr. Frazer was anxious that his information should be as correct as any preceding travellers could be. Every account, however, that we have of the King of Persia represents him as mercenary and tyrannical; but it is a kingly fault in that country; a striking instance of this occurs in the following anecdote. There is a Persian proverb, that a man who is rich is more active than a poor man. When the great Shah Abbas was travelling in Khorasan, and came to a deep chasm, where he was delayed for want of a bridge, he thus turned the proverb to account; he desired a man to leap over it, which he did, and then back again. The king said—

'That fellow must be rich; I am sure he must have gold about him, he leaps so well. Let us see what he has got. The man was stripped upon the spot, and a considerable sum in gold and jewels, presents he had received from the king, were found in his girdle, and carried to his majesty, who told him, "Now try the leap again:" the poor fellow attempted it, but failing, tumbled down the chasm and was killed. The king ordered a bridge to be built over the place with the shatir's money, and the tower just mentioned to be erected to his memory, the ruins of which are still to be seen. The breadth of the chasm is indeed so small, that I have little doubt that a very active man might bound across it in some places; and the depth can be little, if anything, short of a hundred feet.'

At Khorasan Mr. Frazer took great pains to make himself acquainted with the arts and manufactures, which are, of course, in a very backward state, and, consequently, our ingenuity excites their wonder. Mr. F. says—

'They entertain very magnificent and mysterious ideas of the power imparted by Europeans to many of their mechanical inventions, as well as of their profound knowledge in preparing salutary or pernicious drugs; effects nothing less than magical are attributed to many of their inventions. Among other things it was believed that certain telescopes were constructed in Europe capable of viewing all that should pass within the walls of a fortified place, even from a great distance; others, by which, if the proprietor desired it, he could, by looking at the outside of an harem, see all the women within its walls; others again were supposed to be possessed of remarkable powers for observing the heavenly bodies. Our fire-arms, too, were often believed to have peculiar properties, that conferred formidable powers upon their possessors. The same idea prevailed regarding our cutlery. Meerza Abdool Jawat one day showing me at least fifty very good English knives, which he had collected in a drawer, complained that there was not one of them worth a farthing. I looked at them, saw that they were of excellent makers, but had all been ill used; and on inquiring the reason, "Ah!" said he, "they are all bad, all cheats, not

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one of them can *cut iron*, as they should do." —"Cut iron!" cried I, who ever saw a knife that could cut iron?"—"What!" demanded he, "and have you not among you knives that can cut iron?"—"No, certainly," said I; "who could have told you so foolish a thing?"—"Look, then," said he, again, "what lies are told: hear the story that was retailed to us of you Feringhees. It was said that a certain man once came into the court before your king's *dewan khanah*, and, after saluting his majesty, he offered for sale a little penknife, which he said was of wonderful powers. The king asked the price of it, and was told by the owner that it was twenty thousand tomaans. "How," said the king, "do you dare to impose on your sovereign in that way? Let him be punished on the spot." Upon that the man went up to a large cannon that was lying in the court-yard, and, making a cut at it with his knife, almost divided it in two, exclaiming, "See there, O king! mark if I told untruths regarding the value of my knife: but now it never shall be yours." With that he broke the blade, and threw the pieces away, nor would he ever make another; "but," added the meerza, "although knives of such uncommon powers are not to be had, I always believed that the good English penknives were calculated to cut steel or iron; and you quite astonish me when you inform me that this is not the case."

Of the various tribes, Mr. Fraser gives many interesting particulars; in describing the Tookomans, he says:—

'All the men of these tribes are excellent horsemen, and possess a race of horses, the excellence of which is celebrated all over Asia. Those bred by the Tuckehs have at present the greatest repute; only, I believe, because being in greater numbers, there is a more extensive choice among them, for the breeds are the same among them all. They value size and bone much, but blood, evinced by the power of enduring fatigue, still more. Size and bone appear to be indigenous to the horses of the country; figure and blood are borrowed from the Arab, and Nadir Shah took great pains to increase these qualities by sending the finest horses he could obtain from Arabia to improve the breed. After all, I do not think that any one accustomed to the symmetry of the Arab, or even the English horse, would consider them handsome; the impression they at first give is, that they are deficient in compactness; their bodies are long in proportion to their breadth and bulk of carcass, and they are not well *ribbed up*; they are long, and might be thought deficient in muscle, generally falling off below the knee: they have narrow chests, nor is their general breadth at all remarkable: their necks are long, their heads large, heavy, and seldom well put on; nor does the general appearance give the spectator the idea of activity or fleetness. Such was the first impression conveyed to me by the sight even of the superior horses of the Tookomans; perhaps the rather low condition they are for the most part kept in, increased its unfavourable nature; and it was not for some time that the effect began to wear off, and the fine and valuable points of the animal to force themselves into observation. They have large and powerful quarters resembling those of the English horse; the shoulders are often fine, their legs clean and strong, and though generally spare of flesh, what they have is firm and good; and their size unburdened with a load of fat, renders them fit to support the weight of their rider and his burden for an astonishing length of time. I do not by any means intend to assert, that the want of beauty is universal; on the contrary, I have seen some of the Tookoman horses very handsome; and when they are in good condition, and well groomed, they certainly have a great deal of figure; and on the whole approach more to the character of the English horse than any other breed I have seen in the east.

'Their powers of endurance are indeed almost incredible; when trained for a chappow or plundering expedition, they will carry their riders and provisions for seven or eight days together, at the rate of twenty or even thirty fursungs (loosely, from eighty to one hundred miles) a-day. Their mode of training is more like that of our pugilistic and pedestrian performers, than that adopted for race horses. When any expedition of great length, and requiring the exertion of much speed, is in contemplation, they commence by running their horses every day for many miles together; they feed them sparingly on barley alone, and pile numnds upon them at night to sweat them, until every particle of fat has been removed, and the flesh becomes hard and tendinous; of which they judge by the feel of the muscles, particularly on the crest, at the back of the neck, and on the haunches; and when these are sufficiently firm and hard, they say say in praise of the animal, that his "flesh is marble." After this the horse will proceed with wonderful expedition and perseverance, for almost any length of time, without either falling off in condition, or knocking up, while horses that set out fat seldom survive. Upon an occasion shortly before I was in that part of the country, when certain of the king's horsemen, with a party of the Yamoot and Gocklan, made a chappow on the Tuckeh tribe, the former, who set out with horses fat and pampered, lost them almost every one, while the Tookomans, with their lean but powerful animals, went through the whole fatigue without inconvenience. They are taught a quick walk, a light trot, or a sort of amble, which carries the rider on easily, at the rate of six miles an hour; but they will also go at a round canter, or gallop, for forty or fifty miles, without ever drawing bridle, or showing the least symptom of fatigue. A Tookoman, with whom I was talking on this subject, with reference to his own horse, offered to go from Mushed to Tehran, or to Herat, neither of which journeys is less than five hundred miles, in six days at farthest; and the possibility of the feat was confirmed by hundreds, both Persians and Tookomans; indeed the distances to which their chappows have frequently extended, prove too fatally that the power exists. But I have reason to believe that their *yabous* or galloways, and large ponies are fully as remarkable, if not superior, to their large horses, in their powers of sustaining fatigue; they are stout, compact, spirited beasts, without the fine blood of the larger breeds, but more within the reach of the poorer classes, and consequently used in by far greater numbers than the superior and more expensive horses. It is a common practice of the Tookomans to teach their horses to fight with their heels, and thus assist their master in the time of action, and at the will of their rider, to run at, and lay hold of with their teeth, whatever men or animals may be before them; this acquirement is useful in the day of battle and plunder, for catching prisoners and stray cattle, but renders them vicious and dangerous to strangers.

'It is quite a mistake to believe that horses are to be had in these parts at low, or even at moderate prices; animals of the best breeds cannot be had under a sum of money equal to £150 or £200 sterling; for some of remarkable blood and beauty, I have heard £350 to £400 demanded; and nothing possessing the most moderate degree of goodness united with size and figure, can be had under £50 to £100 sterling. Common horses, good enough for drudges, but with no degree of blood, nor belonging to the favourite Tookoman breeds, may be had at small enough prices, but even good yaboos, bred in the desert, will sell for £30 to £40 sterling.'

'The Tookoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries, nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not unfrequently assume the semblance of allurement, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prise of all he may have possessed.

'The head-dress of these women is singular enough; most of them wear a lofty cap, with a broad crown resembling that sort of soldier's cap called a shako; this is stuck upon the back of the head, and over it is thrown a silk handkerchief of a very brilliant colour, which covers the top, and falls down on each side like a veil thrown back. The front of this is covered with ornaments of silver or gold, in various shapes; most frequently gold coins, mohrs or tomaans, strung in rows, with silver bells or buttons, and chains depending from them; hearts and other fanciful forms with stones set in them; the whole gives rather the idea of gorgeous trappings for a horse, than ornaments for a female. The frames of these monstrous caps

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are made of light chips of wood, or split reeds, covered with cloth; and when they do not wear these, they wrap a cloth around their heads in the same form; and carelessly throw another, like a veil, over it; the veil or curtain above spoken of, covers the mouth, descending to the breast; ear-rings are worn in the ears, and their long hair is divided, and plaited into four parts, disposed two on each side; one of which falls down behind the shoulder and one before, and both are strung with a profusion of gold ornaments, agates, cornelians, and other stones, according to the means and quality of the wearer.

'It is the custom among the Toorkomans for a man to purchase his wife,—a certain number of camels, sheep, or cattle, constituting the price. The women are valuable as servants, not only attending to the household matters, but manufacturing such articles as the family sells, the men paying little attention to anything beyond the larger cattle and their plundering expeditions. It is somewhat singular that, in these bargains, a widow who has been some years married, bears a far higher value than a young girl: the latter will bring from two to four hundred rupees; the former as many thousands. Five camels is a common price for a girl; from fifty to a hundred are often given for a woman who has been married, and is still in the prime of life. The reason assigned for this curious choice is, that the former is not supposed to be as yet by any means acquainted with the management of a family, or with the occupations and manufactures that render a woman valuable to her husband; and so great may be the difference of degree in this species of knowledge, that a woman known to excel in it will command the large price above stated.

'It is, however, rendered highly probable from this high price, that polygamy must be less common among the Toorkoman tribes than in other Mahometan countries. Whether from this cause or not, I cannot say; but it is certain that their women are by far more prolific than others, even as I was assured, in the proportion of two to one. I can myself assert, that out of every camp we passed through, such crowds of children issued, that one of my servants, in amazement, cried out that it was "like an ant-hill." They were stout, healthy, hardy little creatures, almost quite naked, and it was admirable to see the courage and unconcern with which infants, that seemed scarcely able to walk, would splash and plunge through streams that would have made an European mother scream. Every thing about them told of the rough school in which they were receiving their education. My host, Khalfee Khan, though by no means much advanced in life, had ten fine sons, born of his two wives.

'When one of these Toorkomans dies, they wash the body on the spot where he breathed his last, or as near it as possible; and on that spot they raise a little mound, by digging a circular trench, two or three feet wide, throwing the earth up in the centre; and in this mound they plant a tree, or pole, to mark the place. The plain is studded, in some places pretty thickly with these traces of mortality. The body is carried for interment further into the plain. There are numerous burying-grounds to be seen all over this country, even in the plains near the rivers,—sad proofs of former population and prosperity, now totally disappeared.'

If Mr. Frazer is not too far advanced in his second volume, we would advise him to be less prolix, for really such quartos as the one he has just published, draw heavily on the purse and time of a reader.

A Critical Examination of Dr. M'Culloch's Work on the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1825. Lizars.

An author, whatever may be his talents or his mode of conducting himself, is never able to calculate with certainty, whether he shall or shall not meet with that reward of praise, or the other more solid commodity, after which persons of this class years with so fond a sympathy; but if an author wishes to get himself scolded and called names, and written about, in a manner the least courteous possible, then he has nothing more to do than to tell the truth, particularly if it relates to the people of Scotland, and more especially those of the Highlands. Dr. Johnson took his pilgrimage to the *ultima thule*, with as sincere a devotion as ever induced a Mussulman to wander for the purpose of kissing the caaba; and the doctor had a Scotch flunky, or, as himself styled it, 'a tin-kettle to his tail,' as firmly tied, and as clattering as any animal, quadruped, or biped, dragged after him on a journey, long or short. With some grumbling at the scenery and the weather, and a little boorishness displayed toward the softer sex, the doctor appeared to eat his mutton without any question as to by what means it died, and swallowed his eggs without any chemical analysis of the waters in which they had been boiled; but the doctor had no sooner put forth his book, than a score of Highland parsons, with the left hand up to the knuckles in snuff, and the right still deeper in ink, set forth with about his annihilation. They failed however; for they and their anger, and their snuff and their ink, have been swept away by the tide of oblivion, while the name of Johnson is as familiar in Fleet Street as it was when he pronounced the view thence to St. Paul's to be the most enchanting in the world.

Next came Mrs. Hamilton, with the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' and it is very probable that neither her sex nor her years would have saved her, had she not very dexterously contrived to fix the locality of her admirable tale so completely between the Highlands and the Lowlands, that the inhabitants of the two divisions of the country kept whisking it backwards and forwards at each other like a shuttlecock, without even seriously blaming the lady.

In the third place came the author of the Modern Athens, who had no humble attendant to plead for him, like Johnson, and who left not the scene of his attacks, a debateable matter, like Mrs. Hamilton; but who attacked the Caledonian capital itself, and contemned and mocked at those gods, which, above all other gods, the inhabitants of that chosen dwelling place of pedantry and pride, had most inflexibly worshipped. As this author spoke out,—put down the persons, the places, and the acts, in black and white, it would rather have been an unsafe speculation, to come to issue with him in writing; but we have heard that a vote of censure upon him has been entered in the minutes of every Athenian society, learned or unlearned, from the great men of brains, who meet on one side of the north'loch, to the small men of skulls who meet on the other. We have heard, too, that before a stranger is admitted into Athenian society, he is called upon to abjure the Modern Athens in language as solemn, and very nearly as sensible as that by which well-tried counsellors are tested, when they are introduced to kiss the —— bell-rope of 'St. Giles!' and take upon them the heavy function of bailies. Nor is there the least doubt, that if the wicked caitiff, from which this more wicked production emanated, were to be found anywhere upon the 'herring bone' which he has so blindly misrepresented, the Athens would pounce and open upon him with all her claws, all her tongues, and all her arms, till he were scratched and stunned and soused—

'Beyond this visible diurnal sphere'

Fourthly comes Dr. M'Culloch, and the Lord have mercy upon him, say we, for he is a book, like a Highland broadsword, slashing and slaughtering in all directions. If we were, from this critical examination, to draw a diagnostic of the author, we would say that it was written by some fiery-hearted and brimstone-brained roric of a Highland parson, who after having sinned perhaps somewhat in the spirit, thought the best atonement he could make would be to return to the discipline and dinner of his presbytery, mighty and militant in defence of everything speaking Gaelic.

Dr. M'Culloch's original object in going to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland appears to have been to Macadamize the Grampian and the Cullin hills, and to fetch away a few boxes of fragments, just in order to show, that however it might be provided in men and women, the hinder end of Caledonia was exceedingly well off in the matter of stones.

If the doctor had just stuck to his hammer, he might have thumped till Doomsday and welcome, and we do not think that even Provost Robertson would (as Pitscottie used to say) have 'justified' himself, although he had carried away the *Clack-na-radis*, in the same manner as Edward filched away the stone upon which the ancient monarchs of Caledonia used to bruise barley for their broth, at the palace of Scone. Had the doctor stuck to this, we say, he might have hammered away, for it is a maxim among the Highlanders to add a stone, since in proportion to their love for a man, to his cairn after he is dead, and, therefore, they could have no objection to give a man with a Mac in his name a few lumps when he was alive,

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more especially when he was at the trouble of breaking them from the native rock himself; but the doctor was not contented with hammering at the hills, he has struck at the people, and not only them but the history of their race,—a proceeding, which, if a Highland man were to pardon, not one of his clan, or of any clan, would forgive him. But Dr. M'Culloch wrote a book, and a book too, which, with a reasonable portion of severity, contained also a considerable quantity of humour and entertainment, and somewhat more than a reasonable portion of truth, ergo this book has been sent forth to smite him. If other evidence had been wanting to show that the book is written by a Highland parson, it would have been rendered unnecessary by this, that the author considers Dr. M'Culloch's book composed of a soul and a body —the first, however, he styles the 'spirit,' and the second the literary character. When treating of the spirit of the book, he takes occasion to give great praise to that pattern of meekness and wisdom, Alexander Ronaldson Macdonald, the M'Alister More of Glengarry and Clanranald, the whole of whose titles would make a page,—whose virtues would make a chapter, and whose actions would fill a volume.

Upon all and sundry points contained in the book animadverted on, and upon sundry others which it does not contain, the author is at issue with the doctor. He discovers that in the matters of vitrified forts, round towers, the antiquity of kilts, the temple of the hyperborean Apollo, the politeness of the Highlanders, the perfect abhorrence they have at receiving any reward for their labour, the improvements that have taken place on some of the estates, the doctor is fairly wrong. Altogether the book is so excellent,—a thing which would have been utterly unproducible in any country but the Highlands of Scotland,—that it is scarcely possible to give a fair quotation. It gives us great pleasure, however, to learn from this undoubted authority, that from the mall of Kantyre to Cape Rath, there actually are such things as cabbages, because we have heard that the leaves, especially of the red variety, are very sanitive in certain afflictions; but whether the author of this critical examination meant therein to act the part of the good Samaritan, by applying the red cabbage-leaf to the occiput of Dr. M'Culloch, is much too deep for our philosophy, and the book is somewhat too sublime for our quotation.

Alphonzus; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By George Hyde. 8vo. pp. 92. London, 1825. Hurst and Co.

Although German horrors and French pageants may banish the regular drama from the stage, yet they will be unable to expel it the closet, which is at present its only asylum; and, much as the rude insolence or chilling neglect of managers may disgust or depress writers, yet there will always be a succession of aspirants for dramatic fame, who will appeal to the tribunal of the public, where they obtain at least an impartial hearing. It does not appear that Mr. Hyde, who is a young author, submitted his tragedy to any theatre; and it does not, therefore, come before us as rejected—not that we should think the decision of such persons as at present scan the dramas submitted to them of any consequence whatever, or take such decision as a just or fair criterion of their merits. A less modest author than Mr. Hyde would, however, have sought the bubble reputation on the stage.

The tragedy of Alphonzus is founded on Spanish history, and relates to that period when Spain, though not free, was a country, and Spaniards were men—when, though stained as now with the foot of the invader, her gallant sons were bravely disputing every inch of ground, or rather winning back their native soil, foot by foot, from the Moors. The scene is laid at Tariffa, which Alphonzus, a gallant Spaniard, had recently taken. The plot may be soon told. Alphonzus, for his bravery, is made Governor of Tariffa, by the king, Sanctius, although he would gladly the honour should be conferred on some older hero: this excites the jealousy of an old Castilian officer, Lasteros, who is worked upon by Prince John, and, with some difficulty indeed, induced to join a conspiracy to depose the king, who was on the point of leaving Tariffa, in order to attack the Moors. During his absence, the treason breaks out, but is put down by Alphonzus. However, Prince John, who had designs on Inez, the wife of Alphonzus, finds means to enter the palace, and carry off their child to the Moorish camp. To ransom this child, the conspirators demand the surrender of Tariffa, and even threaten the life of the child, if it is not complied with. Alphonzus, however, refuses; and Inez, not forgetting, but sinking the mother in the patriot, encourages him in his resolution. She resolves on proceeding to the Moorish camp, and encounters Prince John, who had killed Lasteros, on account of his reproaches. The treacherous prince shows the child to Inez, and makes its safety the condition of her dishonour. She indignantly repels the ruffian; and, on his using force, either by accident or design, her dagger reaches his heart. Alphonzus, who has been wounded in the battle waging against the town, finds Prince John, with the dagger of Inez sticking in his heart. He takes up the dagger, and justly observes,—

> 'Inez, is it thine?
> Child slayer! It was meet thou should fall
> By woman's hand.'

Alphonzus dies, and Inez, who had sought death on the swords of the Moors, returns, finds her lost lord, and sinks dead upon the body.

It will be seen that in point of plot, the tragedy is interesting, and many of the incidents and situations are dramatic; the principal merit, however, is in the poetry, and there are many passages of great vigour, and others of the most chastened simplicity of style. In the delineation of character, Mr. Hyde has displayed considerable talent: Alphonzus is a noble-minded Spaniard—loyal, but not sycophantish—brave and daring, but possessing in a high degree the gentler affections of our nature; Inez is a fine mixture of the heroine, the wife, and the mother;—Lasteros, a sturdy conspirator, who being, as he conceived, wronged, his—

> 'Old Castilian honour
> Loses its brightness, till the stain be washed
> In fierce resentment.'

In the scenes between Alphonzus and Inez, there is as much of gentleness and affection, as there is of the noble warrior, when the former is in the field against his enemies, or when he is combatting traitors: we however prefer a domestic scene—the opening of the third act:—

> '*Room in Alphonzus' House. Alphonzus and Inez standing at a balcony. Martial music is heard, and gradually expires in the distance.*
>
> *Inez.* I heard the last sound float upon the breeze
> In low and melancholy wildness. Nay,
> There seemed a wail and murmur in its tone
> Foreboding some mischance. I'll wear the night
> In fervent prayer for our good Sanctius' safety;
> And then my earnest voice shall rise to Heaven
> Above those hollow, moaning winds. Hush! hush!
> Are they not cries that come from spirits of Storm
> And Desolation, still pent up in caves,
> But howling to be free?
>
> *Alphonzus.* Fantasies, girl,
> Mere fantasies! Come, hang not on me thus
> With looks so piteous—this is very weakness.
>
> *Inez.* Didst thou not think it sad?
>
> *Alphon.* I thought the sounds
> Came, as they ever do, a thousand times
> More pure upon the breath of sleeping nature.
> Hast thou forgotten how I loved to sit,
> With ravished sense, when Inez in her bower
> Would string the soft guitar, and from its chords
> Her rosy fingers waft such rapturous sounds
> As nought on earth could equal 'till her voice
> Gave utterance—and that would shame them.
>
> *Inez.* Aye,
> But those were lovely, peaceful nights;—and then
> The queen of skies would shine in all her beauty,
> To smile upon our chaste and holy vows.
> This—this grows black and fearful. Look! The clouds
> Roll their stupendous masses through the air,
> As if they came to crush the shrinking earth.
>
> *Alphon.* Inez—my love—my wife—remember thee!
> Where is the firmness of the Spanish maid
> Who vowed, if she might join him in the camp,
> To mock her lord in constancy and courage?
>
> *Inez.* I think not of myself—our child, Alphonzus!
>
> *Alphon.* 'Tis ever thus with woman. Her young heart
> *With* view the boundless vista of its hopes,
> As though the glowing present were eternal.
> Alas! sue sees the flowers, but still forgets
> That in their very beds,—nay, even with
> Their gaudiest hues—the noxious weed is mingled.
> And while she walks the Eden of her love,
> Remembers not—a dreary wilderness
> May lie beyond it!
>
> *Inez.* Chide me not, Alphonzus;
> Believe me, love, 'tis but the passing hour
> Which brings this melancholy;—on the morrow,
> I'll proudly be the hero's wife again.
> But e'en the wife of mighty Cæsar feared,

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And justly too, before her lord went forth
To th' capitol.

Alphon. That's spoken like my idol!
Thou know'st I'd have thee keep the Roman wives
Familiar to thy bosom as the child
It nurses. First in fame—Lucretia; then,
The lofty mother of the Gracchi; next,
The daughter of stern Cato—she who soared
Above the towring soul of Brutus—

Inez. Her
Whom Marcus Brutus would deceive, but could not.

Alphon. What means that smile? The bolt falls harmless, love,
Though shot so cunningly.

Inez. Is't so, Alphonzus;
Hast thou hid nothing from me?

Alphon. Nothing, Inez.
What should I hide from thee, who hast the key
To every chamber of my heart?

Inez. What passed
I' the council, then, to-night? I heard men say,
As underneath my balcony they went,
'But for the royal presence there had been
A mortal strife; Alphonzus would have cleft
The slanderer's tongue.'

Alphon. Tush, tush! what, is it thus?
The common idler's talk to scare thee? O,
Speak not of Portia! "

Inez. But thy looks confirmed
My fear, and that was Portia's clue.

Alphon. My looks
Told nothing but my shame, if they were changed;—
For shame is mine indeed that I was moved
At such unworthy cause. That old Lasteros,—
The common railer of the camp—gave out
Some doubtful words that touched my honour nearly.

Inez. And didst thou note him?

Alphon. In my heat I did;
On which the prince employed a subtile tongue,
And made the babbler eat his calumny.

Inez. The prince, Alphonzus? When did he make peace,
Save as the curtain of some treacherous war?
Beware of him! We met him yesterday
I' the garden; and he gazed so savagely
Upon our child, that with a mother's instinct
I snatched the boy, and hid him in my bosom.
Then, as he passed, the purpose of a fiend
Was stamped upon his brow.'

Another fine scene is that where Lasteros and the other conspirators come to demand the surrender of Tariffa, as the ransom of the child. Inez is at the interview veiled. We can only quote a part of it:—

'*Lasteros.* Give us our answer. Shall we have the town?
Thou know'st we have our hostage,—and his fate
Brooks no delay. Open Tariffa's gates—
And save thy child. Refuse it—and he dies.

[*Alphonzus unsheaths his sword, kisses the blade, and presents it to Lasteros*

Alphon. There is my answer! Bear it to the prince:—
Tell him 'twas this which cleft a turban'd skull
Just as the pagan's flashing scimitar
Marked him a prostrate foe. It had achieved
Some deeds which men have too much honour'd—yet
I do confess it as a much-loved friend,
That ever hath displayed a constant truth,
Such as might shame Humanity's proud children.
I love it—as I love my child! But here
I yield them both to a still-dearer country.
Tell your rebellious master thus:—my boy
I do devote upon the patriot's altar!
My sword I send him with a soldier's prayer
That it may liberate the child's pure soul—
And not the dagger of the infidel,
Or the secured weapon of the traitor

[*Alphonzus retires to the chair. Lasteros appears moved.*

Why pause ye thus? Your duty is performed.

Last. Art thou resolved in this?

Alphon. Why do ye doubt?
Have ye observed one quiver on my lip?
Hath my eye moistened with a treacherous tear?
Have the deep heavings of my breast conspired
Against the resolute purpose of my mind?
No—they have not! I tell ye—ye are answered.

[*Inez advancing and throwing off her veil.*

Inez. By the solemnity of woman's grief,
I charge ye, stay! By your remembrances
Of all a mother's love, I pray ye—listen!
And by that terrible ban—a mother's curse,
I warn ye to forbear! Touch not his blood—
Or from that damned hour I will not live
The space of one brief thought and not call down
The great Eternal curse upon ye! No!
I will abjure all sympathies, affections,
Ties, hopes, remembrance of the blessed past,
Fears, joys, and common sorrows. All shall be
One awful—endless imprecation! Nay,
I will fast out this miserable life,
And with my dying lips implore the curse;—
Then with my little angel will I stand
At the wide gates of Heaven—a dreadful barrier
Which ye can never pass!"

These are passages of striking beauty and vigour, and they are by no means the only ones. Mr. Hyde evidently possesses poetic powers of a high order, and we think he need not despair of producing what is considered as the highest achievement in literature—a good acting tragedy. To an intimate knowledge of the working of the passions and the power of describing them, Mr. Hyde adds a purity of diction and manliness of thought. There is one passage, which we quote in conclusion, as a fine lesson for monarchs. It is when the king sees the child of Alphonzus:—

'*King Sanctius.* And this your smiling boy—why, look, Alphonzus,
There is a martial beam already lit
Within his eye. How proudly doth that brow
Herald the noble bearing of his life;
And yet the smile has all his mother's softness.

Alphon. The sweetest twins that Nature ever gave
One common birth, are gentleness and bravery.
If they be born in him, our debt to Heaven
Will be an awful one.

K. Sanct. Teach him, good Inez,
That his first duty is to serve his God—
The next, to love his country.

Inez. And his king!

K. Sanct. That's for his king to teach him.
You can make
The good and honest man—'tis for the king
To make the subject.'

The maxim we have just quoted, may not be without an exception; but certainly a sovereign has much in his power, and in despotic countries it depends on the king whether his subjects are or are not loyal.

Napoleon and the Grand Army in Russia; or, a Critical Examination of the Work of Count P. L. De Segur. By General Gourgaud, late Principal Orderly Officer and Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor Napoleon. 8vo. pp. 507. London, 1825. Bossange and Co.

Ten years of peace have hung so heavily on the French generals that, to prevent ennui, they have not only talked their campaigns over in every company, but have 'fought their battles o'er again' in print; they have exchanged their swords for goose quills; in fact, they have become authors, and written histories of the wars in which they served. That most of these works have had their origin in French vanity we have no doubt; for, although the trophies of the British arms were neither less splendid nor less numerous, yet none of our officers have given them a record, and even the war of the Peninsula is left to be described by 'Dr. Southey, Esq.' a poet laureate, who 'never set a squadron in the field,' and consequently, whatever may be his talents as a writer,

'Mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership.'

Not so in France: every commander of general of division, or aid-de-camp becomes anxious to narrate the glories to which he contributed, and hence a great number of ill-digested but highly interesting works have appeared on the subject of her wars since the commencement of the Revolution. First, there is the '*Manuel des Braves*,' which is modestly confined to three duodecimos; then comes Pauckouche's 'Victoires, Conquêtes, Desastres, Revers, et Guerres civiles, des Français, de 1792 to 1815,' in twenty-five volumes, by a society of military and literary men. We need not name the numerous volumes of Las Casas, General Gourgaud, and others who have written on the subject of Bonaparte and his wars, since they must be well known to all our readers, from the accounts of them, from time to time, in *The Literary Chronicle*. The last work of the sort we were called on to notice was Count de Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia. The pacific nature of our avocations—wielding nothing heavier than a pen, and shedding ink not blood, led us to believe Count de Segur's history a good work, and so we believe the world thought; for four French editions and one in English were eagerly devoured. In France, however, some officers of the grand army are much dissatisfied with it, and General Gourgaud has stepped forward to combat not merely the author's opinion, but his person—a duel having actually been fought between the Count de Segur and General Gourgaud, in consequence of some observations in the work before us. The rencontre was not so bloodless as the literary duel between Moore and Jeffrey, nor so fatal as that of Scott, since both were wounded, though not dangerously. General Gourgaud who, from his being the aid-de-camp to Bonaparte in war and attendant at St. Helena, must necessarily have possessed the best means of obtaining correct information, manifests a most determined disposition to quarrel with Count de Segur's statement at every turn: he con-

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pares it to 'the fictions of the illustrious Scotchman,' and has felt it his duty to come forward and sift the tares from the wheat; or, in other words, point out how far Count de Segur, in his narrative, has deviated from facts The general accuses the count—

'That he writes almost at random; blending unconnected facts, and relating them without order; confounding with the events of one epoch, those belonging to another; disdaining to justify his accusations or his praises; adopting without examination, and without that spirit of criticism so indispensable to the historian, the false views of prejudice, of rivalry, or of enmity, and the exaggerations of spleen or malevolence; ascribing actions to some, and words to others, equally incompatible with their situations and characters; quoting no witnesses but himself, and no authority but that of his own assertions.'

We have talked of military historians, but it does really seem that Count de Segur has little claim to the title of a military man, if the following summary of his career, by General Gourgaud, is to be relied on:—

'He certainly holds the rank and title of general; but how should he have acquired the experience of one? Each successive step in rank he obtained by the exercise of civil functions, to which the usages of the palace annexed embroideries and epaulettes. Originally *adjoint* to the *adjudans du palais*, he became *maréchal-des-logis* when this new title was applied to the office he held: he exercised no other during the Russian campaign, and filled it jointly with Mr. Ernest de Canouville, *auditeur au conseil d'état*. Mr. de Segur, who from being colonel of light-horse in the Parisian National Guard, had become a *maréchal de camp*, discontinued, it is true, on his return from Russia, his duties of *maréchal-des-logis*, but did not, on that account, enter upon active military service. He was nominated *gouverneur des pages*, a civil employment which had nothing military about it but the dress. Being afterwards intrusted with the organization of a regiment of *gardes d'honneur* forming at Tours, he was indebted to that circumstance for the advantage of making the campaign of 1814 with that corps, and of having an opportunity of tendering the fidelity of his guards to the Prince of Bénévento (Talleyrand), whilst the emperor was yet at Fontainbleau*.'

The circumstance related in the subjoined note is enough to account for the enmity between General Gourgaud and Count de Segur; and we confess that, though no lovers of revolutions or revolutionary principles, we prefer the fidelity of Gourgaud to his master during his fallen fortunes, to the time-serving sycophancy of Count de Segur. General Gourgaud says, the conduct of the count, 'on the few occasions upon which it has seen the light, has been that of a brave soldier,' but cautions the reader against thinking he had fought by the side of Napoleon, when, in fact, he had been only employed in preparing his lodgings. The general is, however, more angry than he ought to be with the remark of the count, that Bonaparte wished to make himself master of Europe. We do not, of course, presume to know a man's thoughts, but if we may judge by his actions, such was Napoleon's object; though he must have always felt that it would be a difficult matter to accomplish, unless Great Britain were removed to one of the other quarters of the globe. We suspect, however, we are occupying our own time, and that of our readers, with a dispute in which they may feel little interest, and we shall therefore proceed to General Gourgaud's volume, and select such extracts as we deem interesting, without entering into a minute examination of disputed points. We have already stated the extraordinary opportunities of observation our author possessed, and he appears to have largely availed himself of them. We can readily forgive the petulance of General Gourgaud, since it arises from his affection to his imperial master, of whose memory he is so jealous. His work is altogether a valuable one, and must be resorted to by all who wish for information connected with the Russian campaign. Had it been less a commentary on passages in Count de Segur's work, it would have been more connected, but then the author's object would have been defeated. Count de Segur, not the best judge in military matters, perhaps, attributes some real or imaginary blunders of Napoleon to his being in ill health and feeble. On the contrary, General Gourgaud says:—

'The excellent health enjoyed by the emperor at this period could never be doubted for a moment. Independently of the time he gave to business, he bestowed four or five hours in the day to the chase, to reviewing the troops, &c. How are we to qualify this caution on the part of the author, who, fearful of openly attacking the genius of Napoleon, supposes a premature decline of his health, as his own justification for ascribing faults to this great man which he had never committed? He stretches his hero upon the bed of Procrustes; and, contrary to the custom of historians, who delight in elevating the subject of their history, he detracts from the merit of his own hero, places him in faulty or ridiculous situations, and with the view, no doubt, of lowering whilst he excuses him, he afterwards pleads illness in his favour. Is this done also in order to acquit the authors of his premature death? Napoleon exhibited in the campaign of Russia as much superiority and activity as he afterwards displayed in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. His constitution must have been very strong, since it was able to withstand during six years the pains of Prometheus.

Our author corrects several mistakes which Coupt de Segur makes relative to Bernadotte, particularly so far as relates to his being originally a Protestant, and the cause of his elevation to the throne of Sweden. General Gourgaud says—

'Who can be ignorant that in France Bernadotte openly professed the Roman Catholic religion, and that he was compelled, on his arrival at Gottenburgh, to make abjuration of it, and in a solemn ceremony to adopt the Lutheran religion. The following expression is even attributed to him: "Henry IV. consented to go to mass in order to recover a kingdom; I may well do without mass in order to acquire one."

'There is a want of accuracy in the details given by M. de Segur concerning Bernadotte's elevation to the throne. The truth is as follows:—At the time of the evacuation of Pomerania by the Swedes in 1807, the two brothers, Mörner, officers in the regiment of that name, having been taken prisoners, were presented to Bernadotte, who assigned his own residence for their prison, and after the lapse of about one month sent them back to Sweden. In June, 1810, one of those officers, at this time a colonel, causes himself to be announced to Bernadotte, who resided at Paris, in the rue d'Anjou, requests a private conversation with him, and communicates that a few Swedes have fixed their views upon him, to replace the prince royal who had just died of apoplexy. Bernadotte receives this overture with a smile, and without attaching any importance to it; and until it be communicated to him in a more serious manner, determines not to take any steps towards the French government on the subject. He is visited four or five days afterwards by the Swedish minister in Paris (Baron Lagerbielke), who confirms what Colonel Mörner had said to him, and solicits his answer. This was on a Saturday; Bernadotte proceeds on the following day to St. Cloud, previously to the levy, and communicates all that had passed to the emperor, who said to him:—"I know everything; I leave you at liberty to refuse or to accept, and will agree to whatever you think proper. I certainly had other views, and had commissioned Alquier to propose a regency, and wait for the issue of events. The son of the late king might have been recalled at a later period; but Sweden will no longer have this family. Accept, therefore, the offer made to you; I prefer seeing you there than any one else; you shall have the support of my consent. Take your measures accordingly." Bernadotte despatches to Stockholm a young man, a relation of Signeul, the Swedish consul, to confer with his adherents, and authorises to promise any sum of money that may be required. Nothing, however, was given; the fifteen hundred thousand francs advanced by the emperor, and the loan of about a million from General Gerard, were the only sums that were lodged by Bernadotte in the bank of Sweden, instead of the fourteen millions which had been promised by him.

'In conclusion, the choice of the Swedes was not promoted by any intrigue; they fixed their thoughts upon Bernadotte, only because he was allied to the emperor, because they were ignorant of the secret misunderstanding which the envious disposition of this general had created between him and the emperor, and because they thought of securing in this manner the favour and protection of the French sovereign.'

* Extract of M. de Segur's letter to the provisional government:—

"I, this day, offer my 1600 guards and myself to the successor and descendant of the kings of my ancestors.—I swear fidelity to him, in the name of my officers, of all my guards, and in own name, which is a security for my oath."—*Moniteur of Monday, 11th April, 1814.*"

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As an anecdote of Bonaparte's moderation General Gourgaud relates that—

'In front of Znaim, at the moment when Prince John of Lichtenstein came to propose an armistice, Bessières strongly urged Napoleon to give battle: "No," replied the emperor; "enough of blood has been shed:" and he signed the armistice.'

Our author denies that Napoleon sought the hand of the Grand Duchess Catharine of Russia, afterwards Duchess of Oldenburgh and Queen of Wirtemberg. On the numbers of the French army in the Russian campaign, General Gourgaud and Count de Segur are at sort variance; the latter calculates them at 325,000 fighting men at the passage of the Niemen, of which 150,000 were Frenchmen, and 170,500 allied soldiers; and 984 pieces of cannon. The general is quite indignant at the idea of Count de Segur attributing a hope of plunder to the French army; but we would ask the general how the marshals of France gained their enormous fortunes unless by plunder? and we would further ask, what army, French or English, did not hope for plunder to accompany victory? Indeed, the general proves the truth of Count de Segur's assertion; for, unless a love of plunder prevailed, Napoleon would not have been called upon to suppress it. He says—

'Have we not all witnessed the emperor's anxiety to repress every disorder in the army? Eager to be made acquainted with the truth, he questioned the inhabitants as well as his officers. Whenever he was approached by any one coming from a division or corps of his army, or from the road which the troops had marched over, his first questions were directed to ascertaining what was taking place in the rear. No sooner was the truth made known to him, than he instantly took his resolution. He formed moveable columns; he wrote to the generals, to the commandants of towns on the route of the army; he threatened with his displeasure, if the disorders were not immediately checked. He constantly repeated that plunder disgraces an army, and destroys the resources of a well disciplined soldier. If we are to select an occasion when his anxiety was more particularly displayed, we take up the very period pointed out by the author as that of the disgraceful occurrence by which he endeavours to tarnish the glory of the chief, of the army, and of France. Mr. de Segur was ignorant of all this, because Mr. de Segur has neither witnessed, nor had it in his power to witness anything. The opportunities for his petty observations were confined, by his inferior situation, within too narrow a sphere. How does it happen, however, that he is unacquainted with the severe orders of the day, dated at St. Poelten in 1805, &c. &c.? How, is he not aware that, amongst other examples, the emperor caused a grenadier of the guards to be tried and shot at Berlin in 1806, as well as two soldiers of the light troops, also belonging to the guards, when at Madrid in 1808, because they had been convicted of plunder, &c.?'

General Gourgaud dissects every chapter of Count de Segur's work; sometimes, we think, captiously disputing about trifles, and at other times sneering, when he ought to explain. The enthusiasm of the French soldiers is proverbial, and their bravery is indisputable; an instance of this is related by General Gourgaud on forcing the height of Valontina:

'The emperor being informed that Ney met with some resistance, sent Gudin's division, which he placed under the orders of that marshal.

'This division approached the scene of action towards four in the afternoon. Having formed itself into a column by platoons, it marched up to the enemy, who occupied a height that intercepted the road, and was protected by the swampy brook, with a small wooden bridge over it, which it was necessary to cross before an attack could be made upon the height. This narrow defile was battered in all directions by the Russian artillery. The seventh light infantry, with arms shouldered, and General Gudin at their head, took the lead to force the pass. Each platoon, as it crossed the brook, answered the numerous cannon-shots of the Russians by the enthusiastic cries of *long live the emperor*. The regiment was followed by the twelfth, the twenty-first, and the hundred and twenty-first; but, at this moment, the brave General Gudin had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball. Count Gerard took his place. The engagement became very brisk. The French, however, reached the opposite height. Four times the Russian columns rushed upon them; four times Gerard drove them back. The whole corps of Baggowouth, the divisions of Alsuwief, and of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg, had come up to the engagement, which lasted until ten at night. The enemy, being unable to recover the position, which Gerard's division had taken from them, now began their retreat.'

The attachment of Gourgaud to his master displays itself on every occasion; and, though somewhat worsted in his duel with Count de Segur, we are sure he would fight every day in defence of the honour of Napoleon. In reference to this subject he says—

'In justice we must say, and without fear of contradiction, that, of all ancient or modern generals, Napoleon is the one who showed the most tender, the most unceasing care to the wounded, that the intoxication of victory never made him forget them, and that his first thought, after every battle, has been for them. If his soldiers have sometimes stood in need of provisions, of beds, medicines, or other articles necessary for the dressings of their wounds, the author might direct his reproaches to the intendant-general of the army. The emperor had given every requisite order, and supplied the military administration with means, in men and horses, as abundant as those for the artillery. The latter branch of the service, notwithstanding the engagements that had taken place, was never in want of ammunition. When the administration set in motion a *materiel* so considerable as to consist of several thousand carriages, it could have no difficulty in procuring the transport of some hospital waggons; this would have spared the intendant of the army the necessity of requesting at Smolensko that General Lariboisiere, who commanded the artillery of the army, would cause him to be provided with the tow which is used for lining the caissons, i.e. order that he might supply it to the purpose of dressing the wounded.'

General Gourgaud, in denying that Napoleon was enfeebled by ill-health and depression of spirits, or that his conduct during the campaign gave any evidence of it, quotes a confidential letter from the Duke de Friouli, written at the time, which states that the emperor was in the enjoyment of excellent health. It appears from the narrative of General Gourgaud that the orders of Napoleon were by some means or other not well attended to, and that to this circumstance disasters were to be attributed. Count de Segur gives an affecting and affectionate anecdote of Napoleon, when he received a portrait of his son the King of Rome. General Gourgaud says he ought to have added the following expressions of the emperor, which indicate his deep emotion, and the feelings which agitated him in the midst of the deafening acclamations of his soldiers: 'Take it away; it makes its appearance too soon upon a field of battle.'

The attachment of Bonaparte to his companions in arms is well known, and forms a striking contrast to the formality or disdain of some commanders-in-chief, more fortunate but we believe less skilful. An anecdote of this sort General Gourgaud relates—

'General Sorbier, sent by Napoleon to the Prince of Eckmühl, was joining him at the moment when a cannon-ball struck his horse. The muzzle of one of his pistols, which was forced in the holster, gave the marshal so severe a contusion, that he was thrown from his saddle. General Sorbier at first thought he was dead, and came to communicate the accident to the emperor, who made no reply; but an officer soon after arrived, who informed Napoleon that the Prince of Eckmühl was at the head of his troops. The emperor feelingly exclaimed: "God be praised."'

Among the numerous generals under Napoleon, Campans is said to have been one of the most daring, for they all were brave. He appears to have been the Picton of the French army, and his troops, like our own general's, 'the fighting brigade.' Count de Segur represents Napoleon throughout as wanting his characteristic vigour; this our author denies, and says—

'Must we always repeat that Napoleon was then in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of a vigorous constitution? Can the *marechal-des-logis* be in earnest, when he makes such assertions, which would lead one to suppose that the emperor was bereft of all moral and physical strength, and had subsided into a total absence of sensibility and moral feeling? Have not the generals, the officers who approached Napoleon, the chiefs and soldiers of his guard, seen him such as he really was? Independently of those eye-witnesses, do not the facts sufficiently attest for him? It is well known that, so early as two o'clock in the morning of the 6th, the emperor had visited all the corps of his army, spoken to all the generals, reconnoitred and studied the enemy's position, in its most minute details, as well as the exact nature of the

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ground upon which the battle was to be fought. The ·th was employed in this manner; it was only in the night that he pointed out the mode in which the Russian army was to be attacked. After despatching all his orders to the several corps, he slept for less than two hours, in the night from the 6th to the 7th, which was almost wholly taken up in receiving reports, and in issuing directions. On the 7th, he was mounted before five in the morning, and in advance of the redoubt of Schwardino, a central position from whence he might observe all the events of the battle. He had in his rear the reserve (his old guard). It was in full uniform, according to his orders, and ranged in columns by battalions, at the distance of sixty paces; this led the enemy to estimate it at double its real numbers. The young guard was in advance. He thus kept his select corps at hand, to avail himself of them according to circumstance, if, notwithstanding all his arrangements, victory should remain doubtful.'

We now come to Moscow: the burning of the city is praised by Count de Segur, who speaks of Count Rastopchin, who was governor of the city at the time, as one of the greatest men of modern times; but without giving him such an appellation, we are by no means, like General Gourgaud disposed to think meanly of him merely because he is the son of a steward of Count Orloff. Alluding to the destruction of Moscow, General Gourgaud says—

'There were merchants and other citizens of Moscow, who, seeing the town deserted and given up by its governor to disorder, and to the plundering of malefactors, came to implore the protection and generosity of the conqueror. What other motive than the desire of pleasing the emperor could have decided Mr. de Segur to solicit the favour of accompanying the expedition to Russia, and of being intrusted with functions entirely at variance with his rank in the army, and with the military profession? We, who have never served Napoleon except in a military capacity, are enabled to certify that all the soldiers of the French army felt an eagerness to please their chief, and to prove their devotedness to him. The same wish animated those who had not their daily table and daily quarters provided for them, who were constantly exposed to privations, to balls and shots, and who said to Napoleon, in the heat of the battle of the Moskwa: "Be not uneasy; thy soldiers have promised to conquer; and conquer they will."'

(To be concluded in our next.)

My Children's Diary; or, the Moral of the Passing Hour. 12mo. London, 1825. Low.

This volume is the production of a lady, and is written with the laudable intention of rearing the tender mind in principles of morality and religion. The style is somewhat affected; but it is a volume that may safely be put into the hands of those for whom it is more immediately written,—children of ten or twelve years of age.

ORIGINAL.

HAND-IN-HAND GENTILITY CLUB.

A CIRCULAR.

To Gentlemen of aspiring Notions but limited Means.

It requires no laboured arguments to convince those persons to whom the directors of this society chiefly address themselves, that numbers are prevented from shining as stars in the hemisphere of fashion solely by a want of the means. 'An acquaintance with the great,' says Goldsmith, 'improves one's appearance—it also enlarges one's ideas.' Now, the situation of many gentlemen brings them into occasional contact with fashionable doings, whilst others are inflamed by the magnificent descriptions of The Morning Post, and acquire an itch for *tonish* entertainments without a capability of gratifying their laudable ambition. In this class may be placed unwilling votaries of Mercury, gentlemen with solicitors or in official situations, students of law, medicine, or the arts, and some others, who may be said to be *sui generis*. The utmost that these persons can compass at present is a stroll in the lobbies of the theatres, a chance visit to the Argyle Rooms, or the pit of the Opera, an occasional lounge in a western coffee-house, and a Sunday exhibition in Rotten Row—things which, it is true, possess the charm, but have also the awkwardness of novelty. It is the object of this institution to open higher prospects to this numerous class of persons, and to snatch from obscurity those whom a slenderness of purse, a deficiency of credit, an antiquated prejudice on the subject of debts, or, perhaps, their three-fold combination has long doomed to pine in unmerited vulgarism.

'Letting I dare not wait upon I would
Like the poor cat in the adage.'

The directors of this society intend to divide it into classes, each class to contain one hundred shares. An entrance of five guineas per share will be required, and an annual subscription of the same amount. A ticket (transferable amongst members) will be assigned to every share, and will entitle its holder (in his turn) to all the advantages of the society. In the distribution due attention will be paid to the wishes of the members, a priority of subscription alone receiving a preference; but gentlemen who do not particularly require their tickets to be dated for a Sunday, are earnestly requested to say so, and the managers, in return, will afford them every accommodation in their power. Proposals for *one* share will be received, but gentlemen are not limited to number.

It is purposed to job for each class a gig, and chariot and pair; the horses quiet to ride, drive, or run in tandem. A majority of each class is to determine the colours of the liveries, vehicles, &c. which, remaining always the same, will avoid that livery-stable variety of cattle colours, and build, which gentlemen must have noticed if they have not felt. This part of the society's property will be at the entire disposal of each member, for one day in rotation, and about three days in the year are calculated to every share. When, however, it is considered how many persons can be accommodated at once, they may certainly be rated at treble that number. It was at first proposed to rest the horses on those days when they might not be called for, but on a second consideration, it was not thought advisable to trust to contingencies. Every sixth day will, therefore, be allowed for their sabbath, unless it should fall upon ours', when it will be postponed to the following day. Subscribers who prefer riding, may take a friend instead of the society's servant, but will be limited to the number of miles; members using the carriage will not be called upon for any damage which occurs, unless they insist upon taking the reins; but gentlemen who ride or drive must be held responsible for accidents.

The ultimate objects of the club are more extensive than the conductors feel it prudent to avow at the outset. They will, however, go so far as to state, that they are in treaty with two of the theatres, for a private or stage-box nightly, on the same principle that families contract with fishmongers, to supply them with the leavings of the morning for a late dinner. A negotiation is also on foot for the offer of opera pit tickets on the same plan, and they have great hopes of bringing both treaties to a successful conclusion. The directors further propose engaging a suite of rooms for balls, and intend establishing an amateur theatre, if they procure a sufficient number of members who can speak French. The histrionists to be required by managing the annual concerts, a privilege that will enable them to be on terms of familiarity with the vocalists, which, if they are unable to profit by it in any other way, is something as times go.

It is needless to remark, that a reputation for gallantry is necessary to the man of fashion, he being twice a gentleman who has a *liaison*, or is supposed to have, which is just the same. The attention of the managers has been particularly directed to this subject, and they have been so fortunate as to engage a sufficient number of ladies to prevent the continual recurrence of the same faces, who have agreed to ride with the members for one or two hours in the day-time, and sit in the box until the end of the play. It must, however, be distinctly understood that they are only engaged by the society until the first fall of the curtain. A time when the directors would also recommend gentlemen to retire, and not to make their appearance till the middle of the second act. They also beg to add, that members discovered applauding or betraying any interest in the progress of the drama, will forfeit their subscriptions, and be expelled.

The directors have also taken, *pro tempore*, a suite of apartments, about midway between the Temple and the Royal Exchange, where subscribers can be accommodated with refreshments, from a plate of bouilli to a sumptuous table d'hôte. At this dinner no joints will be allowed; a person will attend to explain the composition, and teach the names and pronunciation of the various dishes, whilst finger-glasses will be introduced after the repast. Gentlemen who have ever been seated near a dish they wished

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to taste, yet were unable to ask for, or have been compelled to use finger-glasses for the first time in a large company, will appreciate these peculiar features of the Hand-in-Hand Gentility Club.

Any further particulars may be obtained by applying to the secretary, in Coram Street, Russel Square, to whom proposals for shares are also to be made. For obvious reasons personal applications only can be attended to in the first instance, unless the candidate is proposed by a member, who is, however, responsible for the personal appearance of those whom he recommends. NOTER.

AMERICAN INVENTION FOR SUPPLYING CITIES WITH PURE WATER AND ICE IN ANY QUANTITY.

A Mr. Cunningham, of New York, has recently invented a plan for purifying and refrigerating water in aqueducts, so as to distribute that useful fluid in any city where the plan is adopted, not only purified from all argillaceous substances, animal or vegetable impurities, but, by his process, so effectually cooled, that the use of ice for the refrigeration of water would become entirely superfluous.

As the ends thus proposed by Mr. Cunningham are interesting to every individual of any community, we insert an explanation of his system, which is said to be easily practicable.

We are to suppose the water possessing an elevation, over the city or community which is to be supplied, either naturally, by means of pumps, or by making a dam across a stream, which may form the requisite head. At this height it is led into a reservoir, covering from one to ten acres, as the magnitude of the work may dictate. This reservoir is of a square form. At the lower basement a pit is dug of six or eight feet in depth, and ten or fifteen in width, perfectly tight at the bottom and sides. The pit is filled with round stones, pebbles, and siliciated sand, upon which the water flows, from the grand reservoir. The pit is bounded on the lower side by a curb or barrier, formed by a frame of wood or iron, filled with round field-stones, pebbles, charcoal, sand, broken crockery, chalk, and other substances favourable to filtration. That the passage of the water may not be clogged, a layer of wool is distributed between each of these substances. As many of these curbs are presented to the passage of the water as may be thought necessary, each about six feet from the other.

Having found its way through the curbs, the water encounters, at the entrance into the second fountain or reservoir, a strainer of coarse flannel, stretched upon an iron or wooden frame. This is so disposed, that, should the impure substances contained in the water after passing the curbs, be sufficient to clog the texture of the flannel, a new strainer may be placed before the old one, while it is removed and cleansed. Thus, it will be seen, the water will have passed through innumerable filtrations before having reached the second reservoir, where the process ends: and it cannot be doubted that, at this point, it will be found pure, limpid, and potable, to the full wish.

But the refrigeration claims more attention, and is a more ingenious section of his plan for obtaining good water.

From the last reservoir, which is covered, so as to be perfectly defended against dust or any other impurity, springs the main trunk of the aqueduct, and conveys the water at near the point where the pipes branch out into the quarters to be supplied, as the nature of the plan will allow. Here Mr. Cunningham proposes to dig a drain or cellar, of such length as the work may require—a mile, or more, if requisite—as deep in the earth as the elevation of the aqueduct will allow. He prefers that this drain be circular, and thinks twenty feet about the diameter required: this, however, can be adapted to the magnitude of the work. The foundation is to be solid—the sides perfectly tight, and formed of stone, brick, or wood. The top may be either solid or moveable, as may seem best. Within a few inches of the bottom of this drain, the pipe of the aqueduct will pass, supported on solid props.

This cavity, formed above and around the pipe, is to be filled with ice, to be completely secluded from the influence of the sun, by the solidity of the top, and by a lining of non-conductors of caloric.

Thus, having formed an ice-house, the next object is to obtain ice. This is a part of the plan before us; and provisions are made to produce it on the spot, and in any quantity. Along each side of the drain or ice-house, he forms shallow vats of considerable extent. Into these, at any time when the mercury in the thermometer stands at the freezing-point, all the surplus-water from the aqueduct can be turned, by means of pipes extending up from the aqueduct to the summit of the drain, to which stop-cocks are attached. The water thus drawn off will be congealed in the vats, broken up, and deposited in the drain; and the process can be renewed several times in each day, during freezing weather: or, should this process be found too expensive, he proposes to open the top of the drain in freezing weather, and, by converting the perpendicular pipes into fountains or *jets d'eau*, obtain in the drain large solid masses of ice.

Below the drain, and at the very insertion of the distributing branches, he forms another ice-house of a square form, through the middle of which the aqueduct passes. At the upper extremity of this ice-house, a transverse pipe intersects the main trunk at right angles, extending to the extremities of the ice-house on each side. Another transverse pipe, of the same size and length, crosses the aqueduct at the lower extremity of the ice-house. The arms of these cross-pipes are connected by small tubes which are laid at the bottom of the ice-house, several feet below the level of the aqueduct. When a stop-cock, which is placed in the main aqueduct a few inches below the first transverse pipe, is turned, the water rushes into the arms of that pipe, and passes through the tubes laid under the ice-house into the second transverse pipe, through which it regains the main trunk. This latter refrigerator is considered only necessary in warm weather, and in the winter is closed.

Should any difficulty occur, from the temperature of the winter, in obtaining sufficient quantities of ice to fill both the drain and the lower ice-house, Mr. C. proposes to fill only the latter; then, by a pipe inserted in the aqueduct, above the first transverse pipe, to carry into one of the arms of the latter a certain portion of the water, sufficient for a supply for potation, which will pass through the tubes just mentioned into the lower transverse pipe, and thence into a small pipe, running along the trunk, and conveying through a separate pen-stock refrigerated water, while the main aqueduct and common pipes convey the remainder of the water, less cold, but equally fit for culinary uses: but it does not seem probable that in any city, where ice can be formed, this expedient need be resorted to.

The plan seems very complete, and likely to become highly beneficial in its operations. The union of the several processes to obtain one great desideratum—pure cold water—seems very happy. Indeed, the high commendations bestowed on it by Dr. Mitchell, of New York, Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, and many other scientific gentlemen, to whom the plan has been developed, establish sufficiently the character of the improvement.

Mr. Cunningham has obtained a patent for his important improvement, which he intends applying to the aqueduct now about to be constructed in the city of New York, which, although at the head of the cities of the United States in a commercial consideration, is totally destitute of good water.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PARTING WORD.

Adieu! Adieu! 'tis understood
That better fortune calls away;
And if to go, be for thy good,
Beloved, I would not have thee stay.
But, although reconciled to part,
And almost anxious thou should'st go,
With unfeigned heaviness of heart,
I sorrow that it should be so.
For few beneath yon ample sky
The pilgrim in this 'vale of tears,'
Can find on whom he may rely;
Whose friendship stands the test of years.
Poor human beings seldom long
Converse, ere foul Suspicion's curse
Disturbs with dread of something wrong;
With miserable doubts—or worse.
But thou, unchanged, still kind as bright,
Succeeding years have found the same;
To soothe in woe, in joy delight,
Was eventore thy generous aim.
Attached, though coldness might appear,
When care has overcast thy brow;
Though often schooled in tone severe,
And never justly praised till now.
If I reproof could e'er employ,
Believe it not unkindly done;
I wished for gold without alloy;
I liked not spots upon the sun.
Where Heaven so largely had endow'd,
A little blemish did I meet,
I felt disturbed because it show'd
A lovely picture incomplete.
I have seem'd backward to admire,
Because, far far from me away
The sordid wish—the mean desire,
Which basely flatter to betray.

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Prompt thy deserts to recognise,
I deemed that honest friendship's love
Should less thy merits eulogize,
Than censure where it might improve.
For give me all privations known;
Attribute not to cold neglect;
Cares thou has felt, but would not own,
Which 'twas my place to recollect.
And, O! forgive—forgive if I,
Thy power unable to withstand,
Have sometimes met thine angry eye,
Too warmly pressed thy lip or hand.
Believe me, with affection fraught,
Which not a parent would disclaim,
I, could my deed have reached my thought,
Had loved thee with an angel's flame.
Thy smile—the lustre of that eye,
That roseate glow deranged my plan;
Still chained me to mortality,
And made me feel I was but man.
Though some few months—at any rate,
A year, thy presence will restore;
My bosom feels as desolate
As though we were to meet no more.
But I will hope, in laughing health,
To see thee, and to see thee soon;
And bless'd with all life's dearest wealth,
While still admired in beauty's noon.
I deprecate the idle cant,
Which ever must apostrophise
The Deity, with sickening rant,
Or here or there to cast his eyes.
Yet those most dear beheld no more,
I deem it neither weak nor vain,
But hold it reason to implore
The God who made them to sustain.
And trust me, whilst thou art away,
Still object of my anxious care,
For thee, with each succeeding day,
Will rise the silently-breathed prayer.
With joy or woe, as good or ill,
Thy coming letters may proclaim,
My heart will swell, ordained to thrill,
Or tremble at thy very name.
There are who would thy feelings wound,
Creatures, who know they must appear
Contemptible where thou art found;
Unfit for the same hemisphere.
Be their disparagement thy mirth;
For, even in aspersing, they
A tribute to superior worth
Involuntarily must pay.
Some tell, emotion mars the song—
That rhymes, when true, can never move;
If such opinion be not wrong,
How wretched must these verses prove.
For, while beholding thee depart,
I, picturing my regrets and fears,
Present a transcript of my heart,
By feeling prompted, penned with tears.
Adieu! with Fortune's favouring gale,
Go, as the wanton breezes free;
Should stern calamity assail,
I charge thee, hasten back to me.
Pass this not by with proud neglect,
The wish I cannot now retract;
And this, dear girl, it—recollect
The only pledge I would exact.

FINE ARTS.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long, on the Improvements proposed, and now carrying on, in the Western Part of London. 8vo. pp. 27. Hatchard.

WERE nothing more requisite to secure the adoption of plans for the improvement and embellishment of the metropolis, than to point out the convenience and beauty that would result from them, we need not despair of seeing it one of the most splendid cities in Europe. It is not long since Sir W. Hillary published some remarks on this subject; Colonel Trench comes forward with his Thames Quay; then some other person or persons advertise a project for a new street, from the Southwark Bridge to the Exchange; another favours us with suggestions as to the new palace, and, lastly, the writer of this letter contributes his hints and ideas,—to say nothing of those which we ourselves have occasionally thrown out. And here, it must be confessed, is no small quantity of employment cut out for our architects, even should one half of what this 'Admirer of Good Taste' recommends, be carried into execution, for he clears away whole streets, and erects new edifices with great despatch; but then, unfortunately, palaces built of words, or on paper, generally prove mere castles in the air.

He begins by regretting that we have yet no memorials to commemorate the victories of the late war, except the single and rather singular one—the Hyde Park Achilles; and that our metropolis possesses no magnificent gate to mark any one of its entrances. We certainly do think that an embellishment of this sort, provided it were on a magnificent scale and in a majestic style of architecture, placed at the western extremity of Piccadilly, would impart an air of becoming nobleness to that quarter of the town; but we really cannot regret, as this writer does, that the ancient gates to the city have been removed; nor should we at all lament, here Temple Bar to share the same fate, at least be taken down, to make way for some structure in a better taste, and affording a more convenient thoroughfare both to carriages and foot-passengers.

In speaking of Hyde Park, he says:—

'The new lodges are pretty, though on a scale so diminutive, that those who are fond of sneering at things that less enlightened persons are commonly pleased with, might say, that they seem to be constructed for the purpose of enhancing, by contrast, the neighbouring gigantic statue, or of tempting some desperate dandy to leap over them.'

We can very well conceive that the reason for their not being loftier was, that they might not obstruct the view from the adjacent houses; yet this forms no excuse for their *petiteur*, as they might certainly have possessed grandeur of style, if not of actual bulk, instead of which, their littleness is rendered more conspicuous, by the introduction of Lilliputian columns, and other trifling parts.

We could certainly wish that, as is here proposed, 'all the mean buildings on each side of the road, from the barracks to Hyde Park Corner, should be taken down, and on the Knightsbridge side an uninterrupted line of elegant houses substituted;' as likewise that the paltry shabby houses that here and there disfigure Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, were rebuilt. For our part, we wonder how people can afford to have such very inferior houses in such situations, where the ground which they occupy must be so valuable, and where one would suppose it would be so much to the advantage of the proprietors, to offer the tenants a premium to quit, as the present rents must be absolutely trifling, compared with what capital houses on the same site would produce.

We rather differ from the writer, when he says, that the effect of Regent Street would have been better, 'if it had not the appearance of being suddenly *stopped* by the Fire Insurance Office;' being of opinion, that the circumstances which led to the adoption of this plan have been productive of advantage, so far as effect is concerned. The extent from Carlton Palace to the Fire Office is quite sufficient for any single architectural view; and the circumstance of having the vista terminated by an object not too remote to be distinctly seen is perhaps more favourable to importance than when the prospect is continued *à perte de vue*. Besides, the upper portion of the street, to the north of the Quadrant, is sufficiently prolonged, and, rather than otherwise, the extent and succession of architectural scenery appears increased, by being diversified and interrupted, than if carried on in one continued line.

On the subject of the new palace, the author does not appear to be particularly well informed; for he at first imagines, that both Buckingham House and Carlton House are to be merely enlarged; afterwards, at page 30, he says (rather awkwardly, in our opinion, as we do not see why he could not have corrected his error at the proper place), 'since I began these pages, it seems that Buckingham House has been finally chosen as his Majesty's future town residence.' Not, here ever, exactly so—since that building is to be taken down entirely, and a new palace, it is now said, erected in the Green Park. Carlton House, too, is to be taken down.

The entrance to the town over Westminster Bridge next comes under his remark; and here he suggests, that the houses on the left of Bridge Street should be cleared away, so as to open a view of the Hall and Abbey. 'King Street and Tothill Street must also be removed, sooner or later, like'——like what? Why, 'those Catholic disabilities. When these improvements take place'—we hope he does not include the removal of the Catholic disabilities—'one might stand at the north and west doors of the abbey, without a feeling of shame for the taste of the country, that would allow such streets as these to insult its dignity, by their near approach; I mean, if that ridiculously-placed building, St. Margaret's Church, were removed, the erection of which, and its being suffered to retain its situation so long, is alike inconceivable to common sense and common taste.'

While we are thus freely pulling down, we would certainly recommend, too, that that paltry-looking octagon building, the Guildhall, at Westminster, should be swept away at the same time.

He objects to Colonel Trench's proposed terrace, that it would provide for the ornament of only the north side of the river, and render the opposite one worse than it now is by the comparison; that side too, already possesses many considerable architectural features; he suggests, therefore (as has already

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been done by a writer in The London Magazine), that the embankment should be on the Surrey side.

'How much might the Surrey shore, which is now in so mean and slovenly a state, have been embellished, if that enormous mass of building, called the Penitentiary, which, in defiance of economy and taste, is said to have cost £600,000, had been erected with even as much regard to the elegance of its architecture as the New Bedlam, in its neighbourhood, and placed with that handsome edifice fronting the river in that direction: perhaps in no city in the universe can there be found two such costly buildings, on which more than a million of money has been expended, so placed, that they cannot in the slightest degree contribute either to its magnificence and beauty.'

It must, indeed, be confessed, that we are perpetually making the most extravagant blunders and errors with regard to the erection of public edifices; nor do our architects seem to take any warning by the mistakes and oversights of their predecessors. They generally seem to make their designs without at all considering the situation in which their building is to be placed. And then, too, what wretched abortions or insipid common-place one frequently beholds! nor is it any extraordinary thing to see a structure that might have been rendered really pleasing and handsome, deformed by some barbarous solecism in taste, or by some instance of niggardly meanness—we will not say economy, since it is anything but economy—that mars the whole effect, so that all that is done, so far from pleasing, serves only to provoke and disgust. What, for instance—to come to a very recent case in point, shall we say to the paltry little bit of brick wall, with one window in it, stuck on at the end of the front of the Richmond Terrace buildings, in Parliament Street; thrust in between the basement floor of that building and the gateway to the adjoining Mews, and not forming a part of, nor harmonizing with either? This is as disgusting to us, as it would be to meet with a preposterous grammatical error, or an egregious vulgarism, in an otherwise pleasing speaker. Whether such barbarisms as these arise from utter want of all taste, from total insensibility to the proprieties of architecture, from desperate ignorance or sheer carelessness, they are alike disgraceful, and the person who commits them, deserves as much to be hissed as a performer on the stage, who should sing neither in time nor tune. Then, again, as the back of this range of buildings is, it seems, to continue to be exposed, why was it not built with attention to regularity? But we shall be told, perhaps, that this is not to be considered as intended to be seen or criticised; nevertheless, we do see it, let our inclination for *make-believe* be what it may. But it will be said, we are too severe: we do not think so: if buildings cannot stand the test of criticism, why do they put forth pretensions that court it? If a regard to expense had prevented this part of the building from being attended to, and made regular, some little regard to propriety and good taste might have screened it entirely from view. For what use is it to exhibit ornament in one part, when, in another, it is plainly shown that it cannot be afforded to make the structure what it ought to be, and what it is intended to be supposed to be, throughout.

If we have dwelt at what may be considered an undue length upon this subject, it is because a kind of epidemic fatuity seems to have seized most of our architects in this respect. Provided they introduce some ornamental features in building, they seem to be perfectly indifferent whether the rest accord with them, or entirely neutralize their effect. Did not experience convince us to the contrary, we should, indeed, conceive that any observation or caution of the kind were quite impertinent, and most sincerely should we be happy to discover, that from henceforth there were no occasion for it.

The length of our article obliges us to defer our remarks on the remainder of the writer's observations till next week.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

English Opera-House.—This theatre still continues attractive, although little but stock pieces—and in this we may include the delightful opera of *Broken Promises*, though only produced this season—are performed. To be sure the attractive character of *Der Freischutz*, *Presumption*, and *The Vampire*, does not say much for public taste: the strength of the company is, however, no doubt, the true cause of the crowded houses; and, in this respect, Mr. Arnold displays a spirit and a liberality above all praise. Mr. Braham and Miss Paton are, in themselves, a host, in *Der Freischutz*; and Miss Kelly, in the *Broken Promises*, exhibits a bit of the richest acting we ever saw on the stage; nor should we omit mentioning Power, who represents his native country admirably, and plays Irish characters better than any actor we have seen since Johnstone took his *leave* of the public. A new opera is forthcoming at this theatre, of which report speaks highly: it will rest on the merits of the music, which is by a celebrated composer, and not call in the supernatural aids of sulphur and serpents, demons and dragons, as *Der Freischutz* does.

Vauxhall Gardens.—Although many persons have suspended their visit to this delightful spot until the gala nights, which have so much additional splendour, yet the gardens have been extremely well attended, considering that the weather has been rather threatening. The entertainments in commemoration of the royal birthdays, including military and naval fêtes, are on the grandest and most extensive scale.

Gothic Hall, Haymarket.—Our readers will find some notice of the collection of ancient armour at this very interesting exhibition in our 323d number, page 474,—which would alone be a sufficient inducement for any person of taste to visit it. But it contains *novelties* as well as *antiquities*, to gratify curiosity: and among these are several that may fairly be regarded as masterpieces of mechanical skill. The first of these is a boy who draws and writes far better than many living automatons. The musical lady, who plays on a piano, is still more deceptive and a better imitation of nature: the respiration of the chest, and the motion of the eyelids, are such as might obtain for this figure the epithet of *animated*. The chief circumstance that detracts from its excellence is, that the hands and fingers are covered with gloves. Then there is a tiny magician, who, on a question being put to him, rises from his seat, bows, and strikes a tablet, which opens, and discovers the oracular response: and this diminutive little gentleman is never at a loss for an answer, which is more than can be said of all who would pass for conjurers. Among a variety of other curious pieces of mechanism, the most pleasing is a little bird, not larger than a bee, that springs up from beneath the lid of a snuff-box, and warbles out its lay in the most delicate tones.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

We observe that a work by Mr. Hewison, entitled Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations, has recently drawn so much attention as to have reached a second edition. The same author's work on Canada was received with general approbation by the critical world, not only on account of the peculiar beauty of its descriptions, but also for the useful and important information it affords to intended settlers. The present work interests another class of emigrants—the crowds of young cadets who are continually leaving this country for situations in the East Indies. The descriptive and satirical powers of the author are not confined exclusively to that region, but wander with a fluttering lustre over many other parts of the world—the West Indian Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c., in which the British public is peculiarly interested. As the author is one of the most amusing that has hitherto undertaken to describe East Indian modes of life, we hope that he will continue to gratify the public with the fruits of his future observations.

A plan has recently been submitted to the Paving Board of the parish of St. Clement Danes, for the improvement of the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, by pulling down a vast mass of old buildings, situated between the Strand and Carey Street, and erecting a fine street of buildings, fire proof, for chambers for professional gentlemen. The projector it seems (Mr. Burton, the architect) has had this object in contemplation upwards of thirty years; and indeed it is a little wonderful that so large a space of valuable ground should have been allowed to remain so meanly occupied for so long a period. The city of London once had the subject under consideration, and subsequently the parish of St. Clement Danes; but both abandoned it. The present spirited projector, it is hoped, will find sufficient encouragement to perfect his plans; and if, in addition to this new street, the London Law Institution should erect their new building (the subscription for which is in great progress) on a contiguous spot, the whole of a disreputable neighbourhood may be changed from a place of wretchedness—

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the resort of the worst, most abandoned, and most pitiable of society, to a useful, connecting, and elegant thoroughfare, honourable to the projectors, and ornamental to the metropolis. The building of the Law Institution is to comprise, a large room or hall, in the nature of an exchange, a library, coffee-house, and various suites of apartments for the general accommodation of all gentlemen connected with the profession.

Franklin Institute.—The corner-stone of the new hall of this valuable institution was laid at Philadelphia some time ago, by the grand lodge of Pennsylvania, in ample form. It is in the Seventh, a short distance below Market Street.

The building (says the Philadelphia Gazette), which will be about sixty feet in front, and one hundred in depth, will cover the whole lot, and be three stories high, exclusive of the basement. In the first story, there will be a large lecture-room, three committee-rooms, and two offices. The second story will be occupied by the United States' and district courts. The third story will have an arched ceiling, and be lighted partly from the sides, and partly from the top. It will afford extensive accommodations to the institute, for the drawing and mathematical schools, for the collection of minerals, &c., and will be so arranged that it may be thrown open if necessary into one spacious room, well calculated for the exhibitions of the society. In the basement story, reservations will be made for the laboratory and workshops connected with the lecture-room, and for the accommodation of the family having charge of the building.

The front will be highly ornamental, and of a different character from that of any other building in Philadelphia, its order being taken from the portions of the celebrated Choragic monument of Thrasyllus, one of the handsomest ruins of Athens. It will present an enriched entablature, supported by four antes, or massive pilasters, whose dimensions will be four feet square, and thirty-two feet in height: these will be constructed of marble, standing in bold relief, in advance of the front of the building, which will also be faced with marble. The plan is such, that a statue of Franklin may at any time be placed on the top of the building, thus completing the resemblance to the original edifice, on which the remnants of a statue, supposed to be from the chisel of a celebrated sculptor, are still to be seen.

The quantity of blood taken into the heart, and expelled therefrom into the arteries, by successive pulsations, in the course of twenty-four hours, has been lately estimated, by Dr. Kidd, at 24½ hogsheads, in an ordinary man, and 8000 hogsheads, in a large whale! —so that the whole mass of blood in such a man, reckoning at 55 pints, passes 288 times through his heart daily, or once in five minutes, by 375 pulsations, each expelling about 1½ ounce of blood, or about three table-spoonful, each pulse!

Suspension-Bridge.—An ingenious tension and suspension-bridge has been constructed near Madras, by Captain Robson. The dimensions are as follow: the span is one hundred and one feet long; the breadth of the bridge is four feet. Although it is constructed entirely of bamboos and coir-rope, and none of the ropes exceed four inches in diameter, it sustains a weight exceeding three tons.

Newspapers published in India.—At Calcutta.—The John Bull (daily); the Bengal Hurkaru (daily); the Scotsman in the East (daily); the Government Gazette (Mondays and Thursdays); the India Gazette (Mondays and Thursdays); and the Bengal Weekly Messenger (Sundays). The native papers are the Mirattool-Akhbar; the Jami Jehan Numa; the Sunghaud Cowmuddy; and the Summochar Chundrica (weekly). At Madras.—The Madras Courier (Tuesdays); the Madras Government Gazette (Thursdays); and the Madras Gazette (Saturdays). There are no native papers. At Bombay.—The Bombay Courier (Saturdays); the Bombay Gazette (Wednesdays); and the Weekly Gleaner (Sundays). The only native paper is the Summochar nà Chandrikha (weekly). At Ceylon.—The Ceylon Gazette (weekly). At Penang.—The Penang Gazette (weekly). At Singapore.—The Singapore Chronicle (weekly). N. B.—Those papers which are published weekly and half-weekly, circulate supplementary sheets during the week.

Permanency of Human Hair.—M. Picett has lately made a comparison between a recent human hair and those from the head of a mummy from the Isle of Teneriffe, with respect to the constancy of those properties which render hair important as a hygrometric substance. For this purpose hygrometers, constructed according to Saussure's principles, were made, one with a recent hair, and the other with hair from the mummy. The ancient hairs were not so strong as the other, or of sufficient length alone, but the latter objection was obviated by tying four together. The results of the experiments were, that in both instruments, the interval between extremes of moisture and the dryness of the chamber (about 25°) was passed in three minutes; that the indications, like those of the thermometer, &c., were rapid on leaving the first term, and became slower on approaching the second; that the hygrometric quality of the Guanche hair is sensibly the same as that of the recent hair.

Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums.—A return has been made and printed of the number of private madhouses, and of their unfortunate inmates, within the bills of mortality and the county of Middlesex; from which it appears that the number of these houses is rather more than forty, and that the number of patients fluctuates from about 1700 to 1700: of these, 850, or about one half, are confined in six houses belonging to one person at Bethnal Green, and are for the most part, we suppose, parish paupers, farmed at the rate of about ten shillings a week. Lord Robert Seymour (whose attention to this subject reflects equal honour on his rank and his humanity), in a printed letter, addressed to the magistrates of Middlesex, says, that 'he saw in one house at Bethnal Green, 352 paupers, 192 private patients, and 53 attendants, making, in all, 544 persons. Amongst them were the pauper-lunatics of Mary-lebone, St. George's, Hanover Square, and St. Anne's, Soho. Each of the dormitories, which are very low rooms, contains from sixteen to twenty beds; and, on the female side, many of the paupers lie two in a bed, the bedsteads being eighteen inches from each other, and the exercising-yards of the paupers being more crowded than ever yet was a dog-kennel: yet,' adds his lordship, 'I found, upon inquiry, that, if twenty additional patients were sent to them to-morrow for admission, they would be taken in.' His lordship, who, it appears, is also a Governor of Bethlem Hospital, states, in the same letter, the following facts, confirmatory of what may be expected from a different kind of accommodation—viz., that, in 1823, of 173 patients, 76 were discharged as cured; and, in 1824, 64, out of 163;—that this was effected chiefly by moral means, with very little personal restraint,—occupation, amusements—and principally by the size of the airing-grounds, being such as to admit of bodily exercise, and mental tranquillity.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

IMPROMPTU.

Mrs. Sparks assaulting Miss Smith for going to pray with her husband.

When *Sparks* fly around, other *Smiths* are well known,
For protection, to trust to their aprons alone;
'Tis hard, then, methinks,—though by some deem'd a joke,—
That this *Smith* can't escape, though wrapp'd up in a *cloke*. J. C.

ANOTHER.

Be advis'd, my old *Spark*, put an end to this strife,
And go, like a Christian, to pray with your wife;
Or, when next in the horse-pond they drag you about,
They'll stifle and quench you, before you get out. J. C.

The common salutation in Cochin-China is, to bow down to the ground five times to the king, four times to persons next in rank to him, three times to persons in the third rank, twice to any other mandarins, and once to all superior officers.

Sacrifices to Confucius.—From the *Shing-meaou-che* it appears that there are in China 1660 temples dedicated to Confucius. At the spring and autumnal sacrifices offered to him, it is calculated, in the work now quoted, that there are immolated, on these occasions, annually,—

Bullocks	6
Pigs	27,000
Sheep	5,800
Deer	2,800
Rabbits	27,000
	62,606

Thus there are annually sacrificed to Confucius, in China, upwards of 62,000 victims; and it is added, there are offered at the same time 27,600 pieces of silk. What becomes of these does not appear.

Good Breeding.—A farmer, who came up to town to visit his brother, who kept a shop in —— Street, having given some offence to his sister-in-law, who piqued herself upon her gentility, by something that did not ac-

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cord with her idea of good manners, she pertly told him that he was very ill-bred, and did not even know what good breeding was. 'Why, look ma'am,' replied he, 'as for that, I consider myself quite as well bred as you, for all your fine airs: my mother had seventeen of us in sixteen years; and that I take to be very *good breeding*.'

To Sham Abraham.—The phrase of shamming Abraham, still extant among sailors, is supposed to have had its origin in a set of vagabonds, called *Abraham-men*, who wandered about the country soon after the dissolution of the religious houses. They are described, in the Canting Academy, as called *Abram-men*, or Toms of Bedlam, who 'are very strangely and anticly garbed, with several coloured ribbons or tapes in their hats, it may be, instead of a feather, a fox-tail hanging down, a long stick with ribbons streaming, and the like; yet, for all their seeming madness, they have wit enough to steal as they go.' This is the species of *beggar* described by Randle Home, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon: he says, 'The *bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his clothing is more fantastic and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked, and dressed all over with ribbons, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Aug.	5	60	70	60	29 60	Fair.
....	6	61	65	59	.. 65	Showery.
....	7	60	72	60	.. 82	Fair.
....	8	61	71	58	.. 70	Showery.
....	9	60	68	55	.. 74	Fair.
....	10	57	64	54	.. 77	Showery.
....	11	55	66	60	30 04	Fair.

Works published since our last notice.—Hawker's Instructions to Sportsmen, 4th edition, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.—Alphonsus, a tragedy, 8vo. 4s. 6*d.*—Gourgaud's Napoleon, and the Army in Russia, 8vo. 12s.—Letter to Sir C. Long on the Improvements in the Western Part of London, 1s. 6*d.*—Il Decamerone di Boccaccio, con un Discorso Critico da Ugo Foscolo, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 2*l.* 12s. 6*d.*—Moss's Classical Bibliography, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10s.—Newton's Studies in Public Speaking and Recitation, 12mo. 4s.—Gibney on Vapour Bath, 7s.—Jowitt's Researches in Syria, 10s.—Legends of the North, 9s.—Bredow's Historical Tables, 2nd edition, enlarged, folio, 1*l.* 10s.—Stannard on the Seventy Weeks of Daniel, 8vo. 15s.

LAST WEEK BUT-ONE.

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the *Little Theatre*), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £16,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'Clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 327. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1825. Price 6*d.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends of the North; or, the Feudal Christmas: a Poem. By Mrs Henry Rolls. 8vo pp. 272. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

The Legends of the North consist of a series of pretty poems, which, though distinct, form, collectively, an interesting story. They give a very faithful picture of the manners of the olden time, and some of the customs of the North of England, where Christmas is still kept with more hospitality than perhaps any other part of the country: and, although minstrel bards do not assemble to recite traditionary legends, as in the Feudal Christmas of our author, yet the song, the tale, the laugh, the dance, are not omitted at this festival in the present day. There is much sweet poetry in these legends, and Mrs. Rolls displays a very felicitous talent at description. The following is an extract, descriptive of Christmas Day and the day after:—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

'High was the feast of Christmas Day,
The banquet rich, the evening gay;
Not deck'd alone the lofty board,
Where sat the guests of Nappa's lord;
But every table full was spread,
And every vassal freely fed;
And whilst the cup with spices crown'd
Circled the higher board around,
Bright mantling horns of foaming ale,
And jocund mirth and merry tale,
To the low herdsman's simple heart,
More full, more genuine joys impart.
As drains his lord the gil'ded bowl,
Off pride or sorrow wrings his soul;
The luscious banquet does he share!
'Tis poison'd by the dregs of care!—
But when the vassal joins the feast,
The throbbing tenant of his breast
Bounds with quick pulse, light, gay, and free,
Regardless of futurity!
Would ye the varying causes know,
From which such different feelings flow!
Learn, that to crown with joy each hour,
Was never given to mortal power!
Ah! deem not life an idle toy,
But nobly wealth and power employ;
Firmly pursue some generous plan,
To aid the real good of man;
Or bravely join your country's cause,
Defend her rights, maintain her laws;
Retaining from such glorious toil,
Who pleasure wears her virtuous smile,
Bright glowing in your conscious breast
You then shall feel the joy of rest!
Mid the wide chimney's flames display'd
The mystic log is duly laid;
And, hark! with squeaking fife and drum,
A merry band of mummers come;
Their caps with wreaths and feathers crown'd,
Their sleeves with knots of ribbon bound,
Now springing light, now moving slow,
As high their gleaming brands they throw,
Some ancient tale their Morris tells,
And cheerful sound their tinkling bells:
All crowd around with loud applause,
Then back some blushing maiden draws;
Why does her cheek such blush disclose,
The vernal rose mid wintry snows?
See, from the lofty roof display'd,
The mistletoe's mysterious shade:
Happy the youth, whose favourite fair
Is doom'd that magic shade to share!
Though proud or low his station be,
The kiss of love that night is free:
Such was the fine, in ancient day,
The daughter of the lord must pay
To the low herdsman, if it its shade
At once upon their foreheads play'd.

'The Morris o'er, and frolic's play
Now swells the Christmas carol gay;
In manly tones, bold, rough, and free,
Now burats the rustic minstrelsy;
The lofty roof the notes prolong,
And startled echoes catch the song;
Now to the harp's soft mellow play
Is join'd the fair one's sweeter lay;
Their richer holier strain is given
In sounds of gratitude to Heaven;
And now, as harp and voices rise
Full swelling to the midnight skies,
Is heard the strain, that tells His love,
Who left his glorious throne above,
The erring race of man to save—
To rise victorious o'er the grave;
Conqueror of sin! Almighty King!
To Him the solemn lay they sing,
And joyful hail this sacred hour,
When laid aside his majesty and power,
As pure she smil'd in virgin charms,
He bless'd his sainted mother's arms:
In solemn silence dies the lay
And end the rites of Christmas Day.

SECOND DAY.

'Now dawn'd the morn's faint yellow glow,
Yet plain and mountain, wreath'd with snow,
Close bid beneath a misty veil,
Spread one wide blank—dim, cold, and pale;
No sound of cheerful life is heard,
No ploughman's song to note of bird;
The mountain stream that rushes by,
The river's flow, the wild winds sigh,
Or the full torrent's roar profound,
Alone awake the echoes round.
When half his course was well nigh run,
Through cloud and vapour broke the sun,
And throwing wide his misty veil,
Show'd the wild beauties of the dale;
The plain is spread with fleecy snow,
And fair as light the mountains glow,
Up the dark rocks, in graceful twine,
Fantastic snow-wreaths glimmering shine,
And in the sun's bright noon-tide rays,
Sparkling with gems, the woodlands blaze.
Each lofty oak spread wide around,
Each slender heath-stem on the ground,
Ivy's dark leaf and pallid flower
Stand crystall'd by the icy shower;
From the high eaves of Nappa's hall,
In lengthen'd spikes, the ice-drops fall;
And joying in the transient ray,
The red-breast tunes his simple lay;
Bright but short-liv'd the dazz ing glow
Of Christmas sun on fields of snow!
Frail as the joys, that courts impart
To the sad mourner's grief-chill'd heart;
One moment past, the smile is fled,
And evening's clouds full quickly spread!

'And now again is Nappa's hearth
The scene of hospitable mirth;
What shall the lengthen'd eve beguile,
Or sportive dance,—or playful wile?
Where Aldbro' rears his mountain crest,
And the lone lake expands her breast,
The youthful skaters, bold and gay,
Had pass'd the wintry morn away;
As now their sportive labours close,
Each weary limb requires repose:
And see, a lovely female band
Soft smiling round Lord Trinian stand,
And ask a boon!—the harp to hear,
Tun'd to some tale to beauty dear!
Not the fierce notes of war's alarms,
Of outlaw wild, of feats of arms,—
But such, as to the female eye
May call the tear of sympathy.
Such boon was never sought, in vain,
From knight or bard of gentle strain.

'Is that a form of mortal race,
With cherub smile, aerial grace,
Beside you lofty harp that stands
And wakes the strings with timid hands;
Whose auburn locks, bright waving flow
Around her brow of living snow;
To whose mild beaming eye is given
The mature tint of summer's heaven!
And who is he—that graceful boy,
Whose glowing cheek and laughing eye
Spirit and wit and mirth pervade,
—Through the dark ringlets playful shade;—
Like sun beam on the warrior's crest,
Or boldest eaglet of the nest?
—'Tis Scroope of Bolton's rose-bud fair!
That noble youth is Nappa's heir!
Close to the reverend bard they stand,
She tries the strings,—he chafes his hand,
And leaning half against his knee,
Looks up with smile of fondling glee,
As whispering soft her honour'd friend,
The lovely maid is seen to bend;
The curls that o'er her temples play
Fall on the bard's of silver grey;
A contrast sweet their tresses show,
Autumn's rich leaf on winter's snow;
And such the ties their hearts that bind,
Bounty's rich fruit on age's mind.
'Tis sweetly-tun'd!—the fair one cries,
Touch'd by that hand,—the bard replies,
Its notes must soft and freely flow,
Meet for a strain of love and woe;
For the wild tale, from Mona's isle,
I seek not Beauty's melting smile,
When moans the harp upon the ear
How soothing falls soft Pity's tear!'

The following Song of Harvest is as pretty as it is seasonable:—

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'Spring and Summer both are fair,
Both may boast their flowerets' dye,
Both may boast their balmy air,
And their cloudless azure sky;
'Spring may boast her blossom'd boughs
Waving in the vernal gale;
And her songsters' warbled vows,
Echoing down each peaceful vale;
'Summer may her rose expand,
And her early fruit display,
And call forth the jocund band,
To spread around the fragrant hay:
'But, though fair the blossoms blow,
The brow of blooming May to deck:
And the moisten'd fruit may grow,
Summer's fervid thirst to check:
'Vie they with the bounteous store
That my teeming fields supply,
When—the golden harvest o'er—
Rises the shout of grateful joy?
'Mine 's the treasure of the bee,
For me the luscious dew she blends,
Mine the produce of each tree
That 'neath its weight o'erloaded bends!
'Mine 's the calm, still, tranquil day,
Suited to the poet's dream,
Whilst the fading woods display
A deep, rich, mellow changing gleam!
'Mine 's that bright majestic moon,
That spreads around her lengthen'd light,
As though she fear'd to close too soon
The pleasures of the harvest night!
'Then come, ye sportive elves! who love
Beneath her silver beams to glide;
Come, come, ripe Autumn's bounty prove
The treasures of her festive tide!'

Instructions to Young Sportsmen, in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. By Lieutenant-Colonel P. Hawker. Fourth Edition, corrected and improved; with Ten Explanatory Plates. Royal 8vo. pp. 436. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Although twelve months have not elapsed since the third edition of Colonel Hawker's Instructions to Young Sportsmen was published, yet a new edition has been called for, and is now offered to the public, with the result of the author's further experience, and to a sportsman of the skill, talent of observation, and practice of Colonel Hawker, the experiments of an additional season are of importance. The colonel is one of those honest matter-of-fact men that he takes nothing on trust; his work is, therefore, valuable, because it is that of a practical sportsman, and the result of his own knowledge and practice. 'Everything here asserted,' as he says in his preface, 'has been the result of many years' trial and experience; and, therefore, all reference to other publications has been as much declined as have statements from report,' the *report* of the fowling-piece, of course, excepted. Of the present edition the author says:—

'The improvements here added have been the result of still further experience; and, therefore, may be considered, in some degree, as finishing lessons to those young sportsmen, who have before done him the honour to attend to his earlier instructions.

'The original matter, however, on which no improvement happened to present itself, will, of course, remain as before, for the benefit of younger pupils in shooting. But everything, which was written previously to the year 1816, that could be improved, up to the present year, has been introduced on a different, and, he trusts, a more perfect system.

'All the new directions, which this edition contains, have been first experimentally tried, and taken down, from time to time, in a pocket-book; then detailed, as soon after as possible, in the most specific manner; and, before they were entered among these pages, abridged to about a tenth part of their original bulk, through consideration for the patience of the reader.'

It would be quite impossible to do justice to a work like this by any extract; to the sportsman it will recommend itself, on account of the great and varied information it gives on the subject of shooting, the choice of guns, powder, &c., and everything connected with this branch of field-sports. One excellent piece of advice the colonel gives, which never can be too strongly urged:—

'Let every one who begins shooting, take warning from the many serious misfortunes that have, alas! too often occurred, and start with the *determination* of *never suffering a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment*, or even *carried*, so as to be *likely to come in the direction of either man or beast*. One, who strictly abides by this *golden rule*, would be less liable to accidents, even if he *went from his door* with *both barrels cocked*, than he, who neglected it for a few frivolous maxims.'

As the sporting season is so near at hand, and some of our readers may be novices, we shall for their benefit quote the advice of our author, who is old in experience, though not in years. To the novice, he says:—

'First, let him take a gun that he can manage, and be shown how to put it to his shoulder, with the breech and sight on a level, and make himself master of bringing them up to a wafer.

'Then, with a wooden or bone driver (instead of a flint) let him practise at this mark; and, when he thinks he can draw his trigger *without flinching*, he may present the gun to your right eye, by which you will *see* at once, if he is master of his first lesson. In doing this he must remember, that the moment the gun is brought up to the centre of the object, the trigger should be pulled, as the *first* sight is always unquestionably the best.

'Then send him out to practise at a card with powder, till he has got steady, and afterwards load his gun, occasionally, with shot; but never let the time of your making this addition be known to him, and the idea of its being, perhaps, impossible to strike his object, will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.

'The intermediate lesson of a few shots, at small birds, may be given; but this plan throughout must be adopted at game, and continued, in the first instance, till the pupil has quite divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed, in the last, till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to the birds. If he begins with both eyes open, he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterwards. An aim thus, from the right shoulder, comes to the same point as one taken with the left eye shut, and it is the most ready method of shooting quick.

'Be careful to remind him (as a beginner) to keep his gun moving, as follows:—before an object, crossing; full high for a bird rising up, or flying away very low; and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running straight away (all this, of course, in proportion to the distance; and if we consider the velocity, with which a bird flies, we shall rarely err, by firing, when at forty yards, at least five or six inches before it). Till the pupil is *au fait* in all this, he will find great assistance from the sight, which he should have precisely on the intended point, when he fires. He will thus, by degrees, attain the art of killing his game in good style, which is to fix his eyes on the object, and fire the moment he has brought up the gun. He may then, ultimately, acquire the knack of killing snap shots, and bring down a November bird the moment it tops the stubble, or a rabbit popping in a furze-brake, with more certainty than he was once used to shoot a young grouse in August, or a partridge in September.'

Colonel Hawker has been at great pains to ascertain the relative merits of flint guns, and detonaters. On this subject he relates one or two anecdotes with great *naiveté*:—

'A well-known gunmaker (not Joe Manton), in presence of a well-known sportsman, offered to bet me fifty guineas that a detonater of equal size, &c. would beat a flint gun. I immediately took up the bet, told his elect to book it, and offered to double it if he chose. He then fought off, and would not stand to what he proposed. Soon after the sportsman left the shop, and the gunmaker then said to me, "You are quite right; but if you had not taken me up, I should have got an order for a brace of detonating guns." Let this be a lesson, then, to gunmakers, not to be so ready in offering wagers to gentlemen.'

'While I was using nothing but detonating guns for four seasons, it was the remark of my man, that he never had the pleasure to see me make such long shots as I was once in the habit of doing; and I, ready to lay all the fault on myself, or rather to a premature attack of that anno domini complaint which must befall the best of us, felt that I dare not blame a system which my superiors had so universally adopted. I took up a flint-gun. This was worse and worse; as the comparative slowness made me miss even fair shots. Last year, however, having been prevented, by illness, from taking a gun in hand till just before the end of the season, the sensation of firing a flint and a detonater became as it were *de novo*. I accordingly took out a flint-gun, and down came the long shots, as in former days!—I name this as a simple fact. Let others argue the point as they please. So I shall now conclude the subject by reducing the matter to a very few words. Can you shoot well with a flint-gun? Yes! Then "leave well enough alone!" Can you? No! Then, by all means, go and get a detonater!'

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This work is embellished with ten well-executed copperplate engravings, from designs drawn by the author himself, who is a clever draughtsman, as well as a good, keen, and intelligent sportsman. His work ought to be read from beginning to end by every person who wishes to become a good shot.

Memoirs of Madame de Genlis. Written by Herself. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Colburn.

MADAME DE GENLIS is too well known as a writer to render any observation on her talents necessary; and, had her memoirs merely related to herself, they would have possessed but a limited interest; but, as exhibiting a lively picture of French manners and French feeling, they become of importance. The picture, however, is by no means a flattering one, and she represents in a striking manner the frivolity, heartlessness, and intrigue, which distinguish society in France. Madame de Genlis is too much inclined to gossipping; and many persons will think the materials which constitute these four volumes might have been very well got into two, without the threat of others to succeed them. We shall not attempt any analysis, but select a few anecdotes, many of which are amusing. Whether our readers will think the following so or not, we cannot say:—

'The Chevalier de Jaucour had an agreeable countenance, a round face, full and pale, black eyes, handsome features, and brown hair, which he wore in disorder, and without powder; he really deserved his *sobriquet* of moonlight. His shape was noble, and he had a good air; his disposition was excellent, full of sincerity and honour. He had served in several campaigns; he entered the army at the age of twelve, and had shown as much military knowledge as courage. His understanding was like his disposition, solid and reasonable. At one of these suppers my aunt happened to say that I was afraid of ghosts. Upon this, Madame de Gourgues begged the Chevalier de Jaucour to relate his *grand story about the tapestry.* I had always heard of this adventure as being perfectly true, for the Chevalier de Jaucour gave his word of honour that he added nothing to the story, and he was incapable of telling a lie, in which, besides, in such a case there would have been no pleasantry. The adventure became prophetic at the period of the Revolution. I can repeat it with scrupulous fidelity, because, knowing the Chevalier de Jaucour intimately, I have heard him relate it five or six times in my presence.

'The chevalier, who was born in Burgundy, was educated at the college of Autun. He was twelve years of age when his father, who wished to send him to the army under the care of one of his uncles, brought him to his château. The same evening, after supper, he was conducted to a large room, where he was to sleep; on a stool in the middle of the room was placed a lighted lamp, and he was left alone. He undressed himself and went immediately into bed, leaving the lamp burning He had no inclination to sleep, and as he had scarcely looked at his room on entering it, he now amused himself with examining it. His eyes were attracted by an old curtain of tapestry wrought with figures, which hung opposite to him; the subject was somewhat singular; it represented a temple, of which all the gates were closed. At the top of the staircase belonging to the edifice stood a kind of pontiff or high priest, clothed in a long white robe, holding in one hand a bundle of rods, and in the other a key. Suddenly, the chevalier, who gazed earnestly on the figure, began to rub his eyes, which, he thought, deceived him; then he looked again, and his surprise and wonder rendered him motionless!—He saw the figure move, and slowly descend the steps of the staircase!—At last it quitted the tapestry, and walked into the room, crossed the chamber, and stood near the bed; and addressing the poor boy, who was petrified with fear, it pronounced distinctly these words: "These rods will scourge many—when thou shalt see them raised on high, then stay not, but seize the key of the open country, and flee!" On pronouncing these words, the figure turned round, walked up to the tapestry, remounted the steps, and replaced itself in its former position. The chevalier, who was covered with a cold sweat, remained for more than a quarter of an hour so bereft of strength, that he had not the power to call for assistance. At last some one came; but not wishing to confide his adventure to a servant, he merely said that he felt unwell, and a person was set to watch by his bedside during the remainder of the night. The following day the Count de Jaucour, his father, having questioned him on his pretended malady of the preceding night, the young man told what he had seen. In place of laughing at him, as the chevalier expected, the count listened very attentively, and then said: "This is very remarkable; for my father, in his early youth, in this very chamber, and with the same personage represented in that tapestry, met with a very singular adventure."—The chevalier would very gladly have heard the detail of his grandfather's vision, but the count refused to say any more upon the subject, and even desired his son never to mention it again; and the same day the count caused the tapestry to be pulled down, and burnt in his presence in the castle court-yard.'

'Such is the detail of this story in all its simplicity. Mrs. Radcliffe would have been glad to have heard it; and I dare say the Chevalier de Jaucour thought of it at the time of the Revolution: for the fact is, that when he saw the rods raised, he seized the key of the open country, and fled. He quitted France.'

No part of Madame de Genlis's memoirs is more interesting than that in which she describes contemporary characters. Of Madame de Staël she says:—

'It was at Belle Chasse that I formed an intimacy with Madame Necker: before the Revolution, she anticipated my visits, by writing me the most obliging letters, and by coming to see me: she brought her daughter, who was then sixteen, and not yet married. This young lady was not pretty, but she was very animated, and, though she spoke a great deal too much, she spoke cleverly. I remember reading to Madame Necker and her daughter one of the pieces of my Theatre for Young Ladies (*Zélie ou l' Ingenie*), which I had not yet published. I cannot express the enthusiasm and the demonstrations of pleasure exhibited by the young lady during this reading; they astonished without pleasing me: she wept, uttered exclamations at every page, and kissed my hands at each moment; in short, she embarrassed me greatly. I was far from supposing that this young person was one day to become my enemy. Madame Necker had educated her very ill: she suffered her to pass three-fourths of each day in her drawing-room, among the crowd of *beaux esprits* of the time, who were constantly about Madame Necker; and, while her mother attended to other persons, and especially to the ladies who came to pay her visits, the *beaux esprits* entered into dissertations with Mademoiselle Necker on the passions, and on love. The solitude of her chamber, and a few good books, would have been more to her advantage. She learned to talk fast and much, without any reflection, and she has written in the same manner. She had read little, and all her knowledge was superficial; she has collected, in her works, not the results of sound reading, but an infinite number of recollections and incoherent conversations.'

Of the celebrated, or rather notorious Madame d'Epinay, we are told—

'She was then a woman of fifty, very infirm, and remained constantly at home: she earnestly begged me to come and see her. Her letter was pretty written, and I determined to pay her a visit; she received me so well, that I promised to return. M. Grimm resid d in her house, and he always made a third person in our conversations. I had already seen him at Venice; and, without esteeming him amiable, I was pleased with his conversation, for he had travelled a great deal, and replied readily to all my inquiries. Madame d'Epinay could never have been pretty, and her manners were entirely destitute of elegance: there was a good deal of gossip in her conversation, but she was frank and obliging, and without pedantry: her understanding seemed to me very ordinary, and her reading very limited.'

The following is a good anecdote of impertinence rebuked:—

'We saw besides, at Spa, a young and charming Spanish lady, the Countess of Rechtereu, married to a man who might have been her father, but whom she really loved, as she proved by the attentions she paid him, and by her spotless behaviour: she was at once clever, ingenious, pretty, and a fine woman. At Spa she occasioned many unhappy attachments; among other, the Duke of L——, a young and handsome nobleman of the court of France, became desperately in love with her. As it was always very difficult to approach her ear, she remaining constantly near the count, he thought he had found a favourable moment one morning at the breakfast at Vauxhall, as Madame de Rechtereu was not on that occasion seated by her husband. The duke and several other gentlemen, who had the gallan-

try to serve the ladies, had not sat down to table, and his grace placed himself behind Madame de Rechtereu; he entered into conversation with her, but in an under tone, and leaning over her, he whispered in her ear, in a low voice, a formal declaration of love. Madame de Rechtereu, after listening quietly to what he was saying, made this reply: "My lord duke, I do not understand French very well, so that I have not comprehended a word of what you have been saying; but my friend there" (so she always styled her husband) "is much better acquainted with it than I; go and tell him all these pretty things, and he will explain them all to me very clearly." The duke, instead of following this advice, withdrew precipitately, with a visible air of vexation. The piquant answer of Madame de Rechtereu made every one comprehend what the duke had revealed to her with an air of so much mystery.'

With two anecdotes of Barrère and Talleyrand, we shall now conclude, but probably may take up the work again when the other volumes are published. Madame de Genlis had been told that Barrère was partial to her works, and that he also was an author; but, unfortunately,—

'The two works to which his name was attached, though published for more than two years, were scarcely known in Paris. The author sent them to me: one was the *Eloge de Louis XII. Pere du peuple et Roi de France*, containing, besides a panegyrical character of that monarch, an essay *in pra se of a monarchical form of government*; the second work was the *Eloge* of the late *M. Lefranc de Pompignan*, full of praises of religion, and well-founded satirical remarks upon *modern philosophy*. These essays were badly written (the author never made his style better afterwards), but there was wit in them, judgment, ingenious allusions, and excellent moral principles. I agreed, at least, to receive this deputy—it was *M. Barrère!* This curious incident would have sent him to the scaffold, if I had taken notice of it in the reign of Robespierre; but my silence, and the profound oblivion into which his essays had fallen, obtained the author impunity for having committed the *enormous offence* of displaying humane and religious feelings in the first productions of his pen, which, in other respects, were poor enough. I got acquainted with him in the way I have mentioned; he was young, enjoyed a very good reputation, to much learning added a supple disposition, a handsome look, and manners at once dignified, modest, and reserved. He was the only person I ever saw from a remote province, who had all the refined language and polite manners, that would fit high society or the precincts of a court. He was not very well informed; but his conversation was always pleasing, and sometimes fascinating; he displayed extreme sensibility, a passionate predilection for the arts, accomplishments, and rural life; these mild and engaging feelings, joined to a lively talent of satire, gave his person and disposition a very interesting and original character. Such he seemed to me to be, and doubtless he was so then, for cowardice only made him sanguinary; but at any rate, my connection with him (as with other persons I have become acquainted with since the Revolution) was never intimate.'

Of Talleyrand she says:—

'The last time I was at Hamburgh I again saw M. de Talleyrand—Perigord, who had just returned from America, and was on his way to Paris. I had been very intimate with him in London, whither he had fled at the beginning of the reign of terror, to escape from persecution, because he would not participate in any of the sanguinary transactions of that day. We remember, with great pleasure, the evenings we had spent together, along with Mademoiselle D'Orleans and my niece, without any other person ever being admitted to our party. I never heard any one express himself more forcibly than he did against the excesses committed in France; it was he who related to us the tragical end of the virtuous Madame Duchâtelet, and the heroic courage displayed by the Duchess of Grammont in attempting to save her life. These melancholy accounts were sometimes enlivened by agreeable subjects of conversation, the charm of which arose from the pre-eminent talents of M. de Talleyrand. He was generally present at our little supper parties, *the praiseworthy economy* of which he was wont to praise with good-humoured irony. One evening I gave a grand formal supper, to which all our friends were invited: when he saw the spendid array, he approached me, and whispered into my ear, *I promise you that I shall not seem astonished.* No one could be more agreeable during the supper. He had written me several letters from America, requesting me always to insert *a great many proper names* in my answers. We were both of us delighted at meeting each other. I asked him if he were going to take any share in public affairs, to which he replied, that he was disgusted with them for the remainder of his life, and that nothing could possibly make him engage in them again. I am certain that he was sincere in what he said; but no men in this world know themselves so little as the votaries of ambition; they resemble lovers, who continually mistake discontent and vexation for impartiality and unbiassed judgment. Some days before his departure, M. de Talleyrand asked me what orders I had for Paris, when I requested him to send me the work called *La Sagesse de Charron*: next morning I received a charming note from him, with the book I was desirous of, most elegantly bound, and of an *Elzevir* edition. It happened accidentally that he had this very book, which he kept at the sale of his fine library in London, and took always along with him, as he was very fond of it. I was very grateful for the sacrifice he made me; but this was not the first proof of friendship I had received from him, for he was in London at the beginning of the emigration, and having heard that I was in a convent at Bremgarten, he wrote to me to offer me *twelve thousand francs*. I declined the generous offer, but I shall never forget it.'

A Treatise on the Properties and Medical Application of the Vapour-Bath in its Different Varieties, and their Effects in Various Species of Diseased Action. By J. Gibbs, M. D., of the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 1 6. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

Dr. Gibbs is well known to the tribe of ablutionists, and it is a pretty numerous one, by an Essay on Sea-Bathing, published some years ago, which contains much practical information on the subject. The volume before us, though complete in itself, forms a good sequel to his former work. It treats on the use and application of the vapour-bath among the ancients and the moderns, and among various nations of the world, more or less civilized. As the author resides at Brighton, and the subject of bathing occupies a large portion of his professional attention, he has had good opportunities for observation, and he is a great advocate for the vapour-bath. He says,—

'A daily inspection of its powers and its influence upon the variety of diseases that present themselves in so populous a sea-bathing place, has confirmed me in the conviction of the advantages arising from it, and, in most instances, of its superiority over the usual mode of bathing. From this experience, I am of opinion it should be considered, in most circumstances, as a much more *powerful* agent than the common fluid-bath, under any degree of heat.'

We suspect, however, the author is a little too sanguine in his statement of the beneficial effects of the vapour-bath, for there is scarcely any complaint in which he does not recommend it as efficacious. It promotes excretion and secretion, is good in pulmonary and paralytic affections, cholic and cutaneous diseases, gout and glandular swellings, febrile diseases and female obstructions. It diminishes the inroads of time and old age; and by vapour the doctor assures us 'existence may become comfortable, and longevity more secure.' Expectant heirs will not, of course, recommend it to their sires, nor a hen-pecked husband provide it for his wife. For the best means of using this panacea, the vapour-bath, we must refer our readers to Dr. Gibney's work, where they will find much useful information on the subject. We shall, however, make one or two extracts; the first relates to the use of the vapour-bath in other countries:—

'The administration of vapour, in disease, may be traced to the days of Hippocrates, and was efficaciously used by Celsus, Galen, and many of the Arabian physicians; but to the inhabitants of the East, to the Egyptians, the Greeks, and to the Romans, its active application, both topically and generally, has been extensively known, but more known than understood, from the most early records up to the present day.

'In the burning regions of the East, and in the frozen and extended countries of Russia, Finland, Sweden, &c., the practice has become as general as is the estimation in which it is universally held, probably arising from the existence of sensations and disease peculiar to regions remarkable for the ex-

tremes of heat and cold; added to this, the constant habit of a people occupying those districts is such, that existence becomes painful, without the comfort of the bath under one form or another—indeed, to such a degree, that a strict preclusion from its use is exercised and considered as a punishment of considerable severity. Should any instance of this nature occur among the Egyptian women, from an interdiction by the husband or otherwise, it would be considered of so cruel a nature, as to cause general disapprobation; for they not only enjoy the greatest delight from the salutary luxury of the bath, but, when they assemble at the adjoining apartments, converse with the greatest animation upon subjects of every agreeable description.

'In the colder districts, apartments, heated to a very high temperature, are used as baths; and, after the necessary time of exposure, the bathers are habituated to rush into cold and frosty air—nay, numbers, from a high degree of heated medium, plunge into cold water contained in a pond convenient to the bath, or in winter roll themselves in snow, which, from force of habit, is found productive of no bad consequence, even though the change from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, is often reiterated; on the contrary, the removal of disease is frequently known to succeed; and it is worthy of remark, that this custom is found among most uncultivated nations, from the experience of its utility.

'In these countries, and in Lapland, the same mode of bathing, as well as in producing vapour, maintains, as in Japan. From heated flints the apartment is raised to a high temperature, and by this means, in Iceland, their dry and sweating-rooms are raised as high as 115° of Fahrenheit. Boys and girls, with their parents, indiscriminately enter; and, to open the pores, and promote a more free perspiration, the surface of the body is gently struck with twigs, formed sometimes from one shrub, sometimes from another: this produces both a pleasing and useful effect, and is succeeded by feelings of grateful relaxation and refreshment.'

Dr. Gibney is a great advocate also for the use of friction or shampooing along with the vapour-baths, and says its advantageous consequences are so great, as frequently to justify an observation of Sir William Temple, that a man who could keep a slave to rub him need never have the gout. The following is the doctor's notice of shampooing:—

'This operation, which is in Egypt called *mas ĭg*, although simple, and, strictly speaking, a process of friction and extension of the tendons and ligaments, requires practice and dexterity to perform it with comfort and utility to the patient.

'In India, where each domestic's employment is specifically assigned, persons are instructed in the art, and prized in proportion to the facility and dexterity with which they perform it, and which, from early infancy, is practised upon children and persons of all ages, rendering their joints supple, and their muscles elastic.

'After exposure to the bath, while the body is yet warm from the effects of the vapour, the shampooman proceeds, according to the circumstances of the case, from gentle friction, gradually increased to pressure, along the fleshy and tendonous parts of the limb; he kneads and grasps the muscle repeatedly, presses with the points of his fingers along its course, and then follows friction in a greater or less degree, alternating one with the other, while the hand is smeared with a medicated oil, in the specific influence of which the operator has considerable confidence. This process is continued for a shorter or a longer space of time, and, according to circumstances, is either succeeded or preceded by an extension of the capsular ligament of each joint, from the larger to the smaller, causing each to crack, so as to be distinctly heard, which also succeeds from the process being extended to each connecting ligament of the vertebræ of the back and loins. The sensation at the moment is far from agreeable, but is succeeded by effects not dissimilar to what arises from brisk electrical sparks taken from the joints in quick succession.

'This operation upon the articulations of the limbs is much less frequently repeated than the other parts of the process of shampooing, and, in its effects on disease, must be considered as generally unnecessary and often mischievous; but this should not be said of friction, from which, by ancient usage as well as modern experience, we are instructed how much may be derived, when practised with judgment and *patient perseverance*: the Indians, who hold it in high estimation as a means of relief from the consequences of excessive fatigue and from unusual bodily exertion, have constant recourse to it; and, from its soothing effects, sleep is often induced where the usual means fail.'

We ought to add, that the work is illustrated by some copper-plate engravings and woodcuts.

GOURGAUD'S NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN RUSSIA.

(Concluded from p. 523.)

GENERAL GOURGAUD is certainly not the most courteous of critics, and in his examination of the work of Comte de Segur, gives the most point blank denial of his assertions. The comte says, 'The Kremlin at Moscow contained a magazine of gunpowder.' The general, on the other hand, declares that—

'The Kremlin contained no such magazine. Everything in the arsenal indicated the precipitancy with which it had been evacuated by the Russians. Tow, projectiles, broken caissons, were strewed about the court. In the halls were found forty thousand muskets (of English, Austrian, and Russian manufacture), about a hundred pieces of cannon, quantities of lances and sabres, and a considerable number of trophies taken from the Turks; but no gunpowder could be discovered: there was none within the precincts of the Kremlin. The extensive magazines which we seized upon, were situated in isolated buildings at the gate of the Germans, on the outside of the city. They contained four hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder, and upwards of a million of pounds of saltpetre. Rostopchin had forgotten to destroy them!'

The fire at Moscow is an often-told tale, and we therefore shall not dwell on it. The general blames Rostopchin, and denies that burning the city was an act of patriotism on the part of the Russians; it was, he says, the work of one man:—

'How did he carry it into effect? By concealing from the inhabitants his mischievous plan; by resorting to the most violent threats to compel them to abandon their city; by throwing the prisons open, and letting the malefactors loose; by placing torches in their hands; by removing from the city every means of stopping the conflagration. It was so far from being an act of patriotism on the part of the Russians, that the inhabitants who remained at Moscow joined their endeavours to ours, for the purpose of arresting the progress of the flames. A complete sacrifice is that which was presented by the town of Saguntum, whose inhabitants, after throwing their wives, their children, and their treasures into the flames, rushed in after them; such an action justly claims our admiration. But a set of vagabonds who set fire to a city in which they possess nothing, and do so at the call of an individual who is so much execrated by his countrymen, that for many years he dares not make his appearance amongst them—such a set can only inspire one with horror.'

'Mr. de Segur praises the act of Count Rostopchin, who sets fire to his country house, and declares that he does so, "in order that it might not be polluted by the presence of the French."

'Was it good taste in a Frenchman to repeat expressions so grossly insulting? The subsequent conduct of Mr. Rostopchin has not corresponded with his words; for shortly afterwards he was found to come in the midst of those Frenchmen, and marrying his daughter to one of them,—the nephew of Count Philip de Segur.'

Sometimes General Gourgaud banters the comte as in the following instance:—

'Mr. de Segur presents us with a horrid picture of the field of battle of Malo-Jaroslavetz. Does he imagine that wars are carried on without the loss of men? From his description of a field of battle, we might fancy we heard a citizen of Paris who happened to be suddenly transported to one.'

The comte relates a story of some canteen carriers, who threw the wounded they were conveying into a ditch: General Gourgaud says,—

'The following is what occurred: the emperor, at the head of his staff, was proceeding along the right side of the high road of Smolensko. Having observed the bodies of two or three Russian soldiers lying not far from the road, he called the orderly officer, who was just before him, and directed him to go and see what they were. That officer returned and informed him that they were Russians. The emperor appeared much astonished, and said, "What! Russians in our front!" The orderly officer replied, "Sire, I am informed, that the Spaniards and Portuguese in charge of the prisoners, have shot several of them who refused to march. Napoleon's countenance became severe;

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"What?" said he, eagerly, "do they massacre the prisoners? Berthier, what does this mean?" Berthier replied, that he was ignorant of the circumstance, but would immediately inquire into it. An inquiry was accordingly made; when the Spaniards pretended that the column of prisoners having found some brandy in a cart that had been abandoned on the road, had drunk too freely of it, and that several of them becoming intoxicated, had attempted to disarm the escort, who had therefore been compelled to fire upon them. Proper measures were taken to prevent the recurrence of such irregularities.'

General Gourgand always speaks contemptuously of the Cossacks, who, however, gave the French some trouble. He says:—

'Marshal Ney, in order to show his soldiers how little those troops of Cossacks were to be feared, had ordered a captain of grenadiers to select fifty men, to go and set fire to a village situated at the distance of half a league from the road, then to retire in the direction of another village which he pointed out to him, and rejoin him after the exploit. "You will be," said he, "surrounded by five or six hundred Cossacks, or more; but be firm: not one of you has any thing to fear from them." The officer immediately proceeds to comply minutely with this order; in doing which he presently finds himself surrounded and annoyed by a thousand or twelve hundred Cossacks. The Russian commander in vain causes one half of his followers to dismount: he cannot succeed in forcing any of this handful of brave men. Marshal Ney then despatches half a battalion to the assistance of these fifty grenadiers; who, together with their officer, rejoin the column untouched.'

It is well known that Marshal Ney was the favourite officer of Napoleon, and that he was much attached to him; a proof of this is related by our author:—

'The emperor was at Barania, dining with Marshal Lefebvre, when an orderly officer, whom he had left at Orcha, to distribute the artillery among the different corps of the army, announced to him that some Polish officers had just arrived in the town, and had applied for assistance on the part of Marshal Ney, who was at a few leagues distance. The emperor immediately rose, and seizing the officer by both arms, ejaculated, with the liveliest emotion: "Is that really true? are you sure of it?" The officer having assured him that he was certain of the fact, that he had accompanied Prince Eugene, who, with his corps, was marching to meet the marshal; having, in short, succeeded in convincing the emperor of the truth of his report, his majesty exclaimed: "I have two hundred millions in my cellars at the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to ensure Ney's safety."'

The following is a striking instance of the cool courage of the marshal:—

'In pursuance of the orders which the emperor had sent from Zelitska to General de Wrede, this general had moved from Vileika to Slobkchowska. On the fifth of December, the King of Naples directed him to repair to Ruckow with his Bavarian troops, amounting to two thousand and some hundred men, in order to relieve the Duke of Belluno, who had hitherto formed the rear-guard, and to place himself under the orders of Marshal Ney, to whom this command was again confided. The Bavarian general, after being attacked in the latter position, by the corps of Cossacks who preceded the Russian advanced guard, and who were provided with a few light field-pieces, was thrown back upon Wilna; this occasioned a great disorder among the stragglers, canteen carriers, &c. The alarm was sounded; but the Cossacks would not have dared, on that day, to enter a town which still contained some organized infantry. General de Wrede, accompanied by sixty light horsemen, proceeded to Ney's quarters. After ranging his troops in order of battle before his door, he went to the marshal's apartment, with his sword yet in hand: "Mr. Le Maréchal," he said to him, "the enemy is close after me. I come with my sixty horsemen to offer to lead you in safety to the road to Kowno." Ney was leaning against the chimney. He coolly took De Wrede by the hand to a window looking upon the street, and showing him the excess of the disorder, and the unarmed men who were hurried along in their flight, he said: "Mr. Le General, do you think that a marshal of the empire can mix with such a rabble?" The Bavarian general stood amazed for a moment; he then objected to Ney, that if he remained any longer in Wilna, he ran the risk of falling into the enemy's hands; the marshal replied; "No, no, general, fear nothing for me; I have here fifty French grenadiers about me; and all the Cossacks in the world shall not dislodge me before eight o'clock to-morrow."'

The Complete Servant; being a Practical Guide to the Peculiar Duties and Business of all Descriptions of Servants; with Useful Receipts and Tables. By SAMUEL and SARAH ADAMS, Fifty Years Servants in different Families. 12mo. pp. 502. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

Who Samuel and Sarah Adams are, we neither know nor care; they may place their residence at Edgware or anywhere they please. They are, we believe, nearly related to a certain Colin Mackenzie, and to *the* Goldsmith (not Oliver) in whose name some good school-books have been published. Everybody knows that Sir John Hill wrote Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, and why may not Sir Richard Phillips, who is a knight also, follow his example?—although, as he abjures animal food, and, consequently, Dr. Kitchiner's committee of taste, he must of course take all his roasting and boiling and stewing and frying on trust. But, after all, Samuel and Sarah Adams, alias Sir Richard and Lady Phillips, have here given us a good book. We do not pledge ourselves to the excellence of the cookery receipts, except so far as concerns vegetables; though, as the others appear to be culled from the best manuals of the sort, there is no doubt they may be relied on. The work really contains not only much good advice to every class of servants, but much useful information. We always like to give an extract from a book, in order to let our readers judge of its merits, but here we are at a loss amidst the varied details of a work of this sort, which treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. We will, however, at a venture take the rules for marketing:—

'BUTCHERS' MEAT.

'*General Observations respecting it.*

'☞ *The best of every kind of provision is cheapest, affords most nourishment, and goes farthest.*

'As this is the most nourishing of all animal food, and constitutes a considerable portion of our constant aliment, a knowledge, not only of the nature and properties of the several kinds of animals destined for our use, but also of the manner in which they have been bred and fed, would be very essential if to be obtained, as it would enable us to judge of their wholesomeness, and their fitness for our healthful support and nourishment.

'The flesh of cattle, of all kinds, fatted in confined and filthy places, on oil-cakes, or rank and half-decayed vegetables, should be rejected, as unfit for use. On the contrary, those animals which have been bred and pastured in open situations, on high lands, extensive downs, dry commons, heaths, and large enclosures, where the air is pure, and particularly where the grass is short and sweet, and where they require much exercise to obtain their sustenance, have their juices pure, their flavour excellent, and the texture of their flesh delicate, nutritive, and wholesome. Hence the superiority of the Welsh and South Down mutton, the Scotch and Welsh beef, &c. This fact is clearly evinced in the superior qualities that venison, and the flesh of all wild animals possess over that of tame ones.

'Buttocks of beef, fillets of veal, and legs of mutton and lamb, as they have most solid meat and least bone, in proportion, are best for large families.

'The most economical way for marketing is to buy what roasting and boiling pieces you want in one lot. Butchers will sell quantities, thus assorted, much cheaper than they will sell single joints; and prime roasting joints, when bought alone, are always charged extravagantly.

'Beef and mutton, of a proper age, is more easy of digestion, and more nutritious, than veal and lamb. The same remark holds with respect to pork; for though young pigs are fat and luscious, yet they are not so nutritive as those of more mature age. The heart and other viscera of animals are nutritious, but hard to digest. Pork is a strong meat, but that which is fed at dairies is mildest and best. Fat meat is not so easy of digestion as the flesh of well fed animals, though not so fat. The flesh of old animals is dry and hard of digestion, and affords but little nourishment.

'BEEF.

'*Instructions for choosing it.*

'An ox is in its prime, for food, at five or six years old.

'Beef is never out of season, but it is in the greatest perfection in November, December, and January.

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'The lean of the finest ox-beef, if of a proper age, has a fine smooth grain, it is of a bright or carnation red, feels tender, and appears to be marled or intermixed with fat. The fat parts are firm, of a cream colour, and rather white than yellow. This latter distinction is of importance, because, if the beef be old, the fat will be yellow and skimy; and if the ox has been unnaturally fed, or in a confined place, and particularly if it has been fed with oil-cake, it will be very yellow, soft, flabby, and greasy. On the other hand, if the beef be too young, the fat will be white, almost like mutton fat, and the lean will be of a pale colour.

'The grain of cow-beef is closer than that of the ox, and the lean is of a darker red.

'Heifer-beef has all the appearances and qualities of good ox-beef, except that the grain of the lean is of a finer texture.

'Bull-beef is coarser and redder than any other, the fat hard and skimy, and it has a strong, rank smell.

'The best joints are the sirloin, rump, edge-bone, buttock, and the five or six fore-ribs; and the thin flank, the sticking-piece, the leg, shin, and cheek, are the worst.

'VEAL.

'*Instructions for choosing it.*

'Veal is best and cheapest from March to July.

'Veal ought to be fine in the grain, firm, white, and fat. The leg bone should be small. If fresh, the eyes will be full and bright, the flesh not clammy but dry, and the large vein of the shoulder of a bright red. The kidney taints soonest, and if that be sweet, and neither soft nor slimy, the whole calf is fresh. On the contrary, if any part of the flesh be green or yellow, or feels flabby, it is stale. The fillet of a cow-calf is preferable on account of the udder, but the meat of the bull calf is generally firmest, whitest, and best, when dressed. The finest calves have the smallest kidneys.

'A shoulder is the fore-knuckle and blade-bone together; and a leg is the fillet and hind-knuckle together.

'The best end of the loin, the fillet, and the best end of the breast, are the choicest pieces: the knuckle, and scrag end of the neck, are the worst.

'MUTTON.

'*Instructions for choosing it.*

'Mutton is best from Christmas to Midsummer.

'When, if in its prime (that is about four years of age), it will feel tender when pinched with the finger and thumb, but if older, it will feel harder and fibrous. The grain of the lean should be a fine deep red, the colour bright, and the fat firm and white. Wether mutton is the best flavoured, and may be known by a prominent lump of fat at the edge of the broadest part. Ewe mutton is paler than wether mutton, is of a finer texture and of less value; ram mutton is strong flavoured, high coloured, and its fat is spungy.

'The mutton of the small Welsh sheep, which are driven up, and fatted on Banstead Heath, and the mutton bred and fed on the South Downs, in Sussex, are the most esteemed in London. At Bath, the short-shanked Dorsetshire, and the Lansdown mutton are most in request; in Yorkshire and the northern counties, the Moor mutton; and in Norfolk and Suffolk the long-shanked is most approved; but the sheep bred in the Fens and deep lands of Lincolnshire, and that neighbourhood, are large, coarse-grained, and ill-flavoured.—Mutton tastes strong of the coat in May and June, or just before shearing.

'LAMB.

'*Instructions for choosing it.*

'Lamb, like veal, is fresh when the eyes are full and bright, and the vein in the neck is of a fine blue colour; but if it be green or yellow, or if there be a faint smell about the kidney, it is stale. The earliest house-lamb, in London, is from the Dorsetshire ewes, which are sold in great numbers at Weyhill-Fair, on the 10th of October, whence they are driven towards London, quite forward, frequently dropping their lambs on the road. This comes in at or before Christmas, and is generally cut into quarters. Grass-lamb comes into season about Easter, and when large and plentiful is cut up in joints, like mutton.

'PORK.

'*Directions for choosing it.*

'The rind of all pork should be thin, and if young and properly fed, the lean will break when pinched, and will be smooth and of a delicate white; the fat will be white and fine, and the joints will look blue; but if the rind be tough and loose, or thick and hard, and the joints look red, it is old. If the flesh be clammy it is stale. The knuckle part taints first. When measles are seen in the fat, the meat is unwholesome, and should not be eaten. A pig is in its prime at two years old.

'BACON.

'The rind of good bacon is always thin, the fat firm and white, or rather inclined to a pink tinge, and the lean is of a bright red, tender and adhering close to the bone. If there be any appearance of yellow, it is rusty. The Wiltshire and Hampshire bacon is best, but the Yorkshire is much esteemed. Irish bacon is, in general, bad; but this article is now so re-manufactured in London, as to resemble, in appearance, the most beautiful Wiltshire bacon.

'*Hams.*—The Westphalia or bear's hams, are the best; but the Westmorland, Wiltshire, and Yorkshire are the most desirable, of the English curing. Choose these latter short in the shank; and to know whether they are good, thrust a picked-pointed knife under the bone, and if it comes out clean and sweet, the ham is good, otherwise it is not.'

'FISH.

'*General Rules for choosing it.*

'(The price of fish depends on the supply; and it will often be found that one kind of fish, equally as good and seasonable as another, may be bought for much less money; therefore never buy at an extravagant price.)

'When fish is fresh, it is firm, bright, and stiff; the gills are of a lively red, hard to open, and smell sweet; and the eyes are full and clear. If stale, the whole fish, and particularly the gills and fins, will always be flabby and limber; the gills will be pale, and the eyes sunk and dull. By these rules alone, good fish may be distinguished from bad; but, besides these, some kinds of fish have other distinguishing peculiarities, which are as follow; viz.—

'Sturgeon.—The grain of the flesh of a fine sturgeon is smooth, and very white, interspersed with blue veins. The skin is soft and tender, and its smell is very pleasant. When the veins and gristles are brown or yellow, instead of blue, or the skin is hard and dry, the fish is not good.

'Caviare.—This is the roe of the female sturgeon. It should be taken out and beaten flat, then sprinkled with salt, and dried, first in the sun and air, and afterwards in an oven, till it becomes very dry, and of a reddish brown colour. Thus prepared, it is a fine relish; it is to be eaten with oil and vinegar.

'Turbot, when good, is thick, firm, and plump; and the nose, and fins all round the belly, tinged with a pink colour; but, if it has lost this beautiful tinge, or if the belly be changed from a yellowish white to a bluish cast, the fish is either stale or poor, or both.

'Soles are to be chosen by these rules, particularly as to the pink tinge round their bellies and under their noses.

'Cod-fish should be thick at the neck, having the gills red, the flesh very white, firm, hard, and clear, and the eyes bright.

'Haddock are to be chosen by these rules. The shortest fish are the best.

'Salmon should be chosen for its small head and thick neck; its scales should be bright, and its gills and flesh of a fine red colour. The Thames and Severn salmon are mostly esteemed.

'Skate, maids, and thornbacks are all of one species; they ought to be white and thick. The two latter should be kept a day, or perhaps two, to make them tender, and skate may be kept longer. The maiden skate, and the young male, or thornback, are the best; but large old skate is generally coarse and rank.

'Flounders, plaice, &c., should be stiff and firm, with bright full eyes. If flabby, these and all other kinds of fish are certainly stale. The Thames flounders are reckoned best, in London, because they may be had alive, or nearly so, and they are always best when dressed as soon as caught.

'Herrings, pilchards, whitings, sprats, &c. —These may be classed together. The largest are the best. Their gills should be of a fine red, their fins stiff, their eyes bright, and their flesh, when best, is bright and firm. As the herrings emigrate, in immense shoals, from the northern regions, they are in the greatest perfection on their first arrival on the coasts of Scotland, the north of Ireland, and the Isle of Man. On the coast of the German Ocean, also, even so far south as Yarmouth, they are taken in great quantities, remarkably fat and fine, and full of spawn; but, before they reach the southern coast of England, they become poor and thin, and are then known by the denomination of shotten herrings.

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'Mackerel look beautifully bright when first caught. These and whitings should be dressed as soon as possible.'

Massenburg. A Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 995. London, 1825. Cadell. Edinburgh; Blackwood.

THE improvements in science, within the last few years, are not greater than in novel-writing; we, of course, do not allude to the productions of a Smollett, a Fielding, or a Goldsmith; but, after their deaths, a dark age in the annals of works of fiction succeeded, which only began to be expelled when the author of Waverley appeared. His example has done more towards improving novel-writing than all the criticism that ever was written on the subject; and the consequence is, that the whole class of tales of fiction are infinitely better than they were a dozen or twenty years ago.

Massenburg, we learn from the preface, is the first production of a young lady, and it is one of which she may justly be proud, for it is a work of considerable merit; it is, indeed, a very classic performance; by this observation, we do not mean as to its morality, though the author speaks truly when she says, 'There is not an expression nor a passage in the whole tale, that the most fastidious parent need object to read to his family.' —we allude to its composition, in which there is no straining at effect—no attempt at caricature or extravagance, the author being content to depict human nature as it really is, and to point out the varied calamities which vice entails on families and individuals. Some of the scenes are of an amusing and others of a grave character, the story possesses considerable interest, and the principal personages are well drawn. We are almost at a loss for a sketch that shall show the author's powers, and are aware that many more striking might be found than the one we subjoin, which has all the simplicity, but, at the same time, all the charms of nature; it is descriptive of a girl returning to the scenes of early life, and is, we think, a pretty domestic sketch:—

'Home has the same effect upon the feelings that the fire has upon invisible ink; its effects are almost magical in drawing out the hidden sensibilities of the heart: approach to a long absent home will sometimes elicit traces of Nature's own beautiful designing, where we have before deemed that all was blank.

'But so much has been said, and said so well, on this subject, that I the more speedily travel over the beaten road: like a village green, not even a humble buttercup or daisy remains for me to cull. I can only say that Eliza's bosom beat high with joy, to be again received to the arms of her uncle and aunt; and their hearts were full of happiness, even to overflowing. "Welcome, my own girl, a thousand times over!" exclaimed Mr. Davenant; "but to come so unexpectedly—I can scarcely believe that my eyes tell me the truth!"

"Nor I neither," rejoined Mrs. Davenant. "I'm all in a flutter, I declare! and yet I am so—so glad!"

"There now, Lizzy, see what you've done. Your aunt is going to faint; why don't you go and assist her?"

"I would, dear uncle, if you would only release me; but you hold me fast here, and wonder all the while why I am not somewhere else."

"Ah! just as saucy as ever, I see. I suppose I shall have a fine life of it between you both. I wonder what brought you to put everything wrong, when we were just learning to live quietly without you. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Oh, uncle, I assure you I've grown very demure!"

"Grown demure, have you? Then let me tell you I'll not have you demure! I don't like you to be demure—I'll have you just as you used to be, and not a whit different! We'll certainly send you back again, if we've any long faces here!"

"How can you talk so, Henry?" said Mrs. Davenant. "Don't you see that the dear child's quite tired, and as white as my cap?"

"Eliza, are you ill?"

"No, dear uncle, only tired; a night's rest will restore me."

"Then to bed—away with you! and I order you to rise in the morning well and blooming, no their demure nor pale. Drink your whey, sleep soundly, and dream pleasantly; and so good night my love—good night!"

Eliza retired to her own room—the room she had always called her own. She would almost have fancied she had occupied it the night before, and that the last few months had been her dream, so studiously had each trifle been preserved in the same order in which she had left it. A copy of Burns lay on the table; she remembered it was the last book she had read in before her departure; and, as her eye wandered round the room, she felt that not an article had been removed, nor had exchanged its place: this was one of those silent marks of affection which Eliza's heart could well understand and appreciate.

After Mrs. Davenant had seen everything around Eliza settled to her satisfaction, had closed the curtains, and shut the door, she returned to her husband.

"Henry, do you think she's altered?"

"Not a whit in the inside, but to be sure a great deal on the outside."

"Aye, so I think: why, look here"—and the good aunt took up Eliza's hat; "only look here; here's no less than—let me see how many feathers—three—five—seven—I declare! seven feathers!—why, she never wore a feather in her life all the while she lived with us!"

"Well, what of that? Eliza's no reason to hide her face. Many a one would be glad of such a face to show."

"I know it—I know it; but I think still that her poke straw bonnet was more becoming—not that I think she shows her face off very much neither, for here's her veil, and a beauty it is—cost a pretty penny, I'll be bound! And her shawl, gracious me, what a size!—and an Indian one too! What a beauty!"

As she spoke, she wrapped the rich shawl carefully up.

'Mrs. Davenant was a great admirer of fine shawls; and she felt herself highly gratified on the ensuing morning, when Eliza descended from her room, bearing over her arm one much more costly than that which her aunt had admired, and, throwing its rich folds over Mrs. Davenant's shoulders, said—

"Let me, my dear aunt, have the pleasure of seeing you wear it; and pray do not lay it by in lavender. Let it see as much daylight as possible; and do not keep it a constant prisoner under lock and key."

"There's my girl Lizzy," said Mr. Davenant; "that's something like yourself; and I protest you have done as I bade you, and look quite well and blooming."

"Happiness does so improve one's looks, dear uncle, you know; and I am so happy, seated in my old place here on the sofa-corner; and after breakfast I must go and look at the garden, and see how everything gets on."

'How sweet—how very sweet are the enjoyments of domestic life! When affection links a family together, and all contribute to the commonwealth of comfort, the taste that cannot enter into a participation of its pleasures must indeed be vitiated.

'Eliza's heart beat with pleasure, and her eyes swam with joy, as she found herself once more in the renewed possession of her early enjoyment. She visited her old walks, remarked the growth of her favourite trees, and thought her flowers smelled sweeter than they had done.

'Eliza's spirits seemed to rise up the more buoyantly for their late depression; they had been bent, not broken down; the gloom that had been cast over them had passed away, and all appeared bright and joyous. This happy elasticity of mind, which seems to belong exclusively to unbroken youth, animated Eliza even into gaiety.

'Mr. Laurence welcomed her back with a pleasure that almost went beyond his usual quiet habits. After a moment of pleased surprise, he said, "I welcome you back to your home, my dear Eliza. Is not this your home?—and I hope the heart is as little changed as the countenance."

"It is as it used to be," said Eliza, "the same in its affections; or rather," added she, "I think they have grown, like the branches of that acacia, which I myself planted a little twig, and which is now, like Hope, waving its 'yellow hair.' I think everybody and everything seem dearer, kinder, and better."

"And you had really no reluctance to leave London and its gaieties, and to return to quiet Cottingwith?"

"Really—really none! It seems to me the loveliest spot on the globe."

"May it always do so!"

"It always will: however luxuriant and beautiful other scenes may appear, they never can be the home of my youth. This little branch of sweetbriar is sweeter to me than all 'the spicy gales of Araby!'"

"I am glad to see you thus cheerful."

"Oh, I feel as if I could never be miserable here—as if the thing was impossible!

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Home seems to me the very throne of happiness. The very air breathes happiness.

"'Eliza,' said Mr. Laurence, 'do not mislead yourself; you mistake simplicity, ease, and cheerfulness, for happiness: they are only effects, proceeding from a young and innocent mind: and oh, may it always preserve this innocence, and pass through the severe trials of this world uncontaminated! Then mayest thou, my dear child, look forward to real and eternal happiness, which is not of earth, but of heaven, where I hope thou wilt enjoy it, through the mediation of our Redeemer.'"

The History of the French Revolution. From the French of A. Thiers and F. Bodin.

(Continued from p. 516.)

Resuming our narrative of the French revolution, the progress and events of which are so admirably described in these volumes, we find the National Assembly, which had just constituted its sittings permanent, decreeing the inviolability of each member, and declaring any one who should offer violence to their persons, a traitor, infamous, and guilty of a capital crime. The majority of the clergy joined the assembly a few days afterwards, as did forty-seven of the nobility; the remainder of the latter, however, continued to meet as a separate order. While the assembly was discussing questions relating to a reform of the laws and the making a constitution, as there was no public paper to inform the people of the events that passed, they met in knots to discuss them. The garden of the Palais Royal was the place of the most numerous assemblages, and men supposed to be devoted to the Duke of Orleans were generally the most violent. The dismissal of Necker was, however, the signal for something more than words:—

'The multitude assembled at the "Palais Royal." A young man, Camile Desmoulins, since known for his demagogue exaltation, but endowed nevertheless with a susceptible and enthusiastic mind, mounted on a table, displayed his pistols, and crying "to arms," plucked the leaf of a tree, and stuck it in his hat. The whole multitude imitated his example. The trees were immediately despoiled, and the populace assembled in a museum of wax busts. They carried away those of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, menaced, as they said, with exile; and then spread through all the quarries of Paris. In traversing the Rue Saint Honoré, they were met by a detachment of the royal German regiment; a conflict ensued, several persons were wounded, and, among others, a soldier of the French guards. These guards were as favourably disposed towards the people as they were hostile to the royal German regiment, with whom they had an old quarrel.'

This was the 12th of July, and two days afterwards the Bastile was attacked, and carried; the governor, Delauney, would have blown up the place, had not the garrison, consisting only of thirty-two Swiss and eighty-two invalids, opposed him, and obliged him to surrender:—

'The signals were made, and the bridge lowered; the besiegers approached, promising to do no injury, but the crowd rushed on, and invaded the courts. The Swiss contrived to save themselves. The invalids were assailed, and only snatched from the fury of the people by the humanity of the French guards. At this moment, a young, beautiful, and terrified girl came forward: supposing her to be the daughter of Delauney, the crowd seized her, and were on the point of burning her, when a brave soldier rushed in, snatched her away from the infuriated populace, carried her to a place of safety, and returned to the engagement.

'It was now half-past five o'clock. The electors, still assembled, were suffering under the most cruel anxiety. On a sudden a prolonged and deafening murmur succeeded to the tumult of the night, and immediately after the crowd rushed in, shouting "Victory!" Having entered the hall, a French guard, covered with wounds, and crowned with laurels, was carried in in triumph by the people; the regulations and keys of the Bastile were on the point of a bayonet; and a bloody hand, raised above the crowd, showed a curl of hair, taken from the head of the governor, who had just been beheaded. Two French guards, Elie and Hullin, had defended him to the last extremity. Other victims had fallen, although defended with heroism against the ferocity of the multitude.'

The National Assembly now resolved to send another deputation to the king to urge him to heal the differences that existed; when Louis XVI., who had resolved on meeting the assembly, entered, accompanied by his two brothers:—

'His simple and touching discourse excited the most lively enthusiasm. He re-assured the assembly of his good will, which, for the first time, he called "the national assembly," and complained gently of the mistrust they had conceived. "You *trusted* me," said he; "well! it is I who *trust* in you." These words excited the most ardent applause. The deputies immediately rose up, surrounded the monarch, and conducted him on foot to the château. The crowd pressed around him; tears ran from all eyes, and he could scarcely open a passage through this numerous retinue. The queen, seated with the court in a balcony, contemplated at a distance this touching scene. Her son was in her arms, and her daughter, standing by the side of her, played innocently with the ringlets of her brother's head. The princess, powerfully affected, seemed delighted by this expression of love from the people. Alas, how many times during the fatal discords of the Revolution, has a reciprocal burst of feeling reconciled all hearts! How often for a moment has all enmities seemed forgotten; but how immediately has the court returned to its pride, the people to their mistrust, and implacable hatred resumed its empire in all hearts!'

The first emigrants from France were the present king, then Count d'Artois, and the Polignac family. Lafayette, who is much and justly eulogized by our author, was appointed to command the troops in Paris, and formed the National Guard out of the militia. 'They were dressed in uniform, and added to the two colours (red and blue) of the Parisian cockade, that of white, which was the colour of the king. This is that tri-coloured cockade, whose destiny Lafayette predicted, prophesying that it would make the tour of the world.'

The outrages of the rabble were not always capricious, but often directed against particular individuals:—

'This was manifestly the case in the catastrophe of Foulon and Berthier. These unhappy men were pursued and arrested far from Paris, with an evidently pre-determined plan; and there was nothing spontaneous in the whole tragedy which followed, but the fury of the multitude who murdered them. Foulon was an old servant of the king's; but he was of a cruel and avaricious disposition, had certainly committed the most detestable extortions while in power, and had been pointed out as a successor to Necker and his colleagues. He was arrested at Viry, although he had spread the report of his own death, to elude his pursuers; and was conducted to Paris, where the people reproached him with having said that they ought to be made to eat hay. They tied nettles round his neck, put a bouquet of thistles in his hand, and a bottle of hay behind his back; and in this state he was drawn to the Hotel de Ville. At the same time, Berthier de Sauvigny, his son-in-law, was arrested at Compiegne, by the pretended orders of the commune of Paris. At the very moment when Foulon was at the Hotel de Ville, exposed to the rage of an infuriated mob, his unhappy relative was on the point of entering Paris. The representations of Lafayette calmed the fury of the rabble for a moment, and they consented that their victim should be tried; but they insisted on sentence being passed instantly, that they might speedily enjoy its execution. Several electors had been chosen as judges, but had, under divers pretexts, refused this terrible office. At last Bailly and Lafayette were fixed upon, and reduced to the cruel extremity, either of exasperating the rage of the people against themselves, or sacrificing a victim. Nevertheless, Lafayette temporized, with much firmness and address, and appealed to the people several times with success. The unhappy Foulon, placed on a seat by his side, had the imprudence to applaud his last words. "See," said one of the spectators, "they are in agreement!" This idea immediately fired the mob, who would not longer listen to his remonstrances. They rushed in upon their victim, and carried him off. Lafayette made incredible efforts to extricate him from the assassins, but in vain. The unfortunate old man was hung up to a lantern, and his head cut off, fixed on the point of a pike, and carried about Paris.

'At this moment Berthier arrived in a cabriolet, conducted by the guards, and pursued by the multitude. The bloody head of his father-in-law, which he did not recognise, was thrust into his carriage. He was conducted to the Hotel de Ville, and, far from being daunted, manifested the greatest intrepidity and indignation. He defended himself from the fury of the mob with great skill and courage, but was finally overpowered by

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numbers, and in a short time fell, covered with many wounds.'

From Paris the infection of revolt spread to the cities, and

'The inhabitants of the cities having shaken off their chains, those of the country wished also to follow their example. They refused to pay feudal rights, persecuted those lords who had oppressed them, set fire to their châteaux, burnt their titles of property, and exercised in some places the most atrocious vengeance. A melancholy accident contributed more than anything else to produce this universal commotion. The landlord of Mesmai, Lord of Quincey, gave a fête round his château. All the country people were assembled there, and when giving loose to joy and merriment, a barrel of powder took fire, and suddenly blew up, with a tremendous explosion. This accident, which was known afterwards to have been occasioned by imprudence, and not intentionally, was laid to the charge of the landlord of Mesmai. The report was quickly propagated, and provoked on every side the ferocity of the peasants, hardened by a miserable life, and rendered cruel by their long-sufferings.'

The National Assembly now drew up the celebrated declaration of rights, and the king travelled from Versailles to Paris, assisted at fêtes and Te Deums as the people or the assembly wished. The 14th of July, 1791, arrived, and was fixed for a general confederation of all France, to be effected by deputies from all the National Guards and all the corps of the army. They met in the Champs de Mars:—

'The king and the president were seated by the side of each other on seats of equal height, inlaid with golden lilies. A balcony raised behind the king contained the queen and the court. The ministers were seated at some distance from the king, and the deputies on each side. Four hundred thousand spectators occupied the amphitheatres around; sixty thousand armed confederates went through their movements in the intervening plain; and in the centre rose the magnificent altar of the country on a base of twenty-five feet. Three hundred priests clothed in white garments, and tri-coloured scarfs, occupied the paths to it, and were appointed to offer up the sacrifice.

'The arrival of the confederates lasted three hours. During this time the sky was black and lowering, and the rain fell in torrents. The heavens, whose brightness is so accordant with human felicity, were destitute of serenity and light. One of the battalions, after their arrival, laid down their arms, and struck up a dance; all the others immediately imitated them, and in a moment the plain was covered with sixty thousand men, soldiers and citizens, whose gaiety formed a striking contrast to the storminess of the weather. Finally, the ceremony commenced; the weather, by a happy chance, cleared up, and the sun shone propitiously on this solemn scene. The Bishop of Autun commenced the mass; the choirs accompanied the voice of the pontiff; and the cannon mingled its roar with these sacred sounds. The sacrifice being finished, Lafayette dismounted from his horse, ascended the path to the throne, and went to receive orders from the king, who handed him the form of the oath. Lafayette carried it to the altar, and instantly every banner was unfurled, and every sabre flashed in the air. The general, the army, the president, and the deputies, all cried out at once, "I swear it!" The king, standing up, said, "I, King of France, swear to employ the power which the constitutional act of the state has conferred upon me, to maintain the constitution framed by the National Assembly, and accepted of by me." The queen, now inspired by the general enthusiasm, took in her arms the august infant, heir to the throne, and from the top of the balcony, where she was seated, showed him to the assembled nation. This action excited the most extraordinary exclamations of joy, love, and enthusiasm, both towards the mother and the child, and captivated all hearts.'

In order to give variety to our notice of this work, we again break off our narrative, to select a description of some of the most striking scenes of this important event. On one occasion, a mob of eight thousand citizens had collected in front of the assembly, and broke into the chamber:—

'The president having promised the vigilance of the representatives of the people, and recommended to them obedience to the laws, they then permission to pass before the assembly. The doors were then opened, and the concourse, which swelled in a moment to thirty thousand persons at least, traversed the chamber. It is easy to imagine the manner in which the grotesque fantasies of the people displayed themselves on this occasion. Large tablets, on which were inscribed the declaration of rights, preceded their march. Around them danced women and children, carrying in their hands an olive-branch and a pike, peace or war, as the choice of the enemy, and chaunting the famous air of *ça ira* as they advanced. Then followed the market-people and labourers of all classes with pikes, old muskets, sabres, and clubs tipped with pointed iron. At the head of this band marched Santerre and the Marquis of St. Hurugues, brandishing naked swords over their heads. Some battalions of the National Guard, who took part in this procession for the purpose of preserving peace, then came forward in good order. Another band of women, and another of men in arms succeeded them. Flags, on which were inscribed, "The constitution or death!" waved in the air. Ragged breeches were elevated on poles to the simultaneous shout of *Vivent les sans culottes!* Finally, an emblem of atrocity was added to those of absurdity. On the top of a pike was stuck the heart of a calf, under which was written *Cœur d'aristocrate.* Cries of grief and indignation burst from the assembly at sight of this frightful emblem, and it immediately disappeared, but only to reappear instantly at the gates of the Tuileries. The applauses of the galleries, the shouts of the people, the civic songs, the deafening murmurs that filled the air, and the anxious silence of the assembly, formed altogether a strange and distressing scene even to the deputies, who looked upon the multitude as their auxiliaries. Alas! that reason should be an important helmsman in revolutions, that those who called to their aid the disciplined barbarians of the north, should have compelled their adversaries to have recourse to another species of barbarians, who, mingling gaiety with ferocity, wallowed in the sinks of cities, and remained stagnant in corruption during the most enlightened era of civilization.

'This scene lasted three hours. At last Santerre re-appeared again, to return the thanks of the people to the assembly, and present them with a flag in testimony of their gratitude.'

From the assembly the rabble proceeded to the Tuileries, where the king was compelled to submit to many indignities; and was even called on to put the red bonnet on his head, which he did. Pétion at length arrived, and approached the monarch, 'Fear nothing,' said he, 'you are in the midst of the people.' Louis, in reply, took the hand of a grenadier, and placed it on his heart. 'See,' said he, 'if it beats faster than usual.' This noble answer was highly applauded, and well it might:—

'Finally, the 14th of July, 1792, arrived; and what a contrast did it present to that of 1790! No magnificent altar, at which three hundred priests officiated; no spectacle of sixty thousand national guards, richly accoutred and regularly drawn up in regiments; no throngs of people in the buoyant spirit of joy and hope: no balcony occupied by the ministers, the royal family, and the assembly, gave on this occasion, an appearance of triumph and exultation to the scene! All was changed! The recent reconciliation had only embittered the hatred of both parties; and the very emblems of this solemnity announced the approach of a sanguinary contest. Eighty-three tents represented the eighty-three departments. These were pitched by side of poplar trees, on the top of each of which streamed the tri-coloured flag. A large tent was reserved for the king and the assembly, and another for the administrative bodies of Paris. Thus all France appeared to be encamped in presence of the enemy. A mutilated column, raised on some steps which had remained since the first ceremony, served for the altar of the country. On one side was erected a monument in commemoration of those who had fallen, or might fall in the service of their country on the frontiers; on the other stood a tree, called the tree of feudality. It arose from the midst of vast piles of wood, and on its branches were suspended crowns; blue ribbons, diadems, cardinals' hats, keys of St. Peter, cloaks of ermine, doctors' caps, lawyers' bags, titles of nobility, escutcheons, arms, and various other emblems of a degraded aristocracy, to all which the king was to be invited to set fire.'

The king took the oath of fidelity, but excused himself from setting fire to the tree of feudality, by observing, that feudality no longer existed. The Swiss guards had, from the commencement of the Revolution, been very obnoxious to the people, and the mob at length proceeded to attack them at the Tuileries, forcing their way into the apartments

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'It is positively asserted that a small detachment which remained outside, armed with pikes, seized upon the Swiss sentries, and put them all to death; it was also affirmed that some shots were fired in at the windows upon the Swiss in the apartments, who immediately retaliated it with a heavy fire of musketry, which so terrified the assailants on the staircase, that they fled precipitately, exclaiming, they were betrayed. It is difficult to decide from which side the first shots proceeded The assailants declared that their intentions were amicable, but that they were suddenly attacked when they had advanced too far to extricate themselves, and in that situation slaughtered by the Swiss. This account is improbable; first, because the Swiss had no reason to feel a desire of revenge against the insurgents; and secondly, because the king's life being saved, it was natural that they should rather endeavour to protect than hazard their own. But even allowing that upon the act of aggression the guilt of all that ensued rests, it must be admitted that the insurgent party were from the commencement the aggressors. All that followed, after the palace was once attacked, was inevitable, and the effect of accident. But to return to our narrative: the detachment of the mob who first ventured over the threshold and ascended the great staircase, being terrified at the report of the fire of the assailants without, and the volley it provoked from the Swiss within, betook themselves to flight, and in their retreat received a shower of shot in their rear. The Swiss descended in regular procession, and advanced into the court. They then seized upon the piece of cannon that was lying there, and, although under a heavy fire, pointed it against the Marseillians, who immediately fell in great numbers. These intrepid recruits, not dismayed by this slaughter, rallied in a more compact body, but not being able to sustain or repel the reiterated and well-directed discharges of the Swiss, they were at last driven from the court. The news of this defeat quickly spread among the people, who, as easily dejected as elated, immediately dispersed, and regained the faubourgs. Had the Swiss followed up this partial victory, and the gendarmes not deserted their post at the Louvre, a charge upon the repulsed besiegers would have decided the contest in favour of the palace. But at this moment, M. de Kerrily produced an order from the king, forbidding the troops on any account to fire. He also commanded the Swiss, in the name of the king, to follow him to the assembly. They obeyed; and the palace was thus deprived of the greatest part of its defenders. There still, however, remained on the staircase and in the apartments a considerable number of that devoted band, whom the king's order had not reached, and who were shortly exposed, without any means of resistance, to the most appalling danger.

'During this interval the besiegers had time to rally. The Marseillians and Bretons, ashamed of having given way, resumed their courage, and returned to the charge with redoubled fury. Westermann, who afterwards discovered great talents, commanded them. They fell in great numbers before reaching the door of the palace, but having finally reached it, and got possession of the staircase, they became undisputed masters of the palace, and a merciless massacre commenced. The unfortunate Swiss, throwing down their arms, implored in vain for quarter. The palace was immediately set on fire, and the gentlemen who remained in it were hunted from their places of concealment; some fled, but most were slaughtered. Among the victors a few showed some feelings of generous humanity. "Spare the women — do not dishonour the nation!" cried one of these; and some ladies of the queen, begging for mercy on their knees, with drawn swords suspended over their heads, were saved. Some of the victims also displayed extraordinary presence of mind, and succeeded, by their ready ingenuity, in many instances, in rescuing their lives. But the honesty of the lowest class of the assailants was most extraordinary; the gold found in the apartments was delivered up to the assembly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY.

MEMORY is, in its nature, so different from every other faculty of the human mind, that it is easily distinguished from all the other principles of our constitution. From this circumstance, together with its obvious subserviency to the affairs of common life, as well as to the more retired pursuits of science and literature, memory has not only long attracted the attention of philosophers and rhetoricians, but has always been more or less interesting to the individuals of every class of society; and hence many important facts respecting it were collected, and many of its most curious laws were discovered, at a very early period.

This faculty being, therefore, so well known, to give here a precise definition of it appears to be unnecessary. It may, however, be said to be *that faculty which enables us to retain and to recall, as occasion demands, the knowledge which we acquire by means of our other powers.* These latter faculties give us a knowledge only of things which exist at present: without memory, that knowledge would vanish with the objects from which it is drawn, or when we ceased to contemplate them; and the present moment would appear to us the first of our existence. Moreover, this faculty is not only the instrument by which we treasure up the knowledge acquired by our other powers, but is itself *a source of original ideas.* It furnishes us with the ideas of time, or duration, and all the modifications of which it is susceptible. Our idea of motion, or a successive change of place, depends on a previous notion of time, or duration.

The idea of duration necessarily accompanies the remembrance of a thing as past and formerly known to us. A different opinion was entertained on this subject by Mr. Locke, who maintained that our idea of duration is derived from a contemplation of the interval, or distance, between two ideas which we have acquired successively. No arguments, however, are required to show that memory is necessary to perceive the different parts of such a *succession.* Reflection on the interval between two ideas, which we have acquired *successively,* necessarily pre-supposes the exercise of a faculty which informs us that we acquired the one idea before we acquired the other; and this faculty is memory.

As the notion of a limited space, which accompanies our perception of external objects, leads us to the admission of a space which has no boundaries, so the notion of a finite duration, which we acquire from memory, leads us to the belief of a duration which is infinite. The one rises, in our imagination, to eternity; the other, to immensity.

Before we proceed to offer any remarks on the means by which the memory may be improved, it will be necessary to take under consideration a prejudice which has long prevailed among philosophers—that a great memory is incompatible with a clear and penetrating judgment. This prejudice seems to have arisen from a variety of causes. Philosophers, observing that extraordinary powers of remembrance are sometimes accompanied by a defective understanding, have thence rashly inferred that a great memory is incompatible with a sound judgment. But, should we even suppose—what is contrary to experience—that all those who have weak understandings have great memories, we could not warrantably conclude that the converse of the proposition is true, so long as no necessary connection could be shown between weakness of intellect and strength of memory. For, though extraordinary perfection of this faculty may, and sometimes does, accompany a defective understanding, yet it by no means follows that a bad memory is essential to acuteness of parts. Cyrus, Themistocles, Cæsar, Cicero, Seneca, Wallis, Euler, were men who possessed memories of the very first order—of whose intellectual abilities, their own achievements, as contemplated either in the annals of fame, or in the monuments left behind them for our admiration, are the best eulogium.

Another cause which may be assigned for this prejudice, is, a belief that he who is endowed with great abilities, will place too much dependence on the force of his own genius, to submit, in early life, like individuals of ordinary intellect, to the painful task of exercising his memory, and storing his mind with a multiplicity of facts, or an extensive fund of information. It is also thought that the latter method of acquiring knowledge, will not be followed by such an individual, from an apprehension that it would deprive him, in some degree, of the praise of originality,—which is but too apt to be overvalued. It cannot be denied that this affectation prevails, to a certain extent, among men of genius; for they would generally have us believe, that their knowledge is derived, not from the information of other men, and retained by means of extraordinary memory, but from their own sagacity and penetration, or the resources of their own minds;—a circumstance by which the prejudice in question has been greatly strengthened.

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Another source of the prevalence of this opinion, is, that men of original genius are seldom found to remember the ordinary and trivial occurrences of life; and that they are often destitute of information on some of the most common topics of conversation. But these peculiarities of men of genius are to be ascribed, not to want of memory,—for they generally possess this faculty in great perfection,—but to habits which they contract in early life, and which gradually gain additional force, until at last the intellectual character is completely formed. They generally associate their ideas in trains peculiar to themselves, and widely different from those of the generality of mankind. Into their chains of association, trivial occurrences cannot enter; although they may find a place in those of an ordinary mind. From this circumstance, they are soon forgotten; and, not being connected with any predominent principle of association, they cannot be recalled.

Original minds,—or at least those which generally get that appellation,—are, for the most part, bent, with peculiar force, on some particular object of pursuit. What at first was simply an inclination, gradually becomes a habit. By degrees, almost imperceptible, the mind is thus drawn off from the ordinary affairs of life, till at last the individual is rendered incapable of attending to subjects which have no relation to that which is the object of his pursuit; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered, that they are seldom remembered; and that, when forgotten, there is but little chance of their being recollected.

But does all this prove, that such individuals have less capacious or less retentive memories, than other men? Indeed, the contrary appears to be true. Experience uniformly evinces that their minds are capable of retaining a far greater variety and extent of knowledge than those of the generality of mankind; and to that variety and extent (how much soever the truth may be disguised by themselves or others), the variety and number of the sources from which it is drawn, must always be commensurate. We now proceed to offer a few brief remarks on the most obvious means of improving this important faculty.

The improvement of which the memory is susceptible from exercise, is perhaps greater than that of any other faculty; and its *degree* and *kind* are capable of being accurately and specifically marked. He who endeavours to remember *words*, will have but a faint recollection of *things*; he who has been conversant only with trifles, will not long remember matters of importance; he who, by long practice, has acquired a talent for remembering dates, anecdotes, aphorisms, or isolated facts, will with difficulty retain in his mind a long process of reasoning; and he who has rendered his memory tenacious of abstract truths and philosophical speculations, will be apt to forget the trivial occurrences of life and the ordinary details of business. It must, therefore, be of great importance to give a proper direction to our thoughts at an early period of life; in order that our habits may have a tendency to store the memory with what is valuable, rather than to load it with what is frivolous.

The *first* requisite for the improvement of the memory is, *a vigorous attention to the objects which we wish to remember*. For this purpose, it is necessary that habits of attention be cultivated, not only in reading and in conversation, but also in our daily business, and even in our amusements. 'The true art of memory,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is the art of attention.' Without practising this art, we read and hear to no purpose. The inattentive reader loses his labour, while he wastes his time; and the man who is absent in company, is neither amused nor instructed. He can never be an agreeable companion. His virtues may command respect, and his peculiarities may be tolerated; but he cannot engage affection.—Though some actions may be performed, and some amusements may be relished, without attention; yet it ought to be remembered that the strongest habit was once weak, and that he who is now *occasionally* inattentive to *trifles*, is in danger of becoming, hereafter, *habitually* inattentive to *matters of importance*.

Attention seems to aid the memory by contributing to the vivacity of the original perception, and strengthening the chain of association. When our remembrance of anything is said to be facilitated by attention, it is not meant that the memory derives this facility from the operation of *a separate faculty of attention*; but from the vigorous exertion of that particular faculty of which the thing to be remembered is an object; or from which the perception was originally derived; whether it be consciousness, sensation, perception, conception, abstraction, or any other.—If, therefore, the memory be improved by attention,—and that it is so has long been a matter of familiar observation, and is a fact now well authenticated to admit of dispute,—its improvement must be intimately connected with the cultivation of the intellectual powers in general. Habits of strict attention are essential to the acquisition of a great memory;—or, in other words, he who is learning to remember, must, at the same time, learn to think closely, to perceive distinctly, to conceive clearly, to judge correctly, and to exercise his powers of association with vigour.

The *second* requisite for the improvement of this faculty is, *that we resolve often whatever we wish to remember long*. In the course of our reading, we ought to cultivate habits, not only of *attention*, but of *reflection*. While we peruse the work of a good author, we ought occasionally to reflect on the object which he has in view, and the means which he employs for the attainment of that end; on his general plan, principles, and method of illustration; on his success or failure upon the whole, as well as in particular parts; on the beauties and defects of his style, and on the general merit and tendency of his work. By attentively reflecting in this manner on what we read in books, or hear in conversation, we are enabled to select important from unimportant ideas, and, when selected, to arrange them into distinct classes, to establish a connection between them and our former acquisitions, by means of associations, and to make them pass, from time to time, in review before us, in order to render our remembrance of them at once distinct and permanent. To the recluse student, and others who have a tardy recollection, and whose situations do not afford opportunities of applying their knowledge, it will be of great importance to exercise themselves frequently in reflection on their acquisitions. Occasional recapitulations of what they have learned, with meditation, at times, on what has passed within the sphere of their observation, will insure to them that readiness of memory which alone can give them a practical command of their knowledge, and will relieve them from, and enable them to avoid, that want of presence of mind for which even learning itself is but seldom regarded as a compensation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STREET-PREACHING IN NEW YORK.

BY MR. NOAH.

By an accident on Sunday morning last, I fell in with the somewhat celebrated John Edwards. He was holding forth to a miscellaneous collection of people in a vacant lot in one of the upper wards, having been driven from his usual places of delivery by the ordinance of the corporation against street preaching. The practice of itinerant enthusiasts and self-inspired teachers, in ranting or declaiming to multitudes in the markets, park, &c. had occasionally produced such tumultuous scenes, that the common council had been induced to provide for the public peace, by prohibiting these irregular, and frequently irreverend gatherings. On one of these occasions, John had furnished a bench, by way of rostrum or station in the park, to address the multitude from. Deborah Ripley, another equally zealous saint-errant, being a little earlier in her devotions than John, had occupied his forum a few minutes before him. John, who is an inveterate enemy to all arrogant assumptions whether in church or in state, and sworn enemy to princes and prelates, had too little of chivalry of the old school to brook this usurpation, even in a female, and quite unceremoniously 'thrust her from his stool,' took possession of his forestalled right, and with more violence than courtesy, maintained his ground 'Here I take my stand,' said John, 'and no earthly power shall drive me from it.' But John counted without his host. Deborah had friends as well as himself; and as these two champions of reason and right, of liberty and equality, like too many other sectarian controvertists, spent more of their time and breath in pulling down one another from the bench, than in pulling down priestcraft and aristocracy, their common enemies, they contributed almost continually to the diversion of our mirth-loving crew,—who throng the doors of theatres for checks, and act as supernumeraries in Robin Roughhead's village ramble —who turn out as voluntary escorts to Bridewell processions, and *Pluck* militia parades, and set the town in alarm by crying fire for their amusement—who, in short, are so full of Tom and Jerryism, that they kick up

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row for the mere fun of it, whether the occasion be the public execution of a criminal, or the out-pourings of a self-created apostle. It became necessary for the corporation to settle the point of precedence between the two great reformists, and prevent all similar contentions in public thereafter, by driving them both from the park together, by the arm of civil power, and exclude any meetings of the kind from all public places whatsoever. Holdings forth of this kind are, consequently, confined to private premises now, and the first convenient stone-heap, wood-pile, cart, or other accommodation, on a vacant lot, serves for a pulpit to those self-styled, and (as they boast) *self-paid* expounders of the law and the testimony.

Of John Edwards, however, the history is good, if we except his notions in politics, religion, &c., of which opinions are various and contradictory. Johnny is from England—a full-blooded John Bull, a democrat of the first water, a quaker in manners and profession, and by trade and occupation the most honest, industrious, and capable maker of *scale-beams* in America. Johnny declares that his life is regulated by the 'even-handed justice' of one of his own beams; and, in the main, excepting as before excepted in regard to his opinions, we are inclined to credit his declaration. It is Johnny who denominates public executions legal murders, and is always found with petitions and remonstrances against the shedding of blood by any human authority. It was Johnny who made a pilgrimage to Washington, and procured from the president the pardon of a Spanish pirate, who was lately said to have returned to his old trade in Cuba, but is, nevertheless, quietly driving Johnny's cart about the streets, delivering the standards of justice, or honestly blowing and striking at the forge in Johnny's manufactory.

John's principal theme of declamation is the pride, the vain-glory, the idleness, the ambition, and the worldly-mindedness of educated, titled, and salaried preachers, for whom his gentlest term of reproach is—hireling priest, but whose worst appellation—and truth must admit that, for want of softer and synonymous phrases, such is the scantiness of Johnny's bibliothecal lore, he is by no means parsimonious in its application, is simply that of 'thieves and robbers.'

Happening to pass Johnny's lecture-ground this morning, I paused a moment, to hear if he had anything new to offer, and found him beating over the same old track, or rather hammering at the same old iron he has had on the anvil for many years. The favoured and special objects of this morning's phillippic were the missionaries and evangelizing societies, who, he said, would encompass sea and land to make one proselyte.

But, said he, as charity begins at home, why don't these gentlemen, if they wish to make converts and reform mankind, undertake the business nearer at home, and pluck brands from the burning all around them? Why did they not establish missions among the heathen and the worst of heathen in our own city and under our own noses? Were there not ignorance and misery enough in the Bancker Streets, the Henry Streets, and the Hook, to employ the labours of good men to find out and heal and remove? Why did not they go to those haunts of vice and immorality and wretchedness, and teach and bring the unlearned to knowledge, the proud to humanity, the drunkard to sobriety, the idle to industry, and the wicked to morality and godliness? Could they not find work enough at home, where their success would be seen and felt and known, instead of going thousands of miles in the wilderness, where nobody would know whether they ever did any good or not.

Are there not some of you here, cried he (and I thought the question quite pertinent by the looks of some around him), in need of instruction, advice, and reformation? How many Jews have been converted by the two hundred and fifty societies in this country? What do they convert, but money in their pockets? How many proselytes have they made? Not one, said he; but how many children of ignorance, depravity, and vice, in almost every street in our Christian city, might be made good members of society by the hundredth part of the time and money spent to convert the Jews, the Indians, the innocent savages of the South Seas, and the heathen of the East Indies? Let every one mend one, said the old man, and there will be no need of missionaries—every man should be a missionary to himself or his neighbour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Nay, bid me not attune
My lyre to songs of gladness,
My mournful spirit can commune
Only with themes of sadness.
How can I raise my voice
In light and joyous measure,
And bid my wounded soul rejoice
With mockery of pleasure?
Say that my strain is sad,
Of love and sorrow breathing—
Where is the heart with rapture glad,
Round which the worm is wreathing?
The blossoms of my heart
Are torn away and scatter'd;
And can the young buds bloom apart,
Although the tree be shatter'd?
Thine was the early hand
Which pluck'd them in their blooming;
And left behind a burning brand,
The root and stem consuming;
Still in that hand they lie,
From thee they will not sever;
And thou canst make them bloom or die,
For ever—and *for ever!*

London, Aug., 1825. M. G. LEWIS.

OLDFIELD'S DAIRY.

'In the milky way.'

Sons of Cockayne's historic soil,
Daughters of Beauty's sphere,
Ere you begin diurnal toil,
Rise, and enjoy the year:
Climb the hill's slope in mornings airy,
And take a draught at Oldfield's Dairy.

Why hug your pillows till the chimes
Run round the parish tower?
In early rising classed with crimes
Which happiness devour?
Up, up, descend your flights so stairy,
The sun shines over Oldfield's Dairy.

Milk, without water, from the cow,
Install'd without a gaiter,
Served by a deaf old woman now,—
Sometimes a damsel smarter;
A shed with seats,—while Paddy Carey
Wheels without wheels round Oldfield's Dairy.

Archers, not clad in Lincoln green,
Fire arrows, but to—fall;
Crickets here, are nimbly seen
Attentive to the ball;
Circles they draw like fay and fairy,
And cheer the haunt of Oldfield's Dairy.

Come forth, while Morning blushes through
Nature's sweet cheeks of smiles;
Come, while the season's charms are new,
And sums form shady isles;
Come in the evening's languor weary,
And be refreshed at Oldfield's Dairy.

A morning walk, an evening trip,
May change the scene of care;
Lighten the heart, instruct the lip,
And sweeten mortals' fare:—
O, why of pleasures be so chary?
Seek them, and visit Oldfield's Dairy. J. R. P.

FINE ARTS.

Martin's Illustrations of Milton's Paradise Lost. Part IV. Prowett.

The Fourth Part of this splendid work is just published. The subjects of the two engravings, which, as our readers are aware, are not only designed but engraved by Mr. Martin,—are Satan on his Throne, and Eve at the Fountain. In the first Mr. Martin has finely embodied the description of the poet, and it really does appear

'A throne of royal state,
Which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

The figure of Satan is finely drawn, and great pains is taken with the detail in the minor objects by which he is surrounded. There is a fearful grandeur about this engraving, which is well contrasted with the other print, Eve at the Fountain. Here nature luxuriates in all her pride, and nothing can be more enchanting. Mr. Martin possesses great skill in the management of light; and the reflection of the figure of Eve on the water, as she shrinks from it, is very good; the mother of the human race is finely drawn, and the whole is a beautiful picture; indeed one of the very best in this charming work.

THE LATE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH GALLERY.

The exhibition in the rooms of the British Institution closed on Saturday, the 13th inst, and we cannot bid it adieu without thanking the honourable directors for the high treat they have afforded us, and giving it as our decided opinion, that this has been the most attractive of all the various exhibitions with which they have favoured the public.

It is well known to all our town readers, but probably not to our country ones, that the late exhibition consisted of pictures painted by artists now living, who, of course, furnished those (on being invited to do

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so), which were deemed their *chef d'œuvres*. Those works of art, which have in their individual excellence furnished the most captivating objects in the national exhibitions for many years past, were here collected together, and formed a constellation of such brilliance as to set the question for ever at rest, as to the *inimitable* or *unattainable* excellence of the old masters. We have ourselves heard several very stiff-laced amateurs of those great men (to whom, unquestionably, we are eternally obliged) declare honestly their conviction, that they did not believe any equal number of old pictures, taken from the choicest galleries in Europe, could display more decided proof of high and various talent than the one before us.

Northcote's Meeting of Edward V. and the Duke of York, and his murder of those two fair boys, Hilton's exquisite Una, and Haydon's Judgment of Solomon, proved (together with several of equal celebrity) that even in historical painting we can make high pretensions. In the poetical and fancy department there were Wilkie's unequalled Highland Still, which gives the smack of mountain dew on the lip of all who behold it, with his more elaborate, and equally-finished Reading of the News from Waterloo. There was the Pleiades of Howard, those stars of undying lustre to the poetic painter. Leslie's Sancho talking to the Duchess. Oh! the inimitable wisdom of Sancho's snub nose, and his squat figure contrasted with the chastened graceful archness, and the high-born beauty of his auditor. The best of Stephanoff's, Newton's, and Chalon's gems were here also; which in character, brilliance, and justness of conception go far to rival proud names. Sir Thomas Lawrence's Hamlet, and Sir W. Beechey's portraits of royal ladies maintained their claims, but the former had been seen to more advantage in the seat of his own power this year by the unrivalled portrait of Master Lambton.

Among the landscapes were some singularly clever views by Lady Long, of scenes in France, and several beautiful views by Sir George Beaumont, of a cast of colour so entirely resembling those of Poussin, as to be surprising. We were disappointed in finding no pictures of Turner—he who dips his pencil in the rainbow; but Collins was there in his view, of the common and the sky, the air and the sunshine of nature, and Hofland in his Richmond (sweetly mellowed by ten summers since we first beheld it) and in a View of Ullswater so true, and in its truth so poetically beautiful, as to inspire all with 'love for the mountain and the flood.' Linton's Clearing of a Storm, showed the late turmoil of contending elements in admirable contrast with the calm, rural, scenes of Constable, who is always pleasant. In short, the whole exhibition was admirable, from the brilliance of Etty to the matchless enamels of Rowe, from the strength of Jackson to the grace of Lawrence, all tended to prove the superiority of the British school, and the existence of genius in the highest sense of the word.

Under our happy impressions of this captivating exhibition, we cannot fail to hope it will lead to others of the same description, and as we can see no reason why some of the late pictures should not be exhibited again, we hope that as high a treat may be offered to the public another year. We are persuaded no one will deny, that the last equalled the wishes and exceeded the expectations, of the most sanguine; and we are, therefore, authorised to desire another, and in the full expectation that each succeeding one will be 'more welcome than the former.'

LETTER TO SIR CHARLES LONG.

(Concluded from p. 526.)

THIS writer is not very consistent nor very logical in some of his remarks; for, after finding fault with the situation of the New Bedlam, he proceeds to say: 'here, also (on the Surrey shore), or between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges, I regret that the New Post Office has not been placed:' and adds, further on, 'it is much to be feared that, placed where it is proposed to be, the New Post Office will have the fate of one or other of the two buildings on which I have commented; that it will not be fit to be seen, like the one; or fit to be seen without being seen, like the other.' Now, we really do not perceive why, as far as regards its design, or 'fitness to be seen,' the building should be at all affected, let it be placed where it may. Then, as to the other apprehension of the writer, that let it be ever so well worth seeing, it will not be seen, as he does not seem to be very well acquainted with the locality of St. Martin's-le-Grand—otherwise such a fear could hardly have arisen in his mind, we can assure him, that it is one of the most open sites in the city, and in the very line of a thoroughfare where it must daily catch the eyes of tens of thousands of passengers. And should, too, as is proposed, the houses at the east end of Paternoster Row be pulled down, and the ground cleared so as to open St. Martin's-le-Grand to St. Paul's Church-Yard, there will be one of the noblest and richest views in the metropolis, comprising the east end of the cathedral, St. Paul's School, and the Post Office. Of course, we presume that the latter building will be 'fit to be seen,' although it is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable us to form any opinion as to its architecture; but the name of Mr. Smirke is some guarantee, and a stone front of four hundred feet in extent, however plain or commonplace it may be in other respects, must present an imposing aspect. We hope, however, that it will not exactly resemble a print we have seen, professing to be a view of it; and from the *symptoms* already visible, we may almost pronounce that it will not. It is to be hoped that the houses on the west side of the street, which are exceedingly mean and paltry, will be pulled down and rebuilt,—so as to be worthy of their situation. We even think, too, that as far as regards the despatch of business, St. Martin's-le-Grand will be quite as convenient as the site so earnestly recommended by the writer of the Letter. Returning to the west end, he suggests, that all the Strand, from Exeter 'Change to Northumberland House should be widened and rebuilt; and here we perfectly agree with him; although we much doubt whether an undertaking of such magnitude will be carried into execution, except by degrees. Should it ever be done, we hope that the whole line on both sides would have colonnades or piazzas, as at the Regent's Quadrant, or the Opera House; for in a bustling trading street, perpetually thronged with passengers, they would be a great accommodation, not only in winter and in rainy weather, when, owing to the crowd, it is difficult to carry an umbrella, so as to have much service from it; but in hot weather, as shelter from the sun, and also at other seasons of the year, owing to the wet and dirty state of the pavement from the constant traffic, even when there has been no rain for several days; so that one way or other shelter is very desirable in this and similar thoroughfares—Cheapside for instance, almost all the year round*.

'From the Charing Cross end of Northumberland House to Whitehall Place there must be some alteration or embellishment; fishmongers†, butchers', and poulterers' shops, though of superior excellence, cannot be allowed to show their present exterior at the end of a street that will have one termination in the noble area of which the portico of St. Martin's Church will be the grand ornament, and the other, in that still nobler one, where Westminster Hall and Abbey will close the view†.

Something, too, we will add, ought to be done to give the Admiralty a nobler appearance, by substituting a loftier and better designed screen than the present one by Adam, which has been extolled far beyond its merits; for to say nothing of its other defects, it is exceedingly petty, and very inadequate to the purpose for which it was erected. Indeed, all the public buildings on that side, not excepting the Board of Trade, now building, are much too low, and on too small a scale.

The last suggestion in this Letter we can notice is rather an extraordinary one, especially from one who signs himself an 'Admirer of Good Taste,' it is, that the Mews should be converted into a national gallery, because, forsooth, 'its front is much too handsome to be pulled down!' But, although we are by no means disposed to pay implicit deference to his judgment or taste, we thank the writer for some of the hints he has here thrown out, and trust that they will not be entirely without effect in that quarter where he has thought proper to address them.

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* In such streets as the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, piazzas or colonnades would not only be a great accommodation to foot passengers, but to the shops also; as in summer time they would be shaded from the sun, and in winter the pavement before their doors would be always dry and clean; whereas now it is, during the greater part of that season, a complete surface of mud; a circumstance that is no very great inducement for people to stop and gaze at shop windows.

† 'I suppose, in this case, the site have called King Street, and one side of Parliament Street to be removed.'

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THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—On Monday evening, the new opera of *Tarrare*, the Tartar chief, was produced, to one of the most crowded houses we have seen this season. The music is by the celebrated Salieri, a composer whose works rank deservedly high on the continent. The story is as follows:—Tarrare (Mr. Braham) is a distinguished general, in the service of Atar (Mr. H. Phillips), Sultan of Persia, whose life, we are told, he had formerly saved; but he has the misfortune of possessing a beautiful wife, Astasia, with whom his sovereign falls desperately in love. The sultan of course endeavours to seduce her affections from her husband; but, finding her chastity invincible, while she has the company of Tarrare, he determines to try what effect a separation will produce. With the help of Altamore (Mr. Perkins), another general, and son of the high-priest of Brama, a plot is laid, which terminates in her being violently carried away in a boat by ruffians, while Tarrare is engaged in extinguishing the flames of his palace, which they had set on fire. He is told that the lady is taken beyond the limits of the sultan's territory, while she is concealed in the secret recesses of his harem. This fact, a slave, named Calpigi (Mr. Thorne), communicates, from a sense of gratitude, to the Tartar chief, and they contrive together how they shall effect her deliverance. In the meantime, a foreign enemy invades Persia: the priests of Brama meet in the temple of their deity, to appoint a commander in chief of the army, according to custom, which is done by one of the children of the oracle pronouncing the name of one of the officers, after certain religious rites have been performed. On this occasion, the high priest, Artenio (Mr. J. O. Atkins), endeavours to prevail on the child of the oracle (Miss Goward) to pronounce the name of his son—Altamore, the deadly enemy of Tarrare; but the child, under the influence of inspiration, utters the name of Tarrare, to his great disappointment and confusion. Altamore, indignant at this occurrence, upbraids the Tartar with his low birth; a challenge ensues, and the first and only blood that the Persian generalissimo sheds, in his new capacity, is what is spilt in this duel, which proves fatal to his enemy. Tarrare afterwards gets into the garden of the harem, by the aid of Calpigi, for the purpose of meeting his wife. Disguised as a mute, he unluckily meets not with the lady—but the sultan, who, being just then very much irritated against the obstinate virtue of Astasia, orders that she shall that very night be married to the mute—that, by humbling her pride, he may be avenged on her disdain. The mute is, of course, very well pleased at this arrangement; but the lady, hearing of it, persuades a female slave, Ninetta (Miss Paton), to personate her, which she does; and Tarrare, discovering the mistake, is again cruelly disappointed. In the meantime, having made himself known, he is discovered in the harem, and the sultan with pleasure sentences him to death for violating the sanctity of the seraglio. The army, however, with which he is popular, on hearing of his impending doom, break out into open mutiny, rush into the palace, and menace the life of the sultan. Tarrare instantly rebukes them. At his orders, they ground their arms; and he intercedes with their delivered sovereign for their pardon. The sultan, overcome by the gallantry of his conduct, acts with magnanimity—loosens the chains of Tarrare, and gives him and the faithful mistress of his affections to liberty and love.

The plot is, however, the least important part in an opera, which possesses little dialogue, and that little in the present instance was anything but good; but the airs were very pretty, and the bravura parts full of energy. Mr. Braham was, perhaps, never in finer voice, and he executed the songs of the Tartar chief with fine effect: in one song he was twice encored. Miss Paton, who, by the by, is getting very stout, had several songs well suited to her voice, and she sung them in her very best style. A young lady, a pupil of Miss Kelly, who has been under the musical tuition of Liverati, made her first appearance on the stage in the part of Astasia. She has a fine person and a good voice, and when she has overcome the diffidence of her *debut*, will, we doubt not, prove an acquisition to this theatre. A Mr. Atkins also appeared, for the first time, as the high priest; he has an excellent bass voice, and was much applauded. Phillips and Miss Goward, and Thorne, who had a comic part not suited to him, sung well. The trios and choruses were extremely fine and very well executed, and the piece was completely successful, so much so, that there was not a mark of disapprobation the whole evening.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The admired improvisatrice, Rosa Taddie, has lately given, at Rome, three samples of her celebrated powers of manufacturing extemporaneous verse, to crowded audiences, and at extravagant prices of admission.

Mr. T. H. Bell, of Alnwick, has invented what he calls a *marine cravat*, to prevent persons from drowning. It is a cylinder of leather, water-proof, three inches in diameter, sufficiently long to surround the neck, and fasten behind with a buckle or clasp. It possesses a buoyancy sufficient to keep a person's head above water, so that by its use any one, though unable to swim, might venture into the deepest water, and remain suspended in security.

The following observations were made at Paris, by M. Arago, on the elevated temperature of the atmosphere this summer:—

'The thermometer rose to thirty-three degrees three centigrades on Thursday, the 19th July. It is rare that the heat is so intense at Paris; yet, in 1793, it rose two degrees higher; but the heat was not then continual as at present. M. Arago wished to ascertain to what depth the heat penetrated the earth, and what was the law of decreasing heat; and he obtained the same day the following results:—

'It must be premised that the mean temperature of Paris is about ten degrees five centigrades, at which heat the thermometer stands all the year round, if placed on a depth of thirty to forty feet below the surface. At the present moment the solar heat was sensibly felt at twenty-five feet deep, and the thermometer was at eleven degrees five centigrades.

'At 20 feet it rose to	12 deg.
15 feet	15
6 feet	18
1 foot six inches	28

'At the surface of the earth the heat was, in the garden of the Observatory, at fifty-three degrees, when plunged in the river sand; and at fifty-five degrees if placed in dark-coloured earth.'

In Paris, the royal library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 MSS. The library of Monsieur 150,000 printed volumes, and 5000 MSS. The library of St. Genevieve 110,000 printed volumes, and 2000 MSS. The Mazarine library 92,000 printed volumes, and 3000 MSS. The library of the city of Paris 20,000 volumes. All these are daily open to the public. In the departments there are twenty-five public libraries, with above 1,700,000 volumes, of which Aix has 72,670, Marseilles 31,500, Toulouse 30,000, Bordeaux 105,000, Tours 30,000, Lyons 106,000, Versailles 40,000, and Amiens 40,000. In the Royal Library, at Paris, there are several uncollated MSS. of the Scriptures.

A pump for one of the Mexican Mining Companies, of one thousand feet in length, has recently been cast at a furnace near Cincinnati. The bore is about four inches, and the pump was cast in one hundred pieces, of ten feet in length each. This stupendous pump cost six cents per pound, and each piece weighing one thousand pounds, the aggregate cost was six thousand dollars. It was taken to New Orleans by the steam-boat Mississippi. From New Orleans it was intended to ship it to some Mexican port, whence it is to be carried in waggons about three hundred miles into the interior. Finally, it will be borne thirty miles up a steep and rugged mountain, on the backs of the Indians, to its place of destination. This pump will be worked by steam.—*New York paper.*

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Beau Brummell, in the *zenith of his reign*, was one day accosted by a notorious *garnisher* *, with 'Do you go to Mrs Boehm's masquerade to-night, Brummell?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply. 'Good! and pray do you go in *disguise*, or as a *gentleman?*' Soured, but not moved from his natural coolness, by such a question, Brummell replied, 'I think of going as Apollo, and, if so, shall take you as my lyre!' (Quare, liar?)

Curious Challenge.—We have received a letter from Mr. John G. Morris, in which he offers to undertake the following singular nautical feat, if he can get backed by any respectable persons:—'To sail from London and take a final departure from Falmouth, and touch at Madeira, thence to Bridgetown, Barbadoes; thence to Kingston, Jamaica; thence to Havannah, in Cuba; and thence

* Quare, decorater?

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to New York; and to perform the voyage in five months, in a vessel not to exceed forty feet in length, with wheels, without the use of steam or animal power, of his own invention, never yet made public, and with the help of sails occasionally; and he will perform this very circuitous, hazardous, and daring voyage, without the assistance or company of any human being whatever. He proposes to perform the voyage next summer, if he can meet with a backer. The little vessel, he says, shall be a perfect model of British naval architecture, and her machinery will not be expensive. Should he meet with any success, in the form of a written promise, from any respectable source, he will leave New York, on his own account, next April, for London, in a little vessel not to exceed thirty feet in length, with sails as usual, alone, without the assistance or company of any human being whatever.—*Dublin Warder.*

The Stomach.—The stomach is not sensible of the weight, taste, odour, &c., of the substance received; and, so far as it is concerned, we could not distinguish sugar from jalap, or wine from medicine. It is, however, the seat of feelings peculiar to itself, such as hunger, thirst, satiety, squeamishness, &c.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Aug	12	60	67	60	30 01	Fair.
....	13	60	63	59	29 50	Rain.
....	14	58	65	55	.. 53	Fair.
....	15	56	62	54	.. 60	Cloudy.
....	16	55	67	58	.. 89	Fair.
....	17	60	71	63	.. 91	Do.
....	18	59	66	58	30 10	Do

Works published since our last notice.—Hofland's Moderation, a Tale, 6s.—Memoirs of Miss C. B. Carey, three vols. 1*l.* 2s.—Pleasure Tours in Ireland, 10s. 6*d.*—Walton's Lives of Donne, &c. 12mo. 18s.—Edinburgh Post Office Directory, 4s.—Salame's Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 14s.—Evans' Walks through Wales

THE LAST WEEK!

THE AUTOMATONS.—The Musical Lady and Ten other Automatons, including the Walking Figure, are now exhibiting in the Gothic Hall, 7, Haymarket (next the Little Theatre), which, by the power of mechanism, at a cost of more than £16,000, display, by their perfect imitation of animated nature, the highest achievements of human skill and ingenuity. The spacious and richly decorated Hall is surrounded by a noble collection of Ancient Armour, the whole forming the most magnificent and gratifying exhibition ever opened to the Nobility and Public.—At 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 o'Clock, will be introduced Performances on the Sostenente Piano-Forte, by a celebrated Professor. Open from Ten till Six.—Admittance 2s.—Children 1s.

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No. 328. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Account, Historical, Political, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata; with an Appendix, concerning the Usurpation of Monte Video by the Portuguese and Brazilian Government. Translated from the Spanish. 8vo. pp. 345. London, 1825. Ackermann.

AMIDST the revolution of empires which rise and fall, flourish and decay, there is, perhaps, none more extraordinary than those which Spain and South America present.—Scarcely three centuries have elapsed since Spain, which had just expelled the invading Moors, made itself master of half Europe, and, carrying its victorious arms to a new world, overturned the mighty empire of the Incas, and established its sovereignty in the very heart of South America. Yet, extensive and scattered as the power and resources of Spain were, she did not appear weakened at any one point, for within about twenty years after the conquest of Peru, we find her fitting out that vast armada, which from its magnitude might almost, without a papal decree, have assumed the name of Invincible, and threatened our seagirt isle with invasion. Such was the power of Spain three centuries ago; she was then the most powerful nation in the world—now she is the most abject—her colonies are for ever lost to her—her navy is utterly annihilated—her treasury, into which the riches of the new world so long showered abundance, is empty, and her national spirit is so broken, that an army of 75,000 men marched from the Pyrennees to the pillars of Hercules; and the king and government owe their protection from an indignant people to foreign bayonets. But even this is not the extent of the degradation of Spain, and, as if she must drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs, we find the naval armament of one of the few colonies she has lost, menacing her shores, seizing her few merchant vessels in her harbours, and even carrying off the very armed vessels placed for the protection of the coast. Spain sees all this and slumbers still, and the stupid and senseless Ferdinand calls on Austria, (a power that a few years ago had not a single ship) to sell him for a few vessels to drive away the Colombian privateers by which his shores are insulted!

We have hitherto dwelt on Spain and South America generally, but we must now confine ourselves to such portion of the latter as is treated of in this volume. Of late several works of various degrees of merit have been published on South America, but from one cause or other, the provinces of Rio de la Plata have been neglected, though the government has been so consolidated, and the republic is so important, that it has been one of the first the independence of which Great Britain has recognised.

The first part of the work is a political review of the causes of the revolution in the united provinces of Rio de la Plata, in a confidential letter, by Don Ygnacio Nunez, to Mr. Woodbine Parish, who has been since appointed one of our consuls in South America. This letter was written previously to our recognition of the republic, and indeed with a view to promote it; and it contains an admirable sketch of the revolution and its present state. On the subject of the treatment of Rio de la Plata, and the mistaken opinions of the European governments, the writer says—

'If you carefully read the circumstances under which this country commenced the revolution, and all that I have already advanced respecting her capacity and necessities, you will not be surprised at the excitement which the passions produced among us; when, among and near yourselves, your history, that of all Europe, and, if you will, that of every nation which has undertaken to act upon the principles of social reform, with greater facilities than ever we possessed, has presented scenes which have retarded the progress of human prosperity—nay, I leave it to you to decide whether, even in this century, scenes have not occurred in Spain, not inferior in enormity to any of those which her history has transmitted to us since the age of Charles V.

'But it will be curious for you to know, that such circumstances were not sufficient to repress the fury of domination, which has been exercised to such an extent over this hemisphere. During the whole revolution, we were molested by pretenders to the establishment of thrones, with the plan of transplanting branches of the families of Europe. The House of Braganza, before the year 1810, was the first to attempt to carry these schemes into effect—alleging the eventual rights of Charlotte of Bourbon, but still having greater stress on the captive state of the kings of Spain; and that same house, after the revolution, repeatedly renewed its endeavours for this purpose. France also distinguished herself. The Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Lucca have been successively pointed out by her, since the downfall of the empire; and it is also certain, that Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII., made a similar overture: but, in both cases, it was our misfortune that the candidates who presented themselves belonged to the family of the Bourbons; that is, to a family which seems not to appertain to this world, but to the other. However, I conceive myself authorised to assert, that much of the blood which has been spilt in my country, and many of the calamities of the revolution, have been occasioned by that kind of determination to act in contradiction to our spirit, and to force on us a form of government, opposed, not only by the passion of enthusiasm, but by all that tends to constitute our physical and moral existence.

'This point now occupies a considerable share of the attention of Europe, in what is called the American question; and, as this is the case, you will perhaps not object to my dwelling on it a little longer. I confess I cannot imagine how it happens that, with the intelligence which distinguishes the cabinets of that part of the world, they could possibly have found anything, either at this time or now, to justify the intention of establishing a throne in my country, even had it been dignified with the epithet *constitutional*. I in no way allude here to the merits of the case: that is a topic which my principles would never suffer me to discuss. I refer solely to the means and to the foundation of the scheme; and, when I consider that the plea of anarchy was the only idea held forth by the promoters of the project from within, and the desire of stifling the revolutionary spirit the only notion brought into sight by its abettors from without, I am astonished to see men thus dazzled by the motives of a plan, without at the same time appearing to pay the least attention to the means of its accomplishment. In one party, methinks, I can trace the imprudence of incapacity, and, in the other, a most presumptuous torpor. In no other manner can the authors of so abstract a plan be classified—of a plan which, I may say, stands forward as a shadow without a substance. They have not taken the trouble to consider if the elementary principles of the country, her constitution, her situation, her necessities, her customs, the genius of her inhabitants, *and even her climate*, be capable of promoting an undertaking, the realization of which, in every part of the world, has required super-human, not to say divine, appeals to mankind; which have eventually proved successful, by reason of their having been practicable and convenient.

'Europe knows not my country; and yet this proposition, absolute as it is, is the only one which could justify her in the fastidious endeavour to extend, even into the provinces of Rio de la Plata, her feudal ramifications. But all this does not seem likely to relieve her entirely from the inculpations which history will indubitably prefer against her, when it shall compare the manner in which she commenced the realization of that design with the intelligence she evinces in the promotion

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of the felicity of her own nations. In my country there is no elementary principle that could in any way concur towards the establishment and preservation of a monarchical form of government. Her scanty population, her docile manners, her middling fortunes, her equality of conditions, her spirit of independence, her aversion to fanaticism, her occupations principally agricultural and pastoral, and the circumstance of her being moreover a country wherein the only personal privileges which were ever known to her inhabitants, namely, those of the army and of the clergy, have been with very little trouble entirely obliterated—in short, the mirror held up by her own history, and the sentiment which pervades her in opposition to any bias, direct or indirect, towards her ancient relations with the Spanish nation, form an immense mass of resistance to the project of establishing a monarchy in her territory. Royalty, were it even established, would not for centuries become national, as its support would necessarily depend on the maintenance of foreign mercenaries; inasmuch as it is quite certain that neither could the country furnish such means, nor the pretender have the courage, at such a distance, to employ the forms of absolute government to obtain them.'

The late period of the week at which this valuable work was published, prevents us from entering into a regular analysis of it, or noting the able exposition the author gives of a subject at present of much interest—the dispute between the republic of Rio de la Plata and that of Brazil, relative to the occupation of Monte Video. We shall however resume the subject next week, and conclude for the present with quoting some of the regulations of the committee of emigration, nominated in April 1824, which is not connected with Barber Beaumont's trading speculation. The duties of the committee are as follow:—

'1. To give employment and allot work to the foreigners who come to the country without a destination, or who may be there without an establishment or domicile; and to inquire into their origin, and the causes of their situation.

'2. To induce artisans, labourers, and workmen of all kinds, to come from Europe.

'3. To introduce husbandmen, by contracts of hire with the proprietors and artisans of the country, under a general plan of contract, which shall be settled by the committee, and freely and spontaneously agreed upon between the workmen and the masters who wish to employ them.

'4. To make known to the industrious classes in Europe the advantages which this country holds out to emigrants; and to offer them the good offices of the committee on their arrival at Buenos Ayres.

'10. Emigration shall be promoted by all the means which the committee may deem most advisable, provided that what is enacted in the present regulation be attended to.

'11. The committee shall have a commodious house, wherein to lodge the emigrants the moment they disembark in this territory, in which they shall be maintained for the space of fifteen days and which house shall be pointed out to each emigrant, so that he may seek for employ at his convenience.

'12. If the emigrant shall not find occupation within the aforesaid period, the committee shall procure it for him. The expenses occasioned by each of them, during the days of their stay, for lodging and maintenance, out of the funds of the commission, shall be added to the amount of the expenditure of the whole concern in each year.

'13. Eight days after the arrival of the emigrants, brought by their own agreement to this country, the captain or supercargo of the ship shall be paid, for passage fees and all expenses, the sum contracted for; which, however, must on no account ever exceed one hundred dollars. From this limitation are excepted the emigrants who come under contracts through the agents of the committee.

14. The expenses expressed in the three preceding articles shall be made good, six months after the contract, by the masters with whom the emigrants enter on stipulations for service, to whom they shall be again returned by a discount, which shall be taken off the wages that the emigrants may earn.—This discount shall be moderate, and in small fractional parts, which shall be agreed upon between the emigrants and their masters.

'15. The contracts which are drawn up between emigrants and masters shall be authorized by the committee.

'16. The contracts which are drawn up with emigrants shall be for the term arranged between the masters and the emigrants; and the settlement of wages shall be regulated by a tariff, which the committee shall cause to be framed by intelligent and impartial persons.

'17. These wages must always be understood without the maintenance of the emigrants being included; for which the masters shall provide, independently, to the satisfaction of the committee

'18. If any emigrant shall fall sick by reasons which are irrelevant to the contract, the master shall be obliged to assist him, charging him in account the expenses he may incur; but the contract may become null and void through want of health, bad treatment, or excessive labour, if acknowledged as such by the committee.

'19. The committee is especially charged to exercise the right of protection in the civil causes of the emigrants.

'20. The emigrants are placed under the protection and guarantee of the laws of the country; they shall be allowed to possess moveable and immoveable property of all kinds whatsoever, and to contract all manner of ties, with this limitation alone, that these possessions do not in aught prejudice their masters' rights during the period of their contracted service.

'21. The emigrants, during their contracts, remain free from all military and civil service; those who wish to enlist, may do so spontaneously, declaring it before the committee; in which case the master whom they serve shall be reimbursed by the emigrant for the amount of his contracted services.

'22. The emigrants, conformably with the custom of the country, shall not be disturbed in the practice of their religious creeds; and shall be also exempted from all dues or taxes not imposed on the community in general.

'23. The emigrants who shall honestly have completed the time of their contracted service, shall be under the protection of the committee, and be preferred in the renting of the lands of the state, which they shall receive at a quit rent, according to the rule which may be established by law.

'24. These lands shall be allotted by election to the emigrants, and in proportion to the fitness and means of each; but none of these allotments must be of less size than sixteen square squares *(cuadras cuadradas)*.

'25. In the event of a case occurring to which the foregoing article applies, the committee shall be allowed to give, out of their funds, to each renter, a loan of three hundred dollars, which sum they shall receive again in payments, at convenient periods, and at the interest of six per cent per ann.

'26. To the emigrants who have thus become proprietors, shall be conceded the right of possession over the legal value of the lands, and that of property over all the improvements that may be made on them; and both rights shall be negotiable and transferable by them and their successors. In case that government should resolve on the alienation of the said lands of the state, the possessor of them shall be considered as having a preferable right to purchase them, to all others who may compete.

'27. The committee is very particularly charged not to admit emigrants who have been punished for crimes committed against the good order of society.

'28. The enactments of this regulation shall at no time prevent any other person from introducing the number of emigrants whom he contracts with for his service by means of his agents in Europe; and these emigrants may avail themselves of the advantages offered by the present regulation, if, upon arriving at this port, they place themselves under the care of the committee, in conformity with its provisions.

'29. This regulation shall be revised every year, or oftener, if the committee, joinly with the government, shall judge it expedient, without the alterations which may then take place being in any way prejudicial to the contracts already made, or which may be making in Europe, within a certain period, which shall be fixed for the purpose.'

A Manual of Classical Bibliography: comprising—a Copious Detail of the Various Editions, Commentaries, and Works Critical and Illustrative; and Translations from the English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and occasionally other Languages; of the Greek and Latin Classics. By Joseph William Moss, B.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1273. *London*, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

That the time employed by many students in indolence or dissipation has been devoted to a far nobler purpose by Mr. Moss is very evident, from his having produced a work of such labour, research, and critical knowledge, as the Manual of Classical Bibliography, be-

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fore he reached his one-and-twentieth year—to say nothing of the other classical works in which he is engaged, and the ordinary studies which must have demanded his attention. It may be said that we have had works on this subject before—and so we have; but they are, as the author well observes, either little better than catalogues, from their sterility, or so bulky and expensive as to be out of the reach of a large class of classical readers and students. The object of Mr. Moss has been to give 'an ample account of the contents, peculiarities, and merits of the different editions of each author respectively; and, what has hitherto been deemed a desideratum in works of this kind, a notice of the critical publications connected with the illustration or connection of the texts of each author, together with the literary history of the translations made into the English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and other languages.' And, 'the better to enable the tyro in bibliography to form some idea of the market-value of different editions, the prices they have obtained at the sales of celebrated collectors have been carefully noticed, and in many instances the present prices.' That, with all the industry Mr. Moss has displayed—and we know no bibliographer who has surpassed him, either in industry or discrimination, there may be some omissions, was to be expected: but that there is an immense body of useful information, not to be met with in any other work, will be readily admitted by every person who carefully examines these volumes. To the classical reader, any extract we could make would give no more idea of the merit of this work, than an inch square of broad cloth would do of the best made coat of one of our tailors in St. James's or Bond Streets. We shall, however, mark a few passages which may be deemed curious or interesting even by those who have no great attachment to bibliographical pursuits:—

'Æschyli (Tragœdiæ) A. C. 456.

'Venet. 8vo. 1518. Græce. Aldi.

'Editio princeps. A beautiful edition, copies of which are in great request among the curious, and lovers of Greek editions. De Bure, No. 2533. In consequence of the confusion which has taken place in this edition by the latter part of the Agamemnon being connected and intermingled with the commencement of the Choephoræ, these two plays, says Fabricius, may be easily mistaken and considered as one. Bibl. Gr. lib. i. p. 16 First Edition. It is not an excellent one: and Fr. Asulanus, who edited, it, did not perceive that in his MS there was a deficiency of many pages, containing the end of the Agamemnon and the beginning of the Choephoræ; insomuch that these two plays were so much mutilated, that he made but one of them, which is on that account almost unintelligible.'

'Glasg. fol. 1795. Græce. Foulis.

'"This very handsome and well-printed book appeared without the name of any editor in the title, without a line of preface, without a single note, and without the fragments," &c. Monthly Review.—How Porson's corrections, &c. on Æschylus fell into the hands of Foulis, Mr. Mathias, in the Pursuits of Literature, informs us; which, for the information of my reader, I shall extract: "Mr. Porson, the Greek professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æschylus to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer, Foulis, and without the professor's leave, or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it, without notes." Notes to Pursuits of Literature.'

'CICERO ON FRIENDSHIP.

'Lond. 32mo. 1562. Translated by John Harryngton.

'This is a very rare and curious little book: it contains a singular dedication, which will not only amuse but instruct my reader, by showing the great refinement which has taken place in our language; these I shall consider as sufficient reasons for inserting it in this place:—

'"To the righte vertuouse and my singuler good Lady Katharine Duches of Suffolke,

'"As my prisonment and adversitee moste honorable lady was of their own natyre joygned with greate and sundrie miseries, so was the sufferance of the same eased by the chaunce of dyverse and many commoditees. For thereby fovnde I a great soul profite, a little mynde knoulage, some holow hertes, and a few faithful freendes. Whereby I tried prisonmente of the body to bee the libertee of spirite: adversytee of fortune, the touchestone of vanities and in the ende quietnes of minde the occasion of study. And thus somewhat altered to avoyde my olde idlenesse, to recompense my loste tyme, and to take profite of my calamitee, I gave myselfe amonge other thynges to studie and learne the Freneche tonge, havynge both skilful prysoners to enstruct me, and thereto plentie of bookes to learne the language. Among whyche as there were dyverse notable and for their sundry mattier woorthy readynge so none lyked me above this Tullius booke of freendshyp, nor for the argument any with it to be compared. The whole whereof whan I had pervsed and sawe the goodly rules, the naturall order and civyle use of freendshyp, where before I but liked than was I ravished, and in a certaine wonder with the heathen lerning which chiefly for itselfe I phantasied and for my state I deemed good to bee embrased as a glasse to dyscerne my freendes in, and a civile rule to leade my life by. These causes moved mee to think it mete for moe. Whereupon I (as I coulde) translated it, and though not so lyvely, not yet so aptlye as some wold loke for, and many coulde doe, yet I trust they will rather beare with my good will then rebuke my boldness, for that it proceeded more of a good mynd then of anie presumption of knoulage: and so my enterpryse is to bee interpreted rather by freends as a treatise of freendshyp, then by lerned clerkes in an argument of translacion. Well how so ever it shalbe lyked of the lerned, I hope it shall be allowed of the unlatined. Whose capacitees by my owne I consider, and for lacke of a fine and flowynge stile I have used the playne and common speeche, and to thende the sense might not be chaunged, nor the goodnes of the matter by shift of tounges muche mynished, I caused it to bee conferred wyth the latine auctor, and so by the knowen well lerned to be corrected: after whose handelynge me thought a new spirite and life was geven it, and many partes seemed as it were wyth a new cote arayed, as well for the orderly playnge and eloquently changeynge of some woordes, as also for the plainly openyng and learnedly amending of the sence, whiche in the Frenche translatyon was somewhat darkened, and by me for lacke of knoulage in many places missed. Thus when the thinge was perfected and I beheld the fame of the auctor, the nature of the treatise and the clerenesse of his tearthyng, I could not judge to whome I shoulde rather offer it then unto your grace, whome the freendelesse daily finde their defence and the helpes repaire to as a refuge. This did I not to teache you, but to let you see in learnynge aunciente that you have by nature used I nor to warne you of ought you lacked, but to sette forthe your perfection: the proufe whereof the deede nighte wytnesse, and their offspring hath just cause to knoulage it, as mo can recorde it then can quite it. And such your freendly stedfastnesse declared to the deade, doth assertaine us of your stedfast freendlinesse towards the livyng, whiche the many have felte and diverse doe prove and fewe can want! Of whiche number youre grace hathe made me one, that neyther leaste nor seldomest have tasted of your benefites both in my trouble and also libertie. Wherefore your grace in my sight is of all other most worthy this small fruite of my prisons labour, as a fitte patronesse to the honour of such a worke, and a trewe example in whom it is fulfilled. Thus the lord of trueth preserve you in freendshyp, encrease youre freendes and defend you from enemyes. John Harryngton."'

We might select several interesting notices of a similar character, but these are sufficient to show the style of the work; and that it is a valuable one we are sure no person who examines it closely will for a moment doubt.

Travels in Western Africa in the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821. By Major W. GRAY and the late Staff-Surgeon DOCHARD. 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1825. Murray.

FRIEND as we are to exploratory voyages, yet we much doubt whether all our discoveries in Africa will repay the loss of life which is sacrificed in its pursuit, for scarcely a year has elapsed without some of our countrymen falling victims to this object, from the time that Mungo Park* was missed, to the deaths of Major Peddie, Campbell, and Dochard. The first portion of the volume of Major Gray relates to the ill-fated expedition of Major Peddie and Campbell, and embraces a

* A Dublin paper stated, within the last few days, that the MS. journal of Mungo Park had been found, and that it comes down to within a few days of his supposed death. This we should rejoice to find confirmed, but have little hopes of it.—REV.

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period of about three years; the adventures of Major Gray succeed, and these, though of little importance, so far as discovery goes, are, in some degree, interesting, from the picture they give of African society and customs. From this portion of the work we shall make a few brief extracts, beginning with a description of Bondoo and its inhabitants; for as here our travellers were wintered, they had, of course, the best means of obtaining information:—

'The people of Bondoo are a mixture of Foolahs, Mandingoes, Serrawollies, and Joloffs, retaining, however, more of the manners and customs of the first, and speaking their language exclusively. They are of the middle size, well made, and very active; their skin of a light copper colour, and their faces of a form approaching nearer to those of Europe than any of the other tribes of Western Africa, the Moors excepted. Their hair, too, is not so short or woolly as that of the black, and their eyes are, with the advantage of being larger and rounder, of a better colour, and more expressive. The women, in particular, who, without the assistance of art, might vie, in point of figure, with those of the most exquisitely fine form in Europe, are of a more lively disposition, and more delicate form of face, than either the Serrawollies, Mandingoes, or Joloffs. They are extremely neat in their persons and dress, and are very fond of amber, coral, and glass beads of different colours, with which they adorn or bedeck their heads, necks, wrists, and ancles, profusely; gold and silver, too, are often formed into small buttons, which are intermixed with the former on the head, and into rings and chains worn on the wrists and ancles. They always wear a veil thrown loosely over the head: this is manufactured by themselves from cotton, and is intended to imitate thin muslin, at which they have not by any means made a bad attempt. The other parts of their dress are precisely the same as that already described to be worn by the inhabitants of Kayaye, and, with few exceptions of silk and printed cotton, which they obtain from the coast, are entirely of their own manufacture. They are exceedingly fond of perfumes of every kind, particularly musk, attar of roses, or lavender, but they can seldom procure these, and therefore substitute cloves, which they pound into powder, and mix up with the kernel, having something the flavour of a Tonquin bean, which they likewise reduce to powder, and with a little gum-water, form it into beads about the size of a common garden pea. These they string and hang round the neck; they sometimes string the cloves themselves, and wear them in the same manner; but the way in which they prefer wearing them is sewed up in small bags made of richly-coloured silk, a number of which are hung round the neck. The hair, which is neatly braided into a profusion of small plaits, hangs down nearly to the shoulders, and is confined (together with the strings of amber, coral, and beads, which decorate it) round the forehead with a few strings of small beads by the young girls, and, by the married, with a narrow strip of silk, or fine cotton cloth, twisted into a string about as thick as a finger. To complete their dress, a pair of large gold ear-rings dangle almost to touch the shoulders, and in consequence of their great weight, would tear their ears were they not supported by a little strap of thin red leather, which is fastened to one ear-ring by a button, and passes over the top of the head to the other. The walk of these ladies is peculiarly majestic and graceful, and their whole appearance, although strange to a European observer, is far from being inelegant.'

'Bondoo, situated between 14° and 15° latitude north, and 10° and 12° longitude west, is bounded on the north by the kingdom of Kajaga, on the south by Tenda and Dentilla, on the east by the Falemme, Bambouk and Logo, and on the west by Foota Tora, the Simbani woods, and Woolli; its greatest extent from east to west does not exceed ninety British miles, and from north to south sixty.

'The whole face of the country is in general mountainous, but particularly so in the northern and eastern parts. Those mountains which are chiefly composed of rock are small and for the most part thinly covered with low stunted wood, little of it being fit for any other use than that of fuel.

'The valleys, wherein are situated the towns and villages, are for the most part cleared for the purpose of cultivation, to which the soil, being a light sand mixed with brown vegetable mould, seems well adapted. Innumerable beds of torrents intersect these valleys in all directions, and serve during the rains, being dry at all other times, to conduct the water collected by the high grounds to the Fa-lemme and Senegal. Great numbers of tamarinds, baobabs, rhamnus lotus, and other fruit-trees, are beautifully scattered over these valleys, which are rendered still more picturesque by the frequent appearance of a village or walled town, in whose vicinity are always a number of cotton and indigo plantations.

'The disposable force of Bondoo from all the information I could collect, does not exceed from five hundred to six hundred horse, and from two thousand to three thousand foot. When Almamy finds it necessary to call this army to the field for the protection of the country, or with the intention of invading the territories of some of his neighbours, he repairs with his own immediate followers to some village at a short distance from the capital, and there beats the war drum, which is repeated by each village, and in this manner the call to arms is circulated over the country.

'The chief of each town or village, with as little delay as possible, assembles his followers (or division, if it may be so called), and proceeds to head-quarters, where those chiefs consult with the king on the plan of attack or defence.'

At this said town of Bondoo, wives, if not very correct in their manners, are treated with more severity than gallantry—for Major Gray says:—

'We observed hanging on a stake, outside the walls of the town, a dress composed of the bark of a tree torn into small shreds, and formed so as to cover the whole body of the person wearing it, who is a sort of bugbear, called Mumbo Jumbo, that occasionally visits all the Mandingo towns, for the purpose of keeping the married women in order. I have been told that the husband who has occasion to find fault with one of his wives (for here every man has as many as his circumstances will admit), either puts on this dress himself, or gets one of his friends to do it, and having made known his intended visit to the town, by shrieking and howling in the woods near it, arrives after sunset at the assembly-place, where all the inhabitants are obliged to meet him, with music, singing, and dancing, which continues for some hours, and terminates by his seizing the unfortunate woman, and flogging her most unmercifully in presence of the whole assembly, who only laugh at this horrid performance. We have never had an opportunity of seeing this ourselves, but have heard it from so many, and with such corroborative exactness of description, that we have no doubt of its existence to a much greater extent of blind savage superstition than has been described to us.'

Perhaps before we taught our readers how to 'rule a wife' in Africa, we should have stated how to procure one; take then the following rule:—

'One of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, having placed his affections, or rather desires, on a young girl at Kayaye, made the usual present of a few colas to her mother, who, without giving her daughter any intimation of the affair, consented to his obtaining her in any way he could. Accordingly when the poor girl was employed preparing some rice for supper, she was seized by her intended husband, assisted by three or four of his companions, and carried off by force. She made much resistance, by biting, scratching, kicking, and roaring most bitterly. Many, both men and women, come of them her own relations, who witnessed the affair, only laughed at the farce, and consoled her by saying that she would soon be reconciled to her situation.'

These extracts will be sufficient to prove Major Gray's work to be an interesting volume, and we have no doubt of the fidelity of our author's narrative.

Gratitude, a Poetical Essay; with other Poems and Translations. By Captain Felix M'Donough, Author of The Hermit in London. 12mo. pp. 106. London, 1825. Booth.

Is or is not Captain Felix M'Donough the author of The Hermits in London, the Country, and Abroad; the Highlanders, and other 'popular works,' as he assures us in the title-page of this little volume; if he is, there is a mawkish affectation in his preface, when he talks about his hesitation and trepidation in publishing a few slight poetical pieces, since the writer of the Hermit's sketches could scarcely hesitate to print anything, however absurd. It is, however, rumoured that the captain had more share in fathering the Hermits than in begetting or creating them.

Of the volume before us we cannot say

much, and the observations of the author, that they are written more from the heart than the head, almost induces us to say nothing at all, unless to reprehend the book-making; for nearly one quarter of this *volume* is occupied with title pages, contents, and prefatory matter, no page has more than eighteen lines, others not half that number, in others, a single epigram of six lines is sufficient, and one page is *filled* with an 'Impromptu' of two lines, 'written with a pencil in the Pump-Room at Bath,' made at a very early age on some young lady, saying that she had made a conquest of Mr. Fly of Gloucestershire. It is as follows:

'Arm'd, with destruction in her eye,
She sallied forth and shot a Fly.'

Some of the pieces are, however, clever, and we subjoin two; the first, plaintive, is entitled—

'HALLS OF MY FOREFATHERS.

"'Impius hæc tam culta novalia milæ habebit'
Barbarus has segetes!"—VIRGIL.

'When the sun of my youth, with its bloom,
was declining,
Which beam'd o'er my path in the summer
of life;
And the gay dream of fancy, its empire resigning,
Had opened my eyes to a world full of strife:
I turn'd from false pleasure to sober reflection,
And ponder'd on scenes to fond memory dear;
And wearily wander'd in mental dejection,
To seek for my home, but the stranger was
there!

'Halls of my forefathers! mould'ring in ruin,
Sad is the echo which sighs through your
shade;
Mournful's the wood-pigeon plaintively cooing,
Death-like the tread in your forest decay'd:
There was a time when the harp softly thrilling,
Tales of romance and of valour could tell;
Halls! I must quit ye, however unwilling,
Home of my fathers, for ever farewell!'

The next, which is rather humourous, bears a strong resemblance to some pieces of the sort we have seen elsewhere:—

'THE MISNOMERS OF THE METROPOLIS.

'Miss Fortune 's no fortune at all,
Miss Rich cannot muster a guinea,
Miss Little 's a *little* too tall,
Miss Wise is completely a ninny;
Miss Black is as white as the snow,
Miss Green is as red as a cherry,
Miss Brown's rather greenish or so,
Whilst Miss White is as brown as a berry.

'Miss Inchbald 's a fine head of hair,
Miss Hare has got none on her noddle!
Miss Young is old, wrinkled, and spare,
Miss Lightbody scarcely can waddle;
Miss Heavside bounds like a roe,
Miss Wild is grave, dull, and uncheery;
Miss Still is accounted the go,
And Miss Graves is excessively merry.

'Miss Sharp has got *blunt*, as they say,
Miss Dark is prodigiously bright;
Miss Knight has been turn'd into Day,
And Miss Day is to marry a Knight.
Then, here is a health to them all,
Good luck to them, sleeping and waking;
If 'tis wrong a fair maid to *mis*-call,
Yet there's surely no sin in *Miss*-taking.'

The New Jury Law: forming a Title of the Code of Legal Proceedings, according to the Plan proposed for the Statute Law of the Realm. By C. UNIACKE, Esq. Barrister at Law. 12mo. pp. 72. London, 1825. J. and W. T. Clarke.

No lawyers ourselves, as we have admitted on more than one occasion, and without any hope of ever becoming profound in the science, we are nevertheless alive to any alteration in the statute law that may ameliorate or improve the condition of society, and have perused the New Jury Law with deep interest and satisfaction. The learned author is extremely anxious that our entire code of laws should be simplified, and has arranged the law of juries according to a plan proposed, and we must be much mistaken indeed if it be not admitted that it well arranged and luminously explained. In a smart preface, the author's ire seems roused against the critics of The Quarterly Review, who have used their pens to reject 'the assistance of any system of *codification*, according to the *new pattern*, either compendious or expanded;' but, he says:—

'They will excuse me if I break their classic slumber, and inform them of a few modern truths. Since they went to sleep, then, statesmen, judges, and even the representatives of this mighty empire, have concurred in one opinion—the necessity of altering our laws; to what extent, and after what method, remain to be determined. Statesmen have begun to reflect upon the subject; judges have declared their inability to bear the burthen on their minds; Parliament has addressed the throne, imploring his Majesty to direct the attention of his ministers to the evil, and those ministers have at length declared their determination to labour in the great cause. Does the Quarterly know anything of all this? Were any of its secluded sages in the House of Commons when the subject of "the twelve good and lawful men," pronounced by the lips of the minister, struck like magic across the minds of the representatives of the people; and was hailed as the earnest of that *pledge* which is yet to be redeemed? Yet it was left for the philosophy of the Quarterly to make the profound discovery that everything is in this respect exactly *as it ought to be*.'

After a few other pertinent remarks, the learned barrister thus apostrophizes the reviewers:—'Go! write for the lounging-room and the circulating library; leave the profound science of jurisprudence to minds which combine the enlarged views of the statesman, with the exactness and practical habits of forensic experience. *Your* labours may amuse or misguide the superficial readers of the day; but, the labours you would vainly attempt to check and enfeeble, are in a great and a good cause: to simplify the law—to reduce its delay—to diminish its expense, &c.'

Mr. Uniacke then proceeds to his task, and after giving the title, divides his subject into sections, and gives a clear view of the act, from which we shall make such extracts as are most likely to be acceptable, referring those who desire further information to the book itself:—

'*General Qualifications for Jurors in Civil and Criminal Cases, and on Inquests.*—The following persons shall be qualified and liable to serve on juries, for the trial of all issues joined in the counties where they shall reside, in any of the king's courts of record at Westminster; in the superior courts, civil and criminal, of the three counties palatine; and in all courts of assize, nisi prius, oyer and terminer, and gaol delivery. They shall also be qualified and liable to serve on grand juries and petty juries, in the courts of sessions of the peace, in the county, riding, or division, where they shall reside.

'Every man between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, residing in any county in England, who shall have, in his own name, or in trust for him, within the same county:—

'1st. Ten pounds by the year, above reprizes in lands or tenements, whether of freehold, copyhold, or customary tenure; or of ancient demesne; or in rents issuing out of any such lands or tenements; or in such lands, tenements, and rents, taken together, in fee simple, fee tail, or for the life of himself or some other person.

'2nd. Twenty pounds by the year, above reprizes, in lands or tenements, held by lease for the absolute term of twenty-one years, or some longer term, or for any term of years determinable on any life.

'3rd. Being a householder shall be rated or assessed to the poor-rate, or to the inhabited house duty, in the county of Middlesex, on a value of not less than thirty pounds, or in any other county, on a value not less than twenty pounds. Or,

'4th. Who shall occupy a house containing not less than fifteen windows.'

Three-fifths of the above qualifications answer for Wales. In the city of London no person is to be empannelled or returned who shall not be a householder, or the occupier of a shop, warehouse, counting-house, chambers, or office, for the purpose of trade or commerce, within that city; and have lands, tenements, or personal estate, of the value of one hundred pounds.

The qualifications do not extend to the juries in any liberties, franchises, cities, boroughs, or towns corporate, not being counties; or in any cities, boroughs, or towns, being counties of themselves, which shall possess any jurisdiction, civil or criminal; but in all such places the proper officers shall prepare their panels as heretofore.

Disqualifications.—Any man not being a natural-born subject of the king, except in particular cases. Any man attainted of treason or felony, or convicted of any infamous crime, unless he shall have obtained a free pardon. Any man who is under outlawry or excommunication.

The persons exempt from serving are—peers, judges, priests, barristers, civilians, attorneys, officers of courts, coroners, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, officers of the army and navy on full pay, pilots, his Majesty's household, officers of the customs, sheriffs, and persons privileged by charter, grant, or writ.

The inhabitants of Westminster are ex-

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empted from serving on any jury at the sessions for the county of Middlesex.

The churchwardens and overseers are to prepare the jury lists, have them fixed upon the church doors, and keep the original list open, for the inspection of the inhabitants, the first three weeks of September; and the clerk of the peace is to keep the jurors book for the year, and each sheriff is to deliver it to his successor.

No officer or person whatsoever will be allowed to take money or reward, of any kind, to excuse persons serving on juries. The sheriffs are to return a list of jurors in the panels annexed to writs, which lists are to be kept at their office for seven days, and inspected free of any cost: but for the minutiæ of proceeding in civil and criminal cases, we must refer to the act.—The striking of special juries in the courts at Westminster is to be ordered by the judges as heretofore, from the lists made under this act; but if the parties at issue agree to adopt the mode used before the passing of this act, they may do so.

Those parts of the act which relate to the issuing of warrants and precepts for the return of jury lists, the preparation, production, reformation, and allowance of those lists, the holding of the petty sessions for those purposes, the formation of a juror's book and the delivery thereof to the sheriff, and the preparation of a list of special jurors, and of parchments or cards used in drawing the names of jurors, are to take effect so soon after the passing of the act as the proper periods for doing those things occur; and the rest of the act is to take effect on the first of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six.

There are several heads upon which we have not touched—such as penalties, high treason, &c., and which our limits will not allow us to analyse.

Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland. By Christopher Keelivine. 12mo. pp. 366. Glasgow and London, 1824. Whittaker.

Books often share the fate of authors; and many meritorious works, as well as individuals, blush unseen, or have a fierce struggle to procure that due notice and attention to which their worth entitles them. Every day presents so many proofs of this, that we ought to apologise for a remark so trite, and at the same time for having neglected, for some months, to notice the Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland. Who the author is, we know not; though there is no doubt that Christopher Keelivine is a *nom de guerre:* but, be the author who he may, he need not hesitate to avow himself, for he is a writer of no ordinary talent—occasionally reminding us of Galt, sometimes of Wilson, and once or twice even of Scott. The volume consists of three distinct subjects; the first and the last are two charming tales, particularly the former. The story is that of a young Scotch 'squire, who had paid his addresses to the daughter of a farmer; but, at the instigation of friends breaks off the intended match, in order to marry a young woman of fortune; the poor girl obtains a husband, who dying, as well as the wife of her former lover, the affection of early life is renewed, and their union seals their happiness at last. Such is the story of Mary Ogilvie, which also gives a good picture of matrimonial customs in the west of Scotland. The tale is related by the gentleman who first discarded the idol of his heart, suffered her to pass to another, and when that other died, married her. It appears that, previous to a wedding, there is a meeting of the parties and some of their friends, to register or book their names. The night before the wedding, too, there is a meeting, to 'attend to the washing of the feet, and to throw the stocking, according to antiquated custom.' On this occasion,—

'Little was said until Rob Glib, a sly laughing loon, made some ludicrous observation upon marriage, and accompanied it with a loud burst of laughter. The majority of the company seemed to feel a kind of shock, and a solemn pause ensued, while all eyes were involuntarily turned to watch the countenance of the old man. At length said he feelingly, "I am pleased to see young folks merry when they meet; for youth is the season of joy and gladness, and disappointment and sorrow will soon enough arrive: but, sirs, marriage is a serious covenant, and not to be treated as a joke, mair than ony ither important step in life, whare the consequences extend through mony years. Noo, happiness and love are in your thoughts through the day, and in your dreams through the night: but, life is no a pleasure—mony hartless days and tedious nights may be to come; for, frae marriage to the grave, there may mony things occur atween twa frail mortals that may be sair to thole. But I dinna wish to dishearten you, bairns. I'm weel pleased wi' your marriage. And, Mary, my bonnie daughter, thou's gaun to be accountable to anither—an' frae under my care. Be kind an' obedient to thy gudeman, as thy dear mother was to me—and, as she is gone, dinna let thy duty to thy new connection allow thee to forget or neglect thy auld widowed father—for auld folk are weak, an' a bairn's neglect is a sore trial to an auld parent—an' thou's a' I ha'e to comfort me in my auld day—an' thou an' thine is a' that ties me to this earth!"

'Mary, whom I had observed struggling with her feelings, now burst into tears at this solemn appeal of her father. "Gi'e me thy han', Mary, my dear," said he, "an' dinna greet—thou's a' my hope; an' I know thou'll be a gude bairn to me as lang as I'm spared in this sinfu' worl'. An' noo, sirs," he continued, "excuse the weakness an' affection o' an auld man—an' remember my words, an' dinna expect owre muckle frae the worl'—for it's fu' o' deceit; but seek God to guide you, an' think soberly." He found himself affected, and rose to go away. No one could speak.—"Gude night, sirs," said he; "make yoursells happy; an' I hope we'll meet the morn in peace an' wi' a blessing."'

The company now began to tell stories of wayward fortune and broken hearts.

'Davie Cunningham—always foremost in the laugh, and quite as ready to weep—told a story of a marriage without love, and to the smothering of love for another, which was soon followed by a burial, and tears and lamentations. He next called upon his lass to sing an old ballad called "The flower of Avonwood lee," which he said, she had often sung to him when she was but a wee wee lass, because it delighted her to see him greet at a waefu' tale.

'The girl was a laughing, black-eyed lassie; and it was almost incredible to observe the transition from her habitual look of levity and fun, to the artlessly-tragical expression which now lengthened her countenance, and swam in her speaking black-eye. She gave a shrill hem or two; and, to an old Gaelic air, which had little merit but a kind of antique plaintive expression, she, in a sort of recitative, and beating time with an extended foot, sung the following rude rhyme:—

'O did ye e'er hear o' bonnie Belleen,
The flower o' Avonwood lee!
And did ye e'er hear o' her brothers brave,
Wha fought by the Warlock Tree.
And did ye e'er hear o' Todscliff Tower,
That frowns o'er the dashing tide?
Or of gallant Ross, its stately lord,
The Lothian's boast and pride?
'The bonnie Belleen sat in her bower;
And, O she was fair to see:
For her skin was white, and her een were bright,
As the stars in the lift sae hie.
The gallant Ross was a hunting then;
And he's step'd her bower within,
An i he's doff'd his cap, and he's beuth his knee,
Her heart's true love to win.
'And they ha'e met by the moon's yellow light,
And he's kiss'd her beneath the tree:
"O come wi' me, my bonnie Belleen,
And Lady Ross thou shalt be!"
He blew a blast, till glen and shaw
Pour'd out his merry neen bold;
And they're placed her on a milk-white steed,
And borne her to Todscliff hold.
'O she has sat in Todscliff Tower,
And a weary wife was she;
For the Ross was proud, and his friends were great,
And their faces she dar'd na see.
And the sea-maw skreyd o'er the castle wa',
And the waves dash'd wearilie;
And she thought o' her hame and her brothers brave,
And the bonnie braes o' Avonwood lee.
A lady gay came down frae the south,
Wi' riches and jewels most precious to see;
"O leese me," she said, "on the gallant Ross:
For I love the glance of his bright-black ee."
And he's ta'en her east, and he's ta'en her west,
And he's feasted her in ha' and bower;
But little he thought on his bonnie dame,
That mourn'd in gloomy Todscliff Tower.
'The merry bells did ring, and the taper did blaze,
When he wedded the Southern lady gay:
But a weird voice was heard, 'boon the revelrie,
Saying, "Woe to the Ross for the deed done this day!"
* * * * *
'O mark was the night, and fearfu' the storm,
When they pu'd Belleen frae her lonely bed;
And piercingly she shriek'd, and the water-spirit laugh'd!
As the green sea swirled o'er her bonnie head!
For they ha'e drown'd the bonnie Belleen;
And nae mair she'll chaunt by Avonwood lee;
And her brothers ha'e slain the cruel Ross,
Whare his ghost still howls by the Warlock Tree.'

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It appears somewhat improbable and somewhat cruel, that he who had discarded Mary Ogilvie should wish to see her nuptials with another, but so it was, and we will forgive the author any error in taste or correctness for the charming picture he has given us of the accidental rencontre between Mary and the youth, that had cast her away. He is his own narrator:—

'After descending the hill, I wandered, without any intention, into the little irregular mass of planting called Lillyburn Wood, where Mary Ogilvie and I had so often strayed; and my mind was absorbed in stating the *pros* and *cons*, and collecting the comparative probabilities of happiness, had I married her, with what I might reasonably anticipate in the prospects which seemed before me. I was conning over the advices and lectures which had lately been bestowed on me by an experienced friend, and had just concluded with him, that love was a kind of disease of the feelings, very prevalent at my time of life, and could scarcely be escaped by a mind of some sensibility, as mine was, and of course liable to impression from every object which possessed beauty of form, or evinced warmth of sentiment—all of which were most seductively united in a pretty and romantic young woman. But as my friend had said, life, however short, was much longer, generally, than the space of time wherein youth flourished with personal beauty; that, of the enjoyments of life, however defective, love formed but a part; that even it depended, as an enjoyment, upon many adjuncts and favourable circumstances; and at best, like all passions, it tended to its own decay; that, should I gratify love, at this period of my life, by an irrevocable engagement, it would in all probability, from the restraints of marriage and the cares of a family, likely to be numerous at our age, be at the expense of many other enjoyments, and to the interrupting of many duties which my education and circumstances seemed to place before me; and, finally, that I might at a fitter period, and in circumstances more generally suitable, become as much attached to a woman more fitted to be my companion in the enjoyment of the elegancies and comforts of my rank in life.

'At every step in this wise reasoning, I was gaining strength to overcome my juvenile passion, when, turning round the foot of the green mound I have mentioned, I was met full in the face by Mary Ogilvie. We gazed upon each other for a moment, as mutually surprised what should have brought us, on this day, to the scene of our early love. I held out my hand to her instinctively. She gave me her's, in a manner which seemed to express the frankness of the old friend mixing with the modesty of the bride; and said something of surprise at finding me so far from my own home, and idling on this spot. But without waiting for my answer, she excused herself being in the little wood, by saying, that while the servants were making preparation for the expected company, she had left the house, to be out of the way, and wandered thus far.

'I still held her hand, and answered, with more passion than wisdom, that she needed not to have given me this account of herself, and that the time was, when she would not have made excuses for meeting me in this wood. She looked at me with surprise at this speech, as well she might; and, withdrawing her hand, answered, "Aye, and I have seen the day, Mr. George, when—

'"When what, Mary," said I, as she paused—"speak! I love to hear you speak, as ye did long ago." "When," she answered, "I would na ha'e needed to excuse myself to you for meeting wi' you in ony place; and when, if it had been told me that ye would ha'e been awa' frae Lillybrae for years, and come back without asking for me, or seeking to speak to me as ye used to do, if it were nae mair," said she mournfully, "than to gar me greet wi' minding me o' our happiness when we were bairns, I wadna ha'e believed them; and, if ye like to hear me speak as I did langsyne," said she, her voice trembling as she spoke, "what for did ye no come to Lillybrae, and speak to me, George?"

'These words were spoken in a tone so affecting, and with a look of such appealing expression, that it smote me with agonizing conviction of injustice, or rather cruelty to her, and took from me the power of uttering the excuse which I had meditated. I hesitated, and stammered. "Mary Ogilvie," said I, at length, "I cannot tell you all the reasons; but my heart was not in it, Mary; I denied myself much—much—in not seeing you; but I heard you were going to be married to Craiglands, and I did not know but that you had forgotten me, and our early love." I took both her hands, and looked in her eyes: "And you know, Mary," continued I, "we have other things to do in life, than idle about these bonnie woods, pulling primroses and reading love-tales; for the scenes of our early days quickly pass away, and the feelings may be very different in after years. But my heart was not in fault, Mary;—I have not forgotten these days, nor this pretty bank, nor your lovely blue eyes, and yellow locks,—nor the day that we went to the Craigs of Glenvee,—nor—you are in tears, Mary;—I did not mean to vex you."

'"Oh, George," said she, while the tears fell fast from her swimming eyes, "how can you speak so now, and not a word until my wedding-day! But I know you do not mean to pain me—I ken your warm heart; but ye'll be designed for some great leddy, an' I should never ha'e thought o' the like o' you."

'As I was going to reply, she held her hand up before my mouth, and said, "Dinna speak nae mair to me, George; for I'm but a weak woman, an' I'm gaun to be married to a decent man o' my ain condition; but I cannot forget—no, I winna forget—farewell." She tried to get away. "Will you leave me that way, Mary? It is our last meeting—the very last in this wood." I drew her to me—she fell into my arms. I kissed her warmly—our tears mingled—she broke from me, staggered with agitation, then glided off round the green mount, leaving me like one awakened from a dream. I threw myself on the turf to recover my feelings, and pondered on the shortness of those scenes that live longest in our remembrance, and the scantiness of those illumined pages of the book of life which are dearer to the fancy than all the rest of the dull and blotted volume.'

The author and hero skips from one event in his life to another by asterisks, thus, from Mary Ogilvie's marriage to his own, and from the death of her husband to that of his wife. The connection, however, is sufficiently apparent, and Mary Ogilvie is as pretty a tale as we have read for some time.

The 'Sketch of Changes' exhibits a striking picture of society in the west of Scotland, with some animated traits of character. Take, for instance, the following portrait:—

'John Thrum, Esquire, was a weaver born, for his "father, the decon before him," was a plain, donsie, money-making man; and having himself known the good of a trade, which, according to Doctor Franklin, is an estate—he not only trained his son in his own footsteps, but left him his wealth; convinced that, at least, the cautious youth would "hand it weel thegither." In person, John is stout and set, as if designed by nature for a blacksmith; his happy exemption from that foolish thing called feeling, fits his mind for going through with anything; and his constitution enables him to carry a proper skinful of *cold punch*.

'As a manufacturer, he employs a number of persons, over whom, in matters of business, he bears absolute and terror-striking sway, by his rough and bullying manner, his severe scrutiny of their labours, and his threats of all that is in the rich man's power. He is fond of employing, or having to do with persons whose circumstances put them very much into his power; to all whom he holds the language of obtrusive selfishness, in which, when he meets with the chicken-hearted abettors of sympathy, he seems to glory.

'In some things, John is "a very good sort of man;" he gives a good dinner now and then, and sometimes to vulgar enough persons—for a man cannot be always on stilts, and a fine house is most admired by those who have not the like themselves; besides, as it is hard to extract out of the flesh what is "bred in the bone," he has really most enjoyment in such company, although his daughters have been observed, on some occasions, to turn up their noses at him and his friends, in a most dignified manner. At these jollifications, John might, by unlearned persons, sometimes be supposed to have forgotten that he is a manager of his kirk, and and an example to the ungodly; but those who would suppose this, do not know Glasgow; for John never ventures to wink his left eye, and turn up the side of his head at his own story, until he knows his company, and his company know one another; but when that is the case—

"No yonker on the green laughs louder,
Nor tells a smutter tale."

'Mr. Thrum's other matters of relaxation are church and religious society meetings—the great modern manufactories of *public*

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character; where his gravity and known wealth add to the *respectability* of the assembly; where the very countenances of him, and such as he, are an edification to behold; and where his praise is sounded, along with other "good men," who do not choose to hide their light under a bushel.'

The changes that have passed in the state of society in the west of Scotland are so well described, that, although we shall not make this really clever volume the subject of a second critical notice, yet it is extremely probable that we may turn to it for some 'sketches of change' in Scottish society.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Continued from p. 537.)

FINDING that we must extend our notice of this valuable work to another paper, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to a single event—a fearful act in this great political tragedy—the trial, condemnation, and execution of Louis XVI. The leading features of this event are well known. He was ably defended by M. Desèze, who finished his speech in the following just and concise manner, in which he touched, for the first time, upon the private virtues of the king:

'"Louis XVI. ascended the throne at the age of twenty, and at that early season of life afforded an example of blameless morals to monarchs. He brought with him to the supreme power no criminal weaknesses, no corrupt passions; he was economical, just, and temperate in his habits, and showed himself the constant friend of the people. The people desired the abolition of a grievous tax; he abolished it: they demanded the abolition of servitude; he commenced by abolishing it in his own domains; they solicited the reform of judicial legislation: he made these reforms: they desired that the great mass of the French nation, whom the rigour of our ancient customs had till then deprived of their rights, should acquire or recover them; these he gave them the enjoyment of by his laws: they cried for liberty, and he granted it! He even anticipated their wants by his personal sacrifices, and yet it is in the name of this same people, that his blood is this day demanded! Citizens, I cannot conclude—History will give her verdict: recollect she will pass judgment on your sentence, and her decision will be stamped with indelibility!"

'Louis then briefly addressed the assembly. "You have just heard," said he, "my defence; I shall not further insist upon the arguments there urged; but, as I am addressing you, perhaps, for the last time, I feel it incumbent on me, to declare that my conscience is free from guilt, and that my defenders have spoken the truth.

'"I have never feared the public examination of my conduct; but I am deeply grieved to find that the effusion of blood of the 10th of August is laid to my charge.

'"The multiplied proofs which I have ever given of my love to the people, and my general conduct towards them, appear to me sufficient to prove that I did not fear to expose myself, to prevent the effusion of this blood, and should for ever repel from me so foul an imputation."'

The 14th of January was the day fixed for the votes to be collected in the National Convention:—

'On this fatal day, an extraordinary concourse of spectators surrounded the assembly, and filled the galleries. Many orators presented themselves to propose different modes of stating the question; finally, after long debates, the convention put the three following interrogatories:—

'"Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the nation, and the general safety of the state?

'"Shall the sentence, whatever it may be, be subjected to the sanction of the people?

'"What penalty shall he undergo?"

'The 14th was wholly occupied in the determination of these questions. On the 15th, an appeal, by name, was to be made to each deputy. The assembly, in the first instance, decided that each member should pronounce his vote in the tribune; that he should give his reasons for voting as he intended, and that these should be written down and signed; that those who were absent, without a cause, should be censured, but that if any entered after the appeal had been made, they might deliver their vote. Finally, this fatal appeal began on the first question. Eight members were absent from illness, and twenty on the business of the assembly. Thirty-seven, giving various reasons for their votes, acknowledged that Louis XVI. was guilty, but declared themselves incompetent to pronounce sentence on him, and demanded measures of general safety against him. Six hundred and forty-three declared Louis XVI. guilty. The assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members.

'The president then, in the name of the National Convention, proclaimed Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the nation and the general safety of the state.

'The appeal on the second question then took place. Twenty-nine members were absent, of whom four, Lafon, Wandeaincourt, Morrison, and Lacroix, refused to vote. Eleven gave their opinion with different conditions. Two hundred and eighty-one voted for an appeal to the people; four hundred and twenty-three rejected it. The president then declared, in the name of the National Convention, that the sentence against Louis Capet should not be subjected to the sanction of the people.'

'The vote of the Duke of Orleans excited an extraordinary sensation. Obliged to support the Jacobins or to perish, he pronounced the death of his relative, and returned to his place, having caused a throb of horror to pervade the assembly by his sentence. This dreadful sitting lasted through the whole night of the 16th and the day of the 17th, till seven o'clock in the evening. The division of the votes was now awaited with extraordinary impatience. All the avenues around the assembly were thronged to excess, and every one anxiously inquired of his neighbour the result of the examination. In the convention, all were still in doubt; the words detention and banishment appeared to recur as frequently as that of death.'

'Vergniaux presided. "Citizens," said he, "I am about to proclaim the result of our votes. You will observe, I hope, a profound silence. When justice has spoken, humanity should take its turn."

'The assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members; fifteen were absent on business, eight from indisposition, and five had refused to vote, which reduced the number present to seven hundred and twenty-one, and the majority to three hundred and sixty-one voices. Two hundred and eighty had voted for a detention or banishment with different conditions. Two had voted for a rigorous imprisonment, and forty-five for a capital punishment to be delayed until the peace, or until the ratification of the constitution. The sentence of twenty-six had been death, who, adopting the idea of Mailhé, had required an examination into the expediency of suspending its execution. Their vote, however, was independent of this last clause. Three hundred and sixty-one were for death, without any condition.

'The president, therefore, with an accent of grief, declared, in the name of the convention, that the sentence of death was pronounced against Louis Capet.'

'The executive council was charged with the sad duty of executing the sentence. The ministers, assembled in the chamber of their sittings, appeared struck with consternation. On Garat, as minister of justice, fell the painful task of signifying to Louis the decrees of the convention. For this purpose, he betook himself to the Temple accompanied by Santerre, a deputation of the commune, and of the criminal tribunal, and by the secretary of the executive council. The king had waited, with anxiety, for the last twenty-four hours, the arrival of his counsel, and demanded in vain permission to see them. On the 20th of January, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he still expected them, when suddenly the tread of many feet reached his ears; he advanced, and perceived the messengers of the executive council. He stopped, with a dignified air, at the door of his chamber, and did not appear agitated. Garat told him, with grief, that he was commissioned to communicate to him the decrees of the convention. Gronville, the secretary, then read them. The first declared Louis XVI. guilty of conspiring against the general safety of the state; the second condemned him to death; the third rejected the appeal to the people; and the fourth ordered his execution in twenty-four hours. The king, regarding these messengers of death with a serene countenance, took the decree from the hands of Gronville, put it in his pocket, and read Garat a letter, in which he demanded of the convention three days to prepare to die, a confessor to attend him in his last moments, permission to see his family, and liberty for them to quit France. Garat received the letter, and promised to deliver it immediately to the convention; the king gave him, at the same time, the address of the clergyman whose assistance he demanded.

'Louis returned to his chamber with perfect tranquillity, called for dinner, and ate as usual. The knives had been taken away, and the domestics refused to bring them

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back. "Do they believe me coward enough," said he, with dignity, "to take away my own life? I am innocent, and I can die without fear." He was obliged to dispense with a knife, finished his meal, returned to his apartment, and awaited, calmly, the reply to his letter.'

The king requested the Abbé Edgeworth might be appointed to attend him, and he was sent for. He arrived in company with Santerre:—

'The moment M. Edgeworth was introduced, he threw himself at the feet of the king, who immediately raised him, and they shed tears of mutual sympathy in each other's arms. The king then demanded, with anxious curiosity, news of the clergy of France, and of many bishops, especially the Archbishop of Paris, and begged M. Edgeworth to assure the latter that he died faithfully attached to his communion. At eight o'clock he rose, begged M. Edgeworth to wait, and left the room with emotion, saying that he was going to see his family. The municipal officers, determining not to lose sight of their charge, even whilst he was with his family, had determined that he should visit them in the dining-room, which was closed by a glass door, through which they could perceive all his movements without hearing what passed. The king, having entered this apartment, had a glass of water placed upon the table for the princesses, should they need it. He paced the room with anxiety, awaiting with impatience the appearance of those who were so dear to him. At half-past eight o'clock the door opened, and the queen, holding the dauphin by the hand, and Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, rushed into the arms of the condemned monarch, sobbing with grief. The door was closed, and the municipal officers, together with Clery and M. Edgeworth, placed themselves behind it to witness this heart-rending interview. At first it appeared nothing but a scene of confusion and despair. Nothing but sobs and lamentation could be distinguished. The conversation afterwards became more tranquil, and the princesses spoke for some time in a very low tone of voice. The king finally rose to tear himself from this distressing scene, promising to see them again at eight o'clock the next morning. "Do you promise us?" asked the princesses with earnestness. "Yes, yes," replied Louis, with an accent of grief. At this moment, the queen held him in her embrace by one arm, Madame Elizabeth by another, Madame Royale flung her arms round the middle of his body, and the young prince stood before him, giving one hand to his mother and the other to his aunt. As he left the chamber, Madame Royale fainted away; she was immediately carried out, and the king returned to M. Edgeworth, overwhelmed with grief; but he soon recovered his tranquillity.

'M. Edgeworth then proposed to celebrate the mass, of which the king had not partaken for some time. After some difficulties, the commune consented to this ceremony, and the necessary ornaments, for the next morning, were procured from a neighbouring church. The king retired to rest at midnight begging Clery to wake him at five o'clock in the morning. M. Edgeworth threw himself on a bed: Clery remained up by the side of his master, and saw him enjoying the most profound and peaceable sleep on the eve of his execution.

'Meantime a terrific scene took place in Paris. Some few generous souls dared to express their indignation, but the mass, either indifferent or terrified, remained passive. One of the body-guard, named Pâris, had resolved to avenge the death of the king on one of his judges. Lepelletier Saint Fargeau, like many others of his rank, had voted for the death of Louis, to avert the odium caused by his birth and fortune. He had excited great indignation among the royalists, on account of the class of society to which he belonged. On the evening of the 20th he was pointed out to Pâris, at a tavern in the Palais-Royal, whilst he was seating himself at table. This young man, wrapped in a great cloak, went to him, and said, "Is it you, scoundrel, Lepelletier, who voted for the death of the king?" "Yes," replied he, "but I am not a scoundrel, for I voted according to my conscience."—"Hold," resumed Pâris, "here is your recompense!" and he plunged his sabre in his side, and disappeared before any one had time to seize him.

'The news of this event spread with rapidity through all parts of Paris. It was announced at the convention, the Jacobin club, and at the commune. This incident gave countenance to the report of the conspiracy of the royalists, who, it was said, meditated massacreing the left side, and rescuing the king when at the foot of the scaffold. The Jacobins declared their sittings permanent, and sent new messengers to all their authorities to rekindle their zeal, and to call the whole population to arms.

'On the next day, the 21st of January, as the Temple clock struck five, the king awoke, called for Clery, and dressed himself with the most perfect tranquillity. He congratulated himself on having recomposed his mind by sleep. Clery lighted the fire, and moved a chest of drawers, which served for an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his sacerdotal vestments, and commenced solemnizing the mass; Clery assisted at it, and the king, on his knees, gave deep attention to the ceremony. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and the mass being finished, rose with increased strength, and awaited with serenity the moment in which he was to be transported to the scaffold. He demanded scissors to cut his hair himself, to avoid this humiliating operation from the hands of the executioner; but the commune, suspecting the possibility of suicide, refused his request.

'The drum now beat through the streets of the capital. All those who belonged to the armed sections joined their companies with the most perfect submission. Those who were not obliged to make their appearance on this terrible day, concealed themselves in their houses. Their doors and windows were all shut, and they awaited, at home, the tidings of this heart-rending event. It was reported that four or five hundred men, devoted to the king, had designed to burst their way to the carriage, and carry him off. The convention, commune, executive council, and Jacobins were all assembled.

'At eight o'clock in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation of the commune, of the department, and of the criminal tribunal, proceeded to the Temple. The king hearing the noise of their approach rose, and prepared to depart. He had determined not to renew the sad scene of the preceding evening by seeing his family again. He charged Clery to give his adieu to his wife, sisters, and children. He also begged him to carry them a lock of his hair and some jewels, which he gave him for that purpose. He then squeezed his hand, and thanked him for his services. He afterwards addressed one of the municipal officers, begging him to transmit his will to the commune. This officer, named Jaques Roux, had formerly been a priest; he answered him in a brutal manner, that it was his business to conduct him to the scaffold, not to run on his messages. Another charged himself with this commission, and Louis, turning towards his conductors, gave, with firmness, the signal of departure.

'Officers of the gendarmerie were placed in front of the carriage in which Louis was transported to the place of execution; he himself and M. Edgeworth were seated behind. During this transfer, which was rather long, the king read, from the breviary of M. Edgeworth, the prayers appropriate to his situation. The two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. They had orders, it was said, to stab him if the carriage should be attacked. No hostile attempt, however, was made from the Temple to the Place de la Revolution. The armed multitude formed a street. Profound silence prevailed, and the carriage advanced slowly. At the Place de la Revolution, a large vacant space was left round the scaffold. Tiers of artillery surrounded this space; the most democratic confederates were formed round the scaffold; the very refuse of the rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when they received the signal from higher authorities, pressed behind the ranks of confederates, and manifested their execrable satisfaction by many hateful gestures of triumph and revenge; whilst every sentiment of commiseration was suppressed by terror, and buried in silence. Louis, alighting from the carriage, advanced with a firm step and undismayed air, towards the place of execution. Three executioners came forward; he rejected their interference, and disrobed himself. But when they attempted to bind his hands, he experienced a movement of indignation, and seemed involuntarily about to defend himself. M. Edgeworth, whose expressions were, at this moment, full of sublimity, seeing his emotion, said to him, "Suffer this indignity, as a last resemblance to the God who is about to be your recompense." The victim became resigned, and suffered himself to be bound, and led to the scaffold. Suddenly he advanced one step in front of the executioners,

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and addressed the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a strong voice, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me: I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not be upon France." He would have continued, but the drums were now ordered to beat; the voice of the king was drowned in their noise, the executioners seized upon their victim, and M. Edgeworth inspired his last moment with this sublime exclamation: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" The furious wretches who surrounded his scaffold then dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in his blood, spread through Paris, shouting "Live the nation! live the republic?" and even went to the gates of the Temple, to manifest that false and brutal joy which the multitude always experience on the opening of a new era, and at the downfal of the great.'

COSTUMES.

The following curious particulars, relative to several articles of costume, are from the twenty-second part of Fosbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities:—

'*Buttons.*—The classical ancients did not commonly use buttons, a few excepted on the shoulders and arms of women's tunicks; or two, connecting the two square pieces of the tunick, near the neck. Buttons of brass, among the people and soldiery, fastened upon the shoulder, commonly the right, the chlamys, paludamentum, or cloak of the men. Among us they are as ancient as the tenth century. They appear upon the front of the tunick; but in that, and the fourteenth century (when they are first mentioned by authors), were more for ornament than use. They were mostly of gold and silver, and imported; the manufacture, even in 13th Cha. II. being limited to buttons worked with the needle, to which succeeded those made with cloth and stuffs. Du Cange mentions them abroad in the fourteenth century. Laces were a long time substitutes for them.'

'*Garters.*—The Anglo-Saxons had three kinds, two of which ran up like those of Highlanders, from the foot; the third like the modern, about the calf, but with only one tagge, and appropriated to all classes, but more particularly to soldiers. After the Conquest, these fashions appear to have been far less universal, although cross-gartering and spiral convolutions occasionally appear. In the reign of Edw. III. gold or silver was worn upon them. In the seventeenth century, the hose was tied to the breeches by points or thin strings like tapes. Queen Elizabeth had garters of white cypress, *i. e.* gauze.'

'*Gloves.*—These were used in the classical era to defend the hands against thorns, and archers used them not cleft in the fingers; secretaries against cold, in order not to leave off writing; husbandmen, leathern gloves; effeminate people, those of cloth or linen. In the year 814 they were distinguished by pairs. Strutt thinks they were unknown here before the tenth century, made of linen, and then, long after, confined to persons of rank and the clergy, upon solemnities, and ornamented with jewels. He also thinks, that towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were partially used by the ladies. The gloves of the nobility reached nearly to the elbows. Du Cange mentions Manufolia, mittens filled with money, and laid under the pillow; and the custom is recorded elsewhere, that it was usual to keep money in gloves. We also hear of winter-gloves lined with fur. Instances appear of riding in gloves, and of pulling them off when people said their prayers at church. They were common complimentary presents to great men. In the seventeenth century the custom of wearing them richly embroidered was very expensive, a pair costing 30s. At a wedding in 1604, the charge of the gloves and garters given away amounted to nearly £1,000, and bishops used to make similar presents at their consecration, afterwards commuted for a benefaction. While the spirit of chivalry lasted, the glove of a lady was worn on the helmet, as a favour; and was a very honourable token and mark of the wearer's success, which was supposed to be derived from the virtue of the lady. At the battle of Agincourt, according to Drayton, the young warriors wore either a lady's sleeve, garter, glove, lock of hair, or other token, on the helmet; in peace they were worn on the hat. On the decline of the fashion, it fell into the hands of coxcombs and servants. Gloves were very dear, if finely perfumed, in Elizabeth's time, when perfumes were but newly made in England, and brought from Italy.'

'*Pinafore.*—Du Cange, under the word Mantellum Mensale, a dress so called to spare others; the sarcia of coarse linen, a semitunick, worn by women to save their cloaths; and a syrcote, without shoes, worn by soldiers to eat or stay at home in. The mensalia were pinafores used at meals by men. So Lynwood, who adds, that the supertunicks were anciently of the same use.'

'*Stockings.*—Two pair were worn together in the sixteenth century. Mary Queen of Scots at her execution wore stockings of blue worsted, clocked, and edged at the top with silver, and under them another pair of white. In the next century two pair were also worn together, one fastened to the breeches, and the other gartered below the knee, and then turned down. Previously to the introduction of silk, stockings were very rich and splendid, consisting of the most costly stuffs, interwoven and embroidered with gold and silver. Socks of fustian are contemporary. Stubbs says, that the women's stockings consisted of silk, jarnsey, worsted, cruel, or at least of fine yarn, thread, or cloth of all colours, and with clocks, open seams, &c. In the sixteenth century, in France, young men of rank wore their stockings of different fashions upon each leg.

'*Waistcoat.*—This garment, at first used while the doublet was in fashion, at last superseded it. It was made of rich and embroidered materials. William Lee wove silk waistcoat pieces in his stocking frame; and some kinds were sold in the shops at 10, 20, and £40 a-piece. It was a garment common to both sexes.'

'*Trousers.*—The Trojans, Phrygians, inhabitants of the Tauris, and all Barbarians, wear upon Greek monuments, trousers very long, and full of plaits. The Gauls are also thus distinguished by these *bracæ*. The trousers of the Anglo-Saxons served also for stockings. They do not appear to have undergone the least material alteration during the early part of the Anglo-Norman era; but, after the conquest, they became confined to the rustics and lower classes, and were, Strutt thinks, the only interior garment used beneath the tunic. Joinville observes, that they were worn of coarse cloth by Saracen sailors.'

ORIGINAL.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

LIVING SKELETON, CURIOUS LADIES, THEATRICALS, &c. &c.

Mr. Editor,—Pray what is Asmodeus about?—peeping into a South American mine, or gone to dine with Captain Parry on an iceberg, I suppose;—at all events, he is not exercising his ubiquity, nor performing his office, as a spirit quick to detect, and eager to punish, the follies of the day. Why will he leave it to a plain man—more inclined to humour his fellow-creatures, than to lash them—to point out such perversions of taste, and dereliction of manners, as to suggest the idea, not that one devil had left us, but that a legion were amongst us.

I say nothing of the lion-baitings and dog-bitings at Warwick, nor of the well-dressed women peeping in the uppermost windows—for it is the property of all great evils, to swallow the lesser;—no; I only can think of the new and extraordinary monstrosity, of women, living in society—women, neither recognised as harlots, idiots, nor anatomical students, actually investigating that unhappy and disgusting being, exhibited amongst us as a living skeleton.

When you gave to husbands and fathers very good advice, on the occasion, cautioning them not even to answer inquiries at home, and thereby excite the imagination of their female connections to dwelling on a subject which might painfully affect or seriously injure minds easily acted upon by all that awakens fancy and excites apprehension, it did not enter your mind that women would themselves become spectators. Had the fact not been flagrant, it could never have met with belief, and in parts remote from the metropolis, it *never* will be credited that Englishwomen, so long deemed the most modest and unaffected in Europe, should, in open day, in company with other men, actually in defiance of common decency, gaze upon a man stripped to the very bones.

A sickly and insatiate curiosity may infect a few pretenders to science, and the rage for seeing sights, which amounts to a disease, few many into places somewhat *outré*; travelled amateurs may be allowed to gaze on fine statues; and old nurses be not only privileged, but thanked, when the levelling hands of sickness and death compel them to forget the difference of sex between themselves and the breathing clay imploring their good offices; but to step forward to such a spectacle as this is a violation of all decency,

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as well as delicacy, that admits of neither palliation nor excuse: to woman the sight gives no instruction—exercises no virtue; she commits an outrage on her own nature, and renders herself hateful to our's. She perverts the first and sweetest movements of the heart, making even youth and beauty loathsome in our eyes, when connected with the idea that so fair a person is inhabited by a mind so beastly or so imbecile; for I protest that I have seen young men literally turn pale and shudder, with the sensation of a disgust amounting to horror, when they even thought of it.

I understand several ladies have fainted and been carried away in that state; and others have evidently suffered much, from seeing this deplorable object: others, of stronger nerves, or in more advanced life, have beheld it with all imaginable *sang-froid*. In a Catholic country, these visitants might be all considered as persons sent thither to perform an act of penance; nor should I blame the priest who judged it wise to cure those dames, who had been too fond of the flesh, by presenting them with compelled contemplation of the bones. Considered in the light of a punishment to ladies of a certain age, the thing might be very well; but, even in this (which is its only salutary form), restrictions should be observed, and all young sinners exempted, lest it should be found to add, to the evils already possessed, those of insensibility and immodesty.

That government ought to interfere, in such a case, is my decided opinion, however great might be the clamour against such an encroachment on the liberty of women to descend from angels to brutes: the press—the great engine, will perhaps do the business better; and *earnestly* do I call on every man *to do his duty* who holds the power—the truly valuable power, of contributing to purify us from a stain hitherto unknown in the annals of our women.

Let us turn from such a sickening subject; let us bring back our hearts to their old fealty to the sex—and how can we do it better than by looking at Miss Kelly's Susan, in *Broken Promise*. Here we have at once a woman of genius—of powerful original genius, and woman in a humble estate—the faithful, active, strongly-attached servant, and the tender, constant, generous lover, in the nobleness of whose nature, despite of the lowliness of her condition, and the simplicity of her manners, we feel something almost sublime, and in whose sorrows our bosoms swell and our eyes overflow.

It is pretty generally understood that no actress, in the last fifty years, has approached Miss Kelly, except Mrs. Jordan; but it is my decided opinion that this lady excels her predecessor—not, it is true, in the sweetness of her voice—for that I deem unequalled, but in the *naïveté* and strictly-true delineation of her character. Susan never ceases to be a servant-maid; there was a moment when I did fear the gentlewoman was coming, in her address to the villagers; but no—it was only the natural interest which belongs to strong excitement, and in which the human soul rises, in its native greatness, above the trammels of circumstance. As a duchess in a rage gives the idea of vulgarity, so may a rural maiden, in her hour of anguish and just indignation, become animated even to eloquence. Perhaps there never was a more touching and beautiful trait of the workings of an innocent girl's heart, than is given by Miss Kelly in the moment of her reconciliation, when, after struggling a short time with her feelings, she seizes her mother, and gives her a hearty kiss; it is the avowal of her happiness—it is the claim upon maternal approbation, which, thus secured, she then modestly sinks into the arms of her lover. This is nature—pure, amiable nature, combining the fond frankness of a confiding heart with the feelings which belong to her who 'will not unsought be won'—whose love is dignified by its purity.

My friend Power plays the corporal in a style worthy of Susan, which is saying all that can be said. A gentleman in private life, so, in his public capacity, he never can condescend 'to rend the ears of the groundlings;' and all the praise he has received as an Irishman, never tempts him to that burlesque which has been frequently united to the brogue or the manners of that character. His O'Connor is as chaste and as true a piece of acting as I ever remember to have witnessed, especially in the scene to which I have alluded. The first time I saw him, I had placed myself (as I always do when my family are not with me) in the middle of the pit; and I was amused by the critiques of some of my neighbours, who had only been in a very little time, but had elbowed their way into good places. 'Is this is the clever Miss Kelly!' said one: 'well, she has all her own way! *he* says never a word.' 'No,' replied the other; 'the poor fellow is quite as a stand; he does not know what to do with himself: see how he pulls off his gloves!' 'Aye, aye, friend—you won't find it at your fingers' ends this time; I declare I quite feel for him—he is evidently in distress.'

Whether my sapient neighbours discovered their misplaced compassion, I know not, for I was too much engaged to attend—the whole scene took me back some thirty years in life, and renewed memory of sweet tears, and bitter hours, such as all lovers have had, or must have—but who regrets such hours and such feelings? Him, alone, who has felt woman's tears on his cheek—woman's love in his heart, and has deceived her.

I mean not, of course, when I speak thus tenderly of woman, the unsexed, revolting, skeleton-gazing creatures, not one of whom I can allow to be a woman; for, although Eve's curiosity might be adduced as proof that it is the sin of the sex, yet let it be remembered that our general mother was tempted by the 'wisest' (and in many respects the most beautiful) 'of the beasts,' and that the fruit she plucked was 'fair to look upon,' and 'a thing to be desired,' which I believe no apologist for the ladies could possibly urge in the present case. Could she, who was—

'Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,'

see that even her error had so degenerated, I have no doubt but she would be as unwilling to pardon it as myself, and as ready to deny these garbage-loving damsels to be *her* daughters, as I am to consider them of the species which men take to be the 'wives of their bosoms.' I am your's, &c.,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF MEMORY.

(Concluded from p. 540.)

HABITS of reflection not only tend to improve the memory; but are indispensably requisite to moral and intellectual improvement. They enable us to approve and perfect, or condemn and rectify, in our future, what was right, or wrong, in our past conduct; and to make a judicious selection of what is valuable from what is frivolous, in the acquisition of knowledge. They serve to give clear conceptions; to enlarge the understanding; and to methodize experience.—But if, instead of revising our knowledge from time to time, meditating on the various parts of which it is composed, and retaining only such of them as are important, we cherish habits of inaccuracy, and overload the memory by grasping at everything without discrimination; our knowledge will be only a confused mass of unconnected facts; consisting of words rather than of things; and will be as useless as it is vague and superficial. A memory of this description resembles one which retains perceptions of all kinds with equal force, and which can be but of little real use to its possessor.—It is worthy of observation, and, indeed, ought carefully to be borne in mind, that the memory is not so much improved by attempting to remember a *great deal*, as by endeavouring to remember a *little well*.

The *third* requisite for this improvement of memory, is, *to converse over with a friend those ideas which we have selected as important, and wish to remember*. For this purpose nothing seems better adapted than a well regulated society, composed of individuals pursuing the same course of study. In conversation, the attention is fixed, and our conceptions are rendered more lively by being clothed in words. In this useful intellectual exercise, we are obliged in some measure to depend on our own abilities to supply us with arguments, instead of blindly leaning for support on those of others. When we trust to others for our ideas on any subject, our attention is never so vigorously exerted as when we are obliged to rely on our own resources. Many things which had before escaped our notice, strike us in conversation; and the subject under discussion is, in all its parts and relations, more clearly understood and better remembered. Our minds become more familiarized with the ideas of others, as well as with the conclusions of our own understanding. These circumstances, together with the arrangement of our ideas necessary for communicating them with clearness and precision to others, and the promptitude with which we must frequently deliver our sentiments, are particularly useful in giving us a facility and readiness of recollection. Lord Bacon has, somewhere in his writings, I think in his essays,—well observed, that 'it were better

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to address ourselves to a statue or picture, than to allow our thoughts to pass in silence.'

The *fourth* requisite for the improvement of memory is, *that we study with method and order:*—which consists *in following the train of association to which our faculties naturally lead.*—In pursuing different branches of study, we ought to confine our attention to what is really useful; and to have respect to the order most congenial to the habitual train of our thoughts. In the succession of our thoughts, or in that train of thought which is continually flowing through the mind, there is, for the most part, a connection; so that the thought which *is at present* in the mind, depends partly on that which *went before*, and serves in some measure to introduce that which *follows*. Hence those things are most easily and best remembered, of which the parts are methodically arranged, intimately connected, or mutually related. Every one must have observed how much order and method contribute to perpetuate the remembrance of an oration or poem. The improvement of the memory must therefore be greatly promoted by a methodical course of study; a love of order; and a habit of distributing the various articles of our knowledge into distinct classes and subordinate heads, and of assigning to every new acquisition its proper place in the general arrangement. Of the means, indeed, which have been devised, recommended, or employed for effecting improvement of the memory, a philosophical and regular plan of study may perhaps be regarded as one of the most successful, and the most deserving of trial generally speaking, from its being apparently, in all cases to which it is applicable, the best adapted for the accomplishment of the end in view. By steadily adhering to a definite arrangement every subject is studied in its proper place; all the particular facts, illustrations, and arguments requisite for its elucidation, are recollected under the heads to which they respectively belong; and the mind is not perplexed or embarrassed, in the midst of its researches, by the presence of extraneous matter, or by the obtrusion of ideas irrelevant to those which ought to form the subject of its operations. Those who adopt this method of improving their memories, must be particularly careful not to forget the general plan according to which their acquisitions are arranged; and in order to retain it, they should frequently revise the more important branches of their knowledge, and renew those impressions which time may have begun to efface. Every new acquisition which we wish to retain, ought to be closely connected with the associations which we have previously formed. This will possess the double advantage of strengthening our associations, by presenting some new relation among our ideas, and of permanently retaining the acquisition, in consequence of its connection with the principles which regulate our train of thought. The more relations that are established between our ideas, the more readily will the view of one enable us to recall the rest by means of association. On account of an additional relation, *verse* is more easily remembered than *prose;* and for the same reason, *rhyme* is committed to memory and retained, with less difficulty, than *blank-verse.*—It is from this principle, in conjunction with the love of poetry and use of poetical language natural to man in his uncivilized state, that laws, proverbs, and other moral rules and maxims, were anciently composed in verse; and though the modern critic may despise or be disposed to smile at such of those doggrel rhymes as have been handed down to us; yet it ought to be considered that they were the best means of conveying instruction which could have been devised for a rude people; and that, when employed for that purpose, they were better adapted to the state of society than the polished productions of a more refined age.

The *fifth* aid to the memory is, *a habit of writing down whatever we wish to remember.* It is, however, not by *mere transcriptions* of what we read, that the memory will be improved. By writing out common-places from books, much time may be spent, and much labour may be bestowed; but neither will the understanding be enlarged, nor the memory made more susceptible or tenacious. If we wish to give stability to our thoughts, and acquire a stock of knowledge that may properly be called our own, we must carefully commit to writing the *sentiments* which we learn from others (not the *words* which we read or hear), as well as those which arise in our own minds, and which are the result of our own investigation. This practice of putting our thoughts upon paper, and expressing them in our own words, has several very obvious advantages. It fixes the attention more closely and for a longer time, upon the fact or doctrine which we review; leads us to clothe our thoughts in words; and gives figure, in some measure, to the objects of our attention, and presents them to the eye, the perceptions of which keep a stronger hold of the memory than those of any other sense. Our thoughts are naturally fleeting, and many of our most important acquisitions are soon forgotten; but by the practice of writing we are enabled to keep them before the view of the mind until a deep impression is made on the memory. This useful exercise will likewise enable the student to form his style; to think for himself; to revise and enlarge his knowledge; to cultivate his mental faculties; and to mark his progress in what path soever of inquiry he may happen to pursue. Though, in the beginning, he may have many difficulties to encounter, and may meet with little that can afford him pleasure; yet, as he advances, his task will gradually become more interesting as well as easy; and, in the end, he will be found to regret neither the time nor the labour which he employed in composing the journal of progress.

Many attempts have been made to improve the memory by *artificial* means. In the writings of Cicero and Quintilian, some account is given of the *artificial memory* of the ancients, contrived to facilitate the recollection of the heads of an oration, by associating them with objects previously rendered familiar to the mind. It was generally used by those whose profession it was to speak in public; and consisted in a kind of imaginary connection which the speaker had established between the leading features of his discourse and the sensible objects in the place where he spoke. For this purpose, we are told, the orator arranged in his memory a number of contiguous places, such as the apartments in a house, or the buildings in a street; and with these several places he associated the principal heads and subordinate divisions of his speech. In allusion to this practice the heads of a discourse were, and are still, called *loci, places,* or *topics.* Quintilian very justly remarks, that this art is too complex, and that memory may be improved by simpler means.

An art somewhat similar to the topical memory of the ancients, is said to be practised by the North American chiefs. The orator, when haranguing in public, is attended by a prompter, whose business it is, to exhibit to the speaker a variety of painted rods, one after another, which serve to suggest the various topics of his discourse.

Another method has been recommended for facilitating the remembrance of dates, measures, computations, &c. It is called the 'Memoria Technica,' or 'Ars Lulliana;' and consists in the substitution of the letters of the alphabet for the numerical characters. This art has been improved by forming the letters and words into a number of verses, which the student is to commit to memory, in the same manner as grammatical rules, and which are designed to suggest to him an extensive field of useful knowledge.

These and other such like attempts to improve the memory by artificial means, are more curious and ingenious, than really useful. Though they may serve to assist that faculty in particular cases, as in those of the school boy and his tutor; yet they are all liable to this serious objection,—*that they tend to destroy the memory by accustoming it to look for foreign aid.*—It is not by means of mere mechanical expedients that the memory can ever be cultivated; but by exercising the faculty itself, and the other powers with which it is connected.

By industry and attention, by patience and long practice, much may be done for the improvement of our intellectual and moral nature; and experience uniformly evinces, that none of our faculties are more susceptible of cultivation than memory. Instances are not wanting in which it has been improved to a degree almost incredible; and though its perfection, in such cases, was the result of long and unremitting application, yet we shall not be deterred by the labour and perseverance necessary for its improvement, when we reflect on the vast importance of this noble faculty.—Though our other powers are the *immediate instruments* by which our knowledge is acquired, yet to *memory* we are indebted for the permanency of all our acquisitions. Without the aid of this faculty, our knowledge (if *knowledge* it might be called), could not have extended beyond the consciousness of a single feeling; no idea of time, nor any of those complex notions of which it forms an ingredient, could ever have entered into our minds; and the fleeting moment of which we can form no concep-

tion, would to us have appeared the period of our existence. Where, then, were all the innumerable deductions of reason,—the prerogative and boast of man? and where were all the enjoyments of social intercourse,—all the happiness that flows from benevolent affection? From our knowledge of the *past*, we judge of the *future*; but without memory, where were the experience from which we anticipate? and where the remembrance of former blessings, on which we ground our future hopes?— Such is the situation in which man is placed, that, if destitute of memory, the very possibility of his continued existence is not conceivable, without the miraculous interposition of that Almighty Being by whom it was bestowed. In the present admirable constitution of things, it is our duty ever to bear in mind, that He has made us capable of *remembering* his goodness, as well as of *enjoying* his blessings; and, amidst all our enjoyments, it ought never to be forgotten, that He bestowed not a power of *memory* without implanting an affection of *gratitude*. EBE.

A CARD FROM ASMODEUS.

My dear Mr. Editor,—Although you have not lately heard from me, yet rest assured that I have neither been devoured by Wombwell's lions nor frightened to death by that scarecrow—the living skeleton; nor have I perished by drinking cold water during the dog-days, though the weather has been so hot as to set an ice-house on fire, as the American papers assure us. Attribute not to me the mischiefs that have occurred since I last wrote: I provided no bun for *Judge* Berkeley; I gave no philtre to Miss Tree; it was not I that instigated Kean to arrest Elliston, of whose inside his son, on inspection, is able to give so satisfactory an account; I had no share in exciting the Sunderland seamen to a riot, nor, thank God, did I direct the soldiers to fire on the defenceless and unoffending. I am not answerable for the temper of Sir Richard Birnie, who acknowledges he speculates on the Stock Exchange, and if he had lost much, it was no wonder he became irritated at the very name of *Gamble*, when associated with a subject on which he felt so sorely; as for the knight of the saddle turning out the reporters the other day, why, was it not natural? for who likes to sit in company with a set of men who will blazon forth every folly you commit. I wrote none of the new *drapers'* letters on the subject of shutting up shop; nor was it I that set the cooks and footmen to combine, and compel their masters to dine at one o'clock every day, in order to allow them time for mutual instruction. In serious soberness, however, let me observe, that there is no class of society more industrious, nor work harder for so little money, than London shopmen.

The Dutch have discovered a new method of printing: I know the process, and have improved on it. The plodding Dutch only boast of being able to reprint a French paper in two hours, but I can reprint Hume and Smollett's history in that time. As a proof of the rapidity of my process, I will only give you one instance; on Monday, I bought a copy of The Times (which you know is now nearly as large as a counterpane) of Ridgway's boy, just as he came out of the office, darted home, set my machine to work, and overtook the boy, with a quire of reprints, before he got to Temple Bar. The Dutch talk of printing indeed!

Having stated this, I will leave to next week to tell you what I have done the last month, and beg that you will reserve a place for me; in the meantime, I send you a trifle I wrote some months ago, and to which my attention was called, by seeing a parody on it, in a contemporary journal. I should, however, have let it slumber, had I not seen the extravagant praises bestowed on the imitation, called the Slave Ship, by Iole, which I am sure every reader of good sense will acknowledge is much inferior to the subjoined poem of ASMODEUS.

THE SHAVING SHOP.

It has been the good fortune of Asmodeus to introduce several good jokes to the public, whose merit have speedily procured them fame of a high and permanent order. He this week (he is persuaded) begins a new career of the same kind, and in this belief begs to recommend the Shaving Shop to the attention of the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*.

'Whilst taking a glass of stout at the Cock, in Fleet Street, a Scotchman of the name of Andrew Mackay, with a friend, arrived, each of which had just been shaved and cropped at Money's; had any kindness or humanity prevailed with them, they would have gone to some poorer barber, and not to one who crops more dandies than any haircutter in London, Mac Alpine not excepted. The wretched exquisites, Andrew Mackay assured us, were all stowed in bulk* in Money's rooms, and their heads possessed no other ornament save that which he or his assistants conferred. Their bodies and extremities were enveloped in sundry preparations from the hides of sheep, calves, &c †

No wigs were on the blocks,
No dandies on the chairs,
Money's men stood still in stocks,
And ceas'd to torture hairs

* *Stowed in bulk* is a *naughty* phrase for anything closely packed; a barrel of herrings will convey the best idea of Money's shaving-shop on the morning of a lord mayor's ball, and indeed Mac Alpine engages in this traffic about the Bank and Royal Exchange.

† I hate all notes, save bank notes (who does *save* them?) but it has occurred to me that some of my readers may think this argument or preamble has nothing to do with the poem that follows: *they* may think so, but if they would dispense with that said labour of thinking, and rely on my assertion, I would assure them that the introduction has quite as much to do with the subject as such matters generally have. If the reader will refer to The Literary Gazette of last Saturday, he will find a most obvious and daring plagiarism, not only of the poem of the Shaving Shop, but even of the introductory anecdote. Why I suffered my portfolio to be examined and my original poems parodied, may naturally enough be asked, but as I hate personalities, and am rich enough to spare a few appropriations of that sort, the public must rest without any explanation on this point.

Fleet Street lay just before,
The Thames lay far behind,
And a breath of gin and cloves
Came on the northern wind.
There rose a curse and wail,
As rough chins pass'd the door,
And keen looks sought for rugged nobs,
Which should add to Money-more.
Who seeing that fair shop,
And all the fops that in it strut,
Would dream that barbers trod the boards,
And that till twelve it was not shut?
By day was heard the scrape,
By night was heard the snore;
For the shavers all were tired,
And therefore snor'd the more.
Was one in that good shop
A master in the strand,
He'd scorn to shave; he'd scorn to clip,
At Money's stern command.
He call'd upon his tribe,
And said they might be free!
And his brow was devilish warm,
As he drank his cup of tea.
Next day a sullen growl
Was heard among the men,
They swore they'd go to bed at nine,
And not get up till ten.

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VIII.

Should the plan now in agitation for shutting up the shops at seven p. m.,—that is about an hour before the present fashionable dinner-time, be carried into effect, we may expect to see some other strange changes with respect to the distribution of the twenty-four hours. This early cessation of all appearance of business would doubtless render our streets less gay of an evening than they have hitherto been, were it not that the whole population of our shops will now be poured forth to parade them; for it does not appear that the *curfew* is to be exactly re-established. Neither is it likely that we should ever return so far again to the 'good old times,' that all his Majesty's subjects will, like Sir Richard Birnie, be snugly lodged in their beds at ten o'clock in the afternoon. We have often thought that it would be a great improvement, could vulgar people be prevailed upon to finish their day by the time that people of fashion begin their morning, as it would prevent much collision and confusion between the *somebodies* and the *nobodies*, who are now perpetually jostled together and thwarting each other. According to the present system, a *fashionist* must either dine when he should be breakfasting, or must stay away from a theatre. Surely, therefore, it would be better to have one theatre for the *canaille*, and another for persons *comme il faut*: at the latter, the performance might begin a little after midnight, and that it might not be a *bore*, it ought not to be longer than a fashionable sermon. John Bull is never contented with sitting a less time than six hours at a play-house: now this is not only excessively vulgar, but a dreadful loss of time, which, however, does not seem to enter John's calculation. He likes a good deal for his money—as to quality, that is not of much consideration; but he thinks, that if he has six hours of play, from the managers, for his

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seven shillings, he has a good bargain, not computing that for every hour he so receives, he gives in exchange not only a shilling and a fraction, but sixty minutes besides. But, perhaps, he considers time lost as so much earned,' somewhat after the manner of the Irishman, who bragged that he had passed off a bad guinea to a beggar between two halfpence.

A theatre conducted on the plan we have above suggested, would undoubtedly be a monstrous improvement on the present horrible system, and might tend to bring playgoing into vogue again with people of *ton*, for now the performances close just about the time they ought to begin; unless, indeed, it should become the fashion to dine, as the late Mr. Lee Warner did, after the play is over.* We are aware that it is the custom with certain old-fashioned people to declaim against late hours, which they seem to consider as something quite sinful; although many of these very regular people see no harm whatever in lying ten or twelve hours in bed. But the fact, we believe, is, that if candlelight be a sin, it is one that must be laid to the charge of the fair part of the creation, who, we presume, somehow or other, find their account in it. Moonlight is pretty and sentimental; accordingly, we find poets very fond of rambling about in it, at those hours when all orderly good people are a bed. Next to this,—although poets themselves may protest against such an opinion, there is no light so poetical as candlelight, as it shows objects as they ought to be, rather than as they really are; we are, therefore, so far from wondering that those who can afford it, show such a predilection for it, that we rather wonder they do condescend to use daylight at all.

As to late dinners, they are by no means an invention of modern luxury, for, like ourselves, the ancients never dined until the evening. The Roman *cœna*, which still continues to be stupidly or perversely translated 'supper,' although it might as well be rendered 'breakfast,' was neither more nor less than the dinner of the present day; nor would it ever have been translated otherwise, except by our Gothic ancestors, who took their suppers before sunset. In this respect, therefore, the world is so far from getting worse and worse every day, that it remains precisely the same as it was nineteen centuries ago. And, after all, the fashion of dining late is so far from being an extravagant one, that it is the most economical—that is, with regard to time, that could be contrived. Were, indeed, our fashionable people to dine when the rest of the world are forced to be engaged in business, they could not be aped as they now are, by many pretenders to gentility, who consider an eight o'clock dinner as the climax of *ton*.

* Of this eccentric gentleman, who actually used to turn night into day, some amusing anecdotes may be found in Pratt's Gleanings.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

I SAT me on a mountain's side,
From whence I could o'erlook the glen;
But now, as far as eye could see,
I nought beheld but a misty sea;
And there I sat, shut out from men!
And oh! it was a beautiful sight!
For sometimes I by chance could see
A high hill lifting up its head,
Above the cloud that o'er it spread,
Like an island floating in the sea.
The sun shone bright—how bright he shone!
Upon the cloud that spread before me;
It was a scene of splendid light,
Suited to some poetic wight;
It was a scene of splendid glory!
The world was from me all shut out,
Would I had ne'er it seen again;
For where's the pleasure can be found,
But what is with distraction crown'd,
Amidst the haunts of worldly men?
I seem'd alone in a new world,—
Beauty and I alone united:
How beautiful the sun did gleam,
Gilding the cloud with his bright beam;
And oh! how I was then delighted!
It looked like a fairy world,
Surrounded by a fairy sea;
And I had almost then forgot,
That in this world was cast my lot,
I was so fill'd with ecstasy!
But soon the morning breeze arose,
And all the vision fled away;
The cloud, that look'd like a still ocean,
Was blown away with gentle motion,
And all the vale before me lay.
And that sweet vale show'd beautiful,
A dew-engemmed paradise!
A winding river through it flow'd,
Upon whose banks the wild flow'rs glow'd;
Would it had not known human vice!
But with the scene I will not quarrel—
This world 's made up of good and ill!
Adown the dale I'll take my pleasure,
And on the mountain, when I've leisure—
I'll not complain, let come what will!

18th August, 1825. O. N. Y.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new piece in three acts, entitled *Roses and Thorns* 'a comedy,' attributed to Captain Lunn, was produced on Wednesday, but it approaches broad farce much nearer than to legitimate comedy, and had it been reduced to a farce in two acts, might probably in such shape have met with less equivocal marks of public favour, and have escaped the opposition manifested at the fall of the curtain. The story consists in two half brothers being compelled to live under one roof or lose their fortunes; they are guardians to Julia Heartsease, the daughter of one of them (Mrs. T. Hill), who is to forfeit her fortune if she marries without their consent; they fix upon Frederic Fitzalwyn (Mr. Vining) for her husband, and she fixes upon Blancour (Mr. Raymond) her teacher in mathematics. Fitzalwyn having seduced a farmer's daughter, Rosa Appleton (Miss P. Glover) has some remorse of conscience, and he ultimately marries her (this part of the story bears a strong resemblance to that of Clari, but is far less effective), and Julia marries Blancour; the consent of the uncle being obtained by a bungling sort of stratagem that did not escape hissing, the father gave his as a matter of course. The principal merit of the piece is in the humour shown in the contrasted characters of the two brothers; one is a retired admiral, Sir Valentine Vernice (Mr. Farren) who is a crabbed, testy, never-to-be-pleased sort of gentleman, as his name indicates, and the other is a contented, laughing, jolly old fellow, Sir Hilary Heartsease (Mr. Liston) who, determining to be always happy, rejoices over his misfortunes, because, forsooth, they might by possibility have been greater; Verjuice finds in winter nothing but mud, in summer nothing but dust, in civility only flattery, and in attachment only deceit; both characters are farcical enough and were well sustained, particularly that of the admiral; indeed his is the chief portraiture in the piece—without it there could be no room for commendation, for the incidents and situations of the drama possess no originality.—With the exception of Mr. Williams who is an old weather-beaten tar, attached to the admiral, the performers had little room for a display of talent. With this brief notice we shall therefore dismiss Roses and Thorns, not expecting to have occasion again to recur to it.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—The new opera of *Tarrare* is completely successful, and attracts large and fashionable audiences.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. E. T. ARTIS has nearly ready for publication, in one volume 4to, his Antediluvian Phytology, illustrated by a collection of the fossil remains of plants, peculiar to the coal formations of Great Britain.

Mrs. Murdoch, the widow of the late Mr. Murdoch, the early teacher of Burns, has in her possession two original letters of the poet's writing, addressed to Mr. Murdoch, one of which is published in Dr. Currie's Life of Burns; but the other does not possess sufficient interest to authorize its publication. Mr. Murdoch attached so much value to these manuscripts, that a liberal pecuniary offer (although he was far from being in good circumstances) could not induce him to part with one of them; his widow, however, we understand, intends to offer them both for sale, and they will probably be transferred to a public library for the inspection of the curious.

Dr. Johnson's dictionary contains the following number of words, but they are by no means the whole in the English language:—articles, 3; nouns substantive, 10,410; adjectives, 9,053; pronouns, 41; verbs, 7,880; participles, 38; participle adjectives, 125; ditto nouns, 3; adverbs, 496; ditto in *ly*, 2,096; prepositions, 69; conjunctions, 19; interjections, 68; total, 40,301.

Rapid Flight.—The rapidity with which the hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, is probably not less than at the rate of 150 miles in an hour; the common crow, twenty-five ditto; a swallow, ninety-two ditto; and the swift, three times greater.—Migratory birds probably about fifty miles per hour.

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An officer of the German Legion will soon publish a work under the title of Accounts of the Campaigns of the King's German Legion in Great Britain, Ireland, Denmark, the Pyrenean Peninsula, and Italy.

New Invention in Printing.—The Dutch papers contain an account of a new discovery in printing, or a new application of lithography, for the reprinting foreign journals, by which it is calculated that the subscription to these papers, which now costs each the postage and triple stamp—31 francs 20 cents per quarter, not including the porterage, will be only 10 francs, which will be a great injury to our journals. The reprint will be executed by lithographic and chemical process, to which the inventor has given the name of *ideotigraphy*. Every foreign journal, for which there shall be one hundred subscribers, will be reprinted, and the reprint appear two hours after the arrival of the mail. The prospectus fixes no prices except for the Moniteur, the Constitutionnel, the Cour Française, and the Pandora. The Moniteur will cost fourteen, twenty-six, and fifty florins, for three, six, and twelve months; the two opposition journals, nine, sixteen, and thirty florins; and the Pandora, eight, fifteen, and thirty florins. The difference between them and the present prices will be from 25 to 30 per cent.

The King of Sweden has commanded the establishment of a Technological Institution in Stockholm, and assigned, for the present, 2,000 dollars to purchase books, medals, &c. This event makes the guilds or companies of artisans afraid (and not without reason) for their monopolies.

Increase of Height at Rising.—The cartilages between the vertebræ of the backbone, twenty-four in number, yield considerably to the pressure of the body in an erect posture, and expand themselves during the repose of the night; hence a person is considerably taller at his rising in the morning than at night. The difference in some amounts to so much as one inch; and recruits who have passed muster for soldiers in the morning, have been rejected when re-measured at night as below the standard.

Oysters.—After the month of May it is felony to carry away a clutch (the spawn adhering to stones, old oystershells, &c.); and punishable to take any oysters, except those of the size of a half-crown piece, or such as, when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling rattling between them.—The liquor of the oyster contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with little shells, perfectly transparent, swimming nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these in a row would extend one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, and which emit a phosphoric light. The list of inhabitants, however, does not conclude here—for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms (called the oyster worm), half an inch long, found in oysters, which shine in the dark like glow-worms.—The sea-star, cockles, and muscles, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when they gape, and sucks them out.

A watchmaker of Bayreuth has manufactured a cage filled with birds, to the number of sixty, representing parrots, sparrows, swallows, &c, each of which has the peculiar note given by nature. The cage is made of brass, and the wheels which make them move and produce the sound are of silver; the plumage is real. A person of distinction, it appears, offered the watchmaker 32,000 florins for his cage, but he will not take less than 60,000.

The vast increase of buildings in the Regent's Park has suggested the necessity of constructing a reservoir for the supply of water to the new neighbourhood. A work of this kind has been going on for some months, and, being now near its completion, attracts a good deal of curiosity. It is advantageously situated on Little Primrose Hill, from which elevation, being one hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the Thames, the liquid body will flow from a point higher than any building in Mary-le-bone, and be enabled, consequently, to invade the topmost chamber in the parish with ease The basin will be twenty feet deep, and cover an area of two acres, and when finished will be enclosed by a wall with an ornamental palisade, so as to render it an object of embellishment to the park. It will contain 18,000 tuns of water, considered to be adequate to the supply of as many houses; and the fluid will be brought from the Thames above Hammersmith, a distance not less than seven miles. The increase of houses, in the parish of Mary-le-bone, has been from 9000 to 14,000 within the last two years. The cost of this work has been computed at £25,090.

M. Schwebel, a mechanic of Strasburg, has just invented a triangular machine, with a lever, to replace the hydraulic lever, which possesses the double action applicable to all machines moved by water or horses, either for spinning, flour-mills, sawing, forge-bellows, &c. It facilitates, by its strength, the machine to which it is applied, giving it a more regular movement, and fills the place of two horses where four are required, and is also very useful in times of drought, as it will work a machine with half the quantity of water.

There is now at Lyme Regis, three fossil skeletons of the Saurin tribe, viz. Ichthyosaurus Tenuirostris, Ichthyosaurus Vulgarus, and Ichthyosaurus Intermedius, the former being twelve feet in length, and in such perfect state that its osteology may be distinctly ascertained. The Ichthyosaurus Vulgaris is a beautiful cabinet specimen unequalled by any hitherto found in any part of Europe, being then three feet long.

The sleep of Plants.—The common chickenweed, with white blossoms, affords a notable instance of what is called the sleep of plants, for every night the leaves approach in pairs, so as to include within their upper surface the tender rudiments of the new shoots, while the uppermost pair but one, at the end of the stalk, are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others—so that they close on the terminating pair, and protect the end of the branch.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

THE WATCHMAN TRIUMPHANT.

'Move on!' bawl'd the watchman; 'move on!
'tis my will,
That none, but myself, in the street should
stand still.'—
'Well said, my old boy!' cried a wag, 'you
are deep,
He might chance to tell tales, if he staid while
you sleep.' J. C.

Artificial Cold.—The greatest artificial cold that has yet been produced, was effected by the mixture of diluted sulphuric acid with snow, which sunk Fahrenheit's thermometer to under 91, or 123 degrees below the freezing point

Anatomical Drawing.—The writer of a memoir on Fuseli says, that in his picture of Milton's daughter reading to the sightless bard, the artist show the femoral artery through the lady's petticoat! This is anatomical precision with a vengeance. We imagine that had the late professor of painting lived to see that horrible *lusus naturæ*, the living skeleton, he would not only have studied him *con amore*, but actually introduced him into some of his goblin pictures. The moderns, whether writers or artists, have a singular predilection for the disgusting, make an ostentatious display of skeletons and dead men's bones, and seek for inspiration in the charnel house. We still retain the monkish personification of death, and display skulls on our tombstones and monuments: singular enough, that a religion which regards the tomb merely as a passage to another state of existence, should represent death under a more hideous form than paganism, which considered it to be the termination of our being!

Extreme Heat of the Air.—We may conclude, from some experiments of Humboldt's, that the air of the atmosphere, although perfectly stagnant, could in no possible circumstance be heated to above 140 degrees, and this only within three feet of the ground. On the west coast of Africa the thermometer is said to rise to 130 in the sun: a thermometer placed in the sand, at Magpures, rose to 014 Fahrenheit.

The Metals.—The metals are forty-two in number, and weigh, compared with water taken as 1, viz.:—platinum, 21; gold, 19.30; mercury, 13.50; silver, 10.30; sodium, 09.72; potassium, 08.56; platinum is the heaviest body in nature.

Love and Laudanum; or, The New Belle's Strategem.—The New Way to get Married.—The success of the tragic-comedy in which a celebrated and favourite actress has lately sustained so important a part, will undoubtedly bring laudanum into great request with all sentimental young ladies; and such will be the demand for it, that that article will rise fifty per cent in the market. We have heard that, after Mr. De Quincy published his confessions, opium-eating became a kind of mania with many persons, and Miss Tree's *coup de theatre* will confer on laudanum-drinking a similar species of vogue. Perhaps here and there a blunder may occur, but if the incident be well *got up*, it can hardly fail of effect: of course the potion

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must not be taken on going to bed, but in a carriage; and perhaps an empty laudanum bottle in the hand, if the lady be a skilful actress, will answer all the purpose of the dose itself. After all, such a way of adjusting the matter, is more delicate and romantic than an action for breach of promise of marriage, although the gentlemen of the long robe will not think so; but then they, it must be allowed, are not the best judges of sentiment and romance. We think that, in such actions, the fair plaintiff, however good her case may be legally, does not appear in the most favourable light; for a woman who can endure the idea of having the whole progress of her attachment discussed in a court of law, and afterwards published in every pot-house in the kingdom, cannot possess the nicest and most correct feelings—to say nothing of the imputation to which she voluntarily subjects herself, by seeking pecuniary consolation in the form of damages. But in England—whether much to the credit of the national character or not, we do not pretend to say—money is held to be a compensation for everything; although, in some ranks of life, it can but add to the insult and disgrace; and we certainly do think, that there are many instances where the highest damages awarded by a jury are too dearly purchased by such a public disclosure as must, to a mind of the least delicacy and sensibility, prove a keener torture than any of our laws could inflict. We hope, however, that in future ladies will be less eager to enter a court of justice, to proclaim to all the world the indignity they have received, and the kind of redress with which they are willing to be satisfied, especially now they perceive that they can carry their point so much more effectually by a phial of laudanum and a little stratagem. There are, too, many cases in which such a drug is the most auspicious emblem of future matrimonial tranquillity that could be devised, seeing that it promises complete oblivion of all ante-nuptial errors.

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Y e, too, who triumph would o'er human strife,
R ead '*The Young Robinson*,' a tale of life;
O r, if you would that SANCTITY should sway,
W ell shall '*Ingenuous Scruples*' point the way.
L eading to polar realms, behold our views
E xpand by '*Peep*' here '*At the Esquimaux*'—
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Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Aug	19	57	60	54	30 20	Fair.
....	20	54	73	65	.. 38	Do.
....	21	60	70	62	.. 36	Cloudy.
....	22	60	71	60	.. 31	Fair.
....	23	60	72	61	.. 17	Do.
....	24	55	71	59	.. 14	Do.
....	25	57	70	58	.. 16	Do.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 329. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Session of Parliament for 1825; *exhibiting the State of Parties and Interests, the Debates and Enactments, and the whole Proceedings of both Houses of the British Legislature during that Period.* To be continued Annually. 8vo. pp. 492. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THEORETICAL politicians may talk of the inequality of representation in the British Parliament, and may truly enough say it is absurd, that the seven stones of Midhust, the oak-tree of Old Sarum, or the cow sheds and pig styes of a dozen boroughs should send members to Parliament, while towns like Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds are unrepresented. No doubt, *prima facie*, there is an apparent injustice or absurdity in it; if, however, it is contended that the places are best represented where the elective franchise is the most extensively diffused, we should beg leave to doubt it. The county of York, the most extensive in England, is as easily managed as the closest borough in Great Britain: the two leading families have only to coalesce, and they can send to Parliament who they please—Whigs or Tories, or, as has generally been the case, one of each, which is somewhat equivalent to not sending any. We can say this, for, to contest the county, would cost any man £150,000, and he must be a fool who would throw away so much money on a barren honour, since no advantages to be gained would indemify him. Then, as to boroughs, with the exception of a few the Treasury hold—say to the extent of eighteen or twenty members—why, they are so equally balanced between the Whigs and Tories that the ministerial make-weight is barely sufficient for the preponderance.

So much for the representative portion of our legislature; of the hereditary portion of it, some of the most violent reformers have spoken in commendation. Horne Tooke, we believe, felt convinced that justice required that wealth, as well as individuals should have their representatives, and were we to turn to the legislative history of our country, we should find that, in point of patriotism and valuable service, the upper was never inferior to the lower house. It was the nobility of England—the barons of old, that wrested from a despotic sovereign *magna charta*, and secured the liberties of the people at the very time the feudal system was in its zenith, and in neighbouring states it was rivetting its chains. In almost every political contest, the nobles have stood foremost, particularly at the revolution of 1688.

The relative importance of the two houses of Parliament is of little avail, for their legislative power alone would give their proceedings no ordinary degree of interest. With them all our laws originate, and we might almost add, *from* them they emanate, since, we believe, the royal prerogative of refusing to sanction a law passed by the two houses, has not been exercised above once during the last sixty or seventy years.

Such being the importance of the British senate, it may seem strange that no connected history of its proceedings has been published in a narrative form, while the Bible Society, the Humane Society, and almost every charitable or established association in the metropolis, has had its annual report. Can we suppose the transactions of a charitable society of more general importance than those of the lawgivers of the land? Certainly not; but we shall be told we have our newspapers, our magazines, and our annual registers. This is very true, no doubt; but the newspapers, from their want of arrangement and unwieldy form, are unfit as books of reference; the magazines are meagre and often incorrect and slovenly; and the Annual Register, notwithstanding its merits, which we allow to be great, is generally published too late, the events it records have often been overshadowed in interest by those which succeed them before its appearance.

The Session of Parliament, which is novel in its plan, appears to supply a niche in our political history; it embodies the public business of a whole session of Parliament, with the arguments of the most *influential* members, as an American would say, upon all the important questions. It comes, too, fresh on us, within six weeks of the close of that session, of which it is a condensed, and, we believe, a very faithful record. If, however, our readers think the author a mere reporter, they do him wrong; he gives not only the facts, but the philosophy (if we may use the term) of the session, mingled with a large portion of sound reflection and just political views. The work is original, and while it neither distorts nor conceals any fact of importance, gives a well written and well digested history of the session of Parliament for 1825.

On one point, perhaps, our readers will be most anxious to be informed; and that is, the political bias of the author. With regard to this, we should say, that, so far as an attentive but hasty perusal enables us to judge, he throughout displays a strict and fearless honesty, which even those who differ from him must respect. 'Nowhere in this volume,' as he observes, 'is there any desire to misstate a principle, or misrepresent a party.' It is, however, far from our intention to attempt a full account of the work, since the late period at which it is published precludes it: we shall therefore content ourselves with quoting a few passages, and have the rest to next week. On the subject of the landed interest in Parliament—the most obstinate, the most powerful, and the greatest obstacle to liberal legislation, our author observes,—

'Abating the church establishment, aristocratic feeling, and a devotedness to the laws as existing, the landed interest may be regarded as forming not only the chief, but almost the exclusive influence in the upper house; and if there be several members of that house who advocate the colonial or some of the commercial interests, and also principles of general liberality, these are still to be regarded rather as exceptions and anomalies. In the lower house again, the landed interest certainly predominates: on account not only of the number of county members, and of landed proprietors who represent boroughs; but on account of the general feeling, not yet eradicated, that property in land is more secure and more respectable than any other kind of property, and that, therefore, the interests of the holders of other property should give way to the interests of the holders of that. The landed interest having in former times obtained, or rather made, strong enactments in their own favour, continue to cling to them with a determination which, to say the least of it, is more pertinacious than wise. Formerly, they acquired the means of keeping corn and agricultural produce generally at a much higher rate than it would have been, had the trade in that produce been free; and though certain trifling advantages have been gained upon them, such as a less fettered trade in grain and provisions between Britain and Ireland, and also though the liberal part of the administration have menaced the principle of the corn-laws, the menace has not yet been carried into execution to any beneficial extent. But the landed interest have not only been able hitherto to retain their monopoly against the public; they have also been enabled to procure repeals of certain taxes—such as those upon agricultural stock, agricultural implements, and servants employed in agriculture, which do not appear to have been productive of any advantage to the other classes of the community, and which, if one may judge from their continued complaints, do not appear to have been fraught with very great advantage, even to the agriculturists themselves.

'Besides the great question of the corn-laws, upon which the landed interest is arrayed in opposition to all the other interests of the country, there are other points upon

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which it comes in contact with peculiar interests, both colonial and domestic. The same principle which makes the landed interest exert itself to exclude the grain of Poland, makes it equally jealous of the rum of the West Indies; and though the distillers of British spirits, and the brewers of beer—more especially in England, be two of the most close and well-organized monopolies in the country, and have each their own party, and that by no means a weak party in the House of Commons, yet they never fail to be backed by the whole influence of the landed interest. The West India planters, too, have a powerful party in the house, and thus, though the distillers and the brewers, backed by the landed interest, be not wholly invincible against them, they are nearly so against the country generally: and though the great hardship to which the public are subjected, especially in the case of the brewers, has been very frequently and very forcibly brought before parliament, the event has always hitherto shown that in order to set the public free from their trammels, it would require the influence of a very liberal and a very powerful ministry, exerted for a very considerable portion of time.'

In these remarks we cordially agree: the landed interest is the only absolute power in England, which thwarts the views of ministers in their legislation, and compels the public to purchase the first article of consumption—grain, at their own price. We will not, however, stop to notice the various interests of the political parties in the House of Commons, of which our author gives a very correct estimate. We shall, therefore, conclude for the present with his observations on the subjects which came before Parliament last sessions:—

'*The Combination Laws.*—The most important miscellaneous measure of the session was that which related to the combinations of workmen in order to obtain high wages. Formerly such combinations had, though strictly limited to this object and temperately conducted, been illegal, while those of masters to keep the wages low had been wholly without the statute. Many of the laws, prohibiting these combinations, had been found not only cruel and oppressive in their operation on workmen, and wholly inefficient, as every law which trenches on the liberty of the subject must be, for accomplishing their purposes, but had given rise to secret oaths and secret meetings, infinitely more dangerous and more hurtful than any open assemblies could have been. Accordingly, in the session of 1824, Mr. Hume moved for and obtained the appointment of a committee, which, among other matters, was instructed "to inquire into, and report upon, the state of the law and its effects, in so far as related to combinations of workmen and others to raise wages, or regulate their wages and hours of working." A great number of persons were examined on these points, and their evidence was so uniformly in favour of an alteration or total repeal of the existing statutes, that the committee came to a unanimous resolution, recommending their repeal, and the introduction of a different system. A bill was accordingly introduced, and passed through its different stages, which repealed all the statutes prohibiting combinations among workmen to raise their wages, or to effect a change in their hours of working, and made it legal for them to combine for these purposes, provided they did not endeavour to effect them by threats, violence, or intimidation.

'It could hardly have been expected that the concession of so much freedom and liberty to a class of persons, who had previously been subjected to severe and unjust control, would have been used with discretion and prudence; and the bill had no sooner passed into a law, than combinations and strikes for a rise of wages became general over the whole kingdom. Unions of trades, having their committees, their delegates, their secretaries, their regular meetings and subscriptions, were formed in every direction; and not only determined not to work under certain wages, but actually, in several cases, used every means in their power to prevent others from working in their stead. The inconvenience and loss arising from these causes, rendered such combinations extremely obnoxious, not only to the masters, who had no means of preventing them but by compliance with their demands, but, from the cases of violence which had occurred in Dublin and Glasgow, to the country generally. Mr. Huskisson accordingly moved, on the 29th of March, for the appointment of a select committee to consider the effect of the act of last session, and to report as to the necessity of repealing or amending its provisions.

'After a violent and lengthened debate between Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Peel, Mr. Hume, and others, in which the latter gentleman contended that the conduct of the masters had been equally faulty with that of the men, and that the law as it presently stood, was perfectly sufficient to repress all improper combination, a committee was appointed, which, after a tedious (and, as was afterwards alleged, an unfair and partial) examination of witnesses, reported to the house, that, in their opinion, the act of last session ought to be repealed, and new and more efficient provisions introduced in its stead. A bill, the same in principle as the act of the former session, was accordingly passed through its different stages, repealing the act of 1824, but renewing its provisions in so far as it repealed all former enactments on the subject, and permitted workmen to combine or unite in a peaceable and orderly manner, for the purpose of obtaining an increase of wages.

'The act then proceeded to detail various things to the number of eighteen, which it shall not be lawful to do. Its provisions differed, however, in so trifling a degree from those of the act of the former session, that it is scarcely necessary to notice them further than by stating, that by the present law every workman or other person, or any number of persons, are liable to be punished by summary process for forcing, endeavouring to force, threatening, molesting, obstructing, or compelling by any means whatever, any person or persons, either to leave his or their work, or to join any combination or union of workmen. Witnesses refusing to give evidence are also liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months, or until such time as they may consent to give such evidence; it being left to the option of the magistrate to receive the evidence, when once refused, or to confine the person who has so refused for that period. The two points, in fact, on which it mainly differs from the act of last session are, that under the former law, no master manufacturer, or son of a master manufacturer, being a justice of the peace, could act in any case of combination, while under the present law, such justices are permitted to act: and that an appeal is now allowed from the decision of the justice or magistrates to the quarter sessions.

'The bill, after having passed a first and second reading without any opposition, became, on the motion for considering it, and bringing up the report, the subject of one of the warmest and most violent discussions which occurred in the course of the session. The cause of this opposition was the insertion of the words "insult, molestation, and obstruction," which, the opponents of the bill contended, were too vague and indefinite; and the permission which it gave to justices being manufacturers, or the sons of manufacturers, to enforce its provisions by passing sentence on those who might be found guilty of violating them. Divisions took place on all these points, when there appeared large majorities in favour of the words, which, with the exception of "insult," stand part of the act. A motion war also made in the course of the debate, to permit trial by jury of persons offending against its provisions, which, after some discussion and a division, was rejected by a considerable majority. The bill passed the House of Commons on the 24th of June, and received the royal assent on the 5th of July.'

On the subject of private bills, and that portion of them which relates to joint-stock companies, the author says,—

'If the public measures relating to commerce, law, and miscellaneous regulation showed how much could in the course of a single session be done for the improvement of the general internal government of the country, the number of private bills which were proposed, and even the number carried, showed how strong the spirit of local improvement was, and how ample were the funds for giving effect to that spirit.

'The total number of petitions for private bills presented to the house was four hundred and thirty-eight, out of which acts in terms of two hundred and eighty-six were passed, and the remaining one hundred and fifty-two were either rejected by the committees, or thrown out by the houses at some stage of their progress. Of the one hundred and fifty-two, eighty were rejected in the committees to which the petitions were referred, twenty-nine were lost upon the second reading in the commons, thirty-five in the committees of that house, and in subsequent stages; and eight, having been passed by

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the commons, were rejected by the upper house. After these deductions, the number actually passed greatly exceeded all former precedent, being double that for the session 1822, and more than one-half of that for the session 1824.

'1. *Joint Stock Companies.*—It must not be supposed that the greater part of this increase was owing to the rage for joint stock companies, which was the most peculiar feature of the year, for though the number of those companies was astonishing, and the objects of many of them absurd, yet the number of bills passed was but few, and the petitions presented not many. Perhaps the hostility to those companies, declared by the lord chancellor at the opening of the session, might have prevented some of them from presenting petitions, but many of them were of such a nature, that they could not stand even the preliminary investigation, and the object of the projectors seemed to be not to establish the companies for any practical purpose, either by acts of parliament or otherwise, but merely to sell the shares; and having got rid of all these at a profit to leave the buyers to do with the company as they listed. The total number of petitions for joint-stock companies was only forty-seven, out of which, eleven passed, and thirty-seven were rejected. Of those rejected, nine were for the establishment of gas companies; six for banking companies; seven for mining speculations; five for navigation and fishery companies; four for water companies; and five were of a miscellaneous nature. In the eleven which passed, three were for mining companies—the Arigna Iron and Coal Company, the Hibernian Mining Company, and the Imperial Mining Company, all in Ireland; one was for water works (Shaw's); three were for navigation and fisheries—the Atlantic Steam Navigation Company, to institute regular steam packets at Valencia, in the S. W. of Ireland, to and from America and the West Indies, which was calculated greatly to facilitate and shorten the communication between those places, and also to improve the south of Ireland, through which the road leading to Valencia would pass; the Western Ship Canal to open a communication, by means of a navigable canal, from Seaton Bay, in the county of Devon, to the bay of Bridgewater, in the Bristol channel, and another of less public utility, and four more of a miscellaneous nature (besides the apothecaries' made a public bill, and received the royal assent on the 6th of July)—the Alliance Marine Assurance, the Royal Exchange Assurance, the Irish Manufactories, and the East India. The merely stock-jobbing companies were all rejected, and those of the mining associations, which had a *bonâ fide* purpose, finding that they did not require acts of parliament, did not press for them.'

Hymns. By JOHN BOWRING. 18mo. pp. 143. London, 1825. Hunter.

MR. BOWRING's talents in writing devotional poetry are already well known to the public, by some beautiful pieces of this description in the Russian Anthology, and by his Matins and Vespers, to which this little work is intended as a sequel. Perhaps there are no works in which so much absurdity is betrayed as in our hymn books, and if we had a collection of them, we pledge ourselves to produce more amusement in a review than from half the works of humour ever written. Watts and Charles Wesley wrote some beautiful things of this sort, but, of late years, we have had sad stuff imposed on us for modern hymns; which, partaking of the cant of the day, are as devoid of true religion as they are of common sense.

Mr. Bowring, however, is a gentleman, who, whether his religious tenets are orthodox or heterodox, possesses considerable talents, as the hymns now before us would prove, had he not previously given sufficient evidence of this. The work is avowedly written to introduce the variety of measure in the hymns used by the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches of the Continent, which, we think, the author has done very successfully. Many of the hymns are taken from the German, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish, a circumstance which says much for Mr. B.'s acquaintance with languages, the three latter of which are not much cultivated, except in the countries where they are spoken.

This little work contains upwards of one hundred and fifty hymns, most of which possess considerable merit; two of them we quote at random:—

'AGAR'S PETITION.

'If we may breathe a prayer to Thee,
Our Father and our friend,
Let neither wealth nor poverty
Our earthly steps attend.

'But Thou, who knowest all, dost know,
What's wisest—kindest—best;
We at Thy feet our off 'rings throw,
Do Thou direct the rest.

'Thou canst not grant our idle prayers,
When evil they intreat;
Though urg'd with sighs, implor'd with tears,
Thy mercy is too great.

'Thou wilt deny us, Father! nought
That's good, or kind, or right,
Though never ask'd in word, or thought;
Thy love is infinite.'

'"WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

'Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller! o'er yon mountains height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes! it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

'Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveller! blessedness and light
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the Earth.

'Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!'

1. *Essays on Landscape-Gardening, and on uniting Picturesque Effect with Rural Scenery: containing Directions for laying out and improving the Grounds connected with a Country Residence. Illustrated by Six Plates.* By RICHARD MORRIS, F. L. S., Secretary to the Medico-Botanical Society of London, &c. 4to. pp. 91. London, 1825. Taylor.
2. *Hints on Rural Residences.*—By NICHOLAS CARLISLE, Esq., Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. 4to. pp. 107. London.

IT is, we believe, universally acknowledged, that in point of decorative horticulture England surpasses every other country, and that our rural residences possess more real comfort, and display more taste than those of our neighbours. Indeed, thanks to a Brown, a Repton, a Gilpin, and a Price, landscape-gardening has become a regular art, which avails itself of all the riches and beauties of nature, and corrects its deformities. The object of Mr. Morris, as avowed in the preface at the head of this article, is to concentrate scattered but instructive hints, and unite the result of an earnest application to the effects of natural scenery, as connected with the art of landscape-gardening. In an introduction, in which he gives a brief historical notice of horticulture, he enters into an examination of the nature of the beautiful and the picturesque, coming to this conclusion—that 'taste is a faculty capable of improvement by education and elegant associations.' From the historical sketch we quote an extract:—

'In the works of Cicero and Pliny, we read of the formal and stiff kind of gardening which then prevailed, such as clipped hedges and long avenues of trees; and in Propertius we read of the introduction of statues and *jets d'eau.* Pliny the younger has given an account of his villa at Laurentinum, situated some distance from Rome; he describes a variety of building attached to it, and the garden as being surrounded with hedges of box, and that this villa was admired for its extensive prospects.

'From the establishment of the ecclesiastical government of the popes in the eighth, to the end of the twelfth century, the monks were nearly the only class of persons in Europe who attended to arts and sciences generally, and to decorative gardening in particular. After which period, the style of gardening practised in Italy and other civilized parts of Europe, consisted principally in tall clipped hedges, square parterres fantastically planted, straight walks, and trees uniformly lopped.

'There can be but little doubt, that the Romans first introduced gardening into this country; yet it was little attended to till near the latter end of the sixteenth century. We are informed that Hampton Court was laid out and planted by Cardinal Wolsey, and that King Charles the Second employed Le Notre to plant the parks of Greenwich and St. James's. Charles also planted the semi-circle in Hampton Court. Cashiobury, an ancient seat of the Earls of Essex, was admired, in 1680, for being adorned with walks,

ponds, and other such elegancies. In 1683, the grounds of Wanstead House, Essex, Sir Josiah Child's, were considered worthy of notice. In the reign of George the Second, Queen Caroline enlarged and planted Kensington Gardens, and formed what is still called the Serpentine River, by uniting a number of detached ponds. Lord Bathurst was the first who deviated from straight lines, as applied to decorative pieces of water, by following the natural curves of a valley, when widening a brook at Ryskins, near Colnbrook. Lord Stafford, supposing economy to have been the motive, inquired, "What would have been the additional expense to have made the banks of this piece of water straight?"

'It appears surprising, while pursuing this subject from the time of Vespasian or Titus to the reign of George the Third, to find that little improvement had been made in the style of landscape gardening.

'About this period, improvements more natural and elegant were introduced by Kent, Brown, and others, which met with such general approbation, that Sir William Chambers was induced to say, "If this mania be not checked, there will not remain three trees standing in a line throughout the kingdom." Since that period, however, the taste for natural scenery has so much improved, that the specimens of ancient taste in landscape gardening are now esteemed as remains of antiquity; the most respected and distinguished of which may be considered those grand avenues at Hampton Court and Windsor Forest: such noble examples may with propriety be deemed worthy of preservation.'

Mr. Morris then proceeds, in eight essays, to discuss the situation and style of building, external decorations, laying out grounds, planting, water, rural ornaments, distant scenery, and general appearances. In all these he displays much taste, correct judgment, and practical experience. He also writes in a very agreeable style, and we confidently recommend his work to all gentlemen who have grounds to improve, as well as to all horticulturists, as containing much valuable practical information. The essays are illustrated by six coloured engravings, some of which by a folding leaf, exhibit the improvements to be made in natural views.

If Mr. Morris confines himself principally to the improvement of the grounds, Mr. Carlisle, in his work, goes a little farther, and teaches us how best to raise a residence. There is much good sense in his observations, and we perfectly agree with him in recommending models in preference to drawings, before a design is determined on. He says:—

'The gentleman who would proceed with confidence in a journey through bricks and mortar, and enjoy a clear view of the termination of his labours, with all the by and crooked ways which lead thereto, together with the pitfalls of the unrighteous mammon which intervene, so as to secure the one and escape the others, will perhaps pursue the following steps:—the first of which is, that he do cause a complete though plain model of the design he has fixed upon to be made very accurately, to a scale of at least a quarter of an inch to a foot; the several stories to be contrived so as to lift on and off at pleasure, that every part may be easily and minutely scrutinized and measured. Gentlemen who have not been so far conversant in plans, as to judge therefrom with certainty, ought not to grudge the trifling charge of three, four, or five guineas for a toy of this kind: the information and advantages to be derived from it may prevent much of the opprobrious work of alteration, save a great deal of trouble, and a considerable sum of money.

'Being possessed of such a model, and having obtained thereby a clear and satisfactory idea of the forms, situations, connections, and dependencies of the several apartments, his next step will be to minute down the general dimensions of such of them at least as are of the greatest consequence; and, in order to satisfy himself of the competency of their magnitudes, let him try the dimensions of several rooms of similar descriptions in the houses of his friends, until he meets with such as shall agree so nearly with his minutes as to leave no doubt upon his mind of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the capacities of the apartments in his model. This should by no means be considered as a useless trouble: the ideas which we form of magnitudes are often exceedingly deceptious, and therefore the best and most certain means should be used to regulate and correct them, which undoubtedly are those that are now recommended. As to the common method of measuring out the lengths and breadths of the intended apartments in the open air, or in some very large room, and setting chairs, tables, or screens, to confine their dimensions, and shape their forms—this method will by no means answer the purpose so well: a tolerably good room, tried in this way, will appear confined and trifling.

'Having proceeded thus far, it will be advisable to procure a few blocks of wood, cut out, by the scale of the model, to the proper general dimensions, the shapes of bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other common pieces of furniture, the placing of which in the apartments of the model will be of considerable use in judging of the commodiousness of the design. He will now of course be qualified to decide upon the merits of his model, and, if he can discover no material defects, may call in his friends, and his foes too, if he pleases, and submit the whole to their criticism: there is no doubt but that he will be well enabled to avail himself of such advice as shall be really sensible and proper, and will easily distinguish it from such as may be dictated by mere whim or caprice, and the result will determine him whether he shall adopt the model as it stands, or with any practicable improvements; or whether he shall throw it into the fire, and procure another, formed upon better principles, and repeat his whole operation over again. It will be exceedingly well worth his while, if he cannot fix for himself, to let his friends alter, mangle, and burn, three or four models, one after another, till he has at length satisfied them all, and himself too, if possible; but let him be resolute in this one single point, which is, that he does not by any means suffer a stick or a stone of his building to be altered after it is once begun, let friends or foes say what they will.

'To examine the proportions of the exterior of a design, and form a competent judgment of its effects, supposing an exact model has been made of it, let a board or table (covered with green cloth if you please) be raised to such a height as that the top thereof may be just so many feet and inches, by the scale of the model, below your eye, as your eye really is above the ground on which you stand;—the model being placed upon this board or table, in the open air, clear of the view of other objects, will then produce the same effect in every respect as the building would do if it was actually completed. This must certainly be far preferable to any ideas that perspective drawings can furnish, and perhaps it would not be doing justice to the exterior of a model, to examine it in any other situation, with a view to judge of its merits or defects.'

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from p. 542.)

No part of the French Revolution, bloodstained as it was, was marked by such atrocities as those instigated by Danton. Some of these we have noticed in a preceding number. We allude to the massacres in the prisons. Among their victims was the beautiful Princess de Lamballe:—

'The monsters, who had continued to spill blood since the preceding Sunday, became only more and more exasperated, and had contracted a habit of murder which they could not restrain. They even established a species of regularity in their executions, suspending them to carry away the dead and take their meals. The very women visited the prisons to bring their dinner to their husbands, who, they used to say, were occupied at the abbey.

'At the "Force," "Bicêtre," and "Abbaye," the massacres were of longer continuance than at the other prisons. It was at the first named that the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, so celebrated at the court for her beauty, and her intimacy with the queen, was confined. She was conducted, half dead with illness, to the terrible wicket. "Who are you?" demanded the executioners. "Louise de Savoie, princesse de Lamballe." "What was your station at the court? Do you know anything of the plots of the palace?" "I have never known of any plots!" "Swear, then, to love liberty and equality; swear to hate the king, the queen, and royalty." "I will take the first oath, but I cannot the second; it is not in my heart."

'"Swear, then," said one of the assassins, who wished to save her; but the unfortunate princess no longer possessed any presence of mind; she heard and understood nothing. "Let madam be let loose," said the chief of the wicket; for here, as at the abbey, a word had been fixed on as a signal for death. The unhappy lady was then led out, not with the intentions, say some narrators, to put her to death, but to set her free. Nevertheless, she was received at the door by furies thirsting

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for blood. The first sabre stroke fell on the back of her head, and the blood spouted out; yet she still advanced, supported by two men, who were, perhaps, willing to save her; but she had scarcely proceeded a few steps when she sunk under a second blow; her beauteous body was hideously mangled, and divided among her assassins. Her head, her heart, &c. were carried on the point of a pike about Paris. "We must," said these men, with their atrocious raillery, "take them to the foot of the throne." Upon which they hastened immediately to the Temple, and awakened the unfortunate prisoners by their outcries, who demanded with terror the occasion of the disturbance. The municipal officers endeavoured to prevent their seeing the furious crowd assembled under their windows; and the bloody head raised on the top of a pike. At last one of the National Guard said to the queen, "It is the head of the Princess Lambelle which we wish to prevent your seeing." On this intelligence the queen fainted away. Madame Elizabeth, the king, and the valet-de-chambre, Clery, carried her out of the room; and the shouts of the ferocious troop resounded long round the walls of the Temple.'

When the Duke of Brunswick invaded France, Dumouriez, who stained a life of bravery by treachery, was appointed to the chief command of the French army, and he it was that first taught the raw and undisciplined levies of France to defeat regular troops. After repelling the first attempt to march on to Paris, and driving the enemy across the frontier, Dumouriez proposed invading Belgium, and left the army for Paris, in order to consult the government. While there, he visited the Jacobin Club, which is well described in this work. This assembly had indeed become so powerful, that a victorious general found it necessary to court its approbation. Among other acts of dominion and interference of this club, our authors mention the following:—

'If a minister, a secretary, or a commissary was accused of any delinquency, messengers were immediately despatched from the Jacobins, who examined their desks, and demanded their accounts with magisterial imperiousness, and which were delivered up as to an acknowledged authority without resistance. If any complained of an act of the government, he had nothing to do but present himself to this society, and official advocates were commissioned to see justice done him. Sometimes the soldiers complained of the officers, and workmen of their employers; and on one occasion, an actress lodged her complaint against a manager, and a jacobin demanded reparation for the seduction of his wife by one of his colleagues. Every one was anxious to attest his patriotic zeal by becoming a member of the society, and nearly all the new deputies joined it immediately on their arrival at Paris; a hundred and thirteen were added to its number in one week, and even those who had no intention of attending its sittings nevertheless demanded admission. So great was its influence, that the affiliated clubs were accustomed to write from the provinces, to know if their representatives were members, and if they were assiduous in their duties. The rich sought to avert odium from their opulence, by adopting jacobin principles, and wearing the red bonnet; and their equipages might be seen daily rolling up to the door of this rendezvous of equality. It often happened that whilst the hall was full of members, and the galleries crowded with spectators, immense multitudes waited at the entrance, and loudly demanded admission. Sometimes this multitude, dripping in the rain, became impatient, and then some member would stand up and demand admission for the good people who were waiting at the door. Murat was generally their advocate on these occasions; and when admission was granted, and frequently before, a crowd of men and women would rush in upon the society, and mix familiarly with its members. Its sittings were held towards the close of the day, when all the heat and fire of party, at the same time fanned and smothered at the convention, broke out with a terrible explosion. The night, the crowd, and the orators, all combined to influence the passions; and frequently when a sitting was prolonged, interminable confusion and tumult ensued; and the disturbers of the public peace wrought up their courage for some desperate enterprise on the next day.'

Dumouriez was received in this society by Danton, who presided during that session. After a short address, Danton complimented him on his victories.

'Collet d'Herbois then harangued the general, and his speech is a good specimen of the style of that epoch, and shows the dispositions of the Jacobins with regard to Dumouriez.

'"It is not a king, O Dumouriez, who has appointed thee to the command of the army, but thy fellow-citizens. Bear in mind that the general of a republic should serve it alone. You have heard of Themistocles; after having saved his country at Salamis, being calumniated by his enemies, he was driven to seek an asylum in the land of a tyrant, who endeavoured to bribe him to take up arms against his country; his answer was a dagger in the tyrant's heart. Dumouriez, you have enemies, you will be calumniated; remember Themistocles!

'"An enslaved people look to thee for succour; you will shortly deliver them. What a glorious mission!—But you must beware of an excess of generosity towards your enemies. You have let off the King of Prussia a little too much in the French fashion. But we hope Austria will be made to pay double.

'You are about to go to Bruxelles, Dumouriez. I see I need say nothing on this subject.—Yet if you should find there any execrable woman who came under the walls of Lille, to refresh her ferocity by the spectacle of the conflagration of the city!——But this woman does not expect you.——

'"At Bruxelles, liberty is about to spring up under your feet.——Men, maidens, women, and children will press around you; what happiness you are about to enjoy!——My wife is from Bruxelles, she will embrace you also!"'

The events of the war are too well known to need our dwelling on them. It is known that Dumouriez arrested the deputies sent from Paris to arrest him, and that he deserted his army, for the camp of the enemy, and afterwards received the price of his treachery in a pension of £1200 a-year from the British government. With regard to the civil administration of France during this reign of terror, it is not our intention to dwell, since each day produced some change, as the Jacobins or Girondists, the two chief parties into which politicians were at this time divided, gained the ascendancy. The poet says, 'suspicion haunts the guilty mind,' nor will it excite surprise, that men who had shed rivers of blood, should be fearful of retribution. At one of the meetings of the convention, it was decreed that the names of every person inhabiting the same house should be written on the door:—

'All *suspected* citizens were ordered to be disarmed, in which number were included all recusant priests, all the nobility, and all dismissed public functionaries. This decree was executed by means of domiciliary visits. After having thus obtained the means of apprehending, at a moment's notice, those who gave the least umbrage to the ruling authorities, the revolutionary tribunal was established, to strike them more effectually with terror, and to paralize all their designs. This terrible instrument of suspicion was first adopted on the motion of Danton, who, although he had anticipated its abuse, was willing to sacrifice everything to the attainment of his objects. He was well aware that hasty condemnations always suppose superficial examinations; that these, especially when party spirit runs high, are eminently liable to involve innocence and guilt together; and that atrocious injustice must thus be continually committed. But in his eyes, the revolution was an emblem of society in rapid career, accelerating its action in justice, government, and war. "In times of tranquillity," said he, "society prefers allowing the guilty to escape to punishing the innocent, because the guilty are then little dangerous; but as the danger increases, society also becomes more implacable; and when it becomes so imminent as to threaten destruction, suspicion is considered as proof, and all are regarded as criminal whose conduct is in any degree equivocal. Such is the character of a dictatorship; it is rapid, arbitrary, indiscriminating, but irresistible.'

Our authors only bring down the Revolution to the fall of the Girondists. We hope they will continue it, at least to the establishment of the imperial monarchy. The work contains a good account of the resistance to the Revolution on the Loire, particularly in La Vendee. One of the earliest insurrections was in Anjou, when—

'The young men refused to enlist; the guard determined to force them, and the military commandant ordered a piece of artillery to be pointed on the mutineers. On this, they sprang forward with their sticks, seized on the cannon, disarmed the guard, but seemed dismayed at their own temerity. A carrier, named Cathelineau, much looked

up to in this country, and remarkable for his intrepidity and eloquence, hearing this news, quitted his farm and hastened into the midst of his compatriots, rallied them, rekindled their courage, and gave the insurrection a character more imposing and formidable. On the same day, he determined to attack a republican post, defended by eighty men; the peasants followed him with their clubs and fire-arms, and after one discharge, every shot of which told, for these peasants were great marksmen, they rushed upon the post, disarmed the soldiers, and rendered themselves masters of the position. On the following day, Cathelineau marched upon Chemille, and carried it, although it was defended by three hundred republicans, and three pieces of cannon. A guard of the castle of Maulevrier, named Stoffiet, and a young peasant of the village of Chauzeau, collected each a troop of their countrymen, and hastened to join Cathelineau, who daringly conceived the project of attacking Chollet, the chief town of the district, and garrisoned by five hundred republicans. They adhered to the same method of warfare in this enterprise as they had practised so successfully on the two former places. Taking advantage of the hedges, and the inequalities of the soil, they succeeded in surrounding the enemy's battalion, and opened an unerring fire upon them under cover. The republicans being thrown into some confusion by this destructive sharp-shooting, they rushed suddenly upon them, surrounded their ranks, routed and disarmed the soldiers, and beat them with their clubs. Such were their military tactics, which were well adapted to the nature of the country. The troops whom they attacked, drew up in a line, and without any cover, received, but could not return, their fire, for they could neither make use of their artillery, nor come to the bayonet, against enemies who were dispersed on every side. In this situation, not being veterans in war, they could not, for a moment, withstand such a well-directed and brisk fire, which could never be equalled by troops of the line; but, when they saw these fanatics burst upon them in front, rear, and flank, uttering appalling shouts as they advanced, a panic and confusion was almost inevitable. Their destruction was then certain, for flight, so easy to the country people, was almost impossible for troops encumbered with their arms and accoutrements, and unacquainted with the country. Troops more intrepid and accustomed to war, should therefore have been sent into these districts, not these national guards who had been lately raised, and had never been in action before.

'The victorious band of Cathelineau entered Chollet, and seized upon all the arms and ammunition they found there. In this manner the Vendeans always procured military supplies. Their defeat gave little advantage to the enemy, for they carried nothing with them but a musket or club, whereas a victory on their part procured for them all the means of carrying on the war. The victorious insurgents celebrated their success with festivity, and then burnt all the papers of the republican administration, which they regarded as instruments of tyranny. They then returned to their villages and farms, where they remained for some days.'

In concluding our notice of this very interesting work, we cannot but express our regret that there is neither index nor table of contents, nor is that strict and continued attention paid to the dates, which is necessary; this, we hope, will be remedied, if the work comes to a second edition, which we doubt not it soon will.

The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James the First, his Royal Consort, Family, and Court. By John Nichols, F.S.A. Parts III. and IV. 4to. London, 1825. Nichols.

We have already introduced the first two parts of this work to our readers, and we can assure them that all we said in their praise will apply to those now before us, since the work increases in interest as it proceeds At a time when the rage of bibliomania makes a man value books not on account of their merit, but their scarcity, and when more money is given for a single copy than would produce a thousand reprints, the public is much indebted to Mr. Nichols, for giving us many rare tracts, which, singly, could not be purchased, perhaps, at any price, and which when offered for sale, have produced large prices. The work is, therefore, valuable as a depository of the contemporary publications of the period to which it relates, and particularly as there are numerous notes and explanations which throw great light on the manners of the times. As an instance of the rarity of some of the tracts, of which we have here reprints, we may mention that England's Cæsar, a poem on James's coronation, which only occupies ten pages in Mr. Nichols' Progresses, bound with some other tracts, sold at Mr. Garrick's sale for forty guineas! This is only one of the numerous pamphlets that the work contains, independent of unpublished letters and other documents illustrated by the research and half a century's reading of Mr. Nichols.

Court sycophancy is proverbial, but it appears to have reached its meridian in the reign of James the First: he was called a Cæsar, who trembled with fear when he saw a naked sword, and was deemed a Solomon, who scarcely possessed an ordinary portion of good sense. The author of England's Cæsar, Henry Petowe, was one of the grossest of flatterers, for he saw nothing but talent and virtue in James before even he arrived in London; the very extravagance of his flattery renders it amusing, as will be seen by the two following stanzas, which are all we shall quote:—

'Ope wide, yee eryent gates of Cæsar's tower!
Cæsar himselfe, with a most royall trayne,
Must grace your golden leaves; this is the bower,
Fly open, then, for Cæsar's entertayne;
Usher his way, my muse, say that he comes,
At whose uptise Phœbus doth stand at gaze;
Thinking the Heaven's hand ordeyn'd two suunes,
One for the earth, which made Heaven's sunne amaze.
Such is the glory of his reflecting gleames,
Compos'd of sacred metall, made by Jove;
That night turnes day, when as he dasts his beames;
Frowncs into smyles; such is his princely love.
Then, London, smyle, let no brow dare to frowne,
When royall James rides to his regall crowne.
'Thus shall the flynty pavements of the streete
Be clad in greene, th' apparell of the spring,
As if their joy were young, and therefore sweet,
And being sweet, a present for a king.
The houses mantled all in tapestry,
The high pyramides of the churches thunder;
Eyes never saw such a glorious royalitie,
The pride of London and the English wonder.
The synowes of the sittie troynovant,
Clad in their richest robes in comely sort,
Whose faire demeanour drawes like adamant
Spectators' hearts, bearing so rich a part.
Thus should they sit, rayld in on either side,
Of every streete twixt whome our king should ryde.'

Sir Egerton Brydges supposes this Petowe, of whom no notice has been taken by poetical biographers, to have been a court dependant, and, as by the following anecdote, James appears to have been bountiful, we hope the poor fellow did not prostitute his talents for nothing:—

'James had been taught to consider the treasure left by Elizabeth, and the further resources of the kingdom, as an inexhaustible mine. Lately arrived from a country where the use of money was hardly known, he was really ignorant of its value, and became immeasurably profuse. Osborn, in his Traditional Memoirs of this Reign, illustrates this part of the monarch's character by the following ridiculous story. Carre, afterwards earl of Somerset, his first favourite in England, having obtained from him a peremptory warrant to the treasurer for £20,000, that minister, foreseeing the future inability of the exchequer to answer demands so enormous, (and, according to the words of my author, "apprehending that the king was as ignorant of the worth of what was demanded, as of the desert of the person who had begged it; and knowing that a pound, upon the Scottish account, would not pay for the shoeing of a horse, by which his master might be further led out of the way of thrift than in his nature he was willing to go"), contrived to place the sum ordered on the floor two apertures through which he knew the king would pass. James, surprised at the sight of such a quantity of gold, inquired of the treasurer whose money it was, Cecil answered, "your majesty's before you gave it away." Whereupon the king fell into a violent passion, complaining bitterly that he had been abused, and throwing himself on the heap, hastily snatched up two or three hundred pounds, and swore that Somerset should have no more. The treasurer, however, prudently judging it necessary for him to steer an even course between the king and the favourite, now began to intercede in favour of the latter; and, with much difficulty, obtained for him half the original sum.'

The particulars of the trials at Winchester,

where the brave Sir Walter Raleigh was afterwards murdered, for so we consider his execution, is curious and interesting; we do not, however, like a note, in which he is stated to have been 'a notorious unbeliever, suspected of atheism.' The recent brutal exhibition of two lion fights at Warwick, when a mercenary showman exposed an animal of the wild species, though tamed, to dogs trained up to cruelty, will serve as an apology for quoting an account of a lion fight before the British Solomon:—

"'The king's majesty lodging in the Tower of London, on the 13th of March (after he had surveyed all the offices, store-houses, and the Mint, where both the king and queene coyned money, and gave to divers persons there present), being told of the lions, he asked of their being, and how they came thither, for that in England there were bred no such fierce beasts, whereunto was answered that no mention is made in any record of lions breeding here: nevertheleese Abraham Ortelius, and other forraine writers, do affirme that there are in Englande beasts of as great courage as the lion, namely, the mastiffe dog; whereuppon the king caused Edward Alleyn*, late servant to the lord admirall, now sworne the prince's man, and master of the Beare Garden, to fetch secretly three of the fellest dogs in the garden; which being done, the king, queene, and prince, with four or five lords, went to the lion's towre, and caused the lustiest lion to be separated from his mate, and put into the lions' den one dog alone, who presently flew to the face of the lion, but the lion suddenly shooke him off, and graspt him fast by the neck, drawing the dog up staires and downe staires. The king now perceiving the lion greatly to exceede the dog in strength, but nothing in noble heart and courage, caused anoother dog to be put into the denne, who prooved as hot and lusty as his fellow, and tooke the lion by the face, but the lion began to deale with him as with the former; whereupon the king commanded the third dog to be put in before the second dog was spoiled, which third dog, more fierce and fell than eyther of the former, and in despite eyther of clawes or strength, tooke the lion by the lip, but the lion so tore the dog by the eyes, head, and face, that he lost his hold, and then the lion tooke the dog's neck in his mouth, drawing him up and downe as he did the former, but being wearied could not bite so deadly as at the first; now whilest the last dog was thus hand to hand with the lion in the upper roome, the other two dogs were fighting together in the lower roome, whereupon the king caused the lion to be driven downe, thinking the lion would have parted them, but when he saw he must needs come by them, he leaped cleane over them both, and, contrary to the kinge's expectation, the lion fled into an inward den, and would not by any means endure the presence of the dogs; albeit the last dog pursued eagerly, but could not finde the way to the lyon. You shall understand the two last dogs, whilest the lion held them both under his pawes, did bite the lion by the belly, whereat the lion roared so extreamely, that the earth shooke withall, and the next lion rampt and roared as if he would have made rescue. The lion hath not any peculiar or proper kinde of fight, as hath the dog, beare, or bull, but only a ravenous kind of surprizing for prey. The two first dogs dyed within a few dayes, but the last dog was well recovered of all his hurts, and the young prince commanded his servant E. Alleyn to bring the dog to him to St. James, where the prince charged the saide Alleyn to keepe him, and make much of him, saying, he that had fought with the king of beastes, should never after fight with any inferior creature."'

On the approaching arrival of James, no pains or expense were spared in getting up pageants for his reception. One of these, as Mr. Nichols observes, displayed a considerable degree of fancy as well as learning. Mr. N. says:—

'We have heard much of the temporary erections for the celebration of the late peace; but they shrink to nothing before the cost of the † Entertainments" prepared for the reception of James. Many of the platforms were of an enormous bulk and height, as were several of the arches. It appears that the citizens began their preparations immediately on the decease of Elizabeth; they were interrupted by the plague, but resumed as soon as the danger was over, and continued to the period of the royal entry. Exclusive of the moulders, plumbers, painters, smiths, &c., who were very numerous, there were employed eighty joiners, sixty carpenters, thirty sawyers, and about seventy common labourers, who wrought without intermission. The whole of the machinery was under the direction of Stephen Harrison, the chief joiner as he is called. The name of Inigo Jones does not occur in the list of architects.'

Among the numerous unpublished documents which appear in this work, is one now first printed from the Records of the City of London, which, as Mr. Nichols well observes, 'is particularly curious, as affording a sufficient reason of the precedence, that has long been given to what are usually called the twelve principal companies, and the comparative consequence at that period of the other incorporated companies.' In the present age, when the city spent £24,000 in a single banquet, which was the dinner at the King (then Prince Regent) with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, &c. dined at Guildhall, in 1814, it seems ridiculous, that fifty-five incorporated bodies should be called upon to raise a sum of £400. Some of these companies, it will be seen, paid nothing, and others were assessed at the paltry sum of four shillings! Nothing, perhaps, exhibits a more striking contrast of the times than this chandler-shop account, when compared with that published of the banquet to which we have alluded. As the periodical publication of this work will afford us many opportunities of noticing it, we shall conclude, for the present, with the document to which we have alluded:—

Names of Companies.	Quarters.	£.	s.	d.
Haberdashers	*724	028	19	02
Marchauntailors	936	037	08	9
Mercers	820	032	16	00
Grocers	874	034	19	02
Drapers	768	030	14	04
Fishmongers	565	022	12	00
Gouldsmythes	809	032	07	02
Skynners	553	022	02	04
Salters	514	020	11	02
Ironmongers	440	017	12	00
Vyntners	520	020	16	00
Clothworkers	565	022	12	00
Dyers	100	004	00	00
Brewers	200	008	00	00
Lethersellers	200	008	00	00
Pewterers	60	002	08	00
Cutlers	45	001	16	00
Whitebakers	120	004	16	00
Waxechaundlers	20	000	16	00
Tallow-chaundlers	80	003	04	00
Armorers	10	000	08	00
Girdlers	70	002	16	08
Boutchers	30	001	04	00
Sadlers	90	003	12	00
Carpinters	50	002	00	00
Cordwayners	70	002	16	00
Barber-surgeons	50	002	00	00
Paynter-stayners	11	000	08	09
Currriers	11	000	08	09
Masons	25	001	00	00
Plommers	20	000	16	00
Inhoulders	50	002	00	00
Founders	15	000	12	00
Poulters	20	000	16	00
Cookes	50	002	00	00
Coopers	70	002	16	00
Tylers and bricklayers	20	000	16	00
Bowiers	5	000	04	00
Fletchers	5	000	04	00
Blacksmythes	16	000	12	09
Joyners	41	001	12	09
Weavers	25	001	00	00
Wollmen	5	000	04	00
Woodmongers	20	000	16	00
Scrivenors	70	002	16	00
Fruterers	16	000	12	09
Playsterers	10	000	08	00
Browne-bakers	30	001	04	00
Stationers	100	004	00	00
Imbrotherers	33	001	06	06
Upholders	11	000	08	09
Mynstrells	5	000	04	00
Turnors	17	000	15	07
Basketmakers	8	000	05	04
Glasiers	8	000	05	04
Total		£400	0	0

* The celebrated comedian, who was the founder of Dulwich College.

* 'These are the assessments of their quotas for providing 10,000 quarters of corn, 25th of February, 1602-3.'

† 'These are the assessments on the severall companies for raising £400, for the full perfourmance and finishing of the pageaunts, shewes, &c., from the Tower to Temple Barre, against the passage of the king and queene's most excellent majesties through the citty, per order common council, 14th February, 1608-4.'

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The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton. To which are added, the Autographs of those eminent Men, now first collected, an Index, and illustrative Notes. 12mo. pp. 503. London, 1825. Major.

The publisher of this work is not only Major by name, but, as a tailor would say, he is *major* by nature, so far as publishing goes, for we know no bookseller in London that has displayed a better taste, or more liberality, in the getting up of works, than he has done: his beautiful edition of Walton's Angler was an instance of this, and the present work is a proof of increased attention and liberality. We know booksellers who would not have given half the number of engravings, nor had them executed half so well, and yet, by using a little larger type, and a much larger margin, would have published these Lives at three times the price.

Walton's Lives rank among the standard works in the English language; they never, however, met us in so attractive a form as at present, for, independently of their being very neatly printed, there are eleven copper-plate engravings, beautifully executed by Heath, Thomson, Bromley, Finden, Mitchell, Engleheart, Ambrose, Warren, Rolls, Romney, &c. from designs by H. Corbould, Bone, Leslie, White, Cooper, the royal academician, Stephanoff, &c. A prettier collection of engravings we have seldom seen, besides there are fifty-two wood cuts, drawn by W. H. Brooke, R. Thomson, Harvey, J. P. Neale, Findley, R. T. Bone, and engraved by Bonner, H. White, the late W. Hughes, Moses, &c. Enumerating the names of the artists, respectable as they are, can give our readers no idea of the genius and talent displayed in these engravings, which are really of a very superior description.

In reviewing Walton's Complete Angler, we stated that it was not a book merely fit for entertaining for anglers, and we quoted the authority of Sheridan, that he wished for no better post-chaise companion; we may also observe, that the Lives do not possess an exclusive charm for churchmen or antiquarians; it is a work which no man who, reading, 'marks, learns, and inwardly digests,' can peruse without advantage, since the choice of his subjects, the fascinations of his style, and the rigidness of his morality, must recommend it to all classes of society. That many of our readers are acquainted with the Lives already, we doubt not; but even they can scarcely be sorry to recognise an old friend with a new face, however unusual this may be, while those to whom the work is a novelty may be glad to meet with a few extracts curious and interesting as they certainly are. Before, however, we proceed to these, we must notice an apparent anachronism Mr. Major has committed; he copies the old title of the several lives with his own imprint; thus we find 'The Life of Dr. John Donne, *late* Dean of St. Paul's Church,' with the name of Mr. Major and the present year subjoined. We have also Sir Henry Wotton, '*late* provost of Eton College.' Now every body who is at all acquainted with the biography of these men, knows that both Donne and Wotton were men of two centuries ago. This is all the fault we have to find with the very beautiful edition of the Lives, by Mr. Major, and having thus satisfied our conscience, we can in every other respect say, that it is one of the most charming volumes, in point of subject and embellishment, we have met with.

Dr. Donne, as most of our readers are no doubt aware, was a dean of St. Paul's, and, without any disrespect to individuals, we may safely say, that the cathedral has had less talented and less amiable deans than Dr. Donne. That he was well descended was no merit in him, though he numbered among his progenitors Sir Thomas More, the virtuous lord chancellor, and Judge Rastall, who did what few people but himself would have done—abridged, and that faithfully, the statutes: to most men a dozen years at the tread-mill would have been an act of charity compared to the 'hard labour' of such a task. We are not, however, going to write a life of Dr. Donne, nor need we, perhaps, tell how when he gained a wife and lost a good situation, he concluded a letter to her—

'John Donne, Anne Donne, undone.'

Dr. Donne accompanied Sir Robert Drewry 'a gentleman of a very noble estate and a more liberal mind,' on 'a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth, at Paris:

'Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy and so altered in his looks as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you. To which Sir Robert replied, Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake. To which Mr. Donne's reply was, I cannot be sure that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished.—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day, for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert, for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.'

The worthy doctor was of a somewhat eccentric turn, and on the persuasion of Dr. Fox was induced to give orders for his own monument.

'A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. "These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth: Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eye shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height, and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church.'

Of Sir Henry Wotton, who was provost of Eton College, we are told that he—

'Had proposed to himself before he entered into his collegiate life, to write the Life of Martin Luther, and in it the history of the Reformation, as it was carried on in Germany, for the doing of which he had many advantages by his several embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several princes of the empire, by whose means he had access to the records of all the Hans Towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view, and in these he had made a happy progress, as was well known to his worthy friend Dr. Duppa, the late Reverend Bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design his late majesty King Charles the First, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence—to which may be added a promise of £500 a-year—force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the History of England, in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build, but for the present meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the founder of that college, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being. But Sir Henry

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died in the midst of this undertaking, and the footsteps of his labours are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

'This is some account both of his inclination and the employment of his time in the college, where he seemed to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts, by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained, he being always free, even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which usually attends age.

'And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments, for which his just arrears due from the king would have made satisfaction; but being still delayed with court promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a Christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last will, concerning which a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt but that his chief design was a Christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.'

The life of Mr. Richard Hooker we pass over, although it is charmingly written, to quote an anecdote of the pious prebendary of Salisbury cathedral—George Herbert:—

'In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed, but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that he thought what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place, for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and I praise God for this occasion.'

To these Lives are added numerous illustrative notes, original and select, which are in the same good taste which marks the whole of this really beautiful volume. Of the delicate execution of the wood cuts and the beauty of many of the copperplate engravings, it is impossible to speak too highly.

Remarks on Steam Navigation, and its Protection, Regulation, and Encouragement, in a Letter to the Right Honourable William Huskisson. By Thomas Tredgold, Civil Engineer. 8vo. pp. 31. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Mr. Tredgold is an engineer of high reputation, and any observations he may offer on a subject with which he is so well acquainted as steam navigation are entitled to attention. The importance it is acquiring at the present day, when steam vessels are not only employed in the conveyance of mails to Calais, Ostend, Hamburgh, &c. but when one vessel has ventured to India, require that it should be watched with attention. Mr. Tredgold in his pamphlet has for his object the establishing some regulations with a view to the security of the lives and property intrusted in steam passage vessels. As the passengers themselves cannot judge of the degree of security they possess, he thinks some person should be appointed to judge for them, and see that the machinery is not too slight for its power, or constructed of improper materials, or in imperfect repair. Alluding to the effect of the sea on steam vessels, he says:—

'The impulse of the swell of the sea often brings the machine to rest, and the next moment the wheels are left at liberty in the hollow between the waves, and acquire a new momentum to meet the shock of the next billow. In this state the strength of the machinery is tried to the utmost; and failure from deficient strength leaves the vessel completely at the mercy of the elements.

'While a steam-vessel is perfect, its course is not dependant on the winds and waves; and the disposition of its weight, when it is properly disposed, gives it great stability; hence, it is safer than an ordinary sailing vessel in a storm; but as one of these advantages depends on the proper disposition of the weight, and the other on the parts of the engine being of abundant strength, who will not be struck with the hazard of the parts being made too slight to save an expensive material, and of the whole being conducted by presuming ignorance?

'The manufacturers of high reputation, who have hitherto supplied nearly all the steam-boats with engines and machinery, cannot continue to supply the demand; and, therefore, part of them must be supplied from less experienced manufacturers, and be formed by less skilful workmen. They must be obtained from the trading manufacturers, who seek more for profit than for reputation; and the proprietors of steam-boats will require protection as well as their passengers.

'It must be obvious, from the nature of the strains arising from the shocks of the waves, that a tough and elastic material is best adapted for most of the parts of the machinery; and, therefore, malleable iron, which is tough and ductile when its range of elasticity is exceeded, is far superior to cast iron, which is brittle and not so strong. And since malleable iron is not only more expensive, but also more difficult to reduce to the proper forms than cast iron, it will too frequently be rejected when it ought to be used.

'Again, the state of repair, the state of the safety-valves, the care to avoid a risk of fire by construction, and the provision of fire-engines, and boats in case of accidents, each requires to be examined instead of being left to the discretion of the proprietors. For we well know that men seldom provide against contingent evils unless compelled by authority; and will then esteem the compliance with the conditions a hardship, even while the benefit resulting from the enforcement of these conditions is clear and evident, and daily experienced.'

The object of Mr. Tredgold will, however, be best explained by his own exposition:—

'The plan I propose for guarding against any serious accident, as much as possible, is to establish an authorised inspector, of known respectability and reputation in his profession, at each station or port from whence steam-vessels go, and to furnish him with a code of instructions to guide him in the performance of his duty; of which instructions copies should be accessible, at a moderate charge, to the public. And it should be enacted, and be a law, that each master of a steam-vessel should, previous to the departure of his vessel, give notice to the inspector, and allow him full liberty to inspect the vessel and its engines.* Also that the inspector should furnish the master of the vessel with a certificate of such inspection bearing his signature, and the date of inspection, to be placed in a conspicuous part of the vessel, for the perusal and satisfaction of the passengers. This certificate to be granted only on condition of the vessel being in a fit state for her voyage in regard to strength, protection from danger or fire, good condition of boilers and machinery, and proper provision for escape in case of danger; all of which are to be judged of by the rules given in the code of instructions.

'And that this duty may be performed in a proper manner, and without prejudice, I further propose, that a regular report of the state of all vessels examined should be forwarded to the office of a principal superintendent or director in the metropolis, as a check upon the conduct of the reporting inspectors.

'The principal difficulty would arise in forming a code of instructions; but whatever this difficulty may be, it will be an invaluable document, if formed in a proper manner. For that body of instructions, which will enable an inspector to judge of the fitness of a machine, whether of new or old invention, must also be a most perfect guide for the manufacturer: and I presume that no one will venture to assert that any single manufacturer could form an equivalent one to guide his conduct in the manufacture of engines. Hence, the labours of a committee appointed to manage this important department would be a means of perfecting a most desirable improvement in the application of steam or other engines, even were they to furnish only a code of instructions; as they would have it

* 'But for short passages inspection for each time would not be necessary, and, therefore, such vessels should be examined not oftener than once in a month, nor seldomer than once in six weeks.'

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in their power to make most of the scientific and practical knowledge in the country instrumental in effecting this object.

'It is scarcely possible for any one, not an engineer, to form an adequate idea of the good that would result from a settled scale of proportions for engines according to their different powers. It would equally guard against the mistakes of those who calculate and the uncertainties of those who guess the bulk that is competent to resist the strains in a steam-vessel. It must render the estimation of expense less difficult, and more certain; and relieve the proprietors of steam-vessels from the trouble of comparing and judging respecting the competency of a specified plan, or of a new engine for a vessel.

'That there is knowledge existing in this country sufficient to give a high degree of perfection to a code of instructions for the manufacture of engines for steam-vessels will not be doubted; but the means of bringing this knowledge to bear on the subject is not quite so obvious. If a set of queries were proposed to men conversant only with the pure sciences, the answers would no doubt be as discordant as those were respecting a project for an arch of six hundred feet span, which was once designed for a bridge across the Thames. On the contrary, if you place before a man of science a fair and clear system of reasoning by which certain proportions and rules have been obtained, and then inquire whether they have been truly and accurately investigated or not, and whether to the best of his judgment any questionable principle has been reasoned upon, then a definite and rational answer would be given. But a professor who has reasoned all his life on the supposition that mechanical bodies are perfectly hard, perfectly smooth, and perfectly inflexible, is not aware of the difference which results from softness, friction, flexibility, temperature, and various other causes well known to practical men; and, therefore, it is too much to expect from him a knowledge of all the circumstances which interfere with the pure mathematical theory of magnitude and velocity, unless they be detailed before him.'

No doubt such a plan would be of great service, and we think is called for; there are also some other useful observations in this pamphlet, which we shall refer to those more immediately concerned in the subject. Two facts we shall quote:—

'The first efficient steam-vessel in Britain was started on the Clyde only in 1811; and the rapid advances which has since been making every season, in adding new vessels, in sailing to greater distances, and through heavier seas, at once indicates the value of this application of steam-power, and the necessity of guarding against its abuse. In 1823, there were upwards of one hundred and sixty British-built steam-vessels, and twenty-two of these were of two hundred tons' burden, or upwards.'

'The speed attained by steam-packets is best illustrated by a reference to practice. The average length of the voyages of the Holyhead steam-packets for one year, was about seven hours and a-half; the average of the sailing-packets was fifteen hours. The Edinburgh Castle steam-packet has gone from London to Leith in fifty-eight hours, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. The Lord Melville steam-packet goes from London Bridge to Calais in eleven or twelve hours; and the General Steam-Navigation Company's packet, the Hylton Jolliffe goes from London to Hamburgh in fifty-seven or fifty-eight hours.'

Moderation: a Tale. By Mrs. Hofland. 12mo. pp. 253. London, 1825.

Literature and morality are alike much indebted to the female writers of the present day, and the Mores, the Edgeworths, the Porters, and the Hoflands, will give to the age a high character for female talent; they have, in fact, with many of their compeers, rescued the sex from the silly sneers of some persons who affected to laugh at the literary pretensions of woman. In society, it was acknowledged that the ladies refined our manners, but we disdained to take precepts from them in books; they have, however, not coaxed us out of that prejudice, but forced our renunciation of it, by clearly showing its injustice. They owe us no thanks for our altered tone or position in the field of literature, for they have fairly won, inch by inch, every foot of ground we have yielded to them.

Of the authors we have named, no one ranks higher, on account of the morality and good feeling displayed in her works, than Mrs. Hofland; she is, indeed, the oracle of the virtues, through whom each speaks most eloquently in its own behalf. Her readers have successively seen the plea of 'Integrity,' 'Patience,' 'Decision,' and we know not how many more virtues in her other tales, urged with almost irresistible force and persuasion, and we are now called on to examine the claim of Moderation.

This little work contains many excellent sentiments, and displays much of that intimate knowledge of human nature, for which this lady's writings are so remarkable; but there is rather too close a resemblance between it and some of her former productions. As the principal merit of the tale consists in details of characters, its chief interest would be lost in an abridgment, and we must therefore content ourselves with giving one short extract, merely premising that Emma is the heroine of the story:—

"'You are certain, Emma, that your father so mentioned me in his last moments?' said Miss Tintagell, when they were alone together some time afterwards.

"'Oh! yes, every syllable is impressed on my heart, my very ear I may say, too minutely for mistake.'

"'Well, it is dear to my heart to be so remembered, even now—Emma, I will tell you the history of that heart.—I am naturally of a proud and independent spirit, such a spirit as rarely suits the situation, or can be rendered compatible with the happiness of woman. Having no one to guide me, I should have been worse than I was, if I had not been rendered by circumstances the natural guardian of your mother, on whom all the warmth and fondness of my heart expended itself. I set out with a profession that I would live single, and though fond of general admiration and laying myself out for general homage, was never guilty of coquetry—nor did I in fact ever see a man that shook my resolution by inspiring even the most trivial liking, till I knew your father.

"'I will not say what my sense of his person, his virtues, his manners, was. I only tell you that happily I soon discovered which way his affections veered—discovered too that your mother fondly loved him. It was believed that my family pride would oppose their wishes—that pride had got other work to do, and together with that tender and unbounded love I had for my sister, it enabled me to act as I did—yes, I made two people as happy as marriage ever made any two on earth, I really believe."

"'They were indeed singularly happy,' said Emma.

"'Well, my dear, it so happened that after this I had two offers, either of which would have given me rank which at that time it is certain I envied, and wealth, which is always valuable to those who love to spend and to give, which it is certain I do, and my own fortune, though more than twice as large as your mother's, was very unequal to my wants, and the circle in which I moved. But in the mean time I had nursed my former objections to marriage, became more of a wit and less of a beauty, and whilst I affected to ridicule all love, nourished in my heart the silly belief that a woman can love but once, and, in consequence, I refused them both."

"'And do you now regret that you did?'

"'I do not, for I firmly believe that women of my description are better single. I had established in my heart a certain model, to which no man would have been a parallel; I should have been haughty, self-willed, and unconciliating, capable of great sacrifices, but not of the petty obediences which are the sweetest emollients to the unbending nature of lordly man. Besides the smallness of my fortune, compared to that of the noblemen to whom I allude, would have been galling to me. I should have been taken from my sister and her family, who have found me useful, and have been to me invaluable; and as I can now, unblamed, love, and weep as I will, I by no means regret that I am single."

"'I am fully convinced you are much more happy; at least, I would hope so, my dear, dear aunt," said Emma, embracing her with a daughter's fondness.

"'Yes, I am, but this is owing to my peculiarities, or my faults rather—you, Emma, are of a precisely different character."

"'I have been very differently situated; as one of a large family, with neither the honours of the eldest, nor the privileges of the youngest, I was happily saved from improper indulgences, and taught to consider, to submit.—I was habituated to make my taste bend to my circumstances, and led both by precept and example to hold consideration as a religious duty, which therefore carried its own reward with it. I should be very

inexcusable indeed, were I not disciplined to moderation."

"'Being so, you *must* marry, Emma,—don't shake your head with that sceptical air; you do not suppose that I would thus have torn open old wounds, and exposed past weaknesses, and lingering through hidden sorrows but for some end—I know your secret without confession, you have loved Charles Melville, and most probably he has loved you; but he is bound by gratitude to his uncle, and pity for his cousin, in another direction. I have heard that the voyage to Madeira has done wonders for her, and that in May they will return: if this is true, perhaps they will marry."

"'Probably,' said Emma, with a blanched and somewhat quivering lip, but her eye did not elude the gaze of her aunt.

"'Now as you have struggled with your feelings, and are almost a conqueror, can you not be wholly so?—can you not listen to the suit of a virtuous, amiable man, who is moreover a nobleman, one whose parents love you, and will receive you with honour and affection. I mean—you know who I mean, you must have been sensible of his admiration?"

"'It is Lord Hatchlands—I am very sorry for it, for I like him exceedingly; I know no one whom I esteem so highly amongst our acquaintance."

"'The very best principle on which to found affection, Emma, such an affection as producing all the dearest ties of life, and its most extensive usefulness, you are calculated to inspire and enjoy. Besides, all your family are married or marrying, of course all are to a certain degree resignsug you. At three and twenty you do not feel this, but at three and thirty you will be sensible of it—depend upon it such an offer as this, or I ought to say, such a predilection as this, ought to be received as the promise of no light blessing—it may be admitted slowly, canvassed closely, considered long: all this I allow you, but do not dare to reject it, if you value your own happiness, the general advantage of your family, and my regard."

"'That I think as highly of these motives as most people, I surely need not say at this time, but I am sure you will concede, that on such a point as this, I ought to consider myself in the first place."

"'Unquestionably, child—I know that I speak too strongly, but it is because I feel too warmly. I will, however, release you, and prescribe to myself silence for the present; but think, Emma think!!'"

An Account, Historical, Political, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata.

(Concluded from p. 546.)

THE merit of this work consists rather in its official, documentary, and statistical information, than in the interest of its details. Little has been known of the country of which it treats—a country acquiring every day additional importance on account of the war with Brazil, in which it will, in a few months, almost inevitably be drawn, owing to the insurrection in the Banda Oriental and the seizure of Monte Video a few years ago, and the annexation of it to Brazil. The provinces of Rio de la Plata (we wish the republic had a shorter name) scarcely need fear the contest, for whatever there may be in Europe, in America there is no 'divinity to hedge round a king,' but, on the contrary, he is looked upon with suspicion; and, without any remarks as to the relative merits of governments, we feel assured that the vast continent of the new world will never rest quiet or satisfied while the only monarchy it has, that of Brazil, is suffered to exist; besides, there is an almost universal jealousy of the Emperor of Brazil, and, to say the truth, he is so ill descended, that we are not surprised at it. The Bourbons and their alliances have never been remarkable for their integrity. On the subject of the present dispute between the republic of Rio de la Plata and Brazil, and the conduct of the latter, our author speaks strongly. Speaking of the conduct of the Brazilians towards Monte Video, he says:—

'That they have violently pillaged the country, and, under the authority of the general, of more than four million head of vicunnas, which have been sent to the Brazilian territory, as is proved by the estimates made at the collecting houses in the passes of the frontiers. And, with reference to this point, I will state two curious circumstances. Before 1817, in the captain-generalship of Rio Grande, belonging to Brazil, distant one hundred and twenty leagues from Monte Video, there were no more than thirteen salters, and now there are one hundred and twenty! Before the entrance of the Portuguese, the country of Monte Video was more abundant in cattle than any other in that part of America; and now even the Brazilians, who are settling there, are forced to bring cattle from their own territory, to lay the foundation of their breeding establishments!

'That, following the plan of peopling the country with Brazilians, whose numbers now exceed one thousand five hundred, the general took away the lands from the natives, and assigned them to others, without giving the smallest compensation; but, on the contrary, making them understand that he did so in the course of justice. The persons who have peopled the Uruguay and Tacuarembó are proofs of this, whom the natives distinguish by the nick-name of *estancieros intruses*, or interlopers.

'That the province is not only not indebted for any public work to the invaders, but that, on the contrary, these very persons have ruined almost all the public works which it possessed prior to their entrace. The stone walls which inclosed the city, and were formerly a place of security and of recreation, are now only a haunt for rats, being full of breaches in the whole extent. All the batteries which clothed these same walls are destroyed, excepting one which commands the port. The arsenal, which was a fine building, is now no more than a shell. The barracks, including those of the citadel, and the guard-houses, which were once placed round the walls, are abandoned, and now abound but with filth and all kinds of reptiles. There is not a single establishment for recreation in existence; and thus, in every point of view, is Monte Video a decaying colony, oppressed with poverty, where the inhabitants live in a complete state of isolation, without exhibiting any signs of rationality, excepting by the houses in which they shelter themselves from the inclemencies of the weather.

'But what is more, the light-house, placed on the top of the famous mountain which stands in front of Monte Video, and which, for many years, served as a guide for navigation during the night, is now of no use. I can narrate a singular fact with regard to this topic. In 1819, the Portuguese general pledged himself to construct a light-house in the island of Flores, five leagues distant from Monte Video, situated between the coast and the Banco Ingles: but in order to prove that the Portuguese nation never did, and never would do, anything beneficial for the natives of that province, which was not executed at the expense of enormous sacrifices on their part, it was required that the municipality in return should declare the right of Portugal to a greater portion of territory, advancing its limits to a straight line drawn from the Yaguaron to the Arepey, which empties itself into the Uruguay, the boundaries of that straight line being on the side of the sea, Santa Teresa, and the lake of Mini. Here we behold, for the first time in the world, territories exchanged for a light-house, and also a light-house becoming the basis of a treaty of limits between two foreign states. But the result of all this is, that the light-house never was, and never will be made, and the light-house Portuguese government did nothing but make the treaty.

'Finally, it is necessary to inform you that another of the great favours which the Brazilians have conferred on Monte Video is, the obligation they imposed on the proprietors on different occasions to assist in the maintenance of its army by forced loans, under the deplorable alternative of giving money, or of going to a dungeon; and that, after a series of years, during which no one gained anything, in consequence of the paralized state of interior and exterior commerce, and every person was in a comparative state of pecuniary destitution. This is too well proved by the decrease in the public revenue of the province. Prior to that invasion, the custom-house of Monte Video produced from forty to fifty thousand dollars annually; subsequently to it, and at this very time, it yields little more than twenty thousand. From this cause the Bank of Janeiro was obliged to supply funds for the support of the army; or rather for the purse of the general; because the army mutinied several times for the recovery of its pay! and now, since there are no further means of extorting more from the natives, Brazil has again been under the necessity of coming forward with twenty-five thousand dollars a month, being enabled to do so by the loan which she has negotiated in England. What a fine destiny for such a loan! These and such like objects, in which the whole loan will be expended, will give a prosperity to Brazil, which may serve as a guarantee to her loanholders, as flattering, under all its aspects, as that presented by

Spain and by Portugal to their money contractors.'

With regard to the causes of the revolution in Rio de la Plata—causes, God knows, sufficient to provoke any people to revolt, and of the present state of the republic, our author gives much interesting information, particularly in what relates to the constitution, laws, &c. of this republic. Politics, however, form a very small portion of our plan, and, after stating the nature of the work, we had rather seek elsewhere for extracts—even dive to the bottom of the ocean or run a race on land to get an account of the productions of the Rio negro on the Patagonian coast:—

'The amphibious animals have been hitherto the only production which foreigners have turned to advantage. Among these the sea-elephant ought to have the first place. The male of that species, when it has attained its full bulk, is from seven to seven and a half varas in length, and from five to five and a half in circumference. The females never exceed four varas in length, with proportionate thickness. Its formation is like that of the rest of the phoca genus, differing only in the head, which is smaller in proportion. The large males go out on the beach in August, September, and October, sooner or later, according as the spring has been more or less cold. At their cry the females assemble in a gang around the strongest male; and, if any rival comes, they fight terribly, until the one overcome again betakes himself to the sea. The females produce on land, during these months, one, but rarely two young, which at first are black, and retain that colour three weeks or a month, during which time they suck. Afterwards they change their hair to a dark gray; they are then abandoned by their mothers, who rut, become with cub again, and betake themselves to the sea, as well as the large males. The young ones go in gangs of from fifty to sixty, and always remain two months on the shore. The males and females of a year old quit the sea in November and December, change their hair, and remain a month, or a month and a half on shore. During the rest of the year some of them quit the sea, but in small numbers, and in general lean. It is worthy of remark, that while these animals remain out of the sea, which sometimes is for the space of from two months and a half to three, they eat nothing.

'The killing of these animals commences with the first which leave the sea in September. The fishermen, armed with spears, approach gang. The females, which are sometimes at a distance from the male, draw near to him, in order that he may defend them. He rises on his fins, shows his tusks, and makes a horrible noise, but all in vain; his weight renders his strength useless, and the fishermen pierce him with their spears in the breast. If at first he does not fall, finding himself wounded, he covers the wound with a fin going backwards till he dies. The females crowd together, and, as they offer no resistance, the business of death is soon over with the whole group. The fat is found between the skin and the flesh, and is sometimes six inches thick; and the blubber is extracted by frying the fat. The skin is of no use whatever. Some elephants have yielded as much as two pipes of blubber.

'The sea-lion, or pelucon, is from four to five varas in length, with a head more bulky in proportion than the elephant. The males have a mane; and, as they are infinitely more nimble than the elephants, and it is dangerous to attack them with spears, they are generally killed with fire-arms. In their manner of living they resemble the elephants last-mentioned; only with this difference, that they go more frequently into the sea. As the sea-lions have but very little fat, and their skin is of inconsiderable value, they are not persecuted, and are, therefore, very numerous. Some of them go from the sea to the smooth head-lands on the banks of the North; but their principal rendezvous is on the shores of the south, in the vicinity of San Antonio and San José.

'The sea-wolf, with two kinds of hair, is a vara and a half in length; and has a dark gray fur, long and coarse, which covers another that is very fine; and it is this that makes it valuable. Their manner of living is the same as that of the lions. They are killed with sticks; but, having been very much persecuted, they have become extremely fierce; and on the least alarm they plunge into the sea, not rising again for the distance of more than half a league. At present there are some of them in the bay of Buenos Cables, to the north of the river Negro, and in some places between San Antonio and San José.

'The sea-wolf, with one kind of hair, is somewhat larger than the former: it has only one sort of fur, very ordinary and dark gray. As they are of no value, they are left unmolested, and are therefore not so fierce as the others.'

As Monte Video is likely to occupy no ordinary share of attention, we subjoin an account of it in conclusion, merely remarking, that the work is embellished with an excellent map of the republic, and a plan of Buenos Ayres:—

'This province, favoured by nature, as if it had been selected for the display of fertility and beauty, is not less important on account of its geographical situation, at the mouth of the River de la Plata, forty leagues distant from the capital city of Buenos Ayres, but only ten from the coast. It is situated in 34° 34′ 48″ south lat. and 56° 13′ 30″ west long. according to observations made in February of this year; and borders on the rivers La Plata and Uruguay, and on Brazil on the south and west. Its climate, which has sensibly improved during the last forty years, is temperate and humid; but as that quality is moderated by the invariably dry land winds from the north-west—commonly called passageros, because they pass through the open plains of Buenos Ayres—and by its proximity to the ocean, the temperature of its atmosphere is the most healthy possible. In the year 1810, that province numbered a population of from sixty to seventy thousand souls, including that of the city, which was not less than twenty thousand. At present, however, it scarcely contains from forty to fifty thousand; that is ten thousand in the city, and the remainder in the country, which is of immense extent; since, even allowing the arbitrary limits assigned to it by Brazil in 1819 to remain unchanged, it would comprise one hundred and thirty Castilian leagues from north to south, and about ninety from east to west. There are many inhabited places in it, as Maldonado, Colonia, Sta. Lucia, Camelones, Sa. Jose, Sa. Carlos, Soriano, and Cerro Largo, which are all towns; and the villages are Toledo, Pando, Rocha, Penarol, Piedras, Sa. Salvador, Minas, Florida, Porongos, Colla, Bacas, Vivoras, Espuilla, Mercedes, Paisandù, and Hervidera. The decrease of population was occasioned by the war with Spain, which in that territory was carried on as in no other part of the united provinces: by the civil war which raged there, and produced that anarchy which the neighbouring foreigners took care to excite during the revolution against Spain, and also by the domination of the Portuguese Brazilians, which appears to be one and the same thing, from which, being universally detested, the natives have fled in great numbers, emigrating to the other provinces. Monte Video was peopled, less than a century ago, by a colony sent from Buenos Ayres. At that time the country was occupied by a multitude of barbarous Indians, of whom now remain only the very few who live in the remote parts, known by the name of Charrecas. The new colonists found the country abounding with vicunnas. Since that time the soil, fertile in all parts, even in the mountains with which it abounds, appears to have been used particularly for grazing, its cattle having continued all along to be the single branch of the commerce of Monte Video, not only by reason of the exportation of vicunna and horse-hides, but also of salted meat and tallow. Monte Video at one time possessed thirty-three establishments for curing meat, each of them killing at least one hundred head of cattle daily, without that consumption being felt in regard to the vicunna, the multiplication of which race is assisted there by an infinite variety of natural circumstances. The whole country abounds in excellent pastures, and not a single spot of ground is left waste. The pastures are of excellent quality, and fertilized in an astonishing manner by the irrigation of many rivers, rivulets, and springs. At each step the traveller finds himself agreeably surprised by meeting with streams of pure and salubrious water, which tend to enhance the charms of the surrounding scenery, consisting of a constant succession of hills, eminences, meadows, wilds, rugged defiles, and mountains. The principal rivers are, the Uruguay, Negro, Ybicui, Cebollati, Yi, Sta. Lucia, Gueguay, Diaman, Arapei, Guarey, Olimar, Pacho, Tacuari, Yguaron, and Tacuarembò. The immense currents of these rivers are formed by more than two hundred rivulets, many of them very considerable, which run in all directions, excepting an elevated ridge of land which crosses the whole province, and is called Cuchilla grande, as will be seen by its

reference to the annexed map. Almost all these rivers might be made navigable, through the greatest part of their course, with little trouble. Those that are now easily navigated are the Uruguay, Negro, Cebollati, and Ste. Lucia. As the grazing business produces such immense profit to those who possess capitals laid out in estates, agriculture has occupied them but little, as a matter of speculation; nevertheless, the lands are capable of producing abundantly, and without labour, all kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables.

'The province of Monte Video is at present occupied by the troops of Brazil, against the will of its legitimate masters.'

ORIGINAL.

THE CHURCHES OF ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS, AND ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE; WITH THEIR SACRED RELICS—MARVEL, MILTON, SPEED, AND FOX.

If we except the two great cathedral churches, and that of the Temple, perhaps the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, or St. Giles in the Fields, in days past, may be considered the more interesting. The latter stands between the east and the west—the emporium of commerce and the world of fashion, as a point where both might meet to perform duties alike called for in each; and it is so surrounded by beggary and vice, in its immediate precincts, as to show new views of life alike to the wealthy merchant and the stately aristocrat. The statesman might, from its battlements, contemplate improvements for Ireland, and plans of reformation for England, and the philanthropist peer into garrets where disease and poverty are exhibited in every stage of existence, from the child that cries for bread, to the aged beggar who groans for assistance. The perpetual current of human life, rushing continually past its walls, resembles a strait in which a mighty river concentrates its ever-moving waters; and, although it must be allowed that the stream is, for the most part, turbid, and what many persons might call 'the dregs of society,' yet it is certain that splendid carriag s, containing the great and the fair, occasionally swell the tide, and sparkle for a moment, like shining bubbles in the darksome mass. Notwithstanding the ignorance of Mr. Croker, as to the latitude of Russel Square, we are persuaded that few persons, even of fashion, have not navigated this vulgar outlet; and, if they have not, we may venture to assert that they ought to do it.

That the tens of thousands who swarm around the gates of St. Giles should never turn up their eyes, to contemplate the matchless piece of art with which they are ornamented, is perfectly natural; but surely that class of persons who affect taste, and those who travel to indulge it, might make a pilgrimage from St. James's, once in their lives, to visit this. And what can we say of that very extensive and communicative class, the patriotic public, who walk or drive past the place where the bones of Andrew Marvel repose without giving a grateful sigh to his memory?

While examining, as it well deserves, the beautiful sculpture that adorns the gate, and paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the most incorruptible of senators, the visitor ought not to forget that another worthy, who lived in the same age, though of humbler circumstances, is buried in this churchyard—Richard Pendril, the faithful guide to whom Charles II. was indebted for liberty and perhaps life after the fatal battle of Worcester. Nor would we have him stop here, but venture eastward; and, if his topographical knowledge is as limited as Mr. Croker affected his to be, let him buy a map of London, or, throwing himself into a coach, order the driver to set him down at the door of another church, devoted to the same saint, in Cripplegate, where many of the 'elder worthies,' as Dr. Southey would say, lie among

'The surfeit-slain fools, common dung of the soil.'

Though many speed on, without remembering that Speed the historian lies here, some should be found grateful for his researches, and aware that from his folio has sprung a race of duodecimos, each of which, in its day and generation, contributed to enlighten readers, and pay printers; and to his 'cloud of witnesses' surely the religious part of the world owes especial gratitude. Can any true Protestant, in these times of renewed controversy, hurry past St. Giles's, and forget that there lies Fox the martyrologist, whose simple record of Bonner's judgments and Smithfield horrors has done more, in days past, towards abolishing popery, than all the bayonets and the arguments ever produced to defend it. In many a retired corner of the land, where new tracts of divinity and village libraries are still unknown, this mighty treasure constitutes the divinity, history, and novelty of the place—passing from sire to son, and from one family to another, as a book that must be read once in a life by every man, and twice by every woman. How many of these simple souls, who have wept over fires long since extinguished, and nourished indignation for those they believe to be burning now, would gladly walk many a wearisome mile to cast their eyes on the spot where he reposes, who has awakened by turns every emotion of which their hearts were capable, and established them in that faith they feel to be invaluable!—how little do they dream that so many professing it should run every day by the honoured spot in ignorance of its existence.

Surely the young—the fair—the sentimental, should pay a decided tribute of respect to the memory of Andrew Marvel; for, if they had no particular regard for his political integrity, they must love the writer of William and Margaret, the very sweetest ballad* our language can boast, without excepting even Auld Robin Gray. Who can forget the soft reasonings of the fair ghost, retaining, even in death, the pleading tenderness of the injured lover:—

'Why did you say my lips were red?
Yet made the scarlet pale,
And why did I, poor witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?
'How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?'

To those who are long accustomed 'To hold high converse with the mighty dead,' not only in their works, but in the hour of lonely meditation (when spirit meets spirit, despite of the lapse of time, or the distance of country), it must be mortifying that they cannot pace the 'long-drawn aisle,' where the bones of Milton moulder, undisturbed by that 'busy hum of men,' which paralyses the powers of imagination, and clouds even those of memory. We can meditate on the great poet much better in our own back-parlours than on the spot where Whitbread placed his bust, doing honour to his own taste and liberality, not less than to the immortal bard. It ought to be the pleasant duty of us, who live in more enlightened times than those when the 'blind schoolmaster's' immortal epic poem sold for five pounds, to recognise and honour him wherever we trace him, on the principle of doing justice to our age and ourselves, by showing our knowledge of his works, and our gratitude for them.

As a poet of most lofty imagination, magnificent conception, exquisite delicacy, and deep tenderness—of most original and daring genius, combined with pastoral purity of thought, and an harmonious flow of numbers, developing the very soul of music, Milton must ever remain impressed upon our minds as a star of unequalled lustre: but perhaps another century will pass, before he receives the meed of admiration to which he is entitled, when, all his prose being consigned to oblivion (even the last new discovery), men will estimate his poetical works as they merit, and forget the polemics and politics, which it is our pain to remember. That Milton was an honest, upright man, we all doubt not; but we forget to honour his integrity, from our remembrance of his alliance with fanaticism, his display of cold-heartedness towards his wife and daughters, and the acrimony of disposition which led so high minded a man to bend even his theological opinions into the service of his selfishness and ill temper. Posterity may lose these memorials, and see in the poet all that is loveable in the man, for it is certain that they will find, in his descriptions of human and angelic nature, so much of grandeur and of pathos, as ought not only to enlarge and exalt their minds, but should move and captivate their hearts.

If, in the hurry of business, the carelessness of pleasure, the indolence of wealth, or the pressure of poverty, many are found unmindful of the *dead*, in the two churches dedicated to St. Giles, the same cannot be said of their attentions to the *living* of one of them, as the crowds which assemble to attend the preaching of the new rector of St. Giles in the Fields abundantly testifies. Proof that merit meets its reward, in some cases, is also

* Is not the authorship of this ballad doubtful. It has been claimed by Mallet, but an older copy, somewhat different, is said to be known, and was reprinted a few years ago.—ED.

given, in the fact of this gentleman's advancement, since it is certain that he owes it to no other medium than his talents as an elegant and popular preacher, calculated to do much good, and alike removed from the enthusiasm of Milton's times and the apathy of those which succeeded them—from both of which may the enlightened good sense and the sober good feeling of the present times preserve us. B.

MUMMERY FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN NOT ARRIVED AT YEARS OF DISCRETION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that the idea of reviving justs and tournaments, suggested in your journal, a short time since, in the article on Crusaders, page 474, far from a happy one. No one can suppose that, by such a solemn piece of *make-believe*, we should advance—perhaps retrograde, a single step towards the age of chivalry. Nor would our young nobility look at all more respectable in the eyes of the world, by condescending to act like so many stage-players, *pro bono publico*, at a day-light masquerade; or, *à la* Dymoke; or like the man in armour at my lord mayor's show. To attempt to revive the institutions of former ages, after their spirit is worn out, is hopeless and childish: we might as well say, as the French did in the heat of their revolution, let us get up a grand national farce, and all set about playing Greeks and Romans; which notable idea was attended with just the same kind of success as the renowned ancient banquet given by the learned doctor, in Peregrine Pickle; or, if we must act, we might as well have London's chief magistrate make his annual procession in the style of a Roman triumph, with a slave behind him, to utter, from time to time, the useful monition in his ear, that a lord mayor is, after all, but a man. Or else we might make a grand holiday, and crown Dr. Southey, in Guildhall, in imitation of Petrarch's being crowned in the capitol:—there is one part of the ceremony which, perhaps, the laureat would object to, namely, that where, after partaking of a sumptuous banquet, the illustrious Italian poet danced with bells tied to his arms and legs. Extravagant as all this is, it strikes me as being not a whit more so, than to propose that an English gentleman, of the nineteenth century, should buckle on the armour of a knight, of the fourteenth, and do that out of mummery, that his ancestors did in sober earnestness. Horse-races have succeeded to tournaments: perhaps it is a pity, yet we do not see how we can now very well substitute the latter for the former; or what we should gain if we could. A tilt cannot become a child again, by playing with a child's rattle; neither can nations, any more than individuals, recall, by an omnipotent *fiat*, the past eras of their existence. We might as well follow the example of the Knight of La Mancha, take crooks in our hands, and turn shepherds, sing pastorals from morning till night, and make love in the Arcadian style. Some persons, I must confess, appear very fond of this species of humbug. They even like to have their portraits in masquerade; a fine lady chooses to be painted in the character of a gipsey; a demirep as a Diana; and a citizen's wife as a shepherdess, with a crook and two lambs at her feet; or, if we must be aping, some of our fashionable clubs might take a hint from that gentle namby-pamby institution, the Accademia Degli Arcadi of the Italians.

So far am I from desiring to revive obsolete customs and ceremonies, that I would rather advise that we should get rid, as fast as we prudently can, of many of those vestiges of antiquity, that at the present day serve only to throw an air of ridicule upon some of the most solemn institutions. Of these, the law among others has its full share; and had it less of what it terms *fictions*, alias farce and *make-believe* (*trompperie*, trumpery), it might perhaps be as well for the community. We have already witnessed the expiration of birth-day odes, and hoops at court, and, in all probability, the laureatship itself will follow them. A writer of charades and tea-table poetry chooses to be represented *a la* Byron without a cravat; and a man-milliner with mustachoes. There are, also, many other notable customs that might safely be despatched to that bourn from which no tournaments will return. After all, why should we repine, because we cannot have the same amusements as our forefathers? We have many of which they had no idea. Tis true, even Ranelagh is gone, and Vauxhall is going, but we have Almack's and the Opera. At this time of day, to wish for tilting matches, is pretty much the same as wishing for those times when princesses were washerwomen.

ANTI-HUMBUG.

BALLOON ASCENT.

THE ascents of our aeronauts, of late years, have been as like each other as peas, and their narratives the essence of dulness: they state that they ascended, reached an altitude of two miles, and then came down again. No attempt whatever has been made at scientific discovery, or discovery of any sort, except how to render these flights as cheap and as profitable as possible. Within the last ten days, however, two gentlemen have made an ascent, with other objects; the one, Mr. Thomas R. Jolliffe, the author of Letters from Palestine; and the other, M. Cornillot, is a French gentleman, who, we believe, exhibited some curious scientific experiments in London a year or two ago. The following account of the ascent is extracted from a letter written by Mr. Jolliffe to his brother:

'My dear brother,—It has been very correctly stated, in the public prints, that the objects of M. de Cornillot and myself, in our aerial excursion from the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, embraced other views than those of mere adventurous curiosity. These I will shortly attempt to explain, after detailing some of the incidents connected with the ascent. It was our wish, *during this first essay*, to secure as retired a spot for the experiment as could be engaged within a moderate distance of the metropolis; and a farm in the beautiful little village of Seal was ultimately selected, as combining many of the most essential requisites: yet, even in that sequestered situation, it soon became impossible to disguise our intentions; the report quickly circulated in the adjoining hamlet, and, on the day preceding that fixed for our departure, a considerable concourse had assembled to witness the process of inflation, which, from the unusual size of the balloon, took nearly twenty hours to complete. On the following morning, several thousands attended, at an early hour, and waited with the utmost patience and good humour during a very tiresome and protracted ceremony. At length, between five and six o'clock in the evening, we adjusted the car, and proceeded with as little delay as possible to arrange whatever else was necessary for an immediate ascent. When first loosened from the cords which fixed it to the ground, the machine made a movement so irregular as to excite something like an expression of disappointment; but the next instant, as if sensible of the reproach, it bounded upwards with an elastic spring, which called forth a shout of acclamation, so loud and general, that the air rang with its animating echos. As we continued to ascend with considerable velocity, the sounds quickly died away; and I could just discern what, a few moments before, appeared a compact mass, suddenly starting forwards in varied and irregular groups, towards some imagined point to which we seemed verging. On attaining a mile in height—in conformity with established usage, and in justice to my own feelings, we drank to the health of our accomplished sovereign, and the British royal family. A similar mark of respect was afterwards offered (in compliment to my companion) '*à la majesté très Chrétienne*'—to the Duchess of Berri, and the infant hope of France; to the illustrious house of Montmorency; and to the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. On dismissing more of our ballast, we rapidly increased our distance from the earth's surface, and finally reached an elevation which, according to the computation of Mr. C., *considerably exceeded three miles.**

I have no language to describe the magnificence of the scenery unfolded from this lofty eminence. The vast abyss beneath, when the shadows of night began to gather round, presented a character of terrific sublimity; but, while the sun remained in the heavens, and the glories of an expanded firmament were illustrated by his rays, without a single cloud in the whole visible horizon to obstruct the field of vision, the combined feeling of wonder, awe, and adoration, was the emotion which filled my heart. Words are but feeble instruments to express sensations under circumstances such as these; yet, if I might be pardoned the egotism of quoting from a mo-

* In this elevated region the aeronauts felt no difficulty of respiration; but their sense of hearing was chiefly affected. The balloon is of such spacious dimensions as to comprehend a circumference of ninety feet; yet they were subsequently assured, that at one period it seemed as if diminished to the size of a cricket ball! The machine was constructed under the scientific direction of Mr. Cornillot, assisted by the active and intelligent exertions of the Messrs. Peal, Hampstead Road.

rative which the public has marked with some degree of approbation, I would observe, that 'in such a situation the spectator, whose mind is sufficiently braced for its enjoyment, loses for awhile all sense of individual weakness: his faculties feel, as it were, an enlarged vitality; and he dwells with a rapturous enthusiasm on the splendours by which he is encompassed, till their united glories torture the imagination, and the sense aches with gazing.'

Our descent engaged us about twenty minutes. The machine at first fell in the centre of a hop-garden, the poles of which drove with such violence through the car as to disable me, my face and leg bleeding profusely from the concussion, from holding the apparatus sufficiently firm to enable my friend to effect his escape; and, on recovering from a momentary stupefaction, I had the indescribable anguish to see him tower aloft—the grappling-iron lost, the ballast all expended, and his communication with the valve, as I feared, quite cut off. I would at that instant willingly have parted with a limb to have secured his safety. Happily, in less than ten minutes the balloon gradually sunk, as if by its own exhaustion, in a field of oats, the proprietor of which, with great kindness and generosity, positively refused any pecuniary compensation for the damage incurred by the trampling of two or three hundred persons who came to assist us. Anxiety, and the exertion of violent running, had so increased the injury I received to my leg, that I was almost incapable of walking much farther, when Mr. Ayres, of Lower Grosvenor Street, who happened to be passing on the road, most obligingly conveyed me in his carriage to Serenoaks, where the attentions of the mistress of the Oak Inn, and the subsequent direction of Mr. Kelson enabled me to proceed to town without the least inconvenience.

It had often occured to me, that it might be very practicable, by an adroit adjustment of the ballast, to render the machine, on its attaining a certain elevation, almost stationary for a given time; and that at all events (except during the agitations of a storm), it might be made to float in a horizontal direction, towards whatever quartrr, the current of air should impel its course. The late experiment has powerfully served to confirm such theory.—Our balloon continued at a stated point, without any perceivable change either in its exaltation or decline; slowly revolving in very small circles, and turning as if on its own pivot. The very heavy expense, absolutely inevitable as the machines are at present constructed, will necessarily confine all speculative exertion to the circles of the affluent; but the combined talent of the chemist and the mechanic, will gradually suggest successive improvements; and I look forward, with something like confidence, to no very remote period, when—

'To sail in the air,
When the sun shines fair,
Over woods, high rocks, and fountains,
Over hills, and misty mountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets——'

may become as popular and fashionable an engagement as any of those pursuits which now so eagerly attract the patronage of the noble and the wealthy. If we carry our anticipations a little further, and seriously contemplate the maturity of an art, which is yet only in the trammels of infancy, who shall venture to assign a limit to its operations? Who will hazard the assertion that something of incalculable utility may not hereafter be derived from its exercise—or call in question the mighty benefits, which await their development, in the unopened volumes of destiny?'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MISS LUBY,

After having read her beautiful Poem, entitled The Spirit of the Lake; or, Mournan Abbey.

Ope, at that hour when evening's purple glow
Sheds its dark lustre on the glen below,
Whilst clustering clouds, in blushing radiance fly
O'er the light azure of the vesper sky;
Hast thou not marked—on that romantic isle,
Where Genius won'd thee with her loveliest smile—
Some lingering sunbeams their last farewell take,
From the still bosom of thy native lake?
Seest the pale crescent in the pure wave glow,
Where star, and streak, and cloud, their light forms throw?
So brilliant, clear, and true, the sketch is given,
We almost think it is another heaven:—
Thus,—in the magic tints which thou hast wrought,
With thy bright heavenly pen and splendid thought,
Though all admire, and deem the colours fair,
'Tis but thine own pure *self* reflected there.

London, Aug., 1825. M. G. L.

THE INNOCENT THEFT.

As Venus to Paphos, one bright summer morning,
In her gay car of pearl, by soft zephyr was borne,
Each flowret she found her loved island adorning,—
Rose, lily, and heliotrope—faded or torn.
'Who, Cupid,' she cried, 'has thus dared to assail them—
What impious mortal has spurn'd my command!'
'No mortal, fair queen!—'twould but little avail them—
It was thine own Cupid—they fell by *his* hand.
'I took from the rose-bud its deep-blushing colour,
To tinge the pale cheek of my Myrrha so fair—
Her breath from the cinnamon borrows its odour,
And the rays of the heliotrope beam from her hair.
'The violet and harebell, their azure imparting,
Bestow on her eyes a more delicate blue;
From the lily its whiteness I stole, and, departing,
Just touch'd her young brow, and then—hasten'd to you.
'Yet banish all anger, thy bosom consuming;
For thou canst restore to them all that they've lost,
From thine own lovely features, e'en then but too blooming,
And yet leave my fair her stolen beauties to boast,
'Yes—Venus, Love's own gentle mandate obeying,
Smile sweetly, as wont, and away with those frowns!
Ay, smile and forbearance—not anger—displaying,
Teach mortals true beauty no jealousy owns!' H. B.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—The successful career of the opera of *Torrens*, which was admirably performed on Wednesday night, has been arrested, for the present, by the expiration of Mr. Braham's engagement. He has, however, found an admirable successor, though in a very different line, in the person of our own and the public's old friend and favourite, Charles Mathews. Were the weather as hot as it is in the United States—and the American papers actually state that it melts honey, smothers the bees in the hives, and even hatches eggs in the open market, still would Mathews alone fill the English Opera-House. This he did on Thursday night, and received a welcome so hearty that he must have felt himself quite *at home*. He appeared in the character of Mr. Blushington, in the farce of *The Bashful Man*: the awkwardness and embarrassment, bodily and mental, into which his blunders successively threw him, were admirably personified; and, in the drunken scene, every limb and muscle seemed intoxicated: all the phases of drunkenness were so well exhibited, that an excellent Hogarthian picture might be painted from Mr. Mathews' performance, to be entitled the Drunkard's Progress. There is a young artist, we believe, of the name of Hunt, who, from some sketches we have seen, we should be inclined to think would do this well, and we suggest to him the hint. *Gretna Green* followed, and was very well performed; and this was succeeded by *Jonathan in England*, in which Mr. Mathews played Jonathan W. Doubikins, to the infinite amusement of a very crowded audience.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*Roses and Thorns* has been played several times since our last, but it on Thursday gave way to the revival of *Inkle and Yarico*, in which nearly all the operative force of the house was employed. Mr. Farren played Sir Christopher Curry, and Madame Vestris Wowski; both the characters were of course extremely well played, and the opera went off with considerable *éclat*.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Kirby's Lecture on Steam, at the Paul's Head, Cateaton Street.—We were on Monday last, says a correspondent, extremely gratified with attending a lecture which comprised the history of the steam engine, and the account of those powers it now so eminently displays. These powers were exemplified by Mr. Kirby the lecturer, in the exhibition of various small, but beautiful models of steam engines, the self-moving faculties of which would, in days past, have appeared the effect of magic, and were almost regarded as such by the ladies present. The one which moved along the Tram road gave particular grati-

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fication, and reminded us of the assertions made by the author of that very clever little work the Finger Post, respecting the antiquity realised by steam and rail-roads. In short the evening was one of great satisfaction, alike for the correct information, and the unaffected and yet elegant style in which it was conveyed. The good lecturer gave more for the money than he could have been expected to do, for unquestionably two lectures (or at least the matter of two lectures) were compressed into one; but we apprehend few persons besides ourselves will condemn Mr. Kirby for this overflowing measure. To us, who know the value of mental labour, it is natural to condemn works of superreregation.

In the press, Mary Queen of Scots; her persecutions, trials, and sufferings, from her birth till her death.

We understand the author of those popular productions, the Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, and Trial of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, has in preparation a Trial of Daniel O'Connel, Esq., Cardinal O'Cobbett will of course again cut a conspicuous figure.

The following hydraulic works have been commenced this year at St. Petersburg:—1. A navigable canal to join the Moskwa and the Wolga. 2. The junction of the Scheckshna with the Dwina, by which the port of Archangel will have a direct communication with St. Petersburg. 3. The junction of the Niemen with the Vistula.

African Expedition.—The Brazen sloop of war sailed from Yarmouth on Sunday afternoon, with the African mission on board, under Captain Clapperton. The object of this mission is to connect the geography of South-Western with Eastern Africa. The expedition will be landed at Benin, and from thence proceed to Timbuctoo, a space hitherto totally unknown to Europeans. After this first part is accomplished the course and termination of the celebrated Nigeris to occupy the attention of the travellers; and then, if found practicable, to go to Darfue and Abyssinia; the latter route is to be undertaken by Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Daily Heat.—The mean of the thermometer, at ten o'clock a. m. and ten o'clock p. m., gives the most correct average of the result of the day.

East India Stock.—The proprietors of East India stock consist of about 300 persons. Those who stock does not amounts to £1000 are not allowed to vote, that amount being a qualification for one vote; £3000 stock qualifies for two votes; £6000 for three votes; and £10,000 stock or upward, for four votes. In 1810, according to the existing list, 1662 were qualified to give single votes; 362 double votes; 84 triple votes; and 51 quadruple votes.—The total number of votes, therefore, was 2770; but as many proprietors are absent from England, and others do not attend, more than 1000 have never voted, and, indeed, that number may be considered as a *maximum*.

Dormant Seeds.—Crops of white clover spring up in appearance spontaneously on the application of lime to dry heaths or barren soils, and raspberry-bushes start up where fir-woods have been burned down, though not a vestige of either could previously be discovered on the spot.

Ferintosh Whiskey.—The word Ferintosh signifies Thane's land, it having been part of the Thanedom of Cawdor (Macbeth's), or Calder. The barony of Ferintosh belonged to the Forbes's, of Culloden, and continued about 1800 arable acres. All barley produced on this estate was privileged to be converted into whiskey, duty free; the natural consequence of which was, that more whiskey was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland. In 1784, government made a sort of compulsory purchase of this privilege from the Culloden family, after they had enjoyed it for a complete century. The sum paid was £21,500.

The Tread Mills, and Millbank Penitentiary.—At Lewes, each prisoner walks at the rate of 6600 feet *in ascent* per day; at Ipswich, 7450; at St. Alban's, 8000; at Bury, 8950; at Cambridge, 10,175; at Durham, 12,000; at Brixton, Guildford, and Reading, the summer rate exceeds 13,000; while at Warwick the summer rate will be 17,000 feet in ten hours. In the spring of 1823, Millbank Penitentiary contained 869 prisoners; the officers and their families amounted to 106.—Total within the walls, 975 persons.

Poisonous Plants.—Five stamens, one pistil, one petal, and the fruit of the berry kind, indicate poisonous plants.—The calyx double, glume valved, three stamina, two pistils, and naked seeds, indicate plants of a farinaceous quality, and fit for food.

Drury-Lane Theatre.—The boxes in the new Drury-Lane Theatre will hold 1200 individuals; the pit, 860; the lower gallery, 410; the upper gallery, 280; in all, 2810 persons can be accommodated.

Corporeal Identity.—Some have considered a change of corporeal identity to be effected every three, others every seven years. Letters marked on the skin, however, last during life; and there are some diseases of which the constitution is only once susceptible.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock. Noon.	10 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock. Noon.	Weather.
Aug 26	59	70	57	.. 19	Fair.
... 27	60	60	56	.. 07	Rain.
... 28	58	65	60	.. 05	Cloudy.
... 29	60	66	66	.. 08	Rain.
... 30	66	76	69	.. 14	Fair.
... 31	68	76	64	.. 14	Do.
Sept. 1	65	76	66	.. 15	Do.

Works published since our last notice.—Wilson's Oriental Commerce, improved by Thomson, royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Lion of the Kent, 2s. 6d.—Selections from Virgil, 6s.—Selections from Horace, 4s. 6d.—Whiston's Josephus, two vols. 1l. 4s.—Lowth on Isaiah, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Apology for Dan Juan, 3s.—Walton's Lage, Major's edition, plates, &c. post 8vo. 13s.; large paper, with proofs, 2l. 2s.

Just published, price 2s.

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Reclaim'd, enjoys each sympathy refined!—
Yes, here, who triumph would o'er human strife,
Read '*The Young Robinson*,' a tale of life;
Or, if you would that sanctity should sway,
Well shall '*Ingenuous Sorrow*' point the way.
Leading to polar realms, behold our views
Expand by '*Peep here*' *At the Experiment*.'—
Scenes of pure nature; and when all else fails,
To wakeen interest, lo! '*The Fairy Tales*'!
Here, too, '*Instructs*' pleasing precept piles,
On '*Aesop's Little Sketch Book*' while fair '*Fox*' smiles.—
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Shall R. H. THOMAS prove the Childrens' friend!

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Printed for R. Ackermann, 101, Strand,
Of whom may also be had,
The same Work in the original Spanish, at the same price.

JAMES'S NAVAL HISTORY. The publication of the new edition of this work has been unavoidably delayed, owing chiefly to the plans and other improvements which it will contain. Officers and others, having corrections to make or information to furnish, are respectfully solicited to prompt in their communications. The work will be in Six Volumes, 8vo. with diagrams of all the related actions.

13, Chapel Field, South Lambeth, 20th August 1834.

This paper is published early on Saturday, price 6d., or 10d. if post free; Country and Foreign Readers may have the distamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts

London: published by Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, whose advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Ray, Creed Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Cowie, Pall-Mall; Sutherland, Colton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin & Co. Glasgow; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders.—Printed by Davidson, Seven's Place, Camp Street.

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: The Slave Trade, 577; Tredgold's Treatise on Rail-Roads and Carriages, 579; Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., by Lord Braybrooke, 580; The Moor, by Lord Porchester, 583; The Session of Parliament for 1825, 584 —*Original:* Peripatetic Philosophers, 586; The Deserter, 587; Letter from Dr. Johnson, 588; Nil-Admirari, No. ix., 589.—*Original Poetry:* The Kent East Indiaman, 589; Bartholomew Fair, 590.—*The Drama*, 590. *Literature and Science*, 591.—*The Bee*, 592.

No. 330. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE SLAVE TRADE.'

1. *Papers relating to the Manumission, Government, and Population of Slaves in the West Indies.* Folio, pp. 132.
2. *Further Papers relating to Slaves in the West Indies.* Folio, pp. 30.
3. *Correspondence with the British Commissioners at Sierra Leone, the Havannah, Rio de Janeiro, and Surinam, relating to the Slave Trade.* Class A. Folio, pp. 173.
4. *Correspondence with Foreign Powers relating to the Slave Trade.* Class B. Folio, pp. 135.
5. *Papers presented to Parliament, by his Majesty's Command, in Explanation of the Measures adopted by his Majesty's Government, for the Melioration of the Condition of the Slave Population in his Majesty's Possessions in the West Indies, and on the Continent of South America.* Folio, pp. 318.

The whole printed, by order of the House of Commons, during the Session, 1825.

THE slave trade has been so often, so forcibly, and so eloquently denounced in the senate and by the press, that with all our abhorrence of the fiend-like traffic, we find ourselves at a loss for new terms in which to stigmatize it. Humanity has not a reproach so foul, and, although we are convinced that it is carried on to a great an extent as ever, and under circumstances scarcely less inhuman, yet we are glad that this country renounced its continuance, except so far as to the existing Negro population in our West India colonies, where, we are told, an unconditional emancipation would not fail of producing the most serious evils, unless effected in a way which has not yet been pointed out. Although we may not be able to develop the mode by which slavery may be extinguished effectually, yet we are of opinion that its toleration is so disgraceful to professors of Christianity, that no matter of expediency can justify it. Cowper, the eloquent advocate for the Negro race, after noticing and reprobating this trade in human flesh (and it is yet a trade in our colonies, for slaves are there sold like cattle), exclaims:—

'Canst thou, honour'd with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience, as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold,
To quit the forest and invade the fold;
So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedside;
Not he, but his *emergence*, forc'd the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor.'

The colonists, or slave proprietors, plead that they bought the slaves, and therefore ought to be indemnified. This reminds us of Arthur Henley, who, getting returned to Parliament for a borough, through bribery, made the most he could of his seat, and being reproached by some of the electors, replied, 'I bought you, and I'll sell you, by ——.' But, admitting that the slave holders ought to be indemnified, for God's sake let us assent, and, by the sacrifice of a few millions, clear ourselves of so foul a stain on our national character; for, to use the eloquence of the most able champion for Negro emancipation the world has produced, Mr. Wilberforce, 'Never was a more complete system of injustice and cruelty exhibited to the world. To whatever portion of this odious traffic you turn your eyes, you find neither consolation nor relief. The horrors attendant on tearing the Africans from their native country, are only to be compared to the horrors of the voyage; the latter are only to be equalled by the horrors of the colonial slavery itself. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, in the moral, as well as the physical, order of things, some degree of good generally accompanies evil: hurricanes purify the air; persecution excites enthusiasm for truth; pride, vanity, and profusion, frequently contribute, indirectly, to the happiness of mankind. There is nothing, however odious, that has not its palliative; the savage is hospitable; the brigand is intrepid; violences, in general, exempt from perfidy; and daring iniquity, from meanness. But there is no benign concomitant here; it belongs to this hateful traffic to deteriorate alike the good and the bad, and even to pollute crime itself; it is a state of warfare undignified by courage; it is a state of peace, in which there is no security against devastation and massacre. There you find the vices of polished society, without the delicacy of manners by which they are tempered; the primitive savageness of man, stripped of all its innocence; perverseness, pure and complete, full and finished, destitute of every honourable sentiment, of every advantage that can be contemplated without indignation, or acknowledged without the deepest shame.'

It may be asked, could such an appeal as this fail of producing the necessary effect? To which we answer, that it did. England has, however, since done much to abolish this hated commerce, but more still remains to do. We do not, however, blame the government, which, we are sure, would most gladly abolish or ameliorate the system; but there are existing interests which thwart its benevolent views, and, by threats and every artifice ingenuity can suggest, endeavour to obstruct those reforms which the present administration has not merely suggested, but got sanctioned by solemn acts of the legislature.

The documents we have selected as the head of this article exhibit proofs of this, and without professing to give an analysis of the seven or eight hundred pages of which they consist, we think we can select a few passages, which will be deemed interesting, and throw much light on the present state of the slave trade. The first of these returns contains several papers, and one in particular,—the proceedings on the trial of two slaves, at Trinidad, who were flogged for groundless complaints against their masters. We do not pretend to say they were unjustly punished, but the difficulties under which any charge is brought by a slave against his master, will be seen by the following abstract of one of the laws:—

'Servants and waiting men that any one keeps in his house for their own benefit, or for wages, cannot institute an accusation against that person with whom he lives or lived, on any matter upon which the penalty of death, mutilation, infamy, or confiscation of property, or of the greatest part of it, can be inflicted; and if any of them shall institute such action in the way of accusation against any such person, the same will not be admitted, and that person will die for the same.'

Now we think the very existence of such a law is not only likely to deter slaves from preferring a complaint, but is a strong presumptive proof that when they really do it, they are right, because they do it at such a dreadful hazard.

The insurrection at Demerara, where there are nearly seventy-five thousand slaves, forms the next subject in this document. We are no advocates for insurrections, but as Milton says,

'Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thither doom'd.'

Can, we, then be surprised that the poor Negro seeks to break his chains when he possesses the feelings of universal man, and differs from his tyrants only in the colour of his skin, and the advantages of education? We do not wish to dwell on individual or isolated cases, and therefore pass over the Demerara insurrection, though we confess we neither envy the governor nor the court martial which condemned to death so many victims of an attempt, which, had it succeeded, would not have been designated rebellion.

The second document relates to the deportation of two free persons of colour of the names of Lecesne and Ecoffery from the island of Jamaica, by a summary process which empowers the governor to banish persons suspected to be of a dangerous character.

Our third document relates to a correspondence which had for its object the extinc-

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tion of the slave-trade carried on by other powers, principally by Portugal and France. It appears by a despatch from the British commissioners at Sierra Leone to Mr. Secretary Canning, that at Bissao, an island on the coast of Africa, it is the practice to send armed boats or canoes about the coasts and islands in the vicinity, to surprise the inhabitants, and carry them off to supply the wants of their slave market. The despatch states that—

'In the course of the last year some boats from Bissao, it is said, landed at the mouth of the Rio Nunez, sacked some of the villages there, and carried off to Bissao, to be sold into slavery, as many of their inhabitants as they could take.

'Besides the barbarity of this practice, its consequence is, that the natives within the reach of such kidnapping expeditions, are rendered savage and untractable, so much so that they are always disposed to deal harshly with such Europeans as may fall into their hands. The natives of one of the Bisago islands, which lie about the mouth of the river on which Bissao is situated, possessed themselves of a boat with its crew belonging to the Spanish Schooner Joseph, condemned in the Mixed Court in the year 1822, which had incautiously approached the island to obtain information as to the proper course to be pursued by the Joseph in order to reach Bissao. The boat's crew were, with some difficulty, after suffering great hardships, ransomed through the interference of the governor of Bissao. Although this interference was in the end successful, we should think that the natives were more swayed by interest in liberating the Europeans of the Joseph who were in their possession, than by a friendly regard for the governor of Bissao; the difficulty with which the ransom was effected shows this to have been the case.

'It may be said by the Portuguese authorities at Bissao, if they do not deny the fact, that it is not they nor those under their control who pursue the system of kidnapping that has been mentioned, but that that system is pursued by the natives near Bissao, over whom those authorities have no power. Even should this be asserted, and the assertion be true, it is the demand for slaves for exportation, which induces these independent natives to pursue such a mode of supplying that demand. If the authorities at Bissao did not themselves export slaves, or allow them to be exported within the extent of their influence by others, these natives would not have sufficient inducement to attack their neighbours for the purpose of enslaving them.'

Cuba has long been the island where the slave trade has received protection; it however appears that there are some regulations there in favour of slaves that do not exist in other places.

'That slaves are generally appraised at four hundred dollars; that a slave paying down the fourth part of his value, or one hundred dollars, immediately acquires the right to be *coartados*, that is, that he can work out, paying his master three reals de vellon, or bits a day, until he can make a further deposit, or if the master requires his service, he can oblige the man to work for him, paying the slave one real; thus a deposit of two hundred dollars gives the slave a right to two reals daily, of three hundred to three reals, and thus to completion of the payment of the whole sum in which he had been appraised: the dollar is worth only eight reals or bits.'

On this subject there appears some doubt, and Mr. Kilbee, one of the British commissioners, alluding to the above extract, further observes, that Negroes at Cuba are sometimes sold as high as one thousand dollars, but that the tribunals will not permit such excessive valuations, when made for the purpose of enabling the slave to liberate himself, or to improve his condition. He says:—

'Eight hundred dollars may be considered the maximum in such cases; and even this is thought high. Full-grown Negroes on plantations are, one with another, generally valued at five hundred dollars; house servants may be averaged at six hundred; and mechanics at rather more. Even those imprudent clandestinely are, I understand, sold for upwards of four hundred dollars; and previous to the abolition, when colonial produce was much higher than at present, prime Negroes, newly imported, sold for five hundred and five hundred and fifty dollars, cash. The memorandam is also incorrect in stating, that "if the master requires the service of his *coartado* slave, he can oblige the man to work, paying the slave a certain sum;" the fact being that in all cases the master is entitled to the service of his slave, whether *coartado* or not, without any remuneration whatever. You will find, by the enclosed statement, how far this principle is modified in practice. The memorandum, moreover, confounds reales de Vellon with reales de Plata (those alone current in all Spanish America); of the former of which there are twenty to the dollar, of the latter only eight.

'If there should be any question of introducing into the British possessions the system respecting slaves which exists in this island, there are some circumstances favourable to the slave, which are peculiar to the latter, and ought to be had in recollection.

'Wages here are extremely high: a common field Negro earns four reales a day, and is fed; the salary of a regular house servant is from twenty to thirty dollars a month, besides being fed and clothed; and mechanics are paid from ten bits, or reales, to three dollars a day. With such wages, the *coartado* slave, who works out, is well able to pay his master the daily quota proportioned to his price, and to lay by something towards the future attainment of his liberty; but it is evident that it would be impossible to do either, were wages much lower.

'The large white population, too (much greater in proportion than that of any of our West India islands), is a great advantage to the slaves, from the facility thereby afforded them to change masters, by which many of the evils attending their state are in some measure remedied. The lot of household slaves, who derive most benefit from this circumstance, is particularly favourable. They are almost always taught some trade, and are commonly shoemakers, or tailors, or sequamakers; and by well employing their leisure hours, they may easily acquire their liberty in seven years. Field slaves, too, have their advantages. They are by law entitled to a certain quantity of ground, with the produce of which, and the breeding of pigs and poultry, which they sell at a great profit (all sorts of provisions being very dear), they may well look forward to acquiring money sufficient to become *coartado*, and finally to being emancipated at no very distant period. It is also highly advantageous to the slaves here, that public opinion, formed by time and custom, is favourable to granting them their liberty; and there is not a respectable man who would not feel ashamed to throw any obstacles in the way of a well-conducted slave becoming free; on the contrary, my experience enables me to say that masters are generally very willing to assist their slaves in the attainment of this most desirable object.

'The effects of the system in force here are fully seen by the state of the population of the island; the last census which, though not very exact, is sufficiently so for the present purpose, making the whites two hundred and ninety thousand, the free people of colour one hundred and fifteen thousand, and the slaves two hundred and twenty-five thousand.'

This letter contains an enclosure on the manumission of slaves in the island of Cuba, which we consider of great interest, and we therefore quote freely from it:—

'Slaves in the island of Cuba may be divided into two classes: those who are in *venta real* (royal sale), that is, who may be sold by their master for any sum he chooses to demand; and *coartados*, that is those whose slavery is as it were limited; this consists in a price being fixed upon them, which cannot be increased at the will of the master.

'Slaves may acquire their liberty by the mere grant of their master, either during his life, or by testament; and the only formality necessary is, that they should receive a certificate called a *carta de libertad*. No security, as in the British islands, is required that they shall not become a charge to the parish; but masters would not be allowed to emancipate such slaves as from old age or infirmity are unable to labour, unless they provide for their future maintenance.

'If a slave can prove that a promise of emancipation has been made to him by his master, the latter will be compelled to perform it; and the parts of wills which relate to this subject are always interpreted in the most favourable manner to the slaves.

'They may likewise obtain their liberty by purchasing it, and in this case the master is not allowed to fix an arbitrary price; but if he and the slave cannot agree upon it, two appraisers are named, one by the master and the other by the syndic of the ayuntamiento on the part of the slave; and in the event of a difference of opinion, the judge names an umpire. Transactions of this nature are so much encouraged by law, that the master, when his slave purchases his liberty, is exempted from the payment of alcabala, which is a duty payable by the vendor upon all

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sales, and in those of slaves amounts to six per cent. on the purchase-money. A master will be compelled to sell his slave, if the purchaser will engage to emancipate the latter at the expiration of a certain reasonable period. Masters who ill use their slaves will likewise be compelled to sell them, and the valuation in both these cases is to be made in the manner above referred to. It is, of course, understood that a valuation is required only in case the slave be in *venta real*.

'When services have been rendered to the state by slaves, it has always been the custom to give them their liberty; but in this case the government previously pays the master their value.

'A slave once emancipated cannot be again reduced to slavery. Some opinions which have been given by the courts here, and have been confirmed by the council of Indies in Spain, will show how strictly this principle has been followed.'

'Next to obtaining his liberty, the great object of the slave is to become *coartado*. This has been before stated to consist in his price being fixed; and for this purpose the master gives him a document called an *escretura de coartacion*, by which he binds himself never to demand more than a certain sum for the slave, which sum is always less than the actual value of the latter, but has no relation whatever to the price originally paid for him.

'As slaves may acquire their liberty, so may they be *coartados* at the pleasure of their master. They may likewise become so by paying him a part of their value. There is scarcely a case in which this arrangement is objected to; but, were there any difficulty, the form would be for the slave to apply to a court of justice, through the syndic, to be valued, and then pay a reasonable sum (fifty or a hundred dollars) to his master, who would be obliged to give him an *escretura*, expressing that he was *coartado* in the difference between such sum and his estimated value. Thus, if a slave be valued at six hundred dollars, and pay his master one hundred, he will remain *coartado* in five hundred; and no greater price can be demanded for him, whether he be sold to another master, or he himself enabled to purchase his liberty. The slave also, who is already *coartado* in a certain sum, may pay any part of it (by custom not less than fifty dollars), and his master is bound to admit the same. Again, if a master be about to sell his slave, the latter may oblige the purchaser to receive any part of the purchase-money, and remain *coartado* in the remainder; and for the part paid by him no alcabala is exacted, nor in general for any money paid by slaves for the purpose of obtaining their liberty, of becoming *coartados*, or of diminishing the sum in which they may be already *coartados*.

'It is a disputed point whether a slave can oblige his master to sell him, if he can find a purchaser who will *coartar* him—this practice being considered to be liable to abuse, as a master may thereby be deprived of the service of a valuable slave, without the condition of the latter being materially improved. Thus a slave brought up to some mechanical labour may be seduced from the service of the master, who has had the trouble of teaching him, upon a person presenting himself who is ready to *coartar* the slave in a sum inconsiderably less than his value. The practice is therefore generally discouraged, unless the purchaser be willing to *coartar* the slave in a sum considerably less than his value—in two-thirds of it, for example, in which case no judge would take upon himself to refuse the demand for a change of masters; the meliorating the lot of the slave, and the advancing him in the way of finally obtaining his liberty, being held to be paramount to every other consideration. In all cases where a slave demands to be sold to a purchaser who offers to improve his condition, either by engaging to emancipate him at the expiration of a reasonable period, or by agreeing to *coartar* him, or to diminish the sum in which he is *coartado*, the original master will have the preference, and will not be obliged to sell him, if he be willing to confer the same benefit upon the slave that the purchaser proposes.

'The *coartado* slave enjoys likewise this great advantage, that, if he be hired out by his master, or, as is more common, if he be allowed to hire himself out, he is only bound to pay his master one real a day for every hundred dollars in which he is *coartado*.

'Thus, if he be *coartado* in five hundred dollars, he pays five reales a day; if in four hundred and fifty, four and a half, and so on, Sundays and certain holidays being excluded; while the master of a slave in *venta real* is entitled to all the money the latter can earn.

'The maxim of the law is, that a *coartado* slave is as much a slave as any other, excepting so far as regards his price, and the quota he is to pay his master, if hired out; and consequently the latter is as much entitled to his personal service as to that of a slave in *venta real*, but this is somewhat modified in practice. If a slave come by descent to his master *coartado*, or if he become *coartado* in his service, the master is fully entitled to require that he shall serve him personally, and the slave has no right whatever to demand to be allowed to work out. But, when a *coartado* slave is sold, it being generally the custom here for the slave himself to seek for a new master, he uniformly stipulates beforehand whether he is to serve personally, or to work out, paying the usual daily quota; and the judges will always compel the master to observe such stipulation, unless indeed the slave neglects to pay, in which case the only remedy is to exact his personal service.

'In virtue of such arrangements, it is not uncommon for a master having occasion to employ for a short period his *coartado* slave, who has stipulated to be allowed to work out, to pay the difference between the daily sum he should receive and the wages usually earned by such slave.

'But in this case alone is the slave, of whatever description he may be, paid for his labour by his master, excepting indeed when field-slaves are employed, upon Sundays and certain holidays; this is, however, upon quite another principle.

'During illness, *coartado* slaves who work out are exempted from paying anything to their master, who, on the contrary, is bound to maintain and assist them in the same manner as his other slaves.

'In one case, the sum in which a slave is *coartado* can be augmented—viz., when, in consequence of any improper conduct on his part, his master is, by the sentence of a court of justice, obliged to pay damages, the amount of which may then be lawfully added to the price of the slave. But if the latter, as frequently happens, neglects for some time to pay the daily sum due to his master, this debt cannot be added to his price, because it was the master's fault that he had not recourse in time to the remedy which was in his power—viz., to compel the Negro to serve him personally. The law which so eminently favours the slave does not neglect his offspring. A pregnant Negress may emancipate her infant, even while still in the womb, and for this there is a fixed price—viz., twenty-five dollars; from the time of its birth till it be baptized, the infant may be emancipated for fifty dollars; and afterwards it may acquire its liberty, or be *coartado* like other slaves, its value of course during childhood being very low.

'Such is the system existing in the island of Cuba, respecting the manumission and free labour of slaves; and although, in the country parts, where there are few magistrates, there may be, and undoubtedly are many abuses, yet in the Havannah, and other large towns, and in the more populous parts, it is efficiently observed. Indeed, experience warrants the assertion; and to the honour of the island be it said, that this is the branch of the laws which is best and most impartially administered.' *(To be continued.)*

A Practical Treatise on Rail-Roads and Carriages, showing the Principles of estimating their Strength, Proportions, Expense, and Annual Produce, and the Conditions which render them Effective, Economical, and Durable. By Thomas Tredgold, Civil Engineer. 8vo. pp. 185. London, 1825. J. Taylor.

In an age and country remarkable for the extent of its improvements in the useful arts, there is, perhaps, nothing in which it is more distinguished than in the increased facility and rapidity of intercourse, by the means of coaches, waggons, canals, and rail-roads. From the improved method of forming turnpike-roads, as well as better constructed vehicles, our coaches now traverse in a day a distance, which a century ago would not be performed in a week. In respect to waggons the difference is not so remarkable, except in the vans, which convey the most valuable goods very quickly. Canals* and rail-roads

* There are one hundred and three canals in Great Britain; the total extent of them two thousand six hundred and eighty-two and a quarter miles, about the length, from the east to the west, of the whole continent of Europe; thirty millions sterling is the valuation of the cost. In the various canals there are forty-eight subterraneous passages, forty of which have an extent of thirty-two miles. None of these works, important as they are, were projected prior to 1755.—*Register of Arts.*

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were unknown to our grandfathers, and yet they are now used to a great extent, and have amazingly increased and facilitated the operations of commerce; nor do we by any means think that we have reached the acme of perfection in the means of distant intercourse. The subject is, however, one not exactly in our line, though we hesitate not to travel a little out of the road to embrace subjects of public interest.

Mr. Tredgold is a civil engineer, a member of that intelligent and skilful body, and a gentleman of acknowledged talent and practical experience; any remarks, therefore, of such a person, on a subject with which he is necessarily conversant, cannot fail of being entitled to great attention; for, as he observes, in a commercial country, a careful investigation and comparison of the respective systems of conveyance, and an examination into the peculiar advantages and limits which attend the application of each system, cannot fail of being useful. To accomplish this is Mr. Tredgold's object, and at a time when there is a surplus of capital, he deserves well of the public who points out how it may be directed with most advantage to improve the internal communication of the country. In doing this the author shows where canals, turnpike-roads, or rail-roads are most applicable. Of the advantages of facility of conveyance, Mr. T. observes:—

'To improve the interior communication in this country must be productive of much good, by equalising the distribution of agricultural produce, and allowing that of those districts to which nature has been most bountiful, free access to market. There must necessarily be a very wide difference in the nature of the soils in any country of considerable extent, and it is extremely improbable that the best is most favourably situated for yielding a fair profit on its produce, without the assistance of artificial means of sending that produce to the places of demand. And it is evident that, unless some easy mode of conveyance be resorted to, the demand must be supplied at a greater expense from inferior soils, and, of course, from such as require a greater capital to cultivate them, without being more productive to the land-owner, while they are also less certain of yielding a sufficient quantity to replace the capital expended, and afford the ordinary rate of profit.

'A cheap and regular mode of conveyance, besides rendering the produce of fertile land accessible at a less price to any portion of the community, also affords new markets for other articles; it creates new sources of exchange and supply, and causes the advantages of labour and industry to spread and expel the idleness and indifference which engraft themselves among those people who, without such means, barely obtain the common necessaries of life; for the ordinary mode of land-carriage makes every heavy commodity so expensive, that the inhabitants of inland districts are limited to what nature furnishes them with. In many places they are nearly destitute of fuel, and while moderate exertion gives them the scanty supply of comforts within their reach, their utmost efforts scarcely do more; and therefore, they sink into that languid state of indifference which we find so generally prevalent in such countries.'

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Tredgold introduces many historical facts. On the subject of the Roman roads, he says:—

'The Roman roads were much narrower than ours, the width of the carriage-way, as prescribed by the laws of the twelve tables, being only eight Roman feet, but their carriages were also narrower than ours, the width of the wheel-track not being more than three feet. The paved part of their great military roads was wider, being sixteen Roman feet with two sideways, each eight feet wide, separated from the middle way by two raised paths of two feet each; so that the entire width of the principal military roads did not exceed from thirty-six to forty feet. The whole depth of materials was about three feet, and built in a most solid manner.

'There were twenty-nine military roads leading from Rome, some of which extended to the extreme parts of the empire—their total extent being, according to Rondelet, fifty-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-four Roman miles, or about forty-eight thousand five hundred English miles.'

Before entering into a scientific account of the relative merits of the several rail-roads in England, Mr. Tredgold points out where canals and railways can be most suitably adopted. This part of the subject is afterwards treated of at greater length in the remarks on the selecting lines for a rail-road. One of the most novel and ingenious railways is that invented by Mr. Palmer:—

'The carriage is drawn upon a single rail, the surface of which is raised about three feet above the level of the ground, and it is supported by pillars placed at equal distances, the average distance apart being about nine feet. The carriage consists of two receptacles or boxes suspended one on each side of the rail by an iron frame, having two wheels of about thirty inches diameter. The rims of the wheels are concave, and fit to the convex surface of the rail; and the centre of gravity of the carriage, whether loaded or empty, is so far below the upper edge of the rail, that the receptacles hang in equilibrium; and will bear a considerable inequality of load without inconvenience, owing to the change of fulcrum from the breadth of the rail, which is about four inches. The rail is also made capable of adjustment, so that it may be kept straight and even.

'The advantages of this arrangement consist in its being more free from lateral friction than even the edge rails; and, the rail being raised higher above the ground, it is much less liable to be covered with dust or any extraneous matters likely to affect the motion of the carriages. Also, where the surface of a country undulates considerably, a rail-way of this kind may be made without cutting to level the surface, except so far as is necessary to make a track that a horse can travel in.

'When horses are employed, a track rope is required, which enables them to draw without material alteration of the angle of draught, while the weight of the rope serves as a spring to regulate the variable exertions of the horse.

'We expect that this single rail-road will be found by far superior to any other for the conveyance of the mails and those light carriages, of which speed is the principal object; because, we are satisfied, that a road for such carriages must be raised so as to be free from the continual interruption and crossings of an ordinary rail-way. A carriage moving at a greater rate than about six miles per hour, on a rail-way, must be raised so as to remove the possibility of overrunning people, or of dashing against other vehicles. Carriages running smoothly and rapidly with a small moving power, cannot be checked suddenly; and they admit of no change of direction. But, were a rail-way elevated ten feet above the common roads, these accidents could not take place, except through neglect; the passengers would not be raised to a much greater height than the top of a common coach, and in a suspended carriage, which could not possibly overturn. A road of this kind would be more free from interruption than any other; and a velocity sufficient for any useful purpose may be obtained at a small expense of power, in a mode pointed out in the fourth chapter. Undoubtedly, a carriage might be suspended from between two rails raised at any height above the ground; and there would be some convenience in this arrangement, but it would be much more expensive, for the rails must be made firm and equi-distant. As to the circumstance of the single rail dividing the carriage into two parts, that would most likely be esteemed a recommendation.'

It would be uninteresting to a great proportion of our readers to follow our author through his scientific details of the relative merits of various propelling powers, or of the force of gas-engines, steam-engines, &c. These to the engineer are valuable, but they must be read in Mr. Tredgold's excellent work, as no analysis we can give would do justice. It is not, however, to the mere practical engineer that Mr. T.'s work will prove useful; it will be a good guide to all persons interested in rail-ways and canals. We ought to add that the work is illustrated with four copper-plate engravings.

Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty, in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II, comprising his Diary, from 1659 *to* 1669; *and a Selection from his Private Correspondence.* Edited by RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1253. London, 1825. Colburn.

IF reviews or reviewers could be implicitly trusted we should have no hesitation in pronouncing the Memoirs of Pepys the most interesting work ever published; because, contrary has not only given whole pages from it, for eight or nine successive weeks, but fearing that some of his extracts might not be sufficiently attended to, he has repeated them within a week or two. When, however, we know that the publisher of this work is a proprietor of the review, which, for two months, has hebdomadally puffed it off, we learn a secret, which not only throws a

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suspicion on the critic, but also on the work itself.

We have always been of opinion, that there is no human being, whose life and experience, if faithfully recorded, would not form a volume in some degree interesting; Mr. Pepys seems to have been of the same opinion, and not trusting to a memory treacherous enough, we doubt not, wrote down the occurrences of what he considered an eventful life. This gentleman, who was (Heaven bless the mark!) secretary to the Admiralty, must have had a vast idea of his own importance, when he recorded so minutely his adventures; nor is he without an imitator, for we know a gentleman who, on reference to his register, can tell every street through which he passed every day for thirty years (a distance of three miles), the persons he met, the money he gave away, the hour and minute he went to bed, and the precise time at which he rose. A journal of this sort might prove exceedingly interesting in establishing an alibi; and the diary of a turnpike keeper might be useful in detecting crime, or proving other facts, but Heaven defend us from every man printing his diary, even if he keeps it particularly—if, as in the case of Mr. Pepys's book, we are to be taxed six guineas for the 'Sayings and Doings' of such a silly gossip.

Had we been astrologers, like John Varley, or punsters, like Theodore Hooke, we might, from the first syllable of the editor's name, have inferred the dull quality of the work; but we are not apt to decide on the merit of a book by a criterion so doubtful, and we therefore waded, painful as the task was, through the twelve hundred pages which constitute these ponderous tomes. That the veracity of the diary is unquestionable, we think there can be no doubt, for no man would ever think of writing six volumes of fictitious entries in short hand.

Mr. Pepys was the son of a tailor, in London, and, after a liberal education at St. Paul's School and Cambridge, he married, then went to sea, afterwards became a clerk in the Exchequer, and ended in becoming secretary to the Admiralty. Whatever his talents for business may have been, he was certainly a trifler, otherwise he would not have thought it necessary to record the particular day on which he put on a new suit of clothes, what he had to eat when he dined out, and a thousand other things equally silly. Of what consequence could the poor fellow think it would be to the world, to know that, on the 6th of January, 1659, he breakfasted on a cold turkey-pie and a goose, or that, on the 22nd of the same month, he began to put on buckles to his shoes; nor can it be of much consequence to learn whether he sung or snored in the morning, before he got up; and yet these *important* events are recorded with as much minuteness as the fire of London. If, however, we wanted evidence that Mr. Pepys was a very weak man, we should have it in this simple fact—that, after writing and keeping such silly records, he says: 'This Christmas, I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear all that I found either boyish, or not to be worth keeping.' As a proof of the literary taste and discernment of Mr. Pepys, we need only remark, that, though cotemporary with the events so admirably burlesqued by Butler, in his Hudibras, he was so dull as not to comprehend the allusions, and that he pronounced a work to possess no humour, which, by the mere force of that humour, has outlived the recollection of the events on which it was founded. With these remarks, we shall make a few extracts, by which our readers will judge as well of the character of the journal, as if we transferred the whole to our pages. Mr. Pepys was fond of the play, and in the years 1666, 1667, he gives us the following notices of the theatre:—

'Dec. 7, 1666. To the king's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy:" a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor; *and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague*, they having acted now about fourteen days publicly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play.'

'28th. From hence to the duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did not go to Whitehall, and got my Lord Bellasses to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players (the king and all waiting), which was absurd, saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

'1666-7. Jan. 2nd. Alone to the king's house, and there saw "The Custome of the country," the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having no plot.

'1667. March 7th. To Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the duke's playhouse, and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third;" a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jigg after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the king's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England.'

'August 16th. My wife and I to the duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Marall;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it.

'17th. To the king's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there the king and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queene Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty-eight." I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queene Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and, indeed, is merely a show, only shows the true garb of the queene in those days, just as we see Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milk-maids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth; to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage'

As Mr. Pepys was the son of a tailor, we are not surprised at his being so attentive to his wardrobe, as he appears in the following entries:—

'This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Cartaret would fain but gives me my going into a play; but yet, when he came to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain; and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North (formerly Mr. North, who was with my lord at sea); and he, of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality, being a lord's daughter (my Lord Grey), and person and beauty, and years and estate and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow; but a good scholar and sober gentleman; and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old lord being dead.

'1659-60, Jan. 1st. (Lord's Day.) This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them.

'Feb. 2nd. Went home on foot to lay up my money, and change my stockings and shoes. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit with silver lace coat, and went over to Harper's where I met with W. Simons, Doling, Luellin, and three mer-

chants.—After this we went to a sport, called selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve at night.

'July 1st. This morning come home my fine camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it.

'5th. This morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the king and parliament being to be entertained by the city to-day with great pomp.

'10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodius's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company.

'August 25th. This night, W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

'My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to weare a black patch.

'1660-61, Feb. 3rd. Lord's Day. This day I first begun to go forth in my coate and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is.

'Oct. 29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coate of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver I was (after office was done) ready to go to my lord mayor's feast, as we are all invited.

"1662, Oct. 19th. Lord's Day. Put on my new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more.'

The following are detached, but some of them curious entries:—

'May 15, 1663. I walked in the parke, discoursing with the keeper of the Pell-Mell, who was sweeping of it; who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust, and deads the ball.

'19th. With Sir John Minnes to the Tower: and by Mr. Slingsby, and Mr. Howard, controller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money. That being done, the controller would have us dine with him and his company, the king giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse upon the business we have been upon. They now coyne between 16 and 24,000 pounds in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this:—that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coyned, besides what was then in being of King James and Queene Elizabeth, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but £750,000 coyned of the Harp and Crosse money, and of this there was £500,000 brought in upon its being called in. And from very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than £100,000; so that there is but £150,000 missing; and of that, suppose that there should be above £50,000 still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but £100,000 left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if £750,000 in twelve years' time lost but a £100,000 in danger of being transported, then £10,000,000 in thirty-five years' time will have lost but 3,886,880 and odd pounds; and as there is £650,000 remaining after twelve years' time in England, so after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting £6,111,120, or thereabouts, besides King James' and Queene Elizabeth's money. Now, that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money immediately upon the calling in of the state's money, which was the £500,000 that come in; and then there was not any money to be had in this city, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.

'June 14, 1662. About eleven o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower hill, and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the sheriffs and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the sheriffs; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow.

'He had a blister or issue upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt; he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for, and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ, and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more of heate than covardice, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the king. He answered, "You shall see I can pray for the king. I pray God bless him!" The king had given his body to his friends; and therefore he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead, and desired that they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, not crowded and pressed as he was.

'June 6th. To York House, where the Russian embassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down lousing themselves.

'15th. To the Trinity House; where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepys, and Sir Wm. Wheeler. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits my Lord Sandwich is very sceptical. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearance of the devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down.

'October 13th, 1663. After dinner, my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish synagogue. * * *

But, Lord! to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all the service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more; and, indeed, I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world so absurdly performed as this.

'1667. December 3d. Sir Richard Ford told us this evening an odd story of the baseness of the late Lord Mayor, Sir W. Bolton, in cheating the poor of the city (out of the collections made for the people that were burned) of £1800; of which he can give no account, and in which he hath forsworn himself plainly; so as the court of aldermen have sequestered him from their court, till he do bring in an account. He says also, that this day bath been made appear to them that the keeper of Newgate hath at this day made his house the only nursery of rogues, prostitutes, pickpockets, and thieves, in the world; where they were bred and entertained, and the whole society met: and that for the sake of the sheriffes they durst not this day committ him, for fear of making him let out the prisoners, but are fain to go by artifice to deal with him. He tells me also, speaking of the new street that is to be made from Guildhall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already most of it bought. And tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lying in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it, there will remain ground enough, of each side, to build a house to front the street. He demanded £700 for the ground, and to be excused paying anything for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration, which the man denied; but told them, and they so agreed, that he would excuse the city the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying any thing for it. So much some will get by having the city burned! Bound by this means, that was not worth 4d. a-foot before, will now, when houses are built, be worth 15s. a-foot. But he tells me of the common standard now reckoned on between man and man, in places where there is no alteration of circumstances, but only the houses burnt, there the ground, which with a house on it did yield £100 a-year, is now reputed worth £23 6s. 8d.; and that this is the common market-price between one man and another, made upon a good and moderate medium.'

'31st. Dec. 1662. Mr. Povey and I to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the king. He brought me first to the duke's chamber, where I saw him and the duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies,

the greatest of the court. By and by comes the king and queene, the duke and duchesse, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the king takes out the Duchesse of York; and the duke, the Duchesse of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and to other lords other ladies; and they danced the brantle. After that, the king led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the king leading the first, which he called for; which was says he, "Cuckolds all away,' the old dance of England."

We think we hear our reader say enough of Mr. Pepys and his diary, of which we feel no reluctance in taking our leave.

The Moor. By Lord Porchester. 8vo. pp. 457. London, 1825. C. Knight.

We never met with so long a poem, with so short a title, as the Moor; why, with the exception of the imprint, the whole title-page contains but five words, and these altogether but seven syllables; and yet has this volume, we frankly confess, from its bulk, more than once induced us to lay it down, when we had really taken it up for perusal. It will perhaps be said that Milton's Paradise Lost would have encountered similar neglect, on the same principle, had it been published in our day, but we must beg leave to observe, that the reviewers, in the age of Milton, had there been any, were not so nauseated with bad productions, yclept poetry, as the critics of the present time are, and that, although we knew Pomfretor to be a poet among lords, we did not dream of his being a lord among poets—nor is he, although his talents render him an honour to the aristocracy of his country.

The poem of The Moor contains six cantos, the construction of which is highly dramatic, the incidents some of the most striking in Spanish history, and the *denouement* of the story is very well managed; the poem is, however, much too long, and though possessing many beauties, is too frequently dull and prosaic.

The scene of The Moor is laid in the south of Spain, during the reign of Abdallah, the last king of the Moors—a people who, as his lordship observes, united the pride of the Spanish character with all the fire of their eastern origin; they were good soldiers, but devoted to luxury and magnificence at home; their women mixed freely with the men, presided at the ball feasts, distributed rewards at the tournaments, and became the idols of those turbulent chiefs.

Lord Porchester has interwoven the fictitious adventures of a young Moor with the historical events of the time, and has also introduced characters not historical; his description of the Guerillas, too, he acknowledges to be taken from his own observation when detained for some hours by them, under very critical circumstances, at the commencement of the civil war. In the preface his lordship gives us a very good political essay.

This poem, though rather heavy as a whole, contains some good descriptions of landscape, and some vigorous passages. The description of a Moorish garden is of this class, and is very pretty; the following extract, descriptive of the romantic scenery in Catalonia, and a first rencontre with the Guerillas, is very spirited:—

'The Moor is gone;—yet scarce declines the day;
Again young Gomez leads the wildering way:
Peak after peak successively they gain,
Like daring headlands stretching to the main;
While all the deep and dark recess around,
With giant crag and blackening forest frown'd;
And though so terrible the chaos there
Of fragments sunk in earth or raised in air,
As baffled fiends had hurl'd them in despair—
Lake opening visions of celestial day,
The glimpses of a world stretch'd far away
Beneath their feet in gorgeous landscape lay:
But lo! thick clustering round the o'erhanging height
I see the rugged sons of mountain fight;
Now bold advances o'er the narrow way—
Now backward falls the undisciplined array.
'So when conflicting wind and surf prevail,
The shrieking death-birds crowd the heaving sail,
And hover round, with wild and ominous flight,
To hail the approaching gloom of storm and night;
And Moor and Spaniard pause:—heard they that cry?
Again it peals more confident and high;
"I know my northern countrymen, I know
That summons stern, it is the native foe;
Retreat were desperate, from the mountain side
They come—the fierce Guerilla!" Gomez cried.
And ever as in breathless speed they came,
They held their carabine's presented aim;
And fierce as torrent rushing in its might
Kept steady hand and eye, that not by flight
Their promised prey might slun the impending fight:
And as they ran prepared for deadly blow,
And only paused to ask if friend or foe,
With hideous yell and frame half bent to earth,
They seem'd of savage and appalling birth;
But when in headlong course they nearer drew,
Their form and dress were nobler given to view;
Untamed their shaggy locks fell far behind,
Their dark red plaid stream'd wildly to the wind;
Their jerkin blue, and blue their rugged vest,
Their hardy limbs the figured sandal press'd;
And well the sweeping bonnet's scarlet fold
The sons of kindred Catalonia told.'
* * * * * *
'In march they seem'd irregular and wild,
Yet cautious through the dangerous pass defiled;
At every jutting peak, the band before
The faithful vidette hasten'd to explore;
Not here the glittering pennon gaily spread
The stirring music that might wake the dead;
The instant action, and the equal tread;
That quick intelligence of ear and sight,
That gives resistless force in modern fight,
Was all unseen: their straggling ranks appear
So little train'd, that law seem'd lawless here.
Light were they clad for combat's deadliest strife,
And nothing arm'd, save carabine and knife;
And yet this ill-attired half-savage train
Had foil'd the practised veterans of the plain,
And seen them, daunted by their strange array
And hideous yell, in sudden rout give way.'

We might select many passages of thi sort, but this will suffice to show that Lord Porchester possesses considerable poetic talents, and had he confined himself to a shorter work his reputation would have stood higher,—for a dozen, or even six, canto poems have gone out of fashion, whatever merit they may claim. There are several hymns and songs interspersed in these cantos, one of which we give. It is entitled—

'Song to the Sultan.

'Sultan! at the minstrel's strain,
Wake to life and joy again!
Long has sunk the orb of day—
Yields to thine his powerful sway,
For his glories are less bright
Than thy palaces of light.
'Sultan! at thy hour of birth,
There was wonder upon earth;
The moon was in her crescent glow,
Earth was tranquil, and the wave
Awe-struck, not a ripple gave;
By such sign, 'twas ours to know
That a child of Ismael's race
Should his father's steps retrace—
Should restore our falling sway—
Should revive the Caliph's day,
And give to fame the royal line;
That the Heaven-sent star of morning
Had begun to shine;
That the sacred light was dawning
From the prophet's shrine.
'Sultan! join the festive train,
Mark the pomp and hear the strain!
Though a thousand lustres rise
Brighter than the studded skies,
Vain their splendour, cold their ray,
While the Moorish king's away:
While thy presence gluds us not,
Mirth and music are forgot;
Cheerless youth and beauty seem,
And yon festoon'd flower-carved walls,
And Alhambra's radiant halls,
But a joyless dream.
'Sultan! hear the minstrel's strain,
Wake to life and love again!'

To the poem are added several interesting notes, containing a narrative of the noble lord's adventures in Spain, and illustrative of the Spanish character and manners; one of these notes, and an incident to which it refers, we quote. It relates to a bull-fight:—

'Young Cortez ceased; of light elastic mood
In every vein high throbb'd the dancing blood;
From his full orb the soul of honour broke,
And in his tone the young enthusiast spoke.
His form was fair and graceful, in his eye
Frank-hearted freedom and sincerity;
Ne'er had misgovern'd passion wreck'd his mind,
Or left deep thought and furrowing care behind;
The lighter ills of life, with reckless pride
And boyhood's bounding step he dash'd aside;
The heavier griefs, that life's advancing day
Strews o'er our path, to stain the bitter way,
That quell the glance, and make the young heart cold,
Were spared in pity to a breast so bold.
He never knew of promised hope delay'd,
The joyous dream of early bliss decay'd,
Or generous friendship's trusting heart betray'd;
Suspicion's restless mood or watchful fear,
And pride and parted bands that once were dear;
Misgiving jealousy, thy ruthless force,
And never-dying pang of keen remorse;
That only ill o'er which the heavy hour,
Years, length'ning years, can shed no healing power.
Of such he deems not; fance, and trusty steed,

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And lady fair, are all of which such knight has need;
And now his trust is in his courage high,
His guerdon in his lovely Clara's eye.
Of fiery mood he paused not for the shock,
But burst, as bursts the wild wave on the rock;
Fronteira's bleeding bull is backward press'd,
The foam is gather'd on his charger's breast
Again in mortal strife; that well aim'd blow,
That deadly stroke has beat the savage low;
He falls—and loud the mad'ning shoutr resound.
Young Cortez paused, and roll'd his proud eye round.
Where, ranged in glittering row, the fair display,
To greet the conquering brave, their 'kerchiefs gay,
The enthusiast turn'd; awhile forgot the fight,
Forgot the foe, to hail that only sight
He cared to mark, if Clara's glance was bright.
Ill-fated youth! the pause affection made
Thy better hopes to bleeding doom betray'd.
"Now guard thee, victor! guard thee!" all in vain
The summons rang; no more on battle plain
Shall Cortez wield the fearless sword again;
To earth the beast his heedless victim bore,
With unrelenting brow and hoof of gore
Plough'd his young breast: even then his falling hand
Left not love's colours, when it lost its brand;
With Clara's scarf in death refused to part,
And life's last struggle press'd it to his heart.'

'Bull-fights were formerly much more sanguinary than they are at present. Madame D'Aunoy, who wrote in the seventeenth century, describing an entertainment of this kind at which she was present, mentions the death of a young cavallero of Toledo, who was tossed by a bull and immediately expired. She says, that two others were mortally wounded; yet observes, that little blood was spilt upon this occasion. The bull-fight of Ganzul, one of the old Moorish ballads, which appears, from its minute allusions to persons and circumstances, to have been intended as an account of events that actually took place, describes the slaughter of eight Moorish lords, in one combat, by these infuriated animals. Ballad poetry is generally historical, and where it is not strictly so, seldom deviates from the general character of the scenes that it delineates. Good birth was considered an indispensable qualification for any candidate for the *duelo*, to which the nobles of Spain were much attached In this species of encounter, the cavallero assaulted the bull, and fought him in single combat. Florian tells a lively story of young Cortez, who narrowly escaped destruction from the unexpected attack of a bull, while he was gathering a flower that had fallen from the bosom of his mistress. He attributes his preservation to an act of singular dexterity. I have applied the story, in an altered form, to a member of the same family, but as I had reserved no future place for the young hero in my tale, I would not interfere with the bull, and rescue him by the recital of any extraordinary ingenuity on his part.'

THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT FOR 1825.

(Concluded from p. 563.)

THE author of this very clever work commences with a view of the several political parties into which the legislature is divided, and their relative power and influence. We have already given his sketch of the landed interest, and we now quote that of the lawyers:—

'Among all the professional interests, however, which affect the progress of British legislation, there is, perhaps, none which is more embarrassing than that of the lawyers. Where the statute-book is so voluminous, that a man can scarcely read, far less understand it, in a life-time,—where, in addition to the written law, there are so many customs and usages, and so many privileges of corporations, and classes, and parties of men, which clash with each other and with the laws,—there are not only the most ample means for the exertions of talent and integrity to keep matters even between contending parties, but also the most ample means for admitting agencies of another description to put matters wrong, or at any rate to delay the righting of them, from other motives than the wish of taking time to deliberate. Lawyers do not, indeed, in either house of parliament, advocate the preservation of those obliquities and confusions in the statute-book, which tend so much to increase the numbers and swell the emoluments of those who follow the law as a trade, because it may be that those persons connected with the law who have seats in any of the two houses, and more especially the upper house, are so conscious of the superiority of their own talents, and the purity of their own motives, and so well convinced that an expurgation of the statute-book,—a simplification of that endless labyrinth of quirks and puzzles—would conduce equally to their profits, and to the fair and speedy administration of justice, that they would be glad to hail and assist in its speedy and complete revision. But still when it is considered that no man, who has a single shilling to lose or to gain by it, can take one step in society without consulting and feeing an attorney, it is perfectly notorious that the number of persons of this description must be such as to possess, merely in consequence of their numbers, a very great degree of influence; and it is utterly impossible that any numerous class of persons can have a strong influence in the country, without exercising, in some way or other, an influence equally strong upon the houses of parliament. When further it is considered that the great number of those persons, and the great success which, compared with others who devote an equal portion of time and of talents to other pursuits they have in the world, must in no small degree depend upon the very incomprehensibility of that engine by which they gain their bread—upon there's being an occult or secret manufactory, as it were, it must be apparent that they can be no advocates, generally speaking, of any thing like an improvement of the system. But still further, the influence of this class of persons is probably not done justice to, if it be estimated at only the same amount as that of an equal number of persons belonging to any other class. Where the Roman Catholic religion is in full and complete operation, and the priests, by influence of the strong terror of everlasting damnation, possess themselves of all men's secrets, it would be doing great injustice to the extent of their influence to say that a hundred or a thousand father-confessors possessed no more power, no more capability of governing the world, or influencing its government, than a hundred or a thousand confessing sons or daughters. Now, what the father-confessors are among a people completely under the domination of the Catholic church, legal men, of one description or another, are in a country so completely under the domination of law as Britain; and where the law is absolutely necessary, not only to warn men against doing wrong and to punish them when they do it, but even to show that men are safe in the doing of that which is perfectly legal,—when, in short, every engagement that is entered into, every bargain that is made, and the state of every man's affairs, whether prosperous or adverse, as well as all the faults and follies of which men can be guilty, are known, and intimately known to the lawyers, they become in effect (and a very powerful effect it is) the father-confessors of men in every thing that relates to their connexions, their fortunes, their stability, and their prosperity in society. If in any district, and especially in a commercial town, in any part of the British dominions, the men practising the law—not the pleaders and judges, but the mere business of attorneys—were to tell all that they know, the crash would be more dreadful than could be produced by any disclosure in the power of any other description of British subjects,—far greater indeed, far more ruinous to the peace of society, than although the records of a hundred Catholic confessionals were proclaimed throughout the world.

'Indeed, when one looks at the immense influence possessed by this body of men, who are far more numerous, far more active, and not less insidious than any priesthood, one may well doubt whether the change from a confession of sins to the priest, to a confession of circumstances to the attorney, be, in as far as this world is concerned (and legislation can extend no further) a change very much, or at all for the better; and when one reflects that with all the enlightening and all the improvements of succeeding ages, the statute-book remains as dark and as mysterious as ever, there is no avoiding the conclusion, that they whose trade is the law are in some way or other influential in preserving the darkness and extending the obscurity. How their influence comes to be exerted, what are the great channels through which it flows, and who are the men that bring it immediately to bear upon those whose interest it is, and whose interest it should be, as much as possible, to free the country from every species of trammel and burden, are questions which it would not be easy to solve. Perhaps it operates through no particular channel, and is directed by no specific class of individuals; but as there is no man of any consequence, in respect either of property or of rank, who does not stand, or might not be made to stand, in awe of his lawyer, it is very possible that it may mingle itself with all the other interests, and so far paralyze them, without their advocates being aware of its existence. Like the

pressure of the atmosphere, it is a weight which is borne always, and therefore men may have tons of it always upon them without being conscious of its existence.'

There is, however, no part of this work which pleases us more, or displays more sound reasoning, than the author's investigation of the state of Ireland, which, considering that he had to wade through speeches in Parliament, the lineal measure of which Mr. Cobbett calculated so accurately, and reports of committees of the House of Commons and House of Lords, which occupy some thousands of folio pages; all this he has had to digest, and, from the chaotic mass, produce a connected view of the subject, in which he has admirably succeeded. The numerous points which came out, in evidence on the state of Ireland, are reduced to a few general subjects, of which the following is an outline:—

'In one particular, the whole evidence, and all the private inquiry that has been made in supplement to the evidence, tended to establish this fact—that the population of Ireland were not in misery because they were disorderly—they were disorderly because they were in misery; and, wherever permanent or temporary employment was afforded them, and they were allowed in any way to apply the reward of that labour to the increasing of their own comforts, they were very industrious and very honest. The government engineers who were charged with the expenditure of the Parliamentary grants and other moneys, who had excellent access to know the disposition of the labourers, united in giving them a good character, and in declaring that they found Protestant and Catholic working side by side without any quarrel, and also that they found that, after the lapse of a little time, there was so little disposition to pilfer, during the night, the implements used in the different works, that the honesty which, after it had been shown to be the best policy, was found in the very wildest places of Munster and Connaught, would have put to shame that in the vicinity of the British metropolis. The gentlemen intrusted with the administration of the Insurrection Act gave nearly similar testimony. Of the constables which they employed under them, part were Catholic and part Protestant, and all behaved well and equally well. No doubt it was admitted that the spirit of disturbance, originally the effect of distress, became, in its turn, the cause, not merely of a continuation, but of an increase of that which produced it. This is, indeed, not only a natural, but an unavoidable progress of things: and, in consequence of this, it becomes difficult, when national suffering and national discontent have lasted long, and assumed a variety of forms, to ascertain, without the most minute inquiry, which is the antecedent, and which the consequent. If the inquiry made by the committees, with regard to the state of Ireland, was not minute; if some of the questions were put with a view of apologizing for steps that had been taken, —if others of them were put with a view of recommending steps which it had been resolved, or at least wished to take,—and if some of them were put by those who were not the very best qualified for putting the right ones; still the inquiry was very ample; and the whole scope of it warranted this conclusion;—that the disturbances, which have from time to time disturbed the peace and destroyed the property of Ireland, have never been, in their more remote beginnings, in any way connected either with politics or with religion; they have arisen from imperfection and mal-administration of the laws between man and man. Those irritations have been numerous and violent in proportion to the distress of the times; and, when they have arisen to a certain height—caught, as it were, the eye of factious or ambitious persons, they have been by those persons turned into the channels which suited their views: and thus that which really began in the oppression of a poor man, because he was unable to pay what would, in England, have been regarded as an extravagant rent, has been worked on to seditious combination, and produced actual rebellion, in the course of which, the blood of an ignorant and misguided populace has been shed, while, all along, the real cause was in those fetters of legal slavery in which their own countrymen—perhaps, sometimes, the very men at whose instigation they rebelled, had contrived to enthral them.

'The evils, as they appeared from the evidence, were partly in the laws themselves, and partly in the mode in which they were administered. In both respects some little improvement had taken place, or was in progress, but in both respects much remained that called loudly for correction. The fact appeared to be that, till very lately, the Irish landlord, whether proprietor in fee, or first, second, third, twentieth, or any other degree of leaseholder under him, had as perfect control over the liberty of the occupant of the half-acre ground and the mud cottage, and over everything that he possessed, or rather over his means of possessing anything, as it is possible to imagine. It appeared, too, that the local magistrate—the species of administrator of the laws with whom alone the Irish peasant was acquainted, and through whom alone he could know anything of law and its administration, was not to be approached by a poor man empty-handed. It was in evidence that they had taken bribes —and taken them for what? Why, after all, for the doing of monstrous injustice to the very men at whose hands they received the bribes. In those days there were no regular petty sessions of the Irish magistrates, where daylight might even glimmer upon what was done: the hall of justice was, in those times, at least in but too many instances, the breast of a single justice of the peace, not always a person of that rank and that information which such an office requires; and this hall would be dark enough, God wot.

'From the evidence it appeared that there had, all along, been two great questions connected with the state of Ireland—questions, which, though they occasionally interfered a little with each other, were yet, in the main, separate and distinct, both in their own nature, and in the persons by whom they were felt or agitated. There was first, originally, and most fatally, the condition of the people —the state of society in Ireland, with reference to the relations of the different classes of which it was composed, and the way in which they acted and re-acted upon each other. This was, obviously, the important question—the one to which inquiry and debate and enactment should have been first and chiefly directed. But it did not appear that this had been, to any proper extent, the case; for there was, secondly, the political, the religio-political, or perhaps, rather, the Parliamentary question, which, although it bore infinitely less upon the mass of the Irish population than the other question, seemed always to interpose itself in the sight of political men, and disturb or destroy their perception of the other one. In their view, it apppeared that all, or very nearly all, would have been gained, had Catholics been admitted to those offices from which, by the existing law, they were excluded: and, while this was the yearly, and almost the daily theme of Parliamentary declamation, the administration of justice with the magistrates, the law of landlord and tenant, and the total want of anything like a legal provision for the poor, or a legal protection for the unfortunate, were altogether overlooked, or noticed merely as dust, in the scale which was weighed down by the great and important mass of the Catholic question. Whether a more correct mode of viewing the question, and a more wholesome system of legislation, consequent upon that view, were to result from the inquiry, had not appeared, when the session for 1825 terminated its labours.'

The wretched state of the Irish peasantry is well described. After stating that even within eight or ten miles of Dublin, out of fourteen or fifteen families there were only two found in which there was a blanket, and that, except on the sea-coast, the food of the peasant consists, all the year round, of potatoes and water, we find that,—

'Wretched as the fare of the Irish peasant is, it appears that he has great difficulties in obtaining it. There is not anything even like one in twenty that finds constant employment; and when employment is found, the wages are "sixpence a-day without meal, and fourpence with," this is the case in Kerry, and Kerry is not the worst county in Ireland. In consequence of the difficulty of finding employment, even at this low rate of wages, "every man," said Mr. O'Connell, "cultivates the food of his own family, potatoes; and land becomes absolutely necessary there for every Irish peasant; and he cultivates that food, and he makes the rent, in general, by feeding the pig, as well as his own family, upon the same food, and if it be not wrong to call it so, at the same table, upon the same spot,—with that pig he makes the rent, besides any chance that he gets of daily labour." This appeared to be the case with the cottiers, or lowest description of occupiers of land, those described as having from an acre and a half to two acres, rented from some middle-man or farmer, usually at an exorbitant rate. But it further appeared that a system exists in Ireland, more distressing to the labourer—or rather to the peasant,

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for since he is seldom able to get work, he cannot be styled a labourer—than this system of sub-letting. That is locally termed the system of "conacres," according to which, the peasant takes an acre of ground, less or more, for a single year, plants his crop on it, engages to pay at the rate of eight or ten pounds an acre, and the crop is detained until this sum be paid. Here again it appeared that the farmer or other person from whom the peasant rented his quarter or half of an acre, has him completely in his power, and can starve him not only into a payment of the exorbitant rent of the "conacre," but into the necessity of working for him (the letter of the conacre) as long, as hard, and at any kind of work he pleases. Say that the peasant rents half an acre, for which he engages to pay five pounds; five pounds is a large sum for a peasant to make at one payment in any country, and in Ireland the instances must be rare indeed in which it is not altogether out of the question; and in the very great majority of cases, in which it is so, the peasant has nothing to bring to market as a set off against the demand for rent, but that which is comparatively of little or no value, namely, his own labour. "Fourpence a-day," said Mr. O'Connell, "is the ordinary rate;" and he added, "I believe, during 1822, they cheerfully worked at twopence a-day, without victuals." Now supposing a mean between these, and that the sum received, *per diem*, is threepence. Why how many days in the year must the labourer work, before the produce of his labour will pay the mere rent of his half acre of potatoe ground—leaving the clothing of his family out of the question? Why just as many days as there are threepences in five pounds—namely, four hundred days every year!—that is, even upon the supposition that he who subsists upon conacre, shall find employment for every day in the year, Sundays included, he will remain a debtor to his landlord to the amount of thirty-five days annually. "But" said Mr. O'Connell, "there certainly is not one out of twenty employed:" which is saying, in other words, that each man is not employed above one day out of twenty in the course of the ordinary working days throughout the year, which again will give an average of not more than sixteen days' employment in paid labour, and by consequence not more arising from that source than four shillings, or at the most five shillings, to meet the five pounds of rent. The pig, therefore, is the only thing upon which the poor man has to depend, and, therefore, it is no wonder that he cherishes that useful animal like one of the family.'

This is a sad picture, and we are sorry to say it is not overcharged. From these extracts will be seen the manner in which the author treats his subject, and on other matters he is equally successful. The great merit of the book, independent of the vast body of information it contains, is, that it exhibits a clear, well-written, and well-arranged history, of the whole proceedings of the British legislature during the last session of Parliament.

ORIGINAL.

PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHERS, &c.

We are not aware that, since Gay wrote his then admired, but now neglected, Trivia, or the Art of Street Walking, any author of note has condescended to elucidate the subject. Yet surely much might be said upon it! Our metropolis is extended as well as beautiful, and in numerous cases, thousands now walk where hundreds walked before, and as the perfection attained by travelling accommodation, now leads whole families to London, whose grandsires would as soon have thought of going to the North Pole, instruction might with good effect be given to these strangers on their arrival. If they receive none, how many jostlings and buffetings will they meet with in the busy world eastwards, how often, in the course of a single mile, taken from the Strand to Bow Church, or the Mansion House, will the irritable spirit be roused to indignation, the meek be depressed by imagined insult, and the inquiries of the curious cut short by the shoves of porters, who, 'by your leave,' drive you from the pavement on one side, or force you into shops on the other; how often will recognition of historical memento, or knowledge of novelty, be strangled in its birth, by the rapid motion of those who have too much to do, the pick-tooth saunterings of those who have nothing to do, and therefore impede their hurrying neighbours, and the unavoidable delay and interruption to thought and observation, offered by children, pot-collectors, apple-sellers, placanders, lottery-puffers, and pretty women in flapping bonnets, who charm, vex, and hinder a man more than all the rest.

We consider it very possible, that in this age of discoveries, a new science might be elicited from close observation on our street walkers (the term, in its old sense, being obsolete, we trust no offence will be taken), not less important than that of phrenology, and likely to come into more immediate use. If the student were furnished with a window in Northumberland House, Mr. Waithman's, the corner of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, or at the equally convenient house, so long the depôt to early knowledge, Harris and Co., St. Paul's Church-Yard, he might investigate to great advantage. Beyond this, we would not press the matter, for, in the moving mass of Cheapside, discrimination would be impracticable—what, Dr. Johnson termed 'the tide of human existence,' there sets in too strongly. It is only practicable, whilst a man has a little room, in which to ebow his way forward and exhibit his powers of emulation, perseverance, courteous manners, or overbearing pride; his natural indolence or acquired dejection, the short efforts of a depressed spirit, the quick pushings of an irascible temper, the eager joyousness of hope and love, the laboured pantings of avarice, and the toilsome steps of weakness. These, and far more than these, may be read by a quick eye, and registered by an observant mind, the pages of human nature are thus turned before his view with rapidity, but truth; the sorrows, the vices, the misfortunes, the virtues, and the success of thousands of his fellow-creatures of all ages and all conditions are revealed in an hour, and those who '*strut*' are no greater in his eyes, than those who '*fret* on the stage,' before him.

When this science shall have attained the lofty pretensions of craniology, by substituting steps for bumps, and the writhings of the body for the organs developed in the skull, when the whole of the outward man shall give indication of those characteristics, and reveal those propensities, now snugly shaded by the ears of a gentleman, or concealed by the coiffure of a lady, then let all walkers beware, and not only figuratively, but literally, adopt the psalmist's resolution, and say, 'I will take heed to my steps.' Let both sexes alike remember, that all airs in walking, whether of dignity, hurry, or absence, on the one hand—languishment, tripping, or sylphing, on the other, will be seen through, commented upon, and decided upon; whereby many a profound gentleman may be exposed as deficient in knowledge and good sense, and many a pretty coquette designated as little better than a murderer. Many a notable matron will, from such an ordeal, come forth a shrew, and it is not unlikely that a popular preacher may be ranked with a popular buffoon.

Above all others, let that class of steady walkers whom, for their determined gravity of gait, and inflexibility of line, we have long observed and recognised as peripatetic philosophers tremble; for their real pretensions will then be made manifest. It will then be seen how far the dignity of mind, or the strength of nerve, has to do with that unbeaving equanimity they affect to preserve, despite of all obstacles and allurements. Ah! in how many cases will it be found that the man whose eye scorns to look on showy windows or gay equipages—who keeps the 'even tenour of his way,' unmoved by cries, unsolicited by beggars—who neither moves aside to make way for the weakness of age or infancy—the smile of beauty or the sigh of misery—is only more of a block, and less of a man, than those who surround him.

'We are not stocks and stones,' exclaims Yorick, when speaking of the inhabitants of Mr. Shandy's kitchen in Yorkshire; nor are we automatons, even in London, although many circumstances combine to drill us into the appearance of being such. There are no springs in our backs, like those of the little man in the Haymarket, whereby we may be wound up to perform the office of perforating, with steady eye, changeless motion, and unwearied muscles, the long crowd before us, composed of men and women of like bodies with our own; and it therefore seems to us imperative on all, to walk through this crowded city as, in true wisdom (which is another name for virtue), we would walk the great journey of life. There is no need to be too supple for manliness; but every one who would avoid being bespattered by his neighbour must be pliable and accommodating: though he is not drawn from his purpose by the temptations in his path, he may innocently beguile his way, by observing interesting objects, and partaking those pleasures which cheer the spirits without intoxicating the

senses. He may be courteous to all, afford assistance to many, and pursue his own advantage with so little detriment, that he may always reflect on the circumstances with pleasure, and rejoice that his fatigues were overpaid, even in the longest walk, either to his benevolence or his profit. If he has been sometimes forced to bend—at others, to press painfully forward; if he has borne rude checks, at some moments, and resisted them at others; if his pleasures have been few, and his annoyances many; still, at the end of his journey, he may reflect with satisfaction upon his own conduct through it, and remember that he had only endured the same evils experienced by his brethren.

Under some circumstances, we should be inclined to give to our pedestrian brethren the poet's advice:—

'And from the plaint of want, and wail of woe
Ah! never, *never*, turn thine ear away;'

but, from the extraordinary number of beggars we encountered last Sunday, in the Regent's Park and its environs, feel assured that, however good the advice might be, when speaking of the *great* journey, it will not do when applied to the less, and that, on too many occasions, it would be rather our duty to advise,—

'And from the plaint of rogue and wail of thief
Oh! ever, *ever*, turn thine ear away.
Nor give blue-ruin tippers sweet relief;
Nor with street-sweeping arguffers at y—
But most avoid the wicked elves that creep
Athwart thy path, and bustle in thy way,
Such shall thy kerchief from thy pocket sweep,
Or haply seize thy signets for their prey,
Selling for lollypops, grave arms, and tokens gay.'

B.

THE DESERTER.

'A COURT martial will assemble to-morrow, in the mess-room, after morning parade, to try such prisoners as may be brought before it.'

Such was a part of the orderly-book communication of the —— regiment, lying at ——, in the year 18—. We all felt a good deal of interest in the fate of the unfortunate young man about to be brought before a military tribunal. Besides possessing a handsome, soldier-like carriage, and an exceedingly prepossessing address, it was very generally whispered, through the corps, that he was one who had seen better days, and moved in such a sphere as made the present one, which he sustained, a melancholy, and deeply-fallen reverse. He had always been remarked as a good soldier—obedient and respectful to his officers, cleanly and smart in his person, exceedingly expert in his duties, and a cherished companion among his comrades. We had assembled on the morning in question, to perform the painful task assigned us, when the sergeant-major, who had been sent to conduct the prisoner from the guard-room, returned to inform us that he found the man deluged in blood, and at the point of death. It appeared that, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the greater part of the guard, who were gone on the relief, he managed to conceal a bayonet, with which he stabbed himself, betwixt the interstices of the fifth and sixth ribs, to the heart. We immediately rushed to the fatal spot, where the unfortunate man lay pale and gasping, in the last ebb of life; his fellow soldiers, forming a mournful group around, without attempting to interfere with any assistance; the unhappy being assuring them all aid was hopeless, and imploring to be allowed to depart in peace. At the momentary stir which our entrance excited, he opened his eyes, and then, casting them with a slight inclination of the head, on a knapsack suspended above, fell on his back, and after a few convulsive struggles, expired.

Anxious to have explained away the mystery which seemed to envelop the life of this luckless man, we had the knapsack opened, and found, neatly rolled up, among his other necessaries, the following manuscript. It appeared to have been written hastily, and, from the different shades of ink, at various times; and in the latter part there were marks of a tremulation observable, which we ascribed to the awful and singular circumstances under which it was composed:—

* * * * *

'I was born on the 13th of October, in that memorable and turbulent year 1793, when anarchy fixed her throne on the ruins of royalty and nobility, and unfurled her infectious banners with the view of waving them over all nations, and increasing that unanimous acclaim which, in France, guided by the spell of infernal influence, promised to sacrifice all the more rational expectations of men to a wild and unexampled fanaticism.

'I am sprung from a good family—the Welch and the Gallic blood commingling in my veins; and, although I cannot trace my descent to that distant period, which too many so pertinaciously affirm to be theirs, yet I may with truth, assert, that our name was known, and our house respected, when many of the rich and the presuming of the present day, were lost in the wide stream which constitutes the lower classes.

My father commenced his journey through life under encouraging auspices: for, besides the expectation of a handsome patrimonial estate, which must eventually be his, he became, through the recommendation of Mr. K——, afterwards lord chief justice of England, a student at law, with the promise of having all the influence which that great man, then rising fast into fame, could exert, exercised in his behalf. But the hope of benefiting by such power, and the bright example set by his patron, were not sufficient to induce my father to aim for almost certain success, through that path to renown, while the enlivening bustle of the drum and fife was stirring into action the flower of the country in every village of England. Alas! what calamities have sprung from that source—what bitter tears have fallen from affectionate and broken-hearted parents, when they have seen, until now, the most hopeful—the most attentive of their sons, led away, in a moment of delusive enthusiasm, to follow the gay standard of war, and to exchange the peaceful enjoyments of home, for the cruel and heartless slavery of military discipline. To increase the British army, every stratagem at that period was put in force. The revolted colonies of America began to assume a bold and fearful attitude, and a splendid harvest in the east had yet to be reaped, which the policy of Clive, and the ambition of England had so well sown. After many solicitations made in vain, my father at length prevailed on his friends to purchase him an ensignecy in the —— regiment, and, throwing aside for ever the dry study of the law, he entered on that field, where was ample range to give scope to the gaieties of youth, to show off the wit and vivacity which sat so gracefully upon him, and to bring into more favorable notice that elegance of manner, which was far more adapted for the camp than the desk. I shall not attempt to enter into a recapitulation of the varied scenes which he witnessed. The events of a soldier's life are not such, on active service, as will render, in general, a narrative particularly interesting. Deeds of blood and devastation are suitable only to few tastes, and of these he saw enough in the unnatural war between fathers and sons, which the contest of America with this country produced, rendered a thousand fold more horrible by the two nations availing themselves of that wonderful sagacity, in the indulgence of every stratagem that an assassin-like warfare could suggest, which the neighbouring tribes of savages possessed to such an extraordinary degree. The first object of my father, on the return of his regiment, was to retire on half-pay and marry; and, in that peaceful tranquillity, of which domestic happiness mainly consists, he looked back to the former unsettled period of his life, and blessed God for the change. He took his abode in a remote and singularly retired village, and became the father of five children, of whom two were girls. I shall never forget the cheerful enjoyment of those early days, when innocent pleasures and interchangeable attention formed the principal business of our lives. The world and we were infinitely divided; we felt few of its uncertainties; and to those heart-burnings and repinings which are the necessary attendants on its pleasures, we were wholly strangers! The society of men, who were either too virtuous or too far removed from the advantages of hypocrisy to encourage it, threw a balmy enjoyment over our family circle, which it is the lot of very very few to experience. My sisters had arrived at an age when all is gaiety and hope—there was a combination of attractions about them which commanded such homage from the men as is ever dear to female vanity; and the boys, of whom I was the youngest, had no cares to contend with but those which a very merciful schoolmaster engendered; so that we were all really and truly happy! O! delightful days, which have for ever fled, and embitter in the remembrance, over and over again, the sad revilings I have since undergone.

From this dear abode it became our fate, however, to remove; my father thought it proper that my sisters should have the benefit of more general society, where, if there were not so much of truth, and faith, and honesty,

there were what the ninety in the hundred prize far beyond them—polish, and softness, and duplicity.

I remember very well the day of our departure was one of bitter sorrow to my mother and our neighbours; it was more than a common good-bye, and the tongue never more feelingly delivered its message from the heart than when it announced it to be a distressing moment. For our new residence we had an excellent house, an extensive garden, a large paddock, and a tillage field beyond. My brothers were soon after apprenticed to professions of their own chusing, while I had still another year's discipline to undergo at school, where I experienced a strong reverse to that kindness which had hitherto been shown me; we had no room for idleness, the severity with which our master treated us proving an ample stimulus to us to devote that time to study which inclination and custom had hitherto taught me to consider a period for play. So that I gladly hailed the termination of my thraldom, and embraced an offer which was made me of being accepted in a mercantile house of great respectability at Liverpool. Accordingly, in the year 18—, I was apprenticed to the firm of Messrs. ——, who were commercially connected in a very extensive degree with America and the Baltic. Towards the close of that year I had the misfortune to lose both my dear parents, my poor mother died after a short illness; and the loss of one so amiable and attached had an effect on my father's health, already in a shattered condition, which no future events could obliterate. It is true that his manliness and sense of religion, bore up strongly against its influence, but no reflections could efface, no resolves remove, the bitter sorrow which her death occasioned, and three months closed this world for ever upon those, to whom, had they lived, I might have been a blessing, but whose departure, as things have turned out, I thank God, infinitely, for having hastened.

I was now left, as it were, entirely to my own resources. I had merely my own judgment to guide me through the giddy paths of life; and scattered as are those paths with the many alluring and dangerous pleasures which a large town holds out, it was no easy matter for me to resist their fatal influence. For a period, indeed, I had little opportunity to risk the temptation. I was boarded with a lady, the widow of a Guinea captain, a fine and amiable woman, who regarded me with almost maternal fondness, and never ceased to avail herself of every opportunity where advice could be given, without the possibility of creating offence. I cannot say that I particularly relished the counting-house; the same drudgery of copying and adding up, day after day, was sickening enough to my taste; but I was apprenticed, and, of course, obliged to make the best of it. The connections of our house were extremely extensive; we traded almost to all parts of the world, and gave full employment to thirteen or fourteen clerks. Our usual hours of business were from nine to nine; but sometimes we were at the desk from six in the morning until twelve at night. Our senior master had not the way to create esteem, nor even respect, for he was the instrument of caprice, and would one moment caress and be familiar, and the next prove pompous and severe. I was articled for five years, during the two last of which I was to be rewarded with an income of fifty pounds—a period to which I looked forward with great glee, as becoming a more important kind of personage; but it was destined never to be fulfilled!

The great Napoleon was now at the height of his glory; he had just received the homage of monarchs at Tilsit—the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia. They had sworn to each other eternal fidelity, and perpetual war was denounced against this country, unless she gave up claims which she not only asserted, but was able to defend. The whole coast of Europe, from Greenland to the extreme east of the Mediterranean was in a state of blockade, and at this unlucky period my employers had property, which had been shipped from England, lying at Heligoland, to an enormous amount The publication too of the orders in council, in defiance of this European confederacy, involving us in a war with America, completed the ruin of my masters, and they soon after became insolvent. A new scene was now open to my inquisitive mind. I beheld those men whom I had seen eminent in the first circles, with all the luxuries of life around them, bowed down by the force of circumstances, obliged in the most humiliating manner to listen to the remarks, and to answer the questions, often as unfeeling as unnecessary, of their exasperated creditors, and soliciting humbly their signatures to that document, which was to declare them ruined in the face of the world!

Such, however, is the result of necessity. Their splendid establishments were broken up, and all the clerks dismissed, excepting myself and another apprentice.

We became instantly on a level with our unfortunate masters. We obeyed their requests, it is true, with alacrity; but that which was before the effect of subordination and fear, was now the result of sympathy and esteem. At length, I was left alone with them—the solitary remnant of our numerous establishment; and on me devolved the unpleasant duty of travelling to obtain signatures to their certificate after bankruptcy. Their extensive speculations had involved a great number of creditors, by some of whom I was treated with kindness and hospitality, by others, with harshness and disrespect—as if I could be answerable for the misfortunes of my employers. In the course of this journey, I saw more of real worldly-mindedness than I had ever experienced before. I beheld men divested of all false colouring—in their true shades of character; for the unimportance of my age and calling rendered me quite beneath their consideration; and there was no attempt to shelter by the agreeable, or to conceal the many deformities of our race with those little civilities which so often mask them from the inexperienced eye.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON.

[We have this month the pleasure of enriching our pages with an original and very characteristic letter of the great author of the Rambler, which has never yet been published. It was written to his namesake, the late William Samuel Johnson of Connecticut. This eloquent and excellent man spent several years in England, about the middle of the last century, as the agent of the colony of Connecticut, and acquired high reputation among the most distinguished political and professional men of Great Britain, by his able management of an important American cause before the lords in council. He received the degree of doctor of civil law from the University of Oxford, and this circumstance, together with the accidental similarity of name, recommended him to the acquaintance and friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Several letters passed between them, after the American Dr. Johnson had returned to his native country; of which, however, it is feared that this is the only one remaining.]—*New York Review.*

'Letter from Samuel Johnson, to W. S. Johnson, LL. D. Stratford, Connecticut.

'Sir,—Of all those whom the various accidents of life have brought within my notice, there is scarce any man whose acquaintance I have more desired to cultivate than yours. I cannot indeed charge you with neglecting me, yet our mutual inclination could never gratify itself with opportunities. The current of the day always bore us away from one another, and now the Atlantic is between us.

'Whether you carried away an impression of me as pleasing as that which you left me of yourself, I know not; if you did you have not forgotten me, and will be glad that I do not forget you. Merely to be remembered, is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is one of the pleasures which is more sensibly felt as human nature is more exalted.

'To make you wish that I should have you in my mind, I would be glad to tell you something which you do not know: but all public affairs are printed; and as you and I have no common friend, I can tell you no private history.

'The government, I think, grow stronger, but I am afraid the next general election will be a time of uncommon turbulence, violence, and outrage.

'Of literature no great product has appeared, or is expected; the attention of the people has for some years been otherwise employed.

'I was told a day or two ago of a design which must excite some curiosity. Two ships are in preparation which are under the command of Captain Constantine Phillips, to explore the Northern Ocean; not to seek the north-east or the northwest passage, but to sail directly north, as near the pole as they can go. They hope to find an open ocean, but I suspect it is one mass of perpetual congelation. I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.

'I have been out of order this winter, but

am grown better. Can I never hope to see you again, or must I be always content to tell you, that in another hemisphere I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

'*Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.*
'*London, March* 4, 1773.'

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. IX.

THERE seems at present to be a kind of mania for monsters: on the stage of the English Opera House, we may behold that most loathsome personification of a depraved imagination—Frankenstein; and on that of the Chinese Saloon, we may see the hideous exhibition of the miserable Seurat; all which proves, at least if it proves nothing else, the truth of the adage—*de gustibus non est disputandum.* The Kamtschatkians, who are a barbarous people, have a quer *gusto* for putrid fish; we, who are a civilized, and a humane, and an enlightened, and a refined people, have perhaps as queer a taste for what to an unvitiated mind is equally loathsome, and enjoy, with a hearty, if not exactly a healthy appetite, the spectacle of monsters spawned from the putrefaction of the charnel-house. On this subject, as every other, perfectly stanch to our motto, we feel neither wonder nor regret: besides, seeing that it is the taste of our own countrymen, we very naturally suppose, as we are in duty bound, by all the sacred ties of patriotism and *John-Bullism*, that it is 'quite correct,' whatever may be our private opinion on the subject. But far as we are from desiring to run counter to the general taste, we still think that it might as well be turned to some profit, and to the account of those three talismanic letters that act with such a spell on every Englishman—L. S. D. We therefore beg leave to submit to the public the following scheme, by which they will be enabled to combine the *utile dulci*, and consult their reputation for charity at the same time that they gratify their *penchant* for the disgusting and horrible. It is simply this: let our dissecting-rooms and hospitals be made public exhibitions—we must beg our friend Mr. Jonathan Oldworthy, for whom we have all possible respect, to restrain his indignation, and to take a little dose of our *nil admirari*, for the scheme is a very admirable and economic one, as we shall most satisfactorily prove. In the first place, we do not propose that these exhibitions should be open, like Somerset House, to all who can afford a paltry shilling;—to 'prentices, clerks, milliners, and the crowd of 'sight-seeing' country cousins, who visit every place within the limits of their purse; no, nor even to the savages who inhabit that *terra incognita*, formerly denominated by the natives Russell—but henceforth to be called Croker's Square. We are aware that such an exhibition ought to be kept like Almack's, quite select; and are therefore of opinion that do one should be admitted, except by subscribing for a course of operations—say twenty guineas, or should that be thought not sufficiently high to exclude the rich *nobodies*—make it at once a cool two hundred. It would be all the better for the funds of the establishments, and if the vulgar will ape people of consequence in luxuries of this kind, they ought not to grumble at paying for them;—in which, after all, or in being supposed to pay for them, consist 0.99 of the gratification of many fashionable amusements.

The exclusion of the mob, too, from such exhibitions, would perhaps be as much a matter of policy as of ton, for they have obstinate prejudices; and, although an English carman has no sympathy for a poor horse, or a butcher as little for a baited bull, seeing that neither the horse nor the bull are 'Christians,' they might perhaps be apt to express, in no very dainty terms, their disapprobation at seeing a fellow-creature—even when dead, carved up by a dissecting knife. It is true they would enjoy seeing a couple of live ones mangle each other at a boxing-match, notwithstanding that the latter cannot be justified on the plea of any utility, except to that valuable part of the community, the pickpockets. But well-bred people could have no such sympathies and prejudice: and a fine lady might witness an operation performed on a poor devil whom nobody knows, with as much composure and as little remorse as a 'dear darling little angel of a child' anatomizes flies, and impales cock-chafers on a pin. Can Sir William Curtis possibly sympathize with the anatomic vivante, or imagine what are its sensations? assuredly not: then how could a sylph-like creature, whose sole use of her fingers has been to display them on the strings of a harp or the keys of a piano,—or a gentleman, who has employed them chiefly in writing *billet-doux* on perfumed paper, sympathize with an animal who has used his paws in carrying a hod of mortar, or some equally barbarous office?

Then, with respect to the gratification to be derived from such an exhibition, nothing could be more varied or more stimulating. It would supply abundance of that excitement which people of luxurious habits crave after, to carry off that feeling of *ennui* that is so intolerable, that, in order to escape from it, they are obliged to have recourse to *ecarté* and *rouge et noir*. Thus, so far from being immoral, such an entertainment might frequently prevent the necessity for gaming, and any occasion for other excitements. It might possibly, too, have this good effect, that it would give such a habit of fortitude to a young lady, that should she at any time be so unfortunate as to scratch her fair arm or hand, to such a degree as to cause a drop of blood, she might endure to look on it without screaming, or throwing a whole drawing-room into agonies at the alarming accident.

We shall not enter here into any detail of the varied exhibition which the wards of an hospital, or the table of a dissecting-room, would continually present: such is our plan:—some silly prejudiced people may say that it is unfeeling and barbarous; but for them we do not write. We ourselves, like others, on similar occasions, are sure that it is most excellent; still we will not say that it must succeed: on the contrary, we know the world too well to be surprised, even if it should not be adopted, since we are aware what a perverse obstinate world it is. We know, too, that Swift's most admirable plan for fattening and killing the children of the poor for food, has not, even to this hour, been adopted, owing to certain unphilosophic scrupulous prejudices; we, therefore, our's should meet with the same fate, that we shall not experience worse treatment than that enlightened patriot and philanthropist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE KENT EAST INDIAMAN.

THE sun went down in glory, and the sky
Hung o'er the scarce-stirr'd waters lovelily;
The breeze was beautiful, and soft, and light,
The stars ne'er shone upon a fairer night;
The crescent moon, emerging from the deep,
Her pale light shed upon the waters. Sleep,
Happy and tranquil as an infant's rest,
Pillow'd and clasp'd upon its mother's breast,
Prevail'd o'er all, except the station'd few,
Who mark'd the course the vessel should pursue,
When Biscay's Bay, whose waters ever are,
E'en with the faintest breeze that blows, at war,
Caus'd her to pitch and roll, as o'er the sky,
Cloud upon cloud, in fearful majesty,
Gather'd and blacken'd, till above, around,
All was in darkness—desolate—profound.

It is an awful thing, alas! to be,
Summon'd, from gentle sleep, on the wide sea,
When storm and darkness o'er the waters lower,
And the hoarse wind, exerting its fierce power,
Bellows and shrieks, by turns, like some dread foe,
Who will pursue ye wherever ye go.
But then, amid the warring of the waves,
That yawn on every side, like open graves—
While the stout vessel, though her cordage weak,
And pumps are plying to o'ercome the leak
That gains upon them, and her masts are gone,
And rudderless, alas! she floundes on,
While yet, of hope, the faintest ray is there,
Less will man feel the weight of his despair.
But when, upon the waters, hope is not,
And death, inevitable, each one's lot,
To be atoms'd from slumber soft and sweet,
With shouts of fire from every one ye meet;
To rush on deck and see the smoke arise,
Pointing its waving column to the skies.
Then kindling flames succeeding it, that cast
A horrid glare upon the watery waste—
Crackling of timbers, and the sudden shriek
That ever and anon is heard to break,
Upon the awful silence reigning there—
The mute expression of brave men's despair.

Such did ye feel—e'en such is chance had ye,
There was no hope apparent on that sea,—
Ye had no home to fly to—none to save
From fire and water, each a threat'ning grave,
Beneath ye, and around ye—death.—'Twas then
Ye felt like fathers, though ye stood like men.

There was a mother, with her frenzy wild,
Clasping her arms around her sleeping child—
And sous their fathers watching—fathers sons,
And others with their prattling little ones,
Unconscious of their danger—then the cry
Of some one, lost to all, save misery,
Piercing the ear—and then the fervent prayer—
To Heaven directed, by each sufferer there.

When hope was gone, and death was hovering nigh,
And each heart leaped with its strong agony;
When tears had ceased, because their founts were dry,
And resignation beamed in ev'ry eye;
The Heaven they prayed to, smiled on them once more,
And soon their danger and their toils were o'er.

WILFORD.

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BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

A new Song to an Old Tune.

Four and twenty showmen all of a row—
Four and twenty showmen all of a row.
There was Wom'ell, whom every man ought
to pummell, with his lion Nero who is no lion:
and the noble Wallace, worthy of a palace;
then there was Atkins's Menagerie, which every
person ought to see; as well as Richardson's
magnificent theatre, than which nothing in the
fair was neater; and where we saw the Wandering Outlaw, together with Harlequin and
Faustus, and the whole only sixpence cost us
There was also Mr. Clark, who not to be in the
dark, was lit with gas, and had a pretty lass;
then came the troop of Mr. Brown, the dirtiest
fellow in town; Andrews's col'ection of paintings, enough to put the whole fair in faintings;
Holden's glass blowing, of which he was all
day crowing; Toby the learned pig, sagacious without a wig; the conjurings of Mr.
Chappell, for which I would not give an apple.
All making a great noise,
To catch the little girls and boys
All down below.
Four and twenty public-houses all in a row;
Four and twenty public houses all in a row.
There was the Ram inn, into which you
could scarcely cram in; the Sun, where much
business was done; the Rose inn, where you
could hardly get your nose in; the White Hart,
from which the Homerton cart daily does start;
the George inn, where there was much gorging; the Green Dragon, where was emptied
many a flagon: the White Horse from the
arms of Hanover, where Deady's gin did many
a man over; the Greyhound, where the landlord was all day bound; together with the
coffee-house of St Bartholomew's, of which I
can tell you nothing new: at the bar there
was drinking and blinking, but not a bit of
thinking; with 'what for you, ma'm, and you,
sir?—A glass of gin will do, sir;' and 'one
for me too, sir; pumps going, Boniface blowing; rattling of bottles, burning of throttles;
then up-stairs there were quadrilles and reels,
with kicking up of heels; prancing and dancing;
music and singing, and much bell-ringing; a
terrible din for gin-and-water for money in
barter; loud calls for brandy, not always quite
handy. Then there was the Free and Easy,
with the chairman trying to please ye; calling
silence for a song, which would not keep you
long—for some harmony, but he might as well
have been in Germany; for there were—
Such loud thumps on the table,
And a noise worse than the confusion of Babel
Above and below.
Four and twenty stalls all of a row;
Four and twenty stalls all of a row.
There were gingerbread nuts, in stalls and
little huts; cocks and breeches made without
stitches; fiddles and drums, with various other
hums; pin-cushions and needle-cases for servants who kept their places; rocking horses
and rattles, which excited children's prattles;
gewgaws and watches, with two-penny
scratches; dolls and dogs, with leaping frogs;
oysters, full a month old, the age of which you
were not told; with 'sausages all hot,' wouth
eating they were not.
All calling for your money,
And looking prodigiously funny,
All down below.
Four and twenty apprentices all of a row;
Four and twenty apprentices all of a row.
There were linen-drapers anxious to cut
capers; young haberdashers avoiding all smashers; snuff-sellers and muff sellers; painters
and glaziers, with tin-men and braziers; scourers and dyers, satisfying their desires; leather-cutters and curriers, florists and furriers;
plumbers and printers breaking their indentures;
hair-dressers and perfumers, pastry-cooks and
consumers; cabinet makers and undertakers;
hosiers and hatters, interfering in all matters;
tailors and snobs, creating great mobs; and
All crushing and pushing,
And to the fair rushing,
Because they would be merry.
Four and twenty constables all of a row;
With four and twenty watchmen all of a row.
There was Mr. Cope the marshal, to fairs
very partial; and his *aid de camps*, redressing
all wrongs; with constables three hundred,
who on the unruly nobs thundered, regulating
the shows, suppressing all rows, preventing
all swings, and such dangerous things. Then
at night there were the watchmen, all ready
to catch men, and women if found sinning,
and sometimes if not, they were sent to pot;
with a 'move on,' 'I shant;' 'I'll make you,
'You can't;' 'I say disperse, you'll make the
matter worse;' 'I know the law, I'm an attorney;' 'that will be all my eye to Sir Richard
Birnie, and since you are so obstropolous, to
the watch-house you shall hop wi' us,
And there you shall lay,
All night and next day,
Because I wish it.'
Four and twenty magistrates all in a row;
Four and twenty magistrates all in a row.
At Bow Street there was Sir Richard Birnie,
Knight, who goes to bed at ten o'clock without
a light, and is not always right; Mr. Hall and
Mr. Minshull, ready to punish the sinful. At
Marlborough Street there was Mr. Dyer, who
there can get no lighter; Mr Conant, an acute
man I grant; with Mr Roe, who never slows,
and to vice is a foe. At Worship Street there are
Benett, Twyford, and Bevill, who bring many
an upstart to his level. At Hatton Garden
there are Rogers, Laing, and Sergeant Sellon,
but those I wont dwell on; but hasten to Lambeth Street, where sir Daniel Williams, Hardwick, and Wyatt, have difficulty in keeping
the lieges of Whitechapel quiet. At High
Street, Marylone, Mr. Griffiths uses a milder
tone; and with Hoskins and Rawlinson,
Esquires, administers justice as it requires.
Then at Union Hall, Southwark, Chambers,
Allen, and Swabey, settle many a lark, by committing prisoners to Brixton, when the tread mill
is fixt on; and at the Thames Police Office,
Wapping, Richbell, Ballantine, and Broderip,
punish many a thief caught napping. While
all these are busily engaged, Messrs. White,
Markland, and Gregorie, of Queen Square,
have an abundance of time to spare; but yet—
All found some employment
In abridging the enjoyment
Of those who, in 1825, kept alive
Bartholomew Fair O!

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—What are called the stock pieces of this theatre have, with such performers as Mathews, Miss Kelly, &c., kept the house sufficiently warm since the secession of Braham and Miss Paton. *The Bashful Man*, Mr. Blushington, has appeared so often, and been so well received, that he ought to discard his timidity, and blush no more: we wish, however, Mr. Arnold would again give us, what few people would sigh for off the stage—*Broken Promises*, which he may play very well, even during the absence of Miss Stephens and Miss Paton; but he seems anxious to produce novelty, and on Wednesday presented us with a new operatic drama, in two acts, called *The Shepherd Boy*, the story of which we shall briefly narrate.

Alexis, the shepherd boy (Miss Kelly), is the son of the Marquis de la Tour (Mr. Cooper), and is driven from his home at the instigations of a cruel step-mother: five years has he been a fugitive, when chance gives him an opportunity of rescuing his father from the fury of a wild boar, at the hazard of his own life. Fainting with the loss of blood, and yet concealing his knowledge of his parent, the marquis confided him to the care of a peasant, who stripped him of everything, and threw him once more on the world a destitute outcast. The humanity of an inkeeper, Gautier (Bartley), affords him an asylum in his house. Gautier has a daughter, Lucetta (Miss Goward), who is anxious to unite to the marquis's steward, Ambroise (Keeley), but fears she has an attachment to Alexis, whom he represents as a madman. Some time after, the marquis in disguise, accompanied by his friend, Durval (Baker), arrives at the inn, where there is a banquet, in honour of the marquis's birth-day, which has been furnished from the larder and cellar of his noble master by the steward. In order to convince Lucetta of the insanity of Alexis, Gautier introduces the disguised marquis as the person he had rescued, and is recognised as such by the boy. In the midst of these doings, Rigoret (Chapman), a baillie, comes to arrest and punish the daring assumer of the name and title of the Marquis de la Tour, which is of course prevented by the latter avowing himself. The marquis, acquainted with the wretchedness of Alexis, offers to provide for him; but he refuses all reward except that of being near the person of the marquis, who becomes doubly interested in his welfare. He learns the story of the poor boy, and with great emotion writes a letter, which Alexis dictates, to entreat his father to be reconciled to his son. This done, he demands the name, that he may direct it. Alexis says he will deliver it himself; and at length, after some struggles of filial love and fear, he presents it to the marquis, who becomes reconciled to his son, and receives him as his heir.

The story of this drama is certainly very improbable, but the situations and incidents are good, and the acting of Miss Kelly was alone sufficient to ensure the success of the piece. So much pathos, real feeling, and knowledge of human nature as she displayed, it would be in vain to look for in any other actress on the stage. In all she did and all she said, she was nature itself, and while she only seemed anxious to win the affections of a misguided father, she was gaining, or taking by storm, the hearts of every person present. Cooper evinced much feeling in the character of the marquis; and Keeley's rustic simplicity was a good relief to the more serious parts of the drama. There was an excellent scene, in which the marquis comes unex-

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pectedly to the festival, which had been provided at his expense, and when to the great terror of Ambroise, he drinks his own health out of his own wine, at the instance of the jolly innkeeper. In Lucetta, Miss Goward sung and acted very prettily, and the piece, which was received with great applause, has been announced for repetition every evening.

On Thursday evening another new piece was produced, called *The Stout Gentleman*, founded on a story in Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall, but very unlike it in the filling up. Mathews played the stout gentleman, and did all that could be done in a part in itself dull; but it afforded no scope to his powers, varied as they are. The principal humour consists in an often-repeated exclamation of 'God bless me, how hot it is!' the passing off the stout gentleman as the author of Waverley; and in regulating the heat of his body by a thermometer, which he carries in his breast. Marks of strong disapprobation marked the performance; and, when Mr. Mathews next appears, he may say, 'Am I thinner, think ye?' for it is very doubtful that he will be the stout gentleman any more, though announced for repetition.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

On Thursday night a quarterly meeting of the members of this institution was held in the theatre of the institution, Southampton-buildings. Dr. Birkbeck, the president, and the parent of mechanic institutions, in the chair.

The secretary read a report of the committee of management, detailing their proceedings for the last quarter, by which it appeared that the Institution is advancing in a manner that exceeds even the most sanguine calculation of its founders! five hundred and twenty-five new members were admitted during the last quarter, making the present number one thousand four hundred and eighty-three. The schools of arithmetic, mathematics, drawing, and French are numerously attended, and the great attention of the students is amply repaid by their rapid progress in attainment. The philosophical apparatus and mechanical engines and instruments of the institution have been greatly increased, and a laboratory, at which the members will have the opportunity of attending and performing chemical experiments, is in great forwardness. The library has received such large additions, both from liberal donations and extensive purchases, that the committee propose, in the course of next month, accommodating the members with books at their own houses. This announcement was received with a burst of applause, strongly expressive of the manner in which the advantage was estimated. The report concluded by congratulating the members on the beneficial results already derived from the institution, the assurance of their continuance from the zeal, activity, and harmony, that characterized all their proceedings.

Mr. Cope, secretary of the committee of works, read a report, giving an account of their proceedings in the erection of the new theatre, and other buildings, by which it appeared that the theatre cost £3700, the whole of which was advanced by Dr. Birkbeck; on the other buildings and inprovements, £1170 have been expended.

One of the auditors read a report of the state of the accounts, from which it appeared, that, after all their expenditure, the finances of the Institution are in the most flourishing condition, there being an unappropriated balance in their banker's hands amounting to upwards of £1000.

An adjourned motion, for allowing each member to introduce a friend to the lectures, was, after a good deal of discussion, rejected, on the ground that the members were so rapidly increasing in number, that it was even at present impossible to accommodate strangers. One of the committee, Mr. Tijou, observed, that the members were so fast outgrowing the size of the theatre, capacious as it was, that the members, instead of attending the lectures altogether, as heretofore, would be obliged to attend in succession.

A resolution was passed, enabling the committee to admit professors who gave a course of lectures gratis,—distinguished foreigners, honorary members.

Thanks were voted to all the officers with great applause; and to Dr. Birkbeck for the immense benefits he has conferred on the Institution, of which he is the founder, with a fervency partaking more of the character of filial reverence, than of gratitude towards an ordinary benefactor.

Dr. Birkbeck, in making his acknowledgments, said, he was always gratified at the expression of their kindness, both from the estimation in which he held the members of the Institution, and from the proof it afforded of the estimation in which they held the advantages they derived in that honourable character. Amongst other benefits produced by the London Mechanics' Institution, was the rapid formation of similar institutions all over the country. He this day received accounts of the establishment of two such; and it was truly gratifying to observe, that the establishment of mechanics' institutions was uniformly attended with increased order and respectability of the important class of society of which they were composed; in every particular realising the expectations of those who advocated the improvement of mind as the best means of improving the conduct, and promoting the happiness of man.

The meeting, which, as usual, was very numerous, appeared highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening.

CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

The first half-yearly meeting of this Institution, which was established for the promotion of useful knowledge amongst the commercial and professional youth of this metropolis, was held at Albion Hall, Moorgate, on Wednesday.

It appears by the report then read, that within three months nearly six hundred of the commercial youth of the city enrolled themselves to form the Institution. Upwards of £700 in donations had been received from a number of bankers and traders who were desirous of encouraging the pursuits contemplated in the institution. Other gentlemen had made donations of valuable books.—A number of literary and scientific men had come forward with offers of gratuitous lectures. Doctor Mitchell, of New Broad Street, had given two lectures on the use of the globes; Mr. Black had commenced a course of lectures on the Paidophilean system of teaching languages; Doctor Spier had commenced a course of lectures on physiology; Mr. Bankes had offered them a course of lectures on Belles Lettres; Mr. M'Intyre had offered a course on botany; Mr. James Taylor on music; Mr. Crombie on the topography of London; and Mr. Partington had delivered part of a course of lectures on natural and experimental philosophy.

The report concluded with a strong expression of the obligations under which the Institution considered itself to the liberal and enlightened part of the public press.

Mr. G. W. Prescott, of the house of Prescott and Co. (one of the auditors), read a statement of the accounts of the Institution, from which it appeared, that after payment of all the first expenses, there remained a balance of £1000.

Silk and Silkworms.—Some gentlemen in this country have lately turned their attention to the breeding of silkworms, and in the United States they are beginning to be an object of attention. The following brief notice of silk and silkworms may prove interesting:—Wrought silk was first brought from Persia to Greece, 323 years before Christ. From India 274 years after Christ. Known at Rome, in Tiberius's time, when a law passed in the senate, prohibiting the use of plate of massy gold, and also forbidding men to debase themselves by wearing silk, fit only for women. Heliogabalus first wore a garment all silk; silk worms were brought to Europe 300 years later. In 220, silk was of the same value with gold, weight for weight, and thought to grow like cotton, on trees. The Emperor Aurelian, who died in 275, denied his empress a robe of silk, because too dear. Silk introduced into Europe by some monks in 551. Some monks, who had been to India, in 555, brought from thence silkworms eggs to Constantinople, where raw silk was in time produced in abundance, and worked up into manufactures at Athens, Thebes, Corinth, &c. Charlemagne sent to Offa, King of Mercia, in 780, a present of a belt, a Hunnish sword, and two silken vests. In 1130, Greek manufacturers of silk, brought by Roger, king of Sicily, to Europe, settled at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians, not only to breed up the silkworms, but to spin and to weave silk, which art was carried afterwards to Italy and to Spain, and also to the south of France, a little before Francis the First, and brought to Touraine. Venice inveigled silk weavers from Greece and Palermo, in Sicily, 1207. In 1285, silk mantles were worn by some noblemen's ladies, at a ball in Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire. 1504, silk was manufactured in England. First silk manufactured in France 1521. Raw silk not produced there till a long time afterwards—

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first worn by the English clergy in 1534. Silkworms and mulberry trees propagated by Henry the Fourth through all France, in 1589. Broad silk, manufactured from the raw silk, introduced into England in 1620. Lombes' famous silk-throwing machine erected in Derby, in 1719. It contained 26,586 wheels, one water wheel moved the whole, and in a day and a night, it worked 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk. Silk first imported from Persia through Russia, 1742.

Rye, a wholesome and economical Substitute for Coffee.—M. Gronmann, of Naid, in Bohemia, gives the following directions for preparing the rye:—It is first to be cleaned, and boiled till it becomes soft, care being taken that it does not burst, and then put to dry in the sun or in an oven, and afterwards burnt and ground like coffee. To use it, take as much water as it is wished to have cups of coffee, and boil and strain it, adding a third of real coffee, and the whole will resemble pure coffee from the Indies, and not require so much sugar as the common sort.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

New reading of the Impromptu on the Lady who captivated Mr. Fly.

On conquest bent, and aiming high—
She sallied forth, and caught—a *Fly*.

When Paul Jones was in Paris, some short time after the action between the Bonne Homme Richard and the Serapis, he was informed that Pearson (of the Serapis) had been knighted. 'Well,' said he, 'he deserved it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him.'

Somebody saying, that to write well, either in verse or prose, it was necessary to consult one's ear, 'True,' said M. Guiot, 'provided it's a good one.'

Gaol Festivities.—The poor debtors confined in Worcester gaol, in the United States, were indulged in an opportunity of celebrating the anniversary of American independence, when the following, among other, toasts were elicited:—

'New England—A land where liberty *abroad* walks unconfined, and the debts of the unfortunate—how easily paid!

'Our present mansion—Where thieves do not *break in* and steal.

'Freedom—A sly fellow; nothing but locks, keys, bolts, and fetters can insure his safe keeping.

'The sheriff of this county—May he this day partake of as good a dinner as we do, and *feel* as independent as we in fact *are*.

'Independence—Dearly purchased by our fathers, and richly merited by *us*, their children.

'The Eagle of Liberty—Place her here, and fear nothing for her safe keeping.

'Our Militia—The *sound* of their music has this day given us *auricular* proof of their correct discipline.

'Massachusetts—The Cradle of Liberty—she *rocks* too hard for the repose of poor debtors.'

A Gascon, who was on ill terms with the Bishop of Bazas, swore he would never pray to God in that diocese. One day passing a river, and being in danger, the boatman said that nothing remained for him but to address himself to God. 'Well,' said the Gascon, 'are we out of the diocese of Bazas?'

Poor Nuns.—M. le Camus, Bishop of Bellay, preaching at Nôtre Dame, prefaced his sermon with the following announcement, 'Gentlemen, your charity is requested for a young lady, who is not rich enough to make a vow of poverty.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept.	2	66	71	63	30 22	Fair.
....	3	58	68	56	.. 22	Do.
....	4	56	65	50	.. 04	Do.
....	5	54	60	49	.. 09	Cloudy.
....	6	54	64	57	29 95	Do.
....	7	57	65	55	.. 77	Fair.
....	8	56	67	57	.. 69	Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must request our readers to observe that owing to some unlucky circumstance, last week, two sentences in the article 'Mummery for grown Gentlemen,' page 574, were transposed by the compositor. The whole paragraph should read thus:—' We might as well follow the example of the Knight of La Mancha, take crooks in our hands, and turn shepherds; sing pastorals from morning till night, and make love in the true Arcadian style. Or, if we must be aping, some of our fashionable clubs might take a hint from that gentle namby-pamby institution, the Academia degli Arcadi of the Italians. Some persons, I must confess, appear very fond of this species of humbug. They even like to have their portraits in masquerade: a fine lady chooses to be painted in the character of a gypsey; a demirep as a Diana; and a citizen's wife as a shepherdess, with a crook, and two lambs at her feet; a writer of charades and *tea-table* poetry chooses to be represented *à la* Byron, without a cravat; and a man-milliner with mustachios.'

Works published since our last notice.—Mahoney's Minstrel's Hours of Song, 7s. 6d.—Gompertz's Devon, a poem, 7s. 6d.—Bowring's Hymns, 18mo. 3s.—The United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, 12s.—Statistical Illustrations of the British Empire, 7s. 6d.—The Contrasts, or Scotland in 1745 and 1819, 5s. 6d.—Gordon's Sermons, 10s. 6d.—Chalmer's Walks in Edinburgh, 5s.—Tour to the High Pyrenees, royal 8vo. 30s.—Crosby's Builders' Price-Book to August, 1825, 4s.—Brasse's Cards of Euclid, 2nd edition, 5s. 6d.—Martin Luther, a poem, 6s.—Walton on the Mines in the Eastern Division of Hayti, 2s. 6d.—Endless Entertainment, or Legendary Tales, 3s. 6d.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—*Reviews*: Hardy's Tour in the High Pyrenees, 593; The Slave Trade, 594; Solitary Musings, by Webster, 596; The Pictures, The Betrothing, 597; Public Education, 598; The Maid of the Greek Isles, 599; History of Holywood House, 600; Statistical Illustrations of the British Empire, 601; Churchill on the Scriptures, 602; Count de Segur's History of the Expedition to Russia, 602; The Burmese Empire, 603.—*Original*: Bartholomew Fair Defended, 603; The Deserter, 604; Improvements in the Metropolis, 605; Nil Admirari, No. x. 605.—*Original Poetry*, 606.—*Fine Arts*: Monument to John Knox, 606.—*The Drama*, 606.—*Literature and science*, 606.—*The Bee*, 607.)

No. 331. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees; comprising Twenty-four Views of the most Interesting Scenes, from Original Drawings taken on the Spot; with some Account of the Bathing Establishments in that Department of France. By J. Hardy, Esq. 8vo. pp. 84. London, 1825. Ackermann.

The artist, and the admirer of the riches and sublimities of nature, cannot fail of being highly gratified with views so picturesque as the Upper Pyrenees present, for here Nature luxuriates in her wild and most magnificent forms: not only are there hills whose summits seem buried in the clouds, but there are cascades, mineral springs, beautiful valleys, and a fine atmosphere.

The author of this work was an invalid, residing in the south of France, who was tempted by curiosity to explore this splendid scenery; his designs, he says, are selected from more than thrice their number in his portfolio, but he wishes them to be considered rather as the feeble performances of an amateur than the finished pieces of an artist. His writing, he says, it has not been his ambition to make up a book by the recapitulation of his personal adventures; but, by means of plain description and correct representation of striking objects, to furnish not merely an itinerary, but also a guide to the lovers of the picturesque. Many of the views are very pretty, and give a good idea of the grandeur of this mountain scenery, which combines so much of the sublimity and fertility of nature. To the twenty-four engravings, however, it would be difficult for us to do justice; but we think a few extracts from the letter-press will prove interesting, though they certainly lose much in not being compared with the views of the objects they describe.

Mr. Hardy commences with noticing the surprise which Englishmen are apt to express at the climate, &c., of the south of France, which leads the French to think we have nothing good at home; he then gives a brief description of Bordeaux, where—

'The exterior decorations of the many Gothic churches are in admirable preservation, the mildness of the climate tending so materially to soften the effects of time. Near to the Place Dauphine stands the palace, reserved for the habitation of royalty when sojourning here: the exterior is very noble; and the whole, with the gardens annexed, is superior to what London can show as a kingly dwelling.

'The cathedral was built by the English many centuries back. The vault, under the tower of St. Michel, possesses the singular property of preserving the human corpse almost entire: nearly sixty bodies are placed standing or sitting against the wall—a horrible and ghastly sight. Some of them are three hundred years old; the skin has the appearance of leather, and many have their garments still remaining. The person who shows them, an old woman, professes to designate their various situations in life; such as a monk, a seigneur, or a mechanic, and even to indicate the disease of which they died.

'The walls of a Roman amphitheatre still remain; and every part of the city abounds in fine churches, lively streets, and shady promenades.

'The staple article of commerce is the choice and common wine of the country; the quay of the Façade of the Chatrons, a mile and a half in length, being almost solely devoted to its shipment, or landing from the large awkward barges which navigate the river from Toulouse downwards, and the rudders of which are frequently of the same length as the vessel itself.'

Although Mr. Hardy does not profess to narrate incidents, yet an anecdote is sometimes introduced; thus he says,—

'Passing the post-house of Auriac, we came to Navailles, the scene of many skirmishes between the French and Lord Wellington, in his advance from Spain, in 1814. Most of the small bridges were new or repairing, having been destroyed by the retreating armies. One spot was shown, on which the English general had nearly been taken prisoner: he had been overheard planning a *reconnoissance* for the following morning by a Frenchman, who communicated his intelligence to Marshal Soult; but previously to doing this, he made known his intentions to a countryman of his, who went immediately and apprised our commander, who thus escaped the probable ill consequences of a surprise.'

At Pau, the cradle of Henry IV. of France (a tortoise-shell), and many other remains, are shown; and one house in the centre has written upon it, 'Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was born here' Mr. Hardy gives a view of the castle where Henry IV. resided; it is now under repair, but in bad taste. It is not, however, to a mere description of scenery that our author confines himself, for he gives a good view of the state of society, as our extracts will show:—

'At Pau, as in most other parts of France, there are two classes of men essentially distinct in character: one belonging to the *ancien règime*, including the old noblesse; the other embracing all those who have sprung up since the Revolution. In dress, manners, and outward appearance, they are as opposite as light and darkness, except that the younger still retain the universal politeness of the nation. The old beaux have silvered hair, wear white silk stockings, and, with a roquelaure, are just what we see on our English stage, the very pink of fribble and gallantry. The other party is mostly in a sort of military undress costume, with complete mops of black hair *à la Brutus*, terrific whiskers, and their gait the most consequential and supercilious that can be imagined. The public promenades show them in fine contrast. The same may almost be said of the fair sex: of these, the elder are principally distinguished by daily attendance at mass, dressed in a full-trimmed lace cap, in lieu of a bonnet. It may well be supposed that there is no congeniality of sentiment between the two; each having a mortal hatred for the other, and showing their reciprocal bitterness by almost blood-thirsty language and invective.'

Of the Pyrenees generally, Mr. H. says:—

'It is difficult to describe the sensations experienced on the first view of them. Every hour of the day varies their appearance, and throws around them new charms; whether you see them at sunrise, when all but their gilded summits are enveloped in blue vapour; at mid-day, when swelling up majestically under a serene sky; or when the tempest hovers, and the thunder rolls, re-echoing through the vast range of their lengthened valleys.'

In the neighbourhood of St. Pé, the hunting of wild pigeons is successfully and ingeniously followed:—

'The manner of taking them is this: on the sides of a narrow valley three trunks of trees are placed perpendicularly, to the height of forty feet. On the top is a slight basket-work covered with branches, in which men conceal themselves: others again are employed at the entrance of the valley, making a great noise, and waving flags, which have the effect of frightening the timid birds, and driving them into it. Their companions now letting fly from the concealed situation a sort of racquets, which the pigeons take for birds of prey, easily fall into the snares prepared for them, where they are caught by hundreds at a time.'

Though perfectly sensible of the beauty of French scenery, Mr. Hardy has a good deal of the Englishman about him; he says, describing Lourdes,—

'The many little beauties also which constitute an English village scene are rarely met with in France: no moss-covered roof; no smiling garden in front; no rustic church enveloped in "sprawling ivy" to admire.

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French scenery, therefore, must be viewed at a distance; then indeed, it may be called "beautiful France." I have sometimes been struck with the beauty of a landscape, and have attempted its outline; but when I came to analyze the whole, I have found that my admiration has been produced by the effects of the brilliancy of the atmosphere, and that was infinitely beyond my limited powers of delineation.'

The valley of Argelès appears to be an extremely beautiful spot, if we may judge by our author's description:—

'In the mid-distance stands the village of Junculos, beyond which, between the torrent and the towering mountains on the right, a series of wooded hills swell up, crowned with valleys and châteaux. The mountains in the greater distance are snow-capped, thirty miles off. An immense way up the side of the mountains are cultivated slopes, interrupted here and there by rocks perfectly sterile, which have fallen from the high peaks above the region of the pine, ordinarily buried in the clouds. The entire valley is of the richest verdure; the trees, particularly the walnut, lime, and cherry, grow to an enormous size. The entire scene is most splendid and luxuriant:—

'"collected here,
As in one point, all Nature's charms appear."

'Advancing towards Argelès, a profusion of beautiful objects crowds upon the sight: a succession of ruined castles, churches built in the Gothic style, and picturesquely-placed villages, claim the attention of the enraptured traveller, who at last becomes almost fatigued with the endless calls on his admiration. In a ride of seven miles, castles and villages are incessantly starting forth in every variety of romantic position.

'Nothing can equal the beauty of the situation of Argelès; with the panoramic view around, it is perfectly exquisite. The traveller must here rest a time to enjoy the infinite variety. The valley of Auzan spreads out at his feet; to the north is a circular hill, called Balandrau; from thence a superb *coup d'œil* is obtained of the valley: to the south is the Pic de Soulom, detached by its loftiness from the neighbouring mountains; behind this peak the summits of three other hills rise up into the azure of the sky, the masses of snow which streak their sides in fantastic shapes admirably contrasting with the deep purple of their bases. The nearer view traces the picturesque banks and meanders of the Gave, in its silvery course to the farther extent of the level. The whole scene has the appearance of one vast piece of mosaic: patches of the bright yellow blossom of the broom, the rich brown of the ripening harvest, the pale green of the beautiful meadows, skirted by noble trees, are all so enchantingly mingled, that the spectator feels absolutely bewildered with the splendid profusion:—

'"Here spring the living herbs profusely wild
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes."

'In the immediate neighbourhood are the remains of eight castles, each giving character to and embellishing the surrounding landscapes: they formerly served to protect the country during the desperate incursions of the Spaniards.'

Our author did not, like most travellers, content himself with a cursory view, but explored everything worthy of notice or interesting, and made an excursion to the cascades of Gavarnie, of which he gives the following account:—

'Our party was small, consisting of three persons, my companion, the guide, and myself: others had been desirous of joining us, but my friend observed, that his experience had proved to him, that those who do not use the pencil are incessantly annoyed by the many delays which their more deeply interested companions allow themselves, particularly where so great a variety of sublime scenes call for some traces of them.

'The appearance of the morning indicated a favourable day for the perfect enjoyment of these wild regions.

'We left St. Sauveur by a most excellent road, that conducted us to the edge of the Gave, which we crossed by a modern marble bridge, of noble proportions, and continued our course along the right bank, leaving the ruins of the chapel of St. Marie to the left. The defile here abruptly opens upon a highly-cultivated farm, with its picturesque habitation placed on a swelling hill at the foot of the mountain of Betpouey. The proprietor is a man of some consequence in the neighbourhood. At a little distance on the left is a road by which the mountain may be ascended to its summit without difficulty. Proceeding onward, the defile becomes extremely narrow, barely leaving a few feet of path, from which, down to the Gave, the rocks are almost perpendicular, and really affright the traveller with the idea of the danger he would encounter in making one false step. In turning the angles of the projecting crags, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of the dread abyss of a thousand feet beneath; but soon, seeing the security of my horse, I recovered myself so collectedly as to contemplate the sublime scenes around. The descending sides of the precipices consist alternately of luxuriant foliage and richly-veined rocks, in awful and majestic forms. The Gave foams with tremendous fury, and three lengthened cascades are viewed at the same moment. We traversed a marble quarry by zigzag steps, till we reached the narrowest part of the gorge, at the foot of the Peak of Bergons, here called the Passage of l'Echelle. This dangerous path has cost the lives of several men and beasts: formerly it was guarded by a small tower, erected to check the incursions of the Spaniards. Part of the track has been rendered less dangerous by a prodigious work of art, the labours of certain individuals, whose exploits have been commemorated on a tablet of granite in the following inscription:—

'Contemple
Ici,
D'une ame ferme et d'un œil assuré,
Depuis de ces monts sourcilleux
Jusqu'au fond de l'abyme,
Les prodiges de l'art
Et ceux de la forte nature.
Adouci par l'industrie humaine,
Le fier genie de ces montagnes
Défend d'y trembler désormais.
Travaux executés en 1762.

'We found the air piercingly cold, and leaving this frightful passage, we descended to cross the Gave by a marble bridge. The path is extremely steep and rugged, and takes a serpentine direction. Just before crossing the river, we caught a glimpse of a picturesque scene. An enormous stone, of a deep crimson hue, rests on the edge of the torrent, at the foot of some small cascades, over which is seen springing the bridge of Sin. On reaching the bridge, the banks are so precipitous, that the greatest caution is necessary. From the parapet, the view is exquisitely grand: the constant noise of the foaming waters resembles thunder; the dashing of the huge pine-logs against the rocks so borne along by the furious current, and the foaming spray often rising to the spectator, rivet his attention in the strongest manner.'

It will be seen that Mr. Hardy has a keen perception of the beauties of nature, and knows well how to describe them; the principal value of the work, however, necessarily consists in the views, which are exquisitely coloured.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Papers, &c. printed by Order of the House of Commons, during the Session 1825.

(Continued from p. 579.)

In resuming our remarks on a subject so deeply interesting as the slave trade, and on documents which contain so much information as to its present state, it would be unjust to omit observing that the present administration seems actuated by the most earnest zeal to put an end to the horrible traffic In our treaties with the new republics of South America a clause has been introduced, binding them to unite with us in so benificent an object, and we know that great efforts are made to induce the European powers, to whom this foul reproach attaches, to join with us in putting an end to this trade in human blood. Spain, that by-word for everything odious and contemptible, is the least tractable; we hope, however, that ere long it will not have an acre of territory out of Europe, and then one of the greatest obstacles to the humane views of the British government will be removed. Cuba, as we have already stated, is at present the great mart for the sale of Negroes, and Mr. Kilbee, the active and intelligent agent of our government at the Havannah, seems to think it will be no easy matter to put an end to this unhallowed merchandise. It appears that, in order to conceal the practice of importing Negroes into Cuba, vessels, which it is known had sailed for the coast of Africa, are, on return, entered as from places where they had never touched, and as having returned in ballast. Mr. Kilbee, in a letter to the captain-general of Cuba, dated November 14, 1824, strongly remonstrates against this practice. He says:—

'In the reports which I have considered it to be my duty to make to my government

upon the subject of the illicit slave trade carried on with this island, I have always stated the many obstacles which the authorities have to encounter in their endeavours towards the suppression of that traffic; and I have felt inclined, until the introduction of the above-mentioned practice, to attribute the existence of that evil to the present state of the law, rather than to other less justifiable causes. Very improbable it certainly was, that vessels which sailed for the coast of Africa for the purposes, as they professed, of legitimate commerce, should one after another return in ballast; that others should, notwithstanding, venture to follow their example, and even the very same vessels sail again for that coast, and again return, still without one single exception, all in ballast; but, nevertheless, it was possible that they might have taken their measures so well, as effectually to elude the vigilance of those whose duty it was to examine them, and, if possible, detect the illegality of their proceedings. The case, however, appears to me to be at present different. The vessels that now sail for the coast of Africa, although no reasonable doubt can exist of the real object of their voyages, and although upon their return it is matter of notoriety and public conversation, that they disembark cargoes of Negroes on the coasts of this island, are notwithstanding officially announced as arriving in ballast from places at which, as I have before stated, there is little doubt they had not touched. No less than forty-one vessels have sailed in the course of the present year from this port alone for Africa, of which number five have already returned under the circumstances here related; and there is too much reason to believe that the papers of these have not been examined as they ought to have been. Were the papers and crews of such vessels immediately upon their arrival to undergo a rigid examination, I am confident, that not only would an end speedily be put to the practice alluded to, but the illicit slave trade carried on here would be materially checked.'

Our cruisers on this station are very active, and frequently capture Spanish vessels engaged in the illicit traffic which are usually condemned, and the slaves nominally emancipated, yet it is much feared that they are not virtually so, but are substituted for the Negroes who die in slavery; indeed, however ingenuous the Spanish government may be, it endeavours to evade the stipulations of the treaty into which it entered with this country, for the extermination of the slave trade. Mr. Kilbee declares that the abolition by Spain is merely nominal, and that 'the slave trade with the island of Cuba is now as extensive as ever it was, and is carried on with greater cruelty.' It appears that with all our care the treaty with Spain on this point is too loosely worded, and requires new modelling. We do not think it necessary to dwell on the terms of a law so much evaded, but certainly the preamble to it, issued by the King of Spain, and dated December, 1817, is a curious apology (though urged before) for the origin of the slave trade:—

'The importation of black slaves into America was among the earliest measures directed by my august predecessors for the cultivation and prosperity of those vast dominions, within a short period after their discovery. The Indians being disqualified from engaging in various useful, though laborious, occupations, by their ignorance of the accommodations of life, as well as by the small progress of civilization among them, it became necessary to intrust to arms more vigorous and more active the working of the mines, and the breaking up and tillage of the soil. This plan, which did not begeasion, but only availed itself of, the slavery already practised by the barbarous nations of Africa, with a view to save their prisoners from death, and to alleviate their melancholy condition, so far from being prejudicial to the Negroes of Africa, when transferred to America, afforded them not only the incomparable benefit of being instructed in the knowledge of the true God, and of the only religion through which that Supreme Being is desirous that his creatures should adore him, but also all the advantages attending a state of civilization, without, however, subjecting them in their slavery to hardships more intolerable than those they had endured when free in their own country.'

Ferdinand, it appears, not only deems it necessary to find an apology for his ancestor's beginning the slave trade, but he offers another for leaving it off. Alluding to his being confined in France, after abdicating his throne, he says in this royal cedula:—

'The commotions and differences which had broken out in my American dominions during my absence, engaged immediately my attention; and mediating incessantly on the measures which might be most proper for restoring good order to those remote countries, and affording them all the protection of which they are capable, I quickly discovered that an entire change had taken place in the circumstances which induced my august predecessors to permit the traffic in slaves on the African coasts, and their importation into both the Americas. In those regions a prodigious increase is perceivable in the number of indigenous Negroes, and even in that of the blacks of free condition, owing to the mildness of the government, no less than to the Christian and humane conduct pursued by the Spanish proprietors; the whites, also, are greatly augmented, from the climate being no longer so dangerous to them as it was prior to the lands being cleared of wood, and put under cultivation. Nor is the benefit which the inhabitants of Africa derived from being carried to cultivated countries any more so urgent and exclusive, since an enlightened nation has undertaken the glorious task of civilizing them in their own native land, while the general intelligence of Europe, and the spirit of humanity which has influenced its late transactions in restoring the edifice which the corrupt policy of the usurper had destroyed to its very foundations, have roused the sovereigns of Europe to a general effort for having this traffic abolished; and at the Congress of Vienna, concurring in the necessity of the abolition, they sought to bring it about by the most amicable negotiations with such powers as possessed colonies, and they met in me a disposition suited to a design so laudable.'

God forgive you, Master Ferdinand, say we; but in the whole fictions of Baron Munchausen, there is not one farther from the truth than these assertions, though many more ingenious. Alluding to the manner in which the slave trade is still carried on at Cuba, Mr. Kilbee, in a despatch to Mr. Canning, dated the 1st of January, in the present year, says:—

'Some Spanish vessels fit out in the Peninsula; and it is universally the practice of French vessels to equip themselves for the traffic in France, where they can do so more economically than here; and after disposing of their Negroes in the island, they take on board a cargo of colonial produce for some of their own ports.'

Sixty-six vessels cleared out from Cuba, for the slave trade, in the year 1824:—

'The schooner, Relampago, which was condemned by the mixed commission, is one of the smallest, even of the vessels of her own class, employed in the traffic; and she took on board one hundred and sixty-two slaves; and if she had found them, would have completed the two hundred. So that to give to each vessel two hundred and fifty as the number of slaves she was intended to carry, is a low calculation. The demand made from this island, therefore, during the same year, has been for upwards of sixteen thousand slaves.

'Undoubtedly all these vessels will not return, but, on the other hand, many come with slaves which have cleared out from European ports; this being the case with four or five of the seventeen which arrived last year.

'The very smallest vessels cost in fitting out from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; and larger ones, of course, much more. One with another, they may be safely valued at forty thousand dollars each; so that the capital employed in the trade last year was upwards of two millions and a half of dollars.

'These speculations are generally undertaken by a number of individuals, who take shares of one thousand dollars each; which shares are again not unfrequently sub-divided; you may, therefore, imagine the number of persons *directly* concerned in the traffic.'

We have already spoken in terms not more strongly than they deserve of the exertions of our government to suppress the slave trade, nor should we withhold our tribute of praise to Mr. Kilbee, our commissioner, at Cuba, of whose zeal, courage, and talent, exerted in the cause of humanity, it is impossible to speak too highly.

The fourth document, or rather series of documents on our list, is the correspondence of our government with foreign powers on the subject of the slave trade. The powers corresponded with are Spain, Portugal, Brazil, the Netherlands, and France. Nothing, perhaps, is more indicative of improper conduct than the desire of concealment; the burglar and the pickpocket have a language of their own, and the man-stealers of Cuba also conceal, or endeavour to conceal,

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their nefarious traffic, by calling dealing in slaves, trading in *ebony;* and the number of slaves, imported and stolen, are designated as so many *logs.* The French have long taken an active part in this merchandise of human flesh, and several letters have been intercepted by our cruisers, which show the mode in which it is carried on. One of these letters, from L. Dutocq and Co., dated St. Jago de Cuba, Dec. 12, 1824, and addressed to Messrs. Bastnafie and Lanviere, at Guadaloupe, contains the following offer and instructions:—

'Under the auspices of Mr. Courconeau of Bourdeaux, our friend, we have the honour of tendering *to you our services* at this place. You know, gentlemen, that the advantage which our market offers for the disposal of *ebony,* gives it a great preference over any of our other colonies; and it strikes us, that it would suit you to send to it a few shipments of that sort. We have received this year a great many cargoes of that article; on account of merchants of Nantes, and towards the end of January, we expect here other ships that have sailed from the last-mentioned port. All our sales have been attended with a favourable result; the longest credit is fourteen months. It is always difficult enough to get cash, but by making sacrifices, one may still succeed in covering the amount of the fitting out. We must, however, tell you that our town is one of those where the payments are most punctual, and our last account-sales have left a capital of more than half cash, and half at twelve months' credit. The last cargo sold here was that of the Harriette, of Nantes; three hundred and twenty-eight *logs* were disposed of on their landing (those that were damaged excepted) at two hundred and twenty-five dollars cash, payable part in cash, and part at eight, and part at twenty months' credit. This merchandise was of a very ordinary nature, and had suffered much; by getting rid of the article at once, you make a much better thing of it. Hitherto, the vessels have made the little bay, Uragua Grande, situated six leagues a head of the Morro; it is a spot where the landing is easily and conveniently effected. After the landing, the vessel enters the port, and the ——— repair to the plantation, where they are very well ——.

'It is upon this spot that the vessels must endeavour to approach, using, at the same time, a great deal of precaution, on account of the cruisers. They must guard against reconnoitering Guantanamo; and stretching along the coast, they must pass to the southward of St. Domingo, and keep in the offing. If, on making Uragua, they discover a suspicious vessel, they must immediately proceed to the Morro, and anchor under the fort with their signal flying. There they will receive instructions relative to the spot where they must land, and they may, without inconvenience, send a boat on shore. The commandant, who is devoted to us, would deliver a letter of instruction to the captain. In the event of being chased, it would be advisable for the vessel to continue her course to leeward as far as a small bay called Aramanro, which is situated about six leagues from Fort Morro, where she would meet with assistance, observing, that in a case of imminent danger, one may run ashore in the first small creek that presents itself. There are always there Indians, through whom a letter can be forwarded to town. When once the cargo is on shore, all risk is at an end.'

No house-breaker ever went more deliberately about a robbery, or was more careful to manage his plan than Messrs. Dutocq and Co., sure to ensure success in carrying on the slave trade. 'We consider, they say, in conclusion, that there is no longer any risk upon our coast, and that vessels may present themselves, with all safety, before Uragua, where we constantly keep a pilot. The sales go great with no opposition, and are carried on in some measure publicly.' We have compared the slave dealer to the burglar, he partakes also of the smuggler, not only in his cunning, but in another particular, the indemnity of his agent. It was customary, some years ago, and we doubt not it is the same now, for the smugglers, who brought hollands and tobacco to this country, to replace, either wholly or in part, any portion of the cargo purchased by the English smugglers, if it was seized and taken from them within a certain distance of the coast. Messrs. L. Dutocq and Co. act on a similar plan. It appears, that a certain Nathaniel Missenden, the proprietor of the Dutch schooner Zee Bloem, was suspected by the government of St. Eustatius, of a design to employ the vessel in the slave trade, and was called on to enter into a bond of sixteen hundred dollars, 'payable to the said government, in case the Dutch schooner Zee Bloem should at any time be found employed in the traffic of slaves.' Now, Mr. Nathaniel Missenden, we are told, is 'a much respected citizen and inhabitant, as well as a member of the council of the police of St. Eustatius,' and, therefore, we must not suspect him of anything improper; he appears, however, to have some Dutch prudence about him, for he gets an indemnity from Messrs. L. Dutocq to the amount for which he is bound, which, after acknowledging the obligation to the amount of 1600 dollars, says, 'Now should it happen that the said Nathaniel Missenden be caused to pay bond to the said government, then this obligation to stand in full force against us, otherwise to be null and void.' This bond is dated Dec. 24, 1824. We next find the said Messrs. L. Dutocq and Co. advancing 12,000 dollars to the captain of the Zee Bloem, and writing him a letter, of which the following is a copy:—'The instructions of your owner are received, by which we are directed to advise your proceeding at once in the Zee Bloem for St. Eustatius, to touch at St Thomas's, where, probably, *further instructions* may be for your government.' This letter is dated Dec. 30, 1824, six days after the bond of indemnity was given by Dutocq and Co. to the owner of the Zee Bloem. Early in January, the Zee Bloem was taken by a Colombian cruiser, and afterwards boarded by his Majesty's ship the Grecian. She was found 'with every requisite for carrying on the slave trade,' having on board 'hand-shackles and bolts, and implements for confining slaves.' During the chase, the Zee Bloem threw overboard a set of papers; and there is no doubt, as Admiral Halsted, in a despatch, says, that the Zee Bloem having landed a cargo of slaves at Cuba, was proceeding to St. Eustatius, preparatory to making another voyage to the coast.

We need not, however, feel surprised that Spain encourages the slave trade in its colonies, when Negroes are openly sold in the mother country, and advertised, like other vendible commodities. In the *Diario Mercantil de Cadiz* of May 5 and Sept. 17, 1824, we find two advertisements, of which the following are translations:—

'A person, at the Three Kings Inn, wishes to purchase a Negro and Negress, possessed of good qualities for domestic service.'

'On sale, a Negress, of upwards of fourteen years of age; she is a native of Havanna, can sew well and embroider, is sound, and without any defect whatever. Any persons desirous of purchasing her, may apply to No. 9, St. Lucy, Broad Street, Port St. Mary's.'

In consequence of the first advertisement, a Negress was brought for sale to 'The Three Kings,' and there sold for two hundred and eighty dollars. In the latter case, the girl was also sold.

(To be continued.)

Solitary Musings. By Ann Webster. 12mo, pp. 85, London, 1825. Kershaw.

These musings may well be termed solitary, since they are those of a lady to whom the world is dark and void, labouring under a total loss of sight, occasioned by an accident when in the eighth year of her age; with the loss of sight the pleasures of health also fled, and thus deprived of those enjoyments which we never sufficiently prize, until they are lost, she took to that best resource, to the cultivation of her mind, and her success is seen in the work before us.

These poems, which are generally of a moral and plaintive character, commence with the longest acrostic we ever met with, since it embraces the whole of the Lord's Prayer. The constraint of an acrostic does not appear to have had much effect on Miss Webster, for the poem is really very harmonious and pathetic. The smaller pieces are generally very pretty, and display all that Miss Webster aims at—good sense, moral purity, and correctness of style; with no inconsiderable portion of spirit. One of these we subjoin, as a specimen of the author's feeling and talents:—

'VERSES FOR THE POOR'S CALENDARIUM, English Almanack, 1825.

'Hail! sacred source of inexhausted light!
Fountain of good! at whose supreme decree,
Aurora's beams burst on chaotic night;
Our life derive'd, and still upheld by thee,
The great first cause, Almighty Lord of all,
Without whose piercing glance a sparrow cannot fall.

'Creation vast, with animation fraught,
Proclaims thy peerless might, thy matchless skill,
In works surpassing far all human thought:
The winds, the storms, obey thy sovereign will,

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And own thee Lord; while seas, at thy command,
Rush with impetuous force, and wash th' indented strand.
'The watery tribes that swell the rolling wave,
To man display Jehovah's wondrous power;
But can the whale, from ocean's deepest cave,
Which, fouming, rises like some mighty tower,
Can he the Deity more glorify?
Than animalcula, that mock man's feeble eye!
'The cuckoo's welcome note,—the blackbird's lay,—
The strains which from the feather'd songsters flow,
That usher in the morn, or close the day,
Inspire a joy which stoics cannot know;
While we admire the stately ostrich nod,
We in the wren behold the workmanship of God.
'In vernal green all vegetation shows
The great munificence of God to man;
The mighty oak, the humblest weed that grows,
Alike proclaim their form was heaven's high plan;
While blooming groves our admiration raise,
Each lowly blade demands our equal song of praise.
'Can the grim tiger, wolf, or sullen bear,
The fierce hyena, or the trackless plains,
Or the proud lion, destitute of fear,
That roams the woods, and unmolested reigns,
More of the great Creator's power display,
Than inoffensive lambs, which in our meadows play?
'Hail, hated reptile race, abhorr'd by all,
Ye, too, deserve the muse-admiring strain;
Once lovely,—now deform'd through Adam's fall;
Sin made you vicious, and subject to pain:
Ye serpents,—lizards,—toads,—that crawl the land,
We hail you, creatures, form'd by an Almighty hand.
'The rip'ning ear, that bends beneath the sun,
To fallen man shows God's beneficence;
Th' electric flash,—th' expansive vacuum,—
The gathering gloom,—speak God's omnipotence;
While rolling thunder his dread sway maintains,
Then trembling mortals own, the Lord Jehovah reigns.
'Hail, beauteous snail, with eyes exalted high;
Above thy fellows of the vermin race;
Sweet home, enstaceous shelter, ever nigh,
And from a thousand ills a hiding-place;
Form'd by His hand, that spread the azure sky,
Who sees beneath man's foot, the worm unpitied die.
'The insect tribe, which man so much despise,
The contemplative mind views with delight;
Traces the larva to perfection rise,
In each discovers wisdom infinite;
Beholds lampyris noctiluca shine,
While polypi exclaim, "our author is divine."
'While fleecy winter mounts his gelid car,
In hyperborean regions,—winds and storms,
His train attendants spread his name afar
To distant lands: some thousand different forms
In water crystallis'd,—of plant,—shrub,—flower,—
Sublime, though short-liv'd, proof of an unbounded power.
Hail! sacred source of inexhausted light,
Fountain of life!—at whose supreme command,
In form,—in beauty,—order,—infinite,—
Ten thousand beings crowd the sea and land;
Man's feeble mind attempts in vain to sing
Thy wondrous power display'd in vast creation's plan!'

The Pictures: The Betrothing. Novels. Translated from the German of Ludwig Tieck. 12mo. pp. 255. London, 1825. The name of Tieck stands deservedly high in German literature, which of late years has assumed an importance which it did not before possess. The tales of The Pictures and The Betrothing, two very clever novelettes, are preceded by a long and well-written, though somewhat tedious preface, by the translator, the object of which does not seem very apparent, although it contains a good view of the change in the literature of Germany. The first novel is a very clever satire on that conflict of opinions which prevails in Germany as to the old and modern schools of painting: the irony is extremely good, and the whole novel not only possesses many happy touches but is interesting.

The second novel has, for its object, to expose those perversions and exaggerations of religious feeling in Germany, which are at war with the fine arts; this the author does very happily; and the two tales present a vivid picture of German feeling and prejudice. We know not where to find an extract that will do justice to the author; but the reader will perhaps be amused with the following discussions of a set of topers, on wine, physiognomy, &c.—

'It is a stupid notion to believe that wine produces immediately of itself all the operations which we ascribe to it; no, as I was saying, its scent and breath only awaken the qualities which are dormant in us. Now rush forth powers, feelings, and transports, when they are steeped in its juices. Do you suppose, then, that throughout the whole range of art and science the case is otherwise? I need not propound anew the old Platonic idea. Raphael and Correggio and Titian do but rouse my own self that slumbers in forgetfulness, and though the greatest genius, the deepest feeling of art, cannot, with all their imagination, invent the images which are presented to them by the great masters, yet these works themselves do but awaken old reminiscences. Hence, too, the thirst after new intellectual enjoyments, which else would not be commendable; hence the wish to discover the unknown, to produce the original, which otherwise were senseless. For we have a presentiment of the infinity of knowledge within us; that prophetic mirror of eternity, and of what this eternity may become to us, an incessant increase of knowledge, that collects itself in the centre of a celestial tranquillity, and hence extends to new regions. And for this very reason, my dear brother topers, there must be a multitude and a variety of wines.

'"And which do you prefer?" asked Dietrich. "Is there not in this as in other things, the classical and perfect, the modern and trivial, the mannered and affected, the lovely old and simply plain, the hearty and the emptily bombastic?"

'"Youngster," said the old man, "this question is too complicat d: it presupposes immense experience, historical survey, rejection of prejudice, and a taste matured in all directions, one that can only be fixed and fried by length of years, continued labour, and indefatigable study, as well as the instruments required for them, which are not in every man's hands. A few encyclopedical remarks will suffice. Almost every wine has its good qualities, almost all deserve to be known. If in our country the Neckar exists scarcely for any purpose but to quench the thirst, the Würzburger now rises to the character of a generous wine, and the various superior sorts of Rhenish do not admit of being hastily characterized. You have had them before you, and tasted them. Duly to celebrate these noble streams, from the light Laubenheimer to the strong Niersteiner, the mighty Rüdesheimer and the perfumed Hochheimer, with all their kindred floods, is a task to which there belongs more than the tongue of a Redi, who, in his Tuscan Dithyrambic, has raved but indifferently. These spirits pass down the palate pure and clear, refreshing the sense and refining the faculties. If I should illustrate them, it would be by the calm maturity of first-rate writers,—warmth and richness, without extravagance of fancy and deadening allegory. What is the hotter Burgundy to him who can bear it? It descends into us like immediate inspiration; heavy, sanguine, and violent, it rouses our spirits. The wine of Bourdeaux, on the other hand, is cheerful, loquacious; enlivens, but does not inspire. More luxuriant and quaint are the creations of Provence and the poetical Languedoc. Then comes hot Spain, with its Sherries and right Malaga, and the glowing wines of Valencia. Here the wine-stream, as we taste it, transforms itself upon our palates into a globular shape, which rounds and widens more and more, and in Tokay and St. George-Ausbruch it assumes this appearance still more substantially and emphatically. How are the mouth and palate and the whole sense of pleasure filled by a single drop of the most generous Cape wine! These wines the connoisseur must only sip and palate, and not drink like our noble Rhenish. What am I to say of you, ye sweetest growths of Italy, and particularly of Tuscany, thou most spirited Monte-Pascone, thou truly melting Monte-Pulciano? Well, taste then, my friends, and understand me! But thee I could not produce, thee, king of all wines, thee, roseate Aleatico, flower and essence of all the spirit of wine, milk and wine, bloom and sweetness, fire and softness together! This curiosity is not to be drunk, tasted, sipped, or palated; but the man who is blest with it unfolds a new organ, which may not be described to the ignorant and sober."—Here he broke off with emotion, and dried his eyes.

'"So, then, my presentiment was right," cried Dietrich with enthusiasm: "This is in the realm of wine, what old Eyck or Hemling, perhaps, too, brother Giovanni di Fiesole, are among painters. Such is the relish

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of that sweetly moving and deep colouring, which, without shade, is still so true, without white so dazzling and thrilling. So does the purple of their drapery satiate and intoxicate, and so is its fire allayed and softened by the mild blue, the fancy breeding violet. All is one, and harmonious in our souls."

"Except Eulenbock's nose," cried the librarian, quite drunk: "that has no touch of scarlet, no transition in its tones, to blend it with the face: the dark red purple roasts in its magic kitchen; as the beet-root waxes red under ground in the realms of dump night, though quite secluded from the sun. Can this excrescence belong to the life? Can the god of wine so have pampered it? Never! It is a clumsy shell, an ugly case for malice and lies."

"Puffy emptiness," cried the bookseller, "brittle splendour, frail mortality! And there it stands, curved and tottering on the undermined face, so that, with its bulk, it may soon press down the whole man in ruins. Man! whence didst get this unconscionably wry nose?"

"Peace, crocodile!" bawled Eulenbock, violently thumping the table: "will this vermin reform the world? Every nose has its history, ye nostrum-mongers! Do the addle-headed creatures suppose, that the smallest event is not subservient as a link to the necessity of eternal laws? For my nose, as it is, I am indebted to my barber."

"Tell us, old boy," cried the young people.

"Patience!" said the painter. "The science of physiognomy will always continue a fallacious one, for the very reason that too little regard is paid to barbers, taverns, and other historical circumstances. The face is indeed the expression of the soul, but it suffers remarkably under the way in which it is treated. The brow from its solidity is best off, if a man does not use himself to paint all his little passions, vexation, and uneasiness, by folds upon its surface. See how noble is our Edward's, and how much more handsome yet it would be, if the young fellow had thought and employed himself more! The eyes, in consequence of their alertness, running to and fro, likewise preserve themselves tolerably in their play, unless a man weeps them out, like our crocodile friend there. The mouth now is worse off; that is soon worn down by chattering and unmeaning smiles, as is the case with our worthy librarian; if a man besides wipes it to excess after eating and drinking, its character soon grows undiscernible, especially if from false shame one keeps always curling the lips inward, like our excellent puritan, who probably pronounces their redness lying and unprofitable parade. But the nose, the poor nose, which puts itself forward above all other parts, which distinguishes or unhappy men from all brutes, in whom mouth and snout meet in such friendly union, and which in man is made, like the Hocker and the Blockelberg, the place for all witches and evil spirits, to hold their revels: it is not in most men, merely on account of the cold air and a catarrh, turned into a cave of Æolus, and hauled, pulled, stretched, and moulded, till it becomes a sounding horn and a battle-trumpet! Is not its pliancy and capacity of education abused, to make almost elephants' trunks and turkeycocks' bills out of it? More pious souls again press it down and squeeze its arrogance into miserable deformities. All this I saw betimes and spared my nose, yet I could not escape my destiny. I grew up and old with my barber, one of my most intimate friends. This artist, as he turned from one side of my face to the other, used, during this change of position, in order to have a fulcrum, to apply the edge of the razor below to my throat, and pressing and leaning upon this rapidly to gain the other side. This appeared to me alarming. He might slip or stumble, in which case he would in all probability make an incision with the thing supported into its supporter, and my face he unshaved at his feet. For this a remedy was to be contrived. He meditated, and like a true genius, found no difficulty in altering his system and his manner. That is to say, he grasped my nose with his fingers, which gave him the advantage of being able to support himself and rest much longer upon it, and drew it forcibly upwards, particularly as he was shaving my upper lip, and so we gazed on each other's eyes, one heart close to the other, and the razor worked with a deliberate and steady action. It happened, however, that my friend had always owned one of the most remarkable faces in the world, which the vulgar is used to call frightful, distorted, and ugly; he had besides the habit of making grimaces, and ogled me with such cordiality, that at every sitting I could not help answering him, and, being so close to him, involuntarily imitated his other oddities. If he hauled up my nose to an inordinate height, he in return, in order to reach the corners of my mouth with the instrument of his art, pulled my lips and mouth violently across. When in this mechanical manner he had forced a seeming smile upon my countenance, his laugh made me, so amiable, friendly, cordial, and affecting, that often out of painful sympathy, and merely to stifle a wicked laugh, the tears came into my eyes. "Man! Barber friend!" I exclaimed: "withhold that benignant contraction of thy muscles; I am not smiling, thou dost but pull the corners of my mouth apart like a sponge." "It boots not," answered the honest soul, "thy winning graces in that smile force me to return them. Well, so we grinned at one another like apes for minutes together."

"I observed at the end of twelve weeks a striking alteration in my physiognomy. The nose mounted and towered aloft prodigiously, as if it would proclaim war upon my eyes and forehead, not to take into account the really ugly contortions of the cheeks and lips, which, however, I could not drop, because I had received them as a memento from my friend. I pressed the aspiring nose down again, and once more represented my generous friend. Now, however, good counsel seemed scarce, and an expedient hardly possible. Still he resolved, a second Raphael, to adopt a third unexceptionable manner, and after a few struggles he succeeded, having beforehand cautiously ascertained towards which side the operation might be most advantageously directed, in twisting my nose as he rested upon it; and at this point we remained stationary, and thus inevitable fate has bent it for me; my true face, towards which my development instinctively tended, has furrowed me with these folds, and deep research and speculation, flaming enthusiasm and glowing love for goodness and excellence, have finally worn this red tissue over the whole."

Loud laughter had accompanied this narrative. The librarian now impetuously demanded Champagne, and the bookseller bawled for punch. Eulenbock, however, cried out, "Oh! ye vulgar souls! After this heavenly ladder which I have made you climb, to take a look into Paradise, can so ignoble, mannered, modern, and witless a spirit as this punch, as it is called, enter even into the remotest corner of your memory? This wretched brewage of hot water, bad brandy, and lemon acid? And what have we to do in our circle with this diplomatic, sober potation, this Champagne? A liquor that does not expand the heart and the intellect, and, after a half debauch, can but serve, at the utmost, to sober one again? Oh! ye profane ones!" He thumped the table; and the rest, with the exception of Edward, answered this gesture so violently, that with the concussion the bottles danced, and several glasses fell in shivers on the floor. Hereupon the laughter and tumult became still louder; a start was made to fetch fresh glasses, and Dietrich cried, "It is grown cold here, cold as ice, and that the punch will remedy."

Public Education. Plans for the Government and Liberal Instruction of Boys in Large Numbers, as practised at Hazelwood School. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 290. London, 1827. C. Knight.

THERE is, perhaps, no portion of our lives so important as that which is devoted to the business of education; it often makes or mars us for ever. By education we do not mean a mere acquisition of a knowledge of languages or sciences, but as it is the period when the man is to be formed, the utmost care ought to be taken that the studies and attainments of youth be directed to proper objects, and that with a knowledge of books he may not neglect that proper study of mankind—man, and when he goes into the world he may not seem a perfect stranger there.

The school at Hazelwood, near Birmingham, has long been celebrated for its excellent discipline, of which this volume gives a detailed account. The object of the authors is not to lay down a general plan of education, but to offer a system for the instruction and government of boys at school. "We endeavour," say they "to teach our pupils the arts of self-government and self-education. So far from supposing education to cease at school or at college, we look forward to the moment, when our pupils become their own masters, in that in which the most important branch commences." We shall however let the authors speak more at length in the following sketch of the outline of their system

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and reserve further remarks to our next.—

'The two great departments of education are, government and instruction. We shall, first speak of the government of our school. The principle on which we have acted has been to leave, as much as possible, all power in the hands of the boys themselves. To this end we permit them to elect a committee from their own body, in which the laws of the school are proposed, discussed, and enacted,—the teachers having the regulation only of the routine of exercises, and the hours appointed for their performance; and these powers are not exercised individually, but by acts of the whole body, meeting in conference.

'Our judicial establishment consists of a jury-court, over which a judge presides. Slight offences are disposed of by a magistrate, who is at the head of a small but vigorous police. The executive department consists of various officers, who, with the judge and magistrate, are appointed from time to time by the committee. These officers are treasurers of various funds raised in the school —one for charitable purposes, another for the purchase of books and instruments, and a third for the purchase and repair of gymnastic apparatus. Each of these little institutions has its president, secretary, and committee. We have also conservators of the school property, who have the care of the books, drawings, and instruments, belonging to the general body. We have many officers for the preservation of order. Each dormitory has its prefect, and during school hours, and at meals, *silentiarier* are employed.

'In the choice of our rewards and punishments, we have aimed at making them as slight as is consistent with their being effective. Under the conviction that all such artificial excitements are objectionable, inasmuch as they interfere with the great principle of self-government, and are therefore only to be justified by necessity.

'Our rewards consist of a few prizes, given at the end of each half-year, to those whose exertions have obtained for them the highest rank in the school, and of certain marks, which are gained by superiority in the classes, by fulfilling the duties of the various offices, and by the performance of voluntary labour during the pupil's leisure hours. These marks are of two kinds: the most valuable, called personal marks, can only be obtained by successful exertions of a high order; these will purchase a holiday. The others, called transferable marks, may be obtained by performances less perfect. These have their value, in being the general medium for the discharge of penalties. The transferable marks consist of counters of various denominations, while the personal marks exist only in record. Our punishments are fine, and sometimes, though very rarely, short imprisonment. Impositions, public disgrace, and corporeal pain, have been for many years discarded.

'To obtain rank is an object of great ambition among the boys; with us it is entirely dependant on their conduct and acquirements; and our arrangements, according to excellence, are so frequent, that no one can maintain a respectable station without constant exertion and watchfulness.

'The employments of the pupils in the acquisition of knowledge may be arranged under two general heads,—those which are merely instrumental to an ulterior object, as writing copies, and parsing; and those which are not only useful as a means, but valuable as an end, such as taking reports of lectures, in which, while the pupil is exercised in penmanship, orthography, and composition, he is laying up a store of knowledge valuable in itself. To these divisions of employment, a third must in most schools be added, comprehending such acts as are necessary to order and discipline; as calling a roll, recording the names of absentees, &c. Considered as exercises, these latter duties, as usually performed, contribute but little, if at all, to forward the pupil's education. Our aim has been to diminish the first head, increase the second, and annihilate the third: this last object has been effected, by taking care that all the acts here contemplated shall be performed with so much precision, and shall employ so many of the pupils as to become useful occupations, and thereby to range fairly under one of the former heads. Almost all our movements are made to military step, and several of them to the sound of music. Thus the boys learn to march with precision, and become attentive to the word of command, while many of them learn to play very respectably on various instruments.

'The whole business of our government, complex as it necessarily is, must of course be replete with occupation of this kind; so that even those who, differing from us, may think our regulations are unnecessarily numerous and minute, considered merely as laws, will perhaps be of opinion that, as furnishing the means of useful exercise, they are capable of justification.

'We consider it important that instruction should, as much as possible, be social: we have, therefore, divided the school into classes; by which the teacher may be enabled to afford time for copious explanation. The principle upon which a class is formed is, that it should contain no student who is not on a par, or nearly so, with his fellows; consequently, a different division has been made for each branch of study; since a boy, as a linguist, may hold a very different rank to what he may justly claim as a mathematician.

'Economy of time is a matter of importance with us: we look upon all restraint as a evil, and, in young persons, a very serious evil; we are, therefore, constantly in search of means for ensuring the effective employment of every minute which is spent in the school-room, that the boys may have ample time for exercise in the open air. The middle state between work and play is extremely unfavourable to the formation of good habits; we have succeeded, by great attention to order and regularly, in reducing it almost to nothing.

'In early youth the power of applying to one task for any great length of time, or of remaining with comfort in one position, is very limited; we, therefore, change the place and occupation of our pupils much more frequently than is generally done: but, at the same time, as it is important to them to acquire the habit of continued application, we have so arranged our exercises that the upper classes remain stationary for a much longer period than their juniors.

'We are careful to lose no opportunity of providing motives and means for self-instruction; thoroughly convinced that the great maxim of education ought to be—"It is better to learn than to be taught." One motive for voluntary employment has been already pointed out. No fair occasion is overlooked for exemplifying and insisting upon the advantages of possessing knowledge; and we are careful that no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of any boy who is anxious to avail himself of his opportunities for private study. The library of the school is of some extent, and is constantly increasing; partly from the fund already adverted to, and partly from the presents which are made, from time to time, by the friends of the system. We have literally hidden the walls of several of our largest rooms with maps, plans, and prints of various descriptions. We are collecting busts, we are adding largely to our philosophical apparatus; and we hope our modellers and handicraftsmen will be soon able to construct models of buildings and machines, ancient and modern.

'We have a printing press, which we find a great auxiliary, as it furnishes a pleasant and useful employment for many boys. If any one is peculiarly deficient in his knowledge of orthography or punctuation, he may soon be induced to cure himself by a course of printing. A little magazine is written and printed in the school, which is now and then embellished by etchings executed among the pupils.

'The improvement of the bodily powers is not forgotten. Gymnastics form a regular branch of the school exercises. Our playgrounds are extensive, and supplied with gymnastic apparatus, and we have a swimming bath.

'From the foregoing sketch the reader, we hope, will perceive that we have taken some pains to render the life of a schoolboy as happy in progress as it generally is in recollection; and if our evidence can be admitted, we shall have no hesitation in saying, that our endeavours to this effect have been rewarded with a degree of success beyond our most sanguine expectations.'

The Maid of the Greek Isle; Lyrics, &c. 12mo. pp. 87. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

We believe it was Barrington the pick-pocket, who, on writing a sonnet, said, love made every man a rhymer, though not a poet. It is probable that the fellow stole this observation as he did the purses and snuff-boxes which he accumulated in his vocation; be this as it may, the little volume before us is a proof of the truth of his remark, since the author confesses that he never wrote a line of poetry till he was in love; we will not add, 'nor since,'—because some of the poems, no matter to us when or under what circumstances written, are pretty. We are afraid we cannot award them a higher praise,

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though, perhaps, our readers may, on perusal of the following lines on a young lady, who 'died in her nineteenth year of a decline, occasioned by excessive grief for the death of her brother.' The author, who appears to write very fervidly on the subject, says, 'Heaven was entwining a wreath to adorn its tree of eternal life, and wanting a fairer flower than the spirees above could supply, took Mary M—— to set.' We say nothing of the compliment, since it may be true, or perhaps the fiction of the poet and the lover.

'Mary, I've seen thy form decay
'Neath languor's wasting blight,
As breath of winter, day by day,
Scatters the tree's green leaves away,
That late so charm'd the sight.

'That eye which once with summer shone
To deck a throw as graced,
Now lights that cheek, whose glory's gone,
Like moonlight pine tint coldly wan
On winter's snowy waste.

'Still dearest girl upon that face
Though beauty's sun be set,
Still—grief, decay, cannot erase
The soul-driven charm, the soften'd grace,
That smiles there sweetly yet.

'Loveliness of more witching power
Than beauty's brightest ray,
And Mary! in this wo-worn hour
Thou charmest most, like sculptured tower
That's mould'ring fast away.

'And as the ivy's closest twined
Round such decay-wrought grace,
As falling stone, as rent of wind,
But serves that ivy's wreaths to bind,
Another close embrace.—

'Thus, thus as wained that lovely form,
My soul's affection spread,
And round that wreck of Jeanne's storm
Has circled an endearment warm,
For each bright tint that's fled.

'But vain, alas! our feelings try
To shield the gems they shrine;
Full soon thou'll breathe life's parting sigh,
And with thy buried heart will lie
The better half of mine.

'I will not say "I'd have thee live,"
For that indeed were vain;
Alas! if prayers were creative,
Thou ne'er hadst sigh'd,—I'd wishes give,
Thou ne'er wilt sigh again.—

'Then, shall I say "how much I weep
Thy early death?" No, no—
'Twould only mock the tears that steep
My brightest hours, like drops that creep
From melting mounds of snow.

'But I will say, "when thou art gone,
How dear thy name shall be—
That each year rolling slowly on
Shall find me, like the former one,
Still thinking but of thee;—

'"That when enjoyments round me beam,
My heart will muse the while
Upon that short yet witching dream,
That once was ours, when life's young stream
Was gilded with thy smile."

'But while my thoughts, with quenchless care,
Round thy remembrance twine,
Oh! shall the past our memories share;
Or think I but of ours who ne'er
Recalls a trace of mine?—

'Say, when those lips whose kiss has bless'd
Mine own for evermore,—
When mute, thy mute, that now is press'd
All trembling to my aching breast,
Shall loose the spells they bore:—

'Say, Mary, when to thee is given
Unfaded bliss above,
With those, amid the bowers of heaven,
Ever think of him thy love has riven
Of first and only love?—

'Will those, if thou be fondest in not
Ever quit a happier sphere,
To hover o'er the earthly spot,
Where fate has fix'd the lonely lot
Of him who lingers here?—

'Thou wilt—those tearful eyes esteem
The "yes" their tears withhold;
That swimming look of tenderness
Tells me thy spirit still will bless
My path, though thou art cold.

'Then, when that star in western blue,
So often watch'd with thee,
Beams on my solitary view,
I'll think thy spirit smiles there too
A blessing down on me.

'And though life's sky be overcast
With Fate's joy-withering glooms,
Still, with thy hallowing presence graced,
'Twill yet seem sweet, like leafless waste
The faded rose perfumes.'

The History of the Abbey, Palace, and Chapel Royal, of Holyrood House; including a Description of the Buildings as they now exist: with an Account of the Sanctuary for Insolvent Debtors. Illustrated by a Plan and several elegant Engravings. 3rd Edition, 8vo. pp. 118. Edinburgh, 1825. Petrie.

A PALACE, like a prophet, seems not to be without honour, save in its or his native country. The Scotch, with all their devotion to the house of Stuart, have suffered the palace, where so many of that race were cradled, to crumble into ruins, while an ingenious foreigner has made as much money by exhibiting a view of a part of it, the chapel, in Paris and London, as would have repaired the original. We allude, of course, to the beautiful diorama of the chapel, now on view in the Regent's Park. Burns in his life-time, asked for bread, this the Scotch aristocracy refused, and now add stones to his cairn. Holyrood Palace has long asked for stones, but it appears to have appealed to "men of stone," so far as feeling goes, for they suffered this once splendid building to sink into such utter neglect, that even the regalia was unconsciously immured in one of its rooms for a couple of centuries. Report sometime ago stated that there was an intention on the part of government to repair the palace; but what an opportunity for a display of its attachment to the reigning prince has the modern Athens, if it would anticipate the wishes of ministers or the sovereign, and make it worthy the occasional residence of majesty.

Some account of this palace having already been given in the *Literary Chronicle* (No. 168), supersedes in some degree this work, which is a sort of history and guide, sold by the person who exhibits the Chapel Royal &c, at the moderate price of six shillings and sixpence. The work gives but a poor account of the palace, the abbey, and the chapel, including historical or antiquarian notices. It is not less curious than true, that most of the ancient clerical structures were founded as a penance for some real or imputed crime, or from gratitude for some deliverance, and not from a voluntary wish to extend Christianity. The origin of the abbey of Holyrood is thus stated.—

'This monastery of *Sancta Crucis, or Holyrood*, was founded by David I. of Scotland, A. D. 1128, and, like most other religious establishments of the dark ages, originated in superstition. The account generally given is, that it was established by that monarch, to perpetuate the memory of a miraculous interposition of heaven, said to have been manifested in his favour. This event is narrated by the historians of those times, with all their usual enthusiasm when treating of such subjects.

'"The king," say they, "while hunting in the forest of Drumselch, one of the royal forests, which surrounded the rocks and hills to the east of the city of Edinburgh, on Rood-day, or exaltation of the cross, was attacked by a stag, and would, in all probability, have fallen a sacrifice to the enraged animal, which overbore both him and his horse (as his attendants were left at a considerable distance behind), when to him an arm, wreathed in a dark cloud, and displaying a cross of the most dazzling brilliancy, was interposed between them, and the affrighted animal fled to the recesses of the forest in the greatest confusion. This having put an end to the chase, the monarch repaired to the castle of Edinburgh; where, during the night, in a dream, he was advised, as an act of gratitude for his deliverance, to erect an abbey, or house for canons regular, upon the spot where this miraculous interposition had taken place."

'In obedience to this visionary command, the king endowed this monastery for canons regular of the Augustine order, a colony of whom he brought from an abbey of the same kind at St. Andrews, and dedicated his new establishment to the honour of the said cross. The celestial relict having been left in his possession, was enshrined in silver, and placed with great pomp and ceremony upon the high altar, where it remained for ages a source of riches and comfort to its numerous devotees, till the fatal battle of Durham, A. D. 1436, when its virtues appear to have deserted its possessors, as it there fell into the hands of the English, and was long preserved by them with zealous veneration in the cathedral church of Durham. The texture of this celestial cross was of such a nature, that none could tell of what materials it was composed; and, in the lapse of ages, it has hitherto eluded the search of the antiquarian.'

This abbey was frequently exposed to the rage of conquest and the fury of savage depredations.—

'In August, 1332, when Edward the Third's army was about to retire into England, the soldiers, inspired by a principle of zealous devastation, laid waste the precincts of this sacred asylum, despoiling the shrines, and carrying off the vessels of gold and silver used in the solemnities of their appointed

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festivals. Not content with this sacrilegious plunder, they committed every outrage upon the trembling unoffending inmates of its venerable cloisters. This monastery was also burnt down A. D. 1305, when the furious Richard II. made his descent upon Scotland.'

'In April 1544, during the irruption of the Earl of Hertford, this abbey, together with the adjacent palace, were nearly reduced to ashes by the fury of his imprincipled soldiery. The choir and transept of the church were then destroyed, and nothing left standing but the nave, of which the ruins only now remain. At this time the brazen font of curious workmanship, ornamented with scripture subjects, and in which the children of the kings of Scotland were usually baptised, was carried off by Sir Richard Lea, the captain of the English pioneers, who presented it to the church of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, after he had caused the following haughty and imperious inscription to be engraven upon it:—

'"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, knight, saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service, even to the meanest of the English nation. *Lea, the conqueror*, hath so commanded. Adieu, A. D. 1543, in the 26th year of King Henry VIII."

There are several monuments in the abbey-church, with some curious epitaphs. The following is the only one we shall select:—

'RICHARD AND ROBERT HENDERSON.

"Two brethren, Hendersons, here lye below,
Sons to Alexander Henderson, Gardiner;
Struck in the prime of youth by Death's sad blow.
Richard could write and read, Robert could cure.
Their arts, strength, stature, seem'd them to secure
Longer from this attack; but we may see,
Nothing impedes the course of destinie.
Richard died the 30th Nov. 1677; his age 33.
Robert died 21st June, 1680; his age 23."'

This work does not offer much temptation in the way of extract, and we shall, therefore, only draw upon it for a notice of the environs of the palace, including Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags:—

'Adjoining to the palace of Holyrood House, upon the east, south, and south-west, there is an extensive park, which was first enclosed by King James V. with a high stone wall. It embraces a circuit of about four miles and a quarter, and formed the ancient sanctuary for the protection of criminals, that was attached as a "city of refuge" to the abbey of Sancta Crucis. The whole of this park still affords an asylum to insolvent debtors, whose persons dare not be seized at the instance of their creditors, so long as they reside within its precincts.

'The spacious range "is of a very singular nature to be in the immediate vicinity of a populous city, being little else than an assemblage of hills, rocks, precipices, morasses, and lakes." It includes the hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, which are separated from each other by a deep valley, in the bottom of which is a morass. Arthur's Seat is the largest of these hills, and rises into several tops, which are particularly delineated on the accompanying plan. The highest of these tops, or Arthur's Seat proper, overlooks Salisbury Crags, and is a beautiful hill of a conical form, rising gradually on the side next the palace, according to a late measurement, to the height of eight hundred and twenty-two feet above the level of the sea. Salisbury Crags form the western extremity of the lower hill, which is situated immediately under the rocky top of Arthur's Seat. They present a semicircular body of rocks and precipices, the summit of which is easily reached at the south and north extremities by a gentle acclivity, and affords a good panoramic view of the city of Edinburgh and suburbs. But "immediately upon descending eastward into the valley, the view of Edinburgh is totally lost; the imperial prospect of the city and castle, which these rocks in a manner overhang, is intercepted by Salisbury Crags. Seldom are human beings to be met in this lonely vale, or any creatures to be seen, but the sheep feeding on the mountain, and the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks." Both hills, when viewed at a little distance to the west and north-west, bear a considerable resemblance to a lion couchant, or the head and back of a camel.

'Great basaltic columns, from forty to fifty feet in length, and about three feet in diameter, regularly pantagonal or hexagonal, hang down the face of the cliffs to the south, with a gentle slope, and are vulgarly called Sampson's Ribs. To the east of this stratum is a quarry of whinstone; and to the south, several springs of water, called the Wells of Wearie. Considerable quantities of stone from these rocks were formerly cut and sent to London, for paving the streets; its great hardness rendering it excellent for that purpose. Among these rocks are rich ores and spar, with a great variety of rock plants, which afford an excellent field to the enlightened gentleman and naturalist. Amethysts and other precious stones have been occasionally found among them. Beneath and around these hills are some beautiful walks, which afford an easy and romantic retreat, both to the citizen after the bustle of public life, and to the student in his hours of leisure or relaxation; all of which are within the range of the park or sanctuary. There is also a very fine echo, that distinctly reiterates the voice three times. At the foot of one of those disjointed rocks that extend along the south-west corner of the park, is one near to where the Powder Magazine was lately erected, called the Echoing Rock, and is the favourite resort of the lover and the musician in the calm of a summer evening. Thence, when all nature is in unison around, the tones of the bugle or flute are frequently heard softly swelling, and blending into a variety of soothing sounds.'

The engravings, which are the best portion of this work, are very passable.

Statistical Illustrations of the Territorial Extent and Population, Commerce, Taxation, Consumption, Insolvency, Pauperism, and Crime, of the British Empire. 8vo. London, 1825. Miller.

This is one of the most valuable and laborious little works which has been put into our hands for a long time: it comprises, in the short space of about one hundred pages, all the information which has been laid before Parliament, for upwards of forty years, on the highly-interesting subjects mentioned in the title—information diffused, without order or arrangement, through more than one hundred folio volumes of journals and papers, and which nothing short of the most dogged perseverance and love of method could have compressed into so small a compass. To quote the motto on the title-page, 'every line of it is a manual, and every page a history,' of the most interesting and instructive nature. To those who wish to possess a work to which they can refer with the utmost ease and facility, for the most correct and best-authenticated statement on the various important subjects of which it treats, the volume is truly invaluable; while those who are of opinion that moral and political economy can be most satisfactorily studied in a series of undeniated facts, will find in it the *material* of reflection and induction prepared for them in a clear and accessible shape.

In an age like the present, characterized, perhaps, as much as any preceding one, by a decided enmity to everything requiring the labour of thought and reflection, and, by consequence, deeply enamoured of novels, silly tales, and more silly poetry, we can *hardly* expect that a work like the present, however meritorious in point of labour and arrangement, will meet with adequate attention; but sure we are, that if the statements which are here presented to the public were more generally and attentively studied, we should have not only more sound legislation, but bear much less of the foolish theories and unfounded speculations of the *soi-disant* moral and political philosophers of the day.

While we are desirous, however, for many cogent reasons, to bestow all due praise on the correct statements contained in this little volume, and the immense labour which their compilation and arrangement must have cost, we must enter our caveat against many of the inferences which have been drawn from them. For instance, it is attempted to be shown that a much greater quantity of merchandise has been, for several years, annually exported from this country than has been imported. Now we are of opinion that a very simple examination of the matter must have convinced any one (however much the apparent amount of exports and imports might have militated against it), that for every shipment exported an equivalent value, in some shape or other, must have been imported; for, as the whole matter ultimately resolves itself into a simple transaction of exchange between individuals, it is not to be credited that any British merchant would continue an export trade at an annual and certain loss of ten or fifteen per cent. on each transaction, without in a very short period

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finding his way into the insolvent list. On turning, however, to the list of commissions of bankruptcy in different years, we find that instead of having increased in number (as they ought to have done if the above inference had been correct) they have gradually diminished since 1816; and that by the return of 1823, there were only one thousand and seventy, being twenty less than in 1802, and not half of those in 1811, 12, and 13—a sure token, in our opinion, of the increasing prosperity of the country, and of a fair profit having been realised by our merchants.

There are various other points in the notes appended to the tables, on which we entertain rather serious doubts; but as the time and antidote accompany each other, no one has any occasion to be misled by them, who will be at the trouble of thinking for himself. Upon the whole, however, we have been gratified by what we have had time to peruse of this little volume, and trust that its author will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce him to proceed with it annually, as he proposes.

A small pocket edition has been published for the convenience of those who may wish to have it constantly by them.

Jesus Christ the True God and Eternal Life, by the Concurrent Voice and Testimony of the Sacred Scriptures. By Thomas F. Churchill, M.D. 8vo. pp. 210. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam is a maxim often inculcated, but seldom regarded; if, however, a violation or neglect of it can be tolerated in any case, it will be in one in which a person proceeds from healing bodies to saving souls, as Dr. Churchill has done. The object of this gentleman is to establish the Trinity in Unity, and prove that in the person of Jesus Christ 'centres the Divine Trinity of Father, Son, and holy Spirit, and, as a necessary result, that He alone is entitled to the worship and adoration of men and angels.' Without entering into an examination of Dr. Churchill's arguments, we feel no hesitation in saying that they are very sincere, if they possess no other merit; their correctness we leave theologians to settle. As the worthy doctor has prefixed his portrait to the volume, we ought not to conceal the important fact from our readers, particularly such of them as are his patients.

Realities, not a Novel. A Tale from Real Life. In four volumes. 12mo. London, 1825. Newman and Co.

We are prohibited, by the very title of this work, from calling it a novel, since we are assured it is a tale of real life, and we all know that nature itself presents more and greater varieties than imagination can invent. The plain matter-of-fact man will welcome a work of this sort when he fancies it all true, while men who, like the alderman that lost his relish for Robinson Crusoe, when he learned that it owed much of its embellishment to the genius of De Foe, will look on Realities with suspicion; the fact, however, is, that it presents much variety of character, and is a very readable work, whether a tale of romance or real life.

The Unique. 2 vols. 24mo. and 8vo. London, 1825. Sunction.

The Unique is a little periodical work, which, being now completed, may fairly become the subject of criticism. It consists of, we believe, a hundred neatly-engraved portraits of distinguished individuals, principally contemporary, accompanied by a biographical memoir of each. Among the portraits and memoirs in these little volumes will be found those of his late and his present Majesty, the Princess Charlotte, the Dukes of York, Kent, and Sussex; Washington, Cromwell, Bonaparte, Algernon Sydney, Mina, Riego, Sir Isaac Newton, James Watt, Sir Humphrey Davy, Shakspeare, Byron, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith, Burns, Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, Sterne, Voltaire, and Handel; Lords Erskine, Eldon, Grey, Holland, Liverpool, Nelson, Cochrane; Messrs. Fox, Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Hume, Cobbett, Wilberforce; the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Wilson, Hogarth, Kemble, Belzoni, Canova, Rossini, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Capt. Cook, Captain Parry, Sir Walter Raleigh, Cardinal Wolsey, John Wesley, Reverend Edward Irving, &c. &c. The portraits are generally good likenesses; many of them strikingly so, and we could scarcely have well worth the price of the whole work. The memoirs are very honestly and impartially written, and the subjects extremely well selected, so as to possess great interest and variety.

COUNT DE SEGUR'S HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION TO RUSSIA.

From our reviews of the works of Count de Segur and General Gourgaud, on Bonaparte's Russian campaign, our readers are aware that they differ on several points, which even their duel has not settled. The count attributed what he conceived some errors or supineness on the part of Napoleon to the bad state of his health; the general, who seemed to think that Bonaparte never had time to be sick until he was at St. Helena, denies that his imperial master was unwell. On this point issue was joined, when the Count de Segur, in the third volume of his really excellent work, just published in Paris, brings forward the following additional evidence, in support of his own assertion:—

"M. Mestivier acted as physician to Napoleon during the campaign. M. Mestivier had been in Russia, whence he returned before 1812. The celebrated Corvisart presented him to Napoleon, who immediately took him into his own personal service. M. Mestivier was the medical officer on duty on the day of the battle of Moskowa. He even mounted on horseback to accompany Napoleon, when the latter proceeded in advance about four o'clock. The following bulletins will settle opinion as to the state of Bonaparte's health at that period:—

"Sept. 5.—The emperor sent for me this evening. 'Well, doctor,' said he to me, 'you see that I am growing old; my legs swell; I make water with difficulty; without any doubt the dampness of the bivouacs causes it, for I only live by the skin.'"

"'Night of Sept. 6th and 7th, the emperor is in the following condition: he has a continued and dry cough, his respiration is difficult and interrupted, his urine comes only in drops and with great pain; it is thick and full of sediment; the lower part of his legs and his feet oedematous, pulse hard, feverish, and irregular. These serious symptoms give reason to dread a disposition to an organic disease."

This is the copy of the bulletin of Napoleon's health, on the night of September the 6th and 7th, 1812. As I have found it amongst my papers, I must add, that the stoppage of urine, under which Napoleon laboured, did not completely disappear till the second day after his entrance into Moscow.

"Mestivier.

"Physician to Napoleon in the Paris, Jan. 24, 1825. Russian campaign."

The very heroes and authors are also at variance as to whether the Kremlin was surrounded by the flames when Napoleon quitted Moscow; on this point the count gains talk in Dr. Mestivier, who gives the following deposition:—

"On that day he sent for me about seven o'clock in the morning, and asked me the usual questions—"what is the news?" This bed was so placed that he could not see the town. I replied, that an immense circle of fire surrounded the Kremlin. Napoleon replied, it is the effect, no doubt, of the imprudence of some soldiers, who have wished to make bread, or who have established their bivouac fires too near the wooden houses. Then fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he preserved silence for some minutes. His countenance, which was before expressive of benevolence, assumed a terrific expression. He called his valets, Constant and Rustan, and rising precipitately from bed, shaved himself, and was dressed without saying a word, but in such ill temper, that the Mameluke, who made a mistake in presenting him the left for the right boot, was shoved away with some violence by Napoleon. As he did not make his usual signal for me to retire, I remained nearly half an hour. Other persons were then announced, and Napoleon went into another room.

(Signed) "Mestivier."

I could also quote a note written by a person in the immediate service of the emperor, and who, by the nature of his employment, was obliged to watch the variations in his health. This note proves, that on the day of the battle of Moskowa, Napoleon laboured under a nervous irritation, which weakened both his bodily and mental powers. But where is the necessity for further proofs? What is there astonishing in the circumstance, that a great man should bend beneath an affliction which enchained his faculties? What injury does this do to his glory? As to his moments of ill temper, even the nerves of stoicism were not exempted from them in spite of their pretensions. Cato, in a moment of anger, struck his slaves; and what a man was Cato?—what force of mind!—what contempt of pain!—what magnanimous patriotism!

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THE BURMESE EMPIRE.

The interest which the war now raging against the Burmese excites, induces us to turn to a volume we reviewed some years ago. It is the journal of Capt. Hiram Cox, who resided there some time, and particularly at the court of Amarapoorah, or Ummarapoorah. Of this capital, which it was erroneously reported, a few days ago, our troops had captured, Capt. Cox gives the following account:

'In the course of the forenoon, we reached the city of Amarapoorah, which, including the suburbs, extends four miles along the south-eastern bank of the river, and seems with religious buildings of various shapes. The palace, as seen from the river, appears a confused assemblage of buildings, glittering with a blaze of gilding. One part of it has a square building inclosed with battlements, and a flat roof with Tuscan pilasters at the angles, something in the nautical style, and evidently the work of an Italian architect in European architecture. It is painted white with gilt mouldings, but is so surrounded with trees, and the open habitations of the natives, that it is but indistinctly seen from the river. It is situated about three-fourths of a mile N.E. by N. from the extremity of the western suburbs. The fort, I am informed, is about one mile further to the N.E. by N. The houses of the citizens in general have but a mean appearance viewed from the river; they are raised on piles with pitched roofs, many of them (the best) built of wood; but many also are covered with shingles or thatch, and built with mats and bamboos. It seems, however, to be very populous, and has a multitude of small craft lying along the strand, and plying to and fro on the river. To the eastward and northward are a high range of regular barren mountains, distant four or five miles, which we saw rather imperfectly from a thick haze which prevailed; to the westward were the rugged chain of hills which extend along the western bank of the river from Ava. The main breadth of the river opposite the city of Amarapoorah is about two miles; the intermediate space, however, at this season, is mostly filled with high sandy islands, divided from each other by various channels: at present they are under cultivation, but in the rains are all overflown, and are annually changing their form and situation.'

On the military habits of the Burmese, with which, at present, we have most to do, Capt. Cox gives us little information. 'In an interview with one of their chiefs, he says:—

'After the usual compliments, we conversed of the different modes of warfare practised by our respective nations; a subject, he shrewdly enough observed, he supposed I would best like to talk of, being as well as himself a soldier.

'The Burmahans pique themselves on stratagem, and he inquired whether we used stratagems in war? I mentioned two or three common ones, but added, that the art of war chiefly rested on stratagems in outwitting your enemy, or circumventing his designs; so that generals of abilities were continually inventing new ones, or practising old ones in a new manner: to which he assented, and mentioned some of their stratagems, which chiefly consisted in well-laid ambuscades, &c. He then observed, that the English had a great many troops; I told him we found that the cheapest and best mode of preserving peace was, by convincing our neighbours that we were always prepared for war; but added, by way of softening the observation, that the Burmahans were a nation of warriors. In this he corrected me, saying, "The only particular class, amongst them went to war, some by precipitate occupation continued such from father to son, but, in general, only the poor: all those who paid a direct revenue to the king, being exempted on certain conditions. "But," says he, "our merchants like to go to war; our armies are half composed of men who join war and traffic together, carrying a pack of goods as well as their arms with them." Hence, must be much soldiers if pushed, thought I; but said nothing to diminish the alarm which my question has evidently enter-tained of the capacity of their own armaments.'

ORIGINAL.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR PREPENDED.

Bartholomew Fair, it appears, has again fallen under the ban of corporate censure, and a meeting of the Committee of City Lands is forthwith to assemble and decide, whether this Saturnalia is to be or not to be? In the absence of more important topics we may forgive the city worthies for seizing on any subject that may afford them an opportunity for displaying their oratorical powers, because the chance occurs so rarely. Yet we are sorry to see the cant and hypocrisy of the age extending from individuals to corporations; however, if the continuance of Bartholomew Fair be a sin, we would not wish it shorn at its mere abolition, but think that the four days on which it is held ought in future to be kept as a solemn fast by every lord mayor, alderman, and common councilman, as an atonement for the sins and crimes he has sanctioned. But to be serious, it appears that the suppression of this fair is really determined on, though on what principle we know not, except to deprive the more industrious classes of society of every opportunity for relaxing a few hours from business. Our ancestors had none of this hypocrisy about them; Lord Burleigh, one of the greatest statesmen this country ever produced, did not disdain to join with his compeers in a game at bowls or skittles, and at a somewhat later period, the reign of Charles II., we learn, from Pepys's Memoirs, that men of rank and fortune did not disdain to mix in the amusements of the humbler classes of society.

But it will be said, Bartholomew Fair is a scene of riot and confusion; we deny that it is a scene of riot, or likely to become so, if the officers do their duty, and, as to confusion, why it is as orderly as a regiment on parade, compared to the breaking up of a fashionable rout, the opening of Mr. Irving's chapel in the hey-day of his popularity, or the everyday proceedings of the Stock Exchange.

Another charge against the fair is,—that it concentrates the pickpockets; we think this very probable, so do all large assemblies, whether they are brought together to see the king open or prorogue parliament, a Bible society meeting, or any other equally innocent occasion, for where the carcass is, there will the ravens be gathered. But, in point of the amount of crime, we do not see much difference whether the pickpocket exercises his vocation by Temple Bar, or in Smithfield, and it is certain he cannot be in both places at once. Besides, if the metropolis has become in that state, that a man scarcely dare unbutton his waistcoat, for fear of the shirt being stripped from his back, who is to blame? Why the police-officers, who connive at, if they do not foster crime; and suffer many a young thief, whom the discipline of a goal would correct, to go on, until his neck is in a noose, and £40 is the price of his capture and conviction. Why, we would ask, are known thieves and pickpockets suffered to be at large when there is not a police officer in London, that could not pounce on a dozen of them any night, and have them sent to the tread-mill as rogues and vagabonds!

But after all, is Bartholomew Fair really that vicious place that it is represented to be? We confess we have seen it often, gone through it at all hours, and suffered much less from depredations than we have done in walking Fleet Street, or the Strand, at broad-day; besides, if we turn to the returns from the police offices, during the fair, we find though a few persons may be committed as disorderly, yet the aggregate amount of crime has not very materially increased. This was particularly the case during the last fair, when, although the constables and watchmen had been pretty particularly considerably active, yet few, very few, of the hundred they encaged for the night, were called on for bail, and these generally for trivial offences. Away then with the often repeated slander, as to the enormities of Bartholomew Fair!

Hitherto, the only question with the city appears to have been the toleration of the fair in its present state or its abolition, and, on this point, interest and conscience appear to have been at issue. A 'working man' has, in a letter, gone far to reconcile them, by proposing, that the fair shall continue, but change its character, and be really a fair of business, where tradesmen may expose their stand stock for sale. In no place, however, in the world, is such a general mart less wanted than in London, for there are shops of all classes, and for the sale of everything, from the Cachemeres of Bond Street to the rags of Rosemary Lane. In the infancy of commerce, and when the intercouse of different parts of the country with each other was less frequent and more difficult, general fairs, in which tradesmen or agriculturists might barter their manufactures and produce, were very useful, but even these fairs were not confined to business, and we defy any man to prove that there ever was a period in which amusements did not form an important feature in every fair. The great fairs which formerly were so common in this country,

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have now sunk into disuetude, because they are unnecessary; we, however, do know two country fairs, each of which lasts several days, and not only are they fairs of recreation as well as business, but the last day of each is almost entirely devoted to amusement. The fact is, the rage for interfering with the amusements of the lower classes, amounts to a positive persecution as unjust as it is impolitic, and, if persisted in, will drive the people from social indulgences to selfish and selfish vices. We deprecate gambling, but this does not prevail at Bartholomew Fair; and if it did, we do not see exactly on what principle we should prevent a man from staking his pence at a fair, when, by all the arts possible, we tempt him to hazard his pound in the lottery, and suffer those sinks of iniquity—gambling-houses—to exist. Let, then, our would-be legislators, reconcile these inconsistences, and then, but not till then, let them talk of the immoralities of Bartholomew Fair.

THE DESERTER.

(Concluded from p. 588.)

The period having now arrived, when I could no longer be of service to my unfortunate masters, I bade them an affectionate adieu, and, mounting the coach, speedily found myself in the bosom of the great metropolis. My resources were very limited, and all that I possessed in the world I carried with me. That unfortunate pride which is so inherent in the lineage of many Welsh families, and encourages them to sacrifice to a genteel poverty the younger branches of their race, that one may possess the undivided wealth, and support what they call the respectability of their house, thus too often consigning to miserable dependency those whom religion and nature tell them to uphold alike—had been an inviolable practice with my forefathers.

My funds being soon exhausted, I tried to obtain a situation in that line of life which had been marked out for me; but the disasters of that memorable period threw too many beings on the world, alike destitute with myself, to make the application successful. Worn down with poverty and anxiety of mind, and determined no longer to endure such a state of existence, I introduced myself to a recruiting party, stationed near the Tower, and, in a moment of rash despondency, enlisted for general service.

The gaiety, recruited by dissipation, which I saw in those young men, who had also thoughtlessly plunged into this sea of difficulties, soon became contagious. If the mind, given, as it often was, to sad recallings of the past, were for a moment cast down, the jeers of my companions, and their boisterous recommendations to seek a certain palliative, in the excesses which they practised, conquered my better feelings, and induced me to purchase a temporary forgetfulness at a tremendous cost. A few short days, however, put an end to these awful scenes of maniac jollity. The excessive drains on my purse, made by the sergeant and his satellites, exhausted the bounty received on my enrolment; and my further stay at the rendezvous being no longer an object of interest, I was shipped off, with a few more, to the general depôt at Tilbury. Sickened with intemperance, and disgusted at the scene of profligacy in which I had been immersed, I felt thankful, and even light-hearted, on entering the walls of that gloomy fortress, where was little to behold but multiplied pictures of human woe, as the hundreds of unhappy young men, who were sent here patiently to await their doom. A few days after my arrival, I set about the painful task of acquainting my friends with the steps I had taken; but I was too proud to express contrition for my folly, or to solicit an interference on their parts for my liberation: the only favour which I asked was, that an old major, who had been for many years an intimate friend of the family, would employ his interest to have me attached to the regiment.

Desolate as was my situation in life, I shuddered at the idea of being sent—as were many of my comrades—young men of family, education, and high feeling—to the pestiferous colonies of Africa or Western India, where no laurels held out their refreshing influence—where was no chance of latent merit being called into life—where a horrible, and almost certain death, promised to be the surest reward.

In the midst of an anxious suspense, on this subject—for with regard to my friends, that point was settled—they shook me off for ever—I was selected for the regiment of my choice, which being then at Newport, I was there sent to complete my training, and in a few months hailed with delight an order to join the head quarters in Spain. I arrived, however, only in time to witness, in the battle of Toulouse, the last scene of that sanguinary struggle; and, after a short stay in France, our corps returned home. For three years subsequently, we did duty in Ireland; and, in witnessing the unhappy state of that country, I became more reconciled to my fate. In 18—, we re-embarked for England, and, by a singular coincidence, were quartered at ——, where I spent some years of my youth. Here I became acquainted with my dear Catherine, who, however elevated above me, in my present situation, sympathized in the ardent affection which I have borne for her, and which death alone can ever quench. Nursed in the lap of ease and plenty, admired, caressed, and sought after, she determined to sacrifice all for a poor unfriended soldier. To her severe and distant father, she dare never breathe a hint of the step which she had in contemplation. A captain in the army, and holding the lucrative situation of barrack-master at the depôt, under far more favourable circumstances than the harshness of his disposition would lead us to hope for, it would almost be a desperate resource to appeal to a father's generosity; and, dreading that we might be separated from each other—a deprivation, in comparison with which the loss of life had been far preferable, I proposed, and she approved of, the fatal resolve which has put the last sad disgrace on a miserable existence, and consigned me to the pitiless hands of power, to be held up as a fit object of terror and disgrace to my fellows. During a visit, which my loved Catherine was to make at ——, it was arranged that I should obtain a fortnight's furlough, and, joining her there, effect a marriage; when we were immediately to fly to some distant country, where I hoped I might be enabled to obtain a comfortable subsistence, in the capacity of schoolmaster or clerk, keeper, for either of which I was in some measure qualified. The confidence reposed in me by my officers rendered the permission to be absent a task of no difficulty; and, throwing myself into the dear arms of her to whom all the world, in comparison, was as nothing, for a moment I felt myself completely happy—alas! a happiness overclouded with fearful misgivings, when I reviewed the steps I was about to take, and the consequences which might ensue. Since time was indeed to us so precious, the next day we sealed, before the altar of God, the vows we had made to each other; and, in the interval between this agitating moment of hope and fear, and the expiration of my leave, we reached the little village of ——, in Cumberland, where, embosomed in mountains, and insulated from the world, my apprehensions of detection grew less and less, while happiness, such as I never before experienced, increased upon me. Eighteen months had already rolled away since our entrance on this abode. The school I established had become the means of blessing us with plenty. The unceasing care and watchfulness, on the part of my dear wife, whenever she saw me the least unhappy, to inspire more hopeful feelings, had greatly produced the effect; when, one Saturday afternoon—oh that that day were blotted for ever from the catalogue of this world's woes!—as the dear girl was preparing for tea, and pouring out that sweet voice of never-failing cheerfulness, which had proved my greatest solace, the rude and unceremonious opening of the door, and the sudden rush of a file of men into our once-happy cottage, pictured to me, at one fell view, the vast extent of my dreadful condition. Catherine, now far advanced in pregnancy, comprehending what was about to follow, uttered one loud scream, and fell lifeless on the floor. My attempts to aid her were rudely resisted by the party sent to apprehend me, and in a few moments I was dragged, handcuffed, from my home. Since the day was too far advanced to admit of my return, I was confined for the night at a small alehouse in the village—that night of unspeakable horrors, the death-like silence of which was only broken upon by the wild shrieks of my poor bewildered Catherine!

O beneficent Death! not always cruel, thou befriendest the forlorn and the unhappy; and, in destroying at once the mother and her child, thou hast translated all which was ornamental from the world, that knew it not, to the still, still grave. I mailed as a well-come messenger the bearer of these tragic tidings, who came to announce them during the night, and felt all at once a wonderful state of composure come over me. I shed tears, it is true; but the feeling which excited them was so mixed up of different sensations, that I scarcely knew whether they were most distressing or relieving.

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And now, having undergone what I once thought I never could have sustained; having lost an object worthy the dearest affections of man—torn in a moment from my home; exposed and insulted through a long series of miles in town and country; I have yet one tremendous trial to meet, before the cup of sorrow is full. On this point, my mind is firm and resolute,—I never can appear before the eyes of the world the poor despised criminal, at whose fate all men shudder, which I am doomed to to-morrow. Oh! never, never must that morrow come. Hoping no good—expecting no mercy here, I will rather rush into the presence of that Omnipotence, of all whose mighty attributes everything in nature loudly declares compassion to be the greatest.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

A MEETING was held on Wednesday last, at the Horn Tavern, Doctors' Commons, to take into consideration the expediency of improving the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Church-yard, when it was determined to form a joint-stock company with a capital of one million, to carry the plan into effect.

It would be a great improvement really effected, if the proper authorities would remove the coachstand from the middle of Cheapside, where it is now a serious nuisance. If from the hurry of business, or for security or ease, a person attempts to pass Cheapside in the middle of the day, besides the danger, the delay is often of serious consequence.

Tuesday's Gazette contains a notice, that application will be made to Parliament in the ensuing session, for leave to bring in a bill to form a new street, so as to continue Pall Mall East eastward from the King's Mews as far as St. Martin's church, and to widen the communication between Cockspur-Street and Craven Street, between the south front of the Union Club House in Cockspur-Street and the north side of the Strand, opposite Craven Street; also to form streets on the north and south sides of St. Martin's church till they intersect the Strand, nearly opposite the north end of Villiers Street; also to widen St. Martin's Lane on the east and west sides thereof, south of Hemming's Row and Chandos Street; and also to form a square or open space opposite Charing-Cross, which said square or open space is to have the Union Club House for its boundary to the west, and west side of St. Martin's Lane for its boundary to the east; also giving powers to form a new street from the south end of Spring Gardens to Whitehall and Charing Cross in the line of the coach-yard, called Buckingham Court; also giving powers to widen the south side of Downing Street, and to improve and alter the south side of Downing Square, and the north side of Fludyer Street; also to alter and widen such parts of the present streets as will form entrances into the said intended new streets.

NIL-ADMIRARI.

NO. I.

WE have been frequently perplexed to decide what it is that constitutes the 'main glory of our dear native country;' whether it be trial by jury or the game laws; habeas corpus or the protection of watchmen; chancery or lotteries; our superiority in the arts of life or in those of adulterating food, and poisoning the community by wholesale; the liberty of the press or the gullibility of the public; our manufactures of cottons or manufacture of scandal; our contempt of all other nations of our shame of each other; our trade abroad or our trifle in boroughs at home; our commercial prosperity or our counter-balancing the number and ingenuity of our sets of parliament, or the numerous and impudent mode of evading them. But all our doubts have been removed by a recent paragraph in the columns of The Morning Chronicle, from which we learn that the real and main glory of our country is—our hacks! no—our bull-dogs!! Hitherto we had a vague kind of notion, picked up from books, &c. that our women were the 'most perfect of creatures;' but we now find that that designation is to be applied to the animals we have just named; and could we for a moment yield to so vulgar and unphilosophical a feeling as astonishment, we should, perhaps, express something like it on this occasion. But let us listen to the eloquence and pathos with which The Morning Chronicle takes up the cause of its protegees:—'We observe in The Courier's diabolical proposal to tax bull-dogs so heavily as either to extinguish the breed, or to render these most perfect of creatures, rarities. The abomination is to be committed; this particular blow at the main glory of our dear native country is to be sent it, because a bear (a foreigner) was baited the other day.' This nice distinction between English dogs and foreign bears, proves, were any proof needed, the exquisitely keen patriotism of The Morning Chronicle. In future, should any weakly-humane person be disposed to sympathize with a baited bear, let him consider that such tenderness is highly absurd and unbecoming, bears being aliens and foreigners; consequently, their sufferings ought not to affect us. Nay we do not know but that there may be a certain degree of merit in tormenting them; for, after all, to enjoy the distress of foreign animals, may be in good a way of showing our patriotism, as to exult in the misery or destruction of the human population of other countries. Yet let us proceed:—'Better, we say, by far, to forbid the importation of bears, aliens as they are to our soil, than to impose any check on the propagation and perpetuation of that cherished race of bull-dogs, which, next to our horses, are the chief ornaments and honours of our land; in them consists our real superiority over other nations; and we are well assured that no Briton could have suggested the un-English idea that has stained the pages of The Courier!' Grateful and truly happy are we in being informed what are the 'chief ornaments and honours of our land;' as it spares us a great deal of unpleasant doubt. Still we must be allowed to say, that it does seem rather odd that our bull-dogs and horses should be so far exalted above so many of our fellow-subjects who have certainly very little pretentions to be so styled; and did we not know the sound orthodoxy of The Morning Chronicle, we should almost imagine that it was attached to the superstitions of ancient Egypt:

'Illic
Oppida tota Canem venerantur, nemo Diabam.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Written before reading two of Burns's original Letters, presented to me by myself, by Mrs. Murdoch, relict of the Bard's preceptor.

LIE there,—and let me gaze awhile—
'Tis rapture to behold ye!
And though my panting heart awaits
I linger to unfold ye!
God! and did he touch this page?
And did his eye pence it?—
It is a dream of so much bliss,
My bosom fears to foal it!

And were these words traced by his pen?
And is his high soul in them?
Emotion vibrates in my heart,
I tremble to begin them!

Sept. 10, 1825. J. T. L.

FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT TO JOHN KNOX.

A DORIC column is now erecting on the summit of the Merchants' Park, Glasgow, in honour of the Scottish reformer. Its proportions are those of the columns in the ancient Doric temple, at Corinth, and the design was made by W. Hamilton, Esq. architect, of Edinburgh, who, with Mr. J. Herbertson, junr. the working architect, tendered his professional services gratuitously. On the summit of the column, will be placed a statue of Knox, twelve feet high, to be executed by Mr. Forrester, of Lanark, an able artist.—Whatever may be the general merit of the design, or however well it may be calculated for effect as an architectural object, we are rather disposed to question its peculiar propriety and good taste for the present purpose. Without discussing the objections that may very plausibly be raised against insulated columns employed as monuments, unless there be some particular circumstance to warrant the selection of such a form, we will observe, that to place a statue, especially one that is intended to represent the likeness of an individual, upon the summit of a column, is not very judicious; since, unless, indeed, viewed through a telescope,—which is certainly not the best way of examining a work of art, neither is every one provided with such an instrument, it cannot be distinctly seen: It is true such statues are colossal; but then, the larger they are the loftier must be the column that supports them: for, unless in proportion to the column, the effect would be monstrous. When a merely allegorical figure is used for such a purpose, this objection is not equally forcible, as then only its general effect and its symbolical value are to be regarded; but, in a case where so much of the interest depends on personal likeness, it is surely a defect rather than otherwise, to elevate a statue to such a height, that its details cannot be perceptible. But if the spectator be not able to distinguish whether the figure be that of Knox or his persecutor, Cardinal Beaton, it might almost as well be the one as the other. He may,

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indeed, be told that it is the reformer, and so he may be told that a distant figure in a landscape is intended for some remarkable person, but will not his dissatisfaction be at least equal to any gratification he may receive from such intelligence. With regard to the Trajan column, which is the usual authority of artists, it is to be observed that, as that pillar is covered with bas-relief recording that emperor's victories, there was less impropriety in crowning it with his figure: the statue was rather an accessory than otherwise, but here where it is, or ought to be the principal object, to elevate it on a column, appears to us a defect, without a sufficiently redeeming beauty or apology.

THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

English Opera-House.—The *Stout Gentleman* was tried a second time at this theatre, and, though considerably improved, yet the audience would barely hear it to the end, when Mr. Bartley, in a very neat speech, said it would be withdrawn. Were there not an abundance of pieces to elicit the talents of Mathews, we should much regret the failure of a piece in which he appeared. His Bashful Man, his Jonathan, and his Dick Cipher, in *Hit or Miss*, in all of which he has appeared during the week, are worth a thousand *Stout Gentlemen*. The house continues well attended, and Miss Kelly, by her inimitable acting in *Broken Promises*, draws more tears than Mathews provokes grins, and that is saying very much.

Haymarket Theatre.—On Tuesday we witnessed the first representation of a new comedy, in three acts, entitled *Paul Pry*, attributed to Mr. Poole, the author of several dramatic pieces. It was very strongly cast, the principal characters consisting of—Colonel Hardy, Mr. W. Farren; Witherton, Mr. Pope; Harry Stanley, Mrs. Waylett; Paul Pry, Mr. Liston; Grasp, Mr. Younger; Eliza, Miss P. Glovery Marian, Miss A. Jones; Mrs. Subtle, Mrs. Glover; Phœbe, Madame Vestris. The following is a sketch of the drama: Colonel Hardy, a testy old soldier of the *Absolute* school, and his friend, Stanley, agree to cement the friendship that has long subsisted between them, by the marriage of their children, Eliza Hardy and Harry Stanley, but determine, at the same time, to keep their respective children in utter ignorance of the name of the party which each is to espouse, believing moreover that the young people have never met; but, in visiting his sister at school, Harry Stanley, a navy lieutenant, has seen Eliza, the consequence of which is a mutual passion. Returned from a voyage, Harry traces Eliza to her father's house, and, after several attempts to correspond with and see his mistress, which are defeated by Paul Pry, he enters at the window, and has an interview with her in the presence of her maid, Phœbe: they are alarmed by the approach of the colonel; Harry is concealed in Eliza's chamber; the colonel enters, and immediately afterwards Paul Pry 'drops in' at the window,—all of which is an improbable kind of story. Harry is, after a short scene, discovered, but, at the suggestion of Phœbe, passed upon the colonel as his nephew, Frank Hardy, whose arrival, to be present at the intended wedding, is expected. Subsequently Frank Hardy reaches the inn of Doubledot, meets Paul Pry, whose inquiries he evades, but who announces him to the colonel as a suspicious character. Immediately on Frank's entrance into the colonel's house, he recognises in Harry a brother officer, and consents, by the advice of Phœbe, to assist the plans of the former. The colonel learns the arrival of the supposed Harry Stanley, who he suspects has discovered the secret treaty, and has come down to have a private view of his intended wife, at which being indignant, he treats the fictitious lover very cavalierly. Ultimately, Old Stanley himself arrives, and (like Sir W. Meadows in *Love in a Village*) clears up the mystery, when the lovers are made happy. But appended to this plot is another affair, perfectly distinct and independent of it. Mr. Witherton, a valetudinarian, is the dupe of a dishonest and designing housekeeper, Mrs. Subtle, and a knavish steward, Grasp, who, by suppressing or altering the letters of Somers, the nephew of Mr. Witherton, prejudices the latter against him and his wife Marian, Grasp proposes marriage to Mrs. Subtle, in order to secure himself from any danger of treachery, and also that the fruits of their fraud may not pass into other hands. Mrs. Subtle affects to enter into Grasp's views, but looks in reality to become the wife of her master; and, in a scene not less admirable for its construction than for the fine acting of Mrs. Glover, she carries her point, and Mr. Witherton formally offers her his hand. Through the good offices of Colonel Hardy (who is the friend and neighbour of Mr. Witherton, and who is aware of the villainy of Grasp and Mrs. Subtle), Somers and Marian are introduced into the house of their uncle—Somers, under the name of Willis, is received as a humble friend—Marian as deputy to Mrs. Subtle; an arrangement by no means agreeable to the latter, and Marian is soon driven from the house. Mr. Witherton, with whom Marian was a favourite, resents this too early assumption of authority by his destined bride—the colonel arrives, seeks to disgust Mr. Witherton with the projected marriage—Grasp discovers the falsehood of his partner in crime, and accuses her—offers to produce written proofs of their united knavery; but the papers are not to be found, having been removed by Mrs. Subtle, and thrown into a pond, from which, however, they are fished up by Paul Pry. They turn out to be the suppressed letters of Somers to his uncle. Mrs. Subtle retires in disgrace; the colonel avows the little cheat he had practised on his friend, and presents, in their real characters, Somers and Marian to Mr. Witherton, who receives them affectionately.

Such is the groundwork of this really amusing piece, and, notwithstanding its incongruities, and similitudes to many of our popular plays, yet it has sufficient originality, with striking scenes and comic effect, to render it worthy of established favouritism—but to obtain this it must undergo considerable curtailment, which its extreme length would recommend or make necessary had it no other defect; and it would be no small improvement if Phœbe's character could be rendered more consistent with her station. The admirable life infused into the character, by its powerful representative, is sufficient to enfeeble criticism, but no sound judgment will give unqualified praise to the author's delineation: if to these blemishes is added the unnecessary introduction of some grotesque characters towards the conclusion, our objections will end; and to all the rest we must give unqualified commendation. Liston's character is of a class readily recognised in country towns and villages, is strongly marked with originality, and is so free from buffoonery, that it may be called a picture to the life. His mode of dress, his manner of delivery, and busy intrusiveness, richly merited the great applause he obtained, and Paul Pry will be considered one of his best characters. The calm gentlemanly passive manners of Mr. Pope, and the hypocritical and subtle demeanour of Mrs. Glover, were fine specimens of dramatic talent, adding greatly to the interest of the piece. Mrs. Waylett's assumption of the trousers allowed her the full freedom of kissing, and, if it may be considered a fair specimen of what the ladies think quite appropriate, and meted out with skill, our modern beaux need not fear overacting their parts in this particular. All the prominent characters were exceedingly well represented, and, although a few slight marks of disapprobation were given in the course of the performance, the comedy was allowed, by a very crowded audience, to be announced for repetition without one dissenting voice.

Since the above was written, the piece has undergone some judicious alterations, and is likely to become very popular.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Shortly will be published, The Death of Aylmer Lindie—a tale, Battle Abbey, Bothwell Castle, and other poems, by John Watson Dalby.

Who was Junius? Amongst the various pamphlets printed to establish this fact, a clergyman whose name we forget, wrote one to prove that Horne Tooke was Junius. The supposition was not supported by much evidence nor did it gain much credit, but a correspondent in the Monthly Magazine has revived the subject, and supplied the following circumstantial evidence, which, as the Americans, say is important if true. We confess we doubt:—

"When part of Mr. Tooke's library was to be sold by King and Lochee, in King Street Covent Garden—I, being in the auction-room one day, looking at the books, Mr. Lochee said to me, 'Step this way, and I will show you a curiosity!' A few months before, Mr. Woodfall had published a new volume of Junius's Letters and Notes, which he had carefully collected. Among the notes of Junius, there was one short note, desiring Mr. Woodfall to send him three copies, without delay, of the volume of Letters which were then printing; and if the index was not ready, to send them without the index:—one copy to be neatly bound, and two to be stitched, and

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covered with marble paper! These two copies, so covered, and without the index, Mr. Lochee took from among some of Mr. Tooke's books in a book-case, and showed them to me. He made some observations about the note of Junius, which I have forgotten, and gave his opinion, that John Horne Tooke was the author of Junius's Letters.

'About three months ago, a friend of mine told me, rather exultingly, that very lately, in searching among some musty records in a public office, there was discovered a bundle of manuscripts, apparently of no consequence, and thrown aside as waste paper; but afterwards, when taken up, unbound, and examined, out started Junius, the long-lost and Great Unknown. My friend was informed, that they are the very identical manuscript letters of Junius, which have caused so much discussion, and hitherto with so undecisive a result. The bundle was afterwards given to Mr. Croker of the Admiralty, in whose possession they are at present.

The opening of the Philosophical College at Lourain is fixed for the third Monday in October. The edifice is truly magnificent; the government spare neither care nor expense that everything in this establishment may be answerable to its important destination. It will be entirely lighted with gas. An immense hall or lecture-room, in the shape of an amphitheatre, and capable of containing twelve hundred persons, is nearly finished. Each pupil will have his room in the college, which he will find completely furnished at the expense of the government. All the courses of lectures are gratuitous. The expense of board is only 200 florins, and we are able to state, that stipends will be granted to pupils who are not able to pay so moderate a sum.

Steam Packet to India.—The interest we feel in the courageous attempt of effecting a passage by steam to India, in common, we believe, with all who admire the enterprising spirit of our countrymen, prompts us to mark the progress of The Enterprize. By accounts, just received, the undertaking seems very likely to succeed. The following is the captain's account of the voyage, since our last notice; his letter is dated August 21:—'We left Falmouth on Tuesday evening, August 16, at seven o'clock, with the wind from the westward; and at ten o'clock I took my departure from the Lizard Lights, and shaped a course directly for Cape Ortegal. We are now about seven miles to the northward of Lisbon. After leaving the Lizard, we had moderate breezes, accompanied by a very heavy swell from the west, but the lugs kept her steady, and eased the engine, which, on their being set, increased its velocity from twenty to twenty-four strokes in a minute. On Friday it blew a hard gale from the eastward; we were weathering for eight or nine hours in the most disadvantageous position, with the sea right a-beam: here the spendings were of great use, in keeping off the sea, which they did most effectually. We made Cape Ortegal at 10. 30. with a fresh S.W. wind a-head. We are going seven knots: the engines have never ceased since Tuesday. I shall keep the steam up till I reach the Trades, I hope on Tuesday next, when I shall be prepared with goods sails, to take advantage of the wind. All hands are well and highly delighted. P. S. Sunday, 10 a. m. Lisbon S.E. 25 miles, going eight knots.'

A Mr. Courtney, who has been unmercifully set upon by the daily journals, because he announced himself as the American phenomena, and who, we believe, is a son of the late John George Holman the comedian, has been flying over the town of Dover, at the hazard of his own life, for the amusement of the idle. His second and last terrific flight, for he has done it more than once, took place on Monday. It was performed on a two-and a-half inch hawser, and being fastened to an anchor on the western cliff, near the citadel, it passed over the town, and the whole of the pent, to the rope-walk, where it was attached to a capstan. It was on this spot that most of the gentry and inhabitants of the town had congregated to witness the descent. Mr. Courtney made his appearance about five o'clock, very gaily apparelled in a light blue silk dress, with a pistol and streamer in each hand, and, having bowed to the assembled multitude below, was soon after attached to his conductor, by cords fastened round the shoulders, loins, and one leg. Previous to his launching forth the pistols were discharged; and while on the descent, which lasted exactly sixteen seconds, he contrived gracefully to wave the streamer. From the moment that, with a sudden dart, he rushed away, till he was received in the arms of some friends, who stood at the end of his precipitous descent ready to receive him, he was loudly greeted by all the spectators, and reached the earth without having suffered the slightest inconvenience.

The following are the levels in London above the highest high water-mark, according to the parliamentary reports:—

	F.	I.	P.
North end of Northumberland Street, Strand	19	7	0
North of Wellington Street, Strand	35	0	0
North of Essex Street, Strand	27	0	0
West of Coventry Street	52	0	0
South of St. James's Street	13	3	0
South of Air Street, Piccadilly	49	8	0
North of St. James's Street	46	7	0
West of Gerard Street	61	4	0
North of Drury Lane	66	0	0
South of Berners Street	74	3	0
South of Stratford Place	59	4	0
North of Regent Street	76	0	0
South of Orchard Street	70	4	0
North of Cleveland Street	80	10	0
Centre of Regent's Circus	77	2	0
North of Gloucester Place	72	3	0
North side of Aqueduct crossing Regent's Canal	102	6	0
Opposite south end of King Street, Great George Street	5	6	0

The whole of Westminster, except the Abbey and part of Horseferry Road, is below the level of the highest tide.

Pigeon Flying.—On Monday, four pigeons were let off from the vicinity of Stamford, for London, where one arrived in two hours and thirteen minutes, and another in three hours, the remaining two did not return until next morning. The distance is 84 miles, or as the crow and the pigeon, we presume, flies, about 74. Thirty-two pigeons were, some time ago, let off from the Mansion House, London, belonging to the association of Pigeon Fanciers at Verviers. Of these only one arrived, at Verviers on the same day, at half past seven in the evening, and had thus made the passage from London to the town in seven hours; two returned the next morning at a quarter past ten; a fourth three days after; and four others some days afterwards.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Scarcity of Ugly Women.—A very eccentric gentleman was once complaining, that after a great deal of trouble, he had not been able to meet with an ugly woman; so that he much doubted whether, after all, such a being existed. 'For my part,' continued he, 'I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimera of the imagination, and to be classed with those fictitious beings whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago, I made the following experiment: I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers, for a housekeeper: one was for a lady who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners: the other required nothing of this, it only stipulated as a *sine qua non*, that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the present age and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But, would you believe it? to the latter I received not a single reply. And I have since more than once inserted the same advertisement, with exactly the same success.'

Character of Henry VIII.—Sir Walter Raleigh observed of this king that, 'If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost to the world, they might again be painted to the life out of the history of this king.'

ANAGRAMMATIC EPIGRAM.

Four letters transpos'd mark the husband and wife,
Who, surrounded with dirt, sport a musical life;
Who poems, enigmas, and rebuses made,
While their house, like a pigsty, their neatness displayed!
I advance nought but truth, and no secret I hide,
For Dick was a *bard*, and his wife was a *drab*.

Bon-mot.—The Chevalier d'Eon was one day asked by his late majesty, whether M. Chauvelier, a military man, who succeeded him in the embassy from France, had ever taken any places? 'None, sire, except mine,' was the reply.

Three per Cent. Consols.—This stock was at the highest in June, 1737, viz., 107; and at the lowest in June, 1797, 47: in 1792, it was 96; in April, 1824, 96¼; and is now 88¾.

When Bonaparte and the Archduke Charles

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of Austria were about to meet for the negotiation of peace in a private garden which had been declared neutral ground, the first difficulty was the Emperor of Germany's claim of precedency. This Bonaparte at once conceded: 'The republic,' said he, 'I represent, is too great to contend for a vain ceremony.'

M. d'Arfine, whose father was a grocer (in French *epicier*, spicer), was for playing the great man. He had a motto painted for a devotional subject—*Respice finem* (Consider your end). Somebody took away the first and last letters, and left it *espice fine* (fine spice).

By an official account of the devastation committed by wolves in the government of Livonia, in 1823, it appears that they devoured 1841 horses, 1243 foals, 1807 horned cattle, 733 calves, 15,182 sheep, 726 lambs, 2545 goats, 183 kids, 4190 swine, 312 sucking pigs, 703 dogs, 673 geese.

A lady remarking to Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, at a ball, that the refreshments were very tardily served, he replied, I assure you, madam, you will soon see abundance (a Bunn dance), and led her out in a quadrille.

A punster, seeing in the papers the insulting messages of Troup, the governor of Georgia, to the general government of the United States, remarked, that if the Georgians had a whole army, instead of a *troop*, they could not bully more.

The district of Pennsylvania, which lies south of the Blue Mountains, contains a denser population than any other portion of territory of equal extent within the United States. Its area is 7869 miles, and its population in 1820 was 569,355, or 77 to a square mile. The population of Massachusetts is only 72 to the square mile; of Rhode Island, 68; of Connecticut, 59; of New Jersey, 40; of Maryland, 37.

An American quack announces specifics at reasonable prices for canine madness—dog cheap, no doubt.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
Sept.	9	56	68	59	29	76	Fair.
....	10	58	68	60	..	65	Do. rain at a.m.
....	11	60	67	60	..	64	Do. do. do.
....	12	61	67	60	..	87	Do.
....	13	66	67	60	..	76	Showery.
....	14	60	68	60	..	44	Fair.
....	15	61	66	61	..	70	Cloudy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE poem of O. N. Y. shall appear in our next.

The Lecture alluded to by a correspondent at Clifton has been mislaid, we doubt not, however, being able to notice it next week.

The communications of Rev. M. O., and Aminadab, have been received.

Works just published.—Life of Paul Jones, 7s 6d.—Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor, by Revett, two vols. 8vo. 18s.—Boys' Key to the Psalms, 8vo. 8s 6d.—Le Tresor de l' Ecolier Francais, 3s.—Hansard's Debates, Vol 12th, February to April 1825, 1l 11s 6d.—Lightfoot's Works, thirteen vols. 7l. 16s.—Swinburne on Descents, 10s 6d.—Fashionable Letter-Writer, 2s 6d.—Doblado's Letters from Spain, 14s.

J. J. LEATHWICK has the honour of informing the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that he has taken the old established LIBRARY, lately conducted by Mr. MURDOCH (Preceptor to ROBERT BURNS), 24 HART STREET, Bloomsbury Square, where he hopes to receive the kind patronage and support of the honourable individuals composing its respectable Neighbourhood. The newest Publications will be immediately added to the Library, and a supply of Fancy and other Stationery constantly on sale. The most celebrated vocal and instrumental musical compositions will form a portion of his stock, together with daily and weekly Newspapers and Literary Periodicals: the whole of which will be regularly and promptly served.

24, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square.

Just published, by R. Ackermann, 101, Strand,

A PICTURESQUE and DESCRIPTIVE TOUR in the MOUNTAINS of the HIGH PYRENEES; comprising twenty-four coloured Views of the most interesting Scenes, from original Drawings, taken on the Spot; with some Account of the Bathing Establishments in that Department of France. By J. HARDY, Esq. Royal 8vo. boards, 30s.

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Those who may wish to treat for the above work are requested to direct their literary correspondents in Paris, to call upon the Author for the Manuscript and Terms of Sale, at No. 48, Rue de l'Arbre sec, St. Honoré, Paris. September, 1825.

BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED,

By WILLIAM COLE, 10, Newgate Street, London.

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2. COLE'S IMPROVED ABRIDGMENT of Dr. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY; containing a great number of Words not to be found in any former Edition; a very copious Chronological Table; Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases; and many other useful Addenda. Bound and lettered, 3s.

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THE CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number.—Reviews: Life of Paul Jones, 609; Descriptive Tour in the High Pyrenees, 612; The Slave Trade—Additional Papers, 613; The Broken Heart, with other Poems, 614; Public Education, 615; D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ, 616; An Essay addressed to the Navy, 616; Complete Angler, 616; The Linguist, 616; The Mighty Reviewers, 617; Rules for discovering who was Junius, 617.—*Original:* Observations on Fairs: Immorality in Low and High Life, 618; Disposed Skeletons, Departing Merriment, &c. 619; Negro Crimes and Negro Punishments, 620; Description of Salem, 620.—*Biography:* Mr. Ravenhill, 621.—*Original Poetry:* The Pleasures of Poetry, 622.—*The Drama*, 622.—*Literature and Science*, 622.—*The Dee*, 623.

No. 332. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Paul Jones, from Original Documents in the Possession of JOHN HENRY SHERBURNE, Esq., Register of the Navy of the United States. Post 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1825. Murray.

It would, we think, be quite as easy for Paul Jones to justify his rebellion and piracy, as for the rulers of France, Russia, and the United States, to vindicate the purity of their motives, in honouring him with their especial favour and friendship. Paul Jones was, however, no ordinary man; to a desperate courage, he added considerable attainments, and, though a rebel and a pirate, he sometimes displayed a chivalric honour worthy of a better cause. 'Five-and-twenty years,' as the author of the volume before us observes, in his preface, 'have not elapsed since the nurses of Scotland hushed their crying infants by the whisper of his name, and chapbooks are even now to be purchased, in which he is depicted in all the plenitude of terrific glory, the rival of Blackbeard, and the worthy successor of the Buccaneers.'

The life of this extraordinary adventurer is compiled from some documents which were formerly in the possession of the late Robert Hyslop, Esq. of New York, on whose death they were obtained by Mr. George A. Ward, who parted with them to John Henry Sherburne, Esq. the register of the United States Navy. Of their authenticity there seems no doubt; we do, however, think a better use might have been made of them, and of the other facilities the author possessed, than has been done in the volume before us, which, though highly interesting, might have been rendered more so, by a better arrangement, and more attention to the style of the narrative.

John Paul Jones was born in July, 1747, at Arbegland, in the stewartry of Kirkubright, in Scotland; his father, John Paul, was a gardener, and young Paul received the rudiments of his education at the parochial school of Kirkbean. He had an early predilection for a seafaring life, and, at the age of twelve, he was bound apprentice to a merchant in the American trade, of the name of Younger. Freed from the trammels of apprenticeship, he made several voyages to various parts of Europe and America. In 1773, we find him in Virginia, arranging the affairs of a brother, who died intestate; and it is supposed that Paul was under some pecuniary difficulties, for he had adopted the name of Jones. In a letter, written three years afterwards, he alludes to a great misfortune which had befallen him, but the nature of which is not known. When in the early part of the dispute with our colonies, the American Congress resolved to proceed to reprisal, for the maritime aggressions of Great Britain, a naval force was prepared, and Jones, who had just completed his twenty-eighth year, was appointed a first lieutenant in the American navy. The first proceedings of the American squadron were not successful: it failed in an attack on one of the Bahama isles, and the American seamen were panic struck at a few broadsides from the Glasgow man-of-war. On account of the latter rencontre, public discontent caused two court-martials to be held, the result of which was the promotion of Jones to the command of the Providence. Jones felt a deep interest in advancing the American navy, but the officers, as our author candidly acknowledges, 'were not only inefficient in their professional conduct, but unskilful in the general encouragement.' In the letters of Jones, extracts from which are published in the work before us, he offers much earnest and useful advice on the formation of the navy. To what cause we are to attribute his enmity we know not, but he displayed throughout a most rancorous hatred of this country. Jones was very active and very successful:—

'At the end of the year 1776, he was immediately appointed to the command of a squadron in Rhode Island. The chief point of this expedition was Isle Royal. In his way to this place, Jones fell in with the Mellish, an armed vessel from Liverpool; this ship he captured, and he found that it contained 10,000 suits of uniform, which were intended for the army of General Burgoyne. It so happened, that at this moment the troops of Washington were almost destitute of clothing. The capture of the Mellish was, therefore, most opportune, and tended, in no slight degree, to increase the reputation of Jones. After capturing many prizes, the commander of the little squadron arrived at Isle Royal. All the buildings appropriated to the whale and cod fisheries were destroyed, together with a very valuable transport; but the chief object of the expedition, which was to release the Americans who were confined in the coal mines there, was not effected. Jones complained strongly to Mr. Hewes of the conduct of the officers under him—"it completely overset the expedition."'

The next year, Jones was appointed to the command of the Ranger, with unlimited instructions. 'We shall not,' said the Congress, 'limit you to any particular cruising station, but leave you at large, to search for yourself where the greatest chance of success presents.' Thus honoured, Jones did not forget his former situation, when he lived twenty months on £50, and in a letter written at this time, with a statement of his debts and debtors, he gives a striking proof of his filial affection. 'As I hope,' says he, in a letter written in 1777, 'my dear mother is still alive, I must inform you, that I wish my property in Tobago, or in England, after paying my just debts, to be applied for her support.'

While the British troops occupied a great portion of America, Paul Jones formed a plan for attacking the coast of England. He sailed for France, and had the honour of the first salute the American flag had received; he then determined to make a descent on Whitehaven:—

'The harbour of Whitehaven was one of the most important in Great Britain, containing generally four hundred sail, and some of a very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants, and was strongly fortified. When night came on, the wind became so light, that the Ranger could not approach as near the shore as its commander had originally intended. At midnight, therefore, he left the ship, with two boats and thirty-one men, who volunteered to accompany him. As they reached the outpier, the day began to dawn: in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatching one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort; and the sentinels, being shut up in the guardhouse, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

'These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety was further increased, as all the combustibles had been intrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously-expected blaze did not, however, appear; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. The day was breaking apace, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this pre-

dicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burden. There was not time to fire any more than one place, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. "The inhabitants," says Jones in his letter to the American commissioners, "began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we reembarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitants.

"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least, my companion, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help showing by firing their pistols, &c. in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than two hundred could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town."

Jones carried off three prisoners, 'as a sample,' as he brutally expresses it. We are amused at his biographer, praising Jones's zeal for his cause, forgetting that Great Britain was his country, and that, in adopting America, he became a rebel and a renegade. Jones afterwards descended on St. Mary's, and his men (for he refused to join in it) carried off the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk; he afterwards captured the Drake, and without denying him great courage, yet his desperate heroism was that of a pirate, who knew capture would be followed by an ignominious death. Jones entered into an elaborate and affected correspondence with the Countess of Selkirk, offering to return the plate, which renders his character somewhat mysterious. After various adventures, we find him again on the English coast, fighting one of the most desperate battles on record:—

'The Serapis, forty-four guns, was one of the finest frigates in his majesty's navy, and had been off the stocks only a few months. Her crew were picked men, and she was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, an officer celebrated, even in the British navy, for his undaunted courage and exemplary conduct. The Bon Homme Richard was an old ship with decayed timbers, and had made four voyages to the East Indies. Many of her guns were useless, and all were ancient. Her crew consisted partly of Americans, partly of French, partly of English, and partly of Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays; and this crew was weak also in numbers, for two boats' crews had been lost on the coast of Ireland; and, to add to accumulated misfortunes, Jones's first lieutenant, and eighteen men in the pilot-boat, did not join the Bon Homme Richard in time for battle.

'Before the engagement commenced, there was not a man in the Bon Homme Richard who was ignorant of the superiority of the Serapis, both in metal and in men. The Portuguese and the other foreigners could speak neither French nor English, and, chattering in their native tongues, without ceasing, added not a little to the difficulties which presented themselves. The American commander had nothing so trust to but his own undaunted courage and extraordinary skill.

'The position of the Bon Homme being to windward of the Serapis, the Bon Homme passed ahead of her, and the Serapis came up on the larboard quarter of the American.

"The action commenced almost at each other, and the broadsides were almost simultaneous. The Serapis, however, passed ahead of the Bon Homme with the intention of gaining distance sufficient to rake; but this manœuvre failed, from want of distance; and, to avoid being boarded by the Bon Homme, Captain Pearson sent his helm a-lee. This movement brought the two ships in a line, and the Bon Homme ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis. The English now hailed the Bon Homme, to know whether they had struck. Jones himself answered, "that he had not yet begun to fight." But the truth was, that the broadsides of the Serapis had already produced an effect. The Bon Homme, before eight o'clock, had received several eighteen-pounders under water, and leaked very much. Jones received no assistance from his squadron: the Pallas was engaged with the Countess of Scarborough, the Vengeance held off at a distance, and the Alliance declined interfering altogether. The position in which the two contending frigates were now placed was most favourable to Jones, for not a gun could take effect on either side, and he thus gained some moments for consideration, which the American commander stood much in need of. Besides her superior force, he had already perceived that the English was the much more manageable ship of the two. The Bon Homme now backed her top-sails, and those of the Serapis being filled, the ships separated. The bowsprit of the Serapis now came over the Bon Homme's poop by the mizen-mast. Jones darted like a cat upon his prey, and immediately grappled. The action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the Bon Homme's bow, "so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side." This was a bold way of saving a sinking ship, and preventing the effect of eighteen pounders under water!

"'The battle," to use Jones's own words, "was fought with unremitting fury." The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load. The Serapis now fought with the actual view of sinking the enemy, and her broadsides were incessant. The battery of twelve pounders, on which Jones had placed his chief dependance, which was commanded by his only lieutenant, and manned by Americans, was entirely silenced and abandoned; of the six old eighteen pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun deck, most burst, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. At the same time, Colonel Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty French volunteers on the poop, abandoned his station, after having lost nearly all his band. There were only two nine pounders on the quarter deck, that were not silenced. The purser, who commanded the party that worked these guns, was shot through the head; and Jones, in this critical moment, when he almost required the faculty of ubiquity, was obliged to fill the purser's place. With great difficulty he rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter deck guns; these three nine pounders played well, but not one of the heavier cannon of the Bon Homme was fired during the rest of the action.

'During this hot work the American commander was fully convinced that sooner or later his ship must sink, yet Commodore Dale, one of the most eminent of the American officers now living, and who was Jones's first lieutenant during the engagement, says, that Jones never once flinched during the whole conflict; and that even during the greater horrors which are to follow, "nothing could depress his ardour, or change his determination."

'Jones, however, had well lined his tops, and these seconded the exertions of his little battery. He directed the fire of one of the three cannons against the mainmast of the Serapis with double-headed shot, while the two other were equally well served with grape and canister to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks. The fire from the tops of the Bon Homme was conducted with such skill and effect, that, ultimately, every man who appeared on the deck of the Serapis was immediately disposed of. Captain Pearson then ordered the survivors to keep below. Here they were not more secure. The powder monkies of the Serapis finding no officer to receive the eighteen pound cartridges, which it was their duty to supply, threw them on the main deck and then went off for more. These cartridges being scattered along the deck, and many of them being broken, it so happened, that some of the hand grenades thrown from the fore-yard of the Bon Homme, which was directly over the main

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hatch of the Serapis, fell upon this powder and produced a most awful explosion. The effect was terrific; more than twenty of the English were blown to pieces. Pearson, as he afterwards acknowledged, was now on the point of surrendering, when the cowardice of three of the under officers of the Bon Homme induced them to call out "quarter!" The English commander personally demanded of Jones whether he surrendered; the American commander personally answered in the most decided negative.

'The action now commenced with redoubled fury; Jones still succeeded in keeping the enemy's deck clear; but the fire of their cannon, especially of the lower battery, which was formed of eighteen pounders, was incessant. Both ships were now on fire in several places. The Bon Homme was several times under the necessity of suspending the combat to extinguish the flames, which were often within a few inches of the magazine. The water also gained upon them. "I had two enemies to contend with," said Jones, "besides the English,—fire and water!"

'At this moment, the Alliance appeared, and Jones now thought the battle was at an end; but, to utter astonishment, Landais discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme. The crew cried to him, "For God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard," but Landais passed along the offside of the ship, and continued his firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the Bon Homme for the Serapis, for there was the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; it was full moonlight, too; and the sides of the American were all black, and of the Serapis yellow. For greater security, Jones gave the signal of recognoissance, but nothing availed: the Alliance passed round, firing into her commodore's ship's head, stern, and broadside, and, by one of her volleys, killed several men and wounded a valuable officer. "My situation," says Jones, "was now really deplorable."

'The Alliance at last sailed off; not, however, without giving the Bon Homme several shots under water. This was perfect destruction. The leak gained ground on the pumps, and the fire increased so much on board both ships, that some officers advised Jones to strike, "of whose courage and good sense he entertained the highest opinion."

'It was a grand scene that the Channel witnessed that night. A numerous fleet had taken refuge under the walls of Scarborough Castle; the Bon Homme and Serapis, joined in an encounter almost unparalleled for its fierceness and duration, finely contrasted with the picturesque and shattered appearance of the Pallas and the Countess of Scarborough, now both silenced; and the moon, which was extremely bright and full, lighted up, not only this magnificent scene, but Flamborough Head, and the surrounding heights covered with the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns.

'While the American commodore appeared to be hesitating, whether he should follow the advice of his officers, his master at arms, who was frightened out of his wits, suddenly let loose all the prisoners, amounting to nearly five hundred, telling them, "to save themselves, as the ship was going to sink."

'This last misfortune seemed to be decisive. One prisoner jumped over to the enemy, and told them, that if they held out a moment longer the enemy must strike "Our rudder," says Jones, in his letter to Franklin, "was entirely off; the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away; the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed by age, were mangled beyond every power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness, to have formed a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared." Yet, notwithstanding this state,—notwithstanding that the prisoners were loose,—that the ship was on fire in many places, and that there was five feet of water in the hold, Jones determined to fight on. He observed what his affrighted crew had overlooked—he saw the mainmast of the Serapis shake, and his practised ear told him, that 'their firing decreased." He took care that his own should immediately increase; and at half-past ten, in the sight of thousands, the flag of England, which had been nailed to the mast of the Serapis, was struck by Captain Pearson's own hands. Her mainmast at the same time went overboard.

'Had Napoleon commanded the British frigate, he would have said, that he "ought to have won." Very probably the brave English captain thought the same.

'Before anything, except the wounded, could be removed, the Bon Homme Richard sank. The Countess of Scarborough had previously struck to the Pallas.'

Jones afterwards endeavoured to stir up the Dutch government against us, and his fleet was allowed shelter in the Texel, until, through the interference of our ambassador, an order for his dismissal was obtained:—

'As, therefore, in a very short time, the American commander was, in all probability, to close his brief but splendid career, he felt it a duty to draw up a short memoir of his public life, and to transmit it to the American Congress. After a long statement, by which he shows that it has never been his fortune to have possession of means equal to his conceptions, he says of his European exploits, that the first object of his life "was to secure an exchange of American prisoners in Europe; and my second, to put an end to burnings in America, by making one good fire of the English shipping. I succeeded in the first, in a manner far more glorious than my most flattering ideas had expected, when I left France.'

'In the second, I endeavoured to deserve success; but a wise officer of mine observed, that it was a "rash thing," and that nothing could be got by burning poor people's property. I must, however, do the gentleman the justice to mention his acknowledgment, that "he had no turn for enterprise;" and I must also do equal justice to my former officers in the Providence and the Alfred, by declaring, that had they then been with me in the Ranger, two hundred and fifty or three hundred sail of large ships, at Whitehaven, would have been laid in ashes.'

'He finished by saying, "I have not drawn my sword in our glorious cause for hire; but in the support of the dignity of human nature, and in obedience to the genuine divine feelings of philanthropy! I hoisted, with my own hands, the flag of Freedom, the first time it was displayed on the Delaware; I have attended it ever since with veneration on the ocean. I claimed and obtained its first salute from that of France, before our independence was otherwise announced in that kingdom; and no man can wish more ardently to support its *rising glory* than myself."

'In gaining an order for the dismissal of Jones from the Texel, the English ambassador had conceived that his grand object was obtained; for so completely did the American frigate appear to be blockaded, that escape seemed utterly impossible. One morning, however, Jones, with a favouring breeze, suddenly dashed from his retreat, and, "in spite of all their cruising-ships and squadrons," fairly made his escape. "I am, my dear philosopher," he writes to M. Dumas, "this moment arrived here. We have made our way good through the Channel, in spite of the utmost efforts of Britain to prevent it. I had the pleasure of laughing, at their expense, as we passed the Downs, in spite of their ships of war, and along the coast, in full view of the Isle of Wight."

'But while we admire the admirable skill with which the American commander eluded the snares of his persecutors, with what other feelings shall we view the conduct of that man, who, in a situation of such imminent and extraordinary peril, was calmly employed in scribbling some complimentary stanzas to an absent fair one! Yet such was the fact. The daughter of M. Dumas, like all other fair dames, had made an early impression on the sensitive heart of Paul Jones. The lady wrote very pretty verses to a man pre-eminent for his chivalric gallantry. The neglect which he had been guilty of, in not answering her last verses from the Hague, appears to have weighed more upon his mind than all the squadrons and remonstrances of his enemy. The bad condition of the Alliance had prevented Jones's favourite wish of cruising for some time against the enemy before his return to France. Next to not being captured, he was extremely desirous of returning with a capture. He was obliged, however, from the cause we have just stated, to put in at Cotogne, from which place he immediately despatched the letter to M. Dumas, from which we have already quoted. "To show you," he continues, "that I am entirely disposed to obey you, I have enclosed an *petit badinage* for the virgin muse, but, if I do not find critical mercy, you shall not take me in so a second time.

'As verses composed under such circumstances may perhaps, like a more celebrated effusion, "be considered as a psycological curiosity," the reader will most probably not be displeased with their appearance.

Verses written on board the Alliance, off Ushant, the 1st day of January, 1781, immediately

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after escaping out of the Texel, from the blockade of the British fleet; being in answer to a piece written and sent to the Texel by a young lady at the Hague.

'TO MISS DUMAS.

'Were I, Paul Jones, dear maid, the "King of Sea,"
I find such merit in thy virgin song,
A coral crown with bays I'd give to thee,
A car, which on the waves should smoothly glide along;
The Nereides all about thy side should wait,
And gladly sing in triumph of thy state,
"Vivat, vivat, the happy virgin muse!
Of Liberty the friend,—whom tyrant power pursues!

'Or happier lot! were fair Colombia free
From British tyranny; and youth still mine,
I'd tell a tender tale to one like thee
With artless looks, and breast as pure as thine.
If she approved my flame, distrust apart,
Like faithful turtles, we'd have but one heart;
Together then we'd tune the silver lyre,
As Love or sacred Freedom should our lays inspire.

'But since, alas! the rage of war prevails,
And cruel Britons desolate our land,
For Freedom still I spread my willing sails,
My unsheathed sword my injured country shall command.
Go on, bright maid, the muses all attend
Genius like thine, and wish to be its friend.
Trust me, although conveyed through this poor shift,
My new year's thoughts are grateful for thy virgin gift.

'The escape of Paul Jones exhausted the patience of the court of London, and war was soon after declared against the Low Countries. The harbouring of the American commodore at the Texel was the subject of the first article of the declaration. Thus was this extraordinary man the means by which a powerful European government joined in the "common cause" to which he was so devoted!'

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Picturesque and Descriptive Tour in the Mountains of the High Pyrenees.

(Concluded from p. 594.)

In resuming our notice of this elegant work, we must again regret our inability to do justice to the author's sketches of the wild and romantic scenery of the Pyrenees; we are, therefore, again compelled to resort to his descriptions. The village of Gédre particularly attracted the attention of Mr. Hardy, who says, 'although a residence of five weeks in the mountains had accustomed my eye to stupendous objects, yet here the mind and eye seemed incapable of embracing their immensity:—

'The village of Gédre is placed at the opening of a lateral valley from the south-east. From this valley issues a considerable torrent, which exhibits a superb curiosity: behind the small inn, a large mass of rocks chokes up the valley, and has turned aside the direct course of the impetuous torrent, which has forced for itself an opening, ten feet in diameter, into a natural grotto, the roof of which is nearly matted over with the thickest foliage, festooned in the most graceful manner, and so clustered as to be nearly impervious to the light. Hence a gloom is thrown around, which contrasts exquisitely with the silvery spray that dashes about in incessant variety. The waters soon become tranquil, and flow at your feet a perfect mirror; the minutest object may be seen in it, especially the trout, which abound there: they are frequently observed endeavouring to regain the height from which they have been dashed down; and to this end they form themselves into a circle, with their tails in their mouths, and thus dart up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Tradition reports, that the village was formerly much larger, but that nearly the whole of it was once swept away by the first bursting out of the torrent.

'Proceeding onwards, all cultivation, even in patches, ceases; and again ascending, we came to a defile of the most appalling appearance, exhibiting an immense mass of rock, which has fallen from the overhanging mountain: it is called Chaos, or Peyreda, by the country people; and, indeed, we might say, "Chaos is come again!" Most of the blocks are larger than the loftiest houses. The greatest care is necessary in traversing this ruin of nature: nothing can be more horrible to behold. Some of the blocks have been found to contain one hundred thousand cubic feet: the largest appear like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, being generally of a square form.

'We wound our way through these scenes for half an hour, like mere pigmies bewildered and lost in astonishment, passing a neglected lead and silver mine, once worked by the English: near the place are the ruins of the foundery. Just as we cleared all this, the mountain breaks open on the right, and we caught sight of one of the highest glaciers, the Vignemale, whose dazzling whiteness beautifully contrasted with the black scenery around us: we continued ascending till we reached Gavarnie, having passed a large defile, called the Valley d'Ossone. A torrent descends from it, making eight or ten cascades, all varied in character, springing out of the finest verdure and majestic rocks, with an effect more beautiful than can be imagined: nothing we had yet seen was comparable to it.'

Grand and beautiful as this scene must have appeared, it seems to have been surpassed in sublimity by the Circle of Gavarnie:—

'The whole scene presents the interior of a vast amphitheatre, of a construction so regular as to seem the work of human hands, and which, in the language of the guide, would appear to be the last barrier of the world. The most striking object is a prodigious cascade, on the extreme left, falling in one unbroken line one thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet. Before it reaches the bottom, it dashes against a huge mass of rock, and then forms the principal source of the Gave de Pau. In the centre of the view are seven other cascades, varying from three to five hundred feet in perpendicular height.

'The majestic scene is formed of glaciers, snow, and alabaster rocks; the summits of the amphitheatre are crowned with perpetual snows, and carried along in terraces, the faces of which are primitive alabaster rocks. On the very highest range, two enormous masses, of a square form,

'"High o'er the rest display superior state,
In proud pre-eminence sublimely great,"

and are called the Towers of Marboré; and in viewing them, you are ready to take them for an aérial fortress. Not a sign of verdure is seen, except a few black pines at our feet. It must not, however, be imagined to be a cold snow scene, quite the reverse; everything partakes of a yellow tinge, and the *tout-ensemble*, having somewhat of an artificial appearance, strongly resembles the drop-scene of a play-house. At the left corner, a huge rock, at least two thousand feet in height, juts out, and then comes the wonderful cascade, falling as from the heavens, like a mighty riband, joining earth and sky: the centre portion resembles an immense wall, rising in terraces, broken on the right by a wide opening, called the Brèche de Roland, from some fabulous tale of the time of Charlemagne. The view is then closed in by masses of pale yellow mountains, advancing nearer to the spectator, their edges overlooking the torrent of foaming waters which flow from the foot of the cascades. The area of the amphitheatre is not less than two miles; but the deception of vision is so great, that a thousand yards would be supposed its utmost extent.

'We hurried on to contemplate the scene in detail: every object of which it is composed is of a proportion far beyond all ordinary conception. We presently reached a vast oval of incrusted snow, which contrasts beautifully with the surrounding walls of primitive rocks. The apparent regularity of decoration is most striking. We beheld the foaming water of the larger cascade precipitate itself into a vast hole under the snow: the thundering noise of its descent is tremendous. We found it impossible to approach the abyss too closely, as the atmosphere of spray which surrounds it soon wets the spectator to the skin, and we were obliged to retire.

'The sight is confounded in considering the immense elevation of the Towers of Marboré, which form the crown to the entire scene, and seem to pierce the clouds. You are scarcely conscious that you exist, and experience a kind of ecstacy, or interior exaltation, which seems the effect of magic. The *Tours de Marboré* are seen from Toulouse on the side of France, and from Saragossa on that of Spain.'

In the wilder parts of the Pyrenees are a class of people, called the Cagots, of whom Mr. Hardy gives the following interesting account:—

'In my two months' sojourn amidst these mountains, I sometimes came in contact with this singular race of human beings, and who are, I believe, peculiar to this part of France. No language can describe the utter wretchedness of their appearance; shunned by every one, they crawl upon the face of the earth in the most abject state of want and misery, such as can only be known but in being witnessed. Their complexions are cadaverous in the extreme; many of them af-

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fected with the *goitre*, of dwarfish stature, and for clothing, a sort of sackcloth is all that distinguishes them from "the beasts that perish."

'The origin of these poor creatures is lost in the distance of time. Mons. Palassou, who has written a memoir on the subject, is of opinion, that they take their rise from the last of the Saracens, who were defeated by Charles Martel, in the neighbourhood of Tours, and subsequently driven into these mountains, and afterwards became objects of hatred and contempt.

'The habitations of these outcasts are apart from all the towns and villages, amid dreary valleys and unwholesome swamps. Among other persecutions, they were formerly obliged to bear a badge, indicative of their degraded class. These cruel distinctions pursued them even to the churches, which they entered by a separate door; and the holy waters appropriated to their use would have been thought, by their more favoured fellow-beings, rather those of contamination than of blessedness.

'I was confined to a village by incessant rain one whole day, in the neighbourhood of some of these people, and never can I forget the two or three objects which presented themselves, more particularly one, a female: the face was horribly disfigured with the small-pox; the *goitre* had extended itself so completely round the throat, that no protrusion of the lower jaw could be perceived: a filthy blanket was thrown over her shoulders, extending to the feet, and held round her person with folded arms: her *tout-ensemble* was loathsome in the extreme; and although young, the expression of the eye indicated that disease and misery were struggling within. A trifle bestowed upon her seemed for a moment to dispel the habitual gloom of her wretched countenance, which conscious degradation had so deeply engraved upon it. In nearly one attitude she remained opposite to the *auberge* full three hours, attracted thither, no doubt, by the hope of charity and the gratification of vacant curiosity, which the arrival of any stranger would most probably afford. In speaking of her to the mistress of the house, her answer convinced me, that she hardly thought the poor creature worthy of notice as a human being. The government of France ought to seek the improvement of these miserable people; but I am aware that they have difficulties almost insurmountable in the prejudices and long-cherished abhorrence of association which the mountaineers entertain towards them.

Fearing we may encroach too much on the letter-press of this beautiful volume, we shall make but one extract more; it relates to Bagnères, where there are very celebrated baths, and an anecdote connected with it:—

'A circumstance occurred while I was in the neighbourhood of Bagnères, which made the residence of the English there very disagreeable. An Englishman had taken a book from the public library—the "*Histoire des Conquêtes de l'Armée Française*," and finding in it an erroneous account of the battle of Toulouse, had indulged himself in writing marginal notes of a very abusive tendency. The next reader of the book was a young Frenchman, of duelling notoriety; and learning from the librarian who the writer of these notes was, immediately called him out.—They met, armed with pistols, in the presence of fifty persons; both fired at the same instant, when the Frenchman was mortally wounded. The exasperation of the bystanders was extreme: the survivor with difficulty escaped with his life, and the *maire* was obliged to take him under his special protection till he could privately withdraw from that part of the country. For some weeks the irritation of the lower classes manifested itself in so marked a manner, that most of the English also retired for the remainder of the season.

'At Bagnères, the circle of the principal bathing establishments is completed, and towards the month of September the visitants depart, almost satiated with the wild majesty of Nature to which they have been so long accustomed, and many sighing again for the plains and their corresponding monotony.

'"The majesty of rocks, the torrent's roar,
A moment please or agitate."

'In quitting Bagnères, we emerge altogether from the mountains; and at this time, August, the leaves were beginning to fall, and the surfaces of the elevated lakes were frozen over: the region of perpetual snows is about eight thousand feet. The following are the heights of the most elevated peaks above the level of the sea:—

'Vignemale, S S. E. of Cauterets	10,432 feet.
Marboré, Gavarnie - - - -	10,260
Mont Perdu, Spain - - - -	10,678
Pic du Midi de Bigorre - -	9,036
Pic de Bergons - - - - -	6,504
Pic du Midi de Pau - - - -	8,442

As the Pyrenees is by no means the best known portion of the globe or of Europe, the public is much indebted to Mr. Hardy, for his very spirited sketches (coloured after nature) of its mountain scenery, the description of which is interspersed with so many interesting anecdotes and pictures of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. To travellers, and to lovers and collectors of works on the fine arts, this volume will at once recommend itself.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Additional Papers presented to Parliament, by his Majesty's Command, in Explanation of the Measures of his Majesty's Government, for the Melioration of the Condition of the Slave Population in his Majesty's Possessions in the West Indies, and on the Continent of South America. In continuation of the Papers presented this [last] Session. Folio. pp. 280. London, 1825.

(Concluded from p. 594.)

THE last of the parliamentary documents on which our observations relative to the slave trade are founded, consists of the correspondence between the British government and his majesty's colonies in the West Indies and on the continent of South America, on the melioration and condition of the slave population. This correspondence extends over between three and four hundred folio pages, and, like many other parliamentary documents, almost defeats its object by its voluminousness: this we suspect will be the case with the huge reports of the commissioners on the charity schools. No person will be at the labour of wading through the five or six thousand pages they contain, in order to deduce certain data, which, however true or curious, possess but little general interest.

The first part of this correspondence is between Earl Bathurst, colonial secretary of state, and the Duke of Manchester, principally on the subject of the revolt of the Negroes, in June, 1824. The poor creatures had been led to believe that their emancipation was decreed in parliament, but withheld by their masters; they therefore rose to demand their freedom, and were guilty of less excesses than white men generally are in cases of insurrection; however, a great number of them were taken and tried, and twelve executed in the parish of Hanover, by order of the magistrates, without reference to the governor-general, 'the case of rebellion or rebellious conspiracy being excepted from the late law, which enacts, that no sentence of death against slaves shall be carried into effect, unless by order of the governor.'

This, by the by, is a sweeping exception which ought at once to be abolished; the magistrates in a slave colony, whose interest is connected with the proprietary, ought not thus to hold the issues of life and death; it is, however, but justice to say, that Jamaica is one of the best of the West India islands, and that it has shown a greater disposition to meet the views of the British government, in ameliorating the condition of the Negroes, than any of the other colonies. In 1824 the House of Assembly passed two acts, which, as the governor well observes, are 'important in themselves, as affording protection and encouragement to the slaves, and more so, as indicating an intention of doing more hereafter.'

'The first act protects slaves from all mesne process on the day allotted to them for the cultivation of their provisions, or to carry them to market. It will enable them to employ the Saturday for this pupose, whilst before this act passed, slaves belonging to individuals against whom judgments were open, were obliged to go to market on Sunday, in order to avoid the danger of being taken by the deputy marshal on any other day. This exemption from mesne process will afford them now the opportunity to employ Sunday in a more suitable manner, and will materially contribute to the extinction of the Sunday market.

'The other act enables the owners of slaves to reward their services by manumission, notwithstanding entails and other settlements.'

We pass over the correspondence with the Bahamas, Barbadoes, Dominica, Grenada, and Antigua, as not presenting any distinct feature of interest. At St. Christopher's, however, we find the chief justice honestly acknowledging the evils of slavery, and labouring with all his might to lessen them by a new bill, which, in pursuance with the wishes of the British government, should consolidate all the slave laws of each colony.

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In a report to the governor, Chief Justice Pickwood says,—

'Although our statute book is disgraced with, perhaps, fewer sanctions to atrocious and sanguinary conduct towards the slave population than are to be found among our neighbours, there is still much which proclaims the age when these our fellow creatures were considered of less importance than the soil which they cultivated, or the cattle which they drove. Fearful that anything of this nature should elude my research, and aware of the impossibility of reconciling the various incongruities of our slave code with the better feeling which now prevails towards them, and with the change in their condition which that feeling and their improved habits demand, I resolved at once upon the repeal of every existing law bearing upon the subject. This has enabled me to arrange and classify the several branches of the subject in somewhat of a natural and regular order, and to dispose of it under the three grand divisions:—1. of the rights and privileges; 2. the duties; and 3. the disabilities of this class of our population.

'Although it be a point of sound rather than of substance, still I think that something may be gained by abolishing the odious terms "slave and slavery," as applicable to these people and to their condition, under the improvements which, within my experience, have taken place in their moral state, and still more under those which are contemplated, these terms are not suitable to that condition. I propose, therefore, to designate them as vassals, inasmuch as vassalage more accurately describes the existing relations between the master and the feudal servant. I admit that this is but another term for slavery, but it is of milder signification; and as vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, so shall we, by this change of term, strip the condition of these people of an opprobrium which is revolting to all who venerate, or would preserve the institutions to which the condition of these people is at once an exception and a reproach.

'I do not entertain the opinion that ample justice is not generally done to these people, when they complain of injury or oppression, by the tribunals to which they appeal; still I think that the impartial investigation of their complaints should be placed out of the reach of doubt or suspicion, by the appointment of a public officer, as guardian and protector to them; and I have adapted the provisions of the Trinidad order in council for that purpose.'

After stating that he does not think the private chastisement of the whip, even to females, can safely be abolished, the chief justice proceeds:—

'In regard to their evidence in courts of justice, I have extended the principle laid down in the order in council, for I have never seen the necessity for any restriction upon its admission under such precautions as the court would necessarily adopt in all cases of suspicious testimony, and of ignorant witnesses. The prevailing feelings of our juries against the credibility of Negro evidence in general will be an ample safeguard against the bias which upon many subjects it may be supposed to have. And I have therefore, in the bill which I have framed, authorized its reception in all civil suits or actions in which the owner is concerned, or where any white person may be charged with any offence punishable with death; for the reception of such testimony can alone do away with the reproach which now attaches to us, namely, that not only cruelty, but that murder may be committed openly, and in the presence of hundreds, without the possibility of obtaining evidence for the conviction of the offender.

'I have adopted the penal clauses on cruelty which the order in council contains. I have selected from our own laws, and from those of the neighbouring islands, all that appears to me to be of sound and practical utility, so as to secure to the slave a sufficiency of food, an allotment of land, clothing, time for meals and rest, support to the infirm, if the owner be unknown, a protection from mal-treatment by the owner, or otherwise, and from the use of chains and iron collars. I have also provided for medical attendance, the treatment of pregnant women, immunities to women with a certain number of children, born in wedlock, for attendance on public worship, for baptism, and with a view of removing every excuse for omitting to supply a due allowance of food and raiment. I have adopted these clauses from our Amelioration Act, which make these articles a lien upon the slaves themselves, under the limitations therein contained, prior to all other engagements or securities.'

The 'Additional Papers,' the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, contain a variety of documentary evidence on the proceedings in Trinidad and Demerara, arising out of a despatch from Earl Bathurst to the respective colonies, explaining and directing the amelioration of the slaves, and the abolition of the whip, so far as regarded females. There is also the half-yearly report of the Syndic Procurador, general protector and guardian of slaves in Trinidad, with an account of the criminal prosecutions instituted by the attorney-general against the slaves during that period. A return of the punishments inflicted on slaves follows; the offences are very multifarious—from insolence, indolence, absenting from church, to thefts, &c. and the punishments vary from confinement to thirty-one stripes, the largest number that appears to have been inflicted. Drunkenness appears a very common vice among the slaves, and maternal affection does not seem a Negro virtue, if we may judge from the number of women punished for neglect or cruelty to their children. The idea that they are only breeding and rearing children for perpetual slavery may chill their feelings and render the mothers indifferent, but no apology can be made for cruelty. These papers do not furnish any extracts sufficiently interesting for us to quote, and we shall, therefore, not dwell longer on the painful but interesting subject of the slave trade at present; although, until it is wholly abolished, we shall never cease to reprobate it.

The Broken Heart, with other Poems. By EDMUND I. READE, Esq. 12mo. pp. 146. London, 1825. Churchill.

THIS is a volume of very gentlemanly poetry, and if, in travelling through it, we here and there met with a rugged place, yet the journey was generally smooth and uniform; but to drop metaphor, we may observe, that Mr. Reade's muse is more distinguished for sweetness than vigour, though frequently not deficient in the latter quality. The principal poem has several beautiful passages, and the sonnets are pretty; we, however, prefer the following:—

'STANZAS.

'O Avon's banks are wild and fair*,
And Avon's woods are green:
And you may wander musing there
The livelong day unseen;

'For there shades many a leafy nook
To prying eyes unknown,
Where thou might'st make the song of brook
The cadence to thine own.

'Scorn not such haunt—by brighter skies,
By wilder paths you well may roam;
But never scene again might rise
Of such a quiet home!

'These green banks shelter from the wind,
The blue sky tints, the clouds there lay:
The trees their aged boughs declined,
Shed blessings on its peaceful way!

'Sweet is thy stream, oh passing sweet!
Beneath the parted west;
When its pale star, and rose hues meet
Within thy hallowed breast;

'The rudest sound thy vision breaking,
The bat's low hum—or sunk from tree
The life-like leaf its passage taking
In silence to eternity.

'Then wander there—and while the gleam
Fades wan beneath thine eye reposed,
Say, then, if ever loveliest dream
So calm, so still, so silent closed!

'Strike the wild harp's inspiring chords—
Was't not along thy banks, proud river!
He walked, and breathed those burning words
That made these blessed on earth for ever!

'O thou eternal Shakspeare! thou
Didst watch ev'n thus those waters flowing,
And while they glassed thy awful brow,
What softened thoughts were in thee growing!

'Softened—for such they needs must glide;
Then Ariel's trembling essence grew,
Then in her grace and high-souled pride
Miranda adoration drew.

'Or on such eve as this, above
Young Juliet poured her boundless heart:
Or mourned sweet Imogen the love
That slighted, could not yet depart!

'And now beneath thy touch too strong,
That harp unstrung hangs mouldering there.
Gone is the monarch of the song,
And long bath damped those strings despair.

'The Passions slept with him who called—
Save once when with a soul all flame
Pale Collins struck—but shrunk appalled
When they, embodied, heard and came!†

* The two opening lines of this piece are taken from that beautiful ballad beginning with 'O Brigland banks are wild and fair,
And Greta's woods are green, &c.'
ROKEBY, Canto III.

† The real fervid intensity of Collins' lyric

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'Sweet Avon! vainly may we stray
Forgetful here and doubly shame,
If such be—who have framed the lay,
And on thy banks could talk of fame!'.

A vile punster at our elbow remarks, that Mr. R. will have one advantage over many authors, for whatever opinion may be formed of his merits, by all he will be *read* (Reade).

Public Education. Plans for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys in large Numbers.

(Concluded from p. 590.)

In our last we gave the author's outline of the system of education adopted at Hazelwood—a system which, identifying itself with the feelings and habits of our nature, renders the life of a schoolboy as happy in progress as it generally is in recollection. In the subsequent chapters, the plan is developed in all its details,—as to the government of the school, the regulations for keeping order, rewards and punishments, the modes of instruction, &c. To these are added, observations on the best method of acquiring languages, on elocution, penmanship, &c., and a comparison of public and private education—a subject on which Eustace Budgell wrote an excellent paper in the Spectator. It will naturally be inferred that our author is in favour of the public schools. The whole system appears admirably suited for the purpose of education, and, as Mr. Canning would say, the machine works well. Much is done at Hazelwood School with rewards and punishments, and the advantages are considerable. The rewards consist in the distribution of certain counters, in which the boys obtain by superiority in the classes, by filling certain offices, and by various kinds of voluntary labour, performed in the leisure hours: in the forfeiture of these counters, the punishments chiefly consist:—

'Every boy in the school devotes such part of his play-hours as he may think proper to the obtaining of these marks. The product of almost any kind of labour or study is received, provided it is presented in a complete state, and is tolerably well executed. As each boy, for this purpose, is at liberty to employ himself in the way he shall think proper, he of course engages in those pursuits which are most consonant with his taste. Some boys give much time to translation, and to the composition of original essays; others prefer drawing and planning; with some, etching on copper plates is the favourite amusement; models of machinery, of houses, of animals, &c., are frequently presented for rewards; and many boys devote their leisure time to reading, who, when they claim to be rewarded, undergo an examination as to their knowledge of the book they have chosen, that it may be ascertained how far they have read with attention.

'In conducting this examination, it will at once be seen, that ample opportunity is afforded for fixing, in the mind of the pupil, the facts of which he has been reading. If he shall present a book of voyages or travels, he can be required to point out on a map the places of which he has read; if a book on science, to exemplify, by experiment, such parts as are capable of illustration.

'The amount of reward is determined by estimating the time which any piece of work might reasonably be expected to employ the pupil, and then paying him according to a fixed rate per hour, decreasing within certain limits as the age of the pupil advances. If the boy is ten years of age, he has thirty marks per hour; if eleven, twenty-five; if twelve or upwards, twenty; no diminution takes place after twelve, for reasons which will be stated shortly. If the pupil is younger than ten years, he receives an additional ten marks per hour for every year which his age is less than ten. This rule is, however, often slightly relaxed, with a view to reward excellence, and to encourage those kinds of exertion which are thought to be the most useful. These rewards are distributed at a certain hour of each day.

'The nature and variety of occupations carried on for the purpose of obtaining these counters are very amusing. We have a little museum, and sometimes we are able to persuade the pupil to deposit there the productions of his ingenuity. This museum contains models of buildings and machinery of various descriptions, specimens of turning, philosophical apparatus, and a great variety of other articles, all produced by the boys. Many complete electrical machines have been constructed; and a boy of thirteen, succeeded so well in a copper-plate etching, which he had executed for these marks, as to obtain for it the silver medal which is annually offered by the London Society of Arts. A remarkable instance of anxiety to obtain marks was once given by a boy, who, for that purpose, in a very short time, translated into tolerably correct blank verse, the whole four books of the Georgics, without any assistance.

'Considerable ingenuity is frequently evinced by very little boys.—A day-boy, only eight years of age, was confined by his father during great part of a day to his chamber. The boy was furnished with books, paper, and pencils, but was under no obligation to work. The next day, however, he brought to school work sufficient to entitle him to receive marks for five or six hours' labour. It consisted principally of an original view, which he had taken from his prison window. It was exceedingly well executed: the foreground of the picture, to speak technically, consisted of the interior of the window, with the bars of the sashes, the drapery, and other appurtenances, all correctly marked. Beyond were exhibited the distant houses, trees, and hills, all in good perspective. The father was so delighted with his son's performance, that he fully forgave him his previous misconduct.

'Our counters are of various denominations, the size of each being in some measure proportionate to its value. The smallest is the *prime*, worth, as its name implies, one mark; there is the *decad*, worth ten; the *cent*, one hundred; and the *chiliad*, one thousand; the decimal progression being preserved throughout. To increase the facility of exchange, we have also some coins of intermediate value, namely, the *triad* (valued at three); the *pentad* (five); the *demi-cent* (fifty); and the *quingent* (five hundred).

'The collateral advantages derived from this arrangement are considerable. The pupils become practically acquainted with the excellences of the decimal system: and in calculating the total value of a variety of coins for the purposes of receipt, payment, and exchange, they have almost constant practice in mental arithmetic. We have frequently been struck in noticing the ease with which even the youngest boys perform these operations. In explaining the decimal notation to our younger pupils, and decimal fractions to those more advanced, we find our coins of the greatest use. The quingent and chiliad are large medals, the first of brass and the other of copper, each bearing on the obverse an elevation of Hazelwood House. The possession of one or both of these medals, to which certain slight privileges are attached, is an object of ambition within the reach of every boy in the school. We have also silver medals bearing the same impression. These can only be obtained by the performance of exercises of a superior kind; the required amount being the produce of one hundred hours' employment. On the reverse of each silver medal the owner's name is engraved, and it can neither be transferred nor exchanged for marks. The acquisition even of a silver medal is a matter of frequent occurrence.'

There is, perhaps, something rather farcical in the dignities and proceedings of the scholars, and in their mimic trials and debates, but it has one advantage—that of initiating youth into forms of proceedings bearing a strong resemblance to those in which they must mingle in after-life. In the education of youth at Hazelwood, gymnastics is not neglected:—

'One hour in each day is devoted to the performance of regular gymnastic exercises. The exercises taught are various; namely, running, leaping with and without the pole, vaulting, wrestling, balancing the body while walking along horizontal poles, performing a variety of feats upon the rack (a round horizontal bar, about six feet from the ground), throwing a blunt kind of spear at a target, and in the summer time swimming, for which we have a private bath in a retired spot, at a short distance from the play-ground.

'For these purposes we have an extensive apparatus, which has been furnished partly from the school fund, and partly from a fund raised among the boys by voluntary contributions; the few who are non-subscribers not being allowed to use the apparatus belonging to the society. The subscription is twopence per month only, with a donation of one shilling at admission. This fund

cation to feel but once as Shakspeare, is overpowering—

"O thou, whose spirit most possest
The secret seat of Shakspeare's breast:
By all that from thy prophet broke
In thy divine emotions spoke,
Hither again thy fury deal—
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

'ODE TO FEAR.

placed at the disposal of a committee elected every two months, at a general meeting of the subscribers; at which meeting the old committee presents a report of its proceedings. Although the subscription is so small, it has enabled the boys to furnish themselves with an abundance of playthings, besides assisting in the purchase of the apparatus already described.

'A few of the above mentioned gymnastic exercises, which are attended with some little danger, as throwing the spear and swimming, are only permitted at the hour for gymnastics, when each class has its teacher; but most of the exercises are practised by some or other of the boys at almost every hour of the day; they also employ much of their leisure time in athletic games.

'Five small prizes are awarded by the committee at the end of each session, to those boys who have excelled most in certain gymnastic exercises, which are proposed weekly; the competition being altogether voluntary. In order to give the younger boys a chance of obtaining a prize, the competitors are divided into two classes, according to their age. Three prizes are awarded to the best of the senior class, and two to those of the junior division. A member of the latter class is not excluded, however, from competition with the former.

'We have derived many advantages from these gymnastic exercises. In strengthening and forming the body, their use is universally allowed; and there cannot be a doubt that they produce an effect at least as advantageous on the mind.'

The entire system, as we have said, appears to us excellent; and, without going into the whole of the plan, many useful parts of it might be adopted, both by public and private teachers; and to those, as well as to parents in general, we recommend the work.

D. Iunii Iuvenalis Satirae: with the Original Text reduced to the Natural Order of Construction; an English Translation, Literal and Interlineal; and an Index, Historical, Geographical, and Poetical. By JOHN STIRLING, D. D. A New Edition, revised, corrected, and improved. By P. A. NUTTALL, LL. D. 8vo. pp. 404. London, 1825. Ward.

DR. STIRLING'S Juvenal has ever been considered a *sterling* work; if this may be considered a pun, it has truth for its foundation, which is not the case with every pun. This work had become scarce, and although a mere reprint would have been acceptable to the public, yet the editor of the new edition, by his emendations, has given the book new claims to general approbation. He has compared the various readings of the several editions of Juvenal published, settled the punctuation which hitherto was unsettled, and made the translation as interlineal as it is, perhaps, possible to be rendered, correcting at the same time the phraseology where Dr. Stirling's translation was harsh or obscure. Of Juvenal himself it is unnecessary for us to speak; indeed, we might as well dwell on the genius of Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, or Byron. Juvenal was an honest and fearless satirist, and his poems, with little paraphrase, will apply as well to the individuals of the present age as to his contemporaries. Human nature, indeed, does not vary much, and it is the study of it in a general sense, and not in its peculiarities, that render Juvenal and Shakspeare as much the moralists and satirists of the present day as of the age in which they wrote. Of the merits of this edition of Juvenal it is difficult to speak too highly, and we recommend it to all proficients as well as students in the Latin language, since to the one it must prove a pleasing reminiscence, to the other an useful auxiliary.

An Essay, addressed to Captains of the Royal Navy, and those of the Merchants' Service, on the Means of preserving the Health of their Crews; with Directions for the Prevention of Dry Rot in Ships. By ROBERT FINLAYSON, M. D. 8vo. pp 85. London, 1825. S. and G. Underwood.

THERE is a vast portion of good sense, and some share of affectation, in this work: the points, however, on which it treats, are so important in a maritime country, that we may readily forgive any peculiarity of manner, when the matter is really good. The work embraces many subjects connected with the well being of the navy, which of late years has been much promoted by the exertions of gentlemen like our author. Dr. Finlayson commences by a view of the improvements in medical science, which are certainly very considerable:—

'During the first American war, and down to the beginning of the late French war, scurvy made such dreadful ravages in our fleets, as frequently to enervate the arm of power; and it was not uncommon in those days, to find three hundred men at once on the sick-list of a line-of-battle ship; and as many as two hundred and fifty men have actually died in the short space of one year by this prevailing malady.

'Hence it was daily observed, by some of the most experienced officers, "that the blockading system of warfare, which annihilated the naval power of France, could never have been carried on, unless sea-scurvy had been subdued; and more than one hundred thousand British seamen have thus been saved to the country, by as many thousand pounds."'

Now sea-scurvy is scarcely ever known on board ship. After noticing some changes in medical science, our author comes to a principal feature in his essay, on the baneful influence the frequent washing of decks has on the health of British seamen. He contends that it occasions inflammatory diseases, and many other complaints, and is generally very injurious to the seamen. As a case in point, our author says,—

'For instance, I was once in a line-of-battle ship, where the surgeon recommended dry holy stoning the lower deck, in place of washing it. The captain preferred the latter method, and firmly persevered in it. The consequences were, that the lancet was kept going by the surgeon, to retard the ravages of inflammatory disease, occasioned by continual humidity, and the water-buckets were daily kept plying on the lower deck, by the captain's orders, on the alleged principle of allaying the dust and sweetening the ship.

'In the following year, the same ship was commanded by another captain, attached to the same station, and performing exactly the same kind of service. This officer happened to be one of the few who recommended keeping the lower deck perfectly dry: and such were the happy consequences of this change, that not a single case of acute disease appeared for several months, and the medium number on the sick-list did not amount to one third of that of the preceding year.'

There are many many other subjects connected with the navy on which Dr. F. appears to us to offer good advice; he suggests, as an improvement on grog, that a pound of sugar be added to sixteen men's allowance. It appears that not only the health, but the discipline of our seamen is improved. Dr. F. says,—

'It ought to be highly gratifying to every British subject, to learn how very sparingly the rod of correction is now used in the naval service, without any falling off in point of discipline or morality on the part of the seamen.

'During my late triennial period of servitude in his majesty's ship Phaeton, punishment has been exceedingly rare, but well directed, yet I never served in a ship with so few drunkards.'

Some sensible observations on the causes and cure of the dry rot, with an improved plan for ventilating ships, close this brief but comprehensive and useful essay.

The Complete Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation. Two Parts: the first by ISAAC WALTON; the second by CHAS. COTTON. London, 1825. Pickering.

MR. PICKERING seems determined to show the wonders of the little world in typography, which would have seemed more extraordinary to the ancients than any they could boast, as related by Wanley. We really know not the exact size of this little bijou, it is so small; it may be put with ease into the waistcoat pocket, or into a snuff-box, and is so portable that no angler need go without it on account of its bulk; yet, diminutive as it is, it contains the whole of Walton and Cotton's work, printed with a small but a beautiful and legible type, and embellished with an original engraving, from a design by Stothard, wood cuts, &c.

The Linguist; or, Weekly Instructions in the French and German Languages. Nos. I. to XX. 8vo. London, 1825.

THE return of peace, and the rapidity of communication with the Continent, by means of a steam-vessel, which will waft us to the French coast in three hours, and to the gate of Germany in a day, render an acquaintance with the French and German languages much more necessary than formerly. The object of the Linguist is avowedly to direct the study and to facilitate the knowledge of those two languages, by persons who never studied them before, as well as to refresh the memory of the initiated, and to enable those who have already begun the study of one or both of these languages to improve themselves. The

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editor does not undervalue the labours of tutors, but he justly observes, that London offers abundant opportunities to students for improving their acquaintance with languages without the assistance of a master—such as the French and German Protestant churches, and the number of merchants, artists, &c. who speak these languages. The Linguist appears to us to be a really useful work, and well calculated to effect the object it has in view.

THE MIGHTY REVIEWERS.

(From the Dorset County Chronicle, Sep. 15th.)

'We have lately read—happy to find that there are others who are quite as much awake to these honourable proceedings as ourselves—the following exposé in Blackwood's Magazine, of some of the mysteries of the present reviewing system:—"How long will the public suffer the existence of this odious, this pestiferous humbug, which all these reviews play off, to the excitement of so much nausea in all who really have eyes to see, and ears to hear? How long is it to be a matter of dead certainty, that the quarterly will puff off as first-rate characters all Mr. Murray's authors, the Edinburgh all Mr. Constable's, the New Monthly all Mr. Colburn's, and so on? Are people determined to be blind? I confess I, for one, rejoice in the extent to which this affair is carried at the present time, for this one sufficient reason, that I think the veil is now so very egregiously, and startingly and strikingly transparent, that nobody can much longer refuse to see through it. The Quarterly Review says that Basil Hall's book on Loochoo is a grand affair! The Edinburgh sneers at it. Why so? Mr. Murray published the Loochoo, Mr. Constable the South America. There is the whole mystery. The Edinburgh Review scoffs at the edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters, as a work full of stupidity and ignorance; the Quarterly holds it up as the very model and beau ideal of editions. Why so? Croker edited, and Murray published, and this being the case, I could have told, six months ago, just as well as I can now, that its fall was to be lauded in the dun-coloured, and derided and vilipended in the blue and yellow. This is really becoming a fine concern. In the next number of the Quarterly there will be, inter alia, a fine puff of Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller, because Mr. Irving's publisher is Mr. Murray, and there will also be a puff of it in the Edinburgh; first, because Mr. Irving is an American, and secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr. Constable's own publications. But I am really sick of exposing all this nonsensical stuff!!"

'Bravo, Christopher North! With the worthy editors of this magazine, and of the Plymouth, the Devonport, and the Southampton papers, we most cordially agree, and we feel assured that Mitchell, the powerful editor of the Newcastle Magazine, will join with us, to loudly call upon all provincial editors nobly to come forward in the aid of oppressed merit and disregarded talent, and to cry down this nefarious traffic of a few imperious booksellers, who drink their wine, like Lord Byron, out of other men's skulls, and who, to serve their own avaricious purposes, cast the dark veil of neglect over the most gifted sons of talent and genius, whom fortune has not brought within the sunshine of their smiles; utterly regardless of the sufferings they may endure in the heart-sickening depths of obscurity. We call on the public to judge for itself, and open its eyes to discern good from evil—malignant interest, from impartial candour—nor be any longer hoodwinked by the humbug of trade, and the rancorous spirit of party.

'We call on all men of honour, principle, feeling, and talent, to hunt down those concealed murderers of literary reputation, those needy hirelings of the garret and the cellar, who are in the constant pay of the publishers of certain reviews, and who at the command of their interested employers would condemn the best written work as unworthy of perusal, and fund the vilest trash to the skies. And is this to be borne any longer with patience? Are we to be insulted, year after year, without endeavouring to expose to the world these base impositions, these disgusting practices, which tend so much to injure the best interests of literature? We ourselves have heard several most respectable booksellers in London declare, that they could get no book noticed in the Quarterly or the Edinburgh; "we must have an opposition review of our own," said they, "for such is the present state of the reviewing system, that no one can now sell a work, unless it has a review at his service, or wholly his own." And what is the consequence of this system of things? Why, that a vindictive retaliating plan of mutual exclusion and cutting up is the order of the day; which is the cause that many valuable works remain on the shelves of their publishers, while the public at large are either deprived of the knowledge of these works, or only hear of them through the base medium of the grossest misrepresentation; and authors, whatever may be the merit of their productions, who cannot afford to give splendid dinners to the editors of reviews, washed with French wines, and put a twenty pound note in their pockets to secure their interest, are wantonly sacrificed, after all their midnight toil, anxiety, and hopes, at the shrine of unfeeling Mammon, and the private revenge of trade! Not a single unbiassed, impartial review can we point out, which issues from the London press, except *The Literary Chronicle*, which is at present ably conducted, and over which, it is our firm belief the booksellers have not the least control.

'Were we disposed to indulge in retrospective reviews of reviews, we mean the leading ones of the day, we could point out numerous articles written by these self-created judges of literary talent, wherein they bring forward to their readers some of the finest and brightest passages of a work which their employers have published, and pretend to mingle censure with their praises of such passages, carefully keeping out of sight all the absurdities, the lame, 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' portions of the work, like a thorough-bred jockey, who keeps dwelling with the nicest scrutiny on the really fine points of a blood-horse, but is extremely careful to leave all his blemishes and defects to be found out by the purchaser.'

RULES FOR DISCOVERING WHO WAS JUNIUS.

We have already noticed the very able critical inquiry regarding the real author of the Letters of Junius, by Mr. Coventry, in which he goes far, very far, to prove that they were written by Lord George Sackville. As, however, the question can scarcely be said to be set at rest, we quote from Mr. Coventry's ingenious work, certain rules by which the real author may be discovered. From a perusal of the Letters of Junius, Mr. Coventry deduces this opinion:—

'That no one has any claim to the authorship of the Letters of Junius, of whom the following testimonials cannot be produced:—

'1. That he was an Englishman.

'2. That he was a man of rank and of independent fortune.

'3. That he was a man of highly cultivated talents and of superior education; that he had successfully studied the language, the law, the constitution, and the history of his native country; but that he was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman.

'4. That he either was, at the time of writing the Letters, or had previously been in the army, is evident, from *his practical knowledge of military affairs*.

'5. That he moved in the immediate circle of the court.

'6. That he was a member of the established church.

'7. That he was a member of the House of Commons.

'8. That from the early information Junius obtained on government affairs, it is evident he was connected with some persons in administration.

'9. That he was a firm friend to Sir Jeffery [afterwards lord] Amherst.

'10. That he was a friend to Colonel Cunninghame.

'11. That he was an admirer of Mr. Grenville.

'12. That he was a strong advocate for the Stamp Act in America.

'13. That he was in favour of repealing the duty on tea in America.

'14. That he was an advocate for triennial parliaments.

'15. That he considered the impeachment of Lord Mansfield as indispensable.

'16. That from the manner in which he upholds rotten boroughs, it is highly probable they either constituted part of his property, or that he was in some way connected with them.

'17. That he considered a strict regard should be paid to the public expenditure, that the national debt might not be increased.

'18. That he was against disbanding the army, although a firm friend to the marching regiments; he was also in favour of impressing seamen.

'19. That he must have had an antipathy to Sir Fletcher Norton, the speaker of the House of Commons, from the contempt with which he speaks of him.

'20. That he was necessarily a friend to his printer, Mr. Woodfall.

'21. That he must have resided almost wholly in London, from his correspondence

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with Mr. Woodfall, to whom he gives notice when he occasionally goes into the country. One of his letters being dated Pall Mall, we may fairly presume his town house was in that street.

'22. That from his remembrance of the Walpolean battles, his seeing the Jesuitical books burnt in Paris, and his avowal of a long experience of the world, as well as from other circumstances mentioned in his correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, he could not be less than fifty years of age at the time of writing these Letters.

'23. That from the hints given to his printer, Mr. Woodfall, we may infer arrangements had been made for his coming into office; which, though not accepted by him at the time, were sufficiently important to induce him to write no more.

'24. Finally, that so powerful an attack on the *private character* of persons of such high rank being inconsistent with the pen of political writers in general, who condemn measures, and not character, we may reasonably conclude, that they proceeded from the pen of one who had received a severe wound from some of those individuals who formed part of the existing administration.

'From these articles we may, at one view, collect the leading principles of Junius, which Horne Tooke candidly informed him would suit no form of government; indeed many of them appear highly inconsistent with so popular a writer;—nevertheless, all which testimonials, I have proved, are united in the person of Lord Viscount Sackville, with many other documents connected with the life of that extraordinary man, as explanatory of the *causes* which occupied his pen for upwards of four years in one continued strain of personal satire and invective against the parties who censured his conduct at Minden, in Germany, and who were accessory to his second dismissal, in 1766.'

ORIGINAL.

OBSERVATIONS ON FAIRS:—IMMORALITY IN LOW LIFE, AND IMMORALITY IN HIGH LIFE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—That there is an excessive deal of cant in the world will hardly be disputed, for we are daily put in mind that this is the age of cant, and England, I presume, is *par excellence*, the soil where it most flourishes. But while I admit this, I will also venture to affirm that the canting is not all on one side. There is the cant of reformers, and the cant of anti-reformers; the cant of puritanism, and the cant of infidelity; the cant of hypocrisy, and the cant of licentiousness. One set of persons cant against the stage, while another cant as loudly in its favour; and both with the same blind and indiscriminating zeal. I am led to make these remarks by a paper in your last number, entitled 'Bartholomew Fair Defended;' now so far as fairs afford an innocent 'relaxation to the industrious classes of society,' I would certainly not object to them; but I greatly question whether the good which they thus produce is not very seriously counterbalanced by the low profligacy and dissipation to which they give rise; and, therefore, even at the risk of being charged with 'tyrannical hypocrisy,' I must protest against them. It is but right that those who labour should have intervals of enjoyment, yet I am of opinion that a friend to the lower orders would plead more rationally in their behalf, if, instead of advocating for the retaining a custom that abandons them for a brief space to riot, he wished to see the periods of their relaxation more uniform and more moderate. Whereas, now one who pretends to be their advocate, perhaps, says, let them work like slaves all the rest of the year, but still let the poor wretches have their annual saturnalia. With regard to the petty depredations and pilfering at fairs, they are not of any importance, for in the first place I should imagine that a pickpocket meets with but a very poor harvest in such places, and in the next I should hardly pity any one who ventures into a crowd of this nature, without taking the precaution to leave his purse, if he has one, at home. Neither am I such a sour puritan as to suppose that there is anything particularly sinful in enjoying, if such be a person's taste, the wonderful facetiousness of a clown at a booth. I think nevertheless, I consider fairs mischievous, and often very injurious to those very classes for whose sake some persons so injudiciously exclaim against their suppression; for do they not too frequently induce the mechanic to squander away thoughtlessly, in a few hours, the savings of weeks? or even, sometimes, it is to be feared, to pawn his things in order to be enabled to partake of the revelry. But I should more particularly deprecate fairs as ruinous to young females of the lower classes, who are there initiated into vicious courses. And when I say this, I think anyone who has had any opportunities of observing, or who knows what generally passes at these places, but will acknowledge that they are certainly a great source of female prostitution. And surely the good or ill effects of fairs are not to be estimated by the actual order or disorder that may accompany them; not by the returns of police reports and constables, or the amount of 'crime,' but by the consequences to those who frequent them. And if habits of sobriety and prudence, so important to the working classes, are there broken in upon, and those of intemperance and dissipation contracted, much harm may be done although not a single 'crime' be committed, nor one pocket picked. He must be a sorry moralist who could throw into the same scale the stealing of a handkerchief and the ruin of a female. If, however, it can be triumphantly proved that the species of dissipation, to which I here allude, be not at all encouraged by fairs, I must even be content to pass for a blockhead in attacking such a chimera. I am not so stupid as to imagine that they are the sole cause of this evil, or that if there were no fairs, it would not exist, but they certainly do tend to increase it. Yet, it may be triumphantly retorted,—and I remember to have seen this argument lately made use of in some of the newspapers, speaking of the very fair in question,—it is ridiculous to talk of the vice and debauchery prevalent at fairs, when in Fleet Street or the saloons of the theatres there is full as much, or more, going on every night. I presume, however, that the gentlemen who reason thus would not be very pleased with a physician, who on their applying to him in a case of fever, should say, why should you wish to be cured, since you have not got the plague. If our theatres have become haunts of profligacy, that is hardly a reason why we should wish that profligacy to be more general. 'There is a terrible fire at the west end of the town!' Common sense would then say, 'Put it out, if you can.' 'No,' cry these sapient reasoners, 'not so; rather let us have a conflagration at the east end, and so be even with them.' It is their wisdom to plead one abuse as a precedent and authority for another. They cry out that the upper classes of society are exceedingly immoral; that there is a great deal of vice in high life. So much the worse; yet I do not see how the matter is to be mended by spreading the moral contagion through all ranks; let us rather endeavour to keep sound as many limbs of the social body as possible. 'But,' says your staunch anti-reformist, who seems to regard every attempt to check immorality among the labouring classes, as an encroachment on their rights and liberties, 'wherefore do not those who affect to have the cause of morality so much at heart, attempt to restrain the vices of poor only, and not of the rich and powerful?' The answer is, I think, obvious enough; because they cannot work miracles. It may, too, be doubted, after all, whether the vices of the great are so dangerous to society as those of the more extensive class: their grossness is, to a considerable degree, alleviated by some outward regard for decorum; and, however contagious they may be within their immediate sphere, that sphere is a comparatively narrow one. Thus, whatever may be the scenes of fraud, depravity, and iniquity, transacted in some of the higher gaming establishments in the metropolis; they can have but very little influence on the morals of the country at large. I am not extenuating the criminality of immorality in the higher orders: nor do I pretend to say it is not an evil. Still I do not see how one can very well carry a duchess before Sir Richard Birtue, for giving a Sunday concert, or read the riot act before the mansion of a lady who holds a fashionable rout. Let those who feel so indignant at, perhaps envious of, the immoralities of their superiors, make the experiment. By an arrangement of this kind, each extreme of society, the highest, as well of the lowest, might be gradually reclaimed.

But, let it be observed, too, that although the moral turpitude of profligacy may be even greater in the former of these classes than in the latter, the consequences are not so severely felt. In high life, if a man be dissipated and extravagant, he may perhaps be obliged to pawn his wife's jewels; but, in low life, if he be a drunkard and spendthrift, he reduces his wife and children to rags and starvation. If in high life married people are unfaithful to each other, they may yet live like very well-bred persons, without

either calling each other names, breaking each other's hearts, or tearing out each other's eyes; but in low life family jars contain no sweetmeats: on the contrary, they are filled with mere wormwood and gall. The establishment of an English mechanic does not admit of separate beds, or any other alleviation of a domestic feud. It should follow, therefore, that the poor cannot so well *afford* to indulge in vice and disorder as the rich; and they make but a bad bargain, if they must pay the heavier penalty with the less enjoyment. If a woman of *haut ton* intrigues, she may probably lose her character, or what is pretty much the same, may gain an awkward celebrity: but, if a female in a humbler sphere loses her chastity, she is generally reduced to an abject state of prostitution, to a life of infamy, to indigence and misery, or a premature death; and that many an unfortunate girl has owed her ruin to fairs cannot, I think, be doubted. They may, in fact, be considered as the nurseries of prostitution; instead, therefore, of alleging that fairs ought to be tolerated, because not more corrupt than theatres, it were surely wiser to say that they ought to be discouraged as much as possible, being one source whence that corruption emanates and spreads.

But they are, forsooth, a good old custom; I, however, think that, like many other notable old customs and usages, they would, as Hamlet says, 'be more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' And I could not but smile at one singularly unfortunate defence which the writer of the article I am immediately upon has set up; namely, that we are informed by Pepys, in his Memoirs, that it was formerly the fashion for people of rank to mix in the amusements of the humbler classes of society*. Surely no one would seriously think of quoting the scandalously profligate age of Charles II. as a precedent for the present one. At this rate, we shall never want an example and an excuse for any folly or any crime. I presume, however, that he does not mean to hold up every example of that period as one deserving to be imitated. Only let him think of Lady Bennet, and her certainly not pious orgies! No; there were a vast many things tolerated formerly, which I hope we shall never be so graceless as to endure again; and whatever may be said of hypocrisy, it does not deserve all the odium it incurs. A little of it is very harmless, for it may be compared to those drugs which, administered in small quantities, are salutary, although, in large doses, they would prove fatal. Apologizing for the length to which I have imperceptibly extended my remarks, I remain, your humble servant, CENSOR.

* Men of rank and fortune, sometimes—and very little to their own credit or the advantage of their inferiors—do so now; they will condescend to associate with brawlers, prize-fighters, cock-fighters, jockeys, and stage-coachmen. Such condescension is hardly a virtue, nor can it be thought that either their morals or their taste—let them be what they may—would be improved by partaking, as it seems to insinuated that they ought to do, of the humours of Bartholomew Fair.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

DEPARTED SKELETONS—DEPARTING MERRIMENT—FOLLY OF WISDOM—WISDOM OF FOLLY, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—Let us congratulate ourselves that the reign of bad taste and bare bones is gone past; the pitiable being who has (very innocently on his part) made our women disgusting and our men shame-faced, is gone home again, I trust, and may henceforward be deemed contraband goods, and concealed even from the eyes of a custom-house officer, or those of Paul Pry himself, who, by the by, is a very amusing fellow—a modern Marplot, almost as good as if he were original. You are perfectly right, my good sir, in all you say about the fairs, since with all our improvements we have not yet vaccinated far education, nor found a rail-road for knowledge, although it is certain there is no saying how soon we may have, but till that is the case multitudes must live in the habit of earning their daily bread, by means which prevent them from either reading books or attending lectures; but why their minds should not be excited to hope, and their labours rewarded by leisure and pleasure, at due intervals, no man of common sense can possibly imagine. If the vulgar are too refined for vulgar amusement, they will, by the same rule, be too wise for vulgar occupation, and the great machinery of organized society must stand still, because the lower cogs and springs are too delicate for use, like the present race of servant-maids and footmen. Surely every man who smarts under this domestic inconvenience, and what man does not? will see the folly of this new fangled doctrine, and the necessity of preserving in their own places, and supplying with their own pleasures, a class of the community who can neither leave the first, nor renounce the last, without a loss that can never be supplied to them. If a person has either become too fine, or too high in estimation, too good, for Hartle'my Fair or Greenwich-hill, no man compels him to go thither; but there is a young fry always coming forward, and the 'cakes and ale,' which the over righteous refuse, may 'be hot in the mouth' for them—the broad merriment, the gay spectacle, the cheap treat, the bustling confusion of such a scene now and then, operates as a spur to labour, and a reward to that virtuous exertion which is invaluable in youth. The old adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' has in it more of sound policy as well as good temper, than the parachmentations of a thousand reforming philosophers

Besides, *health* hangs on hope and relaxation, we all know the astonishing energies we all possess in the hours of resolution and expectation, and what right have we to abridge our fellow creature of that blessing most necessary to him who must labour alike for his bread and his physic? Heaven help 'em, I would with all my heart there were two fairs instead of one, that pale 'prentices and sickly sempstresses, and the whole tribe of alley-pent up children, and garret-dwelling mechanics, might gaze on wonders, or eat gilt gingerbread the oftener. For my own part, I pity sincerely the soul that is too polished to partake the joys of the most homely of his brethren, and grieve that we have amongst us any Praise-God Bare-bones so little aware of that spirit he possesses as to seek to extinguish 'their homely joys.' In Scotland the 'occasion,' as they call the sacrament, is turned into a meeting not one whit better than our fairs, and were these fanatics to have their way it would soon be the same with us. Is it not better to keep our religion and diversions apart, to know when to pay tribute to Cæsar, and when to pay homage to the Most High?

I grant, there is not to my perception as much pleasure in witnessing this cockney saturnalia, the meeting of cronies, the convicious smiles of young lovers, nor even the squeakings of penny trumpets, as there is when the same things pass in the street of a village in Derbyshire, during the week of the wake or feast. The meeting of a consumptive, looking tailor with a pallid printer, is very different from that of two Cumberland men at a wrestling match, and the innocent and good among the visitants of metropolitan revelry are so blended with one's ideas of those unpastoral personages, the police officers, and those professors of Spartan ingenuity, the pickpockets, that one's philanthropy is apt to flag in taking the circuit of spice-stalls and Thespian stagers, little goes and legerdemain. But yet pleasure is pleasure, and to shake the load of care from a pair of shoulders accustomed to ache under it is a point gained in existence. 'Vy! vat are you at,—vat are you ater there?' the standing bit of wit with which cit meets cit in the tug of a 'good squeedge,' as the features relax and the marble-hard hands of shoemakers unite, has a cheering sound: and then when Mrs. Suds, of the great washing establishment, 'she vat limploys twenty-two women,' and the Miss Sudses, and all the little dears, meet Mr. Turpentine, 'the great boiler, as keeps his country-house in a charming sitivation, going to Valworth, rith not a bit o' pride in him,' and treats the 'vole heap with nuts and plums,' are they not happy? and are not some found 'like laughter holding both his sides' at 'them three men in the shews,' besides plenty of *ladies*, who are slop-makers, and makers of slops, much too genteel to be happy at all, and playing off airs of indifference quite as natural, if not as graceful, as those of their betters in the side boxes. Are there not bright eyes cast down in sign of indifference, and rosy cheeks meant to look as pale as those of a fainting heroine. Nor is the affectation of indifference confined to the sex which never feel it—No! there are philosophers too proud to be pleased with merry-go-rounds, and whose minds are too potent to be moved even by brown stout—who are too John Bullish to be mirthful, and too wise not to rejoice in the power of contrasting their own misery with the 'quips and cracks of wanton wiles' of the ignoble crowd—these originals delight me.

Let the great go to York, I would I were there with them, for nothing on earth can surely come so near to heaven as Handel's music in York Minster. Let *them*, I say, go

there, and take their fill of those higher pleasures where the senses are as handmaids to the mind, but let them not, under pretext of bettering his condition, deprive the poor man of his more humble joys, his *drops* from the cup of which many drink so lavishly. It has been asserted with great truth that our poor are better fed than anybody of their description in Europe, but it has been also said truly, that none work so hard for it, and that every people have more pleasure and amusement than our's. Surely, in this time of national prosperity, which is, for that very reason, one of hard-working, we should not break down that little under the feet of new-fangled doctrines; and we have not now to learn that harmless merriment is the best way in which those humours carry themselves off which a repellant system never fails to render dangerous.

'Men are but children of a larger growth' —more especially when their minds are uninformed, and therefore their passions uncontrolled: give them, if you please, books, for Nature has provided some in every class with minds capable of appreciating their value; but as, even among the Corinthian pillars, many are found, incapable of relishing anything better than glittering baubles and *Barthemy* Fair mountebanks, so surely the former should be provided with rattles and Punch, with the temptations of sugar-plums and lollipops.

When all is said the subject allows, we yet *know* that the lower orders of persons in the metropolis are neither a notish, malevolent, nor cunning race, and that, considering how often they mix in necessary contact with the depraved, it is actually astonishing how much simplicity and sincerity there is amongst them. Let us beware how we expose them to becoming worse, in a vain endeavour to make them better; and, above all things, let us not affect to substitute our taste for their's because it is better, for in how many things do we daily witness that it is a sin in private life not to be forgiven! and not less in society, on a larger scale, does habit, and custom, and even nature, declare *chacun a son goût*. I am, dear sir, your's, &c.,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

NEGRO CRIMES AND NEGRO PUNISHMENTS. WERE not the subject too serious to jest with, one might write an amusing article on the rather singular estimate that is made of crime in our West India islands, according to the ratio of punishment. The interesting review of the parliamentary papers on the slave trade in *The Literary Chronicle* induced me to turn to these documents, and I could not but discover the frequent singular disparity of crime and punishment. Thus Will Anderson for beating 'two of his wives' was punished with eight stripes, while Thomas Wood and Sandy Spritley, for cruelty to two mules, are sentenced to receive fifteen and twenty stripes. The inference is, that in Trinidad mules are more valuable than women, or that till Anderson's wives deserved beating, which the mules did not. Laver Thatcher, another Negro, is only sentenced to twelve hours' confinement, for 'abusing and wanting to beat his wife, and to turn her out of the house to take another, although he has a child by her,' while Gatto Campbell, for 'doing bad work in the field to a trench, and answering the head overseer when found fault with, it was d—d well done,' is punished with twelve stripes of the cart whip.

The value of time, too, is strangely calculated by the whip; thus Paul Collins, who 'lost half an hour's work,' receives eleven lashes; and Charles Randolph, 'who absconded ten days and a half' is punished with sixteen stripes! Trinidad would not do for boxers, and we do not wonder that Molineaux and Richmond, and other sable heroes of the fist, emigrated to this land of fighting and freedom. Alick Gardener and Charles Hosse, for quarrelling and fighting in the field (Moulsey Hurst, I presume) were sentenced, the former to twenty-five, and the latter to twenty stripes. When ladies—Negro ladies, fight, they are only punished with confinement. Inhumanity is, of course, a great crime among slaves, as we have seen by the punishment inflicted for cruelty to mules, and, therefore, Rebecca Steady, for 'insolence, and refusing to make soup for her child,' is punished by confinement for two hours in the rum cellar. She went in *steady*, but it is doubtful whether she came out so or not. The women appear to receive little protection, for we find Humphrey Clinker (no relation to the Bramble family, I am assured) is only confined twenty-four hours in the stocks, for the double crime of 'striking a woman, and raising a disturbance in the Negro houses.'

Some of the crimes puzzle by their vagueness; such was the offence of Catherine Beverley, who, 'for being insolent, and using *insinuating* language,' was confined two nights and a day in the stocks. Now, if, as Dr. Johnson asserts, 'insinuation be the power of pleasing or stealing upon the affections,' we do not see how it can be made a crime, unless the overseer began to fear the influence of Catherine Beverly: but I think offences are strangely estimated in Trinidad, where we find Rose merely confined in the dungeon one night, although her crime was 'having given her house to the woman Ann, to cuckold her husband, and having collared the said husband of Ann.' I looked out for Ann's punishment, but scarcely could expect the meditated crime to be punished, when its actual committal is passed over so slightly as was the case with Abba, who for the two offences of 'cuckolding her husband and quarrelling in the Negro house,' was only confined in the hand stocks six hours. This is the same Abba, for whose broken head Sidney and Quashy were confined in the black-hole twelve hours and whipped twenty-five lashes each. A striking instance of coincidence of name and character, on which a very learned essay might be written, occurs in the person of *Bacchus Wine*, who was confined one night in the stocks, for being drunk!

Neglect is among the heavy crimes at Trinidad; for a Negro, 'for allowing a fine cow to die in the pasture without informing the manager,' was reminded of his duty by eighteen lashes of the driver's whip. Refusing to take medicine is punished with the stocks. Query, would not compelling the culprit to take it, be punishment enough?

Twenty-five stripes is nearly the maximum, though in some cases more are inflicted. In one instance (and not the only one) it appears excessive; a poor fellow of the name of Peter Delerze, with a Vestris-like propensity 'for dancing to the drum after the hour appointed by government,' had twenty-five stripes inflicted on him. In the West Indies there are crimes 'not dreamed of in our philosophy;' there a bad memory is a more grievous fault than theft or desertion. Thus Tombo Congo, for *forgetfulness* of duty,' has ten stripes inflicted with part of a bridle rein. Then we have a Louis Lindo punished with twenty-five stripes, for not flogging four Negroes, with whom he had been concerned in stealing rum. Other offences are difficult to define; of this class we should call 'impertinence,' which incurs a penalty of twenty-two lashes with a cart whip. The women do not seem the most manageable, and some of them contrive to get punished for very strange offences; we find a Zemire de Bourks 'eating dirt and leaving her work without leave,' by which she incurred the penalty of being confined one hour in the stocks. The offence of a Zemire Congo is more natural: she is put in the stocks for six hours, for 'being pregnant, supposed by her reputed husband, having two spare husbands, creating a battle among them, in which she joined, and creating an uproar in the plantation.' Some of the offences are too offensive to ears polite to be repeated, particularly that of Betsy 1st, who told the driver to kiss her. O, fie, Betsy the First! The more heinous offences I pass over, my object being to notice those only which are peculiar to a slave population. The punishments, however unequal they may seem, appear to be meted out with great care and accuracy, for a slave, who was confined twenty-two hours, was put three hours and a half in the hand and feet stocks, and nineteen hours and a half in the bed stocks! This division of time shows with what scrupulous care the punishment of slaves is weighed and measured.

A person with leisure might make an amusing ditty on the names of the slaves, some of which are curious enough. Many of them are called after the days of the week, and the Heathen mythology is ransacked for names by which to distinguish these sons and daughters of bondage. In the advertisement for runaways, we have seen a knock-kneed Hercules, and a Venus dreadfully disfigured with the small-pox. In the list we have looked over, we find a Brutus, a Scipio, and a Bonaparte, with Volney, Humphry Clinker, Rule Old Boy, London Little, &c. &c. In conclusion I will observe, if in perusal of this brief article I have afforded any amusement to the reader, I shall be the first who ever rendered the slave trade entertaining.

DESCRIPTION OF SALEM IN NEW ENGLAND AND ITS MUSEUM, BY AN AMERICAN.

SALEM is a charming place. It is the second town in New England, in commerce, wealth,

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and population. It is built on a low peninsula, formed by two small inlets of the sea, called North and South rivers; over the former of which is a bridge 1500 feet long, connecting the town with Beverly; the other separates it from Marblehead, and forms the principal harbour. The streets are irregular but handsomely built, and the houses, old and new, in a state of repair which bespeaks wealth and comfort. The town is richly adorned with shrubbery; and every house of importance has its garden planted with fruit and ornamental trees, and variegated with flowers. It contains thirteen or fourteen churches, three banks, a court-house, almshouse, an orphan-asylum, an athenæum, containing upwards of 5000 volumes, the East India museum, and sundry other edifices of note. The commerce of Salem is extensive, the heaviest portion of which is with India. Indeed, on descending to the heart of the city, a stranger might, from the signs, almost fancy himself in Calcutta. On one building we saw the 'India Museum.' on another the 'Oriental Insurance Company,' and on another the 'Asiatic Bank.' A view of the Museum alone, though by no means as extensive as some others, is worth a journey thither from New York. It is composed of curiosities from various parts of the world, but more particularly from Asia, and the Mediterranean. This Museum belongs to a Society composed exclusively of masters and supercargoes of vessels, who have sailed round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, and which consists of more than 160 members. It is open to strangers without expense, and to the politeness of the Rev. Dr. Bolles, and one of the trustees, we are indebted for a full examination of its rare and curious contents. To the antiquary and the lover of natural history, it is a most interesting exhibition; and to the eye that can be delighted with the beautiful and the rare in the objects of human ingenuity, and animal production, there is food for much gratification. We have not room for a particular description, but must glance at a few of the most prominent objects. The collections from India are very extensive and various. There are several figures of the Orientalists, of different castes, clad in their native grotesque costumes, either rude or rich, as the case may require. Among the sculptures were many symbols of gross superstitions and idolatrous worship, one of which was a figure, sculptured in granite, with six arms and hands, standing on the back of a lion couchant. There are many ancient relics of Egyptian art; and a rich and rare collection of shells and minerals; many curiosities from the islands of the Pacific, including a quiver of poisoned arrows from the Sandwich Islands, and the robe of the late king Tamaamaah. Indeed there is food enough in this collection—'novelties of form and splendour of colours in birds and animals, reptiles and insects, fishes and flowers, fruits and foliage, and plumage whose tints outvie the rainbow, and whose brilliancies eclipse the gem'—to feast the senses for a long time. Among other specimens of art, we examined, with great curiosity, two small pieces of very white wood, cased in glass, the one representing Heaven, the other Hell. The blocks of wood in which these representations were wrought, were perhaps three-fourths of an inch thick, by five inches diameter: It is difficult to give upon paper an idea of these inimitable pieces of workmanship. Perhaps the nearest approach to it would be the inside of a watch. In the cell representing Heaven, the Almighty, encircled in glory, sits in the centre, surrounded by myriads of angelic figures, wrought with microscopic minuteness, yet by attitude and countenances, speaking a state of ineffable happiness.—The other representing *Hades*, contains a like microscopic representation of the torments of the damned. Innumerable spirits are fluttering round the Prince of Darkness, with serpents and dragons, 'gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire,' writhing in all the agonies of exquisite torment and fell despair. For the examination of these ingenious pieces of workmanship, a glass is necessary. They were the work of a monk of Italy, in the middle ages.

Every thing, from the unwieldy palanquin to the minutest insect, is arranged in the most perfect order, and is in fine preservation. Among the paintings, we gazed much upon a beautiful picture of the Temple of Apollo at Athens, with a distant view of Athens, presented through one of the richest landscapes which the magic art of the painter can portray. We had not time to enjoy the splendid collection as we could have wished; and were reluctantly obliged to leave this delightful town much sooner than we could have desired. The venerable Pickering resides in this town; and having retired from a long course of public life, poor and honest, now cultivates a farm with his own hands. The only evidence of *magic* which we saw, was the *enchanting* beauty of the place. In passing over the whole town, nothing that looked like a witch was to be seen; and the few Quakers that we saw, looked like such civil and excellent people, that we 'wondered what they used to hang 'em for.'

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. RAVENHILL, THE ENGRAVER.

Although literature and the arts, perhaps, never were more encouraged than at the present day, yet genius is still sometimes found buried in the haunts of poverty, pining in want and obscurity. A case of this sort has just occurred, in the death of Mr. Thomas Ravenhill, an engraver, who was last week found dead in a garret, at an obscure lodging, in Weymouth Street, where he had lodged for nearly three years, without being visited by a single friend or relation.

'No brother, sister, parent, nigh,
To soothe his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;'

nor had he, in his last moments, even the attentions of a nurse or a landlady, for he was found, on the morning of the 16th inst., lying a corpse on his bed, having died of apoplexy. Of this artist, a correspondent in The Times newspaper gives the following particulars:—

'The late Mr. Thomas Ravenhill (whose sudden death is stated in your paper) was originally an engraver, and engraved several of the plates to Grose's Antiquities, besides various other topographical prints for the magazines. He worked for Hooper, the publisher of Grose, then keeping a shop in Holborn, facing Bloomsbury Square, where Bullock's auction room now stands; beneath whose roof also resided Captain Grose himself, for the convenience of publishing his work. There is a large print of Grose and another person, as friars, making merry over a bowl of punch. The other portrait is said to be of Capt. Forest; but Mr. Ravenhill asserted, it was always considered, in his time, to have been intended for a likeness of Hooper, the publisher. Ravenhill at that time had considerable employment: but the great improvement in the style of topographical engraving deprived him of business, and he has latterly lived by taking sketches of antiquities in various counties for the purpose of illustration, particularly those places mentioned by Lysons, in his Environs of London. About seven years ago, he printed a small tract, entitled A List of Topographical Sketches accurately taken on the spot, some years back, by T. Ravenhill, chiefly in London and the counties of Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex. Many of these having never been engraved, they will be found useful for the illustration of Lysons, and other authors who have noticed the antiquities in and round London. This tract contained a list of about three hundred and fifty subjects, with a brief address on the advantages of preserving our national antiquities. He frequently was employed to make copies of a great proportion of them; and certainly has been the means of preserving views of many public buildings, now destroyed, of which no other resemblance remains. In the richly illustrated copy of Lyson's Environs, belonging to J. Morice, Esq. are two views of every church mentioned in that interesting work, besides many others of antiquities, &c. from the pencil of the late Mr. Ravenhill.

'He was one of the last survivors of the old topographical engravers, whose work now would not be deemed worthy of insertion in a magazine. He was a small man, upwards of seventy, lively, with a great flow of spirits, and felt a strong interest in everything connected with the illustration of Pennant's London, or Lyson's Environs. About a week since, he spoke with great enthusiasm of his copy of the latter work, illustrated with a great number of additional prints and original drawings. From the account on the inquest, it would appear he was destitute of effects; but the original sketches for his drawings, no circumstances would have induced him to part with; and, although copies of them have been repeatedly made, they would still possess a value to the collector

'His appearance bespoke poverty, but from his conversation nothing of the kind would be surmised; indeed, he seemed very indifferent about the sale of his drawings, and could scarcely be induced to exhibit any specimens, although they would frequently have produced him numerous orders. He thought his list and a sketch was sufficient; but, of course, illustrators wished to see the style of execution, as well as the subject.'

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY.

To Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

And dost thou love the lyre,
Those strains the Nine inspire?
Still cherish the spell,
Nor endeavour to quell,
The wand'rings of genius' fire, Mary!
How sweet is a poet's dream!
'Tis like the moonlit beam,
Breaking out from the womb
Of the midnight gloom,
And reflected in the stream, Mary!
'Tis a passionate sense, refin'd,
That spells the enthusiast's mind;
That bids time cope
With life's storms and hope,
In his own breast a haven to find, Mary!
As the bow in the darkling cloud,
When the thunder peals mighty and loud,
Dots sweetly shine,
In colours divine,
Like a conqueror of victory proud, Mary!
So in the minstrel's mind,
A heavenly calm you'll find,
When all his life through,
He combats with woe,
And still to peace is inclin'd, Mary!
Some have laughed at the minstrel's art,
And persuaded him with it to part;
But this never would be,
Could they once but see,
A minstrel's inmost heart; Mary!
It lends flakes to thirsty drought,
And depths with such feelings fraught;
In a world like this,
There is not a bliss,
But a poet has eagerly caught, Mary!
And when Pleasure her finger flings
O'er its various-form'd strings,
In the passionate swells,
Which her touch compels,
How it thrills, whilst to gladness it rings, Mary!
But should Grief's most ruthless hand,
Lay its tremulous chords command,
Should they break in the clasp
Of so rude a grasp,
They'll triumph, though they cannot withstand, Mary!
Then always love the lyre,
Those strains the Nine inspire;
Still cherish the spell,
Nor endeavour to quell,
The wand'rings of genius' fire, Mary!

12th September, 1825 O. N. Y.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The winter houses commence their campaign forthwith; Drury Lane Theatre opens on Saturday, the 24th instant, with the interminable *Faustus*, and *Raising the Wind*, which managers sometimes find rather difficult. Covent Garden commences on Monday, with *Julius Cæsar* and *The French Coronation*. Both theatres have, as usual, been furbished up during the recess, by the spreading of some half acre of gold-leaf, and the application of as much paint as will serve until this time next year. At Drury Lane the royal arms have been richly emblazoned, mouldings been added to the upper tiers of boxes, and, in the front of the dress-boxes, Shakspearian subjects, which some few persons could understand, have given way to historical groups, which will puzzle all the Œdipuses the pit will have for the next ten months. The orchestra has been made circular, and, although there are many things which might have been better, yet, on the whole, the appearance of the house is improved.

At Covent Garden Theatre some improvements, or alterations intended as such, have also been made. At both houses, many of the old performers have been engaged. At Covent Garden, Mr. Warde, of Dublin celebrity, succeeds Mr. Young, who is not engaged; and at Drury we are to have Miss Stephens, Mrs. Davison, Tayleure, &c.

English Opera House.—Two clever and popular pieces have been played at this theatre during the week, in addition to the novelties of the season. The first was the *Boarding House*, in which Mathews played Peter Fidget with much animation, and introducing two of his favourite songs, made it very attractive. Keeley played the recruit extremely well; we are glad to see this actor shaking off his mannerism, it was the only sin which beset him; the simplicity with which he gave his droll similes excited much amusement. Tayleure was the Admiral Culpepper, and what with his size and bluster, was enough to frighten the whole crew of a French seventy-four. The other characters were respectably sustained, and the piece was throughout much and deservedly applauded.

On Thursday night Colman's *Inkle and Yarico* was performed. The piece was strongly cast; Bartley, in Sir Christopher, displayed much humour (perhaps too much) and Cooper played Inkle, as he plays most characters—judiciously. Mathews's Trudge was very unlike the Trudges we have seen, and if not a more correct, was a more popular, personation of the character. In this piece, however, the ladies bore the bell, and no wonder, when we state that Miss Kelly was the Yarico of the evening, moving the affections of her auditors at her will. Miss Paton was the Wowski, and sung delightfully; and Miss Goward's Patty was a piece of chaste acting. The whole was a very effective representation.

Yorkshire Musical Festival.—If the often-mooted question, whether we are or are not a musical people, were to be decided by the *argumentum ad pecuniam*, there is no doubt that it would be determined in the affirmative, for in no country in the world is so much money expended on gratifying a taste for music as in Great Britain. A striking proof of this has just been exhibited in the Yorkshire musical festival, which commenced on Tuesday, the 13th instant, and finished on Friday, the 16th. The festival was held at York Minster in the mornings, and in the evenings at a new splendid concert-room, which was built at an expense of £6000. The receipts for the four days amounted to £20,250. More than £100,000 is believed to have been expended in the city by visitors, on the occasion; and it would not, perhaps, be too much, to add £30,000 more for travelling-dresses, &c., so that it may fairly be calculated that the sum of £150,000 was expended on four days' music. If there had been in Paris, Vienna, Naples, Venice, or Milan, an assemblage of all the vocal and instrumental musical talent, not only of the present day, but of past ages, not one half the sum would have been realised.

Another proof of the love of music is exhibited in the trifling with which an account of the Yorkshire musical festival was obtained and communicated to the public by the daily journals: they, collectively, are a good thermometer as to the state of public opinion, and when we see them, at a great expense, sending down reporters and publishing their descriptions by express, we may rest assured that the subject is considered of deep and general interest. Of the performances we have no room to speak, nor is it necessary, as the details have been given in the daily papers. Since the commemoration of Handel, the festival has had nothing equal to it; there were six hundred and fifteen performers, including all the best singers, English and foreign, at the country. Nothing could be more effective than the whole performance.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing for for publication Paul Jones, a romance.

In the press, a translation of La Motte Fouqué's charming romance, The Magic Ring; a work which came out long before Ivanhoe, and is said to rival that *chef d'œuvre* in delineations of tournaments, tilts, and all the life of chivalry.

Shortly will be published, an historical novel, entitled William Douglas, or the Scottish Exiles.

Nearly ready, in one volume, 12mo. the Cook and Housewife's Manual, containing the most approved modern receipts for making soups, gravies, made-dishes, pastry, pickles, and preserves; also for baking, brewing, making home-made wines, cordials, &c. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

In the press, a valuable work, entitled The Contest of the Twelve Nations, or a comparison of the different traits of human character and talent.

An annual work is announced under the title of Janus. We are promised the first volume before the termination of the year. The prospectus states, that the most distinguished literary men in the kingdom are engaged in the undertaking. It will appear in one volume, post 8vo. and will consist of tales, original and translated, occasional essays, popular illustrations of history and antiquities, serious and comic sketches of life and manners, &c. &c.

The pope has lately founded a philological college at Rome, on the same footing as the ancient Sorbonne in France. It will be charged with the examination of all literary works before they are printed.

Comet.—A comet has been observed during the week. It is now passing through the south-eastern part of the constellation Taurus, and forms an equilateral triangle with Aldebaron and the Pleiades, the comet being situate in the south-eastern angle. The tail, or rather brush, points toward the south-west, and when the night is favourable, ap-

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years from two to three degrees in length. The nucleus emits a light about equal to a star of the third magnitude, and has travelled through rather more than one degree or two of the moon's diameter, during forty-eight hours.

Arctic Land Expedition.—One of the daily papers states that intelligence has been received from Captain Franklin up to the middle of June, at which time all was well. A statement so vague, and which does not name the place or neighbourhood where Captain Franklin was, or by what channel advices have been received from him, is entitled to little attention. The following outline of the proposed route of our gallant countrymen is given in The Baltimore American. 'Captain Franklin and his exploring party are to proceed by the Erie Canal, Lakes Huron and Superior, to Fort William, and thence to Winnipeg, Atalasca, and the Great Bear Lakes, near to which place they are to winter. In the spring the party are to proceed down M'Kenzie's River to Behering's Straits, where a ship will be in readiness to transport them to India, with a view of getting into the South Sea. Dr. Richardson's party will separate from Captain Franklin at the mouth of M'Kenzie's river, and explore the country as far as the Coppermine River. Captain Beechey, after having landed Captain Franklin at Canton, will take in provisions for Behering's Straits, where he expects to meet Captain Parry. The agents of the Hudson Bay Company have formed depôts of provisions for the whole route. The want of the canoes, which were abandoned at Cape Turnagain, from weakness and fatigue, proved a terrible bar to the crossing of rivers; but on this occasion a water-proof canvas boat has been provided, so admirably contrived that it may be separated into pieces, one of which each of the party may stow into his knapsack, or carry in his pocket!'

Balloon Navigation.—We lately gave an account of an aerial ascent made by Mr. Jolliffe and Mr. Cornillot, as an experiment of steering a balloon. The latter gentleman has since published a narrative of the ascent, in which he states, that—

'Successfully to practise the principle adopted by Mr. Jollifie and himself, of rendering the machine stationary at a given point, the four following conditions are absolutely indispensable:—

'1st. A balloon so thoroughly impervious that the hydrogen-gas should be even more closely secured than when in a bladder.

'2ndly. A valve constructed with the most minute exactness and the diameter of which does not exceed nine inches.

'3dly. A mode of correctly ascertaining the weight of hydrogen-gas discharged by each stroke of the piston.

'4thly. An arrangement of ballast, prepared in different proportions, from the weight of several pounds to the fractional parts of an ounce.'

The excavations recently made at Pompeii have brought to light some of the most interesting objects which have yet been discovered. They consist of a house, which, from its paintings, has been named the *Casa del Poeta Dramatica*; a public bath complete; a marble statue, similar to those of Cicero; a large equestrian statue in bronze, supposed to be that of the Emperor Nero; and various other objects. The *Casa del Poeta*, by its commodious distribution, the elegance of its decorations, and the manner in which everything appears to have been perfected, is superior to any that have been yet discovered. At the door is the figure of a watch-dog, well traced in Mosaic with the following motto '*cave canem*;' on another part of the pavement is a Mosaic of a woman playing on the *tibia*, an old man exhibiting two tragic masks, and two actors preparing for exhibition. The paintings on the wall represent a poet or an actor, reading a manuscript before three handsome women, who listen to him with great attention. In a bedroom is one of those *obscena* so frequently found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the public bath everything is complete. There are four rooms, which the ancient Romans required in these establishments, namely, the *hypocaustum*, or furnace, the warm bath, the cold, and the vapour baths, besides the room which served as dressing-room, the corridor for the persons who waited their turn, and the entrance-hall. These *balneari* are very highly ornamented, the ceilings and walls are covered with hand some stucco-works, and the floors are all of different coloured marble or Mosaics; the roof of the chamber wherein is the cold bath, is a dome with an opening in the centre, through which the light penetrates; the bath is lower than the pavement; it is about twenty feet square, and is composed entirely of white marble. In the hall of the warm bath is a large *conca*, or shell, on the edge of which is written, in large letters of bronze, the name and quality of the giver, and the price to be paid for it. In the corridor is a bronze furnace, at which the frequenters of the baths warmed themselves. Several *strigides* (a kind of brush which the Romans made use of) have been picked up, which have been sent to the Musée Royal.

Mr. Nash's plan of the intended new streets from Charing Cross through the Seven Dials, and northward crossing Broad Street, St Giles's, to the British Museum, including, likewise, several principal new streets from east to west, connecting therewith, is about, we understand, to be carried into effect, and the several parishes in which the improvements will be made have received notices and plans, preparatory to an application to Parliament during the next session. Copies of the plan have been delivered to the different parishes in detached parts, each parish only receiving a copy of so much of it as relates to the buildings to be pulled down, and afterwards erected in that parish; but it remained for Mr Henry Sawyer, copper-plate engraver, to collect and publish the whole. The engraving, which is now in course of publication at Mr. Sawyer's, gives a very correct idea of the projected improvement. There is not a house, or a fragment of a house, intended to be pulled down, which is not clearly pointed out. The new stacks of buildings that are to be erected are distinctly traced in this plan, and thus thousands of the existing generation, who may not live to see this great work completed, may survey in anticipation the future symmetry and beauty of this quarter of London

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Under the flooring of the cloisters at Magdalen College, Oxford, were discovered a few days ago several curiosities, amongst which are a kind of medal, probably struck to commemorate Queen Elizabeth's visit to that university; also some ancient coins, and some letters addressed to the ancient inhabitants of the apartments; one of them is dated 1627, and directed as follows:—"For the celebrated Master Peter Heylin, Fellow of Magdalen."

Effects of Superstition.—When the census was taken in Spain, says the New Monthly Magazine, in 1787, the number of females of that country, confirmed in cloisters for life, amounted to thirty-two thousand. In the single city of Seville, there were, in 1835, no less than twenty-nine nunneries. The new constitution and laws of Spain have suppressed these worse than useless institutions; and the proceeds have been appropriated for the public service.

Catherine II. said of Diderot, 'he is in some respects a hundred years old, but in others no more than ten.'

Fontenelle used to say, 'What always made me satisfied with my low condition of life, was to see Cardinal Dubois come to me to be soothed and comforted, and that I never had occasion to apply to him for a similar purpose.'

Character and Property.—Baron Garrow in his charge to the jury at the Lincoln Lent Assizes in 1818, in the cause Butler versus Clarke, remarked,—'In the course of my experience in courts of justice, I have observed that juries, in estimating damages, are much more tenacious of infringements on property than on character; this to me is unaccountable—for what is property when character is gone? Character is far more valuable than wealth, and when attacked unjustly, compensation cannot be yielded with too liberal a hand.'

Osborne, the bookseller, bought the whole of Lord Oxford's library for £13,000. His lordship gave £18,000 for the binding of only the smaller part of it.

The deputies of the great metropolis in Germany once offered the great Turenne 100,000 crowns not to pass with his army through their city. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I cannot in conscience accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way.'

Herculean Memory.—The following instance of extraordinary memory is related in an American Paper, The New Bedford Mercury. We perfectly agree, that few men, since Hortensius, have equalled Mr. Richardson. The mention of Jonah is, however, unfortunate, as it makes the story 'very like a whale,' and reminds us that our swallow must be capacious to digest it. 'There is now living, at Martha's Vineyard, a man by the name of Richardson, who is truly remarkable

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for his uncommon strength of memory. He is a man of average intellects, but makes no pretensions to science. It has been often said that he can repeat the whole Bible. The writer met him, not long since, at Chilmark, and, being desirous to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the stories which have often been told of his gigantic memory, requested him to repeat a chapter or chapters from some part of the Bible. This, with much apparent reluctance, he consented to do. He first repeated the 8th and 9th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, which he did with greater accuracy than most persons can read them. He next repeated a part of the book of Jonah, with similar success. Being asked if he could ever repeat the whole Bible, he replied in the negative, but modestly owned that he could repeat pretty largely from almost every part. He can repeat from other books, from newspapers, &c., with the same facility. The writer has no doubt that Mr. R. could easily repeat fifty or one hundred chapters, in direct succession, from almost any part of the Bible. Perhaps there have been but few men since the time of the celebrated Hortensius possessed of a memory like that of Mr. Richardson.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 16	62	68	64	29 86	Fair.
.... 17	66	68	62	.. 85	Showery.
.... 18	63	67	64	.. 85	Cloudy.
.... 19	66	69	66	.. 85	Do.
.... 20	64	69	64	.. 82	Fair.
.... 21	64	67	58	.. 62	Showery.
.... 22	58	65	53	.. 80	Cloudy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONDON in September, and a Song, by an old Correspondent, in our next.

In answer to a Correspondent we must observe, that we were led to expect a Ramble from Asmodeus long ago, but we will not delay his communication much longer.

Works just published.—Weddell's Voyage to the South Pole, 8vo. 18s.—Hatch on Capillary Circulation, 8vo. 6s.—Wright's Guide to Dublin, map, 14 plates, 2nd edition, 9s.—Acton's Diary of Husbandry, 6s. 6d.—Entertaining Stories, in Verse, from English History, &c.—Shepherd's Summary of the Law of Elections, 1s.—Sargeant's Aid to Memory, 6s.—Carpenter's Calendarium Palestinæ, 2s. 6d.—Butler on Irritative Fever, 12s.—Antediluvian Phytology, royal 4to. 2l. 10s.

In a few days, in post 8vo. price 10s 6d.

ATTIC FRAGMENTS. By the Author of the Modern Athens and Babylon the Great.
London: printing for Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row.

This day is published, in 12mo the Fourteenth Edition corrected and illustrated with Maps, price 4s. 6d bound,

GEOGRAPHY and HISTORY, selected by a Lady, for the Use of her own Children.
London: printed for Geo. B. Whittaker; Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Hamilton and Co.; Harvey and Co.; C. and J. Rivington; J. M. Richardson; Simpkin and Co.; Sherwood and Co.; Boosey and Sons; Baker and Co.; and J. Souter.

STUART'S DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE.

MESSRS. KNIGHT and LACEY apprize the numerous Subscribers to this Work, and the Public generally, that No. 16 will be published on Saturday, October the 8th; and that, having obtained important assistance in the Editorial Department, they are enabled to promise the remaining numbers regularly, one on each succeeding Saturday, until the whole be completed.
Paternoster Row, Sept. 15, 1825.

This day is published royal 4to. price £2 10s. boards,

ANTEDILUVIAN PHYTOLOGY, illustrated by a Collection of the Fossil Remains of Plants peculiar to the Coal Formations of Great Britain.
By EDMUND TYRELL ARTIS, F.S.A. F.G.S.
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London: published for the Author, by John Cumberland, No. 19, Ludgate Hill.

This day is published, price 14s. boards,

A MANUAL of the ELEMENTS of NATURAL HISTORY.
By J. F. BLUMENBACH,
Professor of the University of Gottingen, &c. &c.
Translated from the Tenth German Edition, by R. T. Gore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c.
'It is, indeed, remarkable for its clear arrangement, and for the immense quantity of interesting and valuable information it contains, condensed into a small compass. It is, altogether, the best elementary book on natural history, in any language.'—Lawrence's Lectures.
London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

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Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

On Saturday, the 1st of October, 1825, will be published, price 5s. No. VI. being Vol. III. Part II. of

THE PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL and LITERARY REVIEW, conducted by the MEMBERS of the PHILOMATHIC INSTITUTION. (Continued Quarterly.) Containing—ESSAYS:—On the Intellectual Causes of the Diversity of Manners—The Poet of Cockaigne—On the Passions.—POEMS:—Sonnet, Sabrina—Astiem, Canto 6—The Malefactor. The Poet's Picture—Zelma's Lament for Saphii—Sonnet—Augustus; or, 'Knowledge is Power;' a Tale—On leaving Brighton.—DISCUSSIONS:—Ought the Punishment of Death to be Abolished?—Are Mankind more influenced by Custom or Novelty?—Are the Laws regarding Literary Property founded in Justice?—LECTURE:—On Epistolary Correspondence, Part II.—REVIEWS:—Cornish on the Salmon and Channel Fisheries—Miss Garnett's Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems—Palmer on Railways—Tredgold on Steam Navigation—Maugham's Law of Attornies—Abrege du Voyage de Polyclete—Zoné, a Levantine Sketch, and other Poems—The Practical Builder—The Perpetual Price-Book—Second Series of Original Poems for Young Persons.
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Just published, by Francis Westley, 10, Stationers' Court and Ave-Maria Lane, London,

1. DOMESTIC ANECDOTES, with Moral Reflections. 1 vol. post 12mo 5s. boards.
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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: The Beauties of Wiltshire, 625; Manual of the Elements of Natural History, 626; The Life of Paul Jones, 627; The Lost Spirit, a Poem, by John Lawson, 629; The Holy War, a Vision: by John Bunyan Redivivus, 631; An Historical Account of the Secret Tribunals in Germany, 632.—*Original:* Country Beauties and Country Authors, London Modesty and Country Affectation, 635.—*Biography:* Memoir of John Britton, Esq. 636.—*Original Poetry:* London in September, 637; Song, 637.—*Fine Arts:* Designs for Ornamental Villas, 637.—*The Drama:* Opening of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, 638.—*Literature and Science*, 639.—*The Bee*, 639.

No. 333. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Beauties of Wiltshire, displayed in Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches; interspersed with Anecdotes of the Arts. By John Britton, Esq. F.S.A. &c. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 443. London, 1825.

Long intervals between the publication of parts of a work, like long pauses in conversation,* are seldom an advantage; there are, however, some occasions when they may be readily excused, particularly in a work like Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, where every section is complete in itself. In the case of county histories, after the plan has been matured, the general view of the subject taken, and the details arranged, portions of them may be published in the order they are completed, the expense attending the printing of the whole lessened, and opportunity for diligent research afforded; in order, however, to keep the subscribers and the public in good humour, the several parts should appear, if not at regular periods, which might be inconvenient, yet not at such a distance from each other, as to induce a belief that the author is indolent, or that the work has been abandoned: the former charge could never certainly attach to Mr. Britton, who has laboured most abundantly and indefatigably in making the public acquainted with the architectural antiquities, topography, &c. of Great Britain; yet the publication of a third and concluding volume of a work, after the lapse of twenty-four years from the appearance of its precursors, cannot, as the author says, but excite surprise, and though—

'A welcome deed,
It comes too late'

for many who must have sunk into the sere and yellow leaf of age, if not into the tomb, since the work was commenced.

Of Mr. Britton's talents, the public is well acquainted, and his zeal, never wanting on any occasion, receives a new zest in the work before us, since it treats of his native county, to which he has always manifested, and continues to manifest, a strong attachment. Of the preceding volumes we know little, and we are willing to take Mr. Britton's word that the one before us is much superior to its elder brethren. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Britton had but just entered the domain of literature, under all the disadvantages of a limited and neglected education, the drudgery of an apprenticeship, and the thousand ills young authors are heirs to; now he is a veteran in experience, if not in age, and, availing himself of the opportunities, reading, research, and investigation, have supplied, he presents us with a very interesting account of a considerable portion of Wiltshire, and thus concludes the history of a county hitherto so neglected by the antiquary and the topographer.

In the preface, Mr. Britton gives a biographical memoir of his own life, which will be found in a subsequent page; he then proceeds to his history, of which, however, it is not our intention to give any connected account, but to notice some of the most interesting subjects. In the church of Garsdon, a village about two miles east of Malmesbury,

'The church plate belonging to this parish consists of a silver (gallon) flaggon, two silver (quart) chalices, and a silver salver. Upon each is engraved, "This was given to Garsdon Church, by the Lady Pargiter; she was formerly the wife of Sir Laurence Washington, who both lie buried here." The fate of this donation has been rather remarkable, and may therefore be noticed. The plate, for many years, had been kept in a box deposited in a lumber closet in the old mansion. There was an idle tale told in this village, that a ghost had formerly been laid in the box. This story was, perhaps, as useful as a double lock; since a superstitious dread of disturbing the ghost effectually deterred many from indulging their curiosity, by scrutinizing the contents of the box. Having understood, from an old man, that many years back it was reported there was some communion plate at the great house, the clergyman took an opportunity to make inquiry about it. To the utter surprise of the people of the house, on opening the lid of the box (for the first time, perhaps, for upwards of a century), instead of seeing a ghost jump out, this valuable service of tarnished plate presented itself; and it was immediately taken to the vicarage-house.'

Malmesbury, of the town and church of which Mr. Britton gives a good account, is celebrated for the eminent literary persons it produced, from the historian Williams to the more humble Mary Chandler, an English poet, who was born here in 1687:—

'She was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Chandler, a dissenting divine, and being bred a milliner, she settled at Bath, where she carried on business for many years. In her childhood she displayed a strong partiality for poetry, which is said to have been excited by the perusal of Herbert's poems at a very early age. As she grew older, she improved her talents by the study of the best English writers; and at length ventured on poetical composition. She published several pieces, one of which, upon "Bath," passed through several editions, and was praised by Pope, who made her a visit. She was also distinguished by the friendly notice of the Countess of Hertford and by Mrs. Rowe. This lady was deformed in her person, a circumstance which induced her to refuse the matrimonial offers of a gentleman of large fortune. She died unmarried in 1745, after an illness of nearly two years.'

Mr. Britton appears to attend much to collecting biographical notices of eminent persons connected with Wiltshire, living or dead; among the former, we find the following notice:—

'Bremhill is a vicarage, endowed with the great tithes, the present incumbent of which is the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, the popular author of The Spirit of Discovery, Sonnets, and other Poems. The gardens at Bremhill are tastefully laid out and decorated with great diversity; in different parts of them are poetical inscriptions from the pen of the proprietor. Most of these may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1815; the following, not among the number, is inscribed on an old yew-tree, terminating one of the walks, with a view of the churchyard, a dial immediately in front, and commanding a great extent of country:—

'INSCRIPTION.

'There rest the village dead, and there too I,
When yonder dial points the hour, must lie.
Look round—the distant prospect is displayed
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light and shade!
Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long, thy last abode.
W. L. B.

In the account of Castle Combe, we are told:—

'It was anciently noted for a custom, once generally practised, but now discontinued:—The inhabitants used to meet annually, about Whitsuntide, at what was termed a church-ale, to distribute alms to the indigent, and to make merry. Near the church was a house, furnished with the utensils requisite for dressing victuals. After a sober entertainment, the younger individuals of the party amused themselves with dancing, bowling, and shooting with the long-bow at a mark, under the inspection of their seniors. Aubrey, who mentions this custom, supposed it to have originated from the agapæ or love feasts of the primitive Christians. From the contributions at such meetings, and the produce of the boxes for alms placed in churches, the poor were chiefly supported before the institution of parochial rates.'

* The longest pause in conversation we have met with, is related of an old gentleman, who, dining over Putney Bridge, asked his servant whether he preferred boiled or poached eggs? something interrupted John's answer at the time; but, passing again over the bridge that day twelve months, he had no sooner reached the point of interrogation, than he bawled out, 'poached, sir.'

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In noting the church of Bromham, Mr. Britton says:—

'Here is an inscription to Henry Season, who was a native of Bromham, and who, from an humble situation of life, raised himself to distinction in the annals of fame. The son of a weaver, and brought up to his father's business, he attained sufficient medical and mathematical knowledge to enable him to compose an almanack, and to gain reputation among his neighbours as a physician. He appears to have procured from a Scotch university the diploma of M. D., and, thus furnished, he obtained a great number of patients, some of whom came from a considerable distance. It is a circumstance less to his credit, that he also professed to be acquainted with astrology, a species of pseudo-science which at least added to his fortune, as his advice for the recovery of stolen goods and strayed lovers was perhaps as often required, and more generously rewarded, than his prescriptions for the restoration of health. He resided in a small house by himself till he reached the advanced age of eighty-two, and died November 10, 1775.'

(To be continued.)

A Manual of the Elements of Natural History. By J. F. Blumenbach, Professor of the University of Gottingen, Aulic Counsellor, F.R.S., &c. &c. &c. Translated from the Tenth German Edition, by R. F. Gore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

A work now in its tenth edition, and which has been translated into various foreign languages, can scarcely become the subject of just criticism, public opinion having so strongly decided in its favour; yet as it now appears for the first time in English, a notice of it may be deemed acceptable.

The object of this manual, for it does not profess to be a systematic work, is 'to present an intelligible view of natural history at large, as well as of its philosophy; and from amongst the infinite number of individual objects to include so many of the most interesting and most generally useful as are suitable to the limits of a work intended more particularly as a text book to academical prelections.' In regard to the names invented by modern writers, to distinguish genera and species, Professor Blumenbach has generally preserved those which are best known, only correcting them for others more suitable when they conveyed an incorrect idea. He says:—

'Thus, for instance, I have restored to the armadilloes their original name, tatu, as being generally known, and long since adopted by classical zoologists; whilst, by a strange error, these nearly hairless creatures had been designated by the term dasyphus (hairy-footed); a name which the ancient Greeks had, in strict conformity with nature, assigned to the hare genus. For similar reasons, I call the splendid nephrite, from New Zealand, punammu-stone, its native name, under which it was first brought to us from our antipodes, in preference to the more modern one, axestone; because, in the great collections of South Sea curiosities here and in London, I find books and other implements, but not axes, manufactured from this stone by the New Zealanders. So, also, I have called that species of the bat genus, vampyre, which really sucks the blood of sleeping animals; whilst *Linnæus*, on the contrary applied this name to the Rousette, which never sucks blood, and lives exclusively on fruits.'

Professor Blumenbach divides his work into twelve sections; in the first he treats of natural bodies in general, and of their division into the three kingdoms organic and inorganic of animals, plants, and minerals. The second section treats of organized bodies in general: and the next nine chapters are devoted to animals in general, their distinct species of mammalia, birds, amphibia, fishes, insects, and worms. The last three sections relate to plants and minerals; all these subjects are treated of in a scientific and yet a familiar manner, and the translator, who is aware that the nature of the work affords no opportunity for ornament, has only studied clearness and utility, and in this he has succeeded; he has preserved the German localities of the various minerals described,—as to have the English ones would not only have materially increased the size of the work, but have rendered an alteration in the arrangement necessary. A work of this sort is by no means favourable for quotation, and, even valuable as it may be in itself, can scarcely be judged of by detached parts; some of the extracts that we can make, will, however, we think, prove of a sufficiently interesting character. Professor Blumenbach is a great advocate for the division of natural bodies into three kingdoms, and defends it against all objections. He says:—

'Many have admitted the distinction between organized and inorganic bodies, but have denied the existence of any well defined limits between animals and planets.

'Others have carried the favourite metaphor of gradation, in the creation, to such an extent, as to exclude the division of nature into kingdoms.

'As to the first, what often happens with respect to objects of experience should not be forgotten, namely, that it is easier to know things as they really exist, than to discover and to indicate their distinctive characters. Thus Linnæus said—"*Nullum characterem hactenus cruere potui, unde Homo a Simia internoscatur.*"—Now I believe, that in this very work I have established such characters, by means of which man can be unerringly distinguished from the most anthropomorphous ape, as well as from all other mammifera. But even without them, it is to be hoped that no naturalist would incur any risk, *in prari*, of confounding a man with an ape. Still more, creatures, from very different classes have frequently remarkable and unexpected resemblances to each other, without on that account, doing away with the indisputable differences between the classes to which they belong. For example, animals are very correctly divided into warm-blooded and cold-blooded; with equal propriety mammifera are reckoned among the former, and insects among the latter; yet it is not, on that account less true that bees, in their hive, are, beyond comparison, warmer than a hedge-hog during his hybernation. So, also, there are genera in the class vermes such as that of sepia (cuttle fish), which differ from other animals of that class, and are very similar to fishes. But no one will conclude, that therefore the separation of the class pisces from the class vermes should be rejected. With as little propriety can the animal and vegetable kingdoms be confounded together, merely because a certain similarity of certain plants to certain animals, has been remarked. Of this kind are the singular motions of several *mimosæ*, of the *hedysarum gyrans*, &c., which, remarkable as they may be, do not, in any respect, assume the character of animality which has been already laid down. As little of the character of vegetability have the resemblances of the arm-polypi with plants. These polypi are animals, which, alike with man and the oyster, impelled by hunger, introduce food into their mouths by voluntary motions, a thing which does not take place in any plant in the known creation.'

The other objections he answers equally satisfactorily. In treating of the causes of growth and degeneration in organized bodies, the professor says:—

'Among the many causes of degeneration, the principal are the influence of climate and of food; and in man and animals, the mode of life.

'A cold climate, for example, interrupts the growth of organized bodies; hence the Greenlanders, Laplanders, &c., together with the animals and plants of cold regions, are small and short. So, also, this climate gives a white colour to its animals and plants; for the same reason, the northern nations have white skins, &c., many animals of cold regions anomalous white hair and feathers, many plants anomalous white blossoms, &c. On the other hand, Creoles, i.e. whites born in the East and West Indies, of European parents, bear the mark of their southern origin in a manner that cannot be mistaken.

'We witness the most evident specimens of the power of different modes of life, culture, and food, to change, by degrees, the form, colour, and entire constitution of organized bodies, in our domestic animals, our grain, our fruits, garden plants, and flowers, but above all, in the human species itself.

'These various causes of degeneration may, according to circumstances, either mutually co-operate, and thus render the deviation more rapid and more remarkable, or they may, to a certain extent, act in opposition to the other; hence, in the one, application of the principles to individual cases, we must guard against forming an opinion too decidedly.

'Remark 1st. Thus there are, even under the line, cold districts, as the interior of Sumatra, &c. Siberia, on the other hand, produces many plants of warm climates, which do not appear in much more southerly regions of Europe.

'Remark 2d. The peculiar effect which some climates produce on organized bodies, particularly animals, is very singular. In St-

ria, for example, the cats, rabbits, and goats, have extraordinarily long white hair; in Corsica, the horses and dogs are spotted in a peculiar manner; in Guinea, the men, dogs, and fowls, become Negroes in their different ways.'

Some animals have certain parts of their body reproduced, such as the casting of horns, the moulting of birds, &c.; this is *ordinary* reproduction:—

'The other kind is the extraordinary, to which I allude more particularly, and by means of which, especially among animals, wounds, fractures, &c., are cured; and parts which have been accidentally mutilated or destroyed, are regenerated. This power is but limited in man, and in the animals most closely related to him; on the contrary, in many cold-blooded animals, particularly water-newts, crabs, snails, earth-worms, sea-anemones, sea-stars, arm-polypi, it exists in great strength and perfection.

'Remark. Many years ago I extirpated almost the whole eye of a water-newt of the larger kind (lacerta palustris), and which I still preserve in spirits; all the humours were evacuated, and four-fifths of the membranes cut away; notwithstanding which, within ten months a perfect new eye was formed, with cornea, pupil, lens, &c., and only differing from the eye on the other side, in being about half its size.'

This experiment, if performed, in England, would infallibly bring down on the operator, the vengeance of Mr. Martin, the orator of the animal race, as Anacharsis Cloots was of the human race. Some animals, it is generally known, pass a considerable part of the year in a deep sleep:—

'When this time arrives, they creep into secure sheltered places, become torpid as the cold increases, and awake only under the cheering influence of the sun in spring. This torpidity is so complete, that warm-blooded animals, during their death-like sleep, retain a barely perceptible degree of heat (see Remarks to § 4, above), and that the pupæ of many insects, which undergo metamorphoses at that time, are in winter so thoroughly frozen as to ring like glass or icicles, when allowed to drop on the ground, and yet without any injury to the torpid animal within.'

No birds are known to have a winter sleep. Professor Blumenbach adopts the Linnæan system, in arranging the animal kingdom into six classes, but he has formed a more natural system of mammifera, founded on the general habits, and organs of motion. In treating of the first order, bimanus—man with two hands, the professor says,—

'There is but one species of the genus man; and all people of every time and every climate with which we are acquainted, may have originated from one common stock. All national differences in the form and colour of the human body are not more remarkable nor more inconceivable than those by which varieties of so many other organized bodies, and particularly of domestic animals, arise, as it were, under our eyes. All these differences, too, run so insensibly, by so many shades and transitions, one into the other, that it is impossible to separate them by any but very arbitrary limits. I conceive, however, that the whole human species may be most conveniently divided into the following five races:—

'1. The Caucasian Race. (*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst.* Tab. 3 and 51. Colour more or less white, with florid cheeks; hair long, soft, and brown (running on the one hand into white, on the other into black); according to the European ideas of beauty, the form of the face and skull most perfect. It includes all the Europeans, with the exception of the Laplanders; the western Asiatics on this side the Ob, the Caspian Sea, and the Ganges; lastly, the northern Africans; altogether, the inhabitants of the world known by the ancient Grecians and Romans.

'2. The Mongolian Race. (*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst.* Tab. 1.) Mostly of a pale yellow (sometimes like a boiled quince, or dried lemon-peel); with scanty, harsh, black hair; with half-closed, and apparently tumid eyelids; a flat face, and lateral projections of the cheek-bones. This race includes the remaining Asiatics, excepting the Malays; in Europe, the Laplanders; and, in North America, the Esquimaux, extending from Behering's Strait to Labrador.

'3. The Ethiopian Race. (*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst.* Tab. 5.) Black in a greater or less degree; with black frizzly hair; jaw projecting forwards; thick lips and flat nose. Composed of the remaining Africans, viz. the Negroes who pass into the Moors by means of the Foulahs, in the same manner as other varieties merge into one another, in consequence of their intercourse with a neighbouring people.

'4. The American Race. (*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst.* Tab. 2.) Mostly tan colour or cinnamon brown (sometimes like rust of iron or tarnished copper); with straight, coarse, black hair; with a wide, though not a flat face, and strongly-marked features. Comprises all the Americans, except the Esquimaux.

'5. The Malayan Race. (*Abbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst.* Tab. 4.) Of a brown colour, from a clear mahogany to the darkest clove or chesnut brown; with thick, black, bushy hair, a broad nose, and wide mouth. To this class belong the South Sea islanders, or inhabitants of the fifth part of the world; of the Marianne, Philippine, Molucca, and Sunda Isles, &c., with the true Malays.

'The Caucasian must, on every physiological principle, be considered as the primary or intermediate of these five principal races. The two extremes into which it has deviated are, on the one hand, the Mongolian, on the other, the Ethiopian. The other two races form transitions between them; the American, between the Caucasian and Mongolian; and the Malayan, between the Caucasian and Ethiopian.'

Our author then notices the fabled differences as to races of giants and dwarfs, men with tails, Hottentot women with natural aprons, &c., and says these can only be excused by the simple easy credulity of our ancestors.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF PAUL JONES.

(Concluded from p. 612.)

The predatory warfare carried on by Paul Jones struck terror along the English coast, so daring were his attacks. The national pride felt wounded at finding one of the finest frigates of the British navy captured close to our shores, and in the sight of assembled thousands. He afterwards entered the Humber, and, after chasing a vessel to within a mile of the pier, sunk and destroyed sixteen sail of valuable vessels, which threw the whole town and neighbourhood into the utmost consternation. The terror spread, and no one knew where the vindictive fury of Jones would next fall, for vindictive it certainly was; however, the pirate could assume the man of honour, and was ambitious to show that all he did was from principle. In a letter to the Marquis de la Fayette, after vindicating himself from a charge of not loving France, he gives the following as his political profession:—

'I am a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of country or of climate, which diminish or set bounds to the benevolence of the heart. Impelled by principles of gratitude or philanthropy, I drew my sword at the beginning of the American revolution; and when France so nobly espoused that great cause, no individual felt the obligation with truer gratitude than myself. When the court of France soon after invited me to remain for a time in Europe, I considered myself as highly honoured by the application that was made to the American commissioners. Since that time I have been at every instant, and I still am, ready to do my utmost, for the good of the common cause of France and America. As an American officer, and as a man, I affectionately love and respect the character and nation of France, and hope the alliance with America may last for ever. I owe the greatest obligation to the generous praises of the French nation on my past conduct, and shall be happy to merit future favour. I greatly love and esteem his most Christian majesty, as the great ally of America, the best of kings and the amiable friend and protector of the rights of human nature; therefore he has very few of his own subjects who would bleed in his present cause with greater freedom than myself, and none who are more disinterested. At the same time I lament the calamities of war, and wish, above all things, for an honourable, happy, and lasting peace. My fortune is not augmented by the part I have hitherto acted in the Revolution (although I have had frequent opportunities of acquiring riches), and I pledge myself to the worthy part of mankind, that my future conduct in the war shall not forfeit their good opinion.'

In the spring of 1780, Paul Jones proceeded to Paris, where his extreme vanity was flattered by the attentions paid to him:—

'At all public places at which he appeared, the audience immediately rose, he was followed by crowds in all the promenades, and was the hero of every song and every fashion. The chief nobility loaded him with invitations, and by the especial desire of the

king he was immediately introduced at court. He was presented by his majesty with a superb sword, "which would have done honour to the greatest admiral in history." The costly weapon bore this inscription: "VINDICATI MARIS LUDOVICUS XVI. REMUNERATOR SERENISSIMO VENDICA." M. de Sartine transmitted him a letter, expressing, in his majesty's name, his entire approbation of his conduct, and assuring him of his particular personal esteem; and means were taken to obtain the permission of Congress, to invest the conqueror of the Serapis with the cross and institution of military merit. This last was an honour which had never before been conferred on any man, who had not actually served in the army or navy of the kingdom.'

Jones, as his biographer truly says, was 'a republican merely by accident, and should have lived in a land of countesses and crosses.' His brain was half turned with the honours showered on him in Paris; and his passion for love was equal to his desire for fame,—he was in love with every woman in Paris. His attachments were as wild and as romantic as his exploits. With him, 'woman was not a toy to waste some idle hours on, but a superior existence, for whom man was born an honoured slave. Her wildest caprice was, in him, law, and her most improbable declaration absolute authority.' Such devotion must have been very acceptable to the French fair, and he was no doubt a favourite. Jones, however, was often seriously in love with women he had never seen. He had formed an attachment for '*la belle comtesse*,' as he styled Lady Selkirk in his letters, and yet he had never seen this accomplished peeress:—

'Jones's pen, moreover, was that "of a ready writer," and his love letters were almost irresistible. His verses, also, were not contemptible, although he appears to have been occasionally hard put to it, for I find some very good stanzas with double lines, making them "pass current" both in America and France; such, for instance, as the following: after a description of the return of Jove to Heaven, from one of his terrestrial visits, he proceeds:—

"Thus when the warrior, though no god,
Bringa Freedom's standard o'er the main,
Long absent from thy bless'd abode,
Casts anchor in dear France again," &c.

This last line, which gives so extempore an air to the stanzas, as if they had actually been struck off in the roads of Groa, gives way in Virginia and Massachusets to—

"In fair Colombia moors again."

'The verses, from which I quote this stanza, were, among other perfect specimens of Nature's workmanship, sent to a certain young and high lady of the court, who, under the name of Delia, seems to have been past all recovery.

'This lady offered all her diamonds "and effects of all kinds, which may be readily converted into cash," because she heard that Jones's crew were shut out from their prize-money. Delia was very sentimental. Her custom was to sit before her lover's "portrait for hours, bathed in tears."

'This seems to have been too much for the commodore, who really grew alarmed, when the lady wished to follow him to America, "God! she would willingly be the lowest of his crew!"'

The fame of Jones was now so great, that many members of the first families in France eagerly sought the honour of serving under him, particularly the Count de Tourneville, who offered to serve as a volunteer, 'in order that, having no fixed post, he might be everywhere.' When Jones left France, it was in April, in which he encountered a violent storm. In a letter, in which he describes it, he says, 'The English nation may hate me, but I will force them to *esteem* me;' the word esteem here should be respect. In America, the thanks of Congress awaited him, and he was employed to superintend the construction of the American navy. In a memorial on this subject, he gives the following character of our navy, since so gloriously redeemed by our Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson:—

'"The beginning of our (the American) navy, was so singularly small, that, I am of opinion, it has no precedent in history. Was it a proof of madness in the first corps of sea officers to have, at so critical a period, launched out in the ocean with only two armed merchant ships, two armed brigantines, and one armed sloop, to make war against such a power as Great Britain? To be diffident is not always a proof of ignorance. I had sailed before this revolution in armed ships and frigates, yet, when I came to try my skill, I am not ashamed to own I did not find myself perfect in the duties of a first lieutenant. If midnight study and the instruction of the greatest and most learned sea officers, can have given me advantages, I am not without them. I confess, however, I have yet to learn; it is the work of many years study and experience to acquire the high degree of science necessary for a great sea officer. Cruising after merchant ships, the service in which our frigates have generally been employed, affords, I may say, no part of the knowledge necessary for conducting fleets and their operations. There is now, perhaps, as much difference between a battle between two ships, and an engagement between two fleets, as there is between a duel and a ranged battle between two armies. The English, who boast so much of their navy, never fought a ranged battle on the ocean before the war that is now ended. The battle off Ushant was, on their part, like their former ones, irregular; and Admiral Keppell could only justify himself by the example of Hawke in our remembrance, and of Russel in the last century. From that moment the English were forced to study, and to imitate, the French in their evolutions. They never gained any advantage when they had to do with equal force, and the unfortunate defeat of Count de Grasse was owing more to the unfavourable circumstances of the wind coming a-head four points at the beginning of the battle, which put his fleet into the order of echiquier when it was too late to tack, and of calm and currents afterwards, which brought on an entire disorder, than to the admiralship or even the vast superiority of Rodney, who had forty sail of the line against thirty, and five three-deckers against one. By the account of some of the French officers, Rodney might as well have been asleep, not having made a second signal during the battle, so that every captain did as he pleased."'

Jones's skill in diplomacy was as great as his naval talents, and he was employed to collect the prize-money due by the European government to the Americans. We afterwards find him, on the special invitation of the Empress Catherine, appointed to the command of a division of the Russian fleet. In his interview with the empress, the only stipulation he made, and that a very essential one in a despotic country, was, that 'he should not be condemned tilficard.' In the Russian navy, Jones had little opportunity of distinguishing himself, for little honour was to be gained by a victory over the Turkish navy, however decisive. The Russians were jealous of him, and that jealousy the English laboured to keep alive. In a letter to Prince Potemkin, written from Paris in July, 1790, he thus expresses himself:—

'"Circumstances, and the high rank of my enemies have deprived me of the benefits which I had dared to hope from the esteem which you had expressed for me, and which I had endeavoured to merit by my services. You know the disagreeable situation in which I was placed, but if, as I dared to believe, I have preserved your good opinion, I may still hope to see it followed by advantages, which it will be my glory to owe to you. M. Desimolin can testify to you, that my attachment to Russia, and to the great princess, who is its sovereign, has always been constant and durable; I attended to my duties, and not to my fortune. I have been wrong, and I avow it with a frankness which carries with it its own excuse: 1st. That I did not request of you a carte-blanche, and the absolute command of all the forces of the Liman. 2nd. To have written to your highness under feelings highly excited, on the $\frac{1}{14}$th October, 1788. These are my faults. If my enemies have wished to impute others to me, I swear before God, that they are a calumny. It only rests with me, my lord, to unmask the villany of my enemies, by publishing my journal of the operations of the campaign of Liman, with the proofs, clear as the day, and which I have in my hands. It only rests with me to prove that I directed, under your orders, all the useful operations against the Captain Pacha: that it was I who beat him on the 7th June; that it was I and the brave men I commanded, who conquered him on the 17th June, and who chased into the sands, two of his largest galleys, before our flotilla was ready to fire a single shot, and during the time a very considerable part of the force of the enemy remained at anchor immediately in rear of my squadron: that it was I who gave to General Suwarow (he had the nobleness to declare it at court before me, to the most respectable witnesses), the first project to establish the battery and breast works on the isthmus of Kimbourn, and which was of such great utility on the night of the 17—18th June: that it was I, in person, who towed, with my sloops and

other vessels, the batteries which were the nearest to the place, the 1st July, and who took the Turkish gallies by boarding, very much in advance of our line, whilst some gentlemen who have been too highly rewarded in consequence of it, were content to remain in the rear of the struggles of our line, if I may be allowed to use the expression, sheltered from danger. You have seen, yourself, my lord, that I never valued my person, on any occasion, where I had the good fortune to act under your eye. The whole of Europe acknowledges my veracity, and grants me some military talents, which it would give me pleasure to employ in the service of Russia under your orders. The time will arrive, my lord, when you will know the exact truth of what I have told you. Time is a sovereign master. It will teach you to appreciate the man, who, loaded with your benefits, departed from the court of Russia with a memorial prepared by other hands and the enemies of your glory, and of which memorial he made no use, because your brilliant success at the taking of Ozzakow, which he learned on his arrival in White Russia, gave the lie to all the horrors which had been brought forward to enrage the empress against you. You know it was the echo of another intriguer at the court of Vienna. In fine, time will teach you, my lord, that I am neither a mountebank nor a swindler, but a man, true and loyal. I rely upon the attachment and friendship which you promised me. I rely on it, because I feel myself worthy of it. I reclaim your promise, because you are just, and I know you are a lover of truth. I commanded, and was the only responsible person in the campaign of Liman, the others being only of inferior rank, or simple volunteers; and I am, however, the only one who has not been promoted or rewarded. I am extremely thankful for the order of St. Ann, which you procured for me, according to your letter of thanks *for my conduct in the affair of the 7th June*, which was not decisive. The 17th June, I gained, over the Captain Pacha, a complete victory, which saved Chersou and Kimbourn, the terror of which caused the enemy to lose nine vessels of war, in their precipitate flight on the following night, under the cannon of the battery and breastwork which I had caused to be erected on the isthmus of Kimbourn. On this occasion I had the honour again to receive a *letter of thanks*, but my enemies and rivals have found means to abuse your confidence, since they have been exclusively rewarded. They merited rather to have been punished for having burnt nine armed prizes, with their crews, which were absolutely in our power, having previously ran aground under our guns.

"I have been informed that, according to the institution of the order of St. George, I have the right to claim its decorations in the second class, for the victory of the 17th June, but I rely upon your justice and generosity. I regret, that a secret project, which I addressed to the Count du Besborodska, the 6th of June of the last year, has not been adopted. I communicated this project to the Baron de Beichler, who has promised me to speak to you of it. I was detained in St. Petersburgh until the end of August, in order to hinder me, as I have heard, from proceeding into the service of Sweden. My poor enemies, how I pity them! But for this circumstance my intention was to have presented myself at your head-quarters, in the hope to be of some utility; and the Baron de Beichler, in departing from St. Petersburg in order to join you, promised me to assure you of my devotion for the service of your department, and that I should hold myself ready to return to you the instant I was called. My conduct has not since changed, although I hold in my hand a parole for two years, and I regard eighteen months of this parole, in a time of war, more as a punishment than as a favour."'

Jones did not, however, return to the Russian service; and we now come to the closing scene of his eventful life:—

'Paul Jones passed the remainder of the year 1791 at Paris in extreme ill health. The prospects of the succeeding year did not brighten. He found his friend La Fayette waging an unsuccessful struggle with that dark, unhallowed crew, the Jacobins. Jones was indeed spared from seeing "the best of kings" arraigned for imaginary crimes before an unauthorized tribunal, and his chivalric spirit was not outraged by the more pitiable tragedy that followed after. Early in the month of June, 1792, Paul Jones breathed his last at Paris. The National Assembly went into mourning on account of his death, and a deputation of their members followed his body to its grave.

'Paul Jones was short in stature and slenderly made. He was authoritative in his manner, "with a very determined air."

'That by law he was a pirate and a rebel, I shall not deny; since by the same law Washington would have been drawn and quartered, and Franklin had already been denounced as "a hoary headed traitor." But we have seen, that nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent history of his character and fortunes. As to his moral conduct, it would seem, that few characters have been more subject to scrutiny and less to condemnation. His very faults were the consequences of feelings which possess our admiration, and his weaknesses were allied to a kindly nature. He was courageous, generous, and humane; and he appears to have been the only one in this age of revolutions, whose profession of philanthropy was not disgraced by his practice. As to his mental capacity, it cannot be denied that his was a most ardent and extraordinary genius. Born in the lowest rank of life, and deprived by his mode of existence from even the common education which every Scotchman inherits, Paul Jones was an enthusiastic student, and succeeded in forming a style which cannot be sufficiently admired for its pure and strenuous eloquence. His plans, also, were not the crude conceptions of a vigorous but untutored intellect, but the matured systems which could only have been generated by calm observation and patient study.'

That this work contains much interesting information on the subject of Jones cannot be denied; and the materials are very valuable for a more connected memoir of this extraordinary man.

The Lost Spirit. A Poem. By John Lawson, Author of Orient Harping. 12mo. pp. 132. London, 1825. Westley.

Mr. Lawson is a poet of considerable talent and imagination; indeed, without imagination, there can be no true poetry. The poem of the Lost Spirit, which was, we believe, first published in Calcutta, is a very vigorous production, combining piety with poetry, exposing error, and inculcating religious truth in very forcible language. 'The errors exposed,' to quote the author's preface, 'are a contemptuous disregard of divine revelation—a restless discontent with the conduct of Divine Providence—a vague and unhallowed love of nature—and a brooding misanthropic hatred of the world. The writer had for some time wished to express his feelings on the above topics, in strong language.'

The Lost Spirit is founded on the melancholy death of Count Ugolino, who, contending for the sovereignty at Pisa, was betrayed by a rival, and thrown into a prison, together with his two sons and two grandsons. The Pisans secured the gates of his prison, and throwing the keys into the Arno, the count and his children perished of famine. Dante has immortalized this subject, and yet Mr. Lawson, by his manner of treating it, has made it his own. Ugolino is of course the lost spirit, and we quote that part in which, when he is seen with the head of Ruggieri, as related by Dante, he describes the mortal catastrophe:—

'In that tumultuous world
Whence thou dost roam inquisitive, there smiles
A spot of all besides the holiest still.
So thought I once, but crime hath blacken'd it.
Arno! thy waters were my infant joy,
Rushing with silent praise like living crystal
Midst the exulting show of opulent mart,
Bridges of noblest span and solemn turret,
Or dual palace—ancient and sublime;
Thy waters saw and mourn'd my latest griefs!
Deep down in thy unruffled bosom rests
The hoary image of that tower which scowls
O'er thy steel-polished stream—how reverenc'd once,
The Idol of my boyhood! Mortal, bark!
Let thy last curse be on that spot! Mark thou
That heritage of darkness! Wane! Be blasted!
If ban of mine have power on earth, to hurt
With drop malign of busiest potency
Curdling the hot blood of Italian hearts
To fear and cowardice. Time, time shall prove
Such hate prophetic, and shall pour the scorn
Of long posterity, upon the land
Once fairest, foulest now, and damn'd! O man!
But hear my woes, and I will cease to curse;
I will appear of human mould and mind
And sympathy again. Thou fearful one,
Hark, I adjure thee! There a prisoner, I
In that black tower did howl in pining death,
I and my boys—aye, there's the burning bite—
My boys, so fair, so sweet of countenance,
So innocent, the solace of my soul!
I said, O let them yet remain to bless
The light of day; to see the glorious sun
Roll in the heavens, the life of all that lives!
I cried, O spare my boys! no guilt have they,

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No more than hath the pure moon's new-born
light!
Let me alone, a poor worn man, descend
This dungeon, for my days are few and
wretched!
Spare my sweet children!
'But that prayer was lost!
Now tremble not, thou man yet mortal! Hear
A horrid spirit's guilt. Some crazy fire
Then seem'd to light the frenzy of my soul.
'Twas a deep gnawing curse, a rancorous flame
Kindled from restless hell. About my heart
The demon influence did creep, and scorch
With damning power, rejecting every thought
Of Him, the great controller of all things
Adverse or prosperous—who ordereth well
Each gloomy chastisement. Dark Providence
I did despise, and with blasphemous voice
Revil'd, impugning her behests, and spurn'd
Her solemn arbitrations: for my soul
Scath'd and repugnant, could ill brook the
storm
Rolling to devastate her dearest hopes.
How could I tamely say, 'Thy will be done;
O thou that liv'st above,' unless my spirit,
Proud in its stormy vigour, groveling never,
Had cower'd to seek in base hypocrisy
Guilt deadlier far than the tempestuous war
Of wounded feeling? The turbulence of hell
Was nobler to my mind. Thou righteous One,
For righteous still art thou, contending thus
With him, the frailest of thy workmanship;
Ignoble though I am, because of dust,
Yet of high thought and purpose, far too high
Meekly to stoop beneath the rod. O break!
Break! for I cannot bend. My scoffing soul
Unwonted to the prudence of submission,
Heedless of ruin, dares to question thee
With murmuring petulance, and drive thy
wrath
Back to the hand that hurl'd it from above,
And with dark strife, demand the reason why
Thy thunder-scaring terrors are abroad?
Why thy keen vengeance marks so poor a
wretch,
And strikes but not destroys? If other prayer
Pray I, 'tis this:—
"'O let the curse of God,
If there be curse of thine, unheard, unknown,
Reserved for man, or howling fiend, or whom
Omniscient purity detects of guilt
Malignant most, of all who fell from heaven,
Or sinn'd on earth, or groan'd in deepest hell;
More horrible than aught thy sleeping thunders
E'er wroke t' inflict, or than thy searching flames
Did ever brand withal, or than thine hate
Eternal ever did employ to warp,
To wither, and to smite with living death,—
O let that wreaking torment leap convuls'd
With fright and flame and thunder on his heart
To plague my adversary!—" I have done.
That was the mildest curse my lips implor'd
For Ruggieri.
'Thus on the cold earth
Prostrate, and clenching the green bladed grass
Bright in the sun, in fervency of prayer
My impious soul did vent her agonies,
Like some pale lonely man, most melancholy
Champing the iron scourge. Ah! then I wept
In very wrath, while standing on the threshold
Between the light and darkness, chain'd and
bare.
My boys were noble. Not one simple tear
Fell from their broad blue eyes, as round they
look'd,
And saw the blessed sky, then unappall'd
Build their dark fate. The sun sent his last
beam,
The last we ever saw, to kiss my boys,
As hand in hand they downward went. His
light
Did seem with a delaying loveliness
To dwell upon their forms, as loathe to part
With beauty such as it should see no more.
The lingering farewell glance did smile upon
Their snowy shoulders plump and fresh with
life—
One moment rested on their golden locks—
The next, as with reproving lightning, gleam'd
Upon their unreligious chains—and then
'Twas all oblivion. One deep dreary chamber
Receiv'd the sire, the sons. A thousand peals,
Did roll with long reverberating moan,
When the door clash'd which shut me from the
world:
'Twas the last sound my mortal ears did hear,
Save the low wailings of our prison woes.—
O I could hear the bounding palpitation
Of my sick heart, so shocking was the silence.
Long, long did my hot soul with sullen
strength
Bear the dread punishment, nor utterance give
To sigh or groan!
'My sinewy limbs were stretch'd
With cramping tension, like some bronzed fi-
gure
Of the vex'd lunatic, whose upward hands
Would grasp the silver moon; for as I look'd
Despairing, yet in supplicating posture,
I thought I saw the light—the time-worn wall
Befriended me—it was the light of night!
Frantic, I howl'd my long complaint. "O
moon,
Walking in brightness, liberty is thine!
Through the pure heavens thou art a pilgrim
still.
The midnight hosts do light their holy flames,
Rejoicing in the freedom of the skies.
Free, O pale sojourner, art thou, although
Vicissitude may chequer still thy course—
Though as a scudding ship thy crescent bark
Be tost on tempests of white-skirted clouds;
Or, though thy stately march, when from the
east
Slowly thou com'st to receive the profound ho-
mage
Of their fair skies blazing with regent gold,
At thine approach to spread a cloudy carpet,
Greeting thy holy footsteps, wanderer pale!
Blessed art thou, for liberty is bliss!
O dost thou look with pity still on me,
Me, miserable man? Then let thy ray,
If aught of thee so fair can smite with blight,
Palsy my whirling brain, that I may prowl
Abroad where thy enchanting fields do shine,
And watch with morbid thought thy wane, and
drink
Thy gushing light; for I will dwell with thee,
And wander up and down thy sky-built moun-
tains,
Laughing amid their ever-changing forms,
More bless'd in sad distraction, than to know
My dismal doom." Thus did I wail unheard.'

This extract would stamp Mr. Lawson as a poet of considerable abilities, and we might select many passages equally beautiful and spirited.

A Lecture on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Shipping, Navigation, and Commerce. By CHARLES POPE, Esq. 8vo. pp. 37. London, 1825. Baldwin and Co.

As commerce is rapidly extending, and the principles on which it is, or ought to be, conducted, are becoming better known, it of course increases in interest, though it has always, among sensible men and good governments, been considered of the highest importance. Voltaire, after stating that he knew of no nation that had enriched itself by its victories, observed, that England was impoverished by war, however successful, and that she owed all her grandeur to commerce. Not all, certainly, for England stood high, very high, when commerce had done little for her; she had even conquered France without much revenue from commerce, yet we perfectly agree with the poet Thomson, that—

'Commerce first brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse,
Rais'd the strong built crane, choaked up the
loaded street
With foreign plenty.'

When commerce really had its origin, it would be difficult to say, since it is, probably, nearly as ancient as the world itself: it first, no doubt, consisted in the exchange of the necessaries, and afterwards extended to the luxuries of life. In the early stages of commerce, it must have wholly consisted in barter, though it is now so much extended, that without consulting the books of the Custom House, we may learn, that it stretches in Argus eyes and Briarean arms everywhere.

The Lecture of Mr. Pope, who, from his official situation and attention to the subject, is very intimately acquainted with the commerce of the country, was read before the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society, in February last. It contains a brief and rapid but interesting view of the origin and progress of shipping, with an account of the new laws for regulating our commercial intercourse with other countries. The subject may, perhaps, appears somewhat dry, but Mr. Pope has ingeniously rendered it very interesting; so much so, that we shall venture on an extract of some length, with confidence:—

'The first idea of a ship is given us in sacred history. We are there told that "God commanded Noah to make an ark of gopher wood, and to pitch it within and without with pitch." From the apocryphal authority of Sanchoniatho we learn, that Ousous, one of the most ancient of the Phœnician heroes, took a tree which was half burnt, cut off its branches, and was the first who ventured to expose himself on the waters after the general deluge. Of the authenticity of this, however, there is some doubt. All the certain information we possess respecting the Phœnician ships is, that they had two sorts, one for commercial, the other for warlike purposes.

'According to Herodotus, the Egyptian ships were made of thorns twisted together, and their sails of rush mats. Conjecture, however, as well as history, warrants us in believing that rafts were the most ancient mode of conveyance on the water; and even in the time of Pliny they were extensively employed, especially in the navigation of rivers. Boats formed of slender rods or bundles, and covered with skins, seem also to have preceded the canoe or vessel made of a single piece of timber.

'To a native of Lydia, the Greeks ascribe

the invention of boats of planks. Among some nations, leather was the only material used in the formation of ships. Even in the time of Cæsar, the Veneti, a people of Brittany, made their sails of hides and their tackle of thongs. The Greeks, also, in early ages, used the common rushes of their country, and the Carthaginians the spartum or broom of Spain.

'The earliest anchors were doubtless large stones, logs of heavy wood, or any ponderous substance that might be at hand. At present, the shape of anchors is pretty nearly the same in most parts of the civilized world, and, except in a few instances, where copper is used, iron is the material employed in their construction.

'According to Diodorus, the Phœnicians, in their first voyages to Spain, having obtained more silver than their ships could safely hold, employed some of it, instead of lead, for their anchors. The cables were made of leather thongs, afterwards of rushes, the osier, the Egyptian byblus, and similar materials. The Veneti, however, used iron cables. The chain cable, therefore, of which we boast as an invention of the present day, was known to a nation of savages in Gaul so far back as the time of Cæsar. In the days of Agricola, sails were made of flax; towards the end of the first century, hemp was in common use for sails and ropes.

'It is the generally received opinion, that the Britons, at the time of the invasion by Cæsar, had no ships but such as were made of light and pliant wood, with ribs of hurdles, covered and lined with leather. They had indeed masts and sails; the sails as well as the ropes were made also of leather, consequently they could not be furled, but when requisite, were bound to the mast.

'If we give credit to poets and poetical writers, we shall find Neptune covering the Mediterranean sea with his mighty fleets, as admiral, under his father Saturn, supposed, according to Locke, to be Noah, as Neptune is to be Japheth; and to him is ascribed the first building of ships with sharp stems, or heads shod with iron or brass, to run against other ships and split them, and with towers on them for men to fight when they came to lie board and board.

'The Phœnicians, who are the same the Scriptures call the Philistines, certainly were the earliest and ablest mariners in those first ages. They made the greatest discoveries of any nation,—they planted colonies of their own in most of those countries so discovered, and settled trade and commerce in the most distant regions.

'Of comparatively little avail, however, was either trade or shipping, when the mariners durst not venture out of sight of land, lest they should be left in the trackless ocean without any certain guide to point out their course; or, as Dryden expresses it,—

'Rude as their ships was navigation then,
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.'

'The finding out of the mariner's compass usually ascribed to Flavio Gioia, a Neapolitan, about the year 1302; and hence it is, that the territory of Principato, which makes a part of the kingdom of Naples, where he was born, bears a compass for its arms. Others say, that Marcus Paulus, a Venetian, making a journey to China, brought back the discovery with him in 1260. In the embassy of Lord Macartney to the Emperor of China, this latter assertion seems to be confirmed. "It has been thought," he says, "that the needle has its chief tendency to the North Pole: but in China, the south alone is considered as containing the attractive power. The Chinese name of the compass is *ting-nan-ching*, or needle pointing to the south; and a distinguishing mark is fixed on the magnet's southern pole, as in European compasses upon the northern one."

'Anaximander, a Milesian philosopher, first invented geographical maps and sundials, about five hundred years before Christ. The fifteenth century is distinguished by the great improvements which were made in their construction.

'Sheathing of ships is, I believe, pretty generally considered to be absolutely new; but two instances of it are recorded by ancient writers. Leo Baptista Alberti, in his book of architecture, mentions that Trajan's ship was raised out of the lake of Riccia, where it had lain sunk and neglected for above thirteen hundred years,—that the pine and cypress of it had lasted most remarkably. On the outside, it was built with double planks, daubed over with green pitch, enwalked with linen rags, and, over all, a sheet of lead fastened on with little copper nails. Here we have caulking and sheathing together, above sixteen hundred years ago. The other instance we find in Purchas's Pilgrims, where he gives an account of the finding of a great town, in a dock of which was a piece of eight or ten hundred tons burden, sheathed all with iron. This was about the year 1613.'

Mr. Pope pays a just tribute to the liberal policy of his Majesty's ministers, in the new regulations with respect to trade. He says:—

'In the last session of Parliament, an entirely new principle was introduced in the economy of our foreign trade, and which affects, in no slight degree, the interests of some of our staple manufactures.

'This principle is to abolish prohibitions on import, and bounties on export.

'"It is time," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his eloquent speech on finance, "to cut the cords which tie down commerce to the earth, that she may spring aloft, unconfined and unrestricted, and shower her blessings over every part of the world."

'To the ladies in particular, it cannot be wholly unknown, that for ages, foreign silks and foreign articles of various kinds have been prohibited from being worn or used in this country.

'The manufactures of the united kingdom were expected to be almost annihilated if these prohibitions and bounties were removed. With regard to silks and linens, and to the fisheries, they have already in some cases been removed; and, although the full operation of the measure does not yet take effect, still, from the high character which British skill and industry have attained, I think we may safely venture to affirm, in the language of our immortal Shakspeare, not less with regard to manufactures than to war.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

King John.

'The union with Ireland has wrought a great change in our commerce. Ireland, in her trade, has lately been placed upon the same footing as Great Britain. This had been partially done at the time of the union. However, the full consummation of the measure, in a commercial point of view, had not been before accomplished. It is impossible but to anticipate the most salutary results from this measure.

'A system of reciprocity in our intercourse with foreign nations, of the most liberal kind, has been recently adopted. The ships of those kingdoms that choose to avail themselves of the advantage may now enter British and Irish ports upon the same terms as ships of the united kingdom; and, on the other hand, our vessels may enter the harbours belonging to those foreign nations upon the same terms as if built and navigated by their own countrymen.

'The legislative sanction which has been given to our trade with the independent states of South America, opens a channel of great importance to us. Fresh sources of enterprise are likewise presenting themselves in Australia.

'A most useful measure is now in progress, under the able direction of Mr. Herries, one of the secretaries of the Treasury. It is to repeal all the provisions contained in the existing acts of Parliament relating to the customs and excise; and to establish, in their stead, a code of a very few laws, the enactments of which shall be methodical, perspicuous, and comprehensive.

'The laws of customs and excise amounted at one time to not less than two thousand in number. From this circumstance, from the great length of time that the present system has been established, and from the numerous alterations which have from time to time been made in it, the intended measure is obviously one of great advantage to the trade of the united kingdom; and, considering that trade to be so extensive, one also of vast benefit to the world itself.'

This pamphlet, though very small, contains many curious facts, and much interesting information connected with the commerce of this country.

The Holy War, a Vision: a Poem, in Five Books. To which is added The Holy War in Prose, in Illustratim of the Times, Character, and Associations which marked the First Quarter of the Nineteenth Century. Also, Men's Duties in the Present Crisis. By John Bunyan Redivivus. Small 8vo. pp. 183. London, 1825. Cole.

We would almost as soon endure John Bunyan's twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford Gaol as attempt to be his *double*, since he was a man not only of great zeal and genius,

but his mind was of so original and peculiar a cast, that we should at once say—

'None but himself can be his parallel.'

The work before us is a direct and severe attack on popery, and, although in some respects it might be difficult to find a sufficient reason why a difference in religious opinions should qualify or disqualify a man for enjoying political rights, yet if we are to consider the *vox populi* as the *vox Dei*, we should say, that voice in England is decidedly against granting any further power to the Roman Catholics. Indeed, the unchanged and unchangeable character of that religion, imbibing, as it does, all the errors and all the vices of a state of society less refined and less civilized than the present, is we consider a sufficient argument against its encouragement. Popery is decidedly inimical to mental improvement, and were there no other reason for opposing it, this to us would be sufficient. With the papist 'ignorance is bliss,' although he may not exactly think it 'folly to be wise,' yet he considers it bad policy to allow the world to become so. Among papists, nothing is gained while anything remains to be accomplished, and had they the power, we would not pledge ourselves that the fires of 'bloody Bonner' would not be rekindled in Smithfield—that a new massacre of St. Bartholomew (kept as a festival at the Vatican), would not take place in France, and that the Inquisition with its dungeons and its racks, would not be again in force in every country where popery or the Roman Catholic religion prevailed. That the old disposition prevails is evident enough from the papal fulminations against education, from the attempts to restore the Jesuits in France, and from the meditated re-establishment of the Inquisition in that out-cast country, Spain. The character of popery appears to have been well defined in the address of the House of Commons, in their remonstrance to King James I., in which they say, 'It hath a restless spirit, and will strive by these gradations; if it once get but a *connivance*, it will press for a *toleration*; if that should be obtained, they must have an *equality*; from thence they will strive for a *superiority*, and will never rest till they get a subversion of the true religion:'—that is, every religion but their own.

The poem of the Holy War displays more zeal in defence of protestantism against popery than good poetry; perhaps, too, the tone is too strong for argument, though not near so violent as the philippics and rhodomontades of an O'Connel or a Shiel. The notes, however, contain many interesting facts, which are worthy of preservation. A few of these we select:—

'The Sepolto Vivo is a convent at Rome, where, for mere jealousy or opposition to a parent's will, wives and daughters have been sent through an order procured by bribery or malignity from the Holy Inquisition. To this perpetual prison are sent all fanatics and impostors—a place, therefore, the most fit for all the holy elects of that fraternity.

'In the Santa Theresa, at Rome, the unfortunate votaries are doomed to unceasing vigil, and daily fasts, penance and mortifications in every form; and all the affections of nature, even the sweet and innocent intercourse of friends, are forbidden as the greatest crimes, while death is perpetually to be present to their thoughts. Pagans inflicted these punishments only on vestal virgins who had broken their vows, whereas papists inflict them upon the innocent! Is this religion? To be cut off from the common blessings of Heaven, and the social duties and enjoyments of life?

'A countryman, upon hearing a sermon from a monk, on our Saviour's casting out seven devils, imagined himself possessed, and applied to the priest for deliverance. The priest fastened the chain of an electrifying-machine round him, and pretended, by every shock, to be working his deliverance; but extorted a sum of money at every shock, till he had nearly robbed him of all he had, when he kindly pronounced his cure.'

The author of this work is a great admirer of Mr. Irving, whose loyalty and piety he eulogizes, without considering that, like the paint of some lady's complexion in the School for Scandal, they are newly put on. It is not, however, against popery alone that our author fulminates; he is very severe against dissenters, and registers in notes a few of their peccadilloes—a very imprudent act certainly, for it would be easy, very easy, to retort against him with the clergy of the established church, were it only the *Frank* and *Free* parsons, to say nothing of others whose crimes we shall not name, or even more particularly allude to.

A prose appendix, ultra-loyal as the poem, follows: it is very vituperative against popery and radicalism, much more so, indeed, than is necessary, when the latter is extinct, and the former has so recently sustained a defeat, from which it will not speedily recover. In the enumeration of the crimes of popery, it is natural enough to find the following:—

'If you admit Catholics to sit in the House of Peers, they will soon manage to occupy the most of the seats: "Give me," said Cardinal Wolsey, "one foot in the king's palace, and I will soon work in my whole body:" and when once they have gained the power of dictating laws, and compelling obedience, what may we expect, but that they will suffer none but a popish king to sit on the throne; and none but a popish priest to minister at the altar. Their ambition would never rest till they subjugated the realms; by dissimulation and complaisance, by flatteries and promises, by oaths and protestations, they would make their way to dominion, and as soon as they arrived there, the torch would be lighted to burn us as heretics, and the sword unsheathed to drink our blood. One day witnessed thousands living together in friendship, receiving and imparting the offices of hospitality, sitting down at each others tables; but the next morning, when the signal bell tolled, the dagger was drawn and plunged indiscriminately by the papists into the breasts of all their protestant neighbours, and with eighty thousand victims marked with blood was ushered in St. Bartholomew's day. Some persons would have us believe that the Catholic spirit is changed, that the lion has put off his fierceness and can now feed with the lamb. No! it is only the barriers of restraint, which keep them quiet in their dens; were these barriers broken, it would be the lions in the Tower turned loose upon this metropolis in mid-day, sparing neither sex nor age, old men or maidens, young men or children. The massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, the massacres in Ireland, and lately in France, all prove that popery breathes bloodshed as much now as formerly, when this malignant system roused the bloody Mary to give to the flames Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and Bradford. Popery tried to destroy the name of England in Ireland, by a general massacre in the reign of Charles I.; it drove thirty thousand Protestants from Saltsburg, and tortured and slew the magistrates of Thorp: and no longer since than in 1798, popery kindled and blew up into a flame a rebellion in Ireland, which massacred without mercy all Protestants, men, women, and children. Murphy, the parish priest of Kilmarnock, declared in a letter to Houston, that "great events are ripening; the first fruits must be a tincture of poison and pike in the metropolis against heretics; this is a tribunal for such opinions. We shall have an army of one hundred thousand republicans." The Archbishop of Dublin has declared that the character of popery is unchangeable. Mr. Plowden a layman, says, "whoever thinks that modern Roman Catholics differ one iota from their predecessors, is either deceived himself or wishes to deceive others."'

There is, perhaps, an exuberance of protestant zeal in this work, which, however, may be excused, when we consider the insidious artifices of the Roman Catholic church. The appendix is valuable, from its containing the best passages of the best speeches in parliament but sessions against popery, and the substance of a good sermon by Mr. Irving. To the Protestants in general, and to churchmen in particular, this work cannot fail of being a favourite.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SECRET TRIBUNALS IN GERMANY.

FREQUENT as the allusion to the secret tribunals of Germany occurs in *Herrman of Unna*, and other novels, yet little is generally known of them in this country, and we therefore doubt not but the following account of the nature and origin of this once-powerful and extraordinary society will prove acceptable to our readers. It is translated from Veit Weber's (Sagen der Vorzeit), published at Berlin:—

'When after a war of thirty-three years, the Emperor Charles I. had subjected the Saxons to the sway of his sceptre, and compelled them to worship the cross, the conquered districts were divided by him, into counties and bishoprics. On the conclusion of a peace, in the year 803, the Saxons, amongst other privileges, attained permission to retain their national laws, under the inspection of imperial judges (counts), and to be entirely exempted from the control of the

bishops, except in spiritual matters. Several counties and bishoprics composed a delegate county *(send-grafschott)*, which was superintended by an imperial delegate *(send-graf)*, whose office was to watch over the preservation of civil and ecclesiastic order, to unite the private, and often clashing interests of the counts and bishops for the emperor's service.

'Invested with the power to decide in matters of appeal from the country and provincial tribunals, and to give judgment, and enforce execution in cases relating to property, personal liberty, breach of the public peace, apostacy, and transgressions committed against the church, they sat in judgment three times a-year, in an open field, when all the hereditary proprietors of the district were unexceptionally bound to appear. On these occasions, the ancient national laws of the Saxons, as well as the privileges and restrictions granted by the emperor, were discussed, the lawful sales of estates confirmed, and all illegal actions committed since the last session, reported. On these heads, the community consulted the decrees of the law, and pronounced decisive sentence, provided everything was perfectly clear, and no capital crime could be proved.

'Illegal actions, at that time, were divided into such as admitted reparation, and such as did not *(ablaislache, unablaislache)*. The former, for instance, calumny, manslaughter, &c. might be compensated by fines, whilst the latter, treason, assassination, adultery, &c. were punished with death. In the latter class of offences were comprised, apostacy, sorcery, sacrilege, contempt of the Christian festivals, profanation of Christian tombs, and conspiracies against the worshippers of the cross. In all cases of this kind, the trial was begun in the public session, but concluded before a private or secret tribunal. The whole community, by right, should have pronounced sentence in open court upon the guilty, but the superficial knowledge which the incidental owners of hereditary estates might have of the Christian religion, rendered them incompetent to decide on the heinousness of the crime; hence, transactions of this nature were not finally decided upon in public session, and seven judges *(schöffen)* were selected from the community, to inquire, in a secret meeting, into the criminality of such transgressions, and to pronounce sentence of death, or decree the payment of a fine, as circumstances might require. In the secret meetings, also, the judges gave informations of crimes privately committed, and which were reported to them by their spies.

'When the criminal, after having been summoned, appeared, and was incapable of making a satisfactory defence, he was condemned either to pay a mulct, or else was sentenced to suffer death. The latter punishment, however, was remitted, if he had previously confessed his crime to a priest, and atoned for it as required by the ecclesiastical law; whilst, in such cases, neither the priest nor judges were permitted to divulge it. The interest of Christianism, which it was the emperor's wish to recommend, rendered this indulgence necessary to the Saxons. If, however, the accused did not appear, he was outlawed, and this sentence was communicated to the neighbouring counts, who were called by it to assist in giving it effect.

'Annually a public diet was holden by the emperor's delegate, in Saxony, to inquire into the state of the Christian religion, and in what manner the magistrates had discharged their duty; as well as to compel the counts and judges to administer justice with impartiality, and to give information of such illegal acts of their countrymen, as had occurred to their knowledge. Besides this diet, he also held special *(gebotene)* sessions, in which judgment was given in matters of appeal, and against such persons as could not properly be prosecuted before the regular judges. The decrees pronounced in these sessions affected the life of the accused. Those who refused to appear, were declared to be outlaws *(verrehmt)*, whence, afterwards, arose the denomination of *vehmgericht*, i. e. the tribunal by which the criminal was separated from those who enjoyed the ordinary protection of the laws.

'If a conclusion may be drawn from a similarity of procedure and tendency in two criminal institutions, it may be concluded, that these two had both a common origin, and that the secret tribunals of Westphalia were continuations of these secret criminal sessions, gradually changed and new moulded in conformity to circumstances and the wants of the times; although the free knights, instituted by family pride, unanimously maintained that Charles I. had instituted the secret tribunals in the same form, both external and internal, which it had in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and conferred upon them that astonishing extent of jurisdiction, which was gradually wrested from the enfeebled executive authorities.

'The Westphalian secret tribunals are first mentioned as generally known in the year 1211, and recorded as having still been in force in the year 1659. They never were formally abrogated; but only lost their influence by degrees, when the sword of justice was again wielded by vigorous hands.

'These Westphalian secret tribunals, at first were only designed for Westphalia, and had no jurisdiction over any other province. The extent of their jurisdiction was limited in the west by the Rhine, in the east by the Weser, in the north by Friesland and the territory of Utrecht, and in the south by the Westerwald (western forest) and Hessia. Tribunals of these secret Westphalian judges *(Freystühle)* were to be found only in the duchies of Guelders, Cleves, and Westphalia, in the principalities of Corvey and Minden, and the Landgravate of Hessen; in the counties of Bentheim, Limburg, Lippe, Mark, Ravensberg, Rechlinhausen, Rietsberg, Sayn, Waldeck, and Steinfurt; in the seignories of Gehmen, Neustadt, and Rheda, and in the territory of Dortmund, a free imperial town.

'The emperor, being supreme judge of all secular courts of judicature in Germany, was also the sole creator and chief of all free tribunals.

'Free countries were certain districts comprehending several parishes, where the judges and counsellors of the secret ban administered justice, conformably to the territorial statutes. A free county generally contained several tribunals subject to the control of one master of the chair *(stuhlherr)*. There masters of the chair, who uncommonly were secular or ecclesiastical princes, held their appointment by the will of the emperor, and forfeited it on deciding in matters not coming under their jurisdiction, or deviating in their decrees from the laws of the free tribunals. They appointed the free counts *(freygraffen)*, who were presidents of individual tribunals of the secret ban. They were presented to the emperor for confirmation by the masters of their chair, who were made responsible for them, upon which they were invested with the royal ban, and obliged to swear fealty and obedience to the head of the empire. The latter also could punish the free counts, or deprive them of their office, occupy the seat of a free count in the tribunals, decide in matters of appeal, brought before him, inspect and reform the tribunals, and appoint the free knights *(freyschöffen)*, though in the territory of Westphalia alone. He could, indeed, exercise these prerogatives only when himself was initiated; this, however, was generally done by the master of the chair of the imperial chamber of Dortmund, on the coronation of the emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle. If, however, the emperor was not initiated in the mysteries of the secret tribunals, he could demand of the judges of the secret ban no other answer to his inquiries but yes and no.

'The Duke of Saxony was supreme governor and administrator of the Westphalian secret tribunals, and after the partition of the duchy of Saxony, was superseded in this function by the Archbishop of Cologne. To him also the members of the secret tribunals were obliged to swear obedience. The free counts, whom he nominated for the duchies of Engern and Westphaly, were subjected to his examination and instruction, and after being invested by the emperor with the royal ban, were not only installed by him, but made liable to be deprived of their function, at his pleasure, without being permitted to appeal.

'Every master of the chair was authorized to prohibit the free counts of his tribunals, to decide in certain cases, and to grant letters of protection against the proceedings of the latter. He received of every free judge, admitted as a member of the tribunals subject to his jurisdiction, one mark of gold, if the candidate was of noble descent, if not, a mark of silver. Beside this, he also enjoyed other perquisites, amounting to a considerable sum.

'The free counts *(vehmgraffen)* were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, born in Westphaly, and distinguished as free, unblemished, and respectable men in their community. They promised on oath, at their nomination, to be obedient to the emperor, the governor and the master of the chair, to discharge the duties incumbent on them as free counts, to take cognizance of no cause not coming under the jurisdiction of

the secret ban; to give to the accused every opportunity of defending himself; to initiate no one whose free and legal birth and unblemished life were not warranted as the statutes required; to promote the good of the sacred Roman empire; not to injure the countries and subjects of their superiors, unless they had lawful authority to do it, and never to oppose the reformation of the secret tribunals. They were intitled to receive thirty guilders of every free judge admitted as a member of their tribunal, and one third of all perquisites. Their persons were sacred and inviolable.

'The free knights *(Freyschoffen, Vehmschoffen, Wissende)* were required to be begotten in legal wedlock, free born, of an unimpeached character, resident in the free county, and natives of Westphaly. The number of these free knights belonging to each tribunal, never was less than seven, nor did it amount to more than eleven. Seven free knights, at least, were required to compose a plenary court *(Vollgericht)*, in which the final sentence was pronounced. Knights of other tribunals were indeed permitted to be present on these occasions as visitors, but were not reckoned, nor allowed to vote. On their reception they promised, upon oath, to be faithful in discharging their functions as free knights; to give information to the secret tribunal of everything coming under its jurisdiction, perceived by themselves or reported to them by creditable persons, and not to suffer anything created between heaven and earth, to divert them from the execution of their duty. They also bound themselves to promote the interest of the sacred Roman empire, and to invade the possessions of the masters of the chair and of the free courts only on legal grounds. After having taken this oath, they were not permitted to reveal even to their confessors the secrets of the tribunal, and on transgressing this law, though only in the most trifling point, were hanged without mercy. They pronounced judgment according to the statutes of the Westphalian secret tribunal, and executed it conformably to the decrees of the free courts. They knew each other by certain secret signals.

'The free bailiffs *(Freyfrohnen)* performed the office of messengers, and also were required to be freemen, begotten in legal wedlock, and of an unimpeached character.

'The original constitution of the secret tribunals did, however, not long continue in force, bastards and wretches of the most abandoned character being admitted. The number of free knights allowed to every tribunal, was originally limited to eleven, but in a short time in many amounted to fifty and more, who possessed not an inch of landed estate in Westphaly, and were induced by self-interest, ambition, thirst after vengeance, or other disgraceful motives, to join the association. The meeting places of the members of the secret tribunals degenerated into haunts of sanguinary banditti, who indiscriminately assassinated the innocent with the guilty. The masters of the chair being actuated by the most sordid avarice, they divided the free countries into numerous smaller seats of justice, whereby the number of spies and secret informers naturally was increased to a most alarming degree, and numberless opportunities for fraud, imposition, and extortion were presented. Although they were originally authorized to pronounce sentence only in criminal cases, they interfered in private and domestic affairs, in order to increase their fees, and contrived to lay even counts and princes under contribution to their avarice. They vowed, on their admission, in the most solemn and awful manner, to judge with incorruptible impartiality, to regard no person, and even to be deaf to the feelings of the heart, in framing their decrees; but, on the contrary, they were swayed by selfishness, accessible to corruption, partial to their friends, prosecuted their enemies with the most rancorous malice, and prostituted their function by rendering their authority subservient to the gratification of the most brutal lust. They were deaf to the lamentations of calumniated innocence, assassinated their relations to inherit their estates, and were more dreadful to the virtuous than the midnight ruffian. A free count frequently acted at once as witness and as judge; the spy, informer, witness, and judge, were, in many instances, united in the same person; in short, the abuses which disgraced the secret tribunals, rendered them a real curse to mankind. Towards the close of the fourteenth, and in the beginning of the fifteenth century, their power in Germany rose to a most alarming degree; and we may safely maintain that the German empire at that time contained more than an hundred thousand free knights, who without either previous notice or trial executed every one who was condemned by the secret ban. Bavarians, Austrians, Franconians, and Swabians, having a demand on any one whom they could not bring to justice before the regular courts of his country, applied to the Westphalian secret tribunal, where they obtained a summons, and in case of non-appearance, a sentence, which was immediately communicated to the whole fraternity of free nights, a step by which were put in motion those hundred thousand executioners bound by the most dreadful oath to spare neither father nor mother, nor to regard the sacred ties of friendship and matrimonial love. If a free knight met a friend condemned by the secret ban, and gave him only the slightest hint to save his life by flight; all the other free knights were bound to hang him seven feet higher than any other criminal. The sentence being pronounced in the secret ban, they were obliged to put it into immediate execution, and not permitted to make the least remonstrance, though they were perfectly convinced that the devoted victim was the best of men, and innocent of the crime alleged against him. This induced almost every man of rank and power to become a member of that dreadful association, in order to be more able to be on his guard. Every prince had some free knights amongst his counsellors, and the majority of the German nobility belonged to that secret order. Even princes, for instance the Duke of Bavaria and the Margrave of Brandenburgh were members of the Secret Tribunal. The Duke William of Brunswick is reported to have said, "I must order the Duke Adolphus, of Sblewic, to be hanged, if he should come to see me, lest the free knights should hang me." It was difficult to elude the proceedings of the free knights, as they at all times contrived to steal at night, unknown and unseen, to the gates of castles, palaces, and towns, and to affix the summons of the secret tribunal. When this had been done three times, and the accused did not appear, he was condemned by the secret ban, and summoned once more to submit to the execution of the sentence, and in case of non-appearance, solemnly outlawed, when the invisible bands of free knights watched all his steps till they found an opportunity of taking away his life. When a free knight thought himself too weak to seize and hang the culprit, he was bound to pursue him till he met with some of his colleagues, who assisted him in hanging him to a tree, near the high road, and not to a gibbet, to signify thereby that they exercised a free imperial judicature throughout the whole empire, independent of all territorial tribunals. If the devoted victim made resistance, so as to compel them to poignard him; they tied the dead body to a tree, fixing the dagger over his head, to show that he had not been murdered, but executed by a free knight.

'Their transactions were shrouded in the most profound concealment, and the signal by which the initiated, or knowing ones, to they called themselves, recognized each other, never could be discovered. Their secret proceedings were not permitted to be disclosed to the emperor himself, although he was supreme master of the chair. Only when he asked, has N. N. been condemned? the free knights were allowed to reply in the affirmative or negative; but when he inquired, who had been condemned by the secret ban? they were not permitted to mention any name.

'The emperor or his delegate, could create free knights nowhere but on the red soil, *i.e.* in Westphaly, with the assistance of three or four free knights who acted as witnesses. In this they likewise resembled the free masons, and if we consider every tribunal as a lodge, and the supreme master of the chair, as the grand master of all Westphalian lodges, this comparison is rendered still more striking. The real signification of the term red soil, and the reason why it was applied to Westphaly, has not yet been traced out. The king, Wenzeslaus, had created free knights out of Westphaly, and when the emperor, Ruprecht, asked how they were treated by the regular free knights, he received the answer, they are hanged without mercy.

'The emperor alone, and no other German prince, could grant a safe conduct to a person who was outlawed by the secret ban, which was a privilege which Charles the Great had reserved to himself in the Saxon capitulars. The free knights, however, maintained, it was more becoming the emperor not to grant such letters of protection at all, as he was more interested in strengthening than in weakening the power of the secret tribunals; and in this they were right, as the free counts defended the imperial authority against the encroachments of territorial jurisdiction. The Em-

peror Sigismund took a certain Conrad of Laugen, who was outlawed by the secret tribunal, in his service, in order to save his life. But the free counts continued to prosecute him, till he at last appealed to the ecclesiastical council at Basle.

'Reformations of the numerous abuses which gradually had crept into the secret tribunals, were repeatedly attempted, especially in the years 1404, 1419, 1429, 1435, and 1437; but the corruption had already spread too far, and was rooted too deeply to be removed.—They were never formally abolished, and expired only by degrees.'

ORIGINAL.

COUNTRY BEAUTIES AND COUNTRY AUTHORS, LONDON MODESTY, AND COUNTRY AFFECTATION.

It has been urged against me, Mr. Editor, that I am too partial to the country, i. e. to country people and country manners, since no person can accuse another of admiring the fair face of Nature too much. To this charge I fear I must plead guilty, for old indeed must be that huntsman who loves not the smack of the whip. However, I am not so warped by my prejudices, in favour of the scenes in which I was born and nurtured, but that I can see some things far better managed in London, and some persons belonging to certain classes infinitely more agreeable than those of the same description in the country.

Among these, beauties and authors take the lead. Many persons may exclaim violently against this, and be ready to depict the rural fair full of innocence, artlessness, sweetness, and modesty—and so perhaps she may be, in the beginning of her career—nay, she may even preserve many of these excellent qualities, and be tolerably disagreeable, for all that, when she steps out of the charmed circle where she has been the regular standing beauty and idol at the race-balls and subscription assemblies, long enough to have forgot that she had any other destination in the world.

It is the peculiar weakness of a beauty, that, in proportion as her attractions either fade by the touch of time, or become stale from the deficiency of novelty, she, from an unfortunate constancy, becomes more and more attached to them. Let a pretty girl come out at twenty, willing to love and be loved—to marry and settle, as her cousins have done, should she have the luck to be cried up as a beauty, and ten to one but you will find her, at thirty, still looking out for a great match, and at forty, so determined an admirer of herself, that she has made up her mind to live single, because she thinks at the bottom no man living deserves so lovely a creature; the men, of course, impute her celibacy to another cause, which may, I grant, have its operation, but this self predilection must also have its action. Only think how careful she is of her person and her reputation—how many needless fears she indulges, seeing a Tarquin in every man who approaches her, and plaguing every woman who has the misfortune to be near her with her scruples and fantasies.

Now, these characteristics by no means attach to a beauty *un peu passée* in London; she has rubbed in society too long to hold herself so privileged, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is content to be only an agreeable woman. But your country belle is always on the pedestal, expecting and exacting homage. When such persons come up to town, top-full of fatigues, delicacies, gentilities, and demands, and find themselves only a cipher in the great crowd, hustled by quiet girls, as it may be, much greater beauties than ever they had been—heavens! what a quandary the poor creatures are in, and how they torment us all!

Within a few days, my wife received a call from a country beauty; she was set down by a city friend, who was going to Chelsea, and we concluded would spend the day *en famille*—but 'no! she was not dressed; yet, if we would excuse her, she *would* stay.' In a few minutes, 'she feared she ought not to stay,' and 'she should put us out of the way' (country all over)—as if a woman's dinner could put anybody out of the way. Well, then, as we were so 'pressing,' she *would* stop; but 'no! it was impossible—she would come another day; she was not accustomed to sit down in her morning habiliments,' &c. Now every word of this was, in fact, a conversation with the mirror opposite to which she had placed herself, and might be rendered in English thus:—'I look very well in this bonnet, and will stay and treat these poor creatures with what they so seldom see in town. No, I won't stay; they appear very stupid I will astonish them another day, by coming in the blaze of my charms.' Poor Mrs Oldworthy could not understand this, and thought it very odd that a person could not make up their minds on such a subject, and that they could keep a whole family waiting their fiat. But now a new evil arose; 'was it possible she could return with safety in a hackney-coach? Should she not be robbed or murdered—perhaps suffer something worse than either.' She would rather walk a thousand times, but she could not walk alone. This was indeed evident; but, as I could not offer the servant at dinner-time, I rejoiced that 'I had a friend in the library who was going her way, and would be happy to'—— 'Not for the world sir!—oh no, no!—how could I walk with a *strange* gentleman!—what would people think!—how could you propose such a thing!—no sir! a coach and one of the maids will be a thousand times better than such an alternative—it might ruin me.'

'So, to prevent reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach;'

and heartily glad was I when the great beauty of ———, who once refused a baronet, and squires and captains without end, drove off, and left us to cold soup, and over-boiled fish, for anything was better than caprice and conceit, though from a fine woman in very good preservation, with a stock of chastity and modesty so superfluous.

About a month since, a mean-looking little man presented me a letter of introduction from a friend I esteem very highly, who spoke of him as a literary man of merit, taking the liions of London on his way to Paris. I received him with pleasure, and that simple welcome, which is, I believe, generally found sufficient to make my visitors at home in my house, but I was sorry to see this poor man (as I apprehended) oppressed with the *mauvaise honte*. We had several friends present; and I remarked, that when any one began to speak, he never failed to blush, but when he spoke himself, he recovered, and made a kind of good set speech, such as might have been printed. It was evident to us all that the man was in agitation down to his fingers' ends, that he was at once eager for a discovery, and affecting to be afraid of one. The girls thought he was come up to be married; their mother feared 'the poor soul had got the autumn disorder;' but I, having understood he was in the law, believed that he had, for the *first time*, gained a cause. At last, out bolted the grand secret; he had actually written some pieces, which were printed in The Country Chronicle. This had extolled his name; and all these dreadful fidgets had arisen from the consciousness of his own greatness, contending with the innate bashfulness of his own nature. The writing-man was distressed for *us*; he feared that we should be overwhelmed by the proximity of such a weight of talent; next, he was shocked at our stupidity, in being at ease in his presence; then became angry that we withheld the compliments he yet blushed to receive. Poor soul! the falling of water on hot iron makes not half the hissing and fizing of his intolerable vanity and self puffing importance, opposed by native modesty and awkwardness.

Now in London we have none of this; not only the little scribbler, but the great author, the man of genius, and the man of learning, the painter and the poet, mingle with us freely, and chat with us pleasantly, neither affecting the insolent silence of wisdom, which disdains society, nor the elaborate display of the knowledge which might astonish us. All join amicably in the 'dance of life,' and take their turns with the rest, to change sides, give hands, cross over, and figure in, without pretending to cut capers and spring over the heads of their equally-respectable, though less-gifted neighbours.

Nor is the folly of purse-proud country-folks less hateful, though less ridiculous, than that of beauties and authors; and it is lucky for us when rich men stay at home, and play great in little places. One of these wiseacres told me yesterday 'how grieved he was for the city of London, which was being now ruined by Liverpool. Our failures, sir,' said he, 'with a most sagacious shake of the head —'our failures in Lancashire have overwhelmed you.' 'Fleet ditch has swallowed the Thames,' said I. The rich man understood me not; he was calculating his own property, which was in solid stock, and perhaps amounted to half of my butcher's capital.

I have got to the end of my paper, though not of my country customers, and must therefore, for the present, say adieu!

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

N. B. What a glorious butt would my country author have been, with his blushes

and his pomposity—his choke-full importance and his gasping expectations, to those witty rogues of the Noctes Ambrosianæ! Why sir, the poor devil would have been perfectly grilled. If, in my parlour, he burnt to the fingers' ends, there he would have been roasted to the bone, and certainly peppered too, by Hogg and Odoherty, who might have sung,—

'Oh there was a lawyer, with fancy so crazy,
He writ a fine book for to make him *amazy*."
&c. &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF JOHN BRITTON, ESQ., F. S. A.

Few narratives are more interesting than those of the autobiographer, but they become more especially so, when they record the eventful progress of a man from humble life and obscurity to prosperity and eminence. In this respect, Mr. Gifford's Memoir of himself stands pre-eminent: the difficulties under which he struggled, the unwearied perseverance he manifested, and the high rank in the republic of letters which he attained, seem a sort of human phenomenon, and, although this is by no means a single instance, yet it is an extraordinary one. A few ages hence, cases of this sort cannot be expected in this country, because the facilities of education are increasing so much, that it must be either the fault of parents or children if the latter are not educated.

Mr. Britton is a striking instance of what industry and perseverance may accomplish when well directed, and we are sure that a memoir of his life, written by himself, will be acceptable. It appears, in the preface to the third volume of his History of Wiltshire, just published. The original is at too great a length for us to copy entirely, but we have been careful to place the leading features of the Memoir in a connected form, and generally in the very words of the autobiographer. The passages marked in inverted commas, are Mr. Britton's own:—

'My native place is Kington St. Michael, and I was born in the month of July, 1771. Of my parents, progenitors, and preceptors, or school-masters, I have nothing to boast, and very little to say; for I am not acquainted with any traits or facts relative to them which are deserving of literary record or remark. They were all, I believe, in humble stations of life, and almost unknown beyond the confines of their respective neighbourhoods. Yet I have heard my parents and their parents talk vauntingly of "great relations."

'Placed successively at four different rustic schools, I was considered to make rapid progress in such education as was then imparted, and which consisted of a mechanical, dull routine of spelling, reading, writing, and "summing," or arithmetic. I do not remember ever to have seen a book, in either of the schools, of any other description than Fenning's, Dyche's, and Dilworth's, Spelling books and Grammars, Æsop's Fables, the Bible, and two or three dictionaries.

'So completely illiterate were the "Wiltshire schools" in my boyish days (almost half a century back), that when I was an apprentice in London, at the age of seventeen, and directed to fetch Guthrie's Geographical Grammar from the dining-room to the drawing-room, I did not understand what was meant. My master was "high enough" to possess these elegances, and was bookish, or learned enough to have a dozen or twenty volumes in his library.'

At such schools, and in such a village, in a solitary farm-house did Mr. Britton pass the first fourteen years of his life; and, he says, he never beheld a newspaper before he was of the age of fifteen, nor had he then heard of a magazine, review, or any book, except a few novels. Robinson Crusoe, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life of Peter the Great of Russia, bought, with half a dozen other books, for a shilling, at a sale of the household goods and effects of "Squire White,' were among the earliest works he read, and he never dreamt that Robinson Crusoe was fictitious, or that the Pilgrim's Progress was an allegory.

When Mr. Britton was about the age of fourteen, his father 'had conducted business for many years as a baker and maltster, had kept a country shop, and was respected as an honest and upright man. For some years all appeared prosperous and happy; but the family increasing to ten children, necessarily augmented cares and expenses—rivals in business subtracted from the usual profits of trade; an unfortunate connection with a miller, who might be truly called a "rogue in grain," without a mitigator, and who sent bad flour and charged high prices, was the cause of a failure in business, and consequent ruin; loss of credit occasioned a loss of the mental faculties in my father, and he became insensible to the hopes and fears of life, and at length sank into the grave. His distressed widow struggled for some time afterwards, to provide for herself and four of the youngest children; but her constitution and life fell under the weight of her anxieties. A sister, about sixteen years of age only, was left in charge of a house, a small business, and two younger brothers. She is described to have acted with singular prudence and industry, till a relation came to the house, and offered her protection and assistance. Instead of which, however, he lived for some time on the residue of the property, and then left the orphans to poverty and to the parish.'

About the age of fourteen (we presume fifteen, for a youth could not remain long in town without seeing a newspaper) Mr. Britton came to town to an uncle, a man, strict, harsh, and passionate; he was a Hillier, and "unpovernable passion, bordering on insanity, was the characteristic affliction of nearly all the family of the Hilliers. In my boyhood I often saw battles between my grandfather and grandmother, these with their children, and the latter with "one another." Throwing missile and dangerous weapons at each other, swearing in the most vehement and vulgar manner, and hurling hatchets, pitchforks, stones, &c., at horses, cows, calves, and other animals, were incidents of almost every day occurrence.'

This uncle apprenticed his nephew to a wine-merchant for six years, where, confined to a cellar, the porters learned as much as himself, and had wages to boot. Here his health was impaired, and he read a book of works on surgery and medicine, and, as a necessary sequel, Dodd's Reflections on Death. He afterwards read the works of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne. It was not, however, until Mr. Britton had reached his twentieth year, that he became acquainted with any literary person. Mr. B. says:—

'I fortunately became acquainted, in my morning walks, with a person who was wholly employed in, and obtained a very respectable livelihood by, painting the figures, &c. on watch faces. He was fond of books, had purchased many volumes, and as his business did not require any exertion of thought, he could listen to the reading of others, or enter into conversation, without discontinuing his usual occupation. This person was my first, and principal, or, indeed, my only mentor and guide. He lent and bought me books, and gave me useful and judicious advice. His name is Essex: he is yet living, and, I hope, happy, for he was an industrious and well-informed man.'

'At Mr. Essex's shop I became acquainted with Dr. Towers and Mr. Brayley; and to the latter gentleman I am more indebted for literary acquirements, and literary practice, than to any other person. He, however, was articled to a mechanical trade, but was neither so much nor so irksomely occupied as myself. He read with avidity, and early evinced literary talents both in prose and verse. It is a curious fact, that we entered into "partnership" to publish a single ballad or song, which was written by Mr. Brayley, and intituled "The Guinea Pig." It was allusive to the passing of an act to levy one guinea per head on every person who used hair-powder. Though ridiculous in the extreme,—for so the author himself characterizes it, as a poetical effort,—it was printed on "a fine wire wove paper," —a novelty in this class of literature, and charged "one penny." Many thousands were sold; for, notwithstanding that this song was "entered at Stationers' Hall," one Evans, a noted printer of ballads in Long Lane, pirated our property, and his itinerant retailers of poetry and music hawked and sung it all over the metropolis. Whilst the sale was yet rife, Evans declared that he had sold upwards of seventy thousand copies. A choice paper impression of this ballad, which has a wood-cut, from one of Bewick's pieces at the top, will be sought for as an "extra rare" curiosity, by some confirmed Bibliomaniac, at no remote period. Strange as it may appear, it may be safely affirmed that to this junction and circumstance are to be attributed the Beauties of Wiltshire, the Beauties of England and Wales, the Architectural and Cathedral Antiquities, the History, &c. of Westminster Abbey, as well as all the other works that have been jointly and separately written by us.'

Mr. Britton pays a warm tribute to his friend, Mr. Brayley, whom well deserves it, for he is a very modest and a very amiable man

Mr. Britton's first effort, as a topographer, was in a pedestrian tour, with Mr. Brayley, through North Wales, Cheshire, &c. He there projected the Beauties of England and Wales, a work of very unequal, but still of considerable merit. The Architectural Antiquities followed, and they were succeeded by a host of other works, connected with the architecture, antiquities, and topography of the country, by Mr. Britton, with which the public is well acquainted. Independent of the works which bear Mr. Britton's name, he is the author of the topographical antiquities in Rees's Cyclopædia and the critical notices of topographical works in Aikins's dry and dull Annual Review. Mr. Britton does not by any means amplify the latter part of his life, but certainly that which traces his progress from obscurity to eminence, is the most interesting.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

Now nature wears her russet gown,
And every soul has quitted town,
Save slaves, like me, condemn'd to stay,
And rust by night, or toil by day;
And London looks as when disease
Infects a town, and every breeze
Endangers life, and all who can
Fly from the crowded haunts of man,
Whilst those who tarry seem to say,
Dire need alone compels our stay.

The spot where fashion's tribes resorted,
Whose revel wassailed, hotly sported,
And riot dinned from noon till morn,
Is gloomy, solitary, lorn.
The houses closed, the streets deserted,
The very —— themselves departed.
Nay, where July saw crowds repair,
To swallow dust and call it air,
Where young apprentice belle and beau,
Throng'd both to see and form the show,
Not one bedizzened fool displays
To meet the casual passers gaze.

Old Rufus halls are freed from din,
And silent, too, is Lincoln's Inn;
Grateful release from barb'rous squabble,
By verbose, humming, mutt'ring rabble;
Nor slamming door, nor hurrying tread,
Disturbs the silence, deep, and dead,
Save when a fretful client comes
To fume at law or bore its suns.

The 'Change itself is thin, for few
Are there, save wealth, adorning few,
Or fagging partner, bound to seek
The smoke of London twice a-week.

The pot-house tap-room still resounds
With mirth and music marring sounds;
But the best parlour, free from smoke,
Debate, song, tale, or pilfered joke,
Is vacant; those who gave, I ween,
A bustling humour to the scene,
Have quitted smoke and toil awhile,
To kill the time on Thanet's isle.

A few short months, and fashion's crew,
Shall Pleasure's irksome chase renew;
The merchant's toil, that wealth produce,
He dare not spend, and cannot use,
And trader wear his life away,
His history held within a day.
Another year, and who remain,
Shall Nature's beauties woo again,
Seek happiness in every spot,
From crowded town to lonely grot,
Range o'er the valley, plain, and hill,
Visit the ocean, lake, or rill,
Explore the beach to pick up shells,
Affect the swain in rural dells;
Ennurah the river's scaly brood,
Shout to the park or beat the wood;
Exchange excursive schemes, but who
Will strive to model life anew,
His passions cure desire's control,
And seek for bliss in change of soul.

NOTER.

SONG.

Though sad, I left thee, gentle maid,
I can but think, where'er I rove;
On burning sand—in green wood shade,
That thou should'st still have been my love.
I feel too deep—I see too plain
My vanish'd joy can ne'er return;
I know, too well, that hope is vain,
And thus I mourn, and thus I mourn.

The summer bird may wing his flight,
Where other eyes all bright may be;
But where I go is darkest night,
No eye can pow beam kind on me,
My heart is sad, my cheek is wan;
No face but Sorrow's now I see,
My every hope, my peace is gone—
Ah! maid belov'd—they went with thee.

L. B. J.

FINE ARTS.

Some time ago, we were exceedingly struck by the appearance of a fine engraving done on steel by Lupton, from a magnificent drawing of the Eddystone Lighthouse by Turner, and, on stepping into Cooke's very interesting exhibition-room, in Soho Square, a few days ago, we had the great pleasure of seeing it published, with a companion print, of strongly contrasted character, a View of Margate, at sun-rise.

That Claude, in his happiest hours, never produced any thing so grand as the former, all who are well acquainted with his works, and those of Turner, will readily coincide; but when we assert that the great Italian never produced a scene so full of all the most striking beauties of nature, and the highest attributes of art as the latter, they may cavil at our assertion. We shall not, however, abate of it one iota, for never did man conceive, or represent, a sky so glorious, an expanse of water so deliciously soft, a general character of shipping, rocks, &c., so accordant with the effect intended to be produced.

We have been always enthusiastic admirers of this truly poetic painter, but of late years, we have certainly received more pleasure in contemplating the unequalled majesty and all-pervading sentiment diffused over his pictures, under the softened effect given to them by those very meritorious engravers the Messrs. Cooke, and others, among whom the present must rank very highly. The colouring, as given in these plates, has a vigour and brilliance, astonishing in effect, and, of course, perfectly inoffensive to the most fastidious eye; whilst the air, the glowing tint, the gradual suffusion of light, gladdening the wide expanse of heaven and earth, spreads over the whole scene a charm that must be seen to be conceived.

Designs for Ornamental Villas. By P. F. Robinson, Architect. *Nos. I. to IV.* London, Carpenter and Son.

There are few subjects more favourable for the display of architectural taste than villas and their accessories; at the same time, the frequency of their erection affords opportunities more numerous than almost any other class of buildings; for but few architects can hope to be employed on public edifices—at least, not on many. In designing a villa, too, not only is the architect much less fettered by those numerous circumstances that necessarily impede him in private houses in a town, but the building itself has not to contend with those disadvantages which tend frequently to detract from the effect of intrinsic beauty. Unless executed upon such a scale as to gain considerably by a comparison with the adjoining houses, however handsome in its general design and embellishments, a private building has almost necessarily a trivial air, and a want of sufficient importance. In a villa, the case is otherwise—added to which, a certain *recherché* elegance and beauty of detail may here be applied with greater propriety. In a street, we rather glance at the general character of a house than stop to examine minutely its individual decorations; but on the lawn before a villa we have leisure to linger on its beauties, to examine them long and repeatedly, or to criticise narrowly its defects. Here we can gaze on the structure from various points of view, and mark its appearance at different hours of the day, and under successive aspects of light and shade. In a street, it is impossible to obtain variety of outline, and we must for the most part depend for effect merely upon a single front, ornamented *en appliqué*. In an insulated house, on the contrary, we may have various masses of building, so as to produce both variety of outline and a piquant effect of shadow and of light. We do not wonder, therefore, that architects, when wishing to display their talent in design, usually select such subjects in preference, as affording them greater scope. Hence there have been, from time to time, many publications of designs for villas and garden-buildings, and yet very few have exhibited superior taste.

So very unequal, in point of merit, is the work before us, that, had we seen only the First and Fourth Numbers, we could not, with any sincerity, have complimented Mr. Robinson on his architectural talent; but, in the other two designs, we perceive much to admire and commend. So long as he confines himself to legitimate composition, he is successful, but when he attempts a style that belongs rather to the landscape-painter than the architect, he appears to us sadly to mistake the limits of his art, and, in wishing to extend them, sacrifices its true powers and its real grace. Of all the styles that could have been pitched upon for an 'ornamental' villa, surely the Swiss, every feature of which is as uncouth and homely as those of the rudest farm buildings, is the most unfortunate. It may, therefore, be some consolation to him, to know that he has only failed where no one could succeed. There is rather a coarse proverb, which says that 'it is impossible to make a silk purse

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out of a sow's ear;' and it is equally so, to make, by any possible combination, anything that answers to our idea of the term villa, out of such *material*. Here we have a residence evidently intended for an opulent possessor and a numerous establishment, in a style with as much pretensions to elegance as an English barn. As we have before said, Mr. R. does not appear to discriminate sufficiently between the picturesque of architecture and the picturesque of painting. To the latter belong many objects and circumstances that in architecture are positive defects and deformities: the patched-up hovel—the moss-grown cottage, with its narrow casement and rude door—and almost every variety of rustic buildings, are picturesque;—a dilapidated building is picturesque; but shall we therefore live in dwellings constructed to look like ruins? Or shall we plant briars and brambles in our gardens and pleasure-grounds, because they are picturesque? A painter would prefer in his landscape a mendicant, in his tattered garb, or half-naked peasant children, to well-dressed gentlemen and ladies; but do we therefore mask ourselves in rags? In other words, the painter can make use of the *picturesque of deformity*: the architect, on the contrary, should confine himself to the *picturesque of beauty*. If he acts otherwise, and copies the irregularities of buildings constructed piecemeal and casually, he errs against the very first principles of art, and may justly be compared to the Chinese tailor, who made a new coat with a patch in the elbow to resemble an old one. To give to an entirely new structure the irregularity of old buildings, that have been altered and added to without any attention to architectural rules, or fitness, or propriety, is not a whit less preposterous*. In small detached outbuildings, however, such as that in the second design, a license of this nature is allowable, because they are of a class that admit of none of the beauties of design, or at least in which they may very well be dispensed with.

Having spoken thus freely of what we cannot but consider errors, we proceed to the more pleasing task of bestowing commendation on beauties. The third design, which is in the Grecian style, has considerable merit, and is, in many respects, a very happy adaptation of pure classical architecture to the purposes of a modern dwelling. The entrance front in particular is simple and graceful, and has a pleasing bold effect of light and shade; the features being few and well defined. The arrangement of the plan, too, is exceedingly good; and the apartments handsome, particularly the saloon. Yet we cannot say that we greatly approve of the panelling nor of the heavy entablature of the entrance hall. We could wish, too, that Mr. R. had bestowed a little more attention on the furniture he has introduced in his interiors; as it would have been attended with very little more trouble, and would have certainly aided the effect very considerably. The chairs in the saloon are certainly not stolen from Mr. Hope. It should be observed, though, that these plates, are rather sketches, intended to convey the principal features than finished drawings, in which all the details are carefully made out; probably, therefore, some of the blemishes we have noticed will be avoided in the building itself; for the architect informs us that this design is now erecting in Cornwall, and it affords us considerable satisfaction to know that so tasteful a specimen of architecture will be carried into effect. On comparing the different plates belonging to this design, we perceive several discrepancies between the ground-plans and drawings of the rooms, that lead us to imagine that the author had not exactly matured his plan. The design for a Palladian villa, has likewise great merit; but it does not appear to have been made so much with a view to execution as the preceding one, being on rather a too lavish scale, especially the magnificent terrace. The part with which we are most pleased is the entrance court, which is particularly beautiful, and strikes us as possessing much originality also. It is, in fact, one of the purest and most classical examples of the Italian style; or rather exhibits that style as purified from its defects. This and the terrace are the best features. With the other plates, we are not so well satisfied. In the colonnade in the hall, the intercolumns are much too wide, so as to give an air of meagreness to this part. The text of the work consists chiefly of general observations on the respective styles; without entering, as we could have wished, into much remark on the designs themselves; of the plates, which are in lithography, some are shadowed, others merely in outline, and we prefer the latter. This style of engraving is not adapted for finish, or much nicety in detail, yet is very well calculated for sketches, where those qualities can be dispensed with; and where economy is an object. We have now given our unreserved opinion of this work, as far as it is published. We cannot indeed bestow upon it our unqualified praise, yet it contains some designs of merit that may be studied with advantage, and which abound in useful hints; for Mr. Robinson possesses sufficient taste, when he chooses to display it, and does not yield to capricious affectation.

* This is particularly the case with the design in the Fourth Number, where some of the elevations are mere random jumbles of various features; and not—as an architectural design should be—*an artistical arrangement, combination, and adaptation, of the peculiar features of the style adopted, so as to form a complete whole*: for here any feature might be taken away, or any other added, or they might be shuffled in any other way, just like a pack of cards, without affecting the design, there being neither symmetry, nor order, nor proportion, to be destroyed by such a process.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Ar no period since we first saw the green curtain, has the opening of the winter theatres excited less interest, than at the present time. There are many assignable causes for this apathy—the regular drama has for years been on the decline at these houses, or its place usurped by unnatural melodramas, gaudy spectacles, and idle buffooneries; the histrionic art, too, seems on the decline, for among its professors, there are few of eminence, and even these few do not appear on the roll of either theatre. Neither Kean nor Young are engaged at the winter theatres, but their places are to be supplied or rather occupied by Mr. Booth, a bad imitator of Mr Kean, and Mr. Warde, who, whatever he may be, is much inferior to Young. The knowledge of these facts is sufficient to damp the ardour of the few play-going people that are left, and when to these are added the circumstances that Ellistonn, who is always entitled to the praise of much zeal and activity, is an invalid at Margate, and that Charles Kemble has been ransacking Germany, for new monstrosities, and Paris for French fripperies and frivolities, we cannot be surprised that the season of the winter houses has commenced with languor and indifference.

Drury Lane Theatre opened on Saturday, and so totally unprepared was the management for the occasion, that the only thing offered to the public were *Faustus* and *Raising the Wind*; the former piece had exhausted the patience of the public last season, and was performed to empty benches night after night; and the latter, though a good farce, is somewhat too stale The horse, during the recess, has been tinselled up with some new drapery and emblazonment, as we stated in our last: the power of the organ has been increased, which we scarcely know whether to consider a good or an evil omen. In the pit convenient standing-places have been made, in case, by any accident, the house should be full; and in the hall the free-box office has been removed to a more obscure place, in order that the extent of paper could the house gives may be concealed. The only novelty at the opening was the appearance of Mr. J. Knight in the character of Mephistophiles, so well played by Terry. Mr. J. Knight is a low comedy-actor, with very little to no and a vast deal of assurance; he has played Filch in *The Beggars' Opera*, at the Haymarket, and attempted Shylock at Covent Garden, but he certainly was

'Not the Jew
Shakspeare drew,'

for he had nothing of the Israelite but the beard and gabardine. His Mephistopheles was certainly wretched, and Faustus must have been the silliest idiot the world ever produced, had he been led away by such a fiend. In the farce, Harley played Jeremy Diddler with much spirit.

On Tuesday, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed, in which Dowton, the only Falstaff on the stage worthy of the character, appeared as the facetious knight, and whose humour he entered with great spirit; the only novelties in the cast of the play were Mr. Horn's Fenton, which was passable, and Miss Graddon's Mrs Ford, which she played with considerable ability.

On Thursday, *De Freischütz*, was performed to a considerable portion of harmony-loving visitors; it was followed by the *Devil to Pay*, in which Dowton and Mrs. Davenson, whose return to the London boards, is

hal with pleasure, played the parts of Jobson and Nell, with admirable spirit.

Covent Garden Theatre opened on Monday, with the play of *Julius Cæsar*, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Warde in the character of Brutus; he has some capabilities for the stage, but they are not of the highest order; there were parts of his performance, however, which possessed considerable merit. Charle's Kemble's Mark Antony is his best character, and he gave the oration over the body of Cæsar, with fine effect. That senseless but gorgeous spectacle, the *Ramshottom at Rheims* followed, and is, we presume, to be the only afterpiece, if the public will tolerate it, until the Christmas pantomime is produced.

English Opera House.—The opening of the winter theatres does not appear to have affected the audiences of this house, which continue highly numerous and respectable. The new opera, *Jonathon in England*, the *Bashful Man*, and the charming *Shepherd Boy*, the *chef d'œuvre* of Miss Kelly's acting, are, indeed, attractions which no other theatre at this moment presents, and it would be a libel on public taste were they not popular.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

An ancient cuirass, in excellent preservation, was lately dug up at East Brent. There having been a Roman encampment in the immediate vicinity, it is probable that it belonged to a Roman soldier.

There have been lately presented to the Somerset and Taunton Institution, by John Quantock, Esq., three Egyptian sepulchral stones, brought from the ruins of Thebes. They consist of one sculptured stone, one painted, and one inscribed with hieroglyphical characters. The figures on these stones appear to represent the worship of Osiris.

Prisoners of War.—Fosbroke, in his Military Antiquities says, 'prisoners of war were anciently enslaved; the Romans placed them near the standard, cut off the hair of the principal persons, and sent it to Rome; and after following the triumph of the victor in chains, they were sold by auction. The prisoners in Ossian, immediately after defeat, are bound, and fastened to an oak, or kept in the hall. The Druids sacrificed them, and they were enslaved in this and later periods. We find them not only stripped stocked before discharge (if they were discharged), but killed and absolutely *skinned*, or sold. Ladies were consigned to guardians. They surrendered their swords, as now, at the common mode was by delivering one of their gauntlets. The parole and comfortable residence also occur; but this treatment depended much upon the quality of the prisoner, and prospect of ransom. The Germans, contrary to the custom of other nations, tied to put shackles and fetters upon their prisoners of war, in order to obtain a heavier ransom. Hence the severe treatment of our Richard I. during captivity.'

Upon skinning the prisoners, the learned Thor adds a note from the Beauties of England, which says, 'That the church of Ipsford in Essex, having been robbed by the Danes, they were killed, and their skins nailed to the doors. A sort of skin thicker than parchment nailed to the doors was found. The same work says, also, concerning Hadstock, in Essex, here is a very ancient church, the north door of which is much adorned with thick bars of iron work, of an irregular form, underneath which is a sort of a skin, said to be that of a Danish king. It is nailed, on with large nails.'

The Last of the Lairds, or the Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esq. of Auldbiggings, by the author of Annals of the Parish, The Entail, &c., is in the press.

Mammoth Skeleton.—Mr. Amos Adams, while clearing a ditch through a marsh half a mile east of this village, (Lexington in the United States,) discovered parts of the skeleton of some animal of more huge dimensions than any now known to exist on that continent. The parts first discovered consisted of the teeth or grinders, which are eight in number. Those were in a high state of preservation, except the roots or parts communicating with the jaw, which were considerably carious, and in some instances broken off. The parts above the jaw present a florid appearance, not unlike that of the interior surface of a conch shell. The weight of the four largest is three pounds four ounces each, and it is presumed, that had they been entire, they would have exceeded five pounds. The shape of their upper parts oblong; their length along the jaw is six inches, and their width three inches and a half. The four smaller ones are something more than four inches in length, and in width nearly equal to the others. The grinding surface of each is studded with four rows of blunt points; a circumstance conclusive that the animal was not of the elephant species, its grinders having an even surface. Near the spot from which the teeth were taken were found the parts of the tusks in a state so shelly and brittle as not to admit of their being taken up entire One piece was measured, and found to be four feet and two inches in length; the diameter was seven inches at the largest end, and six near the middle. Although these tusks are in a condition extremely frail, still they present a most beautiful specimen of white ivory. They were round and slightly curved.

These discoveries having sharpened the edge of curiosity, a number of gentlemen assembled for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the size of the animal, from the relative situation of different parts of the skeleton. After excavating the earth to the depth of 2½ feet, which was a vegetable mould, they came to a fine white sand. Between these two strata were found the principal bones of the animal, though some were embedded more than a foot in the sand. Their original situation had by some causes been deranged, and therefore all speculation upon their relative locality was at an end. The largest of them were raised, and, though much corroded, were capable of being measured. The thigh bone is three feet in length, and its circumference round the head twenty-five inches; circumference round the smallest part 16 inches. The leg bone, from the knee to the lower extremity, is three feet in length and six inches in diameter.

One of the shoulder blades, which is of triangular form, measured two feet two inches upon the side uniting with the back bone, and two feet each upon the remaining two. Some efforts were made to ascertain the length of a rib, but their decayed state rendered it impossible to make an admeasurement. The appearance of the bones would seem to indicate that, in their original state, they were much larger than at present, being now much wasted by decay.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Tobacco.—A council of Mexico, in 1585, orders that no priest, before the celebration of mass, should take tobacco in the form of smoking, or any other form, upon pretence of its being medicine; for so it was considered; and King James adds, that it was as such taken only by the better sort, but afterwards became a custom among the idle. It is said to have been first brought into England by Capt. R. Greenfield and Sir Francis Drake, about the year 1586, and Sir Walter Raleigh to have introduced smoking it; but though the periods of the commencement of new fashions may be generally correct, the ascription to particular authors is often erroneous. Women, as well as men, used to smoke after supper, and when the children went to school, they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco. This their mothers took care to fill early in the morning to serve them instead of a breakfast. At an accustomed hour every one laid aside his book and lit his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes. People went to bed with pipes in their mouths, a custom retained in Spain, and rose in the night to light them. Our first tobacco came from the Spanish West Indies; and in 1599, the seeds were brought to Portugal, and, in the sixteenth century, it began to be cultivated in the East Indies. It was made into four kinds, ball, leaf, cane, and pudding tobacco.

Hospitality was a strong feature in the old German character, pervading every station. The palace was crowded with guests, the tables were oppressed with abundance. An immeasurable fondness for pomp was no less prevalent. The dignity to the prince was measured by the number of his retainers and domestics. Duke Frederic of Wurtemburg appeared, at the assembly of the states, with a little army of seven hundred retainers. In the procession for the Emperor Matthias, on the day of his coronation, followed two thousand coaches, independent of three thousand cavaliers on horseback. Even nobles of inferior rank deemed it creditable, in taking half-a-day's journey, to muster a company of attendants. Although these ancient usages continued in full force, they did not prevent the introduction of new and more expensive modifications of luxury.

A Coward—Is the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself; for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valiantier than he is in civil company, and where

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he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again: wonderful exceptious and choleric where he sees men are loth to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he protests he always honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that comes he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him; for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two: and men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian merely for fear of hell-fire; and if any religion could fright him more, would be of that.

Bonaparte's civil list amounted to 1-27th of his revenue, that of the Bourbons amounts to 1-15th.

Tulipomania.—The tulipomania in Holland was a mere stock-jobbing, under cover of an exchange of roots.

Weapons.—The earliest offensive weapon, (though the spear has been mentioned as such) appears to have been the club; from the club proceeded the mace, the battle-axe, and similar arms of percussion.

There was a church in Italy dedicated to St. Proculus. The bell of this church fell upon a young man who had been christened by the name of the saint, and killed him, and he was buried in the churchyard with this riddling epitaph:—

Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Ipse foret Proculus nunc procul a Proculo.

Which was thus imitated in an epitaph on one John Bell, who died from a hurt received in ringing the bells of St John's Church:—

If John Bell had kept himself far from John's Bell,
Then John's Bell for John Bell had not rung a knell.

Running the Gauntlet.—This military punishment is the Roman fustiarium, where the tribune, armed with a light stick, struck the first blow, and the whole army followed. Among us, the offender, naked to the waist, was struck by each soldier with a switch, a serjeant holding a halberd to his breast, to prevent his going too fast, or tied up and struck by each soldier with a cat.

In 1609, Christian, elector of Saxony, defrayed for sixteen hundred guests, who, at the sound of the trumpet, saw the table covered. The elector himself remained at table six hours, and during that time nothing was done but to contend which of the party should eat the most, and drink the longest. The custom of feasting was not confined to the great; all ranks participated in the sensual propensity, against which sumptuary laws proved wholly unavailing. In the town of Munden, in Brunswick, it was ordained that the dinner should not last above three hours, and that even a wedding-feast should not exceed twenty-four dishes, allowing ten persons to every dish.

The following epitaph was made on a miserly old fellow, named Wood:—

Sylvius hic situs est, gratis qui nil dedit unquam;
Mortuus et gratis quod legis ista dolet.

Which may be thus translated:—

Wood, when alive, gave nought for nought;
And now, as sure as fate, his
Grim ghost is grumbling in the shades,
That you should read this *gratis*.

The 'feast of fools' and 'feast of asses' originated with the Greek church about the year 990, with other religious farces, and were subsequently followed by the Latins.

Excommunication.—This existed as a religious punishment among the classical ancients and the Druids. Du Cange says, that it was formerly an anathema only. The greater excommunication separated persons from the society of believers, and participation of the sacrament. Such excommunicates were not to enter the church, or stand near it in service-time. In the lesser, the parties were not to communicate till absolved. It was a singular privilege of kings and priests, that if they took the sacrament with excommunicates the latter were immediately restored to the communion. The ceremony consisted in certain anethemas, the book at the end suddenly closed, candles thrown violently on the ground, and the bells rung with a hideous noise. The first instance of bishops carrying torches in their hands, and throwing them down, occurs in the excommunication of some murderers in Rheims, about the year 900.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 23	51	64	60	30 03	Fair.
.... 24	60	66	64	.. 10	Cloudy.
.... 25	60	67	66	.. 10	Fair.
.... 26	60	65	55	29 87	Do.
.... 27	52	65	54	30 21	Do.
.... 28	49	63	55	.. 37	Do.
.... 29	54	62	48	.. 20	Do.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By THOMAS MOORE. 4to. pp. 719. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

WHEN Mr. Moore first announced that he intended to write memoirs of the life of Mr. Sheridan, he created a lively interest in the public mind which has never altogether subsided, notwithstanding the long period which has elapsed between the promise and its completion; the intermediate publication of the works of Sheridan, without a single illustrative note or a page of criticism, rather increased than mitigated the disappointment, while the apology Mr. Moore made in the preface for delaying the long-promised memoirs was far from being satisfactory. At length, however, the volume has appeared, and few works have excited a greater sensation than it has done among the reading public; the commanding genius of Sheridan, the imperious rank he so long occupied in the political world, the ascendancy of his eloquence in the senate, his connection with the drama, of which he was the brightest ornament—his misfortunes, and even his faults, were all so many circumstances, with which the public longed to be more intimately acquainted, that we do not wonder the work which contained the record should be looked forward to with eager anxiety, and sought after with avidity. The talents, too, of Mr. Moore—his rank in the republic of letters, and the facility he possessed of obtaining the best information, were all circumstances calculated to give a zest to this memoir.

Mr. Moore, in his preface, states, that the first four chapters of the Memoirs of Sheridan were written nearly seven years ago, and that it was only within the last year, that he seriously applied himself to the completion of the work. In the collecting of materials, Mr. Moore acknowledges that he has been chiefly indebted to Mr. Charles Sheridan, the son of Richard Brinsley,—and we hope the inheritor of a large portion of his talents, but of none of his misfortunes.

The work, unfortunately for us, has been published so late in the week, that we cannot enter into any detailed remarks on the manner in which Mr. Moore has executed his task, though we are inclined to view it as worthy of his talents, and as a just tribute to the genius of Sheridan; an occasional obscurity, or slovenliness of style is sometimes observable, though the memoir is generally written with great spirit, and we doubt not with great accuracy and fearless honesty. We can, however, at present give but a hasty notice of the work, seizing on some of the most prominent incidents in an eventful life.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in the month of September, 1751, at No. 12, Dorset Street, Dublin. His grandfather, was celebrated as the friend of Swift, and his father, Thomas Sheridan, for the competition and even rivalry which he so long maintained with Garrick. His mother too, was a woman of considerable talents, and affords one of the few instances of a lady occurred of a female indebted for a husband to her literary talents. She was the author of the novel of Sydney Biddulph, and the Oriental tale of Nourjahad. She also wrote two plays,—the Discovery, which Garrick said was one of the best comedies he ever read, and the Dupe. At the age of seven years, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with his elder brother, Charles Francis, were placed under the tuition of Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Grafton Street, Dublin. The young Sheridans were little more than a year under his care; and it may be consoling to parents, who are in the first crisis of impatience, at the sort of hopeless stupidity which some children exhibit, to know that the dawn of Sheridan's intellect was as dull and unpromising as its meridian day was bright; and that, in the year 1759, he who, in less than thirty years afterwards, held senates enchanted by his eloquence, and audiences fascinated by his wit, was, by common consent, both of parent and preceptor, pronounced to be 'a most impenetrable dunce.'

From Mr. Whyte's school, the boys were removed to England, where Mr. Sheridan had lately gone to reside, and in the year 1762 Richard was sent to Harrow, where he was distinguished only as a very idle, careless, but, at the same time, engaging boy, who contrived to win the affection, and even admiration, of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank and genial manners, and by the occasional gleams of superior intellect, which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character.

At Harrow School he formed a friendship with Dr. Parr, then an under-master, which lasted through life. Mr. Moore here inserts a letter from the doctor, written in 1816, which gives us an account of his school days: it is as follows:—

"'Hatton, August 3, 1816.

"'Dear sir,—With the aid of a scribe, I sit down to fulfil my promise about Mr. Sheridan. There was little in his boyhood worth communication. He was inferior to many of his schoolfellows in the ordinary business of a school, and I do not remember any one instance in which he distinguished himself by Latin or English composition, in prose or verse.* Nathaniel Halhed, one of his schoolfellows, wrote well in Latin and Greek. Richard Archdall, another schoolfellow, excelled in English verse. R. Sheridan aspired to no rivalry with either of them. He was at the uppermost part of the fifth form, but he never reached the sixth; and, if I mistake not, he had no opportunity of attending the most difficult and the most honourable of school business, when the Greek plays were taught—and it was the custom at Harrow to teach these at least every year. He went through his lessons in Horace and Virgil and Homer well enough, for a time; but, in the absence of the upper master, Doctor Sumner, it once fell in my way to instruct the two upper forms, and, upon calling up Dick Sheridan, I found him not only slovenly in construing, but unusually defective in his Greek grammar. Knowing him to be a clever fellow, I did not fail to probe and to teaze him. I stated his case with great good humour to the upper master, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world; and it was agreed between us, that Richard should be called oftener, and worked more severely. The varlet was not suffered to stand up in his place, but was summoned to take his station near the master's table, where the voice of no prompter could reach him; and, in this defenceless condition, he was so harassed, that he at last gathered up some grammatical rules, and prepared himself for his lessons. While this tormenting process was inflicted upon him, I now and then upbraided him. But you will take notice that he did not incur any corporeal punishment for his idleness: his industry was just sufficient to protect him from disgrace. All the while, Sumner and I saw in him vestiges of a superior intellect. His eye, his countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which, somehow or other, all his schoolfellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness which delighted Sumner and myself. I had much talk with him about his apple-loft, for the supply of which all the gardens in the neighbourhood were taxed; and some of the lower boys were employed to furnish it. I threatened, but without asperity, to trace the depredators, through his associates, up to their leader. He with perfect good-humour set me at defiance, and I never could bring the charge home to him. All boys and all

* It will be seen, however, though Dr. Parr was not aware of the circumstance, that Sheridan did try his talent at English verse before he left Harrow.

masters were pleased with him. I often praised him as a lad of great talents, often exhorted him to use them well; but my exhortations were fruitless. I take for granted that his taste was silently improved, and that he knew well the little which he did know. He was removed from school too soon by his father, who was the intimate friend of Sumner, and whom I often met at his house. Sumner had a fine voice, fine ear, fine taste, and, therefore, pronunciation was frequently the favourite subject between him and Tom Sheridan. I was present at many of their discussions and disputes, and sometimes took a very active part in them—but Richard was not present. The father, you know, was a wrong-headed whimsical man, and, perhaps, his scanty circumstances were one of the reasons, which prevented him from sending Richard to the university. He must have been aware, as Sumner and I were, that Richard's mind was not cast in any ordinary mould. I ought to have told you that Richard, when a boy, was a great reader of English poetry; but his exercises afforded no proof of his proficiency. In truth, he, as a boy, was quite careless about literary fame. I should suppose that his father, without any regular system, polished his taste and supplied his memory with anecdotes about our best writers in our Augustan age. The grandfather, you know, lived familiarly with Swift. I have heard of him as an excellent scholar. His boys, in Ireland, once performed a Greek play, and when Sir William Jones and I were talking over this event, I determined to make the experiment in England. I selected some of my best boys, and they performed the Œdipus Tyrannus, and the Trachinians of Sophocles. I wrote some Greek Iambics to vindicate myself from the imputation of singularity, and grieved I am that I did not keep a copy of them. Milton, you may remember, recommends what I attempted.

"'I saw much of Sheridan's father after the death of Sumner, and after my own removal from Harrow to Stanmer. I respected him,—he really liked me, and did me some important services,—but I never met him and Richard together. I often inquired about Richard, and, from the father's answers, found they were not upon good terms—neither he nor I ever spoke of his son's talents but in terms of the highest praise."'

Young Sheridan continued at Harrow until he was nearly eighteen; and soon afterwards, with his friend Halhed, we find him writing a farce, in imitation of Midas, called Jupiter, which possessed considerable humour. The piece was, however, neglected to be brought out, owing to Sheridan's dilitoriness, which thus early began to show itself. But literary pursuits were soon discarded by Sheridan for the affairs of love, and few events in his life are more important than his courtship and marriage of Miss Linley, since by these was his life twice endangered. Love being a subject in which our author is generally considered at home, an animated description of these events will be expected, nor will that expectation be disappointed. It was in the year 1770, that old Mr. Sheridan and his family took up their residence in Bath, where Mr. Linley and his family then resided; an acquaintance between the fathers ripened into intimacy between the junior branches of each family, and, without knowing it, young Richard Brinsley and his brother Charles both became deeply enamoured of the all-accomplished Miss Linley:—

'Her heart, however, was not so wholly unpreoccupied, as to yield at once to the passion which her destiny had in store for her. One of those transient preferences, which in early youth are mistaken for love, had already taken lively possession of her imagination; and to this the following lines, written at that time by Mr. Sheridan, allude:—

"'TO THE RECORDING ANGEL.

"'Cherub of Heaven, that from thy secret stand
Dost note the follies of each mortal here,
Oh, if Eliza's steps employ thy hand,
Blot the sad legend with a mortal tear.
Nor, when she errs, through passion's wild extreme,
Mark then her course, nor heed each trifling wrong;
Nor, when her sad attachment is her theme,
Note down the transports of her erring tongue,
But, when she sighs for sorrows not her own,
Let that dear sigh to Mercy's cause be given:
And bear that tear to her Creator's throne,
Which glistens in the eye upraised to Heaven!'

'But in love, as in everything else, the power of a mind like Sheridan's must have made itself felt through all obstacles and difficulties. He was not long in winning the entire affections of the young "Syren,"—though the number and wealth of his rivals, the ambitious views of her father, and the temptations to which she herself was hourly exposed, kept his jealousies and fears perpetually on the watch.'

Sheridan is supposed to have drawn the character of Falkland, in the Rivals, from his own self-observation at this period, and some incidents in that admirable comedy are said to have had their origin in the events of his courtship. Charles Sheridan, unaware of the rivalry of his brother, went on securely indulging in a passion, which, however hopeless, survived long after Miss Linley's selection of another had extinguished every hope in his heart but that of seeing her happy. Sheridan also eluded the scrutiny of his friend Halhed, who had confided to him his attachment to this enchantress; and his only mode of evading the many tender inquiries and messages with which Halhed's letters abounded, was by referring to answers which had, by some strange fatality, miscarried, and which, we may conclude, without much uncharitableness, had never been written.

'Miss Linley went frequently to Oxford, to perform at the oratorios and concerts; and it may easily be imagined that the ancient allegory of the muses throwing chains over Cupid was here reversed, and the quiet shades of learning not a little disturbed by the splendour of these "angel visists." The letters of Halhed give a lively idea, not only of his own intoxication, but of the sort of contagious delirium, like that at Abdera described by Lucian, with which the young men of Oxford were affected by this beautiful girl. In describing her singing, he quotes part of a Latin letter which he himself had written to a friend upon first hearing her; and it is a curious proof of the readiness of Sheridan, notwithstanding his own fertility, to avail himself of the thoughts of others, that we find in this extract, word for word, the same extravagant comparison of the effects of music to the process of Egyptian embalmment—"extracting the brain through the ears"—which was afterwards transplanted into the dialogue of the Duenna:—"Montuum quendam ante Ægypti medici quam pollincirent cerebella de auribus unco quidam hamo solebant extrahere; sic de meis auribus non cerebrum, sed cor ipsum exhausit lusciniola, &c." He mentions, as the rivals most dreaded by her admirers, Norris, the singer, whose musical talents, it was thought, recommended him to her, and Mr. Watts, a gentleman-commoner, of very large fortune.

'While all hearts and tongues were thus occupied about Miss Linley, it is not wonderful that rumours of matrimony and elopement should, from time to time, circulate among her apprehensive admirers; or that the usual ill-compliment should be paid to her sex of supposing that wealth must be the winner of the prize. It was, at one moment, currently reported at Oxford, that she had gone off to Scotland with a young man of £3000 a-year, and the panic which the intelligence spread is described in one of these letters to Sheridan (who, no doubt, shared in it) as producing "long faces" everywhere. Not only, indeed, among her numerous lovers, but among all who delighted in her public performances, an alarm would naturally be felt at the prospect of her becoming private property:—

"'Te juga Taygeti, posito te Mænala flebunt
Venatu, mæstoque diu lugebere Cyntho.
Delphica quinetiam fratris delubra iacebunt."

"'Thee, thee, when hurried from our eyes away,
Laconia's hills shall mourn for many a day—
The Arcadian hunter shall forget his chase,
And turn aside, to think upon that face;
While many an hour Apollo's songless shrine
Shall wait in silence for a voice like thine;'

'But, to the honour of her sex, which is, in general, more disinterested than the other, it was found that neither rank nor wealth had influenced her heart in its election; and Halhed, who, like others, had estimated the strength of his rivals by their rent-rolls, discovered, at last, that his unpretending friend, Sheridan (whose advances in courtship and in knowledge seem to have been equally noiseless and triumphant) was the chosen favourite of her at whose feet so many fortunes lay. Like that saint (Cecilia) by whose name she was always called, she had long welcomed to her soul a secret visitant, whose gifts were of a higher and more radiant kind than the more wealthy and lordly of this world can proffer.'

'Among the competitors for Miss Linley, it would have excited little surprise, that one should be found whose motives were base and dishonourable, had not her modesty and

virtue been as distinguished as her beauty:—

'Captain Mathews, a married man and intimate with Miss Linley's family, presuming upon the innocent familiarity which her youth and his own station permitted between them, had for some time not only rendered her remarkable by his indiscreet attentions in public, but had even persecuted her in private with those unlawful addresses and proposals which a timid female will sometimes rather endure, than encounter that share of the shame which may be reflected upon herself by their disclosure. To the threat of self-destruction, often tried with effect in these cases, he is said to have added the still more unmanly menace of ruining, at least, her reputation, if he could not undermine her virtue. Terrified by his perseverance, and dreading the consequences of her father's temper, if this violation of his confidence and hospitality were exposed to him, she at length confided her distresses to Richard Sheridan; who, having consulted with his sister, and for the first time disclosed to her the state of his heart with respect to Miss Linley, lost no time in expostulating with Mathews, upon the cruelty, libertinism, and fruitlessness of his pursuit. Such a remonstrance, however, was but little calculated to conciliate the forbearance of this professed man of gallantry, who, it appears by the following allusion to him under the name of Lothario, in a poem written by Sheridan at the time, still counted upon the possibility of gaining his object, or, at least, blighting the fruit which he could not reach:—

"'Nor spare the flirting Cassoe'd rogue,
Nor ancient Cullin's polish'd brogue;
Nor gay Lothario's nobler name,
That Nimrod to all female fame."

'In consequence of his persecution, and an increasing dislike to her profession, which made her shrink more and more from the gaze of the many, in proportion as she became devoted to the love of one, she adopted, early in 1772, the romantic resolution of flying secretly to France, and taking refuge in a convent, intending, at the same time, to indemnify her father, to whom she was bound till the age of twenty-one, by the surrender to him of part of the sum which Mr. Long had settled upon her. Sheridan, who, it is probable, had been the chief adviser of her flight, was, of course, not slow in offering to be the partner of it. His sister, whom he seems to have persuaded that his conduct in this affair arose from a wish solely to serve Miss Linley as a friend, without any design or desire to take advantage of her elopement as a lover, not only assisted them with money out of her little fund for house expenses, but gave them letters of introduction to a family with whom she had been acquainted at St. Quentin. On the evening appointed for their departure—while Mr. Linley, his eldest son, and Miss Maria Linley, were engaged at a concert, from which the young Cecilia herself had been, on a plea of illness, excused, she was conveyed by Sheridan in a sedan-chair from her father's house in the Crescent, to a post-chaise which waited for them on the London road, and in which she found a woman, whom her lover had hired, as a sort of protecting Minerva, to accompany them in their flight.

'It will be recollected that Sheridan was at this time little more than twenty, and his companion just entering her eighteenth year. On their arrival in London, with an adroitness which was, at least, very dramatic, he introduced her to an old friend of his family (Mr. Ewart, a respectable brandy-merchant in the city), as a rich heiress who had consented to elope with him to the Continent; in consequence of which the old gentleman, with many commendations of his wisdom, for having given up the imprudent pursuit of Miss Linley, not only accommodated the fugitives with a passage on board a ship, which he had ready to sail from the port of London to Dunkirk, but gave them letters of recommendation to his correspondents at that place, who with the same zeal and despatch facilitated their journey to Lisle.

'On their leaving Dunkirk, as was natural to expect, the chivalrous and disinterested protector degenerated into a mere selfish lover. It was represented by him, with arguments which seemed to appeal to prudence as well as feeling, that after the step which they had taken, she could not possibly appear in England again but as his wife. He was, therefore, he said, resolved not to deposit her in a convent, till she had consented, by the ceremony of a marriage, to confirm to him that right of protecting her which he had now but temporarily assumed. It did not, we may suppose, require much eloquence to convince her heart of the truth of this reasoning; and, accordingly, at a little village not far from Calais, they were married about the latter end of March, 1772, by a priest well known for his services on such occasions.'

It was not until this successful elopement that Charles Sheridan became acquainted even with his brother's attachment to Miss Linley; and in the first moment of surprise and indignation, he seemed to accuse his brother of betraying him. As for Captain Mathews he vented his rage and revenge in an advertisement in The Bath Chronicle, in which he called Richard Brinsley Sheridan names which no gentleman could brook; and on the return of the latter to this country, he followed Captain Mathews from Bath to London, and demanded satisfaction. A duel ensued, which Mr. Sheridan, in a letter to Captain Knight, the second of Captain Mathews, thus describes:—

'Mr. Ewart accompanied me to Hyde Park, about six in the evening, where we met you and Mr. Mathews, and we walked together to the ring. Mr. Mathews refusing to make any other acknowledgment than he had done, I observed that we were come to the ground: Mr. Mathews objected to the spot, and appealed to you. We proceeded to the back of a building on the other side of the ring, the ground was there perfectly level. I called on him, and drew my sword (he having previously declined pistols). Mr. Ewart observed a sentinel on the other side of the building; we advanced to another part of the park. I stopped again at a seemingly convenient place: Mr. Mathews objected to the observation of some people at a great distance, and proposed to retire to the Hercules' Pillars till the park should be clear: we did so. In a little time we returned. I again drew my sword; Mr. Mathews again objected to the observation of a person who seemed to watch us. Mr. Ewart observed that the chance was equal, and engaged that no one should stop him, should it be necessary for him to retire to the gate, where he had a chaise and four, which was equally at his service. Mr. Mathews declared that he would not engage while any one was within sight, and proposed to defer it till next morning. I turned to you and said that, "this was trifling work;" that I could not admit of any delay, and engaged to remove the gentleman (who proved to be an officer, and who, on my going up to him, and assuring him that any interposition would be ill-timed, politely retired). Mr. Mathews, in the mean time, had returned towards the gate; Mr. Ewart and I called to you, and followed. We returned to the Hercules' Pillars, and went from thence, by agreement, to the Bedford Coffee-house, where, the master being alarmed, you came and conducted us to Mr. Mathews at the Castle Tavern, Henrietta Street. Mr. Ewart took lights up in his hand, and almost immediately on our entering the room we engaged. I struck Mr. Mathews's point so much out of the line, that I stepped up and caught hold of his wrist, or the hilt of his sword, while the point of mine was at his breast. You ran in and caught hold of my arm, exclaiming, "Don't kill him." I struggled to disengage my arm, and said his sword was in my power. Mr. Mathews called out twice or thrice, "I beg my life." We were parted. You immediately said, "There, he has begged his life, and now there is an end of it;" and, on Mr. Ewart's saying that when his sword was in my power, as I attempted no more, you should not have interfered, you replied that you were wrong, but that you had done it hastily, and to prevent mischief—or words to that effect. Mr. Mathews then hinted that I was rather obliged to your interposition for the advantage; you declared that "before you did so, both the swords were in Mr. Sheridan's power." Mr. Mathews still seemed resolved to give it another turn, and observed that he had never quitted his sword. Provoked at this, I then swore (with too much heat, perhaps) that he should either give up his sword, and I would break it, or go to his guard again. He refused—but, on my persisting, either gave it into my hand, or flung it on the table, or the ground (which, I will not absolutely affirm). I broke it, and flung the hilt to the other end of the room. He exclaimed at this. I took a mourning sword from Mr. Ewart, and presenting him with mine, gave my honour that what had passed should never be mentioned by me, and he might now right himself again. He replied, that he "would never draw a sword against the man who had given him his life;"—but, on his still exclaiming against the indignity of breaking his sword (which he had brought upon himself), Mr. Ewart offered him the pistols, and some altercation passed between them. Mr. Mathews said, that he could

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never show his face, if it were known how his sword was broke—that such a thing had never been done—that it cancelled all obligations, &c. &c You seemed to think it was wrong, and we both proposed, that if he never misrepresented the affair, it should not be mentioned by us. This was settled. I then asked Mr. Mathews whether (as he had expressed himself sensible of, and shocked at the injustice and indignity he had done me in his advertisement), it did not occur to him that he owed me another satisfaction; and that, as it was now in his power to do it without discredit, I supposed he would not hesitate. This he absolutely refused, unless conditionally; I insisted on it, and said I would not leave the room till it was settled. After much alteration, and with much illgrace, he gave the apology, which afterwards appeared. We parted, and I returned immediately to Bath. I, there, to Col. Gould, Captain Wade, Mr. Crease, and others, mentioned the affair to Mr. Mathews' credit—said that chance having given me the advantage, Mr. Mathews had consented to that apology, and mentioning nothing of the sword. Mr. Mathews came down, and in two days I found the whole affair had been stated in a different light, and insinuations given out to the same purpose as in the paper which has occasioned this trouble. I had undoubted authority that these accounts proceeded from Mr. Mathews, and likewise that Mr. Knight had never any share in them. I then thought I no longer owed Mr. Mathews the compliment to conceal any circumstance, and I related the affair to several gentlemen exactly as above.'

The apology which Mr. Mathews gave was immediately inserted in The Bath Chronicle, by the Sheridans; the following is a copy:—

'Being convinced that the expressions I made use of to Mr. Sheridan's disadvantage were the effects of passion and misrepresentation, I retract what I have said to that gentleman's disadvantage, and particularly beg his pardon for my advertisement in The Bath Chronicle. THOMAS MATHEWS.'

Disgraced, and almost universally shunned, Captain Mathews found he had a character to retrieve, and was told, by some injudicious friend, that the only means of removing the stigma left by the first duel was to fight a second. Sheridan readily accepted the challenge. The account of this second duel, which Mr. Moore gives, and we subjoin, was drawn up some months after, by the second of Mr. Mathews, and deposited in the hands of Captain Wade, the master of the ceremonies Though somewhat partially coloured, and (according to Mr. Sheridan's remarks upon it) incorrect in some particulars, it is, upon the whole, perhaps as accurate a statement as could be expected:—

'"*Copy of a Paper left by Mr. Barnett in the Hands of Captain William Wade, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.*

'"On quitting our chaises at the top of Kingsdown, I entered into a conversation with Captain Paumier, relative to some preliminaries I thought ought to be settled in an affair which was likely to end very seriously, particularly the method of using their pistols, which Mr. Mathews had repeatedly signified his desire to use prior to swords, from a conviction that Mr. Sheridan would run in on him, and an ungentlemanlike scuffle probably be the consequence. This, however, was refused by Mr. Sheridan, declaring he had no pistols: Captain Paumier replied he had a brace (which I know were loaded). By my advice, Mr. Mathews's were not loaded, as I imagined it was always customary to load on the field, which I mentioned to Captain Paumier at the White Hart, before we went out, and desired he would draw his pistols. He replied, as they were already loaded, and they going on a public road at that time of the morning, he might as well let them remain so till we got to the place appointed, when he would on his honour draw them, which I am convinced he would have done, had there been time; but Mr. Sheridan immediately drew his sword, and, in a taunting manner, desired Mr. Mathews to draw (their ground was very uneven, and near the post-chaises). Mr. Mathews drew; Mr. Sheridan advanced on him at first; Mr. Mathews, in turn, advanced fast on Mr. Sheridan; upon which he retreated, till he very suddenly ran in upon Mr. Mathews, laying himself exceedingly open, and endeavouring to get hold of Mr. Mathews's sword; Mr. Mathews received him on his point, and, I believe, disengaged his sword from Mr. Sheridan's body, and gave him another wound, which, I suppose, must have been either against one of his ribs or his breast-bone, as his sword broke, which, I imagine, happened from the resistance it met with from one of those parts; but whether it was broke from that, or on the closing, I cannot aver.

'Mr. Mathews, I think, on finding his sword broke, laid hold of Mr. Sheridan's sword-arm, and tripped up his heels: they both fell; Mr. Mathews was uppermost, with the hilt of his sword in his hand, having about six or seven inches of the blade to it, with which I saw him give Mr. Sheridan, as I imagined, a slight wound or two in the neck; for it could be no more,—the remaining part of the sword being broad and blunt; he also beat him in the face either with his fist or the hilt of his sword. Upon this I turned from them, and asked Captain Paumier if we should not take them up; but I cannot say whether he heard me or not, as there was a good deal of noise; however, he made no reply. I again turned to the combatants, who were much in the same situation: I found Mr. Sheridan's sword was bent, and he slipped his hand up the small part, and gave Mr. Mathews a slight wound in the left part of his belly: I that instant turned again to Capt. Paumier, and proposed again our taking them up. He in the same moment called out, "Oh! he is killed! he is killed!" I as quick as possible turned again, and found Mr. Mathews had recovered the point of his sword, that was before on the ground, with which he had wounded Mr. Sheridan in the belly: I saw him drawing the point out of the wound. By this time Mr. Sheridan's sword was broke, which he told us. Capt. Paumier called out to him, "My dear Sheridan, beg your life, and I will be your's for ever." I also desired him to ask his life: he replied, "No, by G—, I won't." I then told Capt. Paumier it would not do to wait for those punctilios (or words to that effect), and desired he would assist me in taking them up. Mr. Mathews most readily acquiesced, first desiring me to see Mr. Sheridan was disarmed. I desired him to give me the tuck, which he readily did, as did Mr. Sheridan the broken part of his sword to Capt. Paumier. Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Mathews both got up, the former was helped into one of the chaises, and drove off for Bath, and Mr. Mathews made the best of his way for London.

'Mr. Sheridan was driven from the ground to the White Hart; where Ditcher and Sharpe, the most eminent surgeons of Bath, attended and dressed his wounds,—and, on the following day, at the request of his sisters, he was carefully removed to his own home. The newspapers, which contained the account of the affair, and even stated that Sheridan's life was in danger, reached the Linleys at Oxford during the performance, but were anxiously concealed from Miss Linley by her father, who knew that the intelligence would totally disable her from appearing. Some persons, who were witnesses of the performance that day, still talk of the touching effect which her beauty and singing produced upon all present,—aware, as they were, that a heavy calamity had befallen her, of which she herself was perhaps the only one in the assembly ignorant.

'In her way back to Bath, she was met at some miles from the town by a Mr. Panton, a clergyman, long intimate with the family, who, taking her from her father's chaise into his own, employed the rest of the journey in cautiously breaking to her the particulars of the alarming event that had occurred. Notwithstanding this precaution, her feelings were so taken by surprise, that, in the distress of the moment, she let the secret of her heart escape, and passionately exclaimed "My husband! my husband!"—demanding to see him, and insisting upon her right as his wife to be near him, and watch over him day and night. Her entreaties, however, could not be complied with; for the elder Mr. Sheridan, on his return from town, incensed and grieved at the catastrophe to which his son's imprudent passion had led, refused for some time even to see him, and strictly forbade all intercourse between his daughters and the Linley family. But the appealing looks of a brother, lying wounded and unhappy, had more power over their hearts than the commands of a father; and they, accordingly, contrived to communicate intelligence of the lovers to each other.

'The following Lent, Miss Linley appeared in the oratorios at Covent Garden; and Sheridan, who, from the nearness of his retreat to London (to use a phrase of his own, repeated in one of his friend's letters), "trod upon the heels of perilous probabilities," though prevented by the vigilance of her father from a private interview, had frequent opportunities of seeing her in public. Among many other stratagems which he contrived for the purpose of exchanging a few

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words with her, he more than once disguised himself as a hackney-coachman, and drove her home from the theatre.'

Although Sheridan and Miss Linley had been privately married in France, yet it was deemed necessary to conceal the circumstance, and it was not until the 13th of April, 1773 (nearly twelve months afterwards) that their union took place with the consent of Mr. Linley. That in Miss Linley he obtained a treasure of no ordinary value will be seen by the following description of her:—

'These are seldom, perhaps, existed a finer combination of all those qualities that attract both eye and heart than this accomplished and lovely person exhibited. To judge by what we hear, it was impossible to see her without admiration, or know her without love; and a late bishop used to say, that she "seemed to him the connecting link between woman and angel." The devotedness of affection, too, with which she was regarded, not only by her own father and sisters, but by all her husband's family, showed that her fascination was of that best kind which, like charity, "begins at home;" and that, while her beauty and music enchanted the world, she had charms more intrinsic and lasting for those who came nearer to her. We have already seen with what pliant sympathy she followed her husband through his various pursuits—identifying herself with the politician as warmly and readily as with the author, and keeping Love still attendant on Genius, through all his transformations. As the wife of the dramatist and manager, we find her calculating the receipts of the house, assisting in the adaptation of her husband's opera, and reading over the plays sent in by dramatic candidates. As the wife of the senator and orator, we see her, with no less zeal, making extracts from state-papers, and copying out ponderous pamphlets—entering, with all her heart and soul, into the details of elections, and even endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of the funds. The affectionate and sensible care with which she watched over, not only her own children, but those which her beloved sister, Mrs. Tickell, confided to her, in dying, gives the finish to this picture of domestic usefulness. When it is recollected, too, that the person thus homelily employed was gifted with every charm that could adorn and delight society, it would be difficult, perhaps, to find anywhere a more perfect example of that happy mixture of utility and ornament, in which all that is prized by the husband and the lover combines, and which renders woman what the sacred fire was to the Parsees—not only an object of adoration on their altars, but a source of warmth and comfort to their hearths.

'To say that, with all this, she was not happy, nor escaped the censure of the world, is but to assign to her that share of shadow, without which nothing bright ever existed on this earth. United, not only by marriage, but by love, to a man who was the object of universal admiration, and whose vanity and passions too often led him to yield to the temptations by which he was surrounded, it was but natural that, in the consciousness of her own power to charm, she should be now and then piqued into an appearance of retaliation, and seem to listen with complacence to some of those numerous worshippers who crowd around such beautiful and unguarded shrines;—not that she was at any time unwatched by Sheridan; on the contrary, he followed her with a lover's eyes throughout; and it was believed of both, by those who knew them best, that, even when they seemed most attracted by other objects, they would willingly, had they consulted the real wishes of their hearts, have given up every one in the world for each other. So wantonly do those who have happiness in their grasp trifle with that rare and delicate treasure, till, like the careless hand playing with a rose,—

'"In swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas,
They snap it!—it falls to the ground."

'They had, immediately after their marriage, as we have seen, passed some time in a little cottage at East Burnham, and it was a period of course long remembered by them both for its happiness. I have been told, by a friend of Sheridan, that he once overheard him exclaiming to himself, after looking for some moments at his wife, with a pang, no doubt, of melancholy self-reproach, "Could anything bring back those first feelings!" then adding, with a sigh, "Yes, perhaps the cottage at East Burnham might." In this, as well as in some other traits of the same kind, there is assuredly anything but that commonplace indifference which too often clouds over the evening of married life. On the contrary, it seems rather the struggle of affection with its own remorse, and, like the humourist who mourned over the extinction of his intellect, so eloquently as to prove that it was still in full vigour, shows love to be still warmly alive, in the very act of lamenting its death.'

We have no time to dwell on the literary efforts of Sheridan at this time, although they yielded the Rivals, St. Patrick's Day, and the Duenna; nor shall we stop to notice his purchase of Drury Lane Theatre. All these events are circumstantially narrated by Mr. Moore. In noticing the School for Scandal, which Mr. M. does at some length, he inserts the following verses found in Mr. Sheridan's hand-writing, as the foundation of the specimen Sir Benjamin Backbite gives of his poetical talents. Mr. Moore thinks it was probably written by Tickell and Mr. S., to ridicule some woman of fashion:—

'"Then, behind, all my hair is done up in a plat,
And so, like a comet's, tuck'd under my hat.
Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
And, follow'd by John, take the dust* in High Park.
In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride;
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,
Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider!
'"But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage, myself, my two little greys
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies,
Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies,
And to give them this title, I'm sure is'nt wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.
'"In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town,
The thing's well enough, when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade,
But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords
To those noisy, impertinent creatures called birds,
Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me, and gives me the spleen.
'"Yet, though 'tis too rural—to come near the mark,
We all herd in one walk, and that, nearest the park,
There with ease we may see, as we pass by the wicket,
The chimnies of Knightbridge and—footmen at cricket.
I must though, in justice, declare that the grass,
Which, worn by our feet, is diminished apace,
In a little time more will be brown and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall, or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,
With a small pretty hand in each seat of the walk,
To play little tunes and enliven our talk.'

Intending hereafter to return to this part of our subject, we shall turn to another era, and quote Mr. Moore's description of Mr. Sheridan's political debut:—

'The period at which Mr. Sheridan entered upon his political career was, in every respect, remarkable. A persevering and vindictive war against America, with the folly and guilt of which the obstinacy of the court and the acquiescence of the people are equally chargeable, was fast approaching that crisis which every unbiassed spectator of the contest had long foreseen, and at which, however humiliating to the haughty pretensions of England, every friend to the liberties of the human race rejoiced. It was, perhaps, as difficult for this country to have been long and virulently opposed to such principles as the Americans asserted in this contest, without being herself corrupted by the cause which she maintained, as it was for the French to have fought in the same conflict, by the side of the oppressed, without catching a portion of that enthusiasm for liberty which such an alliance was calculated to inspire. Accordingly, while the voice of philosophy was heard along the neighbouring shores, speaking aloud those oracular warnings which preceded the death of the great Pan of despotism, the courtiers and lawyers of England were, with an emulous spirit of servility, advising and sanctioning such strides of power as would not have been unworthy of the most dark and slavish times.

'Not only were the public events, in which Mr. Sheridan was now called to take a part, of a nature more extraordinary and awful

* '"This phrase is made use of in the dialogue:—"As Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park."'

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than had often been exhibited on the theatre of politics, but the leading actors in the scene were of that loftier order of intellect which Nature seems to keep in reserve for the ennoblement of such great occasions. Two of these, Mr Burke and Mr. Fox, were already in the full maturity of their fame and talent, —while the third, Mr. Pitt, was just upon the point of entering, with the most auspicious promise, into the same splendid career:—

"Nunc cuspide patris
Inclytus, Herculeas olim moture sagittas."

Mr. Sheridan was returned to the House of Commons, as a powerful auxiliary to the opposition:—

'He made his first speech in Parliament on the 20th of November, 1780, when a petition was presented to the house, complaining of the undue election of the sitting members (himself and Mr. Monckton) for Stafford. It was rather lucky for him that the occasion was one in which he felt personally interested, as it took away much of that appearance of anxiety for display which might have attended his first exhibition upon any general subject. The fame, however, which he had already acquired by his literary talents, was sufficient, even on this question, to awaken all the curiosity and expectation of his audience; and accordingly we are told, in the report of his speech, that "he was heard with particular attention, the house being uncommonly still while he was speaking." The indignation which he expressed on this occasion, at the charges brought by the petition against the electors of Stafford, was coolly turned into ridicule by Mr. Rigby, paymaster of the forces. But Mr. Fox, whose eloquence was always ready at the call of good nature, and, like the shield of Ajax, had "ample room and verge enough" to protect not only himself but his friends, came promptly to the aid of the young orator; and, in reply to Mr. Rigby, observed, that "though those ministerial members who chiefly robbed and plundered their constituents might afterwards affect to despise them, yet gentlemen who felt properly the nature of the trust allotted to them would always treat them and speak of them with respect."

'It was on this night, as Woodfall used to relate, that Mr. Sheridan, after he had spoken, came up to him in the gallery, and asked, with much anxiety, what he thought of his first attempt. The answer of Woodfall, as he had the courage afterwards to own, was, "I am sorry to say I do not think that this is your line—you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits;" on hearing which, Sheridan rested his head upon his hand for a few minutes, and then vehemently exclaimed, "It is in me, however, and, by G—, it shall come out!"

'It appears, indeed, that upon many persons, besides Mr. Woodfall, the impression produced by this first essay of his oratory was far from answerable to the expectations that had been formed. The chief defect remarked in him was a thick and indistinct mode of delivery, which, though he afterwards greatly corrected it, was never entirely removed.'

We have already alluded to Tickell and Sheridan writing pieces jointly: Mr. Moore gives some amusing specimens of this joint-stock clubbing of wits:—

'Between Tickell and Sheridan there was a never ending "skirmish of wit," both verbal and practical; and the latter kind, in particular, was carried on between them with all the waggery, and, not unfrequently, the malice of school-boys*. Tickell, much less occupied by business than his friend, had always some political *jeux-d'esprit* on the anvil; and sometimes these trifles were produced by them jointly. The following string of pasquinades, so well known in political circles, and written, as the reader will perceive, at different dates, though principally by Sheridan, owes some of its stanzas to Tickell, and a few others, I believe, to Lord John Townshend. I have strung together, without regard to chronology, the best of these detached lampoons. Time having removed their venom, and with it, in a great degree, their wit, they are now like dried snakes, mere harmless objects of curiosity:—

"Johnny W—lks, Johnny W—lks†,
Thou greatest of bilks,
How chang'd are the notes you now sing!
Your fam'd Forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, 'God save the King,'
Johnny W—lks,
And your blasphemy, 'God save the King.'

"Jack Ch—ch—ill, Jack Ch—ch—ill,
The town sure you search ill,
Your mob has disgraced all your brags;
When next you draw out
Your hospital rout,
Do, prithee, afford them clean rags,
Jack Ch—ch—ill,
Do, prithee, afford them clean rags.

"Captain K—th, Captain K—th,
Keep your tongue 'twixt your teeth,
Lest bedchamber tricks you betray;
And, if teeth you want more,
Why my bold commodore,
You may borrow of Lord G—ll—y,
Captain K—th,
You may borrow of Lord G—ll—y.

"† Joe M—wb—y, Joe M—wb—y,
Your throat sure must raw be,
In striving to make yourself heard;
But it pleased not the pigs,
Nor the Westminster Whigs,
That your knighthood should utter one word.
Joe M—wb—y,
That your knighthood should utter one word.

"M—ntm—res, M—ntm—res,
Whom nobody for is,
And for whom we none of us care;
From Dublin you came—
It had been much the same,
If your lordship had stayed where you were,
M—ntm—res.

If your lordship had stayed where you were.

"Lord O—gl—y, Lord O—gl—y,
You spoke mighty strongly—
Who you are, though, all people admire!
But I'll let you depart,
For I believe in my heart,
You had rather they did not inquire,
Lord O—gl—y,
You had rather they did not inquire.

"Gl—nb—e, Gl—nb—e,
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot—
In your arms rather quarter
A pestle and mortar,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot,
Gl—nb—e,
Your crest be a spruce gallipot.

"Gl—nb—e, Gl—nb—e,
The world's topsy-turvy,
Of this truth you're the fittest attester;
For who can deny
That the low become high,
When the king makes a lord of Silvester,
Gl—nb—e,
When the king makes a lord of Silvester.

"M. P—l, Mr. P—l;
In return for your zeal,
I'm told they have dubb'd you Sir Bob;
Having got wealth enough
By coarse Manchester stuff,
For honours you'll now drive a job,
Mr. P—l.

For honours you'll now drive a job.

"Oh poor B—ks, oh poor B—ks,
Still condemn'd to the ranks,
Ne'er yet from a private promotes;
Put ne'er will relent,
Though he knows you repent,
Having once or twice honestly voted,
Poor B—ks,
Having once or twice honestly voted.

"Dull H—l—y, dull H—l—y,
Your auditors feel ye,
A speaker of very great weight,
And they wish you were dumb,
When with ponderous hum,
You lengthen the drowsy debate,
Dull H—l—y,
You lengthen the drowsy debate."

'There are about as many more of these stanzas, written at different intervals, accusing as new victims, with good name to rhyming, presented themselves—the most being a most tempting medium for such lampoons. There is, indeed, appended to one of Sheridan's copies of them, a long list (like a tablet of proscription), containing about fifteen other names marked out for the same fate; and it will be seen by the following

* On one occasion, Sheridan having covered the floor of a dark passage leading from the drawing-room with all the plates and dishes of the house, ranged closely together, provoked his unconscious play-fellow to pursue him into the midst of them. Having left a path for his own escape, he passed through easily, but Tickell, falling at full length into the ambuscade, was very much cut in several places. The next day Lord John Townshend, on paying a visit to the bed-side of Tickell, found him covered over with patches, and indignantly vowing vengeance against Sheridan for this unjustifiable trick. In the midst of his anger, however, he could not help exclaiming, with the true feeling of an amateur of this sort of mischief, "But how amazingly well done it was!"

† In Sheridan's copy of the stanza written in this metre at the time of the Union, (beginning, "Zooks, Harry! zooks, Harry!" he entitled them, "An admirable new ballad, which goes excellently well to the tune of

"Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Anne,
It gives me concern, &c.

† This stanza, and I rather think the next, were by Lord John Townshend.

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ing specimen that some of them had a very narrow escape:—

"Will C—rt—s . . . . "

"V—ns—t—t, V—ns—t—t, — for little thou fi art"

"Will D—nd—s, Will D—nd—s — were you only an ass."

"L—gh—b, — thorough."

"Sam H—ral—y, Sam H—ral—y. . . . coarsely."

"P—tym—o, P—tym—o, — speak truth, if you can."

As our object is at present rather to notice the private than the political life of Sheridan, we shall hasten to that period when his public life had almost ceased, and the world was closing on him; the embarrassments of Drury Lane Theatre—the manner in which he was excluded from all management in the new theatre, and the delay in settling his claims on the establishment, all preyed heavy upon him. On the dissolution of Parliament, he tried his old friends at Stafford, in hopes of being returned, but Sir Robert Walpole said, every man has his price, and this is particularly known to be the case with the electors of Stafford, and their price was beyond the purse of poor Sheridan, who lost his election. This failure he himself imputed, as will be seen by the following letter, to the refusal of Mr. Whitbread to advance him £2000 out of the sum due to him by the committee for his share of the property:—

"Cook's Hotel, Nov. 1, 1812.

"Dear Whitbread,—I was misled to expect you in town the beginning of last week, but being positively assured that you will arrive to-morrow, I have declined accompanying Hester into Hampshire as I intended, and she has gone to-day without me; but I must leave town to join her as soon as I can. We must have some serious, but yet, I hope, friendly conversation respecting my unsettled claims on the Drury Lane Theatre Corporation. A concluding paragraph, in one of your last letters to Burgess, which he thought himself justified in showing me, leads me to believe that it is not your object to distress or destroy me. On the subject of your refusing to advance to me the £2000 I applied for, to take with me to Stafford, out of the large sum confessedly due to me (unless I signed some paper containing I know not what, and which you presented to my breast like a cocked pistol on the last day I saw you), I will not dwell. This, and this alone, lost me my election. You deceive yourself if you give credit to any other causes, which the pride of my friends chose to attribute our failure, rather than confess our poverty. I do not mean now to expostulate with you, much less to reproach you, but sure I am, that when you contemplate the positive injustice in refusing me the accommodation I required, and the irreparable injury that refusal has put on me, overturning, probably, all the honour and independence of what remains of my political life, you will deeply reproach yourself.

"I shall make an application to the committee, when I hear you have appointed one, for the assistance which most pressing circumstances now compel me to call for; and I desire is, through a sincere wish that our friendship may not be interrupted, that the answer to that application may proceed from a *bonâ fide* committee, with their signatures, testifying their decision.

"I am, yet, your's very sincerely,

"S Whitbread, Esq. R. B Sheridan."'

Mr. Moore palliates Mr. Whitbread's conduct, and certainly a man ought to do as he pleases about lending money; there was, however, a sternness in Mr. W.'s conduct, which must have been very galling to a person like Sheridan, and certain it is, that the failure of the latter, at Stafford, completed his ruin.

'He was now excluded both from the theatre and from Parliament; the two anchors by which he held in life were gone, and he was left a lonely and helpless wreck upon the waters. The Prince Regent offered to bring him into Parliament; but the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom with the royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear; and he declined the offer. Indeed, miserable and insecure as his life was now, when we consider the public humiliations to which he would have been exposed, between his ancient pledge to Whiggism and his attachment and gratitude to royalty, it is not wonderful that he should have preferred even the alternative of arrests and imprisonments to the risk of bringing upon his political name any further tarnish in such a struggle. Neither could his talents have much longer continued to do themselves justice, amid the pressure of such cares, and the increased indulgence of habits, which, as is usual, gained upon him, as all other indulgences vanished. The ancients, we are told, by a significant device, inscribed on the wreaths they wore at banquets, the name of Minerva. Unfortunately, from the festal wreath of Sheridan this name was now but too often effaced; and the same charm that once had served to give a quicker flow to thought, was now employed to muddy the stream, as it became painful to contemplate what was at the bottom of it. By his exclusion, therefore, from Parliament, he was perhaps seasonably saved from affording to that "Folly, which loves the martyrdom of Fame,"* the spectacle of a great mind, not only surviving itself, but, like the champion in Berni, continuing the combat after life is gone:—

"Andava combattendo, ed era morto"

'In private society, however, he could even now, (before the rubicon of the cup was passed,) fully justify his high reputation for agreeableness and wit; and a day which it was my good fortune to spend with him, at the table of Mr. Rogers, has too many mournful, as well as pleasant, associations connected with it, to be easily forgotten by the survivors of the party. The company consisted but of Mr. Rogers himself, Lord Byron, Mr. Sheridan, and the writer of this memoir. Sheridan knew the admiration his audience felt for him; the presence of the young poet, in particular, seemed to bring back his own youth and wit; and the details he gave of his early life were not less interesting and animating to himself than delightful to us. It was in the course of this evening that, describing to us the poem which Mr. Whitbread had written and sent in, among the other addresses for the opening of Drury Lane, and which, like the rest, turned chiefly on allusions to the phœnix, he said—"But Whitbread made more of this bird than any of them: he entered into particulars, and described its wings, beak, tail, &c.; in short, it was a *poulter.r's* description of a phœnix!"

'The following extract from a diary in my possession, kept by Lord Byron, during six months of his residence in London, 1812-13, will show the admiration which this great and generous spirit felt for Sheridan:—

"'Saturday, Dec. 18, 1813.

"'Lord Holland told me a curious piece of sentimentality in Sheridan. The other night we were all delivering our respective and various opinions on him and other *hommes marquans*, and mine was this:—'Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best opera (The Duenna—in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, The Beggar's Opera), the best farce (The Critic—it is only too good for an afterpiece), and the best address (Monologue on Garrick); and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.' Somebody told Sheridan this the next day, and on hearing it, he burst into tears!—Poor Brinsley! If they were tears of pleasure, I would have rather said those few, but sincere words, than have written the Iliad, or made his own celebrated philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine—humble as it must appear to my elders and my betters."

'The distresses of Sheridan now increased every day, and through the short remainder of his life it is a melancholy task to follow him. The sum arising from the sale of his theatrical property was soon exhausted by the various claims upon it, and he was driven to part with all that he most valued, to satisfy further demands and provide for the subsistence of the day. Those books, which as I have already mentioned, were presented to him by various friends, now stood in their splendid bindings,† on the shelves of the

* 'This fine line is in Lord Byron's monody to his memory. There is another line, equally true and touching, where, alluding to the irregularities of the latter part of Sheridan's life, he says—

"And what to them seem'd vice might be but woe."

† In most of them, too, were the names of the givers. The delicacy with which Mr. Harrison of Wardour Street (the pawnbroker with whom the books and the cup were deposited), behaved, after the death of Mr. Sheridan, deserves to be mentioned with praise. Instead of availing himself of the public feeling at that moment, by submitting these precious relics to the competition of a sale, he privately communicated to the family and one or two friends of

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pawnbroker. The handsome cup given him by the electors of Stafford shared the same fate. Three or four fine pictures by Gainsborough, and one by Morland, were sold for little more than five hundred pounds!; and even the precious portrait of his first wife, by Reynolds, though not actually sold during his life, vanished away from his eyes, into other hands.

'One of the most humiliating trials of his pride was yet to come. In the spring of this year, he was arrested and carried to a spunging house, where he remained two or three days. This abode, from which the following painful letter to Whitbread was written, formed a sad contrast to those princely halls, of which he had so lately been the most brilliant and favoured guest, and which were possibly, at that very moment, lighted up, and crowded with gay company, unmindful of him within those prison walls:—

"Tooke's Court, Cursitor Street,
Thursday, past two.

"'I have done every thing in my power with the solicitors, White and Fownes, to obtain my release, by substituting a better security for them than their detaining me—but in vain.

"'Whitbread, putting all false professions of friendship and feeling out of the question, you have no right to keep me here—for it is in truth your act. If you had not forcibly withheld from me the £12,000, in consequence of a threatening letter from a miserable swindler, whose claim you in particular knew to be a lie, I should at least have been out of the reach of this state of miserable insult—for that, and that only, lost me my seat in Parliament. And I assert that you cannot find a lawyer in the land, that is not either a natural-born fool or a corrupted scoundrel, who will not declare that your conduct in this respect was neither warrantable or legal—but let that pass for the present.

"'Independently of the £1000 ignorantly withheld from me on the day of considering my last claim, I require of you to answer the draught I send herewith on the part of the committee, pledging myself to prove to them on the first day I can personally meet them, that there are still thousands and thousands due to me, both legally and equitably, from the theatre. My word ought to be taken on this subject; and you may produce to them this document, if one among them could think that, under all the circumstances, your conduct required a justification. O God! wish what mad confidence have I trusted your word—I ask justice from you, and no boon. I enclosed you, yesterday, three different securities, which, had you been disposed to have acted even as a private friend, would have made it certain that you might have done so without the smallest risk. Those you discreetly offered to put into the fire, when you found the object of your humane visit satisfied by seeing me safe in prison.

"'I shall only add, that I think, if I know myself, had our lots been reversed, and had I seen you in my situation, and had left Lady E. in that of my wife, I would have risked £600 rather than have left you so—although I had been in no way accessory in bringing you into that condition. R. B. Sheridan.

"'S. Whitbread, Esq."

'Even in this situation the sanguineness of his disposition did not desert him; for he was found by Mr. Whitbread, on his visit to the sponging-house, confidently calculating on the representation for Westminster, in which the proceedings relative to Lord Cochrane at that moment promised a vacancy.—On his return home, however, to Mrs. Sheridan, (some arrangements having been made by Whitbread for his release), all his fortitude forsook him, and he burst into a long and passionate fit of weeping at the profanation, as he termed it, which his person had suffered.'

Mr. Sheridan now felt that his life was near its close; this feeling he expressed in letters to his wife and son; his exclusion from Parliament and the theatre preyed much on him, and although Drury Lane theatre had been three years built, yet a sort of pride never allowed him to enter its walls.

'About this time, however, he was persuaded by his friend Lord Essex to dine with him, and go in the evening to his lordship's box, to see Kean. Once there, the *genius loci* seems to have regained its influence over him; for, on missing him from the box, between the acts, Lord Essex, who feared that he had left the house, hastened out to inquire, and, to his great satisfaction, found him installed in the green-room, with all the actors around him, welcoming him back to the old region of his glory, with a sort of filial cordiality. Wine was immediately ordered, and a bumper to the health of Mr. Sheridan was drank by all present, with the expression of many a hearty wish that he would often, very often, re-appear among them. This scene, as was natural, exhilarated his spirits, and on parting with Lord Essex that night, at his own door in Saville Row, he said triumphantly that the world would soon hear of him, for the Duke of Norfolk was about to bring him into Parliament. This, it appears, was actually the case; but Death stood near as he spoke. In a few days after, his last fatal illness began.'

It does not appear that in all his pecuniary distresses, he was in the habit of borrowing so frequently as has been said:

'One instance, however, where he laid himself under this sort of obligation, deserves to be mentioned. Soon after the return of Mr. Canning from Lisbon, a letter was put into his hands, in the House of Commons, which proved to be a request from his old friend Sheridan, then lying ill in bed, that he would oblige him with the loan of £100. It is unnecessary to say that the request was promptly and feelingly complied with.'

The disorder of Mr. Sheridan, a diseased stomach, now grew rapidly on him. He was unable to attend the St. Patrick's festival in 1816; and, unfortunately, 'while death was thus gaining fast on Sheridan, the miseries of his life were thickening round him also; nor did the last corner, in which he now lay down to die, afford him any asylum from the clamours of his legal pursuers. Writs and executions came in rapid succession, and bailiffs at length gained possession of his house. It was about the beginning of May that Lord Holland, on being informed by Mr. Rogers (who was one of the very few that watched the going out of this great light with interest) of the dreary situation in which his old friend was lying, paid him a visit one evening, in company with Mr. Rogers, and by the cordiality, suavity, and cheerfulness of his conversation, shed a charm round that chamber of sickness, which, perhaps, no other voice but his own could have imparted.

'Sheridan was, I believe, sincerely attached to Lord Holland, in whom he saw transmitted the same fine qualities, both of mind and heart, which, notwithstanding occasional appearances to the contrary, he had never ceased to love and admire in his great relative;—the same ardour for right and impatience of wrong—the same mixture of wisdom and simplicity, so tempering each other, as to make the simplicity refined and the wisdom unaffected—the same gentle magnanimity of spirit, intolerant only of tyranny and injustice—and, in addition to all this, a range and vivacity of conversation, entirely his own, which leaves no subject untouched or unadorned, but is (to borrow a fancy of Dryden), "as the morning of the mind," bringing new objects and images successively into view, and scattering its own fresh light over all. Such a visit, therefore, could not fail to be soothing and gratifying to Sheridan; and, on parting, both Lord Holland and Mr. Rogers comforted him with the assurance, that some steps should be taken to ward off the immediate evils that he dreaded.

'An evening or two after (Wednesday, May 15), I was with Mr. Rogers, when, on returning home, he found the following afflicting note upon his table:—

"'Saville Row.

"'I find things settled so that £150 will remove all difficulty... I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. I shall negotiate for the plays successfully in the course of a week, when all shall be returned. I have desired Fairbrother to get back the guarantee for thirty.

"'They are going to put the carpets out of window, and break into Mrs. S.'s room and take me—for God's sake let me see you.

"'R. B. S."

'It was too late to do anything when this note was received, being then between twelve and one at night; but Mr. Rogers and I walked down to Saville Row together, to assure ourselves that the threatened arrest

Sheridan the circumstance of his having such articles in his hands, and demanded nothing more than the sum regularly due on them. The Stafford cup is in the possession of Mr. Charles Sheridan.

'‡ In the following extract from a note to his solicitor, he refers to these pictures:—

"'Dear Burgess,—I am perfectly satisfied with your account; nothing can be more clear or fair, or more disinterested on your part; but I must grieve to think that five or six hundred pounds for my poor pictures are added to the expenditure. However, we shall come through!"

'§ As St. Cecilia. The portrait of Mrs. Sheridan at Knowle, though less ideal than that of Sir Joshua, is (for this very reason, perhaps, as bearing a closer resemblance to the original) still more beautiful.

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had not yet been put in execution. A servant spoke to us out of the area, and said that all was safe for the night, but that it was intended, in pursuance of this new proceeding, to paste bills over the front of the house next day,

'On the following morning, I was early with Mr. Rogers, and willingly undertook to be the bearer of a draught for £150* to Saville Row. I found Mr. Sheridan good-natured and cordial as ever; and though he was then within a few weeks of his death, his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre, for which his eyes were so remarkable, diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price that he expected for his dramatic works, and of the certainty he felt of being able to arrange all his affairs, if his complaint would but suffer him to leave his bed.

'In the following month, his powers began rapidly to fail him; his stomach was completely worn out, and could no longer bear any kind of sustenance. During the whole of this time, as far as I can learn, it does not appear that (with the exceptions I have mentioned) any one of his noble or royal friends ever called at his door, or even sent to inquire after him!

'About this period, Dr. Bain received the following note from Mr. Vaughan:—

"'My dear sir,—An apology, in a case of humanity, is scarcely necessary—besides, I have the honour of a slight acquaintance with you. A friend of mine, hearing of our friend Sheridan's forlorn situation, and that he has neither money nor credit for a few comforts, has employed me to convey a small sum for his use, through such channel as I think right. I can devise none better than through you. If I had had the good fortune to have seen you, I should have left, for this purpose, a draught for £50. Perhaps as much more might be had, if it will be conducive to a good end—of course you must feel it is not for the purpose of satisfying troublesome people. I will say more to you, if you will do me the honour of a call in your way to Saville Street to-morrow. I am a mere agent.

"'I am, my dear sir, most truly your's,

"'JOHN TAYLOR VAUGHAN.

"'23, Grafton Street.

"'If I should not see you before 12, I will come through the passage to you."

'In his interview with Dr. Bain, Mr. Vaughan stated, that the sum thus placed at his disposal was, in all, £200:† and the proposition being submitted to Mrs. Sheridan, that lady, after consulting with some of her relatives, returned for answer, that, as there was a sufficiency of means to provide all that was necessary for her husband's comfort, as well

* Lord Holland afterwards insisted upon paying the half of this sum, which was not the part of the same amount that my liberal friend, Mr. Rogers, had advanced for Sheridan.

† Mr. Vaughan did not give Dr. Bain to understand that he was authorised to go beyond £200.; but, in a conversation which I had with him a year or two after, in contemplation of this memoir, he told me that a further supply was intended.'

as her own, she begged leave to decline the offer.

'Mr. Vaughan always said that the donation, thus meant to be doled out, came from a royal hand; but this is hardly credible. It would be safer, perhaps, to let the suspicion rest upon that gentleman's memory—of having indulged his own benevolent disposition in this disguise, than to suppose it possible that so scanty and reluctant a benefaction was the sole mark of attention accorded by a "gracious prince and master" to the last death-bed wants of one of the most accomplished and faithful servants that royalty ever yet raised or ruined by its smiles. When the philosopher, Anaxagoras, lay dying for want of sustenance, his great pupil, Pericles, sent him a sum of money, "Take it back," said Anaxagoras; "if he wished to keep the lamp alive, he ought to have administered the oil before."

'In the mean time, the clamours and incursions of creditors increased. A sheriff's officer at length arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off, in his blankets, to a spunging-house, when Dr. Bain interfered—and by threatening the officer with the responsibility he must incur, if, as was but too probable, his prisoner should expire on the way, averted this outrage.

'About the middle of June, the attention and sympathy of the public were, for the first time, awakened to the desolate situation of Sheridan, by an article that appeared in the Morning Post,—written, as I understand, by a gentleman, who, though on no very cordial terms with him, forgot every other feeling in a generous pity for his fate, and in honest indignation against those who now deserted him. "Oh! delay not," said the writer, without naming the person to whom he alluded—"delay not to draw aside the curtain within which that proud spirit hides its sufferings." He then adds, with a striking anticipation of what afterwards happened—"Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to mustering at—

"'The splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse,"

I say, *life* and *succour* against Westminster Abbey and a funeral!"

'This article produced a strong and general sensation, and was reprinted in the same paper the following day. Its effect, too, was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan's door, and in the appearance of such names as the Duke of York, the Duke of Argyll, &c., among the visitors. But it was now too late; —the spirit that these unavailing tributes might once have comforted, was now fast losing the consciousness of every thing earthly, but pain. After a succession of shivering fits, he fell into a state of exhaustion, in which he continued, with but few more signs of suffering, till his death. A day or two before that event, the Bishop of London read prayers by his bed-side; and on Sunday, the 7th July, in the 65th year of his age, he died.

'On the following Saturday the funeral took place, his remains having been previously removed from Saville-Row to the house of his friend, Mr. Peter Moore, in Great George Street, Westminster. From thence at one o'clock, the procession moved on foot to the Abbey, where, in the only spot in Poet's-corner that remained unoccupied, the body was interred; and the following simple inscription marks its resting-place:—

"'Richard Brinsley Sheridan,
Born 1751,
Died 7th July, 1816.
This Marble is the tribute of an attached
Friend,
Peter Moore."

'Seldom has there been such an array of rank as graced this funeral.‡ The pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Bishop of London, Lord Holland, and Lord Spencer. Among the mourners were His Royal Highness the Duke of York, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquises of Anglesea and Tavistock; the Earls of Thanet, Jersey, Harrington, Besborough, Mexborough, Rosslyn, and Yarmouth; Lords George Cavendish and Robert Spencer; Viscounts Sidmouth, Granville, and Duncannon; Lords Rivers, Erskine, and Lyndoch; the Lord Mayor; Right Hon. G. Canning, and W. W. Pole, &c.

'Where were they all, these royal and noble persons, who now crowded to 'partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory—where were they all, while any life remained in him?—Where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking, or when the zeal, now wasted on his grave, might have soothed and comforted the death bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity while he lived, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?"

On the character of Mr. Sheridan, we shall not now dwell, though it is well summed up by Mr. Moore; we cannot omit, however, one portion of it, for the sake of a couplet, most likely written by Sheridan himself, it is so accurate. Mr. M. says—

'It has been seen, by a letter of his sister already given, that, when young, he was generally accounted handsome; but, in later years, his eyes were the only testimonials of beauty that remained to him. It was, indeed, in the upper part of his face that the spirit of the man chiefly reigned;—the dominion of the world and the senses being rather strongly marked out in the lower. In his person, he was above the middle size, and his general make was, as I have already said, robust and well proportioned. It is remarkable that his arms, though of powerful strength, were thin, and appeared by no means muscular. His hands were small and delicate; and the fol

‡ It was well remarked by a French journal, in contrasting the penury of Sheridan's latter years with the splendour of his funeral, that "France is the place for a man of letters to live in, and England the place for him to die in."

§ In the train of all this phalanx of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, honourables, and right honourables, princes of the blood royal, and first officers of the state, it was not a little interesting to see, walking humbly, side-by-side, the only two men whose friendship had not waited for the call of vanity to display itself—Dr. Bain and Mr. Rogers.'

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lowing couplet, written on a cast from one of them, very lively enumerates both its physical and moral qualities:—

"Good at a fight, but better at a play,
Godlike in giving, but—the devil to pay"

Among his habits, it may not be uninteresting to know that his hours of composition, as long as he continued to be an author, were at night, and that he required a profusion of lights around him while he wrote. Wine, too, was one of his favourite helps to inspiration;—if the thought, (he would say), is slow to come, a glass of good wine encourages it, and, when it *does* come, a glass of good wine rewards it.'

Mr. Sheridan appears to have planned several plays and poems, which he left unfinished; one of the former was founded on The Vicar of Wakefield, since so ably dramatized by Mr. Thomas Dibdin. Another drama, without a name, had, for its chief personages, a band of outlaws, who assumed the name and disguise of devils. Mr M. gives several interesting specimens of these, for which we have no room at present. The following catch is from this piece:—

'Tis woman after all
Is the blessing of this ball,
'Tis she keeps the balance of it even.
We are devils it is true,
But had we women too,
Our Tartarus would turn to a Heaven.'

But we must pause and say

(To be continued in our next.)

BLUMENBACH'S MANUAL OF THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued from p. 627.)

From the order bimanus, noticed in our last, Professor Blumenbach proceeds to the quadrumana, or mammifera with four hands, the cheroptera, and the digitata. Of the latter class are—

'The Hamster—M. abdomine nigro. (F. G. Zulzer's N. G des Hamster. Gott. 1774. 8vo. Tab. 1, 2.)—In many parts of Germany, Poland, Siberia, &c. lives chiefly on corn and beans, of which it carries large quantities in its cheek-pouches to its subterraneous burrows, sometimes seven feet deep. A hole of this kind will contain sixty pounds of such provisions. It increases rapidly, and in the district of Gotha alone, as many as ninety thousand hamsters have been killed in one summer. There is a black variety of this animal, as well as an albino with red pupils.

'Lemnus. The lemming—M. capite acuto, corpore nigro fulvoque irregulariter maculato.

'(Schreber. Tab. 195. A. 195. B.) Common in Lapland and Siberia. Sometimes whole legions emigrate from one place to another. Their unexpected and unnoticed arrival, together with the accidental fall of those which may have escaped from the claws of birds of prey, by which they had been taken up into the air, probably gave rise to the ancient saying that the lemmings fell from the heavens.'

In the account of mammalia of the order feræ, Professor Blumenbach confirms the assertion of the ancients, that the hedgehog sticks its prickles into fruit, for the purpose of bringing it to its holes. Of animals of this order, the opossum and the kangaroo are the most extraordinary:—

'The opossum. Ger. das Beutelthier. Fr. le Sarigue.—D. Albida, auriculis, antibra chiis et tibiis nigris, cauda squamosa longitudine corporis. Dentes primores superiores ten, inferiores eight, laniarii elongati.—Chiefly in the warmer parts of North America. The female of this, and other species of the genus, has a large pouch on the belly, which can be opened and closed by particular muscles, and at the bottom of which the teats are placed. The young ones are born small beyond all proportion, like imperfect abortions. They are carried in this pouch for a length of time, continuing to suck, and being nourished by the mother's milk, until having become mature, and more perfectly formed, they are, as it were, born for the second time.

'Gigantea. The kangaroo. Ger. das Känguruh.—D grisea, cauda longa crassa, pedibus anticis brevissimis posticis longissimis. Palmis pentadactylis, plantis subtetradactylis. Dentes primores superiores six, inferiores two, laniarii nulli.

'(Schreber. Tab. 154.)

In New Holland. Mouse Grey. When sitting upright is as high as a man, and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. Lives together in herds of fifty or more. Is altogether herbivorous. Moves by leaps of full twelve feet at a time. The female has an abdominal pouch; produces but a single young one at a time, which, when born, is scarce half so large as a mouse, but is carried in the mother's pouch three quarters of a year, until it weighs nearly fourteen pounds.'

In the account of the horse, Professor B. says:—

'The original wild horse no longer exists; but that which has *become* so, is often met with in great numbers; in Tartary, for example, and in immense droves in Paraguay, whither, as well as into the rest of America, it was introduced by the Spaniards. Among the tame races, the Arabians (particularly those of the breed of Annecy, about Palmyra, and from Libanus to Mount Horeb) are distinguished by their wonderfully fine form, as well as their extreme speed and vigour. Next to them, are the Persian and the Barb. Of the European, the principal are the Spanish, particularly the Andalusian, the Neapolitan, and the English. The latter have the pre-eminence in point of speed, for which they are distinguished in their prize races. The English race-horse, Eclipse, so famed in modern times, passed over fifty-eight feet in a second, i. e. when at full stretch, he covered twenty-five feet, and repeated this action twice and one-third (2⅓) in a second. Not to mention whole equestrian nations, as the Cossacks, Tartars, Calmucks, Tungooses, Abipones, &c. the value of this animal to the most cultivated people is incalculable for agriculture, cavalry, posts, &c.

'Many of the equestrian nations abovementioned, live in great part on the flesh and milk of the horse. The latter, when coagulated, and still more so when distilled, gives the intoxicating Koumiss of the Mongols.'

The elephant belongs to the order multungula; it is common to the south of Asia, particularly Ceylon:—

'The largest of all land animals, being full fifteen feet high, and weighing, in its twentieth year, seven thousand pounds. Its skin, nearly an inch thick on the back, is, notwithstanding, sensible to the stings of insects, and commonly of a grey colour The most important organ of the elephant is his proboscis, which serves him for respiration, for his very acute sense of smell, for drawing up water, for seizing his food and conveying it into his mouth, and for many other purposes, instead of a hand. He can extend it to the length of six feet, and shorten it again to three. At the extremity it is provided with a flexible hook, by means of which he can perform various tricks, such as untying knots, unlossing buckles, picking up money, &c. His food consists principally of the leaves of trees, rice, and other grain. He swims with great facility, even through rapid streams. In copulating, he leaps on the female like most other quadrupeds. The young one sucks with the mouth, and not the trunk, as many have asserted. About the third or fourth year, the two large tusks, which furnish ivory, appear in both sexes. They are seven or eight feet long, and a single one will weigh as much as two hundred pounds. It is probable that the elephant will live two hundred years. It is principally used as a beast of burden, as it is able to carry at least a ton, and to drag heavy articles over mountains, &c. Its step consists in a quick shuffling motion of the legs, but so sure, that it never stumbles, even on the worst roads.'

Stupendous as the elephant is, it is nothing to the blackwhale, which weighs upwards of one hundred thousand pounds.

On the subject of birds, our author gives some general information, which is very curious, particularly so far as relates to their incubation:—

'During incubation, a remarkable process is going forwards, the chick being progressively formed in the egg, and brought daily nearer and nearer to maturity. For this purpose, not only is the yolk specifically lighter than the white, but also that spot on its upper surface (the so called *cicatricula*), in which the future chick is placed, is lighter than the opposite side; so that in whatever position the egg is placed, the same part is always opposed to the belly of the incubating bird. The first trace of the chick is not perceptible until some time after the commencement of incubation; in the hen's egg, for instance, scarcely before the end of the first day; and at the end of the second, the remarkable spectacle of the first motions of the incomplete heart *(punctum saliens)* presents itself. At the end of the fifth day, the whole jelly-like creature may be seen to move. On the fourteenth, the feathers appear; at the commencement of the fifteenth, the chick attempts to breathe; and, on the nineteenth, it is able to chirp.

'Remark. The first form which the bird assumes in the egg differs more from that which it possesses after being hatched, than mammifera do in their first and subsequent form; we might say that the chick in the

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tg arrives at its more perfect form by a real metamorphosis, and this, as well with respect to individual organs (the heart for example), as the whole form.'

(Allbild. Nat. Hist. Gegenst. Tab. 64.)

'Among the many organs subservient to the remarkable economy of the chick during incubation, the two most important are the vascular membranes, which are most conspicuous and beautiful about the middle of the process. These are the *chorion*, which is then expanded under the shell; and the membrane of the yolk (*membrana vitulina vitelli*), which communicates with the intestinal canal of the young animal. The first serves instead of lungs, for the phlogistic process already mentioned: and the second for nutrition, by means of the yolk, which is gradually diluted by mixing with the white.'

In the economy of nature, birds are important creatures:—

'They destroy innumerable insects, and the thoughtless extirpation of some birds, supposed to be noxious, as sparrows, crows, &c, in many districts, has generally given rise to an infinitely more prejudicial multiplication of vermin. Other birds destroy larger animals, as field mice, snakes, frogs, lizards, or consume carrion. Many extirpate weeds. On the other hand, they assist the increase and propagation of animals as well as plants. For instance, it is known that wild ducks, in their emigrations, carry impregnated spawn into remote ponds, &c, and thus stock them with fish. Many birds swallow seeds, which are subsequently expelled whole, and thus extensively dispersed, as the doves of Banda with the nutmeg. The excrement of sea-birds manures bare cliffs and coasts, so as to render them capable of producing useful plants. Many species of falcons may be taught for the chase, as well as the cormorant for taking fish. Many birds, together with their eggs, fat, &c., serve for food; the entire skins of sea-birds for the clothing of many northern nations; the feathers for stuffing beds, for writing, for various and often costly ornaments, in which respect also they form an important article of trade among many savage people, particularly the islanders of the Pacific Ocean.'

From the account of fishes, we shall only quote a short extract:—

'The increase in the numbers of most fishes is wonderfully great, so that, although the ova are in most instances proportionally much smaller than in any other class of animals, the ovaria of many are larger than the whole of the body. Thus, in the herring, there have been counted from 20,000 to 37,000 ova; in the carp, upwards of 200,000; in the tench, 383,000; in the flounder, upwards of a million.

'In some cases, the young fish have not their perfect form when they escape from the egg; but must, as in the amphibia, undergo a kind of metamorphosis, by which they obtain fins, &c.

'In proportion to their size, fishes reach a very advanced age. Examples are known of carp, pike, &c., living one hundred and fifty years. On the other hand, some small fishes, as the stickleback, live only a few years.'

As we shall be tempted to extend our notice of this excellent work to another number, we shall, for the present, make a few extracts from the general notice of insects:—

'The eyes of insects are particularly remarkable, and with respect to their structure, are of two kinds. The first are large hemispheres, mostly composed of thousands of facets, but in some instances, of numerous conical points, and covered on the inner surface with a layer sometimes glittering, sometimes variegated. Such are found in most winged insects, but also in many aptera, as the lobster, &c. Those of the second kind (stemmata, ocelli) are simple, small, and vary as well in number as position. Eyes of the first kind seem calculated for seeing at a distance; of the second, for looking at near objects; at least it may be supposed so, as we find that butterflies, in their winged perfect state, have such large, compound, telescopic eyes, whilst as caterpillars, they have small myopic ones. Only a few insects, crabs, for instance, can move their eyes.

'The antennæ (feelers), which vary much in different species, in many instances even according to the sex, and which many naturalists have supposed to be organs of smell, taste, &c., seem to be nothing more than their name implies—organs of feeling, probes, which are of great importance to insects, on account of their hard insensible covering, and the immobility of their eyes in most instances. They appear to possess their most acute feeling in the antennæ, as man has in the tips of the fingers; and as for the most part, they live in darkness, supply the want of light by this contrivance. On the other hand, the purposes of the palpi, placed near the organs of mastication, found in almost all insects, and considered by some naturalists to be organs of sense, are as yet undetermined.'

'Among other peculiarities of the business of propagation in insects, many, as the cochineal-worm, the land-flea, become of an enormous size during pregnancy; thus, in the white ant, it has been calculated that the abdomen of the female, when about to lay her eggs, is two thousand times larger than previous to impregnation.

'Most insects lay eggs, which the mother, by a truly wonderful instinct, always deposits precisely in the situations best adapted for the future progeny. Many, for instance, lay their eggs in the bodies of living insects of other kinds, as in caterpillars, pupæ, &c.; or even in the eggs of other kinds of insects. The eggs of insects are occasionally, particularly among butterflies, of very various and remarkable form and appearance, and when deposited by the mother in the open air, are covered with a kind of varnish, protecting them from the destructive influence of rain and other accidents. Some few insects are viviparous, and many, as the plant-lice (aphides), propagate in both ways.

'A very remarkable phenomenon, almost confined to this class of animals, or at least much less striking in the others, is their metamorphosis. There is not any winged insect which escapes from the egg as such, but all, as well as many insects which have not wings, must first undergo a kind of change at certain periods of their existence. By this, not only their external form, but also at the same time their internal structure, contrary to common opinion, is altered in a certain degree, a circumstance which by no means coincides with the supposed pre-existence of pre-formed germs.'

'Insects which undergo metamorphosis are called larvæ, whilst in the state in which they escape from the egg. They are mostly very small on their first appearance, so that a full grown caterpillar of the willow-moth for instance, is seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it issues from the egg. On the other hand, they grow with great rapidity, so that as an example, the maggot of the meat-fly, at the end of twenty-four hours, is one hundred and fifty-five times heavier than at its birth. Some larvæ have feet, as caterpillars and the grubs of chafers; others have not, as maggots: none have wings. In this state also they are incapable of propagating; they merely feed, increase, and change their covering several times.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Club. A Series of Essays: Originally published in The Manchester Iris. 12mo. pp. 191. Manchester, 1825. Smith.

LITERATURE is making considerable progress in the provincial towns, and engrafting itself on the busy occupations of commerce. Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol, and Manchester, are all instances of this. At the latter place there has long been a philosophical society; and other literary and scientific institutions have been formed, or are forming. Attempts have been made in more than one of the towns we have enumerated to establish a literary periodical, and, if in every instance it has not been able to command success, it has in some cases deserved it. The Manchester Iris, commenced about four years ago, was a weekly periodical of considerable merit, and a series of essays which it contained, under the title of 'The Club,' have been very appropriately reprinted in a collected form. These essays are written on the model of our elder dramatists, and display considerable talent and ingenuity. Among the subjects discussed in 'The Club,' the merits of Johnson and Addison is one, and, as might be expected, each has its advocate. Without entering into the merits of their respective arguments, we shall quote those of the secretary, which are in favour of the latter:—

'I am not surprised when I hear the style of Dr. Johnson extolled by injudicious readers. I am sensible that such a mode of composition must appear to them admirable from its very defects; and that his numerous uncommon words, and sounding periods, must fall upon their ears with something like the effect of a spell or incantation. The admirers of the doctor must excuse me if I cannot estimate his productions so highly as I do those of Mr. Addison. It is to the writings of that gentleman that I would always refer those who seek for a model of elegant composition. They will find in them that beautiful simplicity of expression, which engages the attention of the reader by a secret charm; and which causes him again and again to recur

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to the page with invariable delight. Allowance must of course be made for some inaccuracies, and for the use of a few words, which, in the lapse of a century, have become inelegant. But making these allowances, we shall nowhere find a style more purely English, or better adapted to express with clearness, and in an unaffected and graceful manner, the sentiments of the author. Style has been termed the dress of thought; and, if I might borrow this metaphor for the purpose of contrasting the styles of Addison and Johnson, I would say, that the first resembled the vesture of a Grecian nymph, shading, but not concealing, the beautiful form which it enveloped; while the latter might be likened to the hoop petticoat and towering head-dress, by the assistance of which our grandmothers appeared taller and filled a greater space, but not without losing, at the same time, much of the natural comeliness of the female figure.

'A good deal has been said of the dignity and splendour of the Johnsonian style, and said too, in such a way, as would almost lead us to suppose, that nothing dignified or elevated could be expressed in a natural and simple manner. The advocates of this opinion seem, to me, to resemble those dramatic poets who make a hero by the help of a plume of feathers and a flourish of trumpets. They appear to forget that trifling sentiments may be delivered with great pomp of expression, as, on the other hand, the noblest thoughts may be expressed with great simplicity. I believe, indeed, that the most sublime, as well as the most pathetic, passages, in the best writers, are those in which the simplicity of the language is most conspicuous. I may instance that celebrated passage in the sacred writings, which Longinus has quoted as an instance of the true sublime, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Nothing can be more removed from stateliness than the language of this passage, nothing more elevated than the sentiment which it contains.'

The character of clubs is a very clever article, and we with pleasure quote the following extract in conclusion:—

'The first club which excited the notice of our friend was a musical club, from an attendance at which, being fond of music, he expected to derive much gratification. But, having been admitted one night as a visitor, he was surprised to find that the usual practice of distorting the countenance, while singing or playing, had given most of the members very unseemly visages; and being himself a single man, and on his preferment, as we usually term it, he feared that to become an active member of this institution, might be fatal to his prospects in another quarter! He has, indeed, paid so much attention to the subject, that he has promised us a paper, in which he designs to prove that, in proportion as men improve the harmony of the voice, they lose that of the features. He has lately been at the trouble of going to Liverpool, in order to visit the Blind Asylum of that town, with a view of trying his theory under the most favourable circumstances; but, though it received ample confirmation in the exhibition which he there witnessed, he finds that the choicest illustrations of it might be met with at the club where it was first suggested.

'He was next admitted into a Blue-Stocking Club, as it is called, consisting of persons of both sexes, who profess to meet for the purpose of conversing about books, but who usually change that topic of conversation, for one with which they are, in general, better acquainted. This club was restricted to single persons. The members, however, paired off so rapidly, that our friend, thinking himself in some danger from such frequent examples, and recollecting that they who have the first choice seldom leave the best things behind, thought it prudent to withdraw while he could do so with safety. He is still fond of alluding jocularly to this club, and of congratulating himself on his escape, the ladies, several of whom can point out the road to Gretna, having not proved to be such proficients in domestic economy, as they are in retailing tea-table criticisms on popular novels, and in deciding upon the merits of the most striking passages in Don Juan.'

The Fruits of Faith; or, Musing Sinner. With Elegies, and other Moral Poems By Hugh Campbell, of the Middle Temple. 12mo. pp. 165. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Mr. Campbell's muse has, in the volume before us, assumed a plaintive as well as very patriotic strain: the first poem was written some years ago, in order to counteract scepticism, and is dedicated to Lord Kenyon—a nobleman with more money than wit, certainly, or he would never have squandered away eight or ten thousand pounds in a newspaper (The True Briton), that was to be mouth and wisdom to him, or dreamt that *he* could make a third party in the state, powerful enough to give, for a moment, uneasiness to either of the others.

The principal poem was offered to the Religious Tract Society, for the purpose of being circulated 'before the memorable crisis in national or religious indisposition, or rather during Britain's lethargic state of moral torpidity, whilst the virulence of the disease, named scepticism, was working its dark and baneful way to the vitals of society, until it was roused and quickened into action, life, and energy, by the Cato Street conspiracy.'

We confess we do not see what the bloodthirsty treason of Thistlewood and his associates had to do with the 'religious indisposition' or 'scepticism' Mr. Campbell was so ambitious to overthrow; we will, however, give him credit for good intentions. His principal poem has certainly a religious, as most of the pieces in this volume have a moral, tendency. Some of them we more than suspect are not now *first* laid before the public; they however possess merit, though some of them savour of egotism or vanity, particularly those—and they are numerous, which are addressed or relate to the fair sex. The piece we subjoin is, probably, not the best; but it struck us as affording a fair specimen of the author's talents:—

'STANZAS

To James Robertson, Esq. of Catrine Vale, on Diemen's Land, on reading of the birth of his Son.

'On the verge of the world, while my Jamie yet stand,
With your lambs playing round you, afar from old Ayr,
Methinks I now see you with Phebe in hand,
Breathing Love's soft expressions to her and your heir.

'With your crook laid beside you, oh say, do you sigh
For the scenes you abandoned, or friends left behind?
While the new world gives pleasure, and love, hope, and joy,
Does the *old* ever enter the self-exile's mind?

'Oh, Jamie, come tell me, while round your flocks stray,
And the sun gently shines on your far spreading plains,
Do you think on the time that by Ayr we did play,
In the hall where the true hospitality reigns?

'Has your sweet Catrine-Vale got an Ayr running by,
By whose bank's shady umbrage your flocks can repose?
Are its cliffs piled romantic, like ours upon high,
Where the sweet hawthorn blossoms, and rude thistle blows?

'If, Jamie, ye think on the banks ye have met
In the mansion where Science and Virtues combine;
You cannot the proud humble minstrel forget,
Who to far Australasia would fix your lot.

'A line that would tell my dear Jamie, in joy,
That I hope his dear offspring his hopes will fulfil;
That he'll ne'er bring of sorrow the tear to the eye,
Nor be wanting hail breeks—scon, and gud whiskey gill.

'And Jamie, your spouse I would greet by the name
Of a friend—still endearing love's joys may you share;
May you live to grow old, rich, and wealthy in fame,
With happiness crown'd, on the Clyde or the Ayr.'

'*Note.*—This young gentleman's emigration to Van Diemen's Land is worthy of a fair page in the best age or records of romance. His abandonment of mercantile pursuits, and of the most extensive views of fortune, arising from his wealthy and exalted family connections in Glasgow, to become a shepherd on the plains of Australia, has left his friends only one consolation—namely, the gentle shepherd has taken more virtues to Van Diemen's Land than will counteract the vices of a dozen cargoes of other settlers in that colony.'

The Elegant Letter-Writer; or, a Selection of Epistles on the most Familiar, Interesting, and Instructive Subjects. 18mo. pp. 172. London, 1825. Kerr and Ashmead.

In the preface to this little volume, it is justly remarked: 'the pen is the only medium by which we can converse with those at a distance; those, therefore, who are totally ignorant of the art of employing it, or who, for want of due facility in expressing their thoughts on paper, regard letter-writing

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more as an irksome task than as an agreeable amusement, must be content to be, with respect to their absent friends, pretty much in the situation of dumb persons, and as such, excluded from a considerable degree of rational delight.—One great art of letter-writing is to avoid hackneyed and unmeaning phrases, and to be able to give an elegant and novel turn to that which would otherwise appear quite common-place.' This selection contains many specimens from the most classical and admired English writers; and will prove a very suitable present for young persons, as, while it affords elegant models of epistolary correspondence, it is calculated to improve their taste generally, and to inculcate principles of the soundest morality. Some of the letters here introduced are, it must be confessed, rather too didactic, and more of moral essays than epistles; still this may be, on the whole, as much of a recommendation as a fault; the work being intended to convey lessons of moral conduct as well as of style. Among the authors, from whom specimens of composition are given, are Beattie, Burns, Cowper, and Kirk White. At the end of the volume are appended some useful abbreviations, and 'proper directions for addressing persons of every rank of British society, at the beginning and ending of letters.' also superscriptions of letters to people of rank: which will doubtless be found very serviceable.

A Guide for Young Disciples of the Holy Saviour in their Way to Immortality. By J. G. Pike. 18mo. pp. 595. London, 1825. Baynes.

Writers on religion are like the ancient historians, they always wish to begin at the beginning; the latter, whatever might be the country or people which formed the subject of their work, traced the origin back to the Creation, and religious writers never seem satisfied without entering into an elaborate inquiry into the truth of the Christian religion. Mr. Pike is one of this class of writers, and if he advances no new arguments in defence of Christianity, it is, we presume, because all the evidence on the subject has already been exhausted.

The Puritans were not more rigid than Mr. Pike, who anathematizes every species of amusement or recreation. He proscribes the ball-room, the play-house, the midnight assembly, and the card and gaming tables, triumphantly asking, 'Did the Saviour of mankind ever frequent such scenes?' We dare say not, for there were no such places for him to frequent; however dancing is somewhat favourably mentioned in Scripture. Mr. Pike next asks, 'Would any one of the apostles (unless it were Judas) have partaken of such amusements?' This is a question we confess ourselves unable to answer. One of them, however, denied his Lord and Master, and this was, we conceive, not a more venial sin than some of those Mr. Pike denounces; but he is so sweeping in his censures, that even poor Punch shares in his proscription. 'Should a Christian,' he says, 'a child of God be seen standing to gaze at a puppet show?' We think he might, without committing any very heinous crime, at all events we are sure we have seen many persons standing to gaze at puppet shows who would consider themselves grossly insulted if they were accused of less sanctity and true religion than Mr. Pike, of whom we know nothing; but we involuntarily suspect the 'righteous over much' sort of people, who are seldom better than their neighbours.

Voyage de Polycléte, ou Lettres Romaines. Abrégé de l'Ouvrage Original de M. Le Baron de Theis à l'Usage de la Jeunesse. Par M. de Rouillon. 12mo. pp. 447. London, 1825. Souter.

The Voyage de Polycléte is honestly avowed to be written on the model of the Voyage of Young Anacharsis in Greece, a work which has had more imitators than the Baron de Theis, though, perhaps, none more successful. What Anacharsis is to Greece the Polycléte is to Rome, giving an interesting and well-written account of the civil and military government of the Romans, their amusements, arts, literature, manners, customs, &c. These are faithfully and eloquently described, and while The Voyage de Polycléte forms a very readable and elementary work, it may serve for a book of reference on account of the correctness of its details. The period selected is extremely well chosen, embracing as it does some of the most interesting events of which the eternal city has been the theatre.

ORIGINAL.

COUNTRY EXCURSION TO WOOLWICH, AUTUMN SKIES, CONGREVE DESTRUCTIONS, MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS, HARVEST-MOON, &c.

Can the oldest of our readers remember such a glorious Michaelmas Day as that of 1825?—a day which really deserved to be dedicated to an archangel with all his celestial attributes unimpaired! Whatever they may have done, it is certain that we at least never have seen such a one; therefore we did well and wisely in walking to Charing Cross, and riding thence (unluckily an inside passenger) to Woolwich.

We were by no means certain that we should go beyond Greenwich, for the park is a scene so noble and sweet—so full of all that can enchant the eye and touch the heart,—it is a place so calculated to gratify one's national pride, and one's habitual research: no wonder that fancy flies out to meet, and affection loves to linger long upon it:—therefore nothing could be more likely than that we should stay there, as we had the blessing of a companion like-minded with ourselves.

It so turned out, however, that the serene balminess of the air, the emerald green of the fields and trees, and the blue yet silvery hue of the king of rivers, were absolutely irresistible in their beauty; and we gazed upon them in that kind of calm dreamy state of delicious idleness which it would have been almost a sin for a busy man to interrupt, seeing it comes over him only

'Like angel visits, few and far between.'

So we went forward till the stopping of the vehicle brought an end to the reverie, and a commencement of what many would call a day's pleasure.

And such a day, let us gratefully acknowledge, we were indeed blessed with; for although Woolwich, as a town, possesses very few attractions, its grounds, either from art or nature, are very beautifully broken, and the foliage is, everywhere around, now in all the pride of summer The heats of July destroyed the leaves of that season, and scattered them in wintry profusion, but since that period a complete and lovely race has sprung up, and all the vivid greens of spring and summer new bloom on the brow of autumn, whose mild skies and lucid airs thus combine whatever is most beautiful and cheering in the three seasons.

Once, and only once, had we spent an hour at Woolwich, but we had done so with a very pleasant couple, whom we sincerely desired to see again; but there was a little delicacy in calling on a busy day—a visiting day perhaps. It was, however, over-ruled; our companion said, 'We should be unkind not to call,' besides, 'we could see nothing without them.' For our own parts, we had no idea that we could see more than we did, surrounded by trees and ships, breathing pure air, and having clouds light as the gossamer over our heads; but we remembered that women must see *all*, and submitted.

Very happy did that submission make us, for never did welcome wear a sweeter form, or offer a more cordial greeting than was accorded to us, though it was, literally speaking, one of Shenstone's, as well as one of friendship; and, as we partook a very early dinner, to which the family were just sitting down when we entered, there was time afterwards to sally forth, and see what was to be seen nearest to us.

This consisted of the palace-like barracks, in the first place. It was a very gay scene, as beheld under the splendour of a descending sun; for all around had an air of gaiety and bustle, extremely agreeable, from its novelty and brilliance as a military establishment. Troops of veterans and troops of boys were practising evolutions on the wide extended green. Bands of music filled the air with loud and spirit-stirring sounds, on the one hand, whilst, as you passed forward, from a wild woody dells were heard pipes (though not of shepherds) playing Home! sweet Home! Gay barouches, filled with gay ladies and lovely children; officers, on horseback or on foot, in all the insignia of their rank and profession, were seen moving about in all directions; and groups of soldiers, employed as if in sport, or loitering as in the enjoyment of rest, gave the whole scene a character of holiday making, that could not fail of meeting with a correspondent chord in the breast of one who had indeed stolen a day from the cares and turmoil of life, in which to worship Nature, and enjoy her beauties.

We learned, that this more than ordinary bustle and apparent gaiety arose from the presence of Sir W. Congreve and his lady; and, at the mention of his name, our kind conductor proposed immediately to take us to the rotunda, where he could show us some new inventions of that gentleman's surprising genius; and, having once mentioned

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something about a cannon, I found he had popped on a subject in which he was as perfectly at home as we ourselves were completely abroad.

On he went, and on went we—seeing, from this unfortunate moment, all those terrible engines of destruction, which, in the general beauty of the place, and the hilarity of the hour, had been forgotten, and which cruelly reminded us that war was not the holiday-making, soul-enlivening kind of thing we had just been considering it, and for the first time a sigh escaped us, and we were on the point of delivering a sorrowful oration over the present of his majesty, in a magnificent piece of ordnance—but the door is unlocked, and we enter the round-house.

There is a great deal to surprise a person who is a novice, like ourselves, in this repository, and a good deal to please him too. Our dear companion was delighted beyond all her powers of expression (and they are not few) with the beautiful models of towns, with houses, churches, and fortifications, like 'little *blanc-mange* moulds, with forests of moss over mountains and rocks of real stone;' and we would not assure our father confessor (if we had one) that we were 'not as well pleased with these very clever affairs as any other part of the spectacle. But our manhood was inevitably called upon to listen to the powers of rockets and balls—of delightful inventions, whereby bombs could be cast into the midst of towns full of human beings, every one of whom should be killed in a moment, or die daily for the rest of his existence. 'This admirable contrivance will, in a given time (which may be calculated to a nicety, sir), explode in such a manner as to disperse forty balls in every possible direction,' said our very kind and intelligent guide with animation.

We looked in this gentleman's face, traversed the form of his head with the most inquisitive eye, but could find not a single lineament of the organ of destructiveness about him:—no! all was good humour, and even benevolence; but habit had rendered these ideas familiar to his mind, and the taste and power of appreciating that which was excellent in art induced him to forget the terrible in effect for the ability in its execution. I saw in him the very man who could effect a breach, and snatch from distress the first who suffered from it, at the hazard of his life. He might have been a genuine descendant from the dear Captain Toby Shandy, whom in childhood we have loved so enthusiastically.

In despite of his kindness, and our own repeated efforts to feel at ease, and play the mechanic and engineer, still the instruments of death, including the beheading axe, hung on our hearts as a nightmare; we wanted to breathe the fresh air, and gaze on the beauties of heaven and earth. The rock of Gibraltar itself, though our heart swelled like its own towering heights, as we gazed upon it, would not conquer this emotion, and therefore, pleading the approach of evening, we withdrew from the rotunda, and jumped over the surrounding cannon as if they had been our familiar acquaintance.

Surely we were rewarded for the effort, for in a few minutes we met the friend whose guests we were, coming to meet us, accompanied by his eldest boy, a child just three years old, and so perfect a model of athletic beauty, that it is our intention to speak of him to the painters of our acquaintance as combining the strength of an infant Hercules with the grace and beauty of an infant Antinous. The father was evidently proud of his boy, and in his gambols he was, for a time, unconscious of our vicinity, and nothing could be more interesting in nature than the countenance and manners of his lovely (aye, very lovely) young wife, who accompanied us. She is, indeed, a sweet creature, just four-and-twenty, and as handsome as her uncle (one of the four first poets of our day) ever conceived, in his highest inspiration; and it was really delightful to witness her happiness—her tender pride, one moment, as a mother, the next, as a wife. 'What could Edward be looking at that he did not see us?—he could see nothing but the child.' And then her fond bright glance said, plainly, 'To be sure there is nothing on earth so well-worth seeing.' My dear companion (God bless her for it) looked at me delightedly, as much as to say, 'Even all these beauties of earth, sky, and water—even that fine vessel, which indeed 'walks the water like a thing of life,' is not so sweet to the heart, as this picture of human happiness.'

In fact, there was a fulness, a luxuriance of simple happiness in this young couple, which proved so decidedly the French are wrong, in saying that 'passion can only last two years,' as to render us henceforward stanch in the belief that love may, and does often last for life; that 'increase of appetite may grow even from the meat it feeds on;' and that native good temper and ingrafted good principles are subject to no chills or wanderings, even where very great personal charms subject the possessors to that admiration from others which is too generally found inimical to the sober happiness of married life.

We could not forbear to remark, that with the most perfect propriety of conduct, our handsome young wife, was yet more at ease, more willing to show that she was happiest of the happy, than the equally handsome and happy husband. He is a man of singular modesty by nature, and we verily believe that he is a little ashamed of the honest pride he yet secretly nourishes in his beautiful wife, and his famous little boy, who is as well known at Woolwich, and as much admired as a Congreve rocket, and the Cadiz great gun. After our return this lovely creature fell asleep on the mother's lap, but as he was too heavy for her, the father, who is upwards of six feet high and very graceful, took him from her to lay him on the sofa, and in the action formed a group that should have been immortalized by the pencil of a Lawrence, the pen of their own pathetic relative, or him who sang so well of that 'wedded love' he could not gaze at, save through the mental vision.

The harvest moon saw us pleasantly fixed in a coach-boat or basket, with hearts overflowing by kindly feelings towards our fellow-creatures, and that sense of gratitude to Heaven which arises from contemplating the noble and beautiful objects of creation. We had forgot that 'such things were,' as 'wars and tumults' even in the place devoted to them, and the memory of happy and artless beauty, connubial affection, and rosy infancy, alone sate smiling at our hearts, recalling and inspiring those soft thoughts and young remembrances, which although condemned as romantic, or banished as unnecessary, are nevertheless deserving of honour, as the most worthy of being cherished and held sacred, since after all,

'Love is the drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the bitter draught of life go down.' R.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE BEYOND THE MONOPOLISTS OF EDUCATION.

It is the foible of projectors and reformers generally to push their views to absurdity, and so for a time injure the cause they so strenuously advocate. It is no less the vice of their opponents to attack them with such exaggerated ridicule as to destroy all the weight their arguments might have if temperately handled; and the former party are as sure to excite the appearance of the latter, as a burst of sunshine produces shade. There is at present, as all our readers must be aware, a considerable effort making to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the labouring classes, both by the means of societies established for scientific purposes and lectures, and of useful works, published in such a form and at such a price as to be attainable by those to whom books have hitherto been a prohibited luxury. The time is arrived when the mechanic no longer contents himself, after the manner of his forefathers, with half-penny ballads, and some such literary heir-loom as a thumbed copy of The Pilgrim's Progress. This has given the alarm to a pretty numerous set of people, who would fain enact literary game-laws, and look upon a reading mechanic as a poacher, who has no right to partake of the amusements of his betters—though Heaven knows there is no reason to apprehend that there will, in consequence of any possible increase of readers, be an inadequate supply of books. But, in the estimation of these very good kind of people, these friends of moral and social subordination and order, mechanics, or *operatives*, as they are nicknamed—and be it observed a nickname saves a wonderful deal of argument—are not 'qualified' persons. These stanch advocates of civilization think that the working classes have no business with reading—except, indeed, it be reading their Bibles. They are afraid that the people should become too well informed; but in this they are surely very unjust towards the cause they espouse, for if the present system of things be the best possible, both in church and state, the better it is understood, and the more the people in general are qualified to appreciate its merits, the better for the system itself. It has, on the contrary, ever been the policy of tyranny, whether civil or religious, to keep the mass of the people in profound ignorance. Hence it is that the Romish church interdicts the use of the Bible, and

effectually puts an end to all doubt, by prohibiting all inquiry: and in this she acts with consummate pruden ce, aware that the sacred volume must prove as fatal to her doctrines as all the sceptical and infidel writings that have ever been published. And it is notorious, that in Roman Catholic countries it is no uncommon thing to see an *imprimatur* affixed to a volume filled with licentiousness, attesting that it contains 'nothing contrary to good morals and the holy Catholic faith.'

The reasoning of very many zealous persons in this country is somewhat of the same kind: they are not at all scandalized at the number of gin shops or pawnbrokers' shops —indeed, the former have the merit of being productive to the revenue;* but when they see it is likely that the lower orders will be more enlightened, and that a journeyman mechanic, instead of spending a shilling in a pot-house, will lay out his sixpence in a bookshop, and pass his evenings soberly at home, these most excellent friends of good order in s antly take the alarm, and exclaim as loudly as if the plague had broken out among us. The supporters of church and state cry out that there is danger abroad, or that, if not exactly dangerous, it is excessively ridiculous. 'It is better,' say they—not precisely *verbis ipissimis*, 'that the people should continue to guzzle porter and swallow gin, and leave books to their superiors.' Literature is, in their opinion, to be confined to an oligarchy; and perhaps, for themselves, they reason prudently and well, for what is to become of the pretensions of the manufacturers of nonsense-verses, and the scanners of Greek metres, if the body of the people are to be nourished with real sound information. Truly the case of such people is most lamentable; no wonder, therefore, that some sage doctors exclaim against such poaching. 'What, are our shop-boys,' say they, 'to amuse their leisure hours with lectures and the belles-lettres? Are all our mechanics of the next generation to be Rennies and Wattses? Shall our carpenters carpenters be initiated into the mathematics, and our cooks compound their dishes by chymistry?—the world will be turned up-side-down—society be quite subverted!—Tis monstrous, and as much out of the nature of things as a pyramid with its base in the air!' No rational man expects such things; although, really, if such were actually to be the case, we do not perceive that society would be the worse for it. Such alarmists, who think that we are in danger of becoming too enlightened, remind us of an anecdote of a servant-girl, who, being advised by her mother to be steady, obliging, and discreet, and she would never want a good place, replied, 'Well, mother, what you say is very right: but don't, I beseech you, go and give all the girls in our village the same advice, for should they all become obliging and discreet, only think what a terrible thing that would be!' This prudent wench was of opinion that good qualities, if universally adopted, might become too cheap, and that the possessors of them would no longer be regarded as treasures that people would be anxious to keep. The apprehensions of those who anticipate too great a diffusion of industry, prudence, and intelligence among their neighbours, are quite as sensible and well-grounded. There is an Italian proverb, which says, that among the blind the one eyed is a king; and these very considerate persons are of opinion, not perhaps without reason, that their own pretensions to superior attainments and refinement shine all the better for being contrasted with the ignorance of the great mass of the population. It is well known that a scholar is no longer regarded as a portent or phœnix, nor a lady who can spell, a prodigy of education; and we say, so much the better. Any attempt to discourage or cast ridicule on the efforts of the laboring classes to acquire intellectual knowledge, so far as it can be acquired in the little leisure they enjoy for such pursuits, is malignant and cold-hearted; while to suppose that, by cultivating their minds with our best English writers, they will be rendered less worthy and useful members of society than they now are, is to libel literature and intellectual pursuits. But the truth is, it betrays consummate ignorance to imagine, for an instant, that society can be over-educated, or that such should be the general passion for intellectual pursuits, as to interfere with and impede the business of active life. Were all the population of Great Britain what might really be termed literary in its taste, the great mass could be so only up to a certain point, that is, so far as to enable them to participate in those mental enjoyments from which they are now utterly excluded. And should such a consummation, which hardly the wildest visionary could expect on this side the Millenium, actually take place, we really do not perceive that any part of the community would be the worse for it, except brewers and publicans, the police offices, and newspaper reporters, and those worthy persons who laudably contrive to turn the vices, the stupidity, and the ignorance of the multitude, to their own account. Equality is, and ever will be, a chimera; the utmost we can possibly do is to approximate to it; and surely no man of common benevolence would wish, and no man of common decency would avow that he desires, to render the distinctions of society as complete as possible, by dooming the children of toil and labour to hopeless intellectual degradation.

But, thank Heaven, at present, it is in vain to say, let us keep down the education of the people; we might as well say, let us arrest the tides of the ocean, or the course of the winds. The period is fast approaching, when there must be an end to the monopoly of education, and to that system of exclusion and intolerance which has so long exercised its despotic sway over society*.

* Can that be perfectly sound legislation which renders immorality productive to the government? In France—to seek a less invidious illustration than any drawn from home gaming houses and prostitutes are *licensed*: consequently it is to the interest of the government that there should be both gambling and prostitution: in other words the interest of those who govern and of those who are governed are, in this respect, as much at variance as those of doctor and patient: it is to the interest of the faculty that disease should exist—to society that it should be extirpated.

* Respecting the monopoly of education by the 'The Universities', we refer the reader to an article on the 'New University in London,' in the number of the Edinburgh Review just published, where he will also find some hints as to the kind of piety, decorum, and morality, that characterise those seats of theology.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AUTUMN.

Summer is over, and Autumn is come,
The trees are all leafless, the groves are all dumb;
The vallies are flowerless, the meadows are bare,
For the scythe and the sickle of Time have been there;
The note of the robin is heard alone,
And the brook mourns sad o'er the smooth-worn stone.
Where have ye gone with your feathery coats,
Birds of the plaintive, and sprightly notes?
Ye have left your haunts on the greenwood bough,
And the wood and the valley are silent now.
In your bare laid boughs the wind sighs low;
Where your flowers once bloom'd the wild hips grow.
'Tis to my thinking a scene of gloom,
Like man's last hour, ere he seeks the tomb;
When the musical voice of his youth has gone,
And the dumbness and dreariness of age come on.
Yet I love its look, for a type I see
In its voiceless birds and its leafless tree.
'Tis a warning scene, and it bids prepare
For the awful change that shall lay me bare;
The wind, as it passes, seems to say,
'Tis thus thy being shall fade away;
And though strong and fair thy aspect now,
The leaf shall fall from thy sapless bough.
Yet, as in this a change shall come,
And the now still woods no more be dumb;
As the flower in the valley again shall bloom,
And the boughs their fresh green leaves resume;
So, when thy winter of death has gone,
Thy summer of life shall hasten on.
As the bird again shall sing on the tree,
In another life thou shalt also be;
Pass but thy days like that pure bird,
And thy voice shall again in its strength be heard;
And thy form arise, more bright, more pure,
In that land whose greenness will ever endure.

S. R. J.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—In our notice of the play of *Faustus*, last week, we attributed the part of Mephistophiles to Mr. J. Knight, instead of Mr. J. Russel, who played the character, and to whom our remarks strictly applied. There has been nothing worth noticing at this house this week, except a gross insult offered to the public, by producing the farce of the *Son in Law*, for the purpose of letting Mr. J. Russel imitate the poor emasculated Velluti; and the manner in which he did it was so revolting, as to call forth the indignation of the audience.

English Opera House.—Mr. Arnold, the spirited manager of this theatre, closed it on Wednesday night, after a very success-

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ful season. Mr. Bartley, on the occasion, delivered the following address:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen.—According to annual custom, I appear before you, as the performances of this evening terminate our short summer season. I have to express our sense of gratitude for the very liberal patronage which the English Opera House has received. The various exertions which have been made to merit your favour—the engagement of all the first-rate talent within the reach of the proprietor—the great expense incurred by the production of the opera of *Tarrare*, and other novelties, have been, I am happy to say, fully repaid by the liberality of the public, which enables the proprietor to promise that the preparations for their amusement next season shall be marked by increased energy. The proprietor trusts, that in the production of Salieri's grand opera of *Tarrare*, he has sustained that high musical reputation of the theatre, which it acquired by the first introduction to the public of the celebrated *Der Freischütz*, and he begs to state that he has already in preparation, for the next season, more than one opera, which he believes will be found equally worthy of your approbation. Permit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to offer you the sincere thanks of the proprietor, and in my own name and that of all the performers, to bid you respectfully farewell.'

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Against one of the sets of chambers near Lincoln's Inn Hall was a sun-dial with this motto, *Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas.* One morning it was discovered that a wag had hung a book to the gnomon, which, on being cut down, proved to be an old edition of the Practice in Chancery.

TO SLEEP.

(From the Latin.)

Though pictur'd in thy form I see
The likeness of the dead;
Yet, gentle Sleep! oh, deign to be
The partner of my bed.
For in the calm thy slumbers give,
How doubly blest am I!
Thus, without life, how sweet to live,
Thus, without death to die!

Lord Chancellor Eldon, in a bankrupt cause which came on on the 19th November, 1812, stated that he had lately put the seal to one hundred and sixteen commissions of bankruptcy in one day, being nearly one sixth of the whole that took place during the period that Lord Hardwicke presided in Chancery.

Amor vincit omnia.

AN EPIGRAM.

'Tis said, when first resistless Love
To cast his darts began,
He turn'd his skill and pow'r to prove,
Great Jove into a swan.
Experience now can fairly show
That still the wedding-noose,
Whether the passion's false or true,
Oft makes a man a goose.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Sept. 30	50	60	60	29 98	Fair.
.... 1	55	65	60	.. 86	Showery.
.... 2	60	64	59	.. 73	Do.
.... 3	60	65	59	.. 67	Do.
.... 4	60	66	55	30 04	Fair.
.... 5	60	66	61	.. 14	Do.
.... 6	61	66	60	.. 04	Cloudy.

Works just published.—Canning's Speeches at Liverpool, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Letters from the Irish Islands, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Moore's Life of Sheridan, 4to. 3l. 3s.—Stewart's Original Persian Letters, 4to 2l. 2s.—Armstrong's Address to the College of Surgeons, 1s.—Matheson on the Globes, 1s 6d.—Hall's Roots of the Latin Language, 8s 6d. Cooper on the Ligaments, 4to. 21s.—Smith's Director's Manual, 8vo. 12s.—Annesley on the Diseases of India, 18s.

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No. 335. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of To-Day; or, Modern Facts. Containing Narratives of the most Extrordinary Occurrences of recent Date. With Engravings. 12mo pp. 232. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE Tales of To-Day consist of an interesting selection of entertaining facts and extraordinary narratives of recent date, mostly gleaned from the newspapers and publications of the year. In making the selection, a strict attention has been paid to exclude everything approaching indelicacy, and the work may, therefore, be safely intrusted in the hands of females or youth. The collection possesses great variety; there are 'hair-breadth 'scapes' from prison and other disasters; an account of 'the cannibals that each other eat,' in New South Wales; 'moving accidents by flood,' in the inundation of St. Petersburgh; 'disastrous chances,' such as the burning of the Kent Indiaman, &c. Then we have tales (facts) of piracy and murder; the case of Fauntleroy; the lion-fight at Warwick (which, by the by, the editor should not have inserted without reprobation); the coronation of Charles the Tenth (not worth recording); the living skeleton; the tunnel under the Thames, &c. The work commences with a very meagre account of English newspapers, which ought to have been better done, or omitted altogether; the only part worth notice, we quote, presuming it is correct, though we should have been better pleased had the editor given us the names of the papers whence his advertisements have been taken:—

'In peaceable times, the conductor of a newspaper, at the close of the seventeenth century, bore no resemblance to the military partisan of Oliver Cromwell's time, or to the literary chief of a modern establishment. The editor of a journal, who was also generally its printer and publisher, must have been more like a broker or auctioneer of the present day, than any character now known in connection with the diurnal or weekly press. This will be proved by the following advertisements, extracted from a newspaper in 1697, which have never till now been republished:—

'"If any Hamburgh or other merchant, who shall deserve £200 with an apprentice, wants one, I can help."

'"One has a pert boy, about ten years old, can write, read, and be very well recommended; she is willing he should serve some lady or gentleman."

'"I want a cook-maid for a merchant."

'"I sell chocolate made of the best nuts, without spice or perfume, and with vinelloes and spice, from four to ten shillings the pound, and I know them to be a great helper of bad stomachs, and restorative to weak people, and I'll ensure for their goodness."

'"If any will sell a free estate, within thirty miles of London, with or without a house, to the value of £100 the year, or thereabout, I can help to a customer."

'"If any have a place belonging to the law, or otherwise, that is worth £1000 or £1200, I can help to a customer."

'"If any divine, or their relicts, have complete sets of manuscript sermons upon the epistles and gospels, the church catechism, or festivals, I can help to a customer."

'"A fair house in Eastcheap, next to the Flower-de-lis, now in the tenure of a smith, with a fair yard, laid with free stone, and a vault underneath, with a cellar under the shop, done with the same stone, is to be sold: I have the disposal of it."

'"I believe I could furnish all the nobility and gentry in England with valuable servants, and such as can have very good recommendation."

'"Mr. David Rose, chirurgeon and man-midwife, lives at the first brick house on the right hand in Gun Yard, Houndsditch, near Aldgate, London. I have known him these twenty years."

'"I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow-chandler."

'"If any want all kind of necessaries for corps, or funerals, I can help to one who can assure me he will use them kindly; and whoever can keep their corps till they can send to London, and have a ready-made coffin sent down, may afterwards have them kept any reasonable time."

'"About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery, to the degree of exactness. His price is £10 or £11 the year, with a pair of sheets, and one spoon: to be returned, if desired: coaches and other conveniences pass every day within half a mile of the house; and 'tis but an easy day's journey to or from London."

'"I know of several men and women whose friends would gladly have them match'd; which I'll endeavour to do, as from time to time I shall hear of such whose circumstances are likely to agree; and I'll assure such as will come to me, it shall be done with all the honour and secresie imaginable. Their own parents shall not manage it more to their satisfaction; and the more comes to me, the better I shall be able to serve 'em."

'From the above, it will be seen, that the advertisers were not in the habit of giving their addresses, but the editor was to do all that was necessary. He engaged to get places, to hire or let houses, to sell all sorts of commodities, and last, not least, to make love for his customers. It would be difficult to find an editor of the present day competent to undertake such various negociations.'

The following extraordinary instance of fanaticism, is avowedly translated from a work entitled 'Narrative of the Atrocities committed in the canton of Zurich, in 1823, by a fanatical Association.' If we mistake not, the account appeared in The Morning Herald, a paper which occasionally presents many curious literary articles, but manifests too strong a *penchant* for foreign atrocities:—

'In the northern part of the canton of Zurich is a little village, or hamlet, named Weldenbuch, the inhabitants of which, amounting to about five and twenty families, are employed in agriculture. Amongst these, the family of Jean Peter was considered to be the most prosperous and happy, until the deplorable event which has plunged them in misery and ignominy. Marguerite Peter, aged twenty-eight years, one of the six children of Jean Peter, had acquired for some years back, amongst the fanatics of the country, a reputation for sanctity. She was considered a woman endowed with supernatural knowledge, and intrusted with a mission from Heaven to resume the torch of faith. Her natural enthusiastic temperament had been excited and nourished by the preachings of certain itinerant missionaries, to such a pitch as to give her, in the ignorant eyes of those around her, an air of inspiration. By this means, she had insensibly acquired a most unbounded influence over her father, her brothers, sisters, and servants; and had even succeeded in forming numerous assemblies of persons of both sexes and all ages, who, in these pious orgies, delivered themselves up to the most revolting practices that folly and superstition can suggest. On the 12th of March, 1823, at seven o'clock in the morning, the neighbours of Jean Peter were surprised to find, contrary to his usual early habits, his house closed, and the windows carefully blinded on the inside. On approaching, they heard a noise, as if proceeding from violent blows of a hatchet, mingled with the confused cries of various persons, and, at length, they heard the following exclamation—'Invoke all the angels above! Invoke all the holy prophets! Implore the aid of all the seraphims! Courage—strike! It is a villain—it is a murderer—strike vigorously!' These strange sounds and exclamations continued until two o'clock, and

were succeeded by a perfect silence, which lasted until nine o'clock in the evening, when the same sounds recommenced, and continued until midnight, when a profound silence again ensued. At ten o'clock the next morning, these lugubrious noises and exclamations again began, and the neighbours could distinctly hear the blows of hatchets as they were struck against the beams and posts of the house. At two o'clock, the noise became so loud and furious, particularly from the upper story, that all the inhabitants of the village gathered round the house; but none of them dared to approach, from fear of a formidable watch-dog, chained near the door. At half past seven o'clock, the noise ceased, but recommenced at midnight with redoubled violence. From Peter's bedchamber the voices of men and women were heard, crying out, "Have pity on us! succour us, God, all powerful! deliver us—strike—it is a villain," &c. After in vain summoning those inside to open the door, the baillie ordered one of the windows to be burst in; and on a light being introduced through it, there were seen five men leaning against the door to prevent it being forced open; a man, apparently dead, was lying on his face on the floor; a groupe of men and women lying upon each other near the door, and, close to them, a woman upon her knees, who was slapping, with the palm of her hand, the body of the man stretched on the floor, and exclaiming, at each slap, "Have pity, have pity!"

'On the door being forced open, the men, urged on by the women, endeavoured to resist the gendarmes, whilst Marguerite Peter continued to slap a woman near her, crying out—"Have pity, Lord!" Two men and two women were then discovered lying in such a manner upon the ground, that the head of a man was in the lap of a woman, and the head of a woman in the lap of a man. The gendarmes being ordered to lead Peter out of the room, the men and women joined in resisting them; but when, in spite of their efforts, he was brought out to the porch of the house, they all hung upon him, drew him to the ground, and formed a circle round him, all closely hugging and embracing each other. When Peter attempted to answer the questions of the magistrate, his daughter Marguerite raised her voice and said to him—"Father, do not answer him, continue only to pray." She then added—"Let us die. I shall quit this life like Christ." The others chimed in with a "Lord deliver us! Lord have pity on us!" The baillie, seeing that it was in vain to attempt bringing them to reason at that moment, ordered them to be left in the porch of their house, and told the crowd to retire, gendarmes being placed in front of the house. At four o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 14th, they appeared to be somewhat calmed, and, at their request, were permitted to enter the house. This was, however, only a deceitful calm, for, on their being left alone, Marguerite Peter ordered the prayers to recommence; to prevent, as she said, "Satan getting the victory over Jesus Christ." These prayers were continued without interruption, till about seven o'clock on Saturday morning. At ten o'clock, the same day, a great number of persons, many of whom had been specially sent for by Marguerite, had assembled in the house. Marguerite made them ascend into one of the upper rooms, and there declared to them, in a prophetic tone, that "the day was at hand when blood should be shed for the salvation of a multitude of souls, and that there was not a moment to be lost, if they wished to snatch the victory from Satan." "I see," added she, "the ghost of my grandmother, who reveals to me, that, in order to save the souls of my father and brothers, it is necessary that one of us should lay down his life. I myself am ready to give mine, in order to redeem with my blood the souls of several millions of the living and the dead." She concluded, by ordering those present to strike their breasts with their hands, which they accordingly did. After this exordium, she seized an iron mallet, and inflicted several blows with it upon her brothers, and upon Ursula Kundig and Moser. Their blood soon flowed in abundance, and the life of her brother had nearly paid the forfeit of the holy vigour with which she applied the mallet. He was hurried away from her devout fury in the arms of a female servant named Marguerite Jaeggli; Elizabeth Peter then offered herself as the first victim, upon which her sister Marguerite, and her friend Ursula Kundig, fell to striking her upon the head, until she expired under their blows. Her sister Susanna, and Henry Ernst, helped on the work of blood with the handle of a large scissors, and a piece of timber torn from the partition. Marguerite then declared to those present, that her sister, though apparently dead, was alive in the spirit, and the Lord would not fail to recal her to visible life. Then, announcing her own resurrection as an approaching event, she commenced preparations for her own suffering.

'It may be asked, what was Peter, the father of the family, doing during these hideous scenes? He was in a room below stairs, very calmly occupied with his domestic affairs. He saw, with the utmost indifference, his son brought down bathed in blood, and in an apparently dying state, and he awaited, with great calmness, the dreadful catastrophe preparing above stairs; so completely had a stupid fanaticism stifled in his heart every natural sentiment. In the mean time, Marguerite seated herself upon the bed, on which was the still palpitating body of her sister, and commenced striking herself on the head with the iron mallet; but, not satisfied with her self-execution, she commands Ursula Kundig to take the fatal instrument and try her hand. This did not even content her, for she exclaimed, that, as she was the expiatory victim offered by Christ to his Father, for the ransom of several millions of souls, it was necessary that she should not only die, but die the death of the cross. At these words, Ursula and the others present shuddered; but she became indignant at their weakness, and said to her friend—"What, do you not wish to do anything for Christ? Take courage, strike; may God strengthen your arm!" At this command, Ursula redoubled her blows, and the blood, which soon followed in abundance, was received in a bucket. This was termed the precious pledge of the redemption of many. Marguerite then called for a razor, and told Ursula to scar her with it round the neck, and to make a crucial incision on her forehead. The trembling hand of Ursula at first refused the horrible office; but Marguerite aroused her courage, by saying, "May God strengthen your arm!—now is the moment of victory—the souls are ransomed, Satan is vanquished. I see him plunging into darkness."

'During the operation, she gave no signs of pain, nor uttered the slightest complaint, unless against the irresolution of her executioner. But all was not yet accomplished. She said that she must be crucified. "What fear you?" said she to those around her, on seeing them hesitate. "My hour is come; I am going to resuscitate my sister, and I myself shall come to life in three days." She then had some pieces of timber placed upon the bed in form of a cross. Upon these she laid herself, and, at her request, John Moser, Susannah Peter, and Ursula Kundig, commenced nailing her to the cross. Following her reiterated orders, they drove nails into her hands and feet, and into the articulation of her elbows, and through her breast; Marguerite, in the midst of these hellish operations, never uttering the slightest plaint. She only found fault with the want of vigour of her executioners. From time to time she exclaimed, "I feel no pain—be strong, in order that Jesus Christ may conquer." Thus fixed upon the cross, and so transpierced with nails that her body was but one wound, she cried, with a loud voice, "Rejoice you with me, that God may rejoice with you in Heaven!" and, at another moment, "As the woman in labour cannot retard the hour of her deliverance, so must my death-warrant be accomplished, in order that the souls yet in the power of Satan may be saved."

'To Conrad Moser, who endeavoured repeatedly to persuade her to put an end to her sufferings, she only replied, "Do what I command you." The crucifixion being completed, Marguerite told them to drive a nail into her heart, or to split her head. Ursula Kundig, who obeyed, most implicitly, the wishes of her friend, endeavoured to pierce her skull with a knife, but the point turning, she cried out in a kind of frantic transport, and looking at those near her with a wild and haggard air, "What! must I do everything myself? Will no one come to my aid?" Upon hearing this apostrophe, and after a fresh order from Marguerite, the youngest of the Mosers seised an iron mallet, and, aided by Ursula Kundig, soon broke to pieces the skull of the victim. A low moan announced to them that the horrid mystery was all at an end,—the unfortunate wretch had ceased to breathe. When the slaughter was over, and that the hellish excitation of the perpetration had subsided a little, some feeling of horror came over them. At the sight of the mutilated bodies, they shed tears in abundance, and evinced, if not remorse, at least inquietude. However, they soon re-assured themselves by the conviction

that they had only performed the most sacred of duties, in obeying the inspired commands of one whose death was to bring salvation to thousands. All these individuals were taken up, and transferred to the prisons of Zurich, whither, also, the bodies of the victims were transported, and examined in the presence of several members of the tribunals, physicians, surgeons, and medical students. Never, probably, was there a more hideous spectacle than that offered upon this occasion, by these mutilated and mangled bodies, streaming with a thousand wounds, black and livid from numberless bruises and contusions. Near them were exposed the instruments of death, covered with clotted gore, and portions of flesh, brain, and blood. Eleven individuals were tried upon this occasion. Each of them addressed the court, and made a public avowal of their monstrous conduct. None of them were condemned to death. The sentence was, that they should be led through the streets in the day time, the bells ringing, to the Town Hall, and there hear the judgment of the court read; and thence they were to be conducted to the principal church, there to listen to a sermon analogous to the occasion; after which, they were to be confined in the house of correction—Ursula Kundig, for fourteen years; Conrad Moser, and John Peter, eight years; Susannah Peter and John Moser, six years; and the other four, three, two, and one year; and two of them only six months. They were to be put to labour pronounced to their ages, sex, and strength. The seven men were, moreover, declared to have lost their political rights for the rest of their lives. The house of Jean Peter was ordered to be razed to the ground, the materials sold for the benefit of the poor, with the exception of the timber and furniture of the room in which the murders were committed, and which were to be burned. It was, moreover, expressly forbidden ever to erect any building upon the site of the house of Jean Peter. The Cantonal Consistory was charged with looking to the support and condition of a child of Marguerite Peter, the fruit of an adulterous commerce with Jacques Morf.

'The condemned heard their sentence with a resigned air, and with some signs of repentance. Ursula Kundig and Conrad Moser appeared grateful for the clemency used towards them; but old Peter seemed inconsolable, on hearing that his house was to be demolished. Since their confinement, they have behaved with decency and docility. Jaques Morf, the man by whom Marguerite Peter, the ill-fated heroine of this tale of horror, had a child, was a shoemaker. She seemed to have been devotedly attached to him. A part of one of her letters to him is as follows:—"Ah, why are you more dear to me than my mouth can utter? Why have I vowed so much to love you? The Friday after your departure I again ascended the hill where we took leave of each other. I kept my eyes for a long time fixed upon the spot where you live. I recognised the chateau of Kybourg. Since that moment I have often fallen into my delicious reverie."—And farther on—"Oh, my soul! Oh, my beloved child! Oh, child of love—yes, you are born of God, who is love himself. Nothing can tear thee from my tenderness; oh, thou that I love more than myself," &c. About ten days before the horrible sacrifice described, Marguerite Peter declared to her followers that she had a new revelation from Heaven, which warned her that Napoleon was about to revisit the earth for the purpose of scourging mankind; and that after him would come his son, the young Duke of Reichstadt, under the figure of the Son of God, and that he would be the real Anti-Christ: that she was called to combat him, and present him from becoming master of the world; that the signal for the great fight would shortly be given. This was the habitual text of her conversation during the late days of her life. Though the events at Weldensbuch excited only horror amongst the great majority of the public, yet were there many, both at Zurich and other parts of Switzerland, who talked of these monstrosities with transports of admiration. Numbers, from various parts, repaired to Weldensbuch; and one person, in the ardour of his zeal, was seen to scrape the blood from off the walls and furniture of the apartment, and bear it away as a sacred relic. Were it not for the wise precaution of the magistrates, in exposing the bodies of the victims to public view, their promised resurrection would have been soon spread through the country, and credited by the fanatics. The authors of the narrative state their regret at not being at liberty to expose to public indignation the measures put in practice to trouble the peace of the canton of Zurich, and excite a spirit of fanaticism here. This, they say, they have been interdicted from doing, and must confine themselves to stating, that the origin of this fanaticism is very recent, and may be dated from the period when certain travellers, well known for the exaltation of their religious doctrines, unfortunately chose Switzerland as their residence, and the theatre of their religious exhibitions.'

This neat and interesting little volume is enriched with eight well executed copperplate engravings by Mr. R. Williamson, which enhance its value without materially increasing the price.

THE BEAUTIES OF WILTSHIRE.

(Concluded from p. 626.)

In resuming our notice of Mr. Britton's work, we shall not indulge in a second exordium, but proceed at once to reap, not glean, from the harvest he has provided. At Littlecott House, about two miles west of Hungerford, the walls of the great hall are hung with numerous remains of ancient armour. This house belongs to a General Popham; it was anciently the property of the Darells, by one of whom it was sold to Judge Popham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;—he, of whom Fuller says, that, 'in his youthful days, was as stout and skilful a man at sword and buckler as any in that age, and wild enough in his recreations.' In describing this house, Mr. Britton relates a curious story:—

'Here is also an antique table, stretching almost from one end of the hall to the other, and likewise a very curious arm-chair, which is said to have been used by Judge Popham. A pair of elk's horns, measuring seven feet six inches from tip to tip, likewise decorates this apartment. The picture gallery, which extends along the garden front of the house, one hundred and fifteen feet in length, contains numerous portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. Among them are portraits of Judge Popham and of Nell Gwyn, by Verelst.

'Some mysterious circumstances connected with the last of the Darell family, who resided at Littlecott, are still traditionally preserved in the neighbourhood, and the extraordinary tale of terror which they involve was a few years since extensively circulated in a note to Sir Walter Scott's popular poem of Rokeby. The substance of this narrative is as follows:—

'On a dark rainy night in November, an old midwife, who resided in Berkshire, was suddenly summoned to attend a lady in labour, for which she was told she should be liberally rewarded; but as secrecy was necessary, she must submit to be conveyed blindfolded to the place where her assistance was required. She consented, and a handkerchief having been bound over her eyes, she was mounted on horseback behind the person who came for her. After a long and rough journey, she was brought to a house, and led through many seemingly extensive apartments till she arrived at a room, in which, on her eyes being uncovered, she saw the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and also a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. After the lady was delivered, this man again made his appearance, and snatching the child from the midwife, threw it on a large fire, blazing in the chimney. The child, struggling amidst its torments, rolled from the flames upon the hearth. The man again seized it, and in spite of the entreaties of the midwife and the agonized mother thrust it under the grate, and destroyed it by heaping on it live coals. The midwife was then handsomely paid, and conveyed to her home in the same manner in which she had left it. Soon afterwards, the woman went before a magistrate, and disclosed the horrid deed she had witnessed. She had adopted two methods to identify the scene of the murder. While sitting at the bedside of her patient, she cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and brought it away with her, and she had also taken the precaution to count the steps of the stairs, down which she had been led blindfolded. Some suspicious circumstances attached to the conduct of the then owner of Littlecott House, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He was tried at the next Salisbury assizes; but, notwithstanding the evidence of the midwife, he escaped punishment, as is reported, by bribing the judge. His death, a few months after, owing to a fall from his horse, was considered as the judgment of Heaven, and the sale where the accident happened is still called Darell's Stile. This event must have taken place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

Avebury is celebrated for its ancient temple and earth works, on which there are vague

rious opinions. Mr. Britton has given an engraving of this monument or temple, as it is presumed to have been originally, and a description of its present state:—

'In the midst of a wide tract of generally flat country, bounded by a continued but irregular range of hills, at the distance of a mile on the east, by another range more lofty, about three miles to the south, and by rising grounds on the west and north is situated the village of Avebury; the greater part of which is encircled by a deep and wide ditch, and a lofty rampart, or, as Aubrey calls them, a graff and a vallum. Within the enclosure are some very large masses or blocks of stone, standing erect, whilst others lie on the ground. At some distance, to the south of the village, other stones are seen both erect and prostrate, and two more stand about half a mile west from the vallum. Masses of broken stones, which originally formed part of the monument, have been employed in constructing the houses and walls of the village; and modern economy and customs have, in other respects, infringed on the original arrangement of this venerable structure.

'In its entire state, this temple must have presented a very singular and imposing appearance. A large flat area of ground was surrounded by a deep ditch and a high mound of earth. That this entrenchment was not intended as a fortress against external attacks, is evident from the mound or vallum being placed on the outside of the ditch. The inner slope of the bank may, perhaps, have been prepared for the accommodation of an assembled concourse of people, who might thence witness the ceremonies or services performed within the enclosure, into which they were restrained from entering by the surrounding ditch. This notion is supported by the appearance of a terrace, or ledge, formed, about midway, between the bottom of the ditch and the top of the vallum: that may, however, have been merely the original surface of the ground left uncovered, between the outer edge of the ditch and the beginning of the rampart, formed by the excavated soil. The enclosure is of nearly a circular form, but irregular, and of vast extent, its diameter within the ditch being, at the widest part, about one thousand two hundred and sixty feet, from east to west, and the circumference, on the top of the vallum at least four thousand four hundred and forty-two feet: the area contains about twenty-eight acres and a half.

'Immediately within the ditch, and encompassing the whole area, was a continued series of large upright stones, one hundred in number, placed at nearly equal distances, about twenty-seven feet asunder, the general dimensions of which were from twelve to seventeen feet in height, above the ground, and from twenty to forty feet in circumference. At the time Aubrey penned his account of this circle, in 1663, there remained thirty-one of these stones in their erect position, but he does not notice those which had fallen. In 1722, when Dr. Stukeley wrote his description, eighteen of them were standing, and twenty-seven were thrown down, or reclining: at present fifteen only remain, ten of which are standing, and five fallen. Towards the middle of the area were two double concentric circles, both having the same number of stones, similarly arranged. The exterior circles (in diameter about four hundred and sixty-six feet) were each formed by thirty stones of large dimensions, placed nearly equally distant the one from the other. The interior circles were composed of twelve stones of the like proportions, placed at equal intervals. Within the southernmost double circles was an upright stone of larger dimensions than any of the others, as it was more than twenty feet high, above ground. Within the northernmost circles was a group of stones, which has been variously termed a *kebla*, cove, cell, cromlech, and altar. It was formed of three stones standing perpendicularly, on the top of which, those who suppose they formed an altar imagine that a large flat stone was placed, by way of impost; but this is not probable. Near this, on the ground, lay a stone of considerable size, resembling that called the altar-stone of Stonehenge.

'There appears to have been originally two entrances, viz. from the south-east and from the west. These were approached by two avenues, each of which was formed by a double row of upright stones, extending from the circle about a mile and a half in length. Each of these rows consisted of one hundred stones, placed nearly equidistant from each other.

'One of these avenues, stretching south-east to Overton Hill, terminated in a double concentric circle, or oval, of stones of smaller dimensions than those already noticed: the outer range consisted of forty stones, most of which were about five feet high, and the inner of eighteen stones of a larger size. The diameter of the exterior circle, according to Stukeley, was one hundred and thirty-eight feet four inches, by one hundred and fifty-five feet six inches. The inner circle was forty-four feet eleven inches and a half, by fifty-one feet ten inches and a half diameter. Aubrey describes this avenue to have extended, in nearly a straight line, first towards the south, from the great circle to the London road, where it turned at an angle to the east; whilst Dr. Stukeley represents it as proceeding in a waving or serpentine line. The western avenue, consisting also of about two hundred stones, and extending the same distance from the temple, was terminated by a single stone, and, according to Dr. Stukeley, was the tail of the serpent. Near this end are some barrows, and about the middle of the avenue there were two large lofty stones, called the cove.'

Dr. Stukeley supposes this temple to have consisted originally of six hundred and fifty-seven stones; most of these have, however, been broken into pieces, and used as building materials, or to mend the roads. Mr. Britton quotes, at great length, the contradictory opinions of various writers, as to the origin of this temple, which, we have no doubt, was constructed by the Druids, for religious purposes; he also gives a good description of Earl Stoke Park, the seat of G. Watson Taylor, with a catalogue of the most celebrated pictures in the gallery there:

'About three miles west of Earl Stoke, is the village of Edington, the church of which demands a particular examination, as it will excite the admiration of the architectural antiquary. It is a large, handsome, and truly interesting edifice, and if not wholly built by William de Edington, the celebrated bishop of Winchester, there can be little doubt but that the chancel was executed by him, when other parts of the building were adorned and renewed. The windows, niches, buttresses, pinnacles, &c. of the former, are very fine examples of the Christian architecture of the age when the bishop lived, and will be found to afford satisfactory evidence of being coeval with, and analogous to, the west front of Winchester Cathedral. The church consists of a nave, with corresponding ailes—a transept, with a tower at the intersection, a chancel at the east end, and a large lofty porch at the south side. Between the nave and south aisle is an altar tomb beneath a canopy, with a side door-way, &c. charged with ornamental tracery, shields, &c. In the south transept is another large and ancient monument, with an effigy, beneath a canopy, ornamented with tracery, shields, &c. The monogram T. B., and the figure of a tun, or cask, with a bolt, imply that it commemorates T. Bolton, who was a priest of the adjoining college of Bonhommes.

'William de Edington, a native of this place, founded a chantry or college here for a dean and twelve ministers, about the year 1347; but these, by desire of Edward the Black Prince, were changed, in 1358, to a sort of reformed friars, called Bonhommes, who were governed by a rector. In the 33d year of Henry VIII. the establishment was dissolved, and the site, &c. granted to Sir Thomas Seymour; and afterwards (3d of Edward VI.) the same was given to William Paulet, Lord St. John.

'According to Dugdale, the annual revenues of this college, at the time of the dissolution, amounted to £442. 9s. 7½d.; but Speed states their gross amount at £521. 12s. 5½d. annually.'

'Bishop Edington, as stated in the preceding page, was born in this village; but neither the year of his birth, nor the condition of his parents, appear to have been recorded. His early life is equally obscure; and we are only informed, by Godwin, that he was some time a student at Oxford, where, it appears, he attained a proficiency in all the scholastic learning of his age. Having acquired the acquaintance and favour of Edward the Third, who highly regarded him for his distinguished talents, he was, in April 1345, made treasurer of England; and in the following year, May the 14th, consecrated bishop of Winchester. This latter promotion was bestowed by papal provision, at the king's special desire, the monks having previously elected John le Devenith, one of their own body, to fill the vacant see; but, by way of compromise, he was made abbot of Canterbury. Whilst executing the office of treasurer, Bishop Edington, in 1350, caused a new coinage of groats and half-

groats ("coyne," says Godwin, "not seene in England before," but, as Fuller quaintly remarks, "both readier for *change*, and fitter for *charity*,") to be made; but these, in order to supply the exigencies of government, were of less weight than their nominal distinction purported them to be, according to their sterling value. This laid the foundation of a practice, which being afterwards followed by succeeding princes, occasioned such a rise in the price of every kind of commodity as well as labour, that Godwin, writing in Queen Elizabeth's reign, says, "no marvell if things be solde for treble the price that they were three hundred yeeres ago," since "five shillings hath now scarce so much silver in it as five groats then had."

'In 1350, on the institution of the Order of the Garter, Bishop Edington was appointed the first prelate, or chancellor, of the order; a dignity which was to descend to all his successors, bishops of Winchester. In February, 1357, he was constituted chancellor of England; and about nine years afterwards, on the decease of Archbishop Islip, in April 1366, he was elected to the vacant metropolitan see, which he is stated to have refused, using (as the report goeth) this speech:—"Canterbury is the higher racke, but Winchester is the better manger." This reflection on the bishop's memory is not justified by what we know of the general munificence of his character; and the most probable reason is, that he declined the archiepiscopal pall in consequence of his advanced age and increasing infirmities: he died, indeed, in the same year, on the 8th of October, and was buried in the nave of Winchester cathedral, which he had begun to rebuild at his own expense, and he also bequeathed a considerable sum of money to proceed with the work.

'Fuller, referring to Speed's Catalogue of Religious Houses in Wiltshire, says, "Some condemn him (Edington) for robbing Peter (to whom, with St. Swithin, Winchester church was dedicated), to pay All-Saints collectively, (to whom Edendon Convent was consecrated), suffering his episcopal palaces to decay and drop down, whilst he raised up his new foundation." He subjoins, with a sort of Hibernian *naïveté*: "This he *dearly paid* for *after his death*, when his executors were sued for dilapidations by his successour, William Wikeham (an excellent architect, and therefore well knowing how to proportion his charges for reparations), who recovered of them £1662. 10s.; a vast sum in *that age*, though paid in the lighter groats and half-groats. Besides this, his executors were forced to make good the standing-stock of the bishoprick, which in his time was impaired, viz.: oxen, 1556; weathers, 4117; ewes, 3521; lambes, 3521; swine, 127."'

To the history, Mr. Britton has added a list of provincial words peculiar to Wiltshire, a catalogue of its monasteries, the date of their foundation and value; a list of the seats of noblemen and gentlemen, and of the eminent men Wiltshire has produced; local acts of Parliament, the geology of the country, and a catalogue of books, maps, and prints, connected with Wiltshire. The work is altogether a valuable one, and is highly creditable to the industry and taste of Mr. Britton. It appears, by a note, that—

'The custom of wassailing is still continued in North Wiltshire. A party of men assemble in the evening, and having obtained a cheese bowl, decorate it with two intersecting hoops covered with ribands, and proceed to the principal farm-houses, &c. of a parish, at the doors of which they sing the common wassailing song, after which they are generally regaled with strong beer and toast.'

The Slave Colonies of Great Britain; or a Picture of Negro Slavery, drawn by the Colonists themselves. 8vo. pp. 164. London, 1825. Hatchard and Son.

As this pamphlet is an abstract of the various papers recently laid before Parliament on the subject of the slave-trade, of which we gave a copious analysis some weeks ago, much of the interest it would otherwise possess, has been anticipated in *The Literary Chronicle*: as, however, it gives the substance of numerous documents, too voluminous for ordinary perusal, and inaccessible as they are to the great body of the public, it is a work of considerable importance. It displays the odious traffic as it really exists, and as the colonists, who are made to describe their own system, admit it to exist,—the proofs of its iniquity being drawn from the colonial laws, from other colonial records of unquestionable authority, or from the evidence of colonial proprietors. What that system is we have already pointed out. To the analysis, the editor of this pamphlet adds some sensible observations on the folly of expecting that the colonial legislatures will ever reform the system or abolish slavery. In these observations, after noticing that the picture of colonial slavery which the analysis exhibits is that of the present day, and the laws are held forth as models of enlightened and beneficent legislation, the writer says:—

'We have heard much, it is true, of the improvement which has taken place in West-Indian legislalation, and those who deny it have been charged with misrepresentation. But the public have now an opportunity of judging for themselves. In the ameliorated slave codes now brought before them, they will find the proof, the irrefragable proof, of the determined pertinacity with which the colonists cleave to the worst errors, and most revolting deformities of their system.—That such would be the result of a reference of this great question to the decision of the colonial assemblies, we never doubted for a moment. We had been instructed by the wisdom and philosophy of many great authorities, as to the hopelessness of any benefit from such a course; and we had the still more impressive lessons of experience to convince us that we could expect nothing from it but disaster, disappointment, and delay. Our opinions on the subject have never been more admirably or accurately expressed, than they were by Mr. Canning, in a speech on the slave trade made by him in 1799. "Trust not," says that enlightened statesman, making the sentiment of a previous speaker his own, "trust not to the masters of slaves in what concerns legislation for slavery. However specious their laws may appear, depend upon it they must be ineffectual in their operation. It is in the nature of things that they should be so."—"Let, then, the British House of Commons do their part themselves. Let them not delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly. Let the evil be remedied by an assembly of freemen, by the government of a free people, and not by the masters of slaves. Their laws can never reach, could never cure the evil." "There is something in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slave, which makes despotism in all cases, and under all circumstances, an incompetent and unsure executor even of its own provisions in favour of the objects of its power."

'The eternal truth of these maxims applied at the time to the slave trade, loses none of its force when applied to slavery; and it has been abundantly confirmed by the fatal experience of nearly thirty years, which have since elapsed, of protracted misery and oppression to the slave, and of unceasing resistance on the part of the master to every effort to alleviate that misery or to terminate that oppression. What indeed now remains to us, but to act on the wise and salutary counsel given to us in 1799, and our past neglect of which has entailed so many evils on the wretched African race? Let the British House of Commons do their part themselves, and let them not continue any longer to delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly.

'And this is a course which not only the Parliament generally, but those members of it in particular, who are connected with the West Indies, seem bound to adopt. It appears from the papers we have now had under review, that the order in council for Trinidad was framed (with the exception of one point, that of the evidence of slaves,) on the suggestion of the West Indian body in England. The plan, therefore, was theirs; it was adopted on their recommendation, and was supported in Parliament by their concurrence. It has been contumaciously rejected, however, by the colonists; and now neither Parliament nor the West India body can, with propriety, decline the only means of carrying their own propositions into effective operation. The measures already adopted constitute a formal recognition of the existence of certain evils, which the authors of those measures have pledged themselves to remove. To this extent therefore, at the least, we trust that the West Indians will support Mr. Brougham when he shall fulfil his promise of moving the House of Commons on the subject. On them indeed, more than on others, it seems incumbent to second the motion for parliamentary legislation. Such a proceeding is necessary not only to vindicate the sincerity of their own professions in the counsel they have given to his majesty's ministers, but to rescue themselves from any share in that headstrong and ruinous line of policy which their brethren in the colonies seem determined at all hazard to pursue. If no one else were to take the matter up, we should consider the West Indian proprietors in both

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houses of parliament as bound by a regard to consistency, and by a sense of justice to their wretched bondsmen, to call for the interference of Parliament. Not a few of them are the strenuous advocates of popular rights, and the sworn enemies to oppression, at least in Europe. Let them show that the operation of their principles is not bounded by geographical limits, or by the colour of the victims of oppression, or by the degree in which their own personal interests may be effected by a denial of justice. They will then be able, when they re-appear on the hustings of those places which they represent, to vindicate more fearlessly and effectually their claim to the popular suffrage.

'We have hitherto confined our remarks to the single point of legislation; and we think it has been shown that it is the very height of fatuity to continue to look to the colonial assemblies for any adequate improvement of the state of the slave law. They are themselves the authors of every legislative wrong which is to be rectified, and of every oppression which is to be redressed. They consist, almost to a man, of slave-masters, or at least of the representatives of slave masters, hardened by familiarity to the sight of those atrocities which have so shocked and astounded the people of Great Britain. And they are surrounded and controlled by a population of needy, ignorant, and profligate constituents, who derive their distinction from the utter degradation of the Negro race, and wretched subsistence from the wages they receive as the drivers and coercers of slaves.

'But the papers which we have analysed exhibit a view not only of West-Indian legislation, but of the administration of West-India law. Here a new field of horrors opens upon us. And here again we derive our proofs of the radical iniquity of the system, exclusively, from the recorded testimony of the colonists themselves. They are our witnesses. We do not confine this remark to those domestic punishments of which we have so curious an exhibition in the returns from Trinidad, and of which neither law nor justice but mere individual caprice is the arbiter. We allude rather to their criminal slave court;—to the nature and imperfections of the judicial returns from the fiscal of Demerara;—to the trials of the insurgents in that colony in 1823 (which, however, are not comprehended in the returns that form the subject of the preceding analysis;—to the impunity of the white insurgents of Barbadoes; and, above all, to the reports of the trials of the alleged black conspirators in Jamaica, in which every species of judicial irregularity appears to find a place;—and to the barefaced oppressions exercised in that island towards some of the people of colour. Let these things be fully weighed, and neither the government nor the Parliament can hesitate as to the imperative necessity of radically reforming a system which produces such abominations as have been detailed;—such perversions of the very forms of law to purposes of cruelty and oppression, as can only find their parallel in the execrated proceedings of Judge Jefferies, or in the practical jurisprudence of Constantinople, Morocco, or Algiers.

'These things must come to an end, and that speedily.—They must come to an end, because neither the government, nor the Parliament, nor the people of England can tolerate them much longer; and even if the government and the Parliament and the people of England should be so lost to a sense of their obligations, as to suffer them to continue, they must find their close in one of those convulsions which will involve white and black, master and slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, in one common and undistinguishing and overwhelming calamity. Such must, sooner or later, be the effect of going on to delegate, to the colonial assemblies, the solemn duty, which Parliament alone can discharge, of giving to the black and coloured population of our colonies the protection of law, and a pure administration of justice.

'We are, at the same time, well aware of the preponderating influence which the West-Indian proprietors possess in both houses of parliament. This alone could have prevented, for twenty long years, the abolition of the slave trade. This alone could, for fifteen years more, have paralyzed every effort which was made to rouse the attention of the government and the Parliament to the enormities of the slave system, and to the utter worthlessness and inefficiency of all the pretended improvements adopted by the colonial assemblies! To this cause must we also ascribe it, that almost every public functionary in the slave colonies, is either a proprietor of slaves, or the known partizan of the slave system;—that not only many governors, and judges, and attorney-generals, and fiscals, and registrars are taken from the class of slave holders and their friends, but that, even under the new order of things, this class has been made to supply protectors and sub-protectors of slaves, the very officers on whose zeal, fidelity, and disinterestedness its whole efficiency depends;—that we should be burdened with imposts, and our commerce fettered by impolitic and injurious restrictions, in order to enable the colonists to perpetuate their demoralizing and murderous system;—that the interests of one hundred millions of British subjects in India, in addition to those of Great Britain herself, should be sacrificed to about two thousand planters and merchants;—and that all the benefits which would have flowed to us from establishing international relations with Hayti should have been contemned, her overtures rejected, and her offered favours scorned, until she has at length been driven to throw herself again into the arms of France.'

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(Continued from p. 650.)

CONTOUS as our extracts last week were from this excellent work, we are sure our readers will be anxious to be still better acquainted with it. Mr. Moore, by its publication, has added a new wreath to his literary laurels; he had been accused of indolence, and the public began to despair of his long-promised and anxiously expected Memoir of Sheridan—the promise he has redeemed, and ably; it is true his work does not abound so much in anecdote as it might have done, and we know a gentleman who could, we suspect, furnish nearly as bulky a *tome* of the recollections of Sheridan; there is, however, a straitforward frankness and sincerity in the work, which cannot be too much praised. The estimate of the much-abused character of Sheridan does Mr. Moore much credit, and must go far to redeem it from an unmerited reproach. He says:—

'There are few persons, as we have seen, to whose kind and affectionate conduct, in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honourable testimonies remain. The pains he took to win back the estranged feelings of his father, and the filial tenderness with which he repaid long years of parental caprice, show a heart that had, at least, set out by the right road, however, in after years, it may have missed the way. The enthusiastic love which his sister bore him, and retained, unblighted by distance or neglect, is another proof of the influence of his amiable feelings, at that period of life when he was as yet unspoiled by the world. We have seen the romantic fondness which he preserved towards the first Mrs. Sheridan, even while doing his utmost, and in vain, to extinguish the same feeling in her. With the second wife, a course, nearly similar, was run;—the same "scatterings and eclipses" of affection, from the irregularities and vanities in which he continued to indulge, but the same hold kept of each other's hearts to the last. Her early letters to him breathe a passion little short of idolatry, and her devoted attentions beside his death-bed showed that the essential part of the feeling still remained.

'To claim an exemption for frailties and irregularities on the score of genius, while there are such names as Milton and Newton on record, were to be blind to the example which these and other great men have left, of the grandest intellectual powers combined with the most virtuous lives. But, for the bias given early to the mind by education and circumstances, even the least charitable may be inclined to make large allowances. We have seen how idly the young days of Sheridan were wasted—how soon he was left (in the words of the prophet) "to dwell carelessly," and with what an undisciplined temperament he was thrown upon the world, to meet at every step that never-failing spring of temptation, which, like the fatal fountain in the garden of Armida, sparkles up for ever in the path way of such a man:—

"Un fonte sorge in lei, che vaghe e monde
Ha l'acque sì, che i riguardanti asseta.
Ma dentro ai freddi suoi cristalli asconde
Di tosco estran malvagia secreta."

'Even marriage, which is among the sedatives of other men's lives, but formed a part of the romance of his. The very attractions of his wife increased his danger, by doubling, as it were, the power of the world over him, and leading him astray by her light as well as by his own. Had his talents, even then, been subjected to the merge of a profession, there was still a chance that benefit

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and the round of regularity which it requires, might have infused some spirit of order into his life. But the stage—his glory and his ruin—opened upon him; and the property of which it made him master was exactly of that treacherous kind, which not only deceives a man himself, but enables him to deceive others, and thus combined all that a person of his carelessness and ambition had most to dread. An uncertain income, which, by eluding calculation, gives an excuse for improvidence, and, still more fatal, a facility of raising money, by which the lesson that the pressure of distress brings with it, is evaded till it comes too late to be of use—such was the dangerous power put into his hands, in his six-and-twentieth year, and amidst the intoxication of as deep and quick draughts of fame as ever young author quaffed. Scarcely had the zest of this excitement begun to wear off, when he was suddenly transported into another sphere, where successes still more flattering to his vanity awaited him. Without any increase of means, he became the companion and friend of the first nobles and princes, and paid the usual tax of such unequal friendships, by, in the end, losing them and ruining himself. The vicissitudes of a political life, and those deceitful vistas into office that were for ever opening on his party, made his hopes as fluctuating and uncertain as his means, and encouraged the same delusive calculations on both. He seemed, at every new turn of affairs, to be on the point of redeeming himself; and the confidence of others in his resources was no less fatal to him than his own, as it but increased the facilities of ruin that surrounded him.

'Such a career as this—so shaped towards wrong, so inevitably devious—it is impossible to regard otherwise than with the most charitable allowances. It was one long paroxysm of excitement—no pause for thought—no inducements to prudence—the attractions all drawing the wrong way, and a voice, like that which Bossuet describes, crying inexorably from behind him, "On, on!" Instead of wondering at the wreck that followed all this, our only surprise should be, that so much remained uninjured through the trial, —that his natural good feelings should have struggled to the last with his habits, and his sense of all that was right in conduct so long survived his ability to practise it.

'Numerous, however, as were the causes that concurred to disorganize his moral character, in his pecuniary embarrassment lay the source of those blemishes that discredited him most in the eyes of the world. He might have indulged his vanity and his passions, like others, with but little loss of reputation, if the consequence of these indulgences had not been obtruded upon observation in the forbidding form of debts and distresses. So much did his friend Richardson, who thoroughly knew him, consider his whole character to have been influenced by the straitened circumstances in which he was placed, that he used often to say, "If an enchanter could, by the touch of his wand, endow Sheridan suddenly with fortune, he would instantly transform him into a most honourable and moral man." As some corroboration of this opinion, I must say that, in the course of the inquiries which my task of biographer imposed upon me, I have found all who were ever engaged in pecuniary dealings with him, not excepting those who suffered most severely by his irregularities (among which class I may cite the respected name of Mr. Hammersley), unanimous in expressing their conviction that he always meant fairly and honourably; and that to the inevitable pressure of circumstances alone, any failure that occurred in his engagements was to be imputed.

'There cannot, indeed, be a stronger exemplification of the truth, that a want of regularity* becomes itself a vice, from the manifold evils to which it leads, than the whole history of Mr. Sheridan's pecuniary transactions. So far from never paying his debts, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, always paying;—but in such a careless and indiscriminate manner, and with so little justice to himself or others, as often to leave the respectable creditor to suffer for his patience, while the fraudulent dun was paid two or three times over. Never examining accounts nor referring to receipts, he seemed as if (in imitation of his own Charles, preferring generosity to justice) he wished to make *paying* as like as possible to *giving*. Interest, too, with its usual, silent accumulation, swelled every debt; and I have found several instances among his accounts where the interest upon a small sum had been suffered to increase till it outgrew the principal; —"*minima pars ipsa puella sui*."

'Notwithstanding all this, however, his debts were by no means so considerable as has been supposed. In the year 1808, he empowered Sir R. Berkely, Mr. Peter Moore, and Mr. Frederick Homan, by power of attorney, to examine into his pecuniary affairs and take measures for the discharge of all claims upon him. These gentlemen, on examination, found that his *bonâ fide* debts were about £10,000, while his apparent debts amounted to five or six times as much. Whether from conscientiousness or from pride, however, he would not suffer any of the claims to be contested, but said that the demands were all fair, and must be paid just as they were stated;—though it was well known that many of them had been satisfied more than once. These gentlemen, accordingly, declined to proceed any further with their commission.

'On the same false feeling he acted in 1813-14, when the balance due on the sale of his theatrical property was paid him, in a certain number of shares. When applied to by any creditor, he would give him one of these shares, and allowing his claim, entirely on his own showing, leave him to pay himself out of it, and refund the balance. This irregular at all times, even when most washing to be right, he deprived himself of its merit and advantages; and, where he happened to be just, left it doubtful (as Locke says of those religious people, who believe right by chance, without examination), "whether even the luckiness of the accident excused the irregularity of the proceeding!."

'The consequence, however, of this continual paying was that the number of his creditors gradually diminished, and that ultimately the amount of his debts was, taking all circumstances into account, by no means considerable. Two years after his death it appeared by a list made up by his solicitor, from claims sent into him, in consequence of an advertisement in the newspapers, that the *bonâ fide* debts amounted to above £5,500.

'If, therefore, we consider his pecuniary irregularities in reference to the injury that they inflicted upon others, the quantum of evil for which he is responsible becomes, after all, not so great. There are many persons in the enjoyment of fair characters in the world, who would be happy to have no deeper encroachment upon the property of others to answer for; and who may well wonder by what unlucky management Sheridan could contrive to found so extensive a reputation for bad pay upon so small an amount of debt.

'Let it never, too, be forgotten, in estimating this part of his character, that had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded

* 'His improvidence in everything connected with money was most remarkable. He would frequently be obliged to stop on his journies, for want of the means of getting on, and to remain living expensively at an inn, till a remittance could reach him. His letters to the treasurer of the theatre on these occasions were generally headed with the words "Money-bound." A friend of his told me, that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay upon the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on the seals, said, to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present, "I see we are all treated alike" Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over this table, a letter which he had himself sent, a few weeks before, to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note, to release him from some inn, but which Mr. Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter, and reserved the enclosure for some future exigence.

'Among instances of his inattention to letters, the following is mentioned. Going one day to the banking-house, where he was accustomed to receive his salary, as receiver of Cornwall, and where they sometimes accommodated him with small sums before the regular time of payment, he asked, with all due humility, whether they could oblige him with the loan of twenty pounds. "Certainly, sir," said the clerk, "Would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?". Sheridan, all smiles and gratitude, answered that a hundred pounds would be of the greatest convenience to him. "Perhaps you would like to take two hundred or three?" said the clerk. At every increase of the sum, the surprise of the borrower increased. "Have not you then received our letter?" said the clerk;—on which it turned out, that in consequence of the falling in of some fine, a sum of twelve hundred pounds had been lately placed to the credit of the receiver-general, and that, from not having opened the letter written to apprize him, he had been left in ignorance of his good luck.'

† 'Chapter on Reason.'

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the means of being independent and respectable in private. He might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary. He might (to use a fine expression of his own) have "hid his head in a coronet," instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public gratitude. While, therefore, we admire the great sacrifice that he made, let us be tolerant to the errors and imprudences which it entailed upon him; and, recollecting how vain it is to look for anything unalloyed in this world, rest satisfied with the martyr, without requiring also the saint.'

Adverting to the political career of Sheridan, we find, that—

'During the indisposition of the king, in 1788, the Whigs expected to come in on the appointment of a regency, and Sheridan, with great tact, had nearly drawn Lord Thurlow from Pitt's party, but from some cause or other, the wily chancellor slipped through his hands.

'What were the motives that induced Lord Thurlow to break off so suddenly his negotiation with the prince's party, and declare himself with such vehemence on the side of the king and Mr. Pitt, it does not appear very easy to ascertain. Possibly, from his opportunities of visiting the royal patient, he had been led to conceive sufficient hopes of recovery, to incline the balance of his speculation that way; or, perhaps, in the influence of Lord Loughborough * over Mr. Fox, he saw a risk of being supplanted in his views on the great seal. Whatever may have been the motive, it is certain that his negotiation with the Whigs had been amicably carried on till within a few hours of his delivery of that speech, from whose enthusiasm the public could little suspect how fresh from the incomplete bargain of defection was the speaker, and in the course of which he gave vent to the well-known declaration, that "his debt of gratitude to his majesty was ample, for the many favours he had graciously conferred upon him, which, when he forgot, might God forget him!" †

'As it is not my desire to imitate those biographers who swell their pages with details that belong more properly to history, I shall forbear to enter into a minute or consecutive narrative of the proceedings of Parliament on the important subject of the regency. A writer of political biography has a right, no doubt, like an engineer who constructs a navigable canal, to lay every brook and spring in the neighbourhood under contribution for the supply and enrichment of his work; but, to turn into it the whole contents of the Annual Register and Parliamentary Debates is a sort of literary engineering, not quite so laudable; which, after the example set by a right reverend biographer of Mr. Pitt, will hardly again be attempted by any one, whose ambition, at least, it is to be read as well as bought.

'Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, it is well known, differed essentially, not only with respect to the form of the proceedings which the latter recommended in that suspension of the royal authority, but also with respect to the abstract constitutional principles upon which those proceedings of the minister were professedly founded. As soon as the nature of the malady with which the king was afflicted had been ascertained by a regular examination of the physicians in attendance on his majesty, Mr. Pitt moved (on the 10th of December), that a "committee be appointed to examine and report precedents of such proceedings as may have been had, in case of the personal exercise of the royal authority being prevented or interrupted, by infancy, sickness, infirmity, or otherwise, with a view to provide for the same."‡

'It was immediately upon this motion that Mr. Fox advanced that inconsiderate claim of right for the Prince of Wales, of which his rival availed himself so dexterously and triumphantly. Having asserted that there existed no precedent whatever that could bear upon the present case, Mr. Fox proceeded to say, that "the circumstance to be provided for did not depend upon their deliberations as a house of Parliament—it rested elsewhere. There was then a person in the kingdom, different from any other person that any existing precedents could refer to—an heir apparent, of full age and capacity to exercise the royal power. It behoved them, therefore, to waste not a moment unnecessarily, but to proceed with all becoming speed and diligence to restore the sovereign power and the exercise of the royal authority. From what he had read of history, from the ideas he had formed of the law, and what was still more precious, of the spirit of the constitution—from every reasoning and analogy drawn from those sources, he declared that he had not in his mind a doubt, and he should think himself culpable if he did not take the first opportunity of declaring it, that in the present condition of his majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had as clear, as express a right to exercise the power of sovereignty, during the continuance of the illness and incapacity with which it had pleased God to afflict his majesty, as in the case of his majesty's having undergone a natural demise."

'It is said that, during the delivery of this adventurous opinion, the countenance of Mr. Pitt was seen to brighten with exultation at the mistake into which he perceived his adversary was hurrying; and scarcely had the sentence, just quoted, been concluded, when, slapping his thigh triumphantly, he turned to the person who sat next him, and said, "I'll un-Whig the gentleman for the rest of his life!" * * * *

'It was to be expected that the conduct of Lord Thurlow at this period should draw down upon him all the bitterness of those who were in the secret of his ambidextrous policy, and who knew both his disposition to desert, and the nature of the motives that prevented him. To Sheridan, in particular, such a result of a negotiation, in which he had been the principal mover and mediator, could not be otherwise than deeply mortifying. Of all the various talents with which he was gifted, his dexterity in political intrigue and management was that of which he appears to have been most vain; and this vanity it was, that at a later period of his life, sometimes led him to branch off from the main body of his party, upon secret and solitary enterprises of ingenuity, which, as may be expected from all such independent movements of a partisan—generally ended in thwarting his friends and embarrassing himself.

'In the debate on that clause of the bill which restricted the regent from granting places or pensions in reversion, Mr. Sheridan is represented as having attacked Lord Thurlow in terms of the most unqualified severity,—speaking of "the natural ferocity and sturdiness of his temper," and of "his brute bluffness." But to such abuse, unseasoned by wit, Mr. Sheridan was not at all likely to have condescended, being well aware that "as in smooth oil the razor best is set," so satire is whetted to its most perfect keenness by courtesy. His clumsy reporters have, in this, as in almost all other instances, misrepresented him.

'With equal personality, but more playfulness, Mr. Burke, in exposing that wretched fiction, by which the great seal was converted into the third branch of the legislature, and the assent of the king forged to a bill, in which his incapacity to give either assent or dissent was declared, thus expressed himself:—"But what is to be done when the crown is in a *deliquium?* It was intended, he had heard, to set up a man with black brows and a large wig, a kind of scare-crow to the two houses, who was to give a fictitious assent in the royal name—and this to be binding on the people at large!" The following remarkable passage, too, in a subsequent speech, is almost too well known to be cited:—"The other house," he said, "were not yet, perhaps, recovered from the extraordinary burst of the pathetic which had been exhibited the other evening; they had not yet dried their eyes, or been restored to their former placidity, and were unqualified to attend to new business. The tears shed in that house on the occasion to which he alluded, were not the tears of patriots for dying laws, but of lords for their expiring places. The iron tears, which flowed down Pluto's cheek, rather resembled the dismal bubbling

* 'Lord Loughborough is supposed to have been the person who instilled into the mind of Mr. Fox the idea of advancing that claim of right for the prince, which gave Mr. Pitt, in principle as well as fact, such advantage over him.'

† "'Forget you;" said Mr. Wilkes, "he'll see you d—d first."

‡ 'Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan were both members of this committee, and the following letter from the former to Sheridan refers to it:—

"'My dear Sir,—My idea was, that on Fox's declaring that the precedents, neither individually nor collectively, do at all apply, our attendance ought to have been merely formal. But as you think otherwise, I shall certainly be at the committee soon after one. I rather think that they will not attempt to garble; because, supposing the precedents to apply, the major part are certainly in their favour. It is not likely that they mean to suppress,—but it is good to be on our guard. Ever most truly yours, &c. EDMUND BURKE.

"'Great Street, Thursday morning.'"

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of the Styx, than the gentle murmuring streams of Aganippe."

'While Lord Thurlow was thus treated by the party whom he had so nearly joined, he was but coldly welcomed back by the minister whom he had so nearly deserted. His reconciliation, too, with the latter, was by no means either sincere or durable, the renewal of friendship between politicians, on such occasions, being generally like that which the *Diable Boiteux* describes, as having taken place between himself and a brother sprite: —"We were reconciled, embraced, and have hated each other heartily ever since."'

We have seen Lord Byron characterize Mr. Sheridan's speech on the Begum charge as the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country. Until the powerful appeal made to the house by this speech had roused its feelings, the prosecution of Warren Hastings went on very tamely. Even the previous speeches of Sheridan, brilliant as they were, had failed of producing the effect that might have been expected from them:—

'There was a something—which those who have but read him can with difficulty conceive—that marred the impression of his most sublime and glowing displays. In vain did his genius put forth its superb plumage, glittering all over with the hundred eyes of fancy—the gait of the bird was heavy and awkward, and its voice seemed rather to scare than attract. Accordingly, many of those masterly discourses, which, in their present form, may proudly challenge comparison with all the written eloquence upon record, were, at the time when they were pronounced, either coldly listened to, or only welcomed as a signal and excuse for not listening at all. To such a length was this indifference carried, that on the evening when he delivered his great speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, so faint was the impression it produced upon the house, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, as I have heard, not only consulted with each other as to whether it was necessary they should take the trouble of answering it, but decided in the negative. Yet doubtless, at the present moment, if Lord Grenville—master as he is of all the knowledge that belongs to a statesman and a scholar—were asked to point out from the stores of his reading the few models of oratorical composition, to the perusal of which he could most frequently and with unwearied admiration, return, this slighted and unanswered speech would be among the number.

'From all these combining circumstances, it arose that the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, even after the accession of the minister, excited but a slight and wavering interest; and, without some extraordinary appeal to the sympathies of the house and the country, some startling touch to the chord of public feeling, it was questionable whether the inquiry would not end as abortively as all the other Indian inquests that had preceded it.

'In this state of the proceeding, Mr. Sheridan brought forward, on the 7th of February, in the House of Commons, the charge relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, and delivered that celebrated speech, whose effect upon its hearers has no parallel in the annals of ancient or modern eloquence. When we recollect the men by whom the House of Commons was at that day adorned, and the conflict of high passions and interests in which they had been so lately engaged—when we see them all, of all parties, brought (as Mr. Pitt expressed it) "under the wand of the enchanter," and only vying with each other in their description of the fascination by which they were bound—when we call to mind, too, that he whom the first statesmen of the age thus lauded, had lately descended among them from a more aerial region of intellect, bringing trophies falsely supposed to be incompatible with political prowess—it is impossible to imagine a moment of more entire and intoxicating triumph. The only alloy that could mingle with such complete success must be the fear that it was too perfect ever to come again; that his fame had then reached the meridian point, and from that consummate moment must date its decline.

'Of this remarkable speech there exists no report; for it would be absurd to dignify with that appellation the meagre and lifeless sketch, the—

"Tenuem sine viribus umbram
In faciem Ænea,"

which is given in the Annual Registers and Parliamentary Debates. Its fame, therefore, remains like an empty shrine—a cenotaph still crowned and honoured, though the inmate is wanting.'

On the conclusion of this celebrated oration, to the effects of which Mr. Moore scarcely does justice, the whole assembly, members, peers, and strangers, expressed their approbation, by loud cheers and clapping of hands. Mr. Pitt said, the speech 'surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind,' and moved an adjournment, that the members, who were in a state of delicious insensibility, from the talismanic influence of such powerful eloquence, might have time to collect their scattered senses to the exercise of a sober judgment. Mr. Fox eulogized the speech in the highest terms, and Mr. Burke, alluding to Mr. Sheridan, said, 'He has this day surpassed the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory, a display that reflects the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon Parliament—glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected.'

We have alluded to a comedy on Affectation which Mr. Sheridan had commenced, and the abandoning of which Mr. Moore so much deplores. The materials of this play are scanty, and consist of memoranda only, without any sketch of plot, or the composition of a single scene. Three characters are named—Sir Babble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit. The memoranda we shall quote from Mr. Moore, who has classed those together which have relation to the same thought or subject.

'*Character.*—Mr. Bustle.

'A man who delights in hurry and interruption—will take any one's business for them—leaves the world where all his plagues may follow him—governor of all hospitals, &c.—share in Ranelagh—speaker everywhere, from the vestry to the House of Commons—"I am not at home—gad, now he has heard me and I must be at home."—"Here am I so plagued, and there is nothing I love so much as retirement and quiet."—"You never sent after me."—Let servants call in to him such a message as "'Tis nothing but the window-tax," he hiding in a room that communicates.—A young man tells him some important business in the middle of fifty trivial interruptions, and the calling in of idlers; such as fiddlers, wild-beast men, foreigners with recommendatory letters, &c.—answers not on his knee, "and so your uncle died?—for your obliging inquiries—and left you an orphan—to cards in the evening."

'Can't bear to be doing nothing.—"Can I do anything for any body any where?"—"Have been to the secretary—written to the treasury."—"Must proceed to meet the commissioners, and write Mr. Price's little boy's exercise."—The most active idler and laborious trifler.

'He does not in reality love business—only the appearance of it. "Ha! ha! did my lord say that I was always very busy?—What, plagued to death?"

'Keeps all his letters and copies—"Mem. to meet the hackney-coach commissioners—to arbitrate between, &c. &c."

'Contrast with the man of indolence, his brother.—"So brother, just up! and I have been, &c. &c."—one will give his money from indolent generosity, the other his time from restlessness—"Twill be shorter to pay the bill than look for the receipt,"—Files letters, answered and unanswered—"Why, here are more unopened than answered!"

'He regulates every action by a love for fashion—will grant annuities though he doesn't want money—appear to intrigue, though constant, to drink, though sober—has some fashionable vices—affects to be distressed in his circumstances, and, when his new vis-a-vis comes out, procures a judg-

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ment to be entered against him—wants to lose, but by ill luck wins £5000.

'One who changes sides in all arguments the moment any one agrees with him.

'An irresolute arguer, to whom it is a great misfortune that there are not three sides to a question—a libertine in argument; conviction, like enjoyment, palls him, and his rakish understanding is soon satiated with truth—more capable of being faithful to a paradox—"I love truth as I do my wife: but sophistry and paradoxes are my mistresses—I have a strong domestic respect for her, but for the other the passion due to a mistress."

'One who agrees with every one, for the pleasure of speaking their sentiments for them—so fond of talking that he does not contradict only because he can't wait to hear people out.

'A tipping casuist, who veers by others, breath, and gets on to information by tacking between the two sides—like a hoy, not made to go straight before the wind.

'The more he talks, the farther he is off the argument, like a bowl on a wrong bias.

'What are the affectations you chiefly dislike?

'There are many in this company, so I'll mention others.—To see two people affecting intrigue, having their assignations in public places only; he, affecting a warm pursuit, and the lady, acting the hesitation of retreating virtue—"Pray, ma'am, don't you think, &c."—while neither party have words between 'em to conduct the preliminaries of gallantry, nor passion to pursue the object of it.

'A plan of public flirtation—not to get beyond a profile.

'Then I hate to see one, to whom Heaven has given real beauty, settling her features at the glass of fashion, while she speaks—not thinking so much of what she says as how she looks, and more careful of the action of her lips than of what shall come from them.

'A pretty woman studying looks and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady ——, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds*.

'An old woman endeavouring to put herself back to a girl.

'A true trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambuscade of his ready-made joke.

'A man intriguing, only for the reputation of it—to his confidential servant: "Who am I in love with now?"—"The newspapers give you so and so—you are laying close siege to Lady L. in The Morning Post, and have succeeded with Lady G. in The Herald—Sir F. is very jealous of you in the Gazetteer."—"Remember to-morrow, the first thing you do, to put me in love with Mrs. C."

"I forgot to forget the billet-doux at Brookes's."—"By the by, an't I in love with you?"—"Lady L. has promised to meet me in her carriage to-morrow—where is the most public place?"

"You are rude to her!"—"Oh, no, upon my soul, I made love to her directly."

'An old man, who affects intrigue, and writes his own reproaches in The Morning Post, trying to scandalize himself into the reputation of being young, as if he could obscure his age by blotting his character—though never so little candid as when he's abusing himself.

"Shall you be at Lady ——'s?—I'm told the Brahmin is to be there, and the new French philosopher."—"No—it will be pleasanter at Lady ——'s conversazione—the cow with two heads will be there."

"I shall order the valet to shoot me the very first thing he does in the morning."

"You are yourself affected, and don't know it—you would pass for morose."

'He merely wanted to be singular, and happened to find the character of moroseness unoccupied in the society he lived with.

'He certainly has a great deal of fancy and a very good memory; but with a perverse ingenuity he employs these qualities as no other person does—for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollections for his wit—when he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts, that you admire the flights of his imagination†.

'A fat woman trundling into a room on castors—in sitting can only lean against her chair—rings on her fingers, and her fat arms strangled with bracelets, which belt them like corded brawn—rolling and heaving when she laughs with the rattles in her throat, and a most apoplectic ogle—you wish to draw her out, as you would an opera-glass.

'A long lean man, with all his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin, that his front face is but the moiety of a profile—if he stands cross legged, he looks like a caduceus, and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of chevaux-de-frise—to make any use of him, it must be as a pontoon or a fishing-rod—when his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one's a mast, and the other all hulk—she's a dome and he's built like a glass-house—when they part you wonder to see the steeple separate from the chancel, and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker's bolster—to sing her praise you should choose a rondeau, and to celebrate him you must write all Alexandrines.

'I wouldn't give a pin to make fine men in love with me—every coquette can do that, and the pain you give these creatures is very trifling. I love out-of-the-way conquests; and, as I think my attractions are singular, I would draw singular objects.

'The loadstone of true beauty draws the heaviest substances—not like the fat dowager, who frets herself into warmth to get the notice of a few *papier mâché* fops, as you rub Dutch sealing-wax to draw paper.

'If I were inclined to flatter I would say that, as you are unlike other women, you ought not to be won as they are. Every woman can be gained by time, therefore you ought to be by a sudden impulse. Sighs, devotion, attention, weigh with others; but they are so much your due that no one should claim merit from them. - - - - - -

'You should not be swayed by common motives—how heroic to form a marriage for which no human being can guess the inducement—what a glorious unaccountableness! All the world will wonder what the devil you could see in me; and, if you should doubt your singularity, I pledge myself to you that I never yet was endured by woman; so that I should owe everything to the effect of your bounty, and not by my own superfluous deserts make it a debt, and so lessen both the obligation and my gratitude. In short, every other woman follows her inclination, but you, above all things, should take me, if you do not like me. You will, besides, have the satisfaction of knowing that we are decidedly the worst match in the kingdom—a match, too, that must be all your own work, in which fate could have no hand, and which no foresight could foresee.

'A lady who affects poetry.—"I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebuses—a rondeau of circumvallation—her pride sapped by an elegy, and her reserve surprised by an impromptu—proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation."

'Her prudish frowns and resentful looks are as ridiculous as 'twould be to see a board with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or of steel-traps in a common—because they imply an insinuation that there is something worth plundering where one would not, in the least, suspect it.

'The expression of her face is at once a denial of all love-suit, and a confession that she never was asked—the sourness of it arises not so much from her aversion to the passion, as from her never having had an opportunity to show it.—Her features are so unfortunately formed that she could never dissemble or put on sweetness enough to induce any one to give her occasion to show her bitterness—I never saw a woman to whom you would more readily give credit for perfect chastity.

'*Lady Cho.*"What am I reading?—have I drawn nothing lately?—is the work-bag finished?—how accomplished I am—has the man been to untune the harpsichord?—does it look as if I had been playing on it?

"Shall I be ill to-day?—shall I be anxious?"—"Your la'ship was nervous yesterday."—"Was I?—then I'll have a cold—I haven't had a cold this fortnight—a cold is becoming—no—I'll not have a cough; that's fatiguing—I'll be quite well."—"You become sickness—your la'ship always looks vastly well when you're ill."

* 'This simile is repeated in various shapes through his manuscripts—"His moves her eyes up and down like Venetian blinds"—"Her eyelids play like a Venetian blind," &c. &c.'

† 'The reader will find how much this thought was improved upon afterwards.'

"Leave the book half read and the rose half finished—you know I love to be caught in the fact."

"One who knows that no credit is ever given to his assertions has the more right to contradict his words."

He goes the western circuit, to pick up small fees and impudence.

A new wooden leg for Sir Charles Easy.

An ornament which the proud peers wear all the year round—chimney-sweepers only on the first of May.

In marriage if you possess anything very good, it makes you eager to get everything else good of the same sort.

The critic when he gets out of his carriage should always recollect, that his footman behind is gone up to judge as well as himself.

She might have escaped in her own clothes, but I suppose she thought it more romantic to put on her brother's regimentals.'

Alluding again to the personal and literary character of Mr Sheridan, Mr. Moore says: 'His social qualities were, unluckily for himself, but too attractive. In addition to his powers of conversation, there was a well-bred good-nature in his manner, as well as a deference to the remarks and opinions of others, the want of which very often, in distinguished wits, offends the self-love of their hearers, and makes even the dues of admiration that they levy a sort of "*droit de seigneur*," paid with unwillingness and distaste.

'No one was so ready and cheerful in promoting the amusements of a country-house; and on a rural excursion he was always the soul of the party. His talent at dressing a little dish was often put in requisition on such occasions, and an Irish stew was that on which he particularly plumed himself. Some friends of his recal with delight a day of this kind which they passed with him, when he made the whole party act over the battle of the Pyramids on Marsden Moor, and ordered "Captain" Creevey and others upon various services, against the cows and donkeys entrenched in the ditches. Being of so playful a disposition himself, it was not wonderful that he should take such pleasure in the society of children. I have been told, as doubly characteristic of him, that he has often, at Mr. Monckton's, kept a chaise and four waiting half the day for him at the door, while he romped with the children.

'In what are called *Vers de Société*, or drawing-room verses, he took great delight; and there remain among his papers several sketches of these trifles. I once heard him repeat, in a ball-room, some verses which he had lately written on waltzing, and of which I remember the following:—

"'With tranquil step and timid downcast glance,
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance,
In such sweet posture our first parent's mov'd,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they rov'd;
Ere yet the devil, with promise foul and false,
Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.
One hand grasps her's, the other holds her hip—
* * * * *
For so the law's laid down by Baron Trip."

'He had a sort of hereditary fancy for difficult trifling in poetry; particularly for that sort, which consists in rhyming to the same word through a long string of couplets, till every rhyme that the language supplies for it is exhausted † The following are specimens from a poem of this kind, which he wrote on the loss of a lady's trunk:—

"'MY TRUNK!
"(To Anne)

"'Have you heard, my dear Anne, how my spirits are sunk?
Have you heard of the cause? Oh, the loss of my trunk.
From exertion or firmness I've never yet slunk:
But my fortitude's gone with the loss of my trunk?
Stout Lucy, my maid, is a damsel of spunk;
Yet she weeps night and day for the loss of my trunk!
I'd better turn nun, and coquet with a monk;
For with whom can I flirt without aid from my trunk?
* * * * *

"'Accurs'd be the thief, the old rascally hunks,
Who rifles the fair, and lays hands on their trunks!
He, who robs the king's stores of the least bit of junk,
Is hang'd—while he's safe, who has plunder'd my trunk!
* * * * *

"'There's a phrase amongst lawyers, when nunc's put for tunc;
But, tunc and nunc both, must I grieve for my trunk!
Huge leaves of that great commentator, old Brunck,
Perhaps was the paper that lined my poor trunk!
But my rhymes are all out; for I dare not use st—k,‡
'Twould shock Sheridan more than the loss of my trunk."

'From another of these trifles (which, no doubt, produced much gaiety at the breakfast-table), the following extracts will be sufficient:—

"'Muse, assist me to complain,
While I grieve for Lady Jane.
I ne'er was in so sad a vein,
Deserted now by Lady Jane."
* * * * *

"'Lord Petre's house was built by Payne—
No mortal architect made Jane.
If hearts had windows, through the pane
Of mine you'd see sweet Lady Jane."
* * * * *

"'At breakfast I could scarce refrain
From tears at missing lovely Jane;
Nine rolls I eat, in hopes to gain
The roll that might have fall'n to Jane," &c.

'Another, written on a Mr. Bigg, contains some ludicrous couplets:—

"'I own he's not fam'd for a reel or a jig,
Tom Sheridan there surpasses Tom Bigg.
For, lam'd in one thigh, he is oblig'd to go zig-Zag, like a crab—so no dancer is Bigg.
Those who think him a coxcomb, or call him a prig,
How little they know of the mind of my Bigg!
Though he ne'er can be mine, Hope will catch a twig—
Two deaths—and I yet may become Mrs. Bigg.
Oh give me, with him, but a cottage and pig,
And content I would live on beans, bacon, and Bigg."

A few more of these light productions remain among his papers, but their wit is gone with those for whom they were written; the wings of time "eripuere jocos."

Of a very different description are the following striking and spirited fragments (which ought to have been mentioned in a former part of this work), written by him, apparently, about the year 1794, and addressed to the naval heroes of that period, to console them for the neglect they experienced from the government, while ribands and titles were lavished on the Whig seceders:—

"'Never mind them, brave black Dick,
Though they've played thee such a tick—
Damn their ribands and their garters,
Get you to your post and quarters.
Look upon the azure sea,
There's a sailor's taffeta!
Mark the zodiac's radiant bow,
That's a collar fit for Howe!—
And, than H—d—d's brighter far,
The Pole star shall furnish you a star!§
Damn their ribands and their garters,
Get you to your post and quarters.
Think, on what things are ribands showered—
The two Sir Georges—Y— and H!
Look to what rubbish stars will stick,
To Dicky H—n and Johnny D—k!
Would it be for your country's good,
That you might pass for Alec. H—d,
Or, perhaps,—and worse by half—
To be mistaken for Sir R—h!
Would you, like C—, pine with spleen,
Because your bit of silk was green?
Would you, like C—, change your side,
To have your silk new dipp'd and dyed?—
Like him, exclaim, 'My ribands hue
Was green—and now, by heav'n! 'tis blue,'
And, like him, stain your honour too!
Damn their ribands and their garters,
Get you to your post and quarters.
On the foes of Britain close,
While B—k gaters his Dutch hose,
And cons, with spectacles on nose
(While to battle you advance),
His 'Hom soit qui mal y pense.'"
* * * * *

(To be concluded in our next.)

* 'This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were written, well known in the dancing circles.'

† 'Some verses, by General Fitzpatrick, on Lord Holland's father, are the best specimens that I know of this sort of scherzo.'

‡ 'He had a particular horror of this word.'

§ 'This reminds me of a happy application which he made, upon a subsequent occasion, of two lines of Dryden:—

"'When men like Erskine go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."'

ORIGINAL.

PROPOSED ALTERATIONS AROUND ST. PAUL'S.

THE confined, irregular, and unsightly area, in which is placed one of the finest—in some respects the very finest monument of modern architecture, has too long been a stigma upon our national taste, a reproach to the wealthiest city in the world, and the astonishment of foreigners. We are happy, therefore, to find that the period is approached when we may expect to see this area and its approaches rendered worthy of so noble an edifice, and

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so remodelled as to form one grand and uniform architectural design. An attentive examination of Mr. Elmes' plans enables us to lay before our readers some account of the projected alterations, which are made with a due regard to economy and practicability. So far as regards the area itself, it will be extended but very little—no more than is absolutely necessary to reduce it into a regular form, the sides of which shall be parallel with those of the cathedral. In some parts, the houses will even advance a little beyond the present line of building. The western end of the area will be a semicircle or crescent, three hundred and seventy feet in diameter, of which the front of the cathedral forms the chord. This opens into a square, extending from the east corner of Ludgate Street to Creed Lane; and, in the centre of this place, it is proposed to erect a monument of the late king. Between Creed Lane and New Bridge Street, a street will be formed eighty feet wide, forming a regular and direct approach to the western front of the cathedral, of which an unimpeded view may then be obtained; and it is easy to conceive what an imposing and magnificent effect will thus be produced. To accomplish this much property must certainly be disturbed, but surely the substitution of a noble street, with excellent shops, for dirty alleys, and houses of a very inferior description, is worth some partial and temporary inconvenience, and, setting aside the beauty of the design, is desirable even as a profitable speculation. In fact, so far will these alterations be from being prejudicial to the interests of any property in the neighbourhood, that they must tend ultimately to improve it. Even the inhabitants of Ludgate Hill will have no reason either to be alarmed or to complain, since that will always continue the direct line of traffic from Fleet Street and the west, while the new street will as naturally be that from Blackfriars' Bridge. But to return to the area surrounding the church: immediately opposite the south portico is a small sweep or crescent, opening to a street carried down to the Thames, where it terminates in another crescent, intended as a market, midway between Billingsgate and Hungerford markets. Opposite the north portico is a similar sweep, with a street leading into Newgate Street. Both these streets are, like that opposite the west front, eighty feet wide. Nothing can be more judiciously contrived than this arrangement, for these crescents not only provide a convenient embouchure to the streets, but also a greater space in front of each transept, without occasioning the general line to be carried back; and they harmonizes beautifully and naturally with the semicircular porticos of the church. It is proposed to take down the palisading of the churchyard, which at present is carried so very irregularly as to contract the carriage-way most inconveniently, and to place it at a uniform distance from the building on every side. By this means much space will be gained, and the symmetry of the whole area very considerably improved. The surrounding houses, which are designed for shops and offices, will have an Ionic colonnade in front, the height of the ground-floor, so as to form a covered walk, which, in a climate like our's, is as much wanted for shelter from dirt and wet, as in Italy for shade—and even for the latter purpose it will prove by no means superfluous during the summer months. The objection, that such a mode of building tends to darken the shops, we consider as rather futile: in a narrow street, a colonnade might be inconvenient in this respect, but certainly not here. At any rate, the advantage, both to the shops and the passengers, is much greater than the trifling disadvantage of being obliged, perhaps, to light up the former half an hour earlier. We hope, therefore, that this part of the plan will be carried into execution—not on the score of architectural beauty, for that cannot be much enhanced by it—but on that of public convenience. The houses themselves are designed with a due attention to symmetry, architectural effect, and economy. The parts are bold, and judiciously broken, without that affectation of ornament which would here be misplaced. The fronts do not, as in Regent Street, form separate façades, but are very properly connected, so as to combine into one regular design—thus forming a frame, if we may so express ourselves, to the principal object—the cathedral itself. These buildings will, we understand, be all fronted with either Bath or Portland stone, by which means economy will be consulted almost as much as good taste.

The east side of the churchyard will be but partially altered, the greater part of it being occupied by the recently-erected edifice of St. Paul's School; but a spacious opening will be made to Cheapside and St. Martin's le Grand, so as to admit a fine view of the new Post-office. When these improvements are carried into execution, this site will present a scene of architectural regularity and grandeur not easily to be paralleled, and will mark with the importance which it deserves the centre of the metropolis of the British empire. We learn from good authority that it has already met with the concurrence of the parties more immediately interested in it, and sincerely hope that so noble a project will not have to contend with paltry jealousies, invidious cavils, and narrow-minded opposition.

CONSPIRACY OF THE JESUITS AGAINST QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

(From the German.)

At a period when it is attempted to revive the order of the Jesuits, and to give to this insidious branch of the Roman Catholic religion, all the power it once possessed and wielded so injuriously to society, it may be well to, turn to the page of history and see what tyranny and what cruelty this body, assuming the name of the society of Jesus, and professing the mild principle of Christianity, has exercised in former times. We shall, perhaps, be told that the age is more enlightened, and that the scenes to which we allude, were those of a barbarous age; but, it is to be recollected, that the Roman Catholic religion is unchanged and unchangeable, and instances of its persecuting spirit and its bigotry are not wanting in the present day. In Spain, within the last few weeks, some freemasons, accused of no crime, have been executed, because freemasonry is under the ban of the pope.—The persecution of the Protestants in the South of France, since the restoration of the Bourbons, and the enacting of the murderous law against sacrelige, are proofs that the character of popery is not changed. History, is said, by some author to be philosophy, teaching by example, and we therefore, ought not to be unmindful of its precepts. In giving, however, from Wolf's History of the Jesuits, an account of the conspiracy of that body against Queen Elizabeth and King James I. we have no wish to excite Protestant intolerance, but to expose popish tyranny.

'The popes could not bear the idea of being deprived of the richest sources of their revenues by the defection of England; therefore they attempted repeatedly to open them again. Pius V. entertained the most sanguine hopes that Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, would afford him an opportunity of recovering his authority in that powerful kingdom. With that view Vincent Lauro, archbishop of Montreal, and the jesuits Edmund Hay and Thomas Dasbire, his most skilful agents, were despatched by him to Scotland. But Mary's mind was at that time more bent on love intrigues than on matters of religion. She polluted the royal bed by her amours with David Rizzio, the notorious Piedmontese flute player, and at length caused Henry Stuart to be assassinated, in order to be regularly married to her lover, to the greatest scandal of her subjects.

'Such vile dispositions might, indeed, have been very apt to promote Rome's interest; but Elizabeth, guarding the rights of her throne with as much prudence as circumspection, watched Mary's steps with unremitting jealousy. Even in the beginning of her reign she carefully avoided the faults of Mary, her predecessor, who had endeavoured to support the Roman Catholic religion by violent measures. She had for some time conceived a predilection for Calvinism, but being extremely fond of splendour, could not approve of the simplicity of the Calvinist rites, and became the founder of a new church, at present known by the name of the Church of England.

'Pius V. exerting at length his papal authority, in the year 1570, hurled the thunderbolts of his anathemas against the queen, after having in vain employed secret artifices to gain her over to his interest. He called her in his bulls an apostate, who scorned the prayers and amicable exhortations of the neighbouring princes; a rotten member that ought to be cut off from the Christian body, declared her unworthy to sway the sceptre, and released her subjects from their oath of allegiance.

'The secret means which Pius V. employed to enforce his bulls against the queen afforded an excellent support to his mischievous designs. He erected not only a college at Rome, in which young Englishmen were instructed in the system of the Roman church, but persuaded the King of Spain and the

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cardinal of Lorraine to found similar seminaries at Douay and Rheims. The most promising British youths were in these schools made gradually acquainted with the spirit of the aforementioned hull, under the direction of the jesuits, and afterwards employed as secret emissaries, being sent back, under different pretexts, to their native country, to preach every where the doctrine of the pope's absolute power, and to represent it as an essential point of religious belief. "These jesuistical pupils," says Hume, "having been educated with a prospect of the crown of martyrdom, could be deterred neither by danger nor difficulties from propagating and maintaining their principles. They inspired all their followers with a mortal hatred against the queen, calling her an insupportable tyrant, an heretic, and a persecutrix of the faithful, who had been solemnly and publicly excommunicated by the holy father. Rebellion, mutiny, and assassination, were the means through which they intended to execute their designs against her; and the rigorous constraints, in which the Roman Catholics were held in England, rendered them the more disposed to receive such violent doctrines from their spiritual instructors.

'It was chiefly owing to these circumstances that the queen and the parliament from time to time enacted such rigorous laws against the Roman Catholics, and particularly against these secret emissaries. But the flame of rebellion and religious hatred could never be totally extinguished; and how opportune must not that period have been to the jesuits! the papal bull opened a way for them to give their opinion at large, and in a practical manner, on a particular subject of morality. Robert Person, one of the greatest and ablest members of their order, was the first who dared to calumniate the queen with the most violent acrimony in his writings, which he published under fictitious names. He had the precaution to appear under different disguises, being by turns a soldier or a merchant, but always a vagabond that fomented the spirit of rebellion amongst the dissatisfied, most of whom wanted nothing but encouragement. The libel which he wrote against Queen Elizabeth is an incontestable proof of his restless and malicious disposition. He had the temerity to maintain that the kings and queens, who some time since had swayed over England, had either been bastards or heretics. He declared that neither Elizabeth, nor any of the princes of the royal blood, had a right to the crown, which was the lawful inheritance of the Catholic king of Spain; that no subject was bound to the queen by his oath of allegiance, after she had been excommunicated by the pope, in whose power it was to make and to dethrone kings, &c. &c.

'These are the writings which by the jesuits are declared to be most excellent compositions; these are what they call pious, devout, and catholic sentiments; and those persons were the men that at Rheims, Douay, and Rome, superintended the English colleges, where the British youths found a safe asylum against the persecutions of the heretics.

'Elizabeth had been jealous of those colleges and seminaries for some time. She was convinced that the most dangerous designs, both against her life and crown, were formed in those places. She knew that they served as an asylum for all traitors who were banished the country, for all dissatisfied subjects, and all daring and fanatic Englishmen. She sent people on whose fidelity she could rely to the seminaries at Rheims and Rome, who, under the pretext of being exiled and persecuted Roman Catholics, were to explore the mysteries of these jesuitical dens This precaution was not superfluous; for they discovered that the jesuits Edmond Campian, Radulf Servin, and Alexander Briant, had arrived in England by different routs, according to the advice of the bishop of St. Asaph, an hoary villain. They intended to excite the people and a part of the nobility against the queen, and to deprive her of her crown. They also have been accused of having selected fifty men, who had arms concealed under their garments, to assassinate the queen, Robert Dudley earl of Leinster, and Walsingham the secretary of state. After the perpetration of this infernal deed, a certain great man was to exclaim, "Long live Queen Mary of Scotland!" These particulars George Elliot, Cradock, Sled, Mundy, and Hill, who discovered the conspiracy, deposed upon oath; but the three jesuits, who were taken up in consequence of this deposition, did not confess their crime, though they were put to the rack. They were, nevertheless, condemned to death, and executed, December 1, 1581.

'The jesuits complain loudly of the English judicature for having sentenced to death, with such an unaccountable precipitation, and without having obtained the confession of the accused, who, as they pretend, could be charged with no other crime but with being Roman Catholics and jesuits. It is not, therefore, matter of astonishment that they regard Father Campian as a hero and a saint, who shed his blood for the sake of the Roman Catholic faith. They go still farther, pretending that God had glorified his death by miracles, in order to remove all doubts which might be entertained either with regard to the injustice of his judges or the innocence of the accused. Bombinus wrote his life, and collected a great number of these pretended miracles He asserts that blood had streamed out of the glove of Judge Aleph, when he pronounced Campian's sentence, although not the least wound could be seen; he also would make us believe that the Thames had suddenly stood still, like the river Jordan, to the surprise of all London, when Campian expired on the scaffold. It is, however, much more remarkable that the judges and their accessaries, who found the jesuit guilty, died an unnatural and violent death. Nor can I omit mentioning the uncommon resentment which the news of Campian's execution excited amongst the leaguistic mob at Paris against the British ambassador. The jesuits allege this circumstance as a proof of their innocence, although it speaks loudly to the contrary, it being notorious that the faction of the jesuits had recourse to the most unwarrantable and violent measures to effect the ruin of Queen Elizabeth. It was no secret that Campian's and his associates' daring undertaking against the queen and the British empire was devised at Paris under the direction of the Bishop of St. Asaph, who came purposely on that business from Rome: it is, therefore, no wonder that the jesuits, who at that time supported the leaguistic cabals in France, found it easy to excite the misguided multitude against the English ambassador. The jesuits had always been accustomed to defend themselves against the accusations of their antagonists by such miserable subterfuges. They endeavour to exculpate themselves, by calling to their assistance miracles and the testimony of historians of their own order, without considering that an impartial man is more firmly convinced by the connection of circumstances, than by specious apologies. Although Campian was sentenced to death for high treason, without having made a confession of his crime, yet this circumstance is far from being a sufficient proof of his innocence. His occupation in England could, in consequence of the relation in which the queen stood with respect to the court of Rome, consist in nothing else but in secret endeavours to deprive her by his cabals of the obedience and fidelity of her subjects. Rapin mentions it as an undeniable fact, that Campian went sometimes as a statesman, and at other times as a soldier, into the houses of the Roman Catholics, under the pretext of instructing or comforting them, but really for no other purpose than to excite them to rebellion and sedition. Himself and his associate Person distributed a great number of libels against the queen amongst the Roman Catholics; and this act alone would have qualified them for the gallows, although the conspiracy against the queen were not proved.

'The jesuits, however, have not sinned once only against Queen Elizabeth, but frequently and without intermission. It is remarked in the history of England as something very singular, that these ecclesiastics did not suffer four years to pass without committing an act of treason against the state. Campian was hanged in the year 1581, and, in the year 1584, William Parry's entrails were torn out by the public executioner. This wretch was an attorney, had squandered away his fortune, and wanted to repair his ruined finances by an unheard-of act of villainy. The jesuit Benedic Palmio, whom Parry met at Venice, declared that the design of assassinating Queen Elizabeth was extremely acceptable in the eyes of God. He presented to his already perturbed mind a dreadful picture of the oppression under which the Roman Catholics in England groaned. The atrocious villain from that time had not a moment's rest, and went from Venice to Paris, where he met with his countryman William Alan, who had wrote a furious libel against the Queen of England. Watts, a learned jesuit, endeavoured to convince him of the heniousness of his design; but his colleagues were very little obliged to him for his honesty. Father Hannibal Codret, however, contrived to persuade Parry that Watts, and all the theologians who had

alarmed his conscience, were heretics. The traitor received the Lord's sacrament at the college of the jesuits, in the presence of the Cardinals Vendome and Joyeuse, and then went to England to execute his design, after having made an agreement to that purpose with the pope. He succeeded in his endeavours to obtain admission to Queen Elizabeth, under the pretext of having important discoveries to make concerning a conspiracy against her life. The queen was very much pleased with his hypocritical devotion, and gave him leave to see her frequently without witnesses. Parry was several times tempted to execute his diabolical design; but the magnanimity of the queen and his own fear always disarmed him, and he procrastinated the perpetration of his intention so long, that it at length grew too heavy a burden for himself alone; he therefore communicated his dreadful secret to one of his relations, whose name was Nueil, with the view to make him accessary in his intended murder of the queen. Nueil, however, thought it preferable to discover the whole design to Elizabeth, in which intention he was confirmed by the evident hesitation and irresolution which appeared in Parry's behaviour. Parry was in consequence seized, and confessed his intended crime on the rack, when it appeared that, besides the jesuits Palmio and Codret, another, whose name was William Chreikton, was concerned in the conspiracy. The latter had been rector of the college at Lyons, resided some time in Scotland, where he with uncommon address supported the designs of the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma against England, and at length stole in disguise into that kingdom. He was also apprehended and put to the torture; but at first obstinately refused to make a confession; however, he wrote at last to Walsingham, the secretary of state, informing him that he recollected to have had a conversation with Parry at Lyons, in which he had told him that it was contrary to the laws of God and man to assassinate the queen.

'It is incomprehensible how the judges could be satisfied with this pretence; and it seems that they did not know the constitution of the order, whose main principle was, that every prince that was not of the party of the Pope and the King of Spain, was a tyrant whom every subject had a right to kill. It is evident that Chreikton impos d upon his judges, and that the sentiments which he displayed in his letter to the secretary of state do not at all agree with those which he betrayed at the court of Scotland.

'Sixtus V. wanted to marry James king of Scotland to a Spanish princess, in order to reconduct him by that union to the bosom of the Romish church; but the chancellor Matelan found means to frustrate that design. The jesuit Chreikton did not hesitate, however, to discover, by his own practice, his approbation of the jesuitical doctrine, that it was lawful to do a bad action for a good purpose. He meditated the assassination of the chancellor; but his design miscarried through committing the execution of it to an hired assassin. This circumstance clearly proves how little the jesuits have to boast of Chreikton's letter to Walsingham, as a proof that he had not been concerned in the plot against the queen.

'Parry's conviction, amongst other severe measures against treason and assassination, occasioned also a rigorous law against the jesuits; they were ordered to quit the kingdom within a fortnight; and it was decreed, that any member of their society that should not have quitted England by that time, should be judged guilty of high treason, and every one that should harbour a jesuit in his house, be punished as a felon. All British subjects who studied abroad in the colleges of the jesuits, were ordered to return, on pain of being punished for high treason; but, notwithstanding, these pious fathers had not yet lost all hopes of success. The ease with which they could assume any disguise, without detriment to their essential calling, assisted them greatly in the prosecution of their intrigues. They could make even the capital the centre of their transactions without falling into the hands of justice. Their plots grew the more dangerous, because the secresy and circumspection with which they acted cut off all opportunity of surprising them in the fact.

'Their villanies did not, however, entirely remain in darkness.—A new plot, which they concerted in the year 1586, against the Queen of England, accelerated the execution of Mary queen of Scotland. Anthony Babington, a young man, concerted a plan with Bernard Mendoza, the Spanish agent, to assassinate Elizabeth, and to raise Mary, who then had been a prisoner of state for several years, to the British throne. That unfortunate princess suffered herself to be involved in the plot, and gave the Spaniard hopes that she would resign the government voluntarily to Philip, as he was the only monarch that was powerful enough to extirpate heresy in England. This intrigué was supported in Spain and in France by secret embassies sent thither by the deluded queen. Babington's zeal in this affair seemed not to be fervent enough; however the jesuit Ballard, who came from France to England to urge the speedy execution of the intended atrocious act, found means to inspire him with an incredible enthusiasm, representing not only the assassination of Elizabeth as an holy and laudable deed, but exciting also in the heart of the ambitious and voluptuous Babington a fatal passion, by flattering him with the hope that Mary would give him her hand, which completely inebriated his reason. The day on which the queen was to be assassinated was already fixed, but the conspiracy was discovered before he could execute his purpose. Babington and Ballard were apprehended and sentenced to death. Their perfidious hearts were torn out of their breasts, and beaten in their face.

'Whilst Elizabeth was exposed to continual dangers in her own palace, the King of Spain had fitted out, in the year 1588, that dreadful armada which excited the astonishment of all Europe. He exhausted almost all the resources of his finances to fit out a fleet which never had its equal. Philip, whose state policy was constantly occupied with the most enormous schemes, had not only the interest of religion at heart, but also designed to possess himself of the British throne. He began at that time to be sensible of the superiority of his subjects in the Netherlands, who were powerfully supported by England. The conquest of that kingdom appeared therefore to him to be a necessary step, in order to regain his declining authority in the Low Countries, but this, his real motive, he wished to be involved in obscurity, and to rise against England merely in the form of a defender of the true religion and the papal see.

'Pope Sixtus V. a man of an unbridled ambition, found means to represent the violent designs of the King of Spain as a holy crusade. He authorized him by a bull, in which he called the Queen of England an heretic and a bastard, and declared her divested of her dignity, to drive her from her throne by force of arms, and to submit her kingdom to the apostolical see. "We excommunicate," thus Pius expressed himself, "by virtue of God's omnipotence and of our holy function, the said Elizabeth, and divest her of her royal dignities, rights, and claims to the English crown; declare her a lawless and notorious tyrant, and absolve all her subjects from the oath of allegiance and obedience which they have sworn to her. We further command earnestly, by the wrath of the omnipotent God, and on pain of excommunication and other corporeal punishments, that no person, of whatever rank he be, after the publication of this bull, shall pay her the least obedience, favour, or assistance, but that every one shall use all his powers and faculties to punish her according to her deserts. We declare at the same time, that we not only authorize any one, of whatever rank he be, to apprehend the said tyrant and her abettors, to seize and to deliver them up to the Roman Catholic party; but we also promise an adequate reward to every person that shall render us such an important service; and as we in general are prompted by our paternal and innate liberality to open the spiritual treasury of the holy church, we hereby grant a complete absolution of all his sins to every one that shall assist the Catholic king in that undertaking."

'The jesuits, a great number of whom were on board of Philip's fleet, were the heralds whom he dispatched before this bull, to excite all catholics in England against the queen. The most distinguished of these harbingers of discord and sedition was Henry Garnet, who under different names and disguises went about to disseminate rebellion. However, neither the anathemas of the pope nor the intrigues of the jesuits produced the desired effect. Elizabeth treated the Roman catholics with so much lenity, that they did not dare to revolt against a queen who so generously forgot injuries, and was beneficent even to her enemies. This prudent behaviour frustrated all the artifices of her inveterate and dreadful enemies. The Roman catholics forgot the interest of their religion, in order to think only of the safety of the kingdom.

'It is generally known in what an igno-

minious and mortifying manner this Spanish crusade terminated. Even the elements seem to have been incensed against the daring undertaking of the Spaniards. The fleet, which Spanish arrogance had denominated the Invincible Armada, had scarcely put to sea, when it was dispersed by a dreadful hurricane.

The jesuits beheld the failure of such a grand undertaking with inward vexation, and had again recourse to their usual mode of secret assassination. Patrick Cullen came, in the year 1592, to England, with an intention to assassinate the queen. The jesuit Hollet had prepared him in the Netherlands for that villainous purpose, having administered the absolution and the Lord's Supper to him, and represented the assassination of the queen as an undertaking, the justness of which was founded on the divine laws, and whose execution would be highly pleasing to God. The jesuit Creswel, who resided in Spain, wrote at the same time a violent libel, under the fictitious name of Andrew Philopater, in which Elizabeth was shamefully abused, and the nation exhorted to take up arms against her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUNSET ON THE SEA-SHORE.*

How beautiful, how charming sets the sun,
Hast'ning his course towards the western seas;
Like to a warrior whose race is run,
And splendid victories past,—resting in peace!
The air is still and peaceful, not a sound
Disturbs the languor which o'er all prevails,
Save when the sea-gull skims the deep profound,
Or noisy sailor hoists the pendant sails.
The ambient air is still,—a stillness holy
Pervades the earth, the woods, the sea, the sky;
It doth invest the soul with melancholy,
And fixes high the thoughts on Deity!
The rocks which bound the scene remain unmov'd,
As when Creation first their being gave;
Strong and eternal barriers have they prov'd,
To the rude beating of the briny wave.
That war is now at rest,—sweet peace is found
To reign o'er all creation, and display
The joy and pleasure she distributes round
When glorious in the west sits closing day.
See how the beauteous clouds their hues do change,—
They're now bright yellow-red;—now blue, now grey;
O how imagination wild doth range,
Lost in th' abyss of their variety!
Look,—how they change!—their forms and colour change,
Filling the mind with dreams of heavenly glory;
In them, with souls set free from earth we range,
Nor think the lovely scene is transitory.
The sun is hast'ning on his downward way;
All nature praise him—with cheerful voice,
For all in nature feel his quick'ning ray,
And all that feel his pow'r, in him rejoice.
The still deep sea enamour'd of him grows,—
See how he hastes to steal from her a kiss;
How his bright orb with heavenly beauty glows,
As he hastes forward to enjoy that bliss!
Behold, he sinks! how gorgeous is he dress'd,
Robing himself in heaven's resplendent hues;
The ev'ning star bespangles now his vest,
Mimica his ray, and in his steps, pursues.
Look, look,—they kiss!—the ocean and the sun;
He hides his face in her deep heaving breast,
And, wearied with the course he now hath run,
He in her bosom lays himself to rest.
The splendid hues are gone,—the charm is past,
And mystic twilight hastens on its way;
The glimm'ring light is now receding fast,
And all the sky is one pure sober grey!

5th October, 1825. O. N. Y.

* Were we in the habit of puffing off our contributors, we might, without any charge of quackery, call the attention of the public to the exquisite pieces which have *lately* appeared in *The Literary Chronicle*, from the pen of O. N. Y.; their own merit, however, we are sure, will recommend them to every reader of good taste.—ED.

SONNET TO MY SISTER.

I do not look again to meet
A heart like thine,
A haven, where I may retreat
At any time.
Be my sky dark, or be it fair;
Be my joy dead or high,
I always find a pillow there
Whereon to lie.
The fire-fly dazzles in the night,
The glow-worm glitters in the shade,
But truth will shine where all is bright,
A light that will not fade.
Some call thee fair and gay and bland,
But I will call thee more—a friend.

R. N. H.

ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

We are told the *cognomen* of misters and dames
From their persons and calling oft varies,
But you'll find that the Christian as well as surnames,
Go no less by the rule of contraries:
For *Urban*, the rustic was ne'er in the city;
Flora knows not sunflowers from daisies—
And sallow-faced *Rosa* is not sweet or pretty—
No lady less graceful than *Grace* is.
Fortunio, just ruin'd, his fortune repairs
By a marriage with ugly Miss *Bella*;
Poor *Felix* is wretched he vowed and declares,
At the lack-lustre plain of his *Stella*!
Frowning *Love* hates the tameness of *Leo*, her swain,
Clementina has nearly killed her man,
Alethea will lie for the most paltry gain,
And there's no truer Briton than *German*;
Miss *Temp'rance* delights in a glass of *blue-ruin*,
Miss *Blanch* is as brown as a berry,
While *Constance*, though married, will yield to your wooing,
And *Solomon's* foolishly merry.
Little *Maximum* scarcely can stretch five feet high;
Clement flew in a passion with *Mercy*—
Because she, for fun, had just poked out his eye,—
And how sadly will *Agatha* curse ye.
Of a rapid consumption poor *Benifice* dies,
To plunder you *Justice* is willing,
Miss *Prudence* with any mad project complies,
And I wouldn't trust *Faith* with a shilling.
Then some are call'd after those men of renown,
Whose names are recorded in story;
Thus the muses disdain my friend *Horace* to own,
And *Augustus* is careless of glory.
Old stammering *Tully* now drives the Bath mail,
All his eloquence lies in his whip-thong;
At the sight of a sword *Alexander* grows pale,
Quintilian ne'er heard of a diphthong.
Now I hope that to those who have read through my rhyme,
It will not be a subject for quarrel,
If I turn to some practical service their time,
And end with a bit of a moral.
Since names cannot give the good things they imply,
Nor exalt the chance-bearer to fame,
By virtue the name to adorn we should try,
And not look for renown to the name.

R. N. H.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Since the time that the King of Poland spent a couple of millions of money in entertaining the Empress Catherine of Russia three days, there has not been so great a sacrifice made to gratify one or more individuals, as Mr. Junius Brutus Booth has made in crossing the Atlantic, for the purpose, as the play-bills assure us, of performing for 'three nights,' only at this house, which, admitting he has the highest salary given by the theatre, will produce him twenty pounds, being a fraction of a farthing per mile for his travelling expenses. Mr. Booth is a copy, both in the defects of acting and of person of Mr. Kean; his voice is more hoarse, and he has but snatches of the spirit of the original, whom he copies very closely in his faults, but never reaches his best points, and when he attempts to be original, he is least of all successful. America has certainly not improved him, nor did it ever improve any one; indeed the houses being even larger than those in London, it requires the utmost straining of the voice to become audible.

Mr. Booth made his first appearance on Saturday, in the character of Brutus, in the play of that name; his performance was tolerably correct, and reminded us of Kean, but only as the shadow reminds us of the substance; there were occasional passages well given, and the performance was altogether above mediocrity.

On Thursday night, he appeared in the character of Richard the Third; in the first three acts he was tame, but in the last two he became more animated; the last scene was good, and the combat with Richmond very well managed.

The spectacle of *Valentine and Orson*, with much new and well painted scenery, has been revived at this theatre.

Covent-Garden Theatre.—Mr. Warde, who has failed to make an impression in any one character, though he has attempted several, is gradually sinking into that numerous but respectable class—the useful actors.—Since our last, he has performed Rob Roy, in the play of that name, and Old Foster, in the comedy of *A Woman never Vext*; the former was a staid and formal, and the latter an uproarious performance; in Rob Roy,

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his rebuke to the menace of Rashleigh Osbaldiston, his directions respecting his children, and the scene of his capture, were the best parts of his performance.

Miss Lacey appeared, for the first time, as Helen Macgregor, and though her person appeared somewhat too delicate for the consort of the Macgregor, yet she displayed a mighty soul. Rayner converted Dougal into a Yorkshire clown. Farren's Nicol Jarvie was better than usual.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—This theatre, which has undergone some judicious and tasteful embellishments, was opened on Monday, under the management of Mr. Terry and Mr. Yates, with a strong company, very successfully.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MR. GRAY, author of the Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, &c., has in the press a work on the chemical arts and manufactures of Great Britain, similar to Nicholson's work on the mechanical arts.

Mr. Henry Dawe, the engraver, has in hand a half-length portrait of Dr. George Birkbeck, from a painting by Mr. S. Lane.

Arctic Land Expedition.—The latest intelligence from our enterprising countrymen is derived from a letter written by Dr. Richardson, the associate of Captain Franklin, and dated Penetanguishen, on the Lake Huron (the most advanced naval station on the lakes), April 22, 1825. In this letter the doctor says:—

'Our Canadian voyageurs have arrived from Montreal, and we start to-morrow in two large canoes, and thirty-two of the party, for Sault St. Marie and Fort William, on Lake Superior.—From the latter place, we proceed in four north canoes to Lac la Pluie, Lac des Bois, &c. to Lake Winipeg, Saskastchewan river, Beaver Lake, Frog Portage, English river, &c. to Methye Portage, and the Athabasca country. On the Methye Portage, or at the farthest at Chepewyan, we expect to overtake the boats that left England last summer, when a part of our Canadian voyageurs will be discharged. The whole party are at present in good health and spirits. The earliness of the season is very favourable.'

The Comet.—The Comet has passed from the constellation Taurus, in a south-eastern direction, nearly 40 degrees since the 22d of September, and is now travelling over the southern part of Cetus. Since the famous comet of 1811, we have not had one which has shone so bright, for a continuance, as our present visitor. On the 8th of October it formed a nearly equilateral triangle with Aldebaran, and the two stars in the head of Aries. A line drawn through Capella, the Pleiades and Menkir, pointed to it; and it was the same distance from the latter as Capella is from the Pleiades, or the Pleiades from Menkir. It has now 17 degrees right ascension, and 29 degrees south declination, and travels over 4 degrees in 24 hours. On a clear night it is visible at 10 o'clock, and passes over the meridian rather before 11 o'clock. The tail is long and narrow, and varies from 10 to 20 degrees in length, according to the clearness of the atmosphere.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct. 7	60	60	45	29 60	Cloudy.
.... 8	51	63	59	30 01	Fair.
.... 9	57	60	58	.. 05	Do.
.... 10	58	65	57	.. 35	Cloudy.
.... 11	57	64	54	.. 39	Fair.
.... 12	55	65	57	.. 13	Do.
.... 13	66	64	56	.. 23	Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Oxford correspondent shall hear from us in a day or two.

Stanzas, by J. M. L., in our next.

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No. 336. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Phantasmagoria; or, Sketches of Life and Literature. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1825. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

It may be matter of curiosity to know how the present age, so far as regards its literary character, will be distinguished; no distinctive feature it possesses, so far as relates to the progress of any single branch of learning that we are aware of; and it will, perhaps, only be known as that era, when the activity of authors, in producing works, outran the passion for reading created by universal education. The author of the volumes before us, in his first article, very aptly calls it the age of books, and he has, if we mistake not, done something towards rendering the appellation a just one.

The Phantasmagoria, certainly not the happiest title in the world, consists of a series of sketches, historical and descriptive, in prose and verse, more pleasing than profound, and displaying more tact than knowledge either of men or books. The work is, however, a very agreeable one, and presents great diversity of subject; a sort of mawkishness and affectation pervades a few of the papers, and yet the whole certainly shows that it is written by a clever man, who has the fault of being vain, and perpetually straining at effect; but, in despite of these defects, the volumes are very readable, and will, we doubt not, be popular. The work commences with a clever paper, to which we have already alluded, entitled The Age of Books. The author, after alluding to the classification of different periods, as the 'middle ages,' 'the age of chivalry,' and 'the Elizabethan age,' says, he has often longed for an antediluvian length of life, that he might have had the opportunity of observing, with his own eyes, and of treasuring up, in his own memory, those peculiarities of taste, habit, and opinion, which distinguish one age from that which preceded, and that which followed it. Pursuing this idea, he says:—

'Suppose, then, a person born about the middle of the eleventh century to be still alive at this present period, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, how many thousand times would he have exclaimed, "is this the world into which I was born?" What contradictions would he have believed! What oppositions supported! How much that he deemed truth at one period, would he have execrated as falsehood at another! How many times would his language have altered! How many more his religion? But to look upon the literary changes of such a "length of days," would be most amusing:—to contrast those days when he would narrowly have escaped being burned as a conjuror for knowing the alphabet, with these in which to read ten thousand volumes and to write a hundred, is scarcely a distinction! To remember those days of childhood somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century, when celebrated monasteries possessed but one missal! when a book was considered a donation of such value, that a person presenting one to a church or monastery "offered it on the altar, to obtain forgiveness for his sins;" and when a single copy of the Homilies of Haimon was purchased by the Countess of Anjou for "two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet!"—and then to observe these days in which books are become (and it is scarcely an hyperbole) as "numerous as the sands upon the sea shore."

'Surely no one will deny the propriety of distinguishing the present as an age of books! of book making! book reading! book reviewing! and book forgetting! Authors, some fifty years ago, were, perhaps, with reference to the rest of the population, in the proportion of one in twenty thousand; but now, then, they have so multiplied and increased, that were they all suddenly swept away, the kingdom would be as much depopulated (I do not say improverished), as though it had been the seat of a five years' war. Literary tastes, literary pursuits, and literary friends, are now so universal, that it is rather a distinction to be without them. The days are past, when to know a person who had seen a poet, raised a man above his fellows; and to write a book (no matter about what) made the author a lion for life. Indeed, authorship has become such a mere every-day occupation, for mere every-day people, that it is rather hazardous to point out any one of your acquaintances as a person who you are sure "does not write, and has no thoughts of publishing." Your most intimate friend, however dull, may be guilty of a statistical quarto; your youngest daughter may, unknown to you, write all the poetry for a magazine, besides having a volume of "fragments in prose and verse," almost ready for publication. You may have a talented washerwoman quite clever at composition, and even your barber's apprentice may be a rising genius, destined for far higher deeds than to—

'"At mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

O, glorious days, for the rag-gatherer and the paper-maker! O, lamentable days, for the wings of the grey goose and the crow! O, days more lamentable still for the poor public, libelled, loaded, cudgelled, and worked like a patient donkey! but to add, "and fed as scantily," would render the figure inapplicable. In point of feeding, the public rather resembles a spoiled child, that is crammed with trash from morning till night, and then upbraided with its unhealthy appetite.

'Let us forget, for a moment, what the public has to endure from the quarrels of politicians, lawyers, quack doctors, inventionmongers, and thieves, and look at the daily, monthly, and yearly trials which its patience has to sustain from authors alone, in all the varieties of the species: from established authors, who continue to write lest the public should forget what they have already written; —popular authors, who, having pleased the public once, conceive they have a legitimate right to plague it as often as they choose afterwards; disappointed authors, imitating the patient pedlar who continues to call at your house, however frequently repulsed; in the hope that his wares may please *at last*;—and, finally, from young authors, more in number and greater plagues than all the rest of the tribe; smart and small and short-lived as motes in a sunbeam, or butterflies in a garden,—they write, because—

'"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,
A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

Prose and verse alternate so regularly in these volumes, that we are tempted to make our notice a fac simile in this respect, by quoting one, from several very clever historical sketches; the subject is—

'JOAN OF ARC.

'Had Joan of Arc been a Spartan matron, her countrymen would have erected statues to her while she lived, and instituted festivals in honour of her memory when she died. As it was, after having roused the degraded spirit of a whole nation, and served her king with the ability of a general, and the self-devotedness of a woman, she endured perfidy in return for her services, and a barbarous death was her only recompense.' ANONYMOUS.

'In infancy, nor named, nor known;
In youth a homeless thing;
And then the proudest rank her own,
Amid the courtly ring!—
Ay, men might marvel at a change
Than eastern one more true, more strange
Than all that poets sing!
For when hath saint and heroine stood
Concealed, beneath a peasant's hood?
The land was swept by alien hosts;
An alien monarch reigned;
And France beheld, through all her coasts,—
Her ancient lilies stained.
The maiden mused upon the wrong—
In midnight vigils lone and long—
Self-dazzled! self-sustained!
Mused on the crown, the sword, the shrine,—
Then rose a spirit half divine.
'I see her, as a vision, now,
In all her glory's height!

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See patriot ranks around her bow,
And lilied banners bright!
I hear the shouts, that, oft renewed,
Burst rapturous from the multitude,
Before that stirring sight!
While fear is on the alien hosts,
And gone their strength, and mute their boasts.

'She comes,—with brow and breast in mail—
Like one to battles bred;
And firmly guides, while thousands hail,
Her courser's stately tread.
Yet, 'mid the pomp and pageant high,
With lofty port, and quiet eye,
Appears the warrior-maid,
As though to France the victory given,—
The glory, she resigned to heaven.

'Tis past,—and she who crowned a king,
And bade a realm be free,
A hated, an accursed thing,
To-morrow's dawn will be!
She comes,—and still the lofty port,
She bore amid a camp and court,
Still, as of old, I see!
And hosts, as then around her ranged,
But all besides, how dark and changed!

'Her helm, nor steed await her more;
Nor victory, nor vow;
For those who hailed her, saint, before,
As sorceress, greet her now.
I hear their curses round the stake;
I see the fiery column make
The boldest shield his brow;
I see, their victim, and their queen,
Die as she lived, severe, serene!

'Preserver of a realm and king!
Was this a doom for thee?
This, the sole laurel they could bring
To her who set them free?
Maiden, they could not quench thy fame!—
That rose, immortal, from the flame;
And ages yet to be,
Shall tell how saint and heroine stood
Concealed, beneath a peasant's hood.'

We copy the following narrative, because it contains a very vigorous and pretty correct description of one of the most striking events of the sort recorded in history—the Siege of Leyden; if, however, our memory serves us correctly, the author mistakes the year, it having occurred in 1574, and not 1573. With this remark, we quote—

'THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

'Heroism was never more conspicuously displayed, than in the memorable siege sustained by Leyden, in 1573. Haarlem and Mechlin had already fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, and endured all the atrocities that a brutal soldiery, led on and encouraged by a yet more brutal chief, could inflict. Undismayed by the terrific chances against them, the Leydeners continued to hold out, and sustained the dreadful hardships incident to a blockade, not only with patience, but cheerfulness. Personal pursuits and private feuds were merged in one universal feeling of hatred towards the Spaniards; and all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were animated with the same spirit of resistance. Even the women, inspired by the glorious example of Kennava, whose name deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance, took part in the labours and sufferings of the siege. The wife fought beside her husband, the maiden by her lover, the mother by her son, and neither in deed nor daring, were they inferior to their brave partners. Month after month passed away, and found the Duke of Alva before Leyden, and the citizens of that place undaunted as on the first day of the siege. Few cherished hope, but none thought of capitulation. The fate of the Haarlemese, who, on the strength of Spanish promises had delivered up their city, and had afterwards been massacred to a man, under circumstances the most appalling and ignominious, was perpetually present to the Leydeners; and they unanimously exclaimed,—"Let us die like patriots on the ramparts of our city!"

'But alas! an enemy more dreadful than the Spaniard had appeared amongst them, and commenced its deadly ravages. At first no one admitted the fact, as though concealment would keep the enemy at bay; but soon, men looked at each other and shook their heads; and women as they regarded their children, began for the first time to weep. Then, by degrees, darker gloom was pictured in every face,—patriotic songs and shouts of defiance no longer echoed through the streets,—and the frank and kindly spirit, which had made the inhabitants hitherto possess all things in common, declined every hour. The poor scowled upon their superiors;—inmates of the same house sat sullenly apart;—citizens, soldiers, friends, relatives, all watched each other with suspicion. At length, concealment became impossible, and the horrid truth which each had long known, burst at once from every lip—Famine was in the city!

'Long and bitterly did they struggle with this new enemy; but it was now the struggle of despair, not of hope. Their spirits died within them; every previous suffering had inspired them with noble and generous feelings, this destroyed them. Each regarded his brother as an enemy, a consumer of the little portion of food that yet remained. Men's natures became changed; patriotism, self-devotion, natural affection itself, seemed extinct. Fathers cursed their offspring, and mothers wished them in their graves. Seven weeks had elapsed since a morsel of bread had been seen in the city. Every animal, however loathsome, had been slain for food; and when they were consumed, even their skins were devoured by those whom hunger had reduced to a level with the brutes. The city appeared peopled with moving skeletons:—suffering had equalised all ranks; the noble and the abject alike might be seen raking the public sewers, and the vilest rubbish, which but a short time before would have excited horror, was seized upon with avidity. Famine, while it emaciated their bodies, degraded and depressed their minds; but the misery of the devoted Leydeners was even yet incomplete. A pestilence broke out amongst them, and in a very few weeks carried off many thousands. The living scarcely sufficed to bury the dead. Meanwhile the Spaniards, well aware of the extremity of distress to which the city was reduced, pressed the siege more vigorously than ever; a seditious spirit appeared in the garrison, and a secret correspondence was opened with the enemy.

'Nevertheless, amidst the darkness which involved the fate of Leyden, it yet contained within its walls many noble spirits, that even these accumulated horrors had failed to subdue. Foremost among them stood the governor and Kennava; the latter indeed, seemed especially raised up by Providence, to exhibit in her own person the illustrious qualities of both sexes;—the foresight and self-possession which dignify man,—the ardour and self-devotion which characterise woman.—With a constitution unusually robust, she endured personal fatigue and privation better than many of the soldiers, and this, aided by her masculine mind, peculiarly fitted her to exercise influence over those of weaker temperament. The very circumstance that made some men cowards, made her a heroine; and, in concert with the governor and the like-minded few, she stimulated her townsmen by every motive that his power over the human mind, rather to perish by their own hands, than yield to an enemy not more cruel than perfidious. But the enthusiasm excited by these harangues, became every day more evanescent; and a circumstance at last occurred, which had nearly plunged the heroic leaders in despair, and the city in destruction.

'Alva, no less wily than blood-thirsty in his schemes of vengeance, determined to try on the garrison of Leyden, the stratagem which had succeeded but too fatally on that of Haarlem. Feigning generous concern for their bravery and sufferings, he ascertained the moment most favourable for his designs, and despatched a herald with proposals to the besieged. The mass of the people, forgetting every thing but their present sufferings, welcomed him with joy, and insisted on an immediate acceptance of the conditions, whatever they might be.

'It was an awful moment for the few firm spirits who were thus left to struggle against the excited feelings of their countrymen: when the governor, as he mounted the tribunal in the town hall, and beheld the worn and wasted multitude that surrounded him with looks of eager beseeching importunity, felt, for an instant, his resolution fail him. It was for an instant only. The herald proceeded to state the conditions offered by the Duke of Alva, they were worded with beguiling subtlety, and the deluded citizens insisted with menacing cries, on their immediate acceptance.

'Burning with shame, grief, and indignation, the governor rose to address them. "Madmen," said he with vehemence "Know ye what ye ask? Know ye that ye forego honorable death, and glorious remembrance for an ignominious execution and everlasting infamy! Did not the Haarlemese trust promises like these, and did the Spaniard leave one man alive to tell how they were fulfilled! Will ye follow their example, and be led out by hundreds and thousands to be slaughtered like dogs, because ye dared not die like men in your own defence? Here me Leydeners—my countrymen—my friends—hear me repeat the oath I have sworn." He paused a few moments, and then raising his hands to heaven, repeated in a slow, solemn voice

"I swear, never to surrender this city to the Spaniard—never to meet him as other than a deadly foe, while a man remains to shut the gates! And now wreak your vengeance upon me as I stand,—tear me to pieces on this spot,—soldiers—citizens—behold your willing victim!"

A sullen silence ensued. The multitude unprepared for this sudden burst of passionate enthusiasm, stood gazing on each other, speechless and overawed. At length, confused and stormy murmurs ran through the crowd, of "food—give us food."

"'It is here, take us,"—said Kennava, stepping forwards with her young son, from her place beside the governor.

"'And here, and here,"—was echoed in turn by the associate leaders, as they one, and all, stepped to the side of the heroic woman who had first set them so glorious an example—"Kill us, and defend the city!"

'This was enough. The heroism which suffering had only damped, now blazed forth in all its pristine force and splendour; and the whole multitude exclaimed as one man —"Noble friends—brave governor—we will die rather than surrender."

"'Swear it on your swords," said the governor, and as he spoke he drew his own, and raised the shining blade to his lips.

'In an instant the hall was irradiated by the flashing of sheathless weapons: again and again, the united voices of the multitude as they pronounced the oath pealed through the vaulted roof like thunder;—again and again, the echoes recorded the awful words —WE SWEAR!—as though they too, were living witnesses, and partakers in the vow.

'Thus surrounded, the herald became alarmed for his safety, and his countenance plainly indicated his fears.

'The governor regarded him with a stern and steady eye—"We are not Spaniards," said the hero, proudly, and he returned his sword to its scabbard.

'His example was simultaneously followed by the whole assembly; and, in an instant, not a weapon was visible.

"'Herald," said the governor, assuming a dignity that would have befitted a monarch —"Herald, return to your master, and report to him the scene you have just now witnessed. Tell him, also, that we have not within our walls one morsel of bread, not a single animal, wholesome or noxious; the rain that falls from heaven, and the weeds that grow in our streets, are all that remain to us for food—nevertheless, we bid him, and his myriads, open, everlasting defiance! Tell him, that when all is lost, our own homes shall be our graves,—our own hands our destroyers,—when he beholds Leyden consumed by fire, bid him seek us in its ashes. Guards attend the herald." He waved his hand, and the order was obeyed in silence.

'How long the enthusiasm created by the foregoing scene might have enabled the wretched Leydeners to support their continually increasing miseries, is dubious. Providence mercifully shortened the period of trial, and wrought their deliverance by means as extraordinary as unexpected. Scarcely had the governor dismissed the assembly and retired to hold a council with his principal officers, when they were alarmed by new and tumultuous cries from without. Fearing some stratagem on the part of the enemy, the governor and his friends hurried from the council chamber to ascertain the cause. They found the great square filled with people, several of whom were discharging their fire arms in the air. At the governor's approach the firing was discontinued, and he then discovered what the smoke had previously obscured, two birds hovering over the adjacent buildings, evidently anxious, yet afraid to alight. "Alas!" said he, "they will not furnish a meal for one man, they are only two poor pigeons."

"'I see it! I see it!" exclaimed Kennava joyfully, "they are carrier pigeons, and bring tidings from our friends."

"'Heaven's blessing on thy woman's wit," replied the governor, "it is even so, and we shall yet save the city: citizens and friends," continued he, addressing the multitude, "repair to the town-hall and await my coming,—Kennava, you alone remain here with me."

'They obeyed; and no sooner was the square cleared and quiet, than the birds, half dead with fatigue and flight, dropped at the feet of Kennava. With trembling eagerness she unfastened the strip of parchment concealed beneath a wing of each, and handed them to the governor. What transport did the following brief, and somewhat enigmatical words convey!—

"'Brave Leydeners! hold out but a few days longer, and the States General will succour you, however eminent may be the risk and peril."

"'Kennava, God hath not forsaken us," said the governor, and he gave the precious billets to his companion, utterly unable to say more. Danger, privation, fears, watchings, the enemy without, cabals within—these he had endured with an unbroken spirit, but this almost miraculous prospect of deliverance, wholly overpowered him, and for the first time since the commencement of the siege, the veteran burst into tears.

"'Let us hasten to our companions in arms and afflictions," said Kennava. "Now, companions in hope and gladness," replied the governor, and they once more retraced their steps to the town hall, where the assembled citizens awaited them.

'It is not in the power of language to describe the scene which ensued, when this sudden change in their circumstances was made known to the people. Weakened by fatigue and hunger, they were unable to control the violence of their emotions; the news of approaching death would have overcome them far less, than this promise of speedy deliverance. They alternately laughed, sung, wept, and prayed, rather like maniacs than rational beings. The affections recovered their former vigour; men once more regarded each other as friends, for it was suffering only, that had paralysed their feelings, and rendered them inhuman and selfish. Even the birds, the unconscious bearers of the joyful tidings, which had raised so many thousand human beings from despair to rapture, were regarded with enthusiastic emotion.

'By degrees, however, this extravagant joy subsided, and was succeeded by sober reflection. Their condition was still perilous in the extreme, for though succour had been promised, there appeared, as yet, no prospect of its arrival, nor even any indication of the method in which it would be afforded. Many days of anxious uncertainty elapsed; until at length, the alternations of hope and fear became more trying to the spirits, than their former state of unmitigated wretchedness and despair. Hour after hour, did the poor Leydeners keep watch on the walls and high buildings of their city, looking, with aching eyes, over the surrounding country, in the often renewed, and as often disappointed hope, of beholding the approach of the promised relief.

'At last, in the manner least expected—it came. Determined, though at the certain risk of national desolation, to annihilate the enemy that had so long and cruelly triumphed over them, the States General formed the desperate resolution of opening the sluices, and laying the whole country under water. With transport, not unmixed with awe, did the Leydeners behold the destroying element let loose for their deliverance, and watch the "fountains of the great deep," approaching like another deluge to overwhelm their enemies in destruction. Their circumstances were reversed, and suffering and despair became the fate of the besiegers. The foe they now encountered, was one that none could resist; from which few could escape. Higher and higher, nearer and nearer, it gained upon them every instant;—wheresoever they turned, they beheld only trampling waves—they heard but the "ever-sounding sea;"—before them lay destruction—behind them, despair!—From the ramparts and towers of the city, the Leydeners beheld in safety the overthrow of their treacherous enemies, and the approach of the boats destined for their own relief. Men, horses, tents, all the panoply of war but a few hours before so gloriously imposing, floated around in horrible confusion; while the piercing shriek, the prayer, the vain supplication for help, the curse, the blasphemy of thousands in their last agony, rose, in one appalling cry, as from the region of eternal despair, and mingled with the roar of the destroying ocean!

'No vain exultation, no cruel mockery, was heard on the part of those who had been themselves too lately snatched from destruction, to rejoice over a fallen foe. They stood in speechless gratitude to the Power that had so signally wrought their deliverance:—enmity passed from their hearts, the wish arose, that it had been possible that some less awful means might have accomplished the overthrow of the Spaniards—and many a stern soldier, whose eye had been tearless during the period of his own sufferings, now overflowed with pity, as he beheld those inflicted on his enemies.

'At length the work of vengeance was completed, except that small portion of the Spanish army which had fled at the beginning of the inundation, all had perished in

the waters; and the only sound that broke the silence, was the low sullen murmur of the waves, as they dashed against the walls of the city.

'Kennava looked on the awful scene with a brightened eye and glowing cheek, but it was neither the brightness nor the glow of gratified revenge. In the hour of peril, she had fought and counselled with the stern energy of a soldier,—but now that peril was past, and she stood forth again the woman, —a Miriam amongst the leaders of her people. She stretched forth her arms to heaven as she stood upon the ramparts, and like the prophetess of old, she looked upon the waters dashing at her feet, and burst forth in the words of holy triumph—"Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea: the depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone. The Lord is our strength and song, and he is become our salvation; he is our God, and we will prepare him an habitation; our fathers' God, and we will praise him."

'She ceased; but the people caught up the strain, and the city echoed it back in thunder, and far over the waste of waters, again and again, was borne that grateful shout of a delivered people.—"We will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."'

Although it is not improbable that we shall return to these volumes, yet, lest this should not be the case, we, in the mean time, recommend them, as forming a very agreeable work to the lounger and general reader.

An Address to the Members of the Royal College of Surgeons of London; on the Injurious Conduct and Defective State of that Corporation, with Reference to Professional Rights, Medical Science, and the Public Health. By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1825. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

ALL incorporated bodies are tyrannical; and, without expecting to live to the age of Methusaleh, we do not despair of seeing them in general abolished. Government, thanks to such men as Canning, Huskisson, Robinson, and Wallace, are beginning to extirpate them so far as regards commerce, and this is certainly not the business in which they are most obnoxious. The sciences of medicine and surgery were long considered as approaching the occult, and although in the former little progress has been made, yet the latter has assumed a rank so deservedly high, that we know not whether to reprobate more the injustice or the folly of the attempt to circumscribe its usefulness by throwing obstacles in the way of studying it.

It appears from the letter of Dr. Armstrong, that a young surgeon, Mr. Edward Grainger, had, by his lectures in the Borough, rendered himself so popular as to be an object of jealousy with the Royal College of Surgeons in London, who became anxious to prevent such competitions in future. For this purpose, the Court of Examiners, in March, 1820, passed a by-law to the following effect:—

'That, from and after the date hereof,

'The only schools of surgery recognised by the court be London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen:

'That certificates of attendance upon the chirurgical practice of an hospital be not received by the court, unless such hospitals be in one of the above recognised schools, and shall contain on an average one hundred patients:

'And, that certificates of attendance at lectures on anatomy, physiology, the theory and practice of surgery, and of the performance of dissections, be not received by the court, except from the appointed professors of anatomy and surgery in the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; or from persons teaching in a school acknowledged by the medical establishment of one of the recognised hospitals, or from persons being physicians or surgeons to any of those hospitals.'

The first appearance of this by-law met with the general disapprobation of the profession, and it was expected that it would remain a dead letter; this, however, was not the case, for the obnoxious regulation has lately been enforced in more cases than one. The first case Dr. Armstrong adduces is that of Mr. Bennett, who was educated in the University of Dublin, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1817. Having been duly qualified, he was admitted a member of the Irish College of Surgeons.

'He subsequently spent upwards of three years in Paris in the same pursuits, during which, it will appear, he became a public teacher. The facilities afforded in Paris, for the cultivation of the above-mentioned subjects, may be judged from the fact, that thirty thousand patients are annually received into the hospitals, that minute histories of the cases are recorded, and that four-fifths of the bodies of those who die are made subservient to anatomical and pathological purposes. Prosecuting his determination of becoming a teacher, on the first year of his residence in Paris he began to assist the English students resident there in their anatomical pursuits, his previous labours in Dublin having rendered him competent to that office. In 1824, the number of English students having much increased, and Mr. Bennett having become very popular amongst them, he applied to the College of Surgeons in London to have certificates of attendance, on his lectures, recognised by the Court of Examiners; but that body refused to comply with the request, on the grounds, first, that it would be contrary to their existing laws; and, secondly, that it would tend to discourage the English schools of anatomy.'

Mr. Bennett next endeavoured to procure a place for dissection in Paris for Englishmen, separate from the French hospitals; he applied to our ambassador, Sir Charles Stewart, who declined interfering, unless authorized to do so by Mr. Canning, the secretary of state for foreign affairs:—

'Mr. Bennett accordingly applied to Mr. Canning in September, 1824, and stated how important it was, in a national point of view, that English medical men should be protected in their anatomical pursuits in Paris, where the opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy are so vastly superior to those of London, as subjects can be procured there at the trifling expense of a few shillings each. Mr. Canning having referred Mr. Bennett's letter to the London College of Surgeons, certain members of the Court of Examiners expressed their highest disapprobation of Mr. Bennett's conduct on the occasion. The consideration even of Mr. Canning's letter was deferred about a fortnight, and then the court or council replied by promising that a deputation would wait upon him at some indefinite time. During the interval, Mr. Bennett wrote to the members of the council of the college, entreating that they might not interfere with Mr. Canning's kind disposition to protect the English students in Paris. He described to them the great advantage of the French schools of anatomy, and pointed out to them the little danger that was to be apprehended as to the English students deserting the London lectures, since in truth the college not admitting the certificates of the Paris professors, and refusing to recognise Mr. Bennett as a teacher there, were ample securities on that head. He further hinted, that they had no right to interfere, inasmuch as they could have no control over the class of English students who frequented Paris, seven-eights of them being doctors in medicine, and the few surgical students there having already diplomas. Notwithstanding these arguments, together with the actual injustice of the interference as it regarded the interests of the English students, and the utter disregard manifested for the improvement of English medical science, by preventing young men from obtaining that species of knowledge abroad which their own country did not so abundantly afford, notwithstanding, I repeat, all these weighty considerations, the deputation succeeded in persuading Mr. Canning not to comply with Mr. Bennett's request.'

There is a petty jealousy in such conduct on the part of the Court of Examiners, which would be contemptible were it not mischievous. It will be seen they not only refused to acknowledge Mr. Bennett's certificates while lecturing in Paris, but interfered to prevent his promoting the study of surgery among the English residents in Paris.—an act which is as unjust as if the Society of Schoolmasters were to prevent any person from establishing an academy for English youths in France, on the ground that it would 'tend materially to disturb the present system for the promotion of *education* in this country.' If our readers substitute the words 'anatomical and chirurgical science' for education, they will have the sole reason urged by the Court of Examiners against Mr. Bennett's giving lectures in Paris; but the hostility of the Court of Examiners did not end here.

'Mr. Bennett being therefore driven by the indirect means of the college of surgeons from Paris, nothing was left for him but to proceed direct to London, where he expected he might resume his labours, being already a lecturer, and a member of the college. In despite of what had previously passed, he de-

termined to show, that he harboured no harsh feeling towards that body, and the oath which its members take, requiring, that none should be cherished on their part, soon after his arrival in London, he respectfully solicited that his certificates should now, in his own country, be admitted by the court of examiners.—In this communication he stated his pretensions, and having shown that he was a teacher prior to the promulgation of the by-law, conceived, on that ground, that he had a right to be placed on the same footing with recent lecturers to whom he alluded, and who had been recognised. Finally, he appealed to the court as the individual members of a liberal profession, and as a public body to whom its character, interests, and advancement, were intrusted; but he again met with a flat refusal; and this last injury was accompanied by insult, for, while in attendance at the college, expressly at the invitation of the president, that courtesy of reception was grossly violated which as a gentleman he had a right to expect from men of liberal education.

'But waving such points, has its come to this, that an individual, who has passed days and nights and years in the acquisition of useful knowledge, shall be denied the privilege of communicating it to others? Is it to be borne, that a by-law shall be passed and perpetuated, by which the medical students who come to London must be taught only by certain professors appointed or approved by an interested body? If a rule were attempted to be established that no barrister should be allowed to plead in public unless he were instructed under a particular master or masters, would not the whole bar rise as one man to resist the invasion of their rights? And shall the members of the medical profession submit to a measure which would deprive the majority of the privilege of effectively addressing, as lecturers, the rising and future generation of students in England? It has been observed by an author, well versed in the subject, that hardly any man has risen to eminence at the bar, who possessed an independent fortune of £500 a-year; and a similar remark might be made in reference to physic and surgery, or the obvious reason that men's exertions are generally proportionate to their wants. The history of both professions would show, that the most distinguished members in each have generally been those who forced their way, by their own power, through opposing circumstances. But if a by-law like this had formerly existed, the medical world would have been deprived of some of its brightest ornaments. The Hunters, for example, could never have emerged from obscurity into fame, and anatomy and surgery might have been half a century behind their present state, at least in this country. The influence of men of genius is not extinguished with their graves, but, surviving, it descends through other minds, to the remotest ages. Shall this by-law be allowed to remain in operation, many of the ablest and best men, such as Mr. Bennett, will sink unnoticed and unknown, because it will deprive them of the occasion for revealing their attainments; the law being founded on a system of favouritism, it will necessarily lead not only to the exclusion of proper individuals, but to the appointments of others, not from public, but from private considerations.'

Another gentleman, Mr. Kiernan, who had studied for eight years in England, France, and Italy, and whose qualifications as a teacher were unquestionable, met with similar treatment as Mr. Bennett, in the refusal to recognise his certificates.

Dr. Armstrong, after commenting on the illiberality and injustice in these cases, makes some sensible remarks on the importance of the study of anatomy and surgery, and of the mischievous constitution and conduct of the College of Surgeons in London. Alluding to the mode of examination, he contrasts it with that pursued in other countries:—

'The examinations at the College of Surgeons in London are private, so that even one pupil cannot judge how another acquits himself. In the Dublin and Paris colleges they are public, particularly in the latter, where even those unconnected with the profession are permitted to attend. An examination at the London college is conducted by two examiners only; it occupies occasionally ten minutes, generally from twenty to thirty, and very rarely forty minutes. At the College of Surgeons in Ireland the candidate is examined on two separate days, during the space of an hour and a half or two hours each day. One candidate only is examined at a time, and he has six examiners with the president. Moreover, the office of examiner in the Irish college is merely honorary, being filled by members annually chosen at a general meeting, no emolument being attached to their office. Whereas the members of the Court of Examiners of the London college are self-elected for life, and each of them receives a certain sum for every candidate who passes; so that each examiner has annually a very considerable interest in the number admitted. As a license to practice communicates no information in itself, but is or ought to be, a test of competency, attained by previous and expensive studies, it ought clearly to cost the successful candidate as little as possible; and when exorbitantly high, it can only be considered in the light of a tax, levied upon the profession, principally for the benefit of the examiners. Some of the members of this court, it should be mentioned, are themselves lecturers, while others have relatives in similar situations, so that they have often to examine not only the students of their own or kindred's rival, but those whom they or their connections have instructed. Are such collisions of interest and feeling consistent with the strict impartiality required of an examiner?

'In the School of Medicine of Paris the candidates for the degrees of doctor in medicine and doctor in surgery, pursue the same studies, and are both subjected to the same examinations. Each is obliged, first, to show his capability to dissect, next to submit to five public examinations on different days, and finally to defend a thesis. During this severe trial, he undergoes the ordeal of no less than twenty examiners. At the examination in the London college, the candidate is questioned respecting his acquaintance with anatomy, physiology, and surgery; the anatomy of the tissues, as revealed by the industry of the French being but little, if at all regarded, though it would be easy to demonstrate its great utility in the science and practice of surgery. In the Dublin college the candidate is minutely examined during the first day on anatomy, physiology, and pathology, and at this time he may be rejected, which precludes his offering himself for another year. On the second day he is examined on the theory and practice of surgery, and medicine, and pharmacy, including therapeutics. In the Paris school, the candidate is examined the first day on anatomy and physiology, the second on pathology, the third on materia medica, chymistry, and pharmacy; the fourth on hygiène and medical jurisprudence; and the fifth on the practice of medicine and surgery, according as the degree is required in the one or the other. Such are the means pursued by these respective colleges in order to ascertain the proficiency of the students before they are sanctioned by a diploma to take upon themselves the awful responsibility of practising.

'The examination at the London college, when contrasted with those of the other colleges, is fearfully inefficient, and offers no adequate test or security for the competency of the candidates who pass. The Court of Examiners, therefore, is guilty of a dereliction of duty, and when, as must too often occur, it grants diplomas to incompetent persons, it is surely answerable to the country for the dreadful consequences.'

The effect of the by-law, while it tends to diminish the number of competent surgeons, does not insure the capability of those who may succeed as lecturers in London. That such a by-law is unjust, Dr. Armstrong fearlessly contends, and he is inclined to think it also illegal; addressing himself to the members of the College of Surgeons generally, he advises—

'In the first place, you should unite and publicly express your disapprobation of the by-law, the pernicious effects of which, I hope, have been unanswerably demonstrated.

'In the second place you should determine to try its legality in a court of justice, through Mr. Bennett or Mr. Kiernan, whose cause you ought to countenance, and indeed to make your own.

'In the third place, you should resolve the utter incompetency of the Court of Examiners and council as now constituted, for they are notoriously a self-elected body—a body over which no wholesome control having yet existed, it has betrayed its trust to your detriment, and that of the public.

'But above all, you must, in the fourth and last place, petition the legislature for a new charter, in which the whole power should rest in you, the members, as one body in name and in fact, having the power to elect the officers, and to preside over all the concerns of the college.'

The profession and the public at large are interested in this subject, and Dr. Armstrong deserves the thanks of the community for so ably arguing the question.

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Museum Europæum; or, Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art in Europe; compiled from Eminent Authorities, Methodically arranged, interspersed with Original Hints, Observations, &c. By CHARLES HULBERT, Author of the African Traveller, &c. 12mo. pp. 473. London, 1825. Whittaker.

We have already noticed, in terms of strong commendation, the three preceeding works, by Mr. Hulbert, similar to this—on Asia, Africa, and America, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the Museum Europæum, is entitled to still higher praise, taking, as it does, a somewhat more ample view, and displaying the same good taste and discrimination in the selection of subjects the most interesting and diversified; though the work is in a great degree a compilation, yet it is not entirely so, many of the articles being wholly original, and others considerably improved by the additions or corrections of the editor. The great difficulty in a work of this nature is to know what to select, and where to stop, for the field is so very ample, that we scarcely expect to find the choicest antiquities, curiosities, beauties, and varieties of nature and art in Europe squeezed into a volume of five hundred pages, yet this Mr. Hulbert has very successfully achieved. His work, a neat little volume, is embellished with a portrait of Archdeacon Corbett, and a view of Eaton Hall, the splendid mansion of Earl Grosvenor.

Our selections shall be from what appear to us the most original portions of the work, which are, at the same time, not the least interesting; and first of Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire, the description of which is from a manuscript tour by Dr. Stringer, of Shrewsbury:—

'Glastonbury Abbey is justly boasted to be one of the oldest in England. The town itself took its origin from the abbey. Here vestiges of ancient magnificence appear on every side. Mouldings of portals, capitals of pilasters, and stone ribs of roofs, are stuck in the walls of the ignoble residences of modern times; and scarcely can the traveller step, without being reminded by some fragment of masonry, or some ancient mansion with its arched portal and its spandril windows, that Glastonbury has suffered a most lamentable reverse of fortune. In our way to the abbey we passed the market cross, an old polygon structure. A little to the south of this, lie the remains of the abbey, on the left hand side of the road, leading from Wells to Bridgewater.

'Glastonbury derives its origin (says Camden) from Joseph of Arimathea, the same who buried Christ's body. Who, when he came to preach the gospel in Great Britain, as it is asserted he did by the Romish legends, landed on the Isle of Avilon, and fixing his staff in the ground (a dry thorn sapling, which had been his companion through all the countries he had passed), fell asleep. When he awoke, he found to his great surprise, that his staff had taken root, and was covered with white blossoms. From this miracle, however, he drew a very natural conclusion, that as the use of his staff was thus taken from him, it was ordained that he should take up his abode in this place. Here, therefore, he built a chapel, which, by the piety of succeeding times, increased into this magnificent foundation. The ground on which the abbey of Glastonbury stood is higher than the neighbouring district, which is a perfect flat, insomuch that tradition says, it was formerly covered with the sea. If that was the case, the ground which the abbey occupied, if not an island, was at least a peninsula. To this day it bears the name of the island of Avilon; and the meadows around it seem plainly to have been washed and relinquished by the sea. The abbey, with its offices and buildings, completely occupied the large enclosure. But of these edifices a small part of the great church of the abbey, fragments of St. Joseph's Chapel, the abbot's kitchen, and some unintelligible and dilapidated walls, are all which now survive.

'Of the great church of the monastery, a great part of the south side, and some part of the east end may be traced; a little of the cross isle; and a remnant of the tower; all of the purest and most elegant Gothic. A long list of heroes, of kings and queens, mingle their dust under the ruins of this great church, amongst whom the patriotic Arthur must not be forgotten. Borne to Glastonbury after the fatal battle of Camlan, in which he perished, the chieftain was buried before the high altar, where he slept for ages neglected and unknown. A tradition, however, of his death and place of sepulture was preserved among the British bards who took shelter in the mountains of Wales, after the conquest of their country by the Saxons. One of these poets, in a legend which he recited to Henry the Second, discovered the long concealed secret. The length of the church, within the walls, was five hundred and thirty-six feet. The length of the middle cross-aisle or transept, two hundred and twenty. St. Joseph's Chapel stands near the west end of the great church, and is much more entire. Its architecture is elegant. The stile is mixed, partly Anglo-Norman, or (as it is commonly called) Saxon, and partly Gothic, both perfect in their kind. A range of windows, rather loftily placed, runs round the building; their arches are of semicircular form, but included within sharply-pointed Gothic cornices: beneath these, at proper intervals, and equal distances, light taper shafts support a course of false Saxon arches; which, intersecting each other, form well-proportioned Gothic ones, and perhaps point out the origin of this much-disputed style. The little ornamental cornices edging the arches of the windows are in the zig-zag manner, but being of what is called *raised work*, that is, separated from the mass of stone by the labour of the chisel, the light is admitted through these perforations, and an unequalled degree of airiness and elegance thrown, by these means, over the whole structure. Nor is it possible to pass the northern entrance without admiration, for here the builder seems to have exerted all the efforts of his art, in order to produce an architectural wonder. The retiring arches, which form the door-way, are supported by slender pillars, surmounted with magnificent capitals, the mouldings separated from each other by four compartments of costly carving, all which exhibit splendid but tasty running patters of foliage and fruit, tendrils and flowers, entwining each other in the richest profusion. A handsome crypt runs under the eastern part of the chapel. It is no little addition to its beauty, that ivy is spread over the walls, in such just proportion as to adorn without defacing them.

'On the south-west of St. Joseph's Chapel stands the Gate of Strangers, which seems to have been a heavy building, void of elegance and beauty.

'The abbot's lodge was a large building. It ranged parallel with the south side of the church; and was nearly entire within the memory of man. It was a suite of seven apartments on a floor; but nothing hardly can now be traced. In the year 1714, it was taken down to answer some purposes of economy.

'Hard by where the abbot's lodge stood, are the remains of the kitchen, it is both a curious remnant of antiquity, and a noble monument of monkish hospitality, in better preservation than the other buildings of the monastery. Its walls are four feet thick, and yet strengthened with massy buttresses. The building is square outside, the inside an octagon, four chimnies taking off the corners of the square. It has two doors, and measures twenty-two feet from one to the other, and a hundred and seventy from the bottom to the top.

'These are all the visible remains of this great house. Foundations are traced far and wide, where it is conjectured the cloisters ran; the monk's cells, the schools, the dormitories, halls, and other offices. The whole together has been an amazing combination of various buildings. It had the appearance, indeed, of a considerable town, containing, perhaps, the largest society under one government, and the most extensive foundation that ever appeared in England. From an early period pilgrims resorted to it from all parts of the kingdom. Its fraternity, it is said, consisted of five hundred monks, besides nearly as many retainers on the abbey. About four hundred children were educated and maintained. Five hundred travellers have been lodged at once within its walls; while the poor from every side of the country were received and fed. This great house possessed the amplest revenues of any religious house in England.'

Among the curiosities of Shropshire, of which Mr. Hulbert gives a very excellent account, we find an interesting notice of the Ogo Hole, near Llanymynech, which we quote:—

'In Llanymynech hill, on the western border of Shropshire, is a considerable excavation, vulgarly called the Ogo (from the Welsh ogaf, a cave), supposed to have been an ancient mine of the Romans, as very numerous coins of that people are frequently found there. It is now seldom explored farther than the mouth, which is of considerable extent, dark and dismal, the entrance overhung with the stump and branches of a

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wych-elm, and great fragments have in many places fallen from the roof. Superstition, ever given to people darkness with the progeny of imagination, has assigned inhabitants here, such as knockers, goblins, and ghosts; and the surrounding peasantry aver, with inflexible credulity, that the aerial harmonies of fairies are frequently heard in the deep recesses. Some years ago, all the passages of this subterraneous labyrinth were carefully explored to their extent, by J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq., of West Felton, from whose notes the editor has been favoured with this information. The entrance, for fifteen yards, is high, but afterwards a person must stoop very low, and sometimes even crawl. It contains many sinuosities, sometimes but a yard, and generally about three yards wide; having many turnings and passages connected with each other; so that a ball of thread, or chalk, is necessary for the greater facility of return.—None of the paths go more than two hundred yards from the place of entry. Great quantities of human bones are found in many parts, particularly where the cavern becomes wide and lofty. This renders it probable it has, subsequent to the Romans, become either a place of refuge in battle, or a depository for the dead. The passages are cut through the rock, which is of red lime stone, whereon frequently appear the marks of chisels, and, doubtless, it has originally been a ramification of rich veins of ore; for everywhere appear—

——"the inner vaults of this rude cavern,
Green with the copper tinge, where pendant glisten
Curdled stalactites, like frozen snakes,
Where leathery crust, and vegetable film,
Hoar with their fungous fringe the dripping roof."

Long passages frequently terminate in small holes, about the size to admit a man's arm, as if the metal ran in strings, and had been picked out quite clean, with hammers and long chissels, as far as they could reach. The water that drops in some parts of this cave, is of a petrifying quality, and forms stalactites, resembling very long icicles, which, on being touched, ring with a brilliant sound; and the drops of water hanging on the point of each, catch the light of the candle, and give the surrounding space a glittering illumination extremely beautiful, and in a variety of colours. One finger bone was picked up and brought away, with a ring upon it: and, about 1750, some miners discovered several human skeletons entire, with culinary vessels, hatchet, and many Roman coins: one had on a bracelet of glass beads, and another a very curious battle-axe beneath his arm, and in a cave, at some little distance, were the bones of a man, woman, a child, a dog, and a cat.—Tradition says this labyrinth communicated by subterraneous paths with Carreghofa Castle; and some persons aver they have gone into it so far as to hear the rivers Vyrnwy and Tanat rolling over their beds, and that it leads down to Fairyland. Mr. Dovaston, however, threaded every passage, and marked each with chalk, except one that was so full of deep water, that he could not get his head between the surface and the roof. It is probable this mine was wrought before the year 790, when the Clawdd Offa was made, for that ditch proceeding from the passage through it, called Forth y Wean, along the brow or summit of these rocks to a place called Bwich Mawr (the great notch), in that place the Dyke leaves its direction on the verge, opposite Blodwell Hall, and turns from a southward course to eastward, and fences the south end of the hill (in which this copper-mine lay) to the Welsh side. And it seems that a battle hath been fought here in disputing for this mine, or that the very large entrenchments (of which there are three) that run parallel with that of Clawdd Offa eastwardly, were made to defend this rich and valuable mine.'

It is not only in the description of natural curiosities that this volume possesses much interest, but the editor intersperses an account of the peculiar manners and customs of society. Of Lancashire customs, thirty years ago, he gives the following curious picture:—

'With feelings of indescribable pleasure the editor of this work calls to his remembrance various customs and scenes familiar to the early years of his existence. Still present is the delight with which he hailed the approach of May-day morning, when a select company of the musical rustics of Worsley and Swinton, near Manchester, would assemble at midnight to commence the grateful task of saluting their neighbours with the sound of the clarionet, hautboy, German flute, violin, and the melody of a dozen voices. On this occasion, the leader of the band would commence his song under the window, or before the outer door of the family "he delighted to honour" with—

"O rise up master of this house, all in your chain of gold,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay,
I hope you'll not be angry at us for being so bold,
Drawing near to the merry month of May."

In this strain, including some encomium or happy allusion to the various qualifications of the mistress and other branches of the family the whole were saluted: after which, a purse of silver or a few mugs of good ale were distributed among the company; thus they proceeded from house to house, filling the air with their music and happy voices, till six o'clock in the morning.

'Another custom was, for the lads of the villages, on May-day eve, to compliment their sweethearts, and lasses whom they knew, by decorating their doors or the eaves of their dwellings with May flowers or boughs of trees emblematical of affection, or some good quality the lady was supposed to possess; for instance, a birch for a pretty wench, an oak for the lover of a joke or a merry girl, &c. Sometimes these compliments were of a rougher cast, as the hazel nut for a dirty slut, the alder (pronounced owler) for a scolder, or the willow green for a forsaken queen. Much amusement was derived from the bustle the lasses would make to have any unwelcome emblems removed before the neighbourhood was apprised of the supposed degradation.

'One of the most laughable and amusing customs was observed at Easter, when the young men and young women would disguise themselves in the most fantastic and ridiculous habits, and go from house to house a "peace egging," or begging eggs; the most respectable farmers' sons or daughters would indulge in this custom, and very often no mean display of humour and wit was to be met with among these masked rustics. All spirits flowed buoyantly and in unison, while a good song was frequently given in return for the convivial glass of the generous farmer.

'The marriages of the weavers and other mechanics were at that period of the most joyous description. A young couple intending to be married would invite their acquaintance for miles round to attend them to church, and to dine with them at a neighbouring inn, after the ceremony. The editor has seen a couple attended by three hundred young men and women; ribands streaming from the hats of the youths and waving on the bosoms of the maids. Now all this was no burden to the nuptial pair, every guest paid his own expenses at the inn, and the married couple were totally exempt. Fiddling and dancing finished the joyous meeting; and many future matches were often the consequence of the celebration.

'Their funerals were also most numerously attended, especially among the colliers of Walkdenmoor, near Worsley, and in the whole parish of Eccles. No invitation whatever was necessary on these occasions, every one went who felt the slightest regard for the deceased, or, indeed, who wished for a holiday: from one to three hundred was no uncommon attendance.

'Various other customs we could revert to as peculiar to that part of the country; many of them now in total disuse; partly occasioned by depression of trade during the late war, and the consequent poverty of the Lancashire weavers and other artisans, by which their native energies, cheerfulness, and happiness, have been nearly annihilated; and many of them, even at this moment of peace and prosperity scarcely earn sufficient to render life desirable.'

In the account of extraordinary individuals, Mr. Hulbert gives an excellent memoir of the Rev. Samuel Lee, a journeyman carpenter, who, by his industry, has acquired a knowledge of eighteen languages, and is now professor of Arabic, in the university of Cambridge. He also inserts two original letters from the professor, which show that he is as distinguished for his piety as his learning. The most extraordinary instance of early genius is perhaps the following:—

'Elizabeth Bradbury, who was born of poor parents, at Oldham, Lancashire (as far as he recollects, in the year 1798), at the age of nine months she could almost articulate every word in common occurrence; with the sole instruction of her mother, at twelve months she could read, and shortly after learned to write, and acquired some knowledge of the Latin language; at the age of three years she stood upon a table, placed in the pulpit of the methodist chapel, at Mid-

dleton, seven miles from Manchester, and preached to a numerous and respectable congregation; the effect upon the minds of the hearers was most extraordinary, some absolutely fainted from excess of feeling and surprise. She was at this period considered as a prodigy, or rather as one endued with miraculous gifts. The crowds who came daily to visit her, and the money which was presented to her parents from visitors, prevented their acceptance of numerous offers from respectable individuals to take this extraordinary child under their protection, and to provide for its education and future happiness. About the year 1803, the editor saw her at the Bull's Head, Swinton, five miles from Manchester, where her imprudent father exhibited her as a prodigy of talent and literature, and induced her to act the preacher for the amusement of public house company. She appeared equally playful as other children of her years, but seemed remarkably shrewd in her observations on the different characters in the company, especially on those who were not quite so liberal in their gratuities as she could wish. The editor requested her to write something in his pocket-book as a proof of her talents, when she immediately wrote her own and her father's name with each hand (right and left), in a most beautiful style: he has had no information respecting her since the above period.'

A Father's Love and a Woman's Friendship; or, the Widow and her Daughters. A Novel; in five volumes. By HENRIETTA ROUVIERE MOSSE. London, 1825.

MRS. MOSSE is the author of the Old Irish Baronet, a Peep at our Ancestors, Bride and no Wife, and several other novels, which, we believe, have not been suffered to sleep on the shelves of a circulating library. Her works display a considerable acquaintance with good society and the workings of nature, and mix, agreeably, much of the neat humour of the Irish with the vivacity of the French character. The present novel illustrates the virtues which give the title to it; the characters are well drawn, and, although we deprecate any extension of the novel beyond three volumes, yet we must acknowledge that the interest of this tale is well sustained throughout.

Instruction for the Field Service of Cavalry, translated from the German of Count Bismark. By Captain L. BEAMISH, 4th Dragoon Guards. 18mo. pp. 82. London, 1825. Whittaker.

GENERAL COUNT BISMARK (a good shot we presume from his name) is the author of several works on the tactics, &c. of cavalry; which the translator assures us, 'have met with high and deserved approbation on the Continent.' We further learn, that this particular treatise, written for the Wirtemberg cavalry, has been remodelled by Major Decker, a Prussian officer, that it was published at Berlin and at Warsaw, and that it created a great sensation in Poland. The object of the work, which is very concise, is to impress on the memory the chief principles of the field service of cavalry: this it does in terms sometimes so minute, that many of the questions and answers appear to us quite unnecessary. Few persons, we suspect, require to be told that a camp is a 'position of rest in the open field,' or that the movement of troops in war is called a 'march.' It is, however, better to explain too much than too little, and after the approbation Count Bismark's work has received from more competent authorities, it would appear captious in us to be hypercritical.

A Minstrel's Hours of Song; or, Poems. By AGNES MARONY. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1825. Pickering.

IT is well observed in a work reviewed in our present *Chronicle*—The Phantasmagoria, that nothing is more difficult than to get a good title for a miscellaneous collection of poems. In this respect we think the fair author of the present volume has succeeded; nor do we mean to say that the title is the only merit the work possesses; on the contrary, several of the pieces are pretty, as will be seen by the two specimens we subjoin:—

'ADIEU, ADIEU, A FOREIGN SHORE.

'Written on reading a Novel.

'Adieu, adieu; a foreign shore
Will burst in beauty on thine eye;
And friends you never saw before
May smile beneath Italia's sky.

'Thy native land, so soon forgot,
No more will claim the silent tear;
Adieu, adieu; I blame thee not,
For love and hope were blighted here.

'But if thy noble soul should learn
Its peace was lost by Falschood's sway,
Ah! then thy thoughts will sadly turn
To western islands far away.

'THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first rose of summer just burst on its stem,
Bespangled with one little crystalline gem!
'Tis the first rose of summer, that hangs where the beam
Has reflected its light o'er the shadowy stream!
'Oh! who has not felt, when the spring days are gone,
And the gold lamp of heaven in splendour shines on,
The unclouded delight in the bosom, which glows
When its bright ray illumines the summer's first rose!
'But thou, lovely pride of the blooming parterre!
Why hast thou not blazed in thy first beauties there?
The jonquil, the tulip, would fly from the throne,
And leave it to thee, queen of flowers, alone.
'The dew of thy breath all the sweet perfume has,
That breathes from the far-vaunted rose of Shiraz;
But the light of high heaven scarce kisses thy brow:
'Midst the flowers of the valley why tarriest thou?
'Thou hast chosen the bank where the violet's blue,
And the lily's pure white are contrasted with you:
Oh! by then from hence, or their sweetness will fade,
If the rose longer dwells in the depths of the shade!

BLUMENBACH'S MANUAL OF THE ELEMENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

(Concluded from p. 651.)

PERHAPS there is no branch of natural history which more strikingly shows the economy of nature than entomology, and Professor Blumenbach's work exhibits numerous proofs of this, in his account of the singular and delicate formation, the habits, &c., of insects. In point of instinct, the ant, though not so provident as the ancients believed it, surpasses most insects. Of the white ant, Professor B. says,—

'This species is found in the East Indies and Guinea, besides four others, natives of various parts within the tropics, particularly both Indies, the south-west of Africa, and New Holland. They construct conical habitations of clay, generally with several points, arched internally, often ten or twelve feet high, and occasionally in such numbers, as at a distance to have the appearance of a village. In time, these ant-hills become overgrown with grass, and so firm as to be capable of bearing the weight of several men, although the walls are perforated by large wide passages, sometimes more than a foot in diameter. Incessant changes are made in these buildings, old cells being broken up, new ones formed, others enlarged, and so on. The cells of the king and queen, of which there is but one couple in each hill, are concealed in its remotest parts. Next to these are the habitations of the workers; then follow the egg-cells for the young brood, and close to them the magazine. These animals gnaw and destroy furs and furniture, sheds, and in a few weeks will, as it were, exterminate large trunks of trees. It has been already mentioned, that the abdomen of the queen is two thousand times larger after, than before impregnation. She can then lay eighty thousand eggs within twenty-four hours.'

The honey-bee is sufficiently well known, and yet some account of its habits may not be deemed uninteresting:—

'It is known, that among bees, wasps, ants, and termites, the far greater number of individuals have no sex, that is, they are begotten by a male, and brought forth by the impregnated female, without themselves possessing perfect sexual organs. In the present instance, the queen, female or mother-bee, as she is called, is slender in the body, longer than the drones, with short wings, a hairy head, dentelated jaws, brown feet, &c. The males or drones are larger and fatter in the body, with long wings. The working bees, those without sex, are smaller than either, moderately stout, the wings proportionally long, the jaws smooth, the legs black, and with a peculiar fossa on the hinder thighs for carrying various substances. These alone of whom there may be 10,000 in a large hive, have the task of collecting materials, building the comb, and attending the young ones. The younger part of them search flowers for the purpose of procuring wax and honey, which are received and separated in the hive by the elder ones. They feed the larvæ with the pollen of flowers, keep the hive clean, and carry out the dead. They are armed with stings, which, however, are not

to remain in the wound, if pushed too far. The males, amounting to perhaps seven hundred in a large hive, have no other duty than that of copulating with the queen, and that while flying. Many of them die immediately afterwards, and the rest die of hunger, or are destroyed by the working-bees. The queen-bee, thus so completely impregnated, lays her eggs in the cells, of which, those intended for the drones are previously formed larger than the rest. When the progeny has arrived at maturity, about twenty days afterwards, they form a new colony or swarm. In the wild state, bees build in hollow trees, under ground, and so forth. Man has contrived to domesticate them, and to promote their increase and utility by many ingenious inventions. Although single bees have as little heat as other cold-blooded animals, yet in the hive the temperature often reaches that of the human body.'

In the account of the asterias, or sea-star, Professor Blumenbach notices the fiction of the kraken:—

'In many seas of the old world, and also in the Caspian. That of the Northern Ocean, however, appears to differ specifically from that of the Southern Indian Seas. A very inactive and singularly-formed animal, on the circumference of which 82,000 extremities have been reckoned.

'There is a popular idea among the Norwegians, that this animal is the young of the famous kraken, of which Pontoppidan has related so many wonders in his Natural History of Norway. This monster is supposed to live in the depths of the sea, rising occasionally, to the great danger of the ships with which it comes in contact, at which times the projection of its back above the surface of the sea resembles a floating island.

'When all that has been said about it is carefully examined, it is clear that various circumstances have given rise to the misconception. Much of it is applicable to the whale (see for instance the narrative of an accident from the rising of such an animal, in W. Tench's Account of the Settlement at Port Jackson); much is referable to thick, low fog-banks, which even experienced seamen have mistaken for land (see a remarkable instance, in Voyage de La Perouse autour du Monde, vol. 3, p. 10.)—an opinion coinciding with what was long since said of his same kraken by old Thormod Torfesen, in his Groenlandia Antiqua, p. 100:—'*Tructa hæc fabula videtur ex insula aliquando conspicua, sepius tamen inconspicua.*"'

We shall not dwell on the accounts of plants or minerals, the several species of which are so accurately described by Professor Blumenbach, but shall, in conclusion, note a notice of petrifactions, which are divided into four kinds. They are found—

'1. Merely calcined, when bones, shells, &c., have lost a part of their animal cement, and of their original solidity; being in its stead impregnated with calc sinter, tufa, &c., and at the same time brittle and light. They are found, for the most part, in alluvial land, and among the calc sinter of the cavities and rifts of rocks.

'2. Actually petrified, enclosed in the solid stone of stratified rocks, and usually as hard as stone itself. To this head belong most of the unknown marine animals of the primitive world, so abundant in the stratified calcareous rocks, which formed the bed of the sea in the primitive world; such, also, is the petrified wood, &c., included in hornstone and wax-opal.

'3. Among the infinite variety of shells which are petrified in this way, it is rare to find the shell itself entire, as is the case in the opalescent shell or fire-marble of Carinthia; in most there is merely the solid mould formed within the shell, which has itself subsequently perished. Such are most ammonites, hysterolites, &c. Such petrifactions are called nuclei, and those in which merely the impression of the external surface remains—typolithi, as in most of the plants contained in Schist.

'3 Metallized, when the petrifactions are impregnated with metallic substances, particularly iron and copper pyrites, argillaceous iron-stone, &c.

'4. Bituminous, impregnated with bitumen, as in bituminous wood, &c. To this head also belong the insects enclosed in amber, in so far as they are organized bodies preserved after death, and which, during some partial catastrophe of the globe, must have found a grave in this valuable substance.'

Professor Blumenbach's valuable work has a copious index—a very necessary accompaniment to all works, but sadly out of fashion in the present day.

My Uncle Timothy: an Interesting Tale for Young Persons. By Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey. This work is what Mrs. Sherwood (who is favourably known by her works for the rising generation) states it to be, an interesting tale for young persons, inculcating morality in an attractive manner.

The Duty and Advantages of Early Rising, as it is favourable to Health, Business, and Devotion. Second Edition, 12mo. Edinburgh, Robertson and Co. London, Stewart, 1825.

If there be any person as yet not convinced of the advantage of early rising, we advise him to peruse this work, in which it is very clearly pointed out. We particularly recommend it to those fashionables who reverse the order of nature by converting day into night, rising when the industrious man has nearly finished his labours, and going to bed when their more humble neighbour is preparing to rise.

ORIGINAL.

SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET—MR. CHARLES KEMBLE.

Letter from Jonathan Oldworthy, Esq.

Mr. Editor.—If you had not the good fortune to see Hamlet last Monday evening, do your good taste the favour of being present at the next representation, for it is no more than the 'plain unvarnished truth' to say, that I never was equally gratified at the theatre in the whole course of my life.

This is a strong expression, for I have wept myself half dead with Mrs. Siddons, been rapt in the contemplation of Roman greatness with her noble brother's Coriolanus, infected with the mania, or touched with the genius elicited in Kean's third Richard, and remember all the touches, peculiarities, and delineations by which Young, and other artists have, from time to time, produced agreeable or effective pictures, but I never saw one so complete in all its requisites as the Hamlet of the present Kemble.

The declamation of this gentleman is so pure, and even in its loftiest flights given with so much nature and good sense, that the ear lingers on it as loth that it should cease. The melancholy, philosophizing, but ever princely Hamlet, in his varying moods, but steady pursuit of a terrific truth, is constantly before us, and the most extraordinary and interesting portrait ever conceived by Shakspeare, (versatile as our matchless poet was,) is given with a fidelity delightful to those who have most studied the character, and to those who have not, revealing a thousand beauties of which they never dreamt.

In his reasoning, or rather resolution, to follow the ghost of his father, where he says:

'I do not set my life at a pin's fee—
And, for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as itself,'

The grandeur of the delivery carried a conviction on the subject beyond all the powers of casuistry. So in that fine speech, including 'What a piece of work is man!' the force, the dignity, and yet the melancholy arising from the consideration, that a being so gifted with imagination, so alive to excellence, so placed by fortune, should be so involved by sorrow, and surrounded by difficulty, must affect every person.

It is, however, certain, that the prevailing tone of Hamlet's mind, as given in this chaste and most admirable representation is that of love and pity for his father; from the very time that he first exclaims, 'Alas! poor ghost!' to that when he takes his long-protracted, and deeply-weighed revenge on the king, you see that all the recollections and workings of his mind spring from his affections. His passion for Ophelia, although at his age it might be supposed to be the strongest movement of his heart, is evidently swallowed up in it, and his former love for his mother, forgotten in his just anger, so that all the full overflowings of such a heart's deep-seated tenderness, is given to the memory of his murdered father, on which he rests with all the softness of woman, even while he is panting for vengeance with all the anxiety and determinate courage of injured man.

It has been said, and probably with great truth, that the reign of tragedy is over with us, as a people—that we have neither the simplicity of mind, nor the purity of heart, requisite for giving up our souls to the illusion of the scene, and yet are not arrived at such a high poetic taste, that recitation can delight us without it. This seems, indeed, to be the case, for the galleries were noisy, and gave very unpleasant' interruption to the feelings of those in the boxes, who were indeed rapt in observation, and were anxious to catch

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the 'honeyed sentences' of Hamlet, than I ever remember to have witnessed in any audience, though it is certain Mr. Young always induces (and well deserves to induce) deep attention.

In my own opinion, there is great deficiency in the construction of the latter part of Hamlet, as at least the great curtailment now necessarily given to it, make it appear as if not well put together. There are materials enough for two plays in it; and, for my own part, I should like nothing better than to return the night after Hamlet had been sent to England, and see my favourite prince come back a little older, a little more self-governed in his mad flights, but still pondering on his visions, and looking out for confirmation of the ghost's assurances; but this pleasure I must never have! if the times will scarce bear tragedy at all, they will certainly renounce a 'twice-told tale,' though Shakspeare is the author, and Charles Kemble the actor. By the way, that is rather condemnatory of the said times, but I am determined not to trouble myself just now with animadversion.

Pray when you have the pleasure of seeing this admirable Hamlet, pay particular attention to the by-play, it is always excellent. When Hamlet lies on the carpet in the play-scene, every joint, every muscle, is in agitation. You see every movement of the king's face operating like electricity on the keen, discriminating eyes, and alarmed nerves of the suspicious prince. You remember what the agitations of that heart must be, which not only sought to avenge the murder of a dear father, and reverenced sovereign, on the one hand; but, on the other, dreaded lest 'a cunning fiend,' in the semblance of that beloved father, was tempting him to his soul's undoing;' and we are aware that the prince before us is imbued with the belief that 'divinity doth hedge a king,' by which should he proceed unadvisedly to kill even the uncle he hates, his sin would become teufold.

In abolishing the belief of ghosts, Mr. Editor, it is wonderful how much of the power of human endurance, courage, and energy, are banished also. A great deal has been said about *narrowing* the mind by such superstitions, but those who have studied the subject would tell us, that the mind was one of a very *expansive* cast, which could, like Hamlet's, grapple with a subject so awful, so complicated as this appeared to him.

There was another period in which I was also much pleased with the knowledge and feeling displayed; this was when the funeral enters, and the prince, with his friend, draw aside to make way. Hamlet takes off his cap with the reverence due to sorrow, and the courtesy so amiable in rank,—it approaches nearer, and the sight of the young women announcing the death of one of their own age and sex, touches his heart, and you see his handkerchief at his eyes; he knew not then that it was the corpse of his once beloved Ophelia, to whom these 'maiden strewments' were assigned; when he learns that, there is a grief beyond tears, which is seen mingled with other passions, and goading him to fury, but it is in those parts where the author is silent, those moments where the performance is left to his own *heart*, and his own *skill*, which perhaps best denote the excellence of the one, and the perfection of the other.

By the way, I wish Horatio was a little less stiff in his gait, and would look more like a 'truant at Elsinore,' and that the queen would reserve her sepulchral tones for great occasions; could the ghost have borrowed them they would have been invaluable—not that I have any fault to find with the ghost, save that he was not shod with felt soles, which certes he should have been; for 'thin air,' when 'it revisits the glimpses of the moon,' if it come not unseen to gifted eyes, ought to be unheard by vulgar ears.

I think, too, the flower-strewing maidens at the funeral might have slipped on white dresses. The king, in the old play, talks of burying Polonius 'hugger mugger,' and this omission gave to a most beautiful scene somewhat of this effect; for green, blue, and yellow, cannot associate with our ideas on such subjects. By the way, there is now not one word in the whole acted drama for maiden ear unmeet, but there are some fine passages omitted,—nor could I forbear to regret that of the king's, but I now believe it is better as it is, for unless it had been delivered well, it would never have gone down, and much as the play is curtailed it is quite long enough.

So you will say is my letter; but be comforted, as I am becoming much engaged, and shall trouble you seldom, unless, like Laertes, 'I am greatly moved.' By the way I must say that same Laertes looked a 'very noble youth.' I am yours truly,

JONATHAN OLDWORTHY.

A FRAGMENT.

You ask for the meaning of the word *end*, and to this *end* I write. From the beginning to the *end*, some *end* should be kept in view, or we might use words to no *end*. The *end* is the extremity of any length, as the *end* of a street;—if you go beyond it, you may go on to no *end*. A rope's *end* may be either *end*; for however short the *end* of rope, it has two *ends*—the *end* applied being for distinction the rope's *end*; thus, if you give a lad the rope's *end*, the loose *end* is the *end* given; the *end* in hand being, as it were, the root, is no *end*. Thus a growing tree or gooseberry bush, while growing, may be said to have no *end*, or definable *end*; being cut down, it has two *ends*—this *end* and 't'other *end*,' and thus *ends* may be multiplied: each twig, each thorn, when severed, has two *ends*;—but while unsevered, unbound, or unrooted, has but one *end*; and thus one's hair is said to stand on *end*, and the *end* it stands on being the root *end*, seems a contradiction to the tree having no *end* while it stands on its root. The *end* of this observation is to show, how *end* may be used grammatically, philologically, and idiomatically; and thus the *end* of the argument is the gist of it, and *not* the close, and yet the close of an argument is the *end* of it; but we have not yet come to *our end*; for our *end* is to live *well* while we can, and those who do this need not fear a bad *end*—to come to a 'bad end' being an untimely *end*; but death will be our *end*, and they say the world must come to an *end*, yet this *cannot* be a physical *end*—the idea confuses;—yet most people believe there will be an *end* to it;—and yet most people believe it to be round; and yet, again, to find an *end* to a round body would puzzle most people—so that it may be said to be a 'world without *end*.' But fearing you may think I may go on without *end*, I will now *end*, and say

D. G. THE ED.

CONSPIRACY OF THE JESUITS AGAINST QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

(Continued from p. 671.)

CULLEN could not accomplish his criminal design: however, the Jesuits soon picked up other assassins, casting their eyes upon Williams and Yorke, two villains that were perfectly qualified for the perpetration of the most heinous deed. Father Holte administered the Lord's sacrament to these two abandoned wretches, and sent them, in the year 1594, to England, with orders to destroy the queen. Person wrote, at the same time, a violent apology for the assassins. But the queen also escaped this danger, the conspirators being discovered and executed.

'Edward Squirre was taken prisoner by the Spaniards in the year 1597, and being a heretic, fell into the hands of the inquisition. The Jesuit, Richard Walpode, undertook to convert him to the Roman Catholic religion. Having gained his point, he endeavoured to persuade him, as well out of as in the confessional, to poison the queen and the Earl of Essex. The Jesuit himself gave him the poison, which he was to spread on the saddles on which they used to ride. Squirre executed his commission, but without producing the desired effect. Walpode expected in vain, for some months, to hear of Elizabeth's death, and imagined to have been imposed upon by Squirre. He revenged himself on this poor deluded wretch, whom he had seduced, by betraying him to another Englishman, and Squirre was taken up for high treason. He discovered the whole plan of the conspiracy, and was condemned to death, while Walpode rejoiced at his villany without being punished as he deserved.

'Henry Garnet, Robert Catesby, Francis Tresham, and other Jesuits, who had secretly resided in England for several years, had, in the mean time, formed an extensive plan of a new conspiracy. Thomas Winter, and the Jesuit, Robert Tesmond, were sent by them to Spain, in the beginning of the year 1601. Garnet, the provincial of the order, gave them written and oral instructions for their associate, Creswel. The chief tenor of these instructions was to persuade the King of Spain to a new hostile undertaking against England, to assure him that the Roman Catholics were ready to support him with their whole force; to prevail upon him to grant annual pensions to those Roman Catholics in England that were most zealously devoted to him; to inform him that many noblemen were dissatisfied with the government, and easily might be gained over to his party, if he would assist them with money; and finally, to promise that the king should find in

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England a well armed cavalry for his service. The Jesuits conducted this business with admirable address. Philip promised to appear with an army on the coast of England, and sent them three millions to be distributed among the dissaffected, in order to draw them into his interest. They applied for support to the court of Rome, which they obtained without the least difficulty. Pope Clement VIII. sent two bulls to Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, one of which was directed to the English clergy, and the other to the Roman Catholics. In both, Queen Elizabeth was calumniated as the most abandoned woman: "If she should die (these are the words of one of the bulls), the person who promises on oath to protect the Roman Catholic religion to the utmost of his power, shall have the first title to the throne," &c.

'These se ret preparations against Elizabeth could not long remain concealed from her. She promulged, Nov. 15, 1602, an edict, in which the Jesuits were declared to be the authors of all the conspiracies that had been formed against her life; to have endeavoured to excite the people to revolt against her; to have established monopolies, in order to support the rebels with large sums of money; to have a hand in all affairs of state; and to have had the temerity to dispose of her crown in their writings and conversations.

'It is not to be wondered at that Elizabeth expelled them from her dominions as rebels; but it is a very melancholy fact, that the other Roman Catholic priests, who resided in different parts of the kingdom, shared the same fate. The Jesuits apply this circumstance as a justification of their behaviour. They confound the innocent with the guilty, without reflecting that these persecuted ecclesiastics complained bitterly to Clement VIII. of the ambition of the members of the society of Jesus They proved in the memorial, which they presented to the papal see against the Jesuits, that they were the sole authors of the persecution and distress under which the Roman Catholics in England groaned. Previous to the arrival of the Jesuits in the British dominions, the Roman Catholics lived in peace and tranquillity, and even their most inveterate enemies could not but confess that they were faithful and obedient to their queen; but no sooner had these turbulent fathers made their appearance in Great Britain, than the face of things changed on a sudden: they forgot that they were ecclesiastics; their ambitious policy betrayed them to the perpetration of the greatest crimes; they trafficked with kingdoms and crowns, distributed the most rancorous libels against the chief magistrates, carried on a treacherous correspondence with the enemies of the state, and wrote several books on the succession to the crown, although this had been prohibited on pain of death. These daring attempts were the chief cause why all Roman Catholics, without discrimination, were treated as traitors to their queen and country. How could, therefore, the Jesuits pretend to be persecuted in England for their religion? How dare they to attempt to praise as martyrs for the church and religion those that were legally executed for high treason? Not the heretics, those objects of their mortal hatred, but Roman Catholics, who were influenced by the Jesuits, were the authors of the afore-mentioned accusations to Clement VIII.

'The Jesuit Bartoli, who wrote the history of his order in England, utters a most glaring falsehood, when he maintains, that although various pretexts for punishing the Roman Catholics as criminals had been *invented*, yet most of those that were put to death had been guilty of no other crime than of a firm adherence to their religion. Elizabeth, whose government is represented by the most judicious historians of her time as a pattern of a wise and good administration, was incapable of committing such an act of barbarous cruelty The Roman Catholics and their priests, who were executed under her reign, undoubtedly deserved it; because they suffered themselves to be impelled by an imprudent zeal for their religion to become dangerous citizens and criminal transgressors of the laws of their country. The queen proved her tolerant principles to the Roman Catholics on various occasions. She always abhorred violent measures, but was at length forced by the Jesuits, who, in conjunction with the Roman and Spanish courts, endeavoured to inspire her Roman Catholic subjects with a dangerous hatred against her government, to take the most rigorous measures against a sect, who were misled by an unfortunate delusion to mistake rebellion, mutiny, and treachery, for lawful means of preserving the supposed purity of their religion. The persecutions, which the Jesuits boast to have innocently suffered in England, cannot be placed in any other point of view. Not their religion, but their dangerous plots against the peace of the country, their repeated conspiracies against the life of the queen, and their treacherous intelligence with the enemies of the throne, were the cause of their being executed as state criminals.

'Elizabeth did not long survive her last edict against the Jesuits. She died in the year 1603, and all the world did justice to the excellent qualities of that celebrated queen The Jesuits alone made it their particular business to calumniate her memory. They collected numerous lies and aspersions, and dispersed them all over the world, under the title of an English martyrology. They were not satisfied with having ranked all assassins and traitors of their country amongst the number of the pretended martyrs for the Roman Catholic faith, but also took all possible pains to invent new tortures and cruelties, which they pretend to have been inflicted on the papists, in order to render the queen odious to posterity.

'After Elizabeth's death, the King of Scotland ascended the British throne, under the title of James I. Although he confirmed the toleration of the Roman Catholics by an act of Parliament, and, actuated by a most astonishing magnanimity, granted life and liberty to several conspirators who attempted to assassinate him in the first days after his accession to the throne, nevertheless, the Jesuits continued their treacherous plots against the crown, which is a manifest proof that they did not care in the least for the true interest of their religion. Garnet, Catesby, and Tresham sent, immediately after Elizabeth's death, a certain Christopher Wright to Spain, to inform the king of that event. Garnet wrote also to the Jesuit Creswell, exhorting him to urge the king to take in hand the affairs of the Roman Catholics in England. Baldwin, W. Stanley, and Hugh Owen, Jesuits of Flanders, sent also, a few weeks after, Guido Fawkes with letters to the said Creswell. The object of these despatches was nothing else than to accelerate the fitting out of an armament against England. The Jesuits Garnet and Gerard were, in the mean time, busily employed in raising a body of cavalry in England, for the purpose of supporting the attempts of the King of Spain, and in exciting the nation to rebellion, under the pretext that the Roman Catholics had more cruel persecutions to fear under James's government, than they had ever experienced under that of Elizabeth.

'Elizabeth's death had, however, given a sudden turn to the plans of the Spanish court; and it is probable that Philip was now either too old, or too diffident of his good fortune, or too much exhausted by the wars which he had carried on, to meditate such an extensive undertaking: it also may be reasonably imagined that his pride must have been humbled very much by the loss of his invincible armada, with which he had hoped to conquer the world: he replied, therefore, to the Jesuitical ambassadors, that he could think no more of supporting the cause of the Roman Catholics in England with an army, because he had already entered into a treaty of peace with the new king. This unexpected declaration of the Spanish court compelled the faction of the malcontents and the Jesuits to rely entirely upon their own exertions. The first step which they took was to set fire to London, in different places, on the day of James's coronation, Aug 4, 1603. The conductors of this incendiary attempt, which fortunately was checked in time, were five Scotchmen. They were caught in the fact, and it appeared, by their confession, that the Jesuits were privy to this plot.

'The peace with Spain, and the toleration which the king showed to the papists, did not, however, change the plans of the Jesuits, It rather appeared that the unbridled passions of these turbulent people delighted only in violent revolutions. The notions of the pope's power, which they disseminated at that time in a clandestine manner, had at least an intimate relation to the seditious in England, especially to the unheard-of plot, known by the name of the gunpowder treason. Henry Garnet, their provincial, who appeared under different names and in various disguises, in order to disseminate the moral principles of his society with more ease among the lower classes, and as circumstances and persons required, called himself Wally, Darcy, Roberts, Farmer, Henry, and Philips. Oswald Tesmond, who also called himself Greenwald, and John Gerrard, who,

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at different times, appeared also under the names of Lee and Brook, took, in conjunction with other members of their order, all possible pains to inflame the minds of the malcontent Roman Catholics. The notion of the pope's supremacy, which they industriously disseminated, was blended with the idea that all heretics, who did not belong to the communion with the Romish church, were cursed and excommunicated by the pope; that a king, who was a heretic, and under the excommunication of the holy see, could not occupy the throne; that the subjects were not bound by allegiance to such an excommunicated monarch; and that it was an action not only lawful, but highly meritorious to conspire the destruction of such a king and all his magistrates. However little the Jesuits might wish the supposition to prevail, that these principles were anyways related to the moral system of their order, yet they cannot deny that all their moralists taught the doctrine of the pope's supremacy, and of the lawfulness of the assassination of heretic kings. It is not to be wondered at that principles of this nature, which, at first, were treated even by the Jesuits as merely theoretical, should gradually grow into practice. Actions arise from principles, and the Jesuits had every reason to expect that their theoretical instructions would not miss the aim which they purposed to attain. The method which they observed in such cases was, besides, the safest which they would have adopted; for only those criminals that are caught in the fact are generally seized, while the secret abettors and instigators are suffered to escape. They found it, therefore, easy to exculpate themselves, in their apologies, from the heaviest accusations. They never appeared *themselves* as assassins of kings; but are they for that reason to be accounted innocent of the frequent perpetrations of high treason which they occasioned? Is it not natural to suppose that their moral principles, and the great credit which they had obtained with the multitude by means of their hypocritical artifices, must have necessarily contributed to multiply those enormous crimes that disgrace the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their usual evasion, that the doctrine of king-killing existed before the foundation of their order, cannot, in the most distant manner, excuse their seditious language; this doctrine being only a private tenet of such austere theologists as were not much connected with the world, and who had not hitherto been supported by the authority of a whole order, was far from being of so destructive a tendency as it afterwards was rendered by the Jesuits. Their great influence on the courts of the great, the active part which they took in the affairs of government, the private interest which their order had in raising the pope above all other potentates, and the momentous events that took place in the Romish church at the time of the reformation, could not but afford them the best opportunity to apply that infernal doctrine as their interest required it.

* This doctrine and its concomitant principles prevailed among the zealous Roman Catholics in England, when Robert Catesby became the head of a conspiracy that has not its equal in ancient and modern history. He was connected himself, at first, with Thomas Percy, John Wright, and Guido Fawkes, explaining to them at a meeting in his house the too abominable design of his undertaking in the following words: "The king may be killed in an hundred different ways; yet what shall we have gained if we spare the life of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York? And if we should murder the king and his family, we still have to contend with a parliament that will resolutely watch our steps. We also have to fear many powerful men, a number of great lords, and all the heretics, whom we cannot well resist; we must therefore with one blow remove all these adversaries, and exert our united strength to execute such an important undertaking." He also informed them, that he had hit upon means of destroying, in one moment, all the chief enemies of the Roman Catholic religion, by digging a mine beneath the house of parliament, and having filled it with gunpowder, to confound in the ruins of one dreadful explosion the king, his family, and the parliament. Catesby was apprehensive lest the shocking and unexampled enormity of that atrocious design should shake the courage of his associates; he hastened, therefore, to appease the anxiety of conscience which it might produce, by the opinion of a great theologian, applying for that purpose to Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits, whose words were respected as oracles by the Roman Catholics, and put the question to him, whether it was right to kill innocent people in a necessary defence of religion against heretics, if in that case a greater number of guilty persons should be destroyed? Garnet replied, without hesitation,—It was undoubtedly right to destroy the innocent along with the guilty, if it were advantageous to the Roman Catholic party, and the number of the guilty greater than that of the innocent. In order to elucidate this principle, he had recourse to the example of a siege. The victor, he said, has a right to kill, without distinction, friends and enemies in a town that is taken by storm.

This opinion of the Jesuits eased the minds of the conspirators, who now began to make the necessary preparations for the execution of their design, after having taken an oath never to betray the secret. They confessed to the Jesuit Gerard, and received the sacrament, after which they took the subsequent oath; 'I protest by the Holy Trinity and the Lord's Supper, not to betray, neither medialely nor immediately, neither by words, nor in any other manner, what shall be intrusted to me, nor to desist from the execution of it, without having obtained the consent of the rest.

'After this solemn act was performed, Percy hired a house in the neighbourhood of the house of parliament, the situation of which was very convenient for digging a mine. The parliament, which was to meet in the year 1604, was prerogued to the 7th of February, 1605. Catesby made use of this interval to draw some more daring fellows into this plot. Besides Robert Keyes, Ambrose Rookwood, John Grant, Christopher Wright, and Robert Winter, he also received his servant, Thomas Bates, a man of uncommon boldness, as a partner of his intended crime. Apprehending that Bates might betray the secret with which he was instructed, he committed him to the care and instruction of the Jesuit Tesmond, under whose guidance he became one of the most useful and intrepid members of the conspiracy. They began to dig the mine on the 10th of December, but being frequently disturbed in their operations, could not have accomplished their work if the parliament had not been prorogued again; they gained, therefore, the time which they wanted to make the necessary preparations, and filled the mine with thirty-six large barrels of gunpowder, and a great quantity of stones and combustibles.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. XI.

FASHIONS change wonderfully: not only are those of different countries quite opposite, but those also of the same country at different periods. Bonnets,—not, we hope, the heads that wear them,—are under the influence of the moon, and undergo as many periodical mutations; but matters more weighty than a lace cap, or a plume of feathers, are subject to the will of the capricious and all despotic deity of fashion. Formerly, it was the fashion to have vapours and nerves; 'robust health,' as Lady Dainty says, was then 'excessively vulgar.' But now our ladies intend to be nervous in a very different sense of the word. They are about to study gymnastics; for which purpose two ladies are actually qualifying themselves, under the tuition of Captain Clias and Professor Voelker, to become *professoresses*—if they do not disdain the effeminacy of such an appellation—in that art, which will now be taught even in female schools. It is to be hoped, however, that the pupils will also be taught at the same time how to govern their tempers; and that, although it is excellent to have a giant's strength, they are not to use it like giants, else woe to the next race of husbands. What will be all the consequences to society of this new fashion, remains to be seen, but that they will be very considerable we can predict: our successors will, perhaps, be able to speak *feelingly* on the subject. It is obvious that the race of dandies must be extinct, for if removed no other way, they will inevitably be demolished by the fair sex. A lover will not deprecate a frown so much as a blow from a fist; or he will praise the muscular vigour of his mistress's arm in preference to the beauty of her complexion, or the slender delicacy of her form. We shall be held in subjection not so much by smiles as by the awe of a well-knit hand,—captivated not by weakness, but by main force; and yield not to seductive meekness but to actual strength.—There can be no such thing as a rape; and a breach of promise of marriage will be settled not by a jury to award damages, but in a more summary manner by the offended party her-

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self, who will take satisfaction to herself by giving some bodily damage or damages to the impradent offender; for, from henceforth a distressed or insulted damsel will require no other avenger than her own right hand. Whether connubial tranquillity is likely to be promoted by the parties being more on an equality as to physical force, is a point very difficult to determine. We hope, however, that the ladies will become as magnanimous as they will be powerful, and forbear always to exert the authority they will be so well able to enforce. At any rate it is probable that we shall have fewer scolds, if indeed any, of that race yet exist, for a woman who can compel instant obedience by her arm, will have no occasion to employ her tongue, but may content herself with breaking her husband's head without breaking his heart also.

Among other changes that will take place, fainting fits will be exploded as unbecoming, or abandoned to sensitive young gentlemen; a lady will need neither a chaperon or protector, not even a tall, well-made footman at her back, when she walks abroad. Thus many of the latter class of able-bodied men will perhaps be thrown out of bread, and compelled to become *operatives;* and a number of gentlemen whose principal occupation is now to dangle after a lady, will find themselves deprived of the only office they held in society. It is, indeed, the misfortune attending all such important changes, that for a time they effect the interests of many deserving persons, and distress some portion or other of the community. We trust, however, that the humanity of the public will, if possible, devise some other employment for these worthy gentlemen, if indeed they are really fit for anything else in the world, which is, after all, rather doubtful.

Considering the fatigues which a fine lady has to sustain in the course of a winter season, hardly less than those of a military campaign, or the drudgery of a porter, we have often wondered how frames so frail could endure such incessant toil, such horrid squeezing night after night, in rooms that might be compared to the black hole at Calcutta. But that ever physiologists may say, and they really seem to understand very little about the matter, there is no doubt but that the female sex is naturally as strong, if not stronger than the other, and more capable of sustaining the greatest vicissitudes of heat and cold. A woman of fashion fearlessly exposes her arms and shoulders to currents of cold air, and dress half clad,—that is when full dressed, while those who are termed the stronger sex envelope themselves up to their chins. What they may not be capable of doing by and by, when they shall have gone through a course of *gymnastics*, we do not pretend to say, or, indeed, dare hardly venture to conjecture.—Are they aware of the etymology and primary import of the term? and if so, do they really intend to adopt it literally, and to strip off their little covering they have left themselves?

BIOGRAPHY.

CAPT. J. DUNDAS COCHRANE.

Capt. Cochrane, the enterprising pedestrian traveller, died lately at Valencia, in South America, whither he had gone to superintend some mining operations, and gratify, at the same time, his love of travel, which was a predominating passion with him. At the conclusion of the general peace, he traversed on foot the countries of France, Spain, and Portugal; and, in 1820, he offered to take a journey into the interior of Africa, to explore the source of the Niger. To accomplish this object, it was even his intention to have sold himself as a slave to one of the owners of caravans travelling in that country. The Admiralty, however, to whom he made the request, either from regard to the safety of his person, or because they considered such an expedition foreign to their department, were unfavourable to the plan. He subsequently set out with the intention of travelling round the globe, as nearly as it can be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America, at Behring's Straits—all this, too, *on foot*, his circumstances admitting of no other mode. His leading object was to trace the shores of the Polar Sea along America, by land, as Captain Parry has been attempting to do by sea. Having arrived at St. Petersburgh, and obtained letters of recommendation and protection from the Emperpr Alexander, he set out to traverse Siberia to Kamtschatka or Behrling's Straits, but had not proceeded far, when, as he was travelling through a forest, he was attacked by robbers, who first stripped him naked and then left him tied to a tree, from which disagreeable situation he was released by a boy who happened to be passing that way. His ardour, however, was by no means abated by this untoward circumstance, for he still pursued his journey, and, after encountering incredible dangers, all of which are fully described in his Pedestrian Tour, he succeeded in reaching Kamtschatka. While there, however, he became fully aware of the impracticability of his plan, and returned to Europe. In the course of this extensive journey, he states that he travelled upwards of 6000 miles at the expense of only *one guinea*.

This persevering and astonishing pedestrian traveller was nephew of that distinguished and respected officer, the Hon. Admiral Sir Alexander I. Cochrane, G. C. B., and cousin of that more distinguished hero, Lord Cochrane, and he possessed much of the genius, spirit, and eccentricity, which belong almost in common to the family of the Cochranes.

JAMES TAYLOR, ESQ.

To the exertions of Mr. Taylor, who died at his house in Cunnock, on the 18th of September, the public and the world is in a considerable degree indebted for steam navigation. Mr. Taylor was a man of no ordinary powers and acquirements, and, had it been his fortune to be placed where he might have had full scope and employment for his genius, he would long ago have held a distinguished rank among the benefactors of his country; but adverse circumstances, during the greater part of his life, shed a withering influence over all his projects—chilling his ardour, discouraging his exertions, and confining his usefulness within a very narrow sphere.

Mr. Taylor received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school of Closeburn, and afterwards prosecuted it, during several years, at the University of Edinburgh. Having turned his attention both to medicine and divinity, and gone through a course of studies calculated to fit him for either profession, he might have been comfortably established in the church, as he had more than one living offered to his acceptance. But the bent of his genius lay in another direction.

He was passionately fond of philosophical pursuits; particularly geology, mineralogy, chymistry, and mechanics. He had paid much attention to the steam-engine, and was the first who suggested, and (in conjunction with the late Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton,) carried into effect, the application of that power to the propelling of vessels. The original experiment was performed on the lake at Dalswinton, in the year 1788. It was completely successful; for though on a small scale (being with a four-inch cylinder), and with a vessel not calculated for rapid motion, they went at the rate of five miles an hour with ease. In the following year the experiment was repeated on the Forth and Clyde Canal; and, as it was on a larger scale, the motion was proportionally accelerated, being nearly seven miles an hour; thus demonstrating that, by increasing the magnitude and power of the engine, almost any degree of celerity might be attained.

These experiments gave the greatest satisfaction to a multitude of spectators, some of whom were of high respectability. They were recorded in several publications of the day; and, in particular, may be seen mentioned in the Scots Magazine for 1788, vol. 2, p. 566*. And from some unaccountable whim, however, though the success equalled the most sanguine expectations of all concerned, Mr. Miller could never be prevailed upon to proceed farther in the business; and as Mr. Taylor had not the command of sufficient funds, the project was necessarily, and on his part most reluctantly, abandoned.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

The blossoms are gone, and the summer is waning,
The russet leaves strew all my path o'er the plain,
Soon autumn and winter will cause our complaining,
Yet spring-time will smile on the world once again.

Its buds and green leaves will assuredly bless us,
If life be but spar'd till that season of bloom;
Yet much ere that time may occur to distress us,
And some will have sunk to the desolate tomb!

* Fulton and Bell had merely the merit of seizing the already published ideas of others, and converting them to practical use.

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Be the laurels of virtue our only attraction,
The joys they produce for man's solace is given,
A life, if thus pass'd, will give pure satisfaction,
And death, when it comes, will but lead us to Heaven.

J. M. L.

THE LADY AND HER KNIGHT.

Lady. Tread softly, love,
The warder's above,
And my guardian, the baron, will hear thee:
By the bell in the tower,
'Tis his banquet hour,—
Hark! the echoes of terror are near thee.

Knight. O! whisper again!
And I fear not men;
I will wait in disguise till the morrow,
Then thy guardian will go
To encounter the foe,—
My presence shall bury thy sorrow.

Lady. Fly! quickly fly!
If the lattice be high
To the eve of to-morrow, come hither;
I will tell thee the day
Thou canst steal me away,
From the churl who has doomed me to wither.

Knight. By the moonbeam's wave,
By the seaman's grave,
Adieu, lovely bird in the tower!
I will waken thy heart,
With thy knight to depart,
And will wed thee from merciless power.

J. R. P.

FINE ARTS.

Paradise Lost. By JOHN MILTON. Illustrated by JOHN MARTIN, Esq. Part VI. London, 1825. Prowett.

Mr. MARTIN appears to continue his splendid illustrations of Milton's sublime work with the same talent and good taste which marked the commencement, and to embody the ideas of such a poet on a supernatural subject, is no easy task. The two plates in part VI. are the Courts of God, where 'thron'd inaccessible' sits the Eternal King, and Satan viewing the ascent to heaven. Both the engravings display much genius in conception, and skill in execution. By the way, we may just make a remark on Mr. Martin's vanity: his title savours of it in putting John Martin, *Esq.* alongside John Milton, though Heaven forbid we should see that vague and much abused title added to the name of Milton; but we allude especially to his not only inserting his name at the bottom of each engraving, but also scratching it in the body of it: this is in bad taste, and although we may pardon his placing himself on the brink of the 'rivers of bliss' in heaven, we should scarcely have expected to find 'John Martin' at the bottom of pandemonium,—yet so it is.

NEW ACADEMY AT DOLLAR, IN SCOTLAND. DOLLAR, a small village in Clackmannanshire, about twelve miles from Stirling, and hitherto noted only for the beauty of its scenery, is now become the seat of a noble institution for the education of youth, which was founded by a person of the name of Macnab, a native of the village, who originally went to sea as a poor boy, but returned with considerable property. Dying in 1800, he bequeathed his fortune (which in 1818 had accumulated to nearly £50,000) for the purpose of founding a charity or school. It was determined in favour of the latter, as the more really beneficial establishment of the two, and, accordingly, about six years ago, between twelve and thirteen acres, to the westward of the village, were purchased; and a very handsome building was erected, from the designs of Mr. Playfair, the architect. This building, which is now completed, has a front of 180 feet in length, with a stately portico of the Doric order. Within is a central hall, used as a library and examination-room, having a gallery supported by Ionic columns, and lighted from the top by a dome, somewhat on the plan of that of the Pantheon at Rome. This spacious hall is exceedingly well proportioned, and has a very fine effect; and altogether reflects credit on the taste of the architect.

The institution has six teachers or professors: viz. for English, writing and arithmetic; oriental languages; modern languages, geography, mathematics, natural philosophy, &c. &c. and painting, architecture, &c.

The fee of attendance is 5s. a quarter, or 20s. a year, and 10s. annually to the library, or, supposing a pupil to attend all the classes, £6. 10s. annually.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ON Monday, Mr. Booth completed his engagement of three nights at Drury Lane Theatre, and, on Thursday, Congreve's comedy of *Love for Love* was performed to empty benches; we have, however, no room to notice it.—On Monday, Charles Kemble played Hamlet, and a somewhat too eulogistic account of his performance will be found in another page, from our good friend, Jonathan Oldworthy; it must, however, be acknowledged that he plays Hamlet very well.

THEATRICAL ARRANGEMENTS.—The proprietors of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, entered into an engagement, last season, regulating the period for which each should keep open their theatres, so as to exempt the latter from the necessity of engaging an independent company. This treaty, however, was broken by the greater theatres, and hence the Haymarket proprietors adopted a new system, opening their house for a long season, which has proved astonishingly lucrative. The performance of sprightly novelties and good standard pieces have, no doubt, materially contributed to this effect; the patronage of the public demonstrating that theatrical taste is not so vitiated as has been represented.—So much has the value of property in this house become enhanced, that an inconsiderable share, which, two years since, might have been purchased for £300, cannot now be obtained for £3000.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S ARRIVAL.—THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN arctic expeditions, we rarely ever hear any thing of the adventurers from the time they leave the Orkneys, to their return to the same place. Such was the case in the last voyage of Captain Parry, and while his countrymen were wondering in what part of the Arctic regions his vessels would be frozen up for the winter, he arrived at the Admiralty, on Sunday last in good health and as good spirits, as an ardent and enterprising man could be, after a new disappointment of his hopes, after four successive attempts, three of which were under his immediate direction, and in the other (the voyage of Captain Ross), he was second in command; he has, however, ample room for consolation in the discoveries he has made, and in possessing the full confidence of the government and the country.

The return of Captain Parry so much sooner than expected, was in consequence of the loss of one of the two vessels which he commanded. It will be recollected that he sailed in May, 1824, from England, in the Hecla accompanied by the Fury, and his object was to correct the discoveries made in his preceding voyages. In the first voyage, under his immediate command, in 1819, 1820, Capt. Parry proceeded up Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay, and entering Lancaster Sound, steered nearly due west, until he reached an island, which he named in honour of Lord Melville; here he wintered in a harbour, in north latitude 74° 44' and west longitude 111°. In the course of this voyage, among other important discoveries, Capt. Parry found an inlet nearly in the centre of Barrow's Straits, longitude 90°, opening to the south, which he explored to some distance, and found to terminate in an open sea; to this opening he gave the name of Prince Regent's inlet.

In the second voyage, which was prosecuted between May, 1821 and October 1823, Capt. Parry's instructions were to enter Hudson's Bay, and after exploring Hopedale Bay, endeavour to gain the open sea to which Prince Regent's Inlet enters; in this attempt, he was, however, foiled, by the entanglement of the ice. The object of the third voyage was, however, fulfilled, but in the second voyage he could not proceed, and which, in his first voyage, his instructions precluded him from entering.

In the last voyage, Capt. Parry proceeded in the summer of 1824, through Davis's Strait, Baffin's Bay, which he found some difficulty in crossing, on account of an extraordinary accumulation of ice which obstructed the way until the 9th of September; when freed from the ice, they proceeded to Barrow's Strait, which they reached in four days; on the 15th the ships had got to the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet in full hopes of a second harbour for the winter, and a successful execution of the voyage in the spring. The winter was now fast setting in, and it was with some difficulty the ships reached Bowen in lat. 73°, long. 92°. This was effected by the 28th of September, and by the 6th of October the vessels became surrounded with what is termed young ice. Fort Bowen is about one hundred and twenty miles west of the point where Captain Parry stopped in his last voyage. The winter was a mild one for these arctic regions, the thermometer never exceeded 44½ degrees above Zero, whereas during his first voyage it was at 55°. Reading, music, and plays

the principal in-door amusements, and a masquerade was got up once a fortnight on board one of the ships, and although the disguises were generally penetrated, the sailors entered into the amusement with great spirit. Bear hunting was an excellent sport, and kept the men well exercised; twelve white bears were killed, and a great number of fine grouse were shot by the officers and men without a license, or any dread of infracting the game laws; the grouse was so abundant as almost to cease to be a luxury with the crews.

As the spring approached, exploratory parties were sent on shore under the direction of Captain Hoppner, who commanded the Fury, to the eastward, while Lieutenant Sherer proceeded along the coast to the southward, as far as Fitzgerald's Bay, in lat. 72° 20', which was the point reached by Capt. Parry in his inlet in his first voyage. Lieutenant Ross took a northern direction on shore, and reached beyond Cape York, which is at the entrance of the inlet. In the course of these excursions, and others made for sixty or eighty miles into the interior eastward, several specimens of animal, vegetable, and mineral productions were collected, and have been brought home in the Hecla.

The summer commenced on the 6th of June, and the ice thawed sufficiently to enable the vessels to leave Fort Bowen, when they stood to the southward, and exploring the coast, reached North Somerset, on the 23d; they pursued their course in the same direction, but were driven back by contrary winds to Prince Leopold's Island, in Lancaster Sound. Captain Parry, however, determined on another attempt to get through the inlet, along the western shore of which the vessels were worked, until the 1st of August, when the Fury was what they call *nipt*, that is, the floe ice drove her against the ground ice, and injured her so seriously, as to render her unserviceable, until repaired; they then cleared her out, and made her again fit for service by the 23d. This was accomplished only by the most indefatigable exertions, as may be readily conceived, when the immense quantity of stores to be removed, and other circumstances, are considered. At this period their hopes were at the highest, an overland expedition having discovered in the distance an open sea, which they expected to reach in two or three days, and they now anxiously looked for a favourable issue to their adventures; but on the 23d a tremendous storm arose, and the Hecla was compelled, by the fury of the tempest, to leave her consort, and such was her critical situation, that another hour's delay would have subjected her to inevitable destruction. On the 25th, the Hecla having still on board the stores and crew of the Fury, returned to that ill-fated vessel, when, finding her on her beam ends, and full of water, they were obliged to abandon her, and relinquish their enterprise, at a moment when the brightest hopes of success had so confidently been anticipated. The vessels had reached 72 deg. 6 min. N. lat. and 91 deg. 50 min. W. long. where the Fury was lost. This point about 420 geographical miles N. E. from Cape Turnagain, the boundary of Franklin's discovery, to the eastward of the mouth of the Copper-mine River; but it is not so far west, by 300 miles, as they made out on their first voyage of discovery.

Nothing now remained for Capt. Parry but to return to England; the Hecla, therefore, stood to the northward, and, on the 27th of August, anchored at Neill's Harbour, near Fort Bowen. Two or three days were spent in refitting; and, on the 1st of September, the Hecla left the Prince Regent's Inlet; on the 17th, she got through the ice, and passing the Arctic Circle, made the Orkneys on the 10th of October; on the 12th, Capt. Parry landed at Peterhead and proceeded to London, where he arrived on Sunday last.

Although the expedition has failed of its object, yet it is gratifying to find that it has not been attended by any great sacrifice of life; the crews have returned in better health and spirits than when they set out, and with the loss only of two men, one of whom was killed by an accident, and the other died of illness previously contracted.

In drawing up this account, for many particulars of which we have been indebted to a private source, but of unquestionable authority, we have been assisted by Smith's excellent Chart, illustrative of the voyages and travels of Captains Ross, Parry, and Franklin. The New Times states that, in the course of the voyage, many curious magnetic phenomena have been observed, particularly in the experiments made with Professor Barlow's metallic plates. Those plates are an invention of great importance to navigation. In Captain Parry's first voyage, when they had reached latitude 73 deg they witnessed, for the first time the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the magnetic needle becoming so weak as to be completely overcome by the attractive power of the ship, so that for all the purposes of navigation the compass was wholly useless. Professor Barlow remedied this evil, which, in a less degree, exists generally on ship-board, by placing the centre of a small iron plate in the line of no attraction of the ship's iron, and at a proper distance behind and below the pivot of the compass needle; in consequence of which the needle not only remains active and vigorous in the polar regions, but continues to point to the correct magnetism of the meridian in other seas, uninfluenced by the attraction of the ship's iron. The general utility of the professor's plates had been well established before Captain Parry sailed on his last voyage, but we understand that his experiments on them have led to some entirely new and unexpected results in magnetic science, and are likely to prove highly important to navigation.

Arctic Land Expedition.—A letter has been received in Edinburgh from Capt Franklin, dated the 2d of June, at which time the enterprising travellers were seven hundred miles in advance of Cumberland House. The party were all well, and in good spirits, which had been heightened by the intelligence that the stores had reached the depôt at the first wintering station.

In the press, The Duties of a Lady, by a lady. Containing directions for conduct, and numerous receipts for the toilet.

Mic. Kelly's forthcoming memoirs are said to contain many very curious and original anecdotes of the late Mr. Sheridan, with whom Kelley lived on terms of great intimacy, for upwards of thirty years.

Washington Irving has been in Paris some time, where he is employed in writing a collection of stories, which are said to be more original, and possess a deeper interest than any of the preceding volumes published by this gentleman.

Early in November will be published, the first part of a new work, uniform in size to the 'Percy Anecdotes,' with portraits, under the title of 'Laconics; or, the best Words of the best Authors,' with the authorities.

The forthcoming volume of the Forget Me Not, which will be ready about the end of November, embraces, among many others, contributions, in verse and prose, from the pens of James Montgomery, Esq., Rev. G. Croly, Rev. R. Polwhele, J. H. Wiffen, Esq., Henry Neele, Esq., Rev. J. Blanco White, J. Bowring, Esq, H. Brandreth, Esq., Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Bowdich, Miss Pickersgill, Mrs C. B. Wilson, the late Mrs. Cobbold, Miss Hatfield, &c. &c. The engravings, fourteen in number, we understand, are highly finished, and are executed after the designs of Westall, Singleton, H. Corbould, Prout, Hills, Pugin, &c. by Heath, Finden, G. Corbould, Lekeux, Winckle, and other eminent artists.

Time's Telescope, for 1826, is on the eve of publication, with a variety of original pieces by eminent living poets. An introduction will be prefixed on the physical powers, the intellectual faculties, and the moral perceptions of man, and the volume will be embellished with a highly-finished engraving, and some original music.

A New Medical and Surgical Dictionary, including the collateral branches of philosophy and natural history, as connected with Materia Medica, is in the press, from the pen of Mr. Forsyth.

We hear that M. Schroeder, second librarian at the University of Upsal, has accepted the offer of the place of librarian at Edinburgh, where it is wished to make use of his services in examining ancient northern MSS. —*Literary Gazette.*

Mrs. Belzoni.—The public, we are sure, will learn with regret that the amiable and accomplished widow of the unfortunate Belzoni is in embarrassed circumstances, and that the interesting exhibition of the Egyptian Tomb is threatened with destruction by a few unfeeling and rapacious creditors. Will the British government—will the British public suffer this? For the love we profess to bear the arts—for the honour of humanity, which we boast as a national characteristic, we hope not. Relief, however, to be of service, must be prompt, and *bis dat qui cito dat.* We are sure every banker will be ready to receive subscriptions for her, as will the editors of the daily journals, who, to their credit, have ably and ardently pleaded her cause; the

government, we are happy to find, has determined to allow Mrs. Belzoni the £200 remitted from England to the Moorish minister at Fez for her husband, on his reaching Trinberator, and we hope relief of a more permanent nature will be provided for her; in the mean time, we call on the public to aid the widow of a man who has enriched the country by the discovery of so many works of art.

American Literary Titles.—(From the Harvard College Catalogue.) — 'Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. et Lugd. Batav. Med. Theor. et Prax. Prof. Hers. et Col. Ins. Rhod. Hist. Nat. Prof. A. A. et M. M. S. et S. P. A. Soc. S. S LL. PP. q. Manc. Bathon. et Preston. S. M. Lond. Schol. Med. Gall. et Acad. Scient. Lit. Eleg. Art. ac Commerc. Massfl. Soc. Corresp.'

Mr. Frederick Schmidt, of Stutgard, has discovered an oil for chronometers, and such like fine work, which will not freeze at minus 17 of Fahrenheit's thermometer, does not dry at ⋌ 212, and boils at 512. As it is not affected by cold at upwards of 50 degrees below the freezing point, Mr. Schmidt is of opinion, in which he is confirmed by experiments, that this oil would not be affected under the poles.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A new Riddle by Lord Byron.—The following riddle is said to have been written by Lord Byron in the scrap-book of a lady. It is, as will be seen, an imitation of his riddle on the letter H, though much inferior; and our readers will, we are sure, have no difficulty in finding a key to it:—

A RIDDLE.

I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age,
But in infancy ever am known;
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And though I'm distinguished in history's page,
I always am greatest, alone.

I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon,
You may search all the sky—I'm not there;
In the morning and evening—though not in the noon—
You may plainly perceive me, for like a balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches, and yet I am told
Wealth ne'er did my presence desire;
I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold,
And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,
Though I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in political life—
In my absence no kingdom can be;
And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife,
No one can live single, no one take a wife,
Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many, and of my whole race,
Not one is more slender and tall;
And though not the eldest, I hold the first place,
And even in dishonour, despair, and disgrace,
I boldly appear 'mong them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness, and pain,
I am never in sorrow or gloom;
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,
And I ne'er shall be found in the tomb!

Suicides in Prussia.—M. Caspar has published medical statistics, by which it appears that suicides are increasing to a frightful degree. During the five years, from 1818 to 1822 inclusive, they amounted to the number of 3860 in the Prussian dominions, from which it may be inferred, that of every 100,000 inhabitants seven commit suicide. There took place at Berlin, between 1788 and 1797, a suicide among every 1000 persons that died; from 1799 till 1808, one out of every 600; and from 1813 to 1822, one out of every 100. The proportion is still more disadvantageous in the other great cities. They reckon at London 49 suicides out of 100,000 inhabitants. This rapid increase for fifty years gives room for much reflection.

Doctor Caspar explains the physical, atmospheric, and other causes with much sagacity, but ascribes them principally to the prevailing taste for spirituous liquors. There are reckoned at Berlin 1525 inns and dram shops; and as the city contains only 6,550 private houses, every fourth house is a dram shop.—The police are endeavouring to diminish the number, but as every shop, however small, contrives to sell spirituous liquors, it will be difficult to repress the abuse.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct. 14	50	61	50	30 18	Fair.
.... 15	46	58	49	.. 55	Do.
.... 16	46	61	48	.. 53	Do.
.... 17	47	56	45	.. 19	Cloudy.
.... 18	43	50	54	29 95	Rain.
.... 19	51	52	46	.. 20	Do.
.... 20	40	44	35	.. 25	Fair.

Works just published.—The English in Italy, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 10s.—Rose's Sermons on the Protestant Religion in Germany, 8vo. 8s.—Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Character, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Langhorne's Plutarch, 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.—Adventures of Don Ulloa, 7s.—Grey's Memoria Technica, by J. H. Todd, 4s. 6d.—The Highest Castle and the Lowest Cave, 3 vols. 18s.—The Cannassati, a tale, 3 vols. 21s.—Edwards's Greek Epigrams, 10s. 6d.—Butcher's Chronology of the Kings of England, 2s.—Sherwood's Uncle Timothy, a tale, 2s.—Nursery Fables, 2s. 6d.

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N.B. See commendatory remarks on this work in The Literary Gazette, No. 436, The Literary Chronicle, &c. &c.

London: printed for W. Cole, 10, Newgate Street.

CANNING'S SPEECHES.
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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number.—Reviews: The Antiquary's Portfolio, 689; Amy Robsart, Tamas, and other Poems, 691; Useful Hints to Travellers going to, or already arrived in, South America, 691; The English in Italy, 692; The Philosophic Journal and Literary Review, 693; Shiner's Life of Sheridan, continued, 696; The Natural History of the Bible, by Dr. Harris, 698; Bruce's Oriental Manuscripts, 698—Conspiracy of the Jesuits against Queen Elizabeth and James I., 698.—Sir Admiral, No. XII., 700.—God and Man, 700.—*Original Poetry:* Shakspeare's Cliff, 700.—*The Drama,* 700.—*Literature and Science:* Many new Particulars of Capt. Parry's last Voyage, 701.—*The Bee,* 703.

No. 337. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Antiquary's Portfolio; or, Cabinet Selection of Historical and Literary Curiosities, on Subjects principally connected with the Manners, Customs, and Morals; Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical Governments, &c. &c. of Great Britain, during the Middle and Latter Ages. (With Notes.) By J. S. Forsyth. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 783. London, 1825. Wightman.

Bishop Earle, in his Microcosmographia, describes an antiquary as one who contemns printed books, 'as a novelty of this latter age, but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth eaten, and the dust make a parenthesis between every syllable.' Notwithstanding this observation, and the many other severe things said against antiquaries by the English Theophrastus, they have conferred much service on letters by their labours. The world is too apt to consider the studies of the antiquary as dry and uninteresting; while, on the contrary, few pursuits are more attractive to the individual who prosecutes them, and they are often productive of much curious and valuable matter of general interest. That such is the case, the Antiquary's Portfolio shows; for we have seldom met with a more entertaining work. It exhibits a highly curious and interesting picture of the customs and manners of our ancestors, at different periods of English history, and enables us to contrast the deplorable state of the human mind at remote periods with the present enlightened age. That a work of this sort, if well executed, must contain a great body of information will be readily believed, but we confess we did not expect to find such a fund of amusement as Mr. Forsyth has provided in his charming work, the authenticity of which may be fully relied on.

After an introduction, in which Mr. Forsyth gives a brief notice of some of the older antiquaries, he commences his work with an interesting memoir of the celebrated historian and antiquary, Stow; then follow curious particulars of the customs and manners of the ancient English; the arts, sciences, and commerce, &c. from the heptarchy to the time of Richard II. Singular incidents, biographical sketches, anecdotes of the government, morals, manners, and amusements of the British at various periods; unpublished particulars connected with the resignation of the crown of England to the pope by King John, from the national library in France; royal letters, from the time of Henry III. to that of Richard III. inclusive. Such are a few of the general subjects in the first volume; the second volume, which commences with a memoir of Evelyn, is equally varied and interesting. A few of the articles are, perhaps, too well known, and the seventy or eighty pages occupied with extracts from a work so recently published as Pepys's Memoirs, might have been better employed by a person of Mr. Forsyth's good taste and industry. We may also note, that at p. 224, in the second volume, the Black Act is called the Black Art, an error which Mr. F. will do well to correct, in a second edition, which we doubt not his work will soon reach. Here end our complaints, and we now proceed to the more pleasing duty of exemplifying the truth of our warm commendations by a few extracts:—

'*Welsh Laws with respect to Divorce.*—We are but little acquainted with respect to the divorces of the Anglo-Saxons, although they sometimes appear: but the Welsh laws allowed the husband to put away his wife for behaviour tending toward adultery; while on her part, she might, on very slight grounds, separate her concerns from his. It was sufficient cause if she discovered he had an ill-scented breath.—*Leges Wallicæ.*

'*Conjugal Authority of the Welsh.*—As regards conjugal authority, our neighbours of Wales allowed decisively that, if the wife called her husband opprobrious names—pulled him by the beard—squandered away his goods—or lastly, if he found her in bed with another man, the injured spouse might give her three blows with a stick on any part of her head. But if he should beat her more severely, or for a less cause, he was liable to pay a considerable fine.

'*Education of their Children.*—In the education of their children, the Anglo-Saxons only sought to render them dauntless and apt for the two most important occupations of their future lives—war and the chase. It was an usual trial of a child's courage, to place him on the sloping roof of a building, and if, without screaming, or terror, he held fast, he was styled a *stout hero,* or brave boy.—*Howel.*

'*Customs of the Normans.*—The Normans were sober and delicate at their meals when they first invaded England: it was not long, however, before they equalled their predecessors in feasting, and even added costly epicurism to brutal gluttony. Yet two meals each day supplied the place of the Anglo-Saxon four; and Robert de Mellart, prime minister and favourite of Henry Beauclerc, strove hard to reduce those two to one.—*W. Malmesb.*

'Among the most despotic barons there was a kind of gross hospitality and indiscriminate charity, which caused their tyranny to be overlooked.

'The dinner was held at nine in the morning, the supper at five in the afternoon. Besides the common meats, many dishes were used, with the composition of which we are not now acquainted. As to liquors, they had several kinds, compounded of honey, of spices, and mulberry juice, such as hypocras, pigment, claret, perry, and ale.

'Various kinds of bread were in use. The "panis peperatis" was a sort of gingerbread. Waxal cakes and lemuel cakes, as they were part of the royal allowance of the King of Scots when in England, were probably made of the finest meal.—*Rym. Fœd. vi.*'

'*Medical Knowledge.*—Medical knowledge, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, seems to have been at a very low ebb. Gilbert English (the oldest writer on these subjects in our language) is said, by Dr. Freind, to have borrowed all his science from the Arabian writers. John de Gaddesden, whose "Medical Rose" is a compendium of the whole practice of physic used in England in his time, and who has been consulted by princes, and commended by Geoffry Chaucer, appears, by some of his recipts, to be extremely ignorant and superstitious. He cured, he says, a son of Edward II. of the small-pox, by wrapping him up in scarlet cloth, and hanging scarlet curtains round his bed! As a remedy for the epilepsy, this fantastical physician orders the patient to be carried to church, to hear the mass during the fast "quatuor temporum," and afterwards to wear round his neck a verse of the day's gospel, written on a scroll by the priest. Yet John de Gaddesden, in his Rosa Anglica, points out the way of rendering salt water fresh by distillation, a discovery supposed to be of much more modern date.'

'*Royal Grants, &c.*—In the index, or catalogue, published some years ago, by order of Parliament, there are various entries which relate to ancient customs, and which fix certain events to their true dates. To the lovers of English topographical history, these will doubtless be read with infinite advantage.

'In 1206, King John grants to W. de Camville, a license to destroy game in any of the royal forests, which proves the origin of the game laws.

'1245. Gryffidth, son of Llewellyn, King of Wales, fell from a window in the Tower, and broke his neck, *accidentally.*

'1267. Henry III. sold and pawned the gold, precious stones, and other jewels, of the shrine of St. Edward, at Westminster.

'1342. King Edward III. forgives to the mayor and citizens of London, the indignation and *rancour of mind* that he had conceived against them.

'1344. Certain trustees were appointed to pawn the great crown, and other regalia, in foreign parts.

'1344. The king grants to Adam Thorp, the *trimmer of his beard*, certain lands at Eye, near Westminster. The scrupulous attention which Edward III. paid to that ornament of his face, may be seen in his bronze effigy in Westminster Abbey, which was taken from a mask after his death.

'1345. W. de Langley, high-bailiff of the forest of Inglewood, is sworn before the king, that, as often as it shall tend to the king's honour, he will grant a day's coursing of deer, and other game, to knights and gentlemen, to ladies and other noble personages; and, as an especial proof of his royal consideration, "to *weak, sickly, or pregnant women.*" This is an additional proof of the respect paid to the other sex, in days usually termed barbarous and Gothic.

'1360. Richard de Wye is appointed the king's surgeon for life, with twelvepence daily wages, and eight marcs per annum.

'1409. The king settles on Joan of Navarre, his queen, £10,000 per annum.

'1414. The same queen has a grant of 10,000 marcs from the sale of the lands belonging to the alien priories.

'1417. Henry V. grants to Joan Warin, his nurse, an annuity of £20 during life.

'1422. The jewels which had belonged to King Henry V., and were valued at so large a sum as £40,000. were delivered to Sir Henry Fitz-Hugh, and his other executors, for *the payment of his personal debts.*

'1330. Safe conduct granted to the Bishop of Durham through the diocese of the Archbishop of York, because *so fierce a contest* had existed between them, concerning their dignities and pre-eminences.

'1369. Thomas De L'Isle, bishop of Ely, having consumed the store belonging to the said see, which consisted of four hundred and seventy-one oxen, two hundred and ninety hackneys, forty-two cart horses, &c., the king granted him £706. 13s. 4d. that he might replenish it with that sum; which store was to remain for ever, to the use of the said bishop and his successors.

'In the year 1203, King John granted a protection to the merchants of Portugal, who then traded to England.

'1214. The Knights Templars first obtained a license for exporting the wool grown upon their estates.

'1267. The origin of barriers, or turnpikes, in a grant of a penny for each waggon passing through a manor.

'1339. A right of mining for gold and silver, and searching for hidden treasure, granted to the inhabitants of Devonshire for ever.

'In 1444, a patent was granted to John Coble, that by the art of philosophy he might transfer imperfect metals from their own proper nature, and transmute them into gold or silver.'

We now proceed to the singular incidents, &c., from which we cull the following:—

'*The Apostate Jewess.*—Elizabeth, a Jewish convert, the daughter of Rabbi Moses, was allowed twopence per day, in 1403, for being deserted by her family on account of her change as to religion.'

'*Dearth of Surgeons.*—1417. It appears, from Rymer's Fœdera, that Henry authorized "John Morstede, to press as many surgeons as he thought necessary for the French expedition, together with persons to make their instruments." It is also true, and appears in the same book of records, that with the army which won the day at Agincourt, there had landed only one surgeon, the same John Morstede, who indeed did engage to find fifteen more for the army, three of whom, however, were to act as archers!! With such a professional scarcity, what must have been the state of the wounded on the day of battle?'

'*The Parliament of Bats.*—1426. The parliament which met in February was called the "Parliament of Bats," since the senators, being ordered to wear no swords, attended armed with clubs or bats. Their meeting, too, was held at Leicester, to avoid the tumult of a London mob.'

'*Death of General Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.*—In 1513, died the most powerful baron and active soldier of his age, General Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare. He had been, during thirty years, at different times, chief governor of Ireland, and was too potent to be set aside, otherwise his strong attachment to the house of York would probably have been his ruin. The untameable spirit of the earl sometimes involved him in trouble, from which he was extricated by a lucky bluntness; as when once, when charged before Henry VIII. with setting fire to the cathedral of Cashel, "I own it," said the earl, "but I never would have done it had I not believed that the archbishop was in it." The king laughed, and pardoned the ludicrous culprit. The Bishop of Meath was his bitterest foe. He accused him to Henry of divers misdeeds, and closed his accusation with "Thus, my liege, you see that all Ireland cannot rule the earl." "Then," said the perverse monarch, "the earl shall rule all Ireland," and instantly made him lord-deputy. The English loved the earl because he was brave and generous, and because his good humour equalled his valour. Once, when he was in a furious paroxysm, a domestic who knew his temper, whispered in his ear, "My lord, yonder fellow has betted me a fine horse, that I dare not take a hair from your lordship's beard; I pray, my lord, win me that wager." The earl's features relaxed, and he said to the petitioner, "Take the hair, then, but if thou exceedest thy demand, my fist shall meet thy head."

'This earl was ordered to discontinue his motto. "Crom r boo." as it caused feuds between the noble Irish families.—*Collins, MS. relative to the Fitzgeralds.*'

We shall conclude, for the present, with two original letters by King Charles I.:—

'Original letters of King Charles I., affording historical evidence of two interesting events in the reign of that unfortunate monarch.

'The following letters have remained, from the remote period in which they were written, among the family documents of the late Henry Fotherley, Esq. of Whitfield, of the Bury, in the parish of Rickmansworth, in the county of Hertfordshire, whose ancestor, Sir Ralph Whitfield (who married Dorothy, daughter of Sir Henry Spelman, the celebrated antiquary), was prime serjeant to King Charles the First:—

"Charles R.—Right trusty and well-beloved councillor, we greet you well. Whereas (in regard of our residence) wee have thought fit to have the next terme kept in this our citty of Yorke; our will and expresse command therefore is, that you forthwith give order that Trinity Terme next bee adjourned to this our citty, to be holden at the usuall time; and that the writts of adjournment bee issued forth accordingly, under our greate seal, for doing thereof. And that a proclamation bee presently sent out, to give timely notice, in the several counties of this our kingdome and dominion of Wales; and for the more orderly and formall performance hereof, wee will that you advise with our judges, soe that all things necessary for the premisses bee timely and effectually performed; for which this shall bee your warrant.

"Given att our court at Yorke, the 14th of May, 1642.

"I expect your obedience in this, without reply, and with as much secresie as the business can afford.

"To our right trusty and well-beloved councellor, Edward Lord Littleton, keeper of our greate seale of England.

"My Lord Keeper,—I cannot say that your last letter of the 13th of May is the cause of this (the necessitie of my affaires being the only trew motive of it); but I asseure you it gives me the more confidence to believe that what I command in this will have the more willing obedience. It is this: I fynde an absolute necessitie (the particular reasons I have not tyme to show you), that you and my great seale should wait on mee heere with all possible speede, both for your good and myne; therefor my expresse will and pleasur is, that immediatlie after the receipt of this you take your jurnie hither with soe much diligence as your bodilie will permitt you. Now, because I cannot expect you shall make such haste, but that an order of Parlament must overtake to stop you (if they have a myndto it); therefor I have commanded this bearer, my servant, Tho. Elyot, to receave the greate seale from you, and to bring it to me with all possible speede; in all which as I command you reddie and punctuall obedience, without delayes or reply; so I do asseur you, upon the faithe of a Christian, that I have not the least thought of keeping it from you; but, on the contrarie, not only to returne it to you, heere soone ye cum hither, but also I mean to show you, that heerin I intend your particular good, as well as my owen service, for you shall fynde me really to be your constant fend, "CHARLES R."

"Secresie in this is requisit, as well as obedience; therefor I command you to do as may be know of your jurnie, but noe, except this bearer (if it bee possible) that the greate seale is sent before you. "C. R."

"Yorke, 19 May, 1642.

"In this if I fynde in you a cheerfull obedience, I shall put on your fidelitie such a marke of my favor, as shall testifie the great estimation I have of your person and services. *(To be continued.)* "C. R."

Amy Robsart, Emma, and other Poems. By Nicholas Torre, Esq., formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford. 12mo. pp. 118. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The first piece in this little volume is founded on the murder of the beauteous Countess of Leicester by her husband, the earl, who, as the author of Kenilworth observes, destroyed her by means of her best affections. Mr. Torre has made the fate of this lovely woman the subject of a very pretty poem, in which her beauty, her affection for her husband, and her melancholy death, are described with much pathos. The opening is very spirited:—

'Ye brave and gay, whose courtly forms were seen
First in the train of England's virgin queen,
When festive pomp your royal mistress charm'd,
Or war's loud note her jealous ear alarm'd,—
Say, noble knights! if, tir'd or careless grown
Of beauty's ranks that cluster'd round the throne,
Ye vainly languish'd, for some form of light,
To fix your homage and entrance your sight,
One—at whose nod a thousand swords might wave,
One—at whose feet ye each would kneel,—a slave—
Did no sly page your steps to Cumnor guide?
No rumour whisper, "Look on Leicester's bride?"
'What—throng'd ye not in festal pomp the board,
The nuptial banquet of your god-like lord;
Nor rais'd the goblet, with accordant sign,
To pledge the welfare of your host in wine?
Saw ye not Dudley, with a mien of pride,
Pride in his fame, yet prouder of his bride,
Amid the fairest daughters of the north,
Herself most fair, his blushing choice lead forth;
Whilst admiration fix'd the general gaze,
And secret envy turn'd to silent praise?
And say, when scenic pomp and festive glee
Adorn'd his gates to welcome majesty,
When knightly feats, gay mask, and minstrel's rhyme,
Pour'd all their spells to gild the wings of time,
Graced of not the bride, in scenes of stately mirth,
Did queen-led dames, the halls of Kenilworth?
Not such the life that faultless beauty led,
Those fate was cast with Leicester's lord to wed:
Love's command, though wealth, with magic haste,
Wealth beyond all her sex could wish or waste,
Adorn'd her home, its stores in vain adorn,
And mock the heart with secret sorrow worn.
Empty vanities of gold and pearl!
A wife avow'd of England's noblest earl,
Whilst England's matrons seeks, with virtuous pride,
For only honour by her husband's side:
Is the base laws ambition owns deny;
Is—the vain schemes of craven policy.
Through Lidcote's halls no eye with joy grew bright,
Then their young heiress pledg'd her nuptial plight;
Sound of revelry that rite confess'd,
Parent's lips those vows approv'd and bless'd;
Was the grief, that comes with tenfold weight,
Weep and wonder o'er her doubtful fate;
Nor her's less bitter agony, to know
A word she must not breathe might end his woe.'

After noticing the gentle complaint of Amy at her lord's frequent absence and his excuse, the poet hastens on to the catastrophe:—

'Quench'd is that fire, which bright yet harmless play'd
From eyes that seem'd in liquid light array'd;
Yet from those dark blue orbs how soft the ray,
Like Eve's mild star, when sunlight fades away!
Joy's smile hath fled, yet oh! can aught eclipse
The beam that breaks from those divided lips,
That tells, though man hath wrought her earthly ill,
Mute resignation to a mightier will!
She mourns, but murmurs not: oppress'd by woes,
What heart rejects the balm that hope bestows?
And hope was her's, that soon, with joy elate,
Freed from the trammels and fatigues of state,
By true love taught ambition's schemes to quell,
And midst his wide domains with her to dwell,
Weary would Leicester turn—Pensive and pale,
Scar'd by each sound that swells the passing gale,
Sad as th' imprison'd bird, she wears away
The ling'ring hours and chides her lord's delay:
"Ah me! how fondly on his looks 'twas mine
To gaze, and feed with rapture; mark each sign,
That gave delight's or grief's impression there,
The smile of peace, or thoughtful brow of care!
How fondly have my thoughts in absence fed
On all, when last he came, his lips have said;
Dwelt on his tender glance when fond'd to part,
And treasur'd up (how deeply!) in my heart
Its melancholy sweetness!—Dudley, now,
True to thy word, and mindful of thy vow,
Wilt thou not come again?—I know thou wilt,
My every hope alone on thee is built."
'Hark! was the watchful ear of love misled?
Oh! heard it not the horseman's hurried tread?
Hark!—the glad sound so oft, so long, implor'd—
It is—it is—the signal of her lord.
He comes; not vain the one fond hope she nurs'd,
All wrongs forgotten, every grief dispers'd,—
A thousand feelings rushing o'er her breast,—
One bound she gave, and——
——Who shall tell the rest?—
Dare ye gaze, murderer's! down that dark abyss?
Are there no thunderbolts in Heaven for this?
Dare ye—oh God! the heart grows sick, and bleeds,
To name, or think on, this accurs'd of deeds.
And thou, false lord! aye—doff that mien of pride,
Call on the hills thy guilt and shame to hide;
Call—but in vain! look on that bleeding corse,
And live—the victim of long deep remorse!'

Mr. Torre displays considerable poetic talent in this poem, as well as in several of the minor pieces, particularly the following, the subject of which one of the Scottish novels furnishes:—

'CALEB BALDERSTONE.

'"——He saw him reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass further.——No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned.—One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom."'

Bride of Lammermoor, vol. 3, p. 127.

'Vain search along the rocky shore!
Vain search the rising tide beneath!—
Nor trace of strife, nor stain of gore,
Proclaims the fatal spot of death.
Here, last beheld by anxious eyes,
In furious haste the victim sped;
Yet will not ocean yield his prize,
Nor treacherous sands restore the dead.
'Go, faithful vassal! know'st thou not
'Twas doom'd that, on the Kelpie's flood
Thy lord should end his earthly lot,
Last of the race of Ravenswood?
Go, search no more! its destin'd prey
The wide tenacious depth retains;
Nor vestige left, in light of day,
Of steed or rider yet remains.
'But mark! a plume of sable hue
Borne on the rippling wave appears;—
Aye—wipe away the briny dew,
And press it to thy lip in tears!
Yes—place it in thy faithful breast,
And wear it next thy feeling heart;
It once adorn'd thy master's crest,
And ne'er from thee through life shall part.
'Yet brief the remnant of thy days,
Brief shall thy term of sorrow be;
For life's protracted length conveys
Its charm and zest no more to thee:
Amid the old forsaken halls
Thy faltering steps awhile may roam;
But blest shall be the hour that calls
Thy spirit to its "last long home."'

Useful Hints to Travellers going to, or already arrived in, South America; and to Military Men, or Merchants bound to the West Indies, India, or any other Tropical Climate. 12mo. pp. 120. London, 1825. Churchill.

As the recognition by the British government of the republics in the new world is likely to render an intercourse with South America more frequent than with Southend, or even Southampton, a few useful hints to travellers crossing the Atlantic for the tropical climates, cannot fail of being seasonable. These the author of this little work has undertaken to supply in a plain, concise, and intelligible manner. After a few general hints on the preservation of health in variable climates, he describes the food, dress, &c. necessary to use, and the sleep and exercise which ought to be taken, in order to secure good health. There appears to be much good sense in his observations, and his work contains a good deal of information, which cannot fail of proving very useful to travellers and residents in tropical climates. Some medical and surgical remarks, and a few memoranda on the properties and proportions of medicines are added. The following observations on the varied climates of South America will serve for a specimen of the author's style:—

'South America next presents an object of great interest to British commercial interests; and therefore attracting numerous speculators, and other visitants from our northern latitudes, equally demands precautions in many parts of its extensive states. But in proportion to the extent of that continent,

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and the height of its mountains, it commands climates of almost every temperature. Humboldt, when writing on this subject, remarks, that the salubrity of tropical situations; depends more on their dryness, than on any other property.

'For instance, the burning province of Cumania in Columbia, and the scorching plains in the neighbourhood of Caracas, prove, that excessive heat alone is not absolutely hostile to human life; except when producing the coup de soleil. And besides, when it does increase beyond what the resident may deem tolerable, the Andes are near; and, by rising their altitudes, the temperature of the torrid zone is suddenly changed, to the summer heat of Europe, or to the more genial, milder warmth of our springs. Yet it must also be understood, the vicissitudes of an European atmosphere may be anticipated; hence prudence commands the traveller to take clothing with him adapted to either climate. For instance, cloth coats and trowsers, great coats, and cloaks, mingled with the lighter apparel prepared for the torrid zone.

'All writers on the subject concur in admitting the different laws to which the correspouding degrees of the two hemispheres are applicable, with respect to the distribution of heat and cold. The variation in the same latitude has been estimated at twelve, or more degrees; but according to relative situation, it must be greater. Indeed, the dissimilarity of climate between the eastern and western sides of the American continent, from this cause, and that of the variable winds is a striking fact. Lima, well known to be only a very little farther on one side of the equator, than burnt up Carthagena lies on the other, possesses a pleasant, moderate degree of heat; while Quito, although close to the line, from its elevated situation is scarcely warmer than Paris in summer. Then again, La Guara, the chief port of Caracas, is perhaps the hottest spot on the coast; and Bogota, the capital of Colombia, stands under so piercing an atmosphere, the lungs of a stranger often suffer temporary evil from its keenness.

'This surprising difference of temperature on the same quarter of the transatlantic continent depends on several circumstances; for instance, on the elevation, depression, extent, or form of the country; also, the direction of the winds, the cultivation of the soil, proximity, and height of mountains, vicinity to the sea; and many other things, which modify the climate, besides its distance from the equator, and consequently more vertical or oblique incidence of the solar rays. There can, indeed, be no dispute between the superior salubrity of the tableland in the centre of the country, and the atmosphere beneath, amongst uncleared, woody valleys, or the flat swampy tracts often lining the sea coasts. The city of Mexico, for instance, possesses the benefit of the one, and Vera Cruz, the disadvantages of the other. Yet it is satisfactory to the traveller thither, to know, that by the ascent of only a few hours on to the plain tableland in its vicinity, he arises at once beyond all reach of the vapours beneath, or impression of their apprehended baleful influence.

'Baron Humboldt's admirable talent at describing, from the just observations he makes, will give a true picture of these climates, gradually cooling in atmosphere, as we rise in the scale of ascent; and also the face of nature, bearing the correspondent complexion and features. He is painting the transition of the traveller, passing upward from the burning sea-coast, to the mountain-top region of perpetual snow.

'"The admirable order (he exclaims) with which different tribes of the vegetable world rise above one another, by strata as it were, is nowhere more perceptible than in ascending from the port of Vera Cruz to the tableland of Perote. We see there the physiognomy of the country, the aspect of the sky, the form of plants, the figures of animals, the manners of the inhabitants, and the kinds of cultivation followed by them, assume a different appearance, at every step of our progress. As we ascend, nature gradually appears less luxuriant, and less teeming with ephemeral life; and the sight of the Mexican oak quiets the alarm of travellers newly landed at Vera Cruz. Then come the forests distilling liquid amber, near Xalapa, announcing by the freshness of their verdure, that this is the elevation at which the clouds, sailing on from the steaming ocean, come in dewy contact with the basaltic towering cliffs of the Cordillera. A little higher, near La Banderilla, nature begins its frigid influence, and you find the nutritive fruit of the Banana tree no more acquiring its maturity. In this foggy, and cold, and comparatively sterile region, want spurs the native to labour, and even a moderate success excites his diligence; but it is more than moderate. Industry creates it all a garden. At the height of San Miguel, pines begin to mingle with the oaks; which are also found as high as Perote, mixed with tracts of waving corn. Mount yet farther, and the sternness of the climate will no longer admit the vegetation of the oak, and pines alone cover the sides of rocks; whose summits enter the line of eternal snow."

'This account ought to be a sufficient hint to the European traveller in these countries, to carry amongst his closely compacted baggage, suitable changes of garment for them all; and, happily, not only flannel is a general preservative, as forming part of the under apparel, but the beaver hat of Europe, when of a light colour is adaptable to any climate; the thickness of its fabric, like the folding turban of the east, excluding both the ferocity of the sun's heat, and the piercing inclemency of a freezing atmosphere.'

The English in Italy. In three volumes post 8vo. pp. 946. London, 1825. Saunders and Otley.

THE rambling disposition of our countrymen has afforded amusement as well as money to the people they have visited, particularly the Italians and the French; the unbending sturdiness of our character, the purse-proud arrogance, and the affected love of the arts, accompanied, as is not unusual, with much ignorance, have all served as subjects on which the French and Italians have cracked their jokes and launched their shafts of ridicule—but in vain; the English have quitted their homes, squandered their money, rendered themselves ridiculous with the most stoical indifference. Remonstrances founded on patriotism or kindred affection have been used in vain; arguments the most feasible on the folly of a high-minded people lessening their dignity have had no effect; at length our author has stepped forth, in order to laugh his countrymen out of their folly, by the truth of his delineations and the keen satire of his remarks in The English in Italy, where, though names are omitted, many an English traveller will see himself reflected as in a mirror. The sketches, we are assured, are from the life, and they have an individuality about them that gives them all the appearance of portraits, though confessedly coloured; this, however, being, as the author says, 'to the decking forth, not to the superseding of truth.'

The author of The English in Italy has evidently mixed freely with the society he describes, and his graphic pen presents some striking pictures, altogether forming an entertaining work, which cannot fail of being very popular. We confess, however, we have taken up these volumes rather too late in the week to give that analysis of them we could wish, and shall merely observe that the work is divided into tales and sketches, one of which we subjoin, and shall return to the work in our next:—

'*The Grograms.*—Mister and Mistress Grogram were an extremely honest and respectable couple, that weary of their "childless hall," in Warwickshire, drove with their two sleek horses, and sleeker coachman, to the great annoyance of all three animals, over the Alps. The sleek coach-horses were soon eaten up, all except the tails, as an Irishman would say, by flies and musquitos; and Mr. or rather Mrs. Grogram was induced to exchange the pair of skeletons with a Parmese count for a bit of stucco framed in a glass case, with a fragment of a nose represented thereon, consisting of two transverse strokes of a brush, said to be by the inimitable Correggio.

'Squire Grogram hated the smell of the sea, and, therefore, hated all the continent, being transmarine. His most frequent moral reflection, excited by travel, was that he had not seen a morsel of beef worth eating since he left Dover; and that article of food being wretched throughout Lombardy, he hurried to Florence, being told that the Tuscan market was supplied with excellent meat. He was not disappointed. Better roasting viands are not to be found before the doors of the Fleet-prison, than may be carved in Tuscany; and if the rogues could be persuaded not to stuff, anoint, and otherwise in every possible way odorise their sirloins with garlic, an Englishman might fancy himself at home for all the supererogatory sunshine. Aleatico is no bad substitute for port; the liquor having the strength, one may compound with its sweetness. And a lump of ice covered with the juice of the right purple

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grape, forms a beverage that even Grogram declared supreme.

'What could have led the worthy man to emigrate I cannot determine; he himself averred, it was to recover a very good appetite that he had been always blessed with, until latterly it had begun to decline. For myself, I believe in my heart, the cause was no other than Mrs. Grogram's peremptory will, who being a first cousin to the Ramsbottoms, was bitten by that travelled and literary family, and thence seized by an unconquerable desire to visit foreign parts.

'Grogram was one of those very few of the John Bull tribe, who did not make the attempt to fling off hoofs and horns on passing the Alps. With George the second, he abhorred "poetry and painting," which unfortunate arts, as discarded by her lord, Mrs Grogram took under her especial protection. Grogram liked Turin, "it was a Christian city," he said, "where a man might find his way, the eating good, the asti excellent, and the appetite always on the alert, owing to the sharp air of Mount Snee;" a Piedmontese, he averred, would think nothing of eating a bundle of sticks with his dinner.—"Sticks, Mr. Grogram?"—"Aye, sir, sticks, a kind of brittle canes, which they devour as bread. Like egg-shells, they help digestion."

'Grogram censured the Milanese as blockheads, for calling a parcel of white pinnacles a dome, a sapient piece of criticism in which even Mrs. G. joined; who observed, moreover, that the course was a pretty place on the top of a wall for driving, very pleasant only for a number of horse-serjeants, that kept drilling the carriages in a most tormenting manner, as if the Austrian troops drove in carriages, and charged the enemy in chariots, like the old Britons in the beginning of Goldsmith's history.

'Venice, Mrs. Grogram had heard, and consequently Mrs. Grogram believed, to have been built on wood, which wood floated with all the superincumbent edifices. The wag, who ventured so far would have been contented with having passed so much on the good folks' credulity. The sagacity of the Grograms went further, and agreed, "If it floats surely it may sail." "No doubt," quoth the ready informant, "the city does once a year sail round the Mediterranean, there are three tall red masts in the midst of St. Mark's Place, if you observe, to which the sails for wafting the city are suspended." So much were the poor Zingari subdued and set astray from confidence in their common sense, by the wonders of Italy, that although they did not altogether believe this Gulliver's tale, yet they actually argued the point, and asked the possibility of such a thing's being the case, of a countryman, on whose sagacity they relied.

'When Grogram arrived in Florence in march of sunshine and prime beef, he must have propitiated his good genius to keep him from the extreme of the ridiculous; for attempting to reach the famed gallery in company with his spouse, a lumbago seized him the third huge flight of the staircase, and abrade any farther ascent! and Mrs. Grogram was abandoned alone to all the absurdities that the very atmosphere of a great picture gallery is fraught with to any of the Zingari. What havoc to be sure the poor lady did make in that part of the Cruscan vocabulary, which the artist tribe have formed for their own peculiar use.

'These, however, are an every day species of blunders, so common, that I should not stoop to glean them, but for another whim of Mrs. G.'s that is really well worthy of record. No rural spouse of chaste England loved her lord more than did the lady in question. To wrong the good man, even in thought, was remote from her virtuous mind—but people come abroad to be fashionable, said Mrs. Grogram, we keep our carriage, Mr. Grogram, and what can the best lord of the land here do more.

'"Well, my dear," said Grogram.

'But the lady keep her conclusion to her own proper breast.

'This was, that having servants, horses, carriages, and all the insignia of wealth and rank, she should, like foreign ladies favoured with those blessings, superadd to them the convenience of a *cicisbeo*. Blame me not for the word, delicate reader—Mrs. Grogram spoke it in the best pronunciation she might, the pair of words, now used as a more decorous synonyme, being too venturous for the lady's *bocca Britanno* to attempt. Far from her imagination at the time was an indelicate or unchaste idea—is it not strange, that in these connections between the sexes, foreigners can at once yield to vice, yet at the same time preserve dignity; whilst the unskilful British unite the mere semblance of vice to all that is ridiculously attached to it? Practice, practice is that makes perfect: certain it is that in Italians we are prepared to overlook a thousand acts that would ruin one of ourselves for ever.

'Some "damned kind friend" must have persuaded poor Mrs. Grogram of the absolute necessity of this requisite to Italian fashion—"indeed what is a lady now-a-days even in England," said this friend, "without an *ami de la maison*, at least without a delicate approach to one?" Mrs. G. felt quite out of squares, and more ashamed of her honest husband's company, than if his days of wooing were only then drawing to a termination. Unfortunate was the wight, young or old, on whom she could lay hands. Several young visiting acquaintances were at first highly flattered by the condescending attentions of Mrs. G.—but after a little time each drew back in affright from the foreseen vengeance of Mr. Grogram, which seemed as a necessary consequent upon such desparate friendships. Moreover, though a comely personage, the dame had few of the attractions necessary to bind an Englishman to a remarked and ridiculous place by her side. A companion in her carriage, an arm at a route, was all the wish of Mrs. Grogram—the fashion of the thing in short. But no—it was impossible. Not one of her countrymen could she find amenable enough for the office, one that would condescend and at the same time comprehend the spirit of the pure and chivalric devotion which is its essence.

'Numerous were her experiments and attempts, so numerous indeed, that they at last excited universal attention, and Mrs. Grogram's anxious desire to catch a cavalier became the private jest of her acquaintance. She at first flew high, and deemed herself equal to attach men of independence, rank, and fashion. Mrs. Grogram beheld similar thraldom exercised over beings as worthy by Italian dames, of no more wealth nor comeliness of person than had fallen to her own share; but the poor lady wanted the sceptre of fascination, and knew as little how to weave those bands of gossamer, as her liberty-loving countrymen knew how to submit to them. So that she was at last compelled to limit her aims to whomsoever she could catch; and her angling was very amusing.

'Some beaux she succeeded in holding for an evening, some for the next day, but beyond three days could she find none of her countrymen constant; for folks seldom journey so far in search of a dinner, or even a seat in an old lady's equipage. Foreigners were all appalled by their respect for the punctilious dignity of an Englishwoman, and at the same time repelled by the countenance of the particular lady in question from daring to aspire to a place, for which by education they were fit; and poor Mrs. Grogram would have wandered over Italy unfashionably, but that a certain count, a real indubitable count, though truly I cannot call to mind his name, paid Mr. Grogram a morning visit, for the purpose of asking him if he wanted to be taught Italian, or to have his shoes blacked, or if any menial office of the kind was vacant in his household, which he, the count, would be most willing and ready to undertake. Luckily, however, the Italian noble prefaced his demand by considerable circumlocution, in listening to which Mrs. Grogram displayed so much affability and graciousness, that the subtle Italian tacked and slackened sail to observe, if something better might not be made of Mrs. Grogram's mansion, than occupying a situation thus altogether menial. The count played his cards as skilfully as it behoves hungry men to do, and he became soon the chosen friend of the Casa Grogram, as he called it in the best pronunciation he could.

'I leave to the imagination of my reader to depict the lady and her attendant, conversing both in bad French, to the considerable amusement of every English beholder;—as to Italians they wished their countryman joy of his good fortune, and saw nothing whatever extraordinary in the affair.'

The Philomathic Journal and Literary Review.—Conducted by the Members of the Philomathic Institution. Part VI. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Some half century ago it was a favourite, and thought to be an attractive feature in a periodical, to say that it was conducted by a society of gentlemen, but fashion, even in authorship and editorship, is perpetually changing, and it requires no ordinary degree of ingenuity to invent a new device. The *Philomathic Journal*, however, is a proof that, where real merit exists, even prejudices may be overcome, and notwithstanding amateur

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editors may generally have ceased to be in vogue, yet here is a work conducted on this plan, which not only deserves success, but, we believe, commands it. The Philomathic Journal has already been favourably noticed in our pages, and although we seldom review periodicals, yet the merit of the Philomathic, and the extreme modesty with which it is conducted, entitle it again to our attention.

The present number of the Philomathic Journal, like its predecessors, consists of essays, discussions at the Philomathic Institution, reviews, and poetry; the first and second departments appear to us the best executed, though there is a very excellent review of the present state of the salmon fisheries, and some of the poetry is above mediocrity. The most prominent articles, however, are discussions on the question whether 'the punishment of death ought to be abolished?' 'Are mankind more influenced by the force of custom or the love of novelty?' and 'Are the laws regarding literary property founded in justice?' We shall confine ourselves to the first, which is not only the most important, but the longest article in the present number.

It appears that the discussion on the punishment of death occupied five evenings; how the question was settled we know not, for although we suppose there was some decision, yet it does not appear to be reported; the arguments, however, were decidedly in favour of abolition, denying the right of any individual, or body of individuals, to deprive a fellow creature of life. It is not only on principle that this severity of punishment is contended against, but it is shown to be inconsistent with that only ground of policy on which it could be justified—the deterring of crime; indeed it is shown that, in proportion as the penalty of death has been attached to offences, those offences have increased, and our statute-book now visits with that penalty, two hundred and twenty-three offences! It would seem to require some ingenuity to divide offences so minutely; but this has really been done by the legislature. It may, however be asked, why does the severity of punishment increase the crime? The reasons to us are obvious; in the first place, juries, who would find a verdict of guilty when the punishment was less severe, shudder at the idea of condemning to death an individual by their verdict; secondly, the law is too severe to be enforced, and hence nine tenths of the capital convictions are commuted for punishments less severe. The inefficiency of this draconian law is with legislators a better argument than its inhumanity against it, and we will therefore quote, from this powerful argument, the following historical notice of its effects, in various countries and ages:—

'History, both ancient and modern, supplies us with instances of wise and benevolent men setting examples of humane and enlightened policy to the rest of the world, by abolishing the punishment of death; and the most beneficial consequences have invariably followed such abolition.

'The earliest account we meet with of this sort, is in Diodorus Siculus, from whom we learn, that Sabaco, king of Egypt, changed capital punishments, with much success, into stated kinds of labour; an example which has been sanctioned by the recommendation of no less an authority than that of Grotius.

'At Rome, too, for the space of about two hundred and fifty years, it was not lawful to put a citizen to death for any crime. It does not appear, that, during this happy period, crimes were either more frequent or more atrocious than they had previously been under the sanguinary laws of the twelve tables; but this is clear, that they were much less frequent and much less atrocious than after the punishment of death was again employed. Blackstone, indeed, goes so far as to hint, that the fall of the empire was in some measure owing to the revival of severe punishments. "The laws, (says he) of the Roman kings, and the twelve tables of the *decemviri*, were full of cruel punishments: the Porcian law, which exempted all citizens from sentence of death, silently abrogated them all. In this period the republic flourished: under the emperors, severe punishments were revived; and then the empire fell." The learned commentator could not mean, that the empire fell as the immediate consequence of the revival of severe punishments; but that such punishments, being calculated to deprave the public morals, were the means of introducing feelings and habits among the people, which, in the end, led indirectly to circumstances that contributed to the overthrow of the state.

'In modern times, we have the examples of Russia, Tuscany, and Austria, in which the punishment of death was abolished, and those of France, Holland, and America, in which it has been nearly abolished; and if these instances are properly considered, and compared with this country, it will clearly appear, that such a punishment is neither effectual nor necessary.

'In Russia, the punishment of death was first abolished by the Empress Elizabeth, in all her extensive dominions. She reigned for twenty years, and was succeeded by Catherine II. who continued the same humane and enlightened system. Such was the great diminution of crime which resulted from the change, that Beccaria speaks of the beneficial consequences with enthusiasm; and so convinced was Catherine II. of the success which had attended the experiment of her predecessor, that, in her instructions for framing a new code of laws for the Russian empire, she permanently excluded the punishment of death. Of this alteration in Russia, Blackstone, also, has spoken in terms of approbation. After inquiring whether it was found upon experience, that capital punishments were more effectual than milder ones, he proceeds thus:—"Was the vast territory of all the Russias worse regulated under the late Empress Elizabeth, than under her more sanguinary predecessors? Is it now, under Catherine II. less civilized, less social, less secure?"

'Nor was it in the north only, and amongst an uncultivated people, that this important change was found beneficial. In the south, too, amongst the polished and luxurious inhabitants of Tuscany, a country of commerce and of arts, the same experiment was tried with equal, nay, if possible, with greater success. Leopold became grand duke of Tuscany three years after the death of the Empress Elizabeth. The punishment of death was then in force, and crimes of every kind, murders especially, were frequent. One of the first acts of his reign was to abolish the punishment of death, and substitute a graduated scale of milder punishments. The new plan he tried for twenty years, and in his introduction to the code, which he published in 1786, he informed the public what was the result:—during a considerable period, the prisons were empty, the number of smaller crimes was greatly diminished, and those of an atrocious nature were rendered very rare. Even those writers who have not exactly approved all the details of the new system, have been obliged to admit, that the abolition of the punishment of death diminished the frequency of murder. An anonymous writer, quoted by Mr. Montague in his "Collection of Opinions on the Punishment of Death," illustrates this by a statement so remarkable and important, that it is much to be regretted the authority for it is without the sanction of a name. From this account, given to the author by a person who had resided five years in Tuscany, it appears, that after the grand duke had abolished the punishment of death, only five murders were perpetrated in his dominions in twenty years. The same person afterwards resided three months at Rome, where murder continued to be punished with death, and when, according to Dr. Moore, executions are conducted with circumstances of peculiar solemnity, and during that short period there were no less than sixty murders committed within the precincts of that city. The contrast is the more striking, as the manners and religion of the people are the same in both places, and the difference in the prevalence of crime can only be accounted for by the superior efficacy of the criminal code in Tuscany.

'Such was the force of examples set by Russia and Tuscany, that they were speedily followed in Austria, where a new code of criminal law was promulgated in 1787, by which the punishment of death was totally abolished. This code was framed by order of the Emperor Joseph II. who convened together various princes, civilians, and men of learning for the purpose. These, with the wisdom and experience of former ages before them, constructed a system of criminal law in which death, torture, and mutilation were no place. Here then we have the testimony of a body of men possessing rank, power, talents, and knowledge, that the experiment made in Russia and Tuscany had been successful, and that capital punishments were unnecessary.

'The contrast between this country and France, as to the prevalence of capital offences is astonishing. In the year 1815 there were one thousand two hundred and thirty-six sentences of death passed in Great Britain; during the same year, in France with nearly treble the population, there were

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only three hundred and sixty-one, not more than one-tenth in proportion to the population of the respective countries. Yet in that country, though the punishment of death is not abolished, it is restricted to but a small number of offences; and it is remarkable, that murder, which is one of those, and for which death is almost invariably inflicted, is more common than any other capital crime.

'In Holland, too, we have the testimony of Howard, that though the punishment of death was in force, it was very seldom resorted to. He informs us, that there were seldom more than from four to six executions in a year; that in Amsterdam, for eight years prior to 1783, there had been only five executions; that in Leeuwarden, there had been no executions for fourteen years; and in Utrecht, that there had been none, either for the city or province, for twenty years. Such was the state of punishment. We may form a tolerable idea of the general state of crime from the case of Utrecht. In 1776, at Utrecht, he found no prisoners in the Stadthouse; in 1778, only one, and that not for a capital offence; in 1781, only five; and in 1783, only three.

'In America, the punishment of death is very nearly abolished; and with respect to a variety of offences, it has been repeatedly put to the test, and has never yet been found efficacious. In New England and Pennsylvania, horse stealing is not capital; in all the states south of Maryland it is capital; yet in the latter it is as common as it is in the former; nay, in Virginia, of all crimes it is the most frequent. In New Jersey, the punishment of death has been tried, and has most decidedly failed. There, at first, horse-stealing was a capital offence; still the crime was not diminished by the severity of the punishment, which was therefore mitigated; the offence was not extirpated even by this improvement of the system, and after mildness had been tried for eleven years, recourse was again had to severity; a few years' experience, however, compelled the legislature to listen once more to the voice of humanity and sound policy, and the sanguinary penalty was finally repealed. Forgery is another crime on which the experiment has been tried with the same result. In the state of New York, forgery is capital; in Pennsylvania, it is not so; and, in the latter, the crime is much less frequent. So convinced, indeed, was the attorney-general of the former state that the extreme severity of the punishment defeated its own object, that he presented a memorial to the legislature, recommending the substitution of a milder punishment than death. It is remarkable, too, that in New York, where forgery is capital, bank-bills have been often forged; while in Pennsylvania, where the punishment is imprisonment and hard labour, seven years have elapsed without a single forgery. In Pennsylvania, there are two species of arson, one of which is capital, while the other is merely a misdemeanour; and that which is capital is six times as frequent as that which is not, though the latter comprises a much greater variety of offences, and relates to property more exposed, and more liable to be set on fire. The advances to the mild system, in this state, were very gradual; but so great has been the success attending it, that, as appears from the account given by Clarkson, in his Portraiture of Quakerism, "the state has experienced a diminution of crimes to the amount of one half, since the change of the penal system; and the criminals have been restored, in a great proportion, from the gaol to the community, as reformed persons."

'Such is the scene which presents itself to our view, both before and since the Christian dispensation; on the other side of the Atlantic, as well as on this; in populous countries, as well as in those thinly peopled; in commercial, as well as in agricultural states; among civilized and enlightened nations, as well as among the uncultivated and ignorant; among people, in short, of various climates, laws, religions, manners, habits, and pursuits. It would be highly gratifying if we could see the same in England; but it is an instructive, though melancholy fact, that notwithstanding there are in this country more capital offences and more executions than in any other, there is a great deal more crime. In the teeth of this notorious and indisputable fact, to talk of the punishment of death being efficacious, is mere raving; for it not only does not prevent crime altogether, which no one would be so absurd as to expect, but it does not even keep it stationary, or prevent its rapid and extensive increase. This will be perfectly clear, if we trace the progress of sanguinary laws, and the simultaneous increase of various offences.

'There are about two hundred and twenty-three offences which are made capital by the laws of England. Of these, six were so made in the course of the one hundred and fifty years that elapsed from Edward III. to Henry VII.; thirty in the next one hundred and fifty years, from Henry VIII. to Charles II.; and one hundred and eighty-seven in the last one hundred and fifty years. Taking another view of this increase of severe enactments, four offences were made capital under the Plantagenets; twenty-seven under the Tudors; thirty-six under the Stuarts; and one hundred and fifty-six under the family of Brunswick. More offences were made capital during the single reign of George III. than during the reigns of all the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, put together. There are persons now living, at whose birth the number of capital offences did not exceed sixty-seven, and during whose lives, such offences have been multiplied more than threefold. At particular periods, indeed, the legislature seems to have been fully imbued with the sanguinary spirit of Draco, as in the instance of the famous Black Act, in which single statute, no less than seventeen capital offences were created—from destroying rabbits and breaking down a fish-pond, to malicious shooting at individuals, and setting fire to their dwellings. Surely, if severity could have exterminated crime, it would long since have ceased to exist; if blood could have washed the nation pure, the thousands and tens of thousands who have perished on the scaffold, would have been amply sufficient to render the country a paradise of innocence. Yet, notwithstanding all this severity of punishment, has crime been kept under? With all this protection thrown around them, have the public been safe? In obtaining an answer to such inquiries, we will not apply to those who wish the punishment of death abolished, but to those who, instead of merely opposing the abolition, have called aloud for increased severity.

'The sanguinary author of Thoughts on Executive Justice, not merely admits, but maintains, as the ground of greater rigour, that "there are more crimes in England than in any other country; that we cannot travel the roads, or sleep in our houses, or turn our cattle into our fields, without the most imminent danger of thieves and robbers." "Highway robberies (he proceeds) threaten the traveller, whether by night or by day; the lurking footpad lies, like a dangerous adder, in our roads and streets; the horrid burglar, like an evil spirit, haunts our dwellings, 'making night hideous.' The farmer loses his sheep from the fold, the ox from his stall, and all sorts of people, their horses from their fields, and even from their stables." Again, "How shocking is it to consider, that in a trading country like this, where persons are obliged to travel at all hours, no man can stir out a mile from his house, without an apprehension of being robbed, and perhaps murdered! For, of late, we have had instances of the most savage barbarity exercised on the persons of his majesty's subjects, whose fate it has been to be met by robbers." Such are the complaints which this writer so pathetically urges, to strengthen his call for blood. True it is, he imputes this lamentable state of things, not to the severity of the penal code (which he contends is no greater than public security requires), but to the laxity of its execution. He would have had the sentence of death inflicted whenever it was passed; but while the law remains as it is, the feelings of society could not endure so tragical a scene. Besides, some of the offences to which he alludes, especially when attended by personal violence, have been almost always punished with death, and the commission of such, therefore, cannot have been encouraged by any improper lenity.

'That the punishment of death has not been efficacious, surely here is abundant proof. That it is not necessary, because other punishments have been found more effectual, the various instances already given fully show. If any further evidence were requisite, the following brief details would furnish it. Prior to 1807, stealing linen from bleaching-grounds was a capital offence, but after the punishment was mitigated, though other offences increased two, three, and four-fold, this diminished more than three fourths, there having been thirty-eight trials for it during the five years prior to the repeal, and only nine in the five years subsequent. This was the case in Lancashire, and it was the same in Ireland. Before the alteration of the law, out of sixty-two tried, fifty-eight or fifty-nine escaped; after the alteration, the trials diminished one half, and the convictions increased

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five-fold. From the evidence of Mr. Carr, the solicitor of excise, it appears, that before the forgery of stamps upon paper was made capital, almost every person prosecuted was convicted, but that, since the law had increased the punishment, almost all were acquitted.

'The offence of forging bank-notes furnishes another instance of the folly of attempting to repress crime by the mere force of severe punishments. For eight years before 1797, there was not a single execution for this offence; during the eight subsequent years there were one hundred and forty-six.

In the fourteen years preceding 1797 there were only three executions; in the fourteen years after there were two hundred and nine; in the twenty-one years before 1797, there were only six; in the twenty-one following years there were three hundred and thirteen. Again, between 1783 and 1797 there were only four prosecutions for forgery on the Bank. Between 1797 and 1820, there were one thousand five hundred and eighty-one.

'It may be thought that this great increase arose from the profuse issue of bank paper subsequent to the restriction-act, and no doubt, in some measure, it did. It must, however, have arisen, in a great degree, from the inefficiency of capital punishments; for though the issue of bank-notes would naturally have the effect of diminishing the circulation of coin, yet the offence of coining also increased very rapidly; though, of course, in a less degree. During the seven years before 1797, the number of convictions for coining was three hundred and seventy-eight; during the seven years after, five hundred and eighty-four, being an increase of more than one third.'

We do not enter into the arguments in favor of capital punishments, though they appear to us to embrace all that can be said on that side of the question; humanity has, however, evidently the best of the discussion, and it must ultimately prevail; but however distant this period may be, the editors of the Philomathic Journal deserve the thanks of the whole civilized race, for placing a question of such deep importance in so clear a light before the public.

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(Continued from p. 662.)

WE have already noticed Sheridan's famous speech on the Begum charge; in his reply, he resorted to a singular finesse, which Mr Moore thus states:—

'The trial of Warren Hastings still "dragged its slow length along," and in the May of this year (1794) Mr. Sheridan was called upon for his reply on the Begum charge. It was usual, on these occasions, for the manager who spoke to be assisted by one of his brother managers, whose task it was to carry the bag that contained his papers, and to read out whatever minutes might be referred to in the course of the argument. Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor was the person who undertook this office for Sheridan: but, on the morning of the speech, upon his asking for the bag that he was to carry, he was told by Sheridan that there was none—neither bag nor papers. They must manage, he said, as well as they could without them; and when the papers were called for, his friend must only put the best countenance he could upon it. As for himself, "he would abuse Ned Law—ridicule Plumer's long orations—make the court laugh—please the women, and, in short, with Taylor's aid, would get triumphantly through his task." His opening of the case was listened to with the profoundest attention; but when he came to contrast the evidence of the Commons with that adduced by Hastings, it was not long before the chancellor interrupted him, with a request that the printed minutes to which he referred should be read. Sheridan answered, that his friend Mr Taylor would read them; and Mr. Taylor affected to send for the bag, while the orator begged leave, in the mean time, to proceed. Again, however, his statements rendered a reference to the minutes necessary, and again he was interrupted by the chancellor, while an outcry after Mr. Sheridan's bag was raised in all directions. At first, the blame was laid on the solicitor's clerk—then a messenger was despatched to Mr. Sheridan's house. In the mean time, the orator was proceeding brilliantly and successfully in his argument; and on some further interruption and expostulation from the chancellor, raised his voice and said, in a dignified tone, "On the part of the Commons, and as a manager of this impeachment, I shall conduct my case as I think proper. I mean to be correct; and your lordships, having the printed minutes before you, will afterwards see whether I am right or wrong."

'During the bustle produced by the inquiries after the bag, Mr. Fox, alarmed at the inconvenience which he feared the want of it might occasion to Sheridan, ran up from the managers' room, and demanded eagerly the cause of this mistake from Mr. Taylor; who, hiding his mouth with his hand, whispered him (in a tone of which they alone, who have heard this gentleman relate the anecdote, can feel the full humour), "The man has no bag."

'The whole of this characteristic contrivance was evidently intended by Sheridan to raise that sort of surprise at the readiness of his resources, which it was the favourite triumph of his vanity to create. I have it on the authority of Mr. William Smythe, that previously to the delivery of this speech, he passed two or three days alone at Wanstead, so occupied from morning till night in writing and reading of papers, as to complain in the evenings that he "had motes before his eyes." This mixture of real labour with apparent carelessness was, indeed, one of the most curious features of his life and character.'

Tickell, the friend of Sheridan, whom by his own genius he at once assisted and stimulated, wrote a humorous dedication to The Rivals, in a copy of that comedy in Mr. Moore's possession, together with the following amusing but severely satirical character of the author:—

'The Rivals, a comedy—one of the best in the English language—written as long ago as the reign of George the Third. The author's name was Sheridan—he is mentioned by the historians of that age as a man of uncommon abilities, very little improved by cultivation. His confidence in the resources of his own genius and his aversion to any sort of labour were so great that he could not be prevailed upon to learn either to read or write. He was, for a short time, manager of one of the play-houses, and conceived the extraordinary and almost incredible project of composing a play extempore, which he was to recite in the green-room to the actors, who were immediately to come on the stage and perform it. The players refusing to undertake their parts at so short a notice, and with so little preparation, he threw up the management with disgust.

'He was a member of the last Parliaments that were summoned in England, and signalized himself on many occasions by his wit and eloquence, though he seldom came to the house till the debate was nearly concluded, and never spoke, unless he was drunk. He lived on a footing of great intimacy with the famous Fox, who is said to have concerted with him the audacious attempt which he made, about the year 1783, to seize the whole property of the East India Company, amounting at that time to above £12,000,000 sterling, and then to declare himself lord protector of the realm, by the title of Carlo Khan. This desperate scheme actually received the consent of the lower house of parliament, the majority of whom were bribed by Fox, or intimidated by his and Sheridan's threats and violence; and it is generally believed that the revolution would have taken place, if the lords of the king's bedchamber had not in a body surrounded the throne and shown the most determined resolution, not to abandon their post but with their lives. The usurpation being defeated, parliament was dissolved and loaded with infamy. Sheridan was one of the few members of it who were re-elected:—the burgesses of Stafford, whom he had kept in a constant state of intoxication for near three weeks, chose him again to represent them, which he was well qualified to do.

'Fox's Whig party being very much reduced, or rather almost annihilated, he and the rest of the conspirators remained quiet for some time; till, in the year 1788, the French, in conjunction with Tippoo Sultan, having suddenly seized and divided between themselves the whole of the British possessions in India, the East India Company broke, and a national bankruptcy was apprehended. During this confusion Fox and his partisans assembled in large bodies, and made a violent attack in parliament on Pitt, the king's first minister: Sheridan supported and seconded him. Parliament seemed disposed to inquire into the cause of the calamity: the nation was almost in a state of actual rebellion, and it is impossible for us, at the distance of three hundred years, to form any judgment of what dreadful consequences might have followed, if the king, by the advice of the lords of the bedchamber, had not dissolved the Parliament, and taken the administration of affairs into his

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own hands, and those of a few confidential servants, at the head of whom he was pleased to place one Mr. Atkinson, a merchant, who had acquired a handsome fortune in the Jamaica trade, and passed universally for a man of unblemished integrity. His majesty having now no farther occasion for Pitt, and being desirous of rewarding him for his past services, and, at the same time, finding an adequate employment for his great talents, caused him to enter into holy orders, and presented him with the deanery of Windsor, where he became an excellent preacher, and published several volumes of sermons, all of which are now lost.

'To return to Sheridan:—on the abrogation of parliaments, he entered into a closer connection than ever with Fox and a few others of lesser note, forming together as desperate and profligate a gang as ever disgraced a civilized country. They were guilty of every species of enormity, and went so far as even to commit robberies on the highway, with a degree of audacity that could be equalled only by the ingenuity with which they escaped conviction. Sheridan, not satisfied with eluding, determined to mock the justice of his country, and composed a masque called "The Foresters," containing a circumstantial account of some of the robberies he had committed, and a good deal of sarcasm on the pusillanimity of those whom he had robbed, and the inefficacy of the penal laws of the kingdom. This piece was acted at Drury Lane Theatre with great applause, to the astonishment of all sober persons, and the scandal of the nation. His majesty, who had long wished to curb the licentiousness of the press and the theatres, thought this a good opportunity. He ordered the performers to be enlisted into the army, the playhouse to be shut up, and all theatrical exhibitions to be forbid on pain of death. Drury Lane playhouse was soon after converted into a barrack for soldiers, which it has continued to be ever since. Sheridan was arrested, and, it was imagined, would have suffered the rack, if he had not escaped from his guard by a stratagem, and gone over to Ireland in a balloon, with which his friend Fox had furnished him. Immediately on his arrival in Ireland, he put himself at the head of a party of the most violent reformers, commanded a regiment of volunteers at the siege of Dublin in 1791, and was supposed to be the person who planned the scheme for tarring and feathering Mr. Jenkinson, the lord lieutenant, and forcing him in that condition to sign the capitulation of the castle. The persons who were to execute this strange enterprise had actually got into the lord lieutenant's apartments at midnight, and would probably have succeeded in their project, if Sheridan, who was intoxicated with whiskey, a strong liquor much in vogue with the volunteers, had not attempted to force open the door of Mr. ——'s bedchamber, and so given the alarm to the garrison, who instantly flew to arms, seized Sheridan and every one of his party, and confined them in the castle-dungeon. Sheridan was ordered for execution the next day, but had no sooner got his legs and arms at liberty, than he began capering, jumping, dancing, and making all sorts of antics, to the utter amazement of the spectators. When the chaplain endeavoured, by serious advice and admonition, to bring him to a proper sense of his dreadful situation, he grinned, made faces at him, tried to tickle him, and played a thousand other pranks with such astonishing drollery, that the gravest countenances became cheerful, and the saddest hearts glad. The soldiers who attended at the gallows were so delighted with his merriment, which they deemed magnanimity, that the sheriffs began to apprehend a rescue, and ordered the hangman hastily to do his duty. He went off in a loud horse laugh, and cast a look towards the castle, accompanied with a gesture expressive of no great respect.

'Thus ended the life of this singular and unhappy man—a melancholy instance of the calamities that attend the misapplication of great and splendid ability. He was married to a very beautiful and amiable woman, for whom he is said to have entertained an unalterable affection. He had one son, a boy of the most promising hopes, whom he would never suffer to be instructed in the first rudiments of literature. He amused himself, however, with teaching the boy to draw portraits with his toes, in which he soon became so astonishing a proficient that he seldom failed to take a most exact likeness of every person who sat to him.

'There are a few more plays by the same author, all of them excellent.

'For further information concerning this strange man, vide "Macpherson's Moral History," Art. "Drunkenness."'

Though Sheridan was a genius of the first order, yet he neither spoke without much preparation, nor sent any production to the press until he had polished every sentence. Mr. Moore says:—

'He never made a speech of any moment, of which the sketch, more or less detailed, has not been found among his papers—with the showier passages generally written two or three times over (often without any material change in their form) upon small detached pieces of paper, or on cards. To such minutiæ of effect did he attend, that I have found, in more than one instance, a memorandum made of the precise place in which the words "Good God, Mr. Speaker," were to be introduced. These preparatory sketches are continued down to his latest displays; and it is observable that when, from the increased derangement of his affairs, he had no longer leisure or collectedness enough to prepare, he ceased to speak.

'The only time he could have found for this pre-arrangement of his thoughts (of which few, from the apparent idleness of his life, suspected him) must have been during the many hours of the day that he remained in bed,* —when, frequently, while the world gave him credit for being asleep, he was employed in laying the frame-work of his wit and eloquence for the evening.

'That this habit of premeditation was not altogether owing to a want of quickness appears from the power and liveliness of his replies in parliament, and the vivacity of some of his retorts in conversation.

'Some mention having been made in his presence of a tax upon mile-stones, Sheridan said, "Such a tax would be unconstitutional—as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate."

'As an instance of his humour, I have been told that, in some country-house where he was on a visit, an elderly maiden lady having set her heart on being his companion in a walk, he excused himself at first on account of the badness of the weather. Soon afterwards, however, the lady intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her:—"Well," she said, "it has cleared up, I see." —"Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*."

'The labour, indeed, which he found necessary for his public displays was, in a great degree, the combined effect of his ignorance and his taste;—the one rendering him fearful of committing himself on the *matter* of his task, and the other making him fastidious and hesitating as to the *manner* of it. I cannot help thinking, however, that there must have been, also, a degree of natural slowness in the first movements of his mind upon any topic; and that, like those animals which remain gazing upon their prey before they seize it, he found it necessary to look intently at his subject for some time, before he was able to make the last, quick spring that mastered it.

'Among the proofs of this dependence of his fancy upon time and thought for its development, may be mentioned his familiar letters, as far as their fewness enables us to judge. Had his wit been a "fruit, that would fall without shaking," we should, in these communications at least, find some casual windfalls of it. But, from the want of sufficient time to search and cull, he seems to have given up, in despair, all thoughts of being lively in his letters; and, accordingly, as the reader must have observed in the specimens that have been given, his compositions in this way are not only unenlivened by any excursions beyond the bounds of mere matter of fact, but, from the habit or necessity of taking a certain portion of time for correction, are singularly confused, disjoined, and inelegant in their style.

'It is certain that even his bon-mots in society were not always to be set down to the credit of the occasion; but that, frequently, like skilful priests, he prepared the miracle of the moment beforehand. Nothing, indeed, could be more remarkable than the patience and tact, with which he would wait through a whole evening for the exact moment, when the shaft, which he had ready feathered, might be let fly with effect. There was no effort, either obvious or disguised, to lead to the subject—no "question detached (as he himself expresses it) to draw you into the ambuscade of his ready-made joke"—and, when the lucky moment *did* arrive, the natural and accidental manner, in which he would let this treasured sentence fall from his lips, considerably added to the astonishment and the charm. So bright a

* Sheridan used to shut himself up in his sitting-room, and prohibit all visitors.—ED.

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thing, produced so easily, seemed like the delivery of Wieland's Armanda in a dream; —and his own apparent unconsciousness of the value of what he said, might have deceived dull people into the idea that there was really nothing in it.

'The consequence of this practice of waiting for the moment of effect was, (as all who have been much in his society, must have observed,) that he would remain inert in conversation, and even taciturn, for hours, and then suddenly come out with some brilliant sally, which threw a light over the whole evening, and was carried away in the memories of all present. Nor must it be supposed that in the intervals, either before or after these flashes, he ceased to be agreeable; on the contrary, he had a grace and good nature in his manner, which gave a charm to even his most ordinary sayings,—and there was, besides, that ever-speaking lustre in his eye, which made it impossible, even when he was silent, to forget who he was.

'A curious instance of the care with which he treasured up the felicities of his wit appears in the use he made of one of those epigrammatic passages, which the reader may remember among the memorandums for his comedy of Affectation, and which, in its first form, ran thus:—"He certainly has a great deal of fancy, and a very good memory; but, with a perverse ingenuity, he employs these qualities as no other person does—for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollection for his wit:—when he makes his jokes, you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." After many efforts to express this thought more concisely, and to reduce the language of it to that condensed and elastic state, in which alone it gives force to the projectiles of wit, he kept the passage by him patiently some years,—till he at length found an opportunity of turning it to account, in a reply, I believe, to Mr. Dundas, in the House of Commons, when, with the most extemporaneous air, he brought it forth, in the following compact and pointed form:—"The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Natural History of the Bible; or, a Description of all the Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Plants, Flowers, &c. mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. By THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D. A new edition, with plates. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

In noticing a former edition of this work, twelve months ago, we described it as 'particularly valuable to the theologian, the naturalist, and the general reader;' and a subsequent perusal gives us no reason to alter our opinion. The present edition displays one new and advantageous feature in the engravings of the principal subjects of natural history described in the volume, which is an excellent key to the sacred writings.

BRUCE'S ORIENTAL MANUSCRIPTS.

THE extraordinary narratives of Bruce induced the public to think he had drawn largely on the supposed privilege of a traveller, and that he taxed credulity too heavily; so much, indeed, did this belief prevail, that when the traveller was asked what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia, Bruce hesitatingly said, 'I think I saw one lyre there.' George Selwyn, who was present, whispered his next man, 'Yes; and there is one less (liar) since he left the country.' Subsequent travellers have confirmed so many of the details given by Bruce, that there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of his narrative.

Bruce was indeed an extraordinary man, and the public has not yet fully appreciated the value of his discoveries. Among other things, he brought home with him a magnificent collection of manuscripts, which he formed at considerable expense, and with laborious research, in Egypt, Abyssinia, Arabia, and other countries. This collection consists of about one hundred volumes, of which twenty-four are Ethiopic, one Coptic, one Persian, and the remainder Arabic.

'Among the Æthiopic are five large volumes, comprehending the Old Testament (except the Psalms, which have been published by the learned Ludolf in 1701): there is also the New Testament in Æthiopic (two large volumes), and the celebrated "Chronicle of Axum," which was presented to Mr. Bruce by Ras Michael, governor of Tigre: it contains the traditional history of Abyssinia, and many curious particulars relating to the city and church of Axum, &c. Another Æthiopic manuscript is the history of Abyssinia, in five large volumes, a work equally rare as important. Among the Arabic MSS. is a complete history of the conquest, topography, literature, and the remarkable persecuges of Andalus or Spain, in the time of the Arabs, by Sheikh Ahmed al Monkeri, a native of Andalusia, in three large volumes; a copy of the celebrated Biographical Dictionary of Ebn Khalican, in two volumes; Al Masaoudi's excellent historical, geographical, and philosophical work, entitled, the Meadows of Gold, in two large volumes; the Star in the Garden, a MS. treating of the geography of Egypt and of the Nile; Assioutí's Topography, Antiquities, and Natural History of Egypt: also Macrizi's Topographical History of Egypt, in three volumes; with many other very rare and valuable works, illustrating the history, geography, and natural productions of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, &c. besides some curious tracts in medicine, the romance of Antar, poetical collections, &c. But we must particularly notice the Coptic MS. found among the ruins of Thebes, in the ancient residence of some Egyptian monks; it is written on papyrus, in a small folio size, and comprises twenty-six leaves; the characters all capitals, of the uncial kind; it may be ascribed to the second, or the early part of the third, century. This most precious MS. has been described by Dr. Woide, in the introduction to the Saludic New Testament (139, 230). See also the third plate of that work. The entire collection of Mr. Bruce's MSS. at present belongs to the daughter-in-law of that distinguished traveller, and is deposited in Chelsea Hospital, under the care of Colonel Spicer. Of the value attached to this collection some notion may be formed, when we acquaint the reader, that for two or three articles among the Æthiopic MSS. 1000 guineas have been offered and refused.'

CONSPIRACY OF THE JESUITS AGAINST QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

(Concluded from p. 592.)

'THE conspirators were highly rejoiced at the success of their undertaking, of the accomplishment of which they entertained not the most distant doubt. Nothing now remained for them to do but to consult about the measures that were to be taken after the blowing up the mine; they resolved unanimously to assassinate the Prince of Wales, who could not be present at the meeting of Parliament, and agreed at the same time that no foreign power ought to be informed of their design until it should be accomplished, because the importance of such undertakings was commonly estimated only after their success. They expected to receive the greatest support from the province of Flanders, and the Jesuit Garnet wrote for that purpose to Father Baudicein, who resided in the Netherlands. He requested him in his letter to take care that, at the time when the parliament was to be blown up, some troops should march towards the coast, in order to be ready to embark for England at a moment's warning.

'This point being settled, the conspirators resolved to separate, in order to avoid all suspicion. Some of them went to their country seats, and others left England to await in foreign countries the final issue of their undertaking. Fawkes went to Flanders, whence he returned in August. Catesby remained in England, and won over to his party Francis Tresham and Everard Digby, who promised to support the conspirators with a considerable sum of money.

'The catastrophe of that dreadful revolution, which they aimed to bring about, drew nearer and nearer, and the opening of parliament was only ten days distant, when one of the conspirators took it in his head to write a friend from the impending general destruction. Baron Montragle received an anonymous letter, by which he was warned not to go to the house of parliament, as God had decreed to punish the wickedness of the times by the assistance of men. The writer conjured him not to slight the well-meant advice of a friend, for the parliament would receive a dreadful blow without seeing the hand that was to strike it. Montragle laid this note before the secretary of state, who communicated it to the king. The mysterious tenor of that singular paper puzzled the king and his minister for a considerable time, and its author was supposed to be a madman. Fortunately it occurred to the mind of the king, that the dreadful blow might be effected by a mine; the house of parliament therefore was instantly examined, and a great quantity of firewood and charcoal was found in the cellar of

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the house which Percy had hired. This circumstance, added to the confused and ominous looks of Guido Fawkes, who was discovered in the house, increased the king's suspicion, and a strict search was commenced the following night. When the commissioners, who were appointed for that purpose, came with a strong guard to Percy's house, Fawkes was perceived standing at the door in a travelling dress; he was seized; the commissioners then went into the cellar, and the wood being removed, thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were discovered. Fawkes being searched, a tinder-box and three matches were found in his pockets: he confessed the whole plot, declaring, that if he could possibly have got before them into the cellar, he would have set fire to the gunpowder, and buried himself along with the commissioners under the ruins of the house.

'The rumour of this discovery spread rapidly all over the country. The conspirators fled to Holbech, in the county of Suffolk, under the protection of Stephen Littleton. Richard Walsh, viscount of Worcester, pursued them with an armed force, and cut off all means of effecting their escape: they prepared to defend themselves in a most desperate manner; but while they were drying their powder at the fire, a spark flew into it, by which accident most of them were so dreadfully burned in the face, hands, and whole body, that but few of them were able to handle their arms. Catesby and Percy, the most daring of all, retreated into the castle, where they defended themselves furiously till they expired. Winter was dangerously wounded when he was apprehended; the two Wrights were killed on the spot, and Grant, Digby, Rookwood, Bates, and soon afterwards Tresham, Winter, and Littleton, were conducted to London in fetters.

'The conspirators made a voluntary confession of the whole plot without being put to the torture, and it is remarkable that they accused not one priest or monk of having been concerned with them. Thuanus and Mezerai maintain, that the oath by which they were bound had been of such a nature that they could not have informed against an ecclesiastic without endangering their eternal salvation. Francis Tresham, indeed, named the Jesuit Garnet as an accomplice; but a few moments previous to his execution, being urged by the most pressing solicitations of his wife, he wrote to the Earl of Salisbury, recanting the information which he had given against the Jesuit, and declaring that Garnet was entirely innocent. He added, that he had not seen this Jesuit in the course of six-teen years. This, however, was an infamous falsehood; for Garnet confessed afterwards that he had frequently conversed with Tresham during the last six months. All the traitors were found guilty, and sentenced to death.

'Certain letters, and the confessions of the prisoners and of the executed criminals, as well as the whole proceedings in general, threw a strong suspicion on the three Jesuits, Gerrard, Henry Garnet, and Oswald. It was a matter of great importance to government, for the sake of public security, to set about the most rigorous inquiries against all those that were anyways concerned in a crime of such a horrid nature. A royal proclamation was therefore published, January 18, 1506, whereby a great reward was promised to those that should be able to deliver these three Jesuits into the hands of justice, and it was prohibited, on pain of severe punishment, to harbour, to assist, or to conceal them.

'Garnet and Oldekorn fled with their servant to the castle of Lord Abingdon, where they hid themselves in the chimney, and for some time lived entirely upon broth, which was conveyed to their hiding place by means of a tube. All servants being, however, at length removed out of the house, and the concealed conspirators watched with the greatest diligence, the two Jesuits and their servant were compelled by hunger to surrender to the officers of justice. They were confined in a dungeon at London, where the servant ripped up his own belly with a knife, for fear of being forced by the pains of the torture to make a confession, and died before he could be examined.

'The king was convinced that Garnet had some knowledge of the conspiracy. He knew that he had lived in habits of intimacy with Catesby, the head of the conspirators; yet he did not wish him to be put to the rack, being desirous that he should make a free and unequivocal confession. He was, therefore, treated with great lenity, and enjoyed some kind of liberty, it being the king's intention that he should be caught by artifice, as it was impossible to get at him by fair means. A favourite of the king was prevailed upon to ingratiate himself with Garnet, by complaining to him of the despotism of the British government, and the lamentable situation of the Roman Catholics in England. This artifice succeeded. The Jesuit reposed the greatest confidence in a man that defended the cause of religion with so much zeal. He gave him letters, which he was to deliver to a lady of rank, who also was imprisoned, and formerly intimately connected with the Jesuits. Garnet mentioned in this letter, in a few words, what he had confessed, as well as those points on which he had not been interrogated. He instructed her, at the same time, what reply she should make to different points, and to pass over in silence several circumstances of consequence. Besides this letter, he also gave to his supposed friend another to a certain priest of the name of Rookwood, who was likewise imprisoned. The contents of this letter seemed to be entirely indifferent; however, the artful Jesuit had wrote with lemon juice on the space between the lines other secret matters, which were discerned when the paper was held against the fire. Amongst other subjects, he wrote to Rookwood, that he was entirely easy about the late affair (the gunpowder plot), as he was certain that no convincing proofs could be alleged against him.

'These two letters were laid before the privy council. Garnet was gradually indulged with more liberty. He showed a great desire to have a conversation with Oldekorn. The guard complied with his wish, and conducted the two Jesuits to a place where they could converse without fear and reserve, retiring to a distance, which rendered it impossible for them to overhear the words of the prisoners. However, two creditable witnesses were concealed in a secret place, where they heard what could not reach the ears of the guard. Garnet and Oldekorn unbosomed themselves to one another without reserve, communicating to each other the points on which they had been examined, and deliberating on the lies and artful evasions of which they intended to make use, in order to impose upon their judges. The two concealed witnesses listened attentively to this conversation, wrote it carefully down, and carried the paper to the secretary of state.

'The two prisoners now were separately examined the subsequent day, about the matters on which they had consulted. Garnet believed that the points on which the judges examined him were founded only on supposition, and denied everything with the most barefaced impudence, pledging his sacerdotal dignity for the truth of his depositions. However, when Oldekorn was convicted, Garnet also was compelled to confess his guilt. He apologised to his judges for not having confessed sooner the undisguised truth, and endeavoured to palliate his prior solemn declaration by ambiguous and vague explications. He added, he had denied the truth with so much confidence, because he had been convinced that no person besides Greenwell could convict him of having been concerned in the late conspiracy. He now confessed that the latter, about five months ago, had disclosed to him the whole plan of the conspiracy, and informed Catesby in general terms of a great undertaking devised by the Roman Catholics in favour of religion.

'Having been examined twenty times, from the 13th of February to the 26th of March, he was carried before the bar of the court of justice. Nottingham and Salisbury interrogated him once more about the different points of accusation that were contained in the acts of the antecedent examinations. Garnet endeavoured to make it appear that all that he had known of the conspiracy had consisted, at first, only in some vague and unsubstantiated rumours which had been current among the multitude. Greenwell had been the first that had discovered to him, in the confessional, the particulars of the whole plan, and he had not been at liberty to divulge what had been intrusted to him under the seal of confession; he had, however, earnestly exhorted the said Greenwell to desist from his design. He replied, in an ambiguous manner, to all the questions which the lords put to him, had recourse to the most crooked and artful shifts, when he was charged with inconsistency and contradiction, and persisted in denying, with the greatest impudence, the chief object of his crime, till his own writings were produced, whereby it was proved in the most unexceptionable manner, that,—

'1. Greenwell had informed him of the conspiracy, not as of a sin, but as of a matter that was already known to him, and on which he desired to have his advice.

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'2. That Catesby and Greenawell had applied to him, in order to be confirmed in their design by his approbation.

'3. That Greenwell had had a long conversation with him in the county of Essex, respecting the gunpowder plot; and,

'4. That he had replied to Greenwell's question, "Who was to be the protector and regent of the kingdom, after the conspiracy should be accomplished?" "That nothing could be decided on that matter, until it was known how far the design had succeeded."

'Garnet now saw himself convicted, and the court sentenced him to be dragged to the place of execution, hanged, and quartered. This sentence was executed, May 3, 1606. The terrors of death began to torment him just in the last moments of his life, and he made a very unconnected and confused dying speech to the people, confessing that his punishment was just, execrating the conspiracy, and adding, he would certainly not have betrayed his dear brother Greenwell, if he had not known that he was in safety.' Oldekorn shared the same fate after Garnet's execution; but Gerrard and Greenwell saved themselves by flight.'

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. XII.

Or the little we do learn at school the greater part has to be unlearnt again in after life. The maxims taught to boys are not adapted to the policy of the world, being of about nearly the same utility in practice, as painting fire-screens and card-racks, and learning a few phrases of bad French are to the other sex. One of our writing copies used to be 'Content is better than riches,' a very convenient aphorism for a pædagogue to teach his pupils, yet utterly inapplicable, as we all well know, to the prudence requisite in the great school of the world.

Content is a very good subject for poets, but it never yet made an apprentice a lord mayor, or a curate a lord bishop. We are, therefore, somewhat of the opinion of an ingenious contemporary, who says, 'We never knew any good come of contentment. As long as men are contented with their condition they will never seek to improve it. Discontent is the parent of amelioration.'—Vide Morning Chronicle, October 19th.

This is very true: as long as we remain contented with defects and abuses we shall never reform. The Spaniards are content with their Inquisition and their intolerance, the Portuguese with their dirt and their ignorance, and both are content to remain where the rest of Europe were centuries ago. We good folks of England, indeed, possess somewhat more of the opposite virtue, and improve accordingly. Our forefathers were contented with dark, crooked lanes instead of streets; we, their wiser and more virtuous posterity, wonder at their bad taste and their wretched patience; and our descendants in their turn will admire that we should so long have been contented with the dark intricacies of the law, and should have preferred quibbling and jargon to common sense; that we should have been contented with Chancery suits and game laws, the *soi-disant* protection of watchmen, and the *soi-disant* wisdom of unpaid magistrates; with the insolence of actors and the prodigious fuss made about all the doings of those kind of people; with sporting parsons and betting bishops*. Discontent is the parent of excellence: this precept deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold, and to be written in all the copy-books throughout the kingdom; so shall we in due time become a really great and illustrious people, superior to all the rest of the earth. Our fathers were contented—such was their patient simplicity—with Shakspeare; we more wisely improve upon the dulness—with all due reverence be it spoken, of that dramatist, eminent as he was, considering the period at which he wrote; and turn his plays into operas, transform them into melodrames, convert them into ballets. Milton was contented—dull, unimaginative man!—with writing one epic; our present poet laureate has already produced fifty. Formerly, a man was well contented to be the author of one book; now-a-days, he aspires to be the manufacturer of a hundred. 'A single gaol in Alfred's golden days,' and a single newspaper at a later period, sufficed for the whole kingdom; now gaols and newspapers are increased a thousand fold. There was, too, a time when a plain honest citizen was content to be Mr. John ——, now he must be styled John ——, Esquire; his wife, in her turn, becomes a fine lady, and neglects her domestic economy to study political economy, most heroically preferring the interests of nations to those of her own family, while his daughters thump pianos, take lessons in gymnastics, and study their *olage* and *egraphics*. Such is the march of civilization; day by day we abondon a prejudice, acquire a new principle of conduct; whereas, had we always been contented, we might be at this very moment be in precisely the same condition as during the heptarchy. Discontent is an excellent thing both for nations and individuals; it tends to keep them ever active and enterprising. It leads the former to foreign conquests and to the extension of empire. Had Alexander been contented with Macedon, he would never have overrun the world, and penetrated even to India. Content leads no farther than happiness; it is discontent that conducts to glory. It is this that spurs men on to that noble ambition, those heroic butcherings, and wars, and massacres, and slaughters, which, by the universal consent of mankind in all ages, have been termed glory. It is this, too, that keeps the moral world from stagnation. We must confess, however, that it is an ugly word, so at least have we been hitherto taught to consider it; and it is therefore very convenient to bestow on it some other appellation better suited to our present prejudices. Hence, it is designated ambition—prudence—patriotism—reform—philosophy—just as convenience requires, or the occasion demands. To be contented is a most dangerous thing, and tends most effectually to prevent our attempting or achieving anything important, or seeking any improvement. How many people do we know who are so contented with their ignorance, their prejudices, and their follies, that were they to attain the years of Methusalem, they would retain them all! To be contented even with natural gifts argues a want of sufficient desire for excellence, and would prove injurious to those very ingenious artists who have contrived so many notable methods of atoning for the niggardliness of nature—to wit, dentists, dealers in cosmetics, and fabricators of rouge and false ringlets. Were the female sex contented with the bungling work of Dame Nature, what would become of all these and many other equally important and meritorious people? Let not our doctrine, however, be overstrained; there certainly are some occasions in which content is rather a virtue than otherwise, and it is one that we always deem peculiarly becoming to our own readers.

* 'A highly distinguished prelate,' says a morning paper (Oct. 24th), 'who regularly attended the races, at the last Newmarket meeting but one, is reported to have been a *great winner* upon the principal race, on the event of which he *betted* contrary to the opinion of his noble relative, &c.' It really does seem *rather* odd that a right reverend should be so superior to the vulgar prejudices of decorum, but still it shall not draw from us any expression of surprise, derogatory to our philosophy of *nil-admirari*.

GOD AND MAN.

GOD! who is the greatest of spirits, is the most tolerant. Man! who is the first of animals, is the most oppressive—yet he calls himself the shadow of the Almighty. Man becomes angry, and punishes for every little affront; God bears with all the insults and vices of man, who daily and hourly is employed in endeavouring to offend him. Man pretends to admire the benign nature of the Deity; yet when he sees another imitate His clemency and good nature, he calls him a fool—so much for man's consistency.

S. R. I.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

HIGH on thy brow I sit! and think of him,
Whose never-fading name thou bear'st sublime;
That name no lapse of time can render dim,
For that great name shall triumph over time!
Each year steals something from thy fearful height;
Another age may ask where thou hast stood,
Worn and destroy'd by tempests in their flight,
Which dash against thy sides the briny flood.
E'en then, immortal Shakspeare's tragic page,
Shall give to fancy's eye thy giant form,
Lifting its front against the storm's rage,
And braving all the horrors of the storm:
E'en then, though all thy atoms shall be fled,
Although thy place may be a sandy shore,
Though all who ever saw thee shall be dead,
Genius shall find thee then in Shakspeare's lore!

J. M. L.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that our notices of the Drama are more brief than formerly; this we acknowledge to be the case, and for this plain reason, that we never knew our national theatres less worthy of notice than at the present time; the genius of dull-

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ness appears to preside both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and an indifference to either is the result; so much indeed is this the case, that we never recollect the early part of the season at the winter theatres excite so little interest as at present. Stale plays and crude performers have succeeded each other in monotonous regularity, and although the company at both houses, particularly Drury Lane, is respectable, yet the performers have been often put into characters unsuited to their talents.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Among the *novelties* produced at this house, Cibber's dull comedy of *She Would and She Would not* is one: that the play was new to the greatest part of the audience we can readily believe, few having even read it, and still fewer seen it performed; the incidents of the comedy are few, and had the same liberty been taken with it that has been with much better plays, it might have made a tolerable farce. The story turns on a sort of *belle's* stratagem, by a lady Hypolita, who, having refused a lover, repents, and finding him on the way to woo another, Rosara, with letters of introduction from his father, gets possession of the portmanteau containing them, assumes male attire, and the office of lover to boot, and is received by the young lady. She, however, is in love with Octavio, Hypolita's brother, and favours this lady's disguise. The real Simon Pure, young Philip, arrives, and is treated as an impostor, until the fraud that has been practised is discovered—the *denouement* may be guessed, the young lady is married to Octavio, and Hypolita to Don Philip, whom she had thus teazed. The comedy has no moral, and even the excellent acting of Miss Kelly, in the part of Hypolita, did not strip it of its repulsive character; she was much applauded in a song, which she executed with fine feeling and taste too. Dowton displayed much genuine humour as the father of Rosara. Harley and Mrs. Davison played an intriguing valet and waiting-woman with great spirit; there was nothing peculiar in the other characters, and the comedy, though occasionally applauded, cannot either be considered as a happy or a successful revival; far different is the case with that excellent melo-drama, the Innkeeper's Daughter, in which Miss Kelly attains the sublime and beautiful of the histrionic art.

Covent Garden Theatre.—A new debutant for the honours of the buskin made his appearance at this house, in the character of Othello in Shakspeare's tragedy of that name. His real or playing name is Fitzharris, and though not the worst representative of the noble Moor we have seen, was a very inefficient one; his conception of the character was not bad, and he declaimed correctly enough, but he was very unequal to the delineation of that extreme affection and that whirlwind of passion—those alternations of love, jealousy, and revenge, which actuate the breast of the generous but ill-used Othello. Mr. Warde played Iago tolerably. Cooper's Cassio was not good; no person should take the part out of Charles Kemble's hands, he plays it so admirably. Mrs. Sloman's Desdemona and Mrs. Faucit's Emilia we cannot praise, and have too much gallantry to censure.

As the home productions of the season, have not thriven well, some exotics are about to be imported, including Mazurier, the celebrated Polichinello, who is to make his appearance at this theatre in a few days. A new comedy from the pen of Mr. Hyde, the author of the tragedy of *Alphonzus*, is in rehearsal. Green-room report speaks very favourably of it.

Haymarket Theatre.—Mr. James Vining (a brother of the Mr. Vining who has grown into celebrity at this house) made his first appearance as Octavian, on Saturday evening, in *The Mountaineers;* and has since played Rolla, in *Pizarro*. This gentleman's perceptions and general delineation of his characters are very creditable to his talents; his movements and manners are generally graceful, and if any points peculiarly excellent cannot be traced in his performance, he is as free from any particular blemish; his voice, neither remarkable for harmony nor strength, is too weak to enable him to soar in declamation, yet his articulation is clear and deliberate, and we think he is likely to become a very useful member of this little theatre.

On Saturday evening also, a new comic drama, *The Epaulette*, was produced. The story is not new, but a novelty was presented in the representation, by ladies, of a number of pages in male uniform, giving the curious in female legs a fair opportunity of deciding upon these ladies' pretensions to just symmetry. It is a light, pretty, little piece, and was well received. Much as we in general admire Madame Vestris, our judgment takes offence, when her badinage, as it too often does, makes her neglect the pathos of the scene. The characters were very well filled, and the whole was got up in a respectable manner.

The Italian Opera, we understand, will open about the middle of December. The corps de ballet is chiefly engaged, and is under the direction of M. D'Egville, who is at present in France, completing his arrangements.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S LAST VOYAGE.

The failure of Captain Parry's last voyage, though owing to an accident which might have occurred in a sea less difficult to navigate than the Arctic Ocean, has almost put the public out of love with these exploratory expeditions, and the expense, and risk of life are mentioned as reasons for abandoning them. It is, however, to be recollected that although four successive voyages have all failed to make the North West Passage, yet they have done much towards proving its existence; they have demonstrated the *possibility* of the passage, though its *practicability* may be a matter of doubt. But if the great object of these voyages has not been attained, yet much has been done in determining the geography of the Arctic regions. We were particularly struck with this, in comparing Cary's map of 1811 with that published by Smith last year. In the former, we were told that all beyond Sanderson's Hope, in Baffin's Bay, was doubtful. The first voyage, that of Captain Ross, however, removed this doubt, for Baffin's Bay was explored, and the correctness of the old navigator fully established. In the second voyage, we find Capt. Parry passing through Baffin's Bay into Lancaster Sound, and venturing on a new region, actually wintering in 111° west longitude, and 74° 44 north latitude, discovering straits, inlets, and islands; in fact, an entire new region, to which he gave the name of North Georgia—a region extending from about 80 to 113° of west longitude; the surveys, too, that were made of the coasts, and the soundings that were taken, have completed the hydrography of these hitherto unexplored seas. It would be idle, then, to decry arctic expeditions, or to say that they are useless; besides, as the spirit of discovery is abroad, we may rest assured that, if we do not pursue the subject, other nations, profiting by all we have done, will take it up, and perhaps reap that reward which we relinquish.

The last voyage has, perhaps, been less productive of discovery than any of the preceding ones, but had it not been for the loss of the Fury, it gave promise of great success, for, at the time the Hecla was compelled to return, an open sea was observed to the south and the west. That it was prudent, nay, indispensably necessary, that Capt. Parry should return, there can be no doubt, and the court-martial held on Capt. Hoppner, on Monday, when he was most honorably acquitted, proved that everything that skill, prudence, and foresight, could accomplish, was done.

The leading features of the voyage we have already given, but we are enabled, from an authentic source, to give a more connected narrative. We have already stated that the Fury was struck on the 1st of August; she was, at the time, coasting Prince Regent's Inlet, and as the vessel was obliged to keep in shore, that being the only current, the rest being one mass of ice, they kept heaving the lead all the time, she, however, struck on a hummock of ice in six feet water; as the ice wore away, she sank lower, and was driven further in shore; at the time she struck, she was making about four inches an hour; such was the force with which the Fury was struck, that the sternpost was torn off, as well as part of the cutwater, and the main keel was broken. Four pumps were kept going constantly for forty-eight hours, and the men, though much fatigued, laboured cheerfully; there were, however, so many holes in the bottom of the vessel, which could not be stopped, that she took water very fast; all attempts to heave her down and examine her failed, although by fixing cables to the icebergs or hummocks, and to anchors on shore, a sort of artificial harbour was formed round the Fury, in order to keep her as clear as possible; they never were, however, able to unship the rudder, because there was not sufficient water.

On the 6th of August, the water increased much, although the pumps were kept working from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening. The men were ex-

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cessively fatigued, and their allowance of provision was increased by a quarter of a pound of meat and a gill of rum per day.—It was now determined to land the stores, in order to lighten the Fury; in effecting this, Capt. Hoppner used a sort of crane, by which he hoisted the casks up, and run them along a cable on shore, which facilitated the landing of the stores very much; on the 8th, the spirits were landed; from this time to the 13th, the ice continued to close in on the ship; a strong fresh breeze sprung up, blowing from the N.N.W.; and another cable was now employed, in order to keep the ice as much as possible from the ship. The next day there was a strong wind. The water increased, and was eighteen inches in the well; the ice continued to tear the vessel so much, that one of the persons employed below looking out for the leaks, suddenly sprung to the hatchway, expecting she was going to pieces. Capt. Parry now sent Lieutenants Austin and Sherer and the master carpenter to examine the Fury, when they found that there was no chance of saving her.

On the 16th, a tent was pitched on shore for the men to sleep in; the next day they were employed in tightening the cables which were fixed to the hummocks, and in pumping out the water, and they had only three hours' rest. On the 18th, there was a snow storm, and the ice increased so much, that Capt. Parry began to fear that the Hecla would be locked in; a consultation of the officers was held, when it was resolved to get her out, and preparations were made for that purpose. It was also agreed to make an effort to get the Fury out into a more open sea, and examine her. On the 20th, Capt. Parry sent twelve of his men to work on the Fury; the wind had now shifted to the N.E. On the 21st, there was a high surf running on the beach, and more hawsers were employed to keep the ice from wedging in the Fury; the next day, she drifted further in shore, just as the tide began to fall, which banished all hopes of getting the Fury out; in the mean time, the Hecla was separated from her by a barrier of ice four miles broad, which induced Capt. Parry to recall his men, lest, if he delayed it longer, he might not be able to get them off. On the 24th, a south wind sprung up, and the ice between the vessels had increased so much, that the Hecla was five leagues from the Fury; all hope of saving her was now at an end, as she had nine feet water in the hold, and she was finally abandoned on the 26th of August, to the great regret of every person belonging to the expedition, and particularly Captain Hoppner, who, on the court martial, very feelingly described the painful emotions he felt on leaving a vessel he had, a short time before, felt so much pride in commanding.

We have already said that the voyage was not fertile in discovery, and yet some important facts have been ascertained, not only in navigation, but in medical science, which overturn the theories of the faculty. In managing the ships, Capt. Parry found the most signal advantages from Capt. Phillips's patent capstan, by which two men can do the work of fifty by the old method: this is so striking an improvement, that Capt. Parry, on his return, lost no time in recommending it to the Lords of the Admiralty, who, with a laudable zeal for the service, gave immediate instructions that all the vessels of his Majesty's navy are in future to be fitted out with Capt. Phillips's new capstans. On the subject of magnetic attraction, we understand some very valuable and interesting discoveries have been made, which completely change the old theories on this subject.

One very curious fact was discovered during the voyage, and that is, that the more the body was charged with caloric the better did it withstand the cold. During the winter, the heat below deck was generally 68°, while on deck it was about 45° below Zero, and although the men frequently went from their heated apartments to this extreme cold, yet there was not a single instance of cough, cold, or catarrhal affection whatever among the crews of either vessel; the warm bath was frequently used, and was found highly beneficial in preventing the cold, and it was remarked that the more the body was heated immediately previous to going out on any excursion, the longer they could remain exposed to this cold without injury; and, that the cold was severe may be inferred from the circumstance, that the steam from the baths congealed in its ascent, and fell in a shower of snow.

The scenery in Prince Regent's Inlet is of the most magnificent description; the coast, in some places, presenting a front three hundred feet high almost perpendicular; this is supposed to be occasioned by the action of the water freezing in some crevices of the granite, and expanding it, like a wedge, until a portion of it becomes separated; this was inferred from the circumstance that large masses of granite were found on floating icebergs which made them sometimes be mistaken for land.

Few collections in natural history were made during the voyage; some botanical and entomological specimens, however, were obtained. A few deer were shot, and some Arctic bears, on which the dogs were fed; the old Esquimaux dog is still alive, but his mate died, not, however, until she had left a litter of puppies, which have also procreated, so that the breed is likely to be perpetuated. A good deal of grouse was obtained, which was found very seasonable. The voyagers never saw a human being, but found traces of them in various parts; should the poor Esquimaux meet with the stores that were left, they will be astonished, and at a loss to know what to do with the prize. Were another voyage to be made, it is probable that the Esquimaux would be found dressed in the uniform of Capt. Hoppner, or treasuring up articles of which they knew not the use; but it seems doubtful whether any other expedition will be sent out, in the same direction at least. These particulars, though very hastily written, are correct; and are, perhaps, nearly all that will transpire until Capt. Parry publishes his own narrative, which he will do in the course of the winter.

Captain Parry was well provided with chronometers, and with some very ingenious instruments, to enable him to take observations when the sun was not visible, but none of these were found to answer; the officers, however, were very actively employed in making observations, and Capt. Parry's journals are said to record many curious facts interesting to science. During the winter, the title of a newspaper could barely be read at noon-day on deck, so dense was the gloom which pervaded the atmosphere for many months; this dismal period was relieved by various entertainments, particularly masquerades, and we know not whether the honest character of British sailors will think it a compliment or not, but many of them were very dexterous in their disguises. Nothing could be more social, consistent with proper discipline, than the officers and crews of the two vessels; they seemed like one happy family, the men proud of their officers, and the officers fully satisfied with the conduct of the men, who kept cheerful amidst all their privations and fatigues. When working at the Fury, they sometimes seemed to comprehend the orders of the officers with difficulty, owing to the languor of excessive fatigue, and a degree of stupor created by the cold—the intellect seemed, as it were, benumbed. We cannot, perhaps, better conclude this narrative than with the following anecdotes of the expedition:—

During the time the crews were engaged in clearing the Fury, a regular current floating the ice past them at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, was to them a strong indication of an open sea not far distant. The Fury was completely cleared of everything, even of her coals, and the repairs nearly completed, when the Hecla was blown off; and when she returned and found her consort so nearly destroyed, a regular survey was made, and all hope of restoring her to service was given up. The officers speak of the ten months they were locked in the ice as a most dreary season. In one of the masquerades, Capt. Parry assumed the disguise of a poor enfeebled creature, scarcely able to totter above ground, and his disguise was so complete, that one of the crew who had personated an undertaker, declared him unfit for this world, took his measure, and proceeded, with some assistants, to dig a grave, into which they hurried their well-disguised captain, who was obliged to undeceive them, to prevent premature burial.

It has been stated, in the daily papers, that, of the two seamen who died, one was from accident—the other from disease; but the death of both resulted from accident, one having fallen on a block of ice and injured his back, which produced a diseased spine, and the loss of the other seems likely to give strength to the doctrine—orthodox among seamen, that a particular fate is attached to every man, whether on sea or on shore. Death will have his victim at the appointed hour. This seaman was one of four mates who went on a little expedition for curiosity, over a table mountain, unarmed; he separated from his companions, intending to make a little tour and rejoin them, but had not proceeded far, when he was pursued by a bear;—to assist his speed, he threw off his

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snow shoes, or boots, and fled, till he got to the edge of the rock, where he had to decide, in a moment, whether he would hurl himself down the almost perpendicular steep, or yield to his merciless enemy—he preferred the former, and tumbled himself down the side of the mountain, from a height of about three hundred feet, too steep for the bear to adventure. His comrades having discovered his boots, alarmed and astonished, now sought the poor fellow, found him senseless, and conveyed him to their birth. He recovered gradually, and at the end of several weeks, was fully restored to the use of his limbs, when he was attacked by disease, and again narrowly escaped death. Shortly after this, he went on a shooting party, again separated from his companions, and fell through a chasm in the ice, where there was not more than four feet depth of water. The cold soon rendered exertion impossible, and he was taken out frozen to death—his body becoming a solid and stiff as a compact lump of ice. He was, however, immediately carried to the vessel, where every exertion possible was used to restore animation, but ineffectually. It is supposed that he was reaching after a bird that he had shot, and that his foot slipped. He has left a widow and several children, three of whom are in the Greenwich Hospital School.

The following additional particulars are from The Times of Wednesday :—

"During the voyage an observatory was erected on shore, in which the officers spent much of their time in making and recording observations.

"The garden was attended to as before; but the herbs reared in it did not at all compensate for the trouble bestowed upon them. Some cucumbers were grown in glasses, in the summer, but not of a very large description. The winter was milder than any which the expedition previously experienced; and one proof of it is, that the ships were not laid up in their winter quarters till the 8th of October this time, though in their former voyages they had been laid up about the 22d or 23d of September. There have been no new discoveries made in any branch of natural history. Several collections of insects, &c. have been made, but few which were not known before their last voyage.—The ptarmigans were plentiful, and some fine specimens of them have been brought home. Grouse were also shot occasionally, and formed a delightful change in the messes of the ships' companies. Great attention was paid to their diet, and the good effects of it were visible in the healthy state of the crew. The men in general seem uninjured by the Arsh climates they have left."

In the press, a Defence of the Royal College of Surgeons, being a refutation of the charges brought against the members of the part of assistants, by a physician, in an address lately published.

Mr. Colburn will shortly publish a romance by Ann Radcliffe, author of the Mysteries of Udolpho. Since the death of this celebrated lady, which took place in 1823, Mr. Radcliffe, her husband, has yielded to the solicitations pressed on him, and has consented that her last romance, which will be found quite worthy of her fame, should be given to the world.

A gentleman belonging to Arbroath found, some time ago, a pebble, or onyx stone, about the size of a hen's egg. It was very fine, and of a beautiful colour. On the stone being cut, there was found a small cavity in the centre, which contained about an ounce of beautifully clear water. It was inclosed in a coat or crust that had the appearance of lime, but very hard, and mixed with a kind of rough sand of a dark brown colour.

A new Oriental Literary institution has been established at Orenburg, in Russia. The chan of the minor Kirgische hordes was present. Among the students were three young Kirgische Tartars, in their national costume.—*Journal de Frankfort.*

A most important discovery has recently been made of original letters and papers, written by Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during the reign of James II.

With the above have also been brought to light a series of original manuscript notebooks of Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. They contain reports of debates in the House of Commons during the interregnum, from the year 1656 to 1659, the contents of which have never yet appeared in any printed collection of parliamentary proceedings. The chasm which has long been lamented as existing in this most interesting period of the English annals will thus be filled in an early publication.

Interior of Africa.—We have learnt the arrival of M. J. B. Pacho at the lazaretto of Marseilles. This French traveller has succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles which have seemed hitherto to oppose an insurmountable bar to any entrance into Cyrenaica, by the way of Marmarica. Having spent six months in traversing the desert between the Gulf of Bomban and the tower of Euphrautas, which divided the ancient colony of Battus from the government of Carthage, the courageous traveller explored, not without risk, the whole of the ruins to be found in that classic ground, where he collected a great number of inscriptions. From Cyrenaica, M. Pacho went to Audjelah, whence he made an excursion to the basis of the Hesperides, the situation of which perfectly agrees with that ascribed to it by Strabo.

An Iron Boat.—A boat of sheet iron, intended for a passage boat, from Columbia, on the Susquehannah, to Northumberland, is constructing at York, in Pennsylvania.

The boat has sixty feet keel, nine feet beam, and is three feet high; she is composed entirely of sheet iron, rivetted with iron rivets; and the ribs, which are one foot apart, are stripes of sheet iron, which by their peculiar form are supposed to possess thrice the strength of the same weight of iron in the square or flat form. The whole weight of iron in the boat, when she shall be finished, will be 3400lbs.; that of the wood-work, deck, cabin, &c. will be 2600lbs.; being together three tons; the steam engine, the boiler included, will weigh two tons; making the whole weight of the boat and engine but five tons. She will draw, when launched, but five inches, and every additional ton which may be put on board of her will sink her one inch in the water. The engine is upon the high pressure principle, calculated to bear six hundred pounds to the inch, and the engine will be worked with not more than one hundred pounds to the inch. It will have an eight horse power, and the boiler is formed so that the anthracite coal will be extensively used to produce steam. The ingenuity with which the boiler is constructed, and its entire competency for burning the Susquehannah coal, are entitled to particular notice, and the inventors, if they succeed in this experiment, will be entitled to the thanks of every Pennsylvanian. The boiler is so constructed, as that every part of the receptacle for the fire is surrounded by the water intended to be converted into steam; and thus the iron is preserved from injury by the excessive heat produced by the combustion of the coal. Its form is cylindrical; its length about six feet, and it will be placed upright in the boat, occupying, with the whole engine, not more than ten feet by six feet. The engine is nearly completed. The boat is in great forwardness. The whole cost of the boat and engine will be three thousand dollars.—*United States Gazette.*

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Admiral Byng.—In the vault belonging to the Torrington family, in the church of Southill, in Bedfordshire, is the following epitaph to his memory :—

To the Perpetual Disgrace
Of Public Justice,
The Honourable JOHN BYNG, Esq.
Admiral of the Blue,
Fell a Martyr to Political
Persecution,
March 14, in the year 1757;
When Bravery and Loyalty
Were insufficient securities
For the Life and Honour of
A Naval Officer.

Feasting in Germany.—On extraordinary occasions, the feasting was prolonged for days, weeks, or months; and of such entertainments, some idea may be formed from what was exhibited at the nuptials of William of Rosenberg with Anna, Margravine of Baden, where there were 40 bucks, 50 does, 20 haunches of venison, 2130 hares, 250 pheasants, and only 30 woodcocks; 2050 partridges, 150 oxen, 546 calves, 654 swine, 450 sheep, 3135 geese, 5135 fowls, 18,120 carps, 10,289 pikes, 6360 trouts, 5200 crabs; of smoked fish, 7690 stock-fish, 79 lampreys, four jacks, 78 herrings, 30,000 eggs (oysters were yet unknown in Bohemia). Of wines, Rhenish, Austrian, Tyrolese, 1100 vats; of Spanish wine, 40 tuns, including Greek wines imported from Candia to Venice; of Bohemia beer, 900 casks. The horses consumed 3703 measures of oats. Of the guests, the principal were the bride's mother, Philip Margrave of Baden, the Dukes of Bavaria, Albert, and William, who, in 1596, abdicated to his son Maximilian. The feast last-

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ed from the 26th of January until the 1st of March.

EPIGRAM.

For sparkling wit, for knowledge and for sense,
The world allows Cleora fair pretence:
Envy her not! for still remain behind,
Malice and hatred, and a treach'rous mind.

Names of the Months given by the Saxons.—Our Saxon ancestors could give more satisfactory reasons for the names of their months than we can for ours. December, which stood first, was styled 'Mid-winter Monath.' January was, 'Aefter-yula,' or after Christmas. February, 'Solmonath,' from the returning sun. March, 'Rhede, or Rethe-monath,' rough or rugged month. April, 'Easter-monath,' from a Saxon goddess, whose name we still preserve. May was, 'Trimilchi,' from the cows being then milked thrice in the day. June, 'Sere-monath,' dry month. July, 'Maed-monath,' the meads being then in their bloom. August was, 'Weod-monath,' from the luxuriance of weeds. September, 'Haerfest-monath.' October they called 'Winter-fyllith,' from winter approaching with the full moon of that month. And, lastly, November was styled 'Blot-monath,' from the blood of the cattle slain in that month, and stored for winter provision. Verstegan names the month somewhat differently.

Armorial Bearings.—Our first kings used for their seal their own image on horseback; afterwards, great men used their arms, when these became settled and hereditary. About the time of Edward the *Third*, seals became common among all the gentry. Mackenzie and Nisbet remark, that they served, in deeds, without the subscription of any name, till this was ordered in Scotland by James V., in 1540, and about the same time in England.

The Title of Esquire.—In 1413, Dr. Fuller remarks that John Golope was the first person who assumed the title of Esquire; and that until the end of Henry the Sixth's reign, such distinctions were not used, except in law proceedings. Yet Ordericus Vitalis, as early as A. D. 1124, speaks of the Earl of Mellent, who, endeavouring to escape from the troops of Henry Beauclerc, and being seized by a countryman, bribed him to set him free, and to shave him, 'in the guise of an esquire'—*Instar Armigeri*, by which means he eluded his pursuers.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct.	21	38	44	35	29 54	Fair.
....	22	42	50	39	.. 99	Do.
....	23	37	45	45	30 14	Foggy.
....	24	50	56	45	29 92	Cloudy.
....	25	43	46	37	.. 95	Fair.
....	26	33	46	39	30 05	Do.
....	27	44	46	44	.. 08	Do.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a very interesting and authentic narrative of Capt. Parry's last voyage to the Arctic regions, in our present number.

Alost's favour has been duly received.

Zephyrina and Paul Patronage have also come to hand.

The reviews of the Camisard, Attic Fragments, Tales of the Wild and Wonderful, and other new works, are deferred until our next.

A general order is given to return unpaid letters.

Works just published.—The Plays of Clara Gazul, 8vo. 9s.—Memoirs of Monkeys, foolscap, 6s.—Lentner's Differential and Integral Calculars, 8vo 21s.—Schleiermacher's Critical Essay on St. Luke, 8vo. 13s.—Ferdinand Franck, 4s.—Peep at the Esquimaux, 6s.—Industry: a Tale of Real Life, 6s.—Diamond Shakspeare, nine vols. 48mo 2l. 17s.—Illustrations to Ditto, thirty-eight plates, 1l. 18s.—Tales of the Wild and Wonderful, 10s 6d.—Old English Drama, two vols. post 8vo. 1l.

This day is published, in foolscap 8vo. price 6s.

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In a few days will be published, in three vols.

THE LIFE and ADVENTURES of PANDURANG HARI, a HINDOO.
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Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London.

The following will appear this Winter:—

EUSTACE FITZ-RICHARD, a Tale of the Barons' Wars, by the Author of the Bandit Chief, or the Lords of Urvino, four vols.
ABBOT of MONTSERRAT, a Romance, by William Child Green, two vols.
HIGHLAND MARY, by the Author of the Foundling of Glenthorn, &c. three vols.
The ENGLISH BARONET, by Leonora des Straella, three vols.
MONTVILLE, or the Dark Heir of the Castle, 3 vols.
MYSTERIOUS MONK, or the Wizard's Tower, by C. A Bolen, three vols.
The UNKNOWN, or Northern Gallery, by Francis Lathom, second edition, four vols.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1826. London. Ackermann.

To Mr. Ackermann the British public is indebted for a new class of periodical works remarkable for the good taste and elegance displayed, not only in the matter of which they are formed, but in the style in which they are produced; to the arts, too, Mr. Ackermann has opened a new field, and created a Christmas or New Year's gift of a most pleasing and attractive character, particularly for the fair sex, who, we believe, are not insensible of Mr. Ackermann's industry, judgment, and good taste in publishing such works as may amuse and instruct them. Long, long indeed, had England surpassed the other nations in Europe in its literary productions—with one exception, as much as in its wealth, its commerce, and its warlike triumphs; this exception was in the annual pocket books so long peculiar to France and Germany. Why, even in war we did not learn from our neighbours we now not, but sure we are, that although four years ago, we had not a single publication on the plan of the Forget Me Not, that there is not now one produced on the Continent which can compare with it. The success of the Forget Me Not, the first year, was such as to produce many honourable competitors; but it has not only maintained its ground, but has, we believe, increased in popularity every year.

The title of this work is, we think, a very happy one. A young lady has only, about the 1st of November, to say to her father, on bending out, 'Forget Me Not;' and the first bookseller's window he sees will remind him of a good opportunity, not only of proving to his daughter that he has not forgotten her request, but of presenting her with a gift, which may long serve as a record of their mutual affection. How well, too, may those little tender endearing attentions which a sister shows to a brother be acknowledged, though not rewarded by a Christmas or birth-day present; the lover, we are sure, need not be reminded of an opportunity such as this presents, of ingratiating himself in favour with the object of his affection; and, unfashionable it may seem, we hope there is many a husband who will not be ashamed to inscribe his own name and that of his wife in affectionate association on the presentation leaf of a Forget Me Not. To many of our readers, however, we doubt not all we can say on this subject is unnecessary, in consequence of their being as well acquainted with the merits of the work as ourselves, we shall, therefore, now limit our remarks to the Forget Me Not for 1826, which has just appeared.

Of the embellishments we intend to say more in our next; it may, however, be sufficient to recommend them in no ordinary degree, when we state that they are fourteen in number; that they include designs from Westall and Singleton, engraved by Heath; that Finden, Le Keux, Cerbould, and Winkles, have all employed their burins in the work, and that there are two views of Brighton Pavilion by Pugin, who, we believe, has been selected to make designs from this palace, for one of the most splendid works which has appeared for many years.

The literary department consists of original tales, dramatic scenes, topographical descriptions, poetry, &c. &c., by popular writers; among those, we find the names of Sir Walter Scott, the Author of Doblado's Letters, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, the poet Montgomery, the Rev. R. Polwhele, Mr. Croly, Mr. Bowring, Miss Landon, Mrs. Bowditch—the amiable widow of the celebrated traveller who perished the victim of African discovery, Mr. Neele, Mr. Wiffen, Bernard Barton, &c. &c. The tales possess considerable interest, and are well written: some of them we shall notice hereafter: and there are several gems of poetry. Our limits, however, preclude us from dwelling on the several pieces, and we shall therefore, for the present, only quote three. The first is entitled The Island of Atlantis, and is from the pen of the Rev. G. Croly, a gentleman well known in the poetical world:—

'THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

'Oh thou, Atlantis, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!'

'The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

'Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.

'There lie their myriads in thy pall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The cankerworm.

'Yet on this wave the mountain's brow,
Once glowed in morning beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Outsprang the stream;

'And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the night bird's love—
Perfum'd the sky.

'Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors living flow?
Look on that wave!

'Crime deepened on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at Heaven.

'The word went forth, the word of woe,
The judgment—thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
Its doom was sealed.

'Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime.'

The next article, which is in prose, is a 'Description of the Ua More, a remarkable Cavern on the Coast of Sutherland;' believed to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, who is a Great Unknown in more productions than the Waverley novels: indeed, Sir Walter is like some wits, who try their jokes anonymously first, and, if they succeed, claim them; so many of his pieces have stolen forth unavowed, which have afterwards been gathered into the fold of his literary reputation. Whether the description of the Ua More be of that class or not, we will not say, but as it is we give it:—

'After rowing about three miles to the westward of Loch Eriboll, we enter a creek, between two lofty ridges of very high rock, and, landing, find ourselves in front of the wonder we came to see. The exterior apartment of the cavern opens under a tremendous rock, facing the creek where we landed, and occupies the full space of the ravine where we debarked. From the top of the rock to the base of the cavern, as we afterwards discovered by plumb, is eighty feet; the height of the aperture or arch is fifty-three feet; the rest, being twenty-seven feet, is occupied by the precipitous rock under which it opens: the width is fully in proportion to this great height, being one hundred feet. The depth of this exterior cavern is two hundred feet, and it is apparently supported by an intermediate column of the natural rock. Being open to daylight and the sea, this cavern is perfectly clean and dry, and the sides are incrusted with stalactites. The immense vault is so well proportioned, that I was not aware of its extraordinary height and extent, till I saw two of our friends, who had preceded us, having made the journey by land, appearing like pigmies among the recesses. Afterwards, on entering the cave, I climbed up a sloping rock at its extremity, and was much struck with the view, looking outwards from this magnificent arched cavern upon our boat and its crew, the sight being otherwise bounded by the ledges of rocks which form each side of the creek.

'We now proposed to investigate the further wonders of the cave. To the right or west side opens an interior cave, of a differ-

ent aspect. The height of this second passage may be about twelve or fourteen feet, and its breadth about six or eight feet, neatly formed into a Gothic portal by the hand of nature. The lower part of this porch or entrance is closed by a ledge of rock, rising six or seven feet, which I can compare to nothing but the hatch-door of a shop. Beneath this hatch, a brook, finding its way out, forms a black deep pool before the Gothic archway, and then escapes to the sea, forming the creek at which we landed. It is somewhat difficult to pass this strange approach so as to gain a view of the interior of the cavern. By clambering along a broken and dangerous cliff, you may, however, look into it, but only so far as to see a twilight space, filled with dark-coloured water, in great agitation, and representing a subterranean lake, moved by some great convulsion of nature. How the pond is supplied with water, you cannot see from even this point of vantage; but you are made partly sensible of the truth, by a sound like the sullen dashing of a cataract within the bowels of the earth.

'Here the adventure has usually closed; but we were determined to explore the bounds of this new cave of Montesinos to an end. Our friends had secured the use of a fisher's boat and the hands, our own long-boat being too heavy and far too valuable to be ventured upon this subterranean Cocytus. Accordingly, the skiff was dragged up the brook to the rocky ledge or hatch which barred up the interior cavern; and there, by force of hands, our boat's crew and two or three fishers raised the boat's bow upon the ledge of the rock, then brought her to a level poise upon that narrow hatch, and lastly launched her down into the deep and dark subterraneous lake within. The entrance was so narrow, and the boat so clumsy, that we, who were all this while clinging to the rock like sea-fowl, and with scarce more secure footing, began to be greatly alarmed for the safety of our trusty sailors. At the instant when the boat sloped inwards to the cave, a Highlander threw himself into it with the greatest boldness and dexterity, and, at the expense of some bruises, shared its precipitate descent to the waters under the earth. This dangerous exploit was necessary to prevent the boat going away from us; but a cord at its stern might have obviated the expedient. When our *enfant perdu* had recovered his breath and legs, he brought the boat to the entrance, and took us in. We now found ourselves embarked on a black pond of subterranean water, irregularly shaped; the rocks, like a dome, rising all around us, and high over our heads. The light—a sort of dubious twilight, was derived from two chasms in the roof of the vault—for the rays passing from the entrance were dim and wavering. Down a rent came pouring, in a sheet of foam, from a height of eighty feet, the brook, which, after supplying the subterranean pond with water, found its way out beneath a ledge of rock, which blocked its entrance. The other skylight, if so I may term it, looks out to the clear blue sky. It is impossible for description adequately to explain the impression made by so strange a place, to which we had been conveyed with so much difficulty to witness a scene to us so unparalleled. The cave itself, the pool, the cataract, would have been separately objects of wonder; but, uniting all at once, and affecting the eye, the ear, and the imagination, their effect cannot be pictured by words. The length of this cave or lock, as the people here call it, is seventy feet over—the breadth about thirty at the narrowest part, and it is of great depth.

'As we resolved to proceed, we directed the boat to a natural arch on the west, or right side of the cataract. This archway was double, a high arch being placed above a very low one, as in a Roman aqueduct. The ledge of rock forming the lower arch is not above two feet and a half from the water, and under this we were to pass in the boat. We were obliged to pile ourselves flat in the boat, like layers of herrings: by this judicious disposition, we were pushed in safety under the ledge of rock, into a region of utter darkness. However, we had provided a tinder-box and torches. The view back upon the lake we had crossed—its sullen eddies wheeling round and round, and its echoes reverberating the ceaseless thunder of the waterfall—seemed dismal enough, and was aggravated by temporary darkness, and, in some degree, by a sense of danger. The lights, indeed, dispelled the latter sensation, if it prevailed to any extent; and we now found ourselves in a narrow cavern, sloping somewhat upwards from the water. We got out of the boat, proceeded along some slippery places upon shelves of the rock, and gained the dry land, —I cannot say dry, except comparatively. We were then in an arched cave, twelve feet high in the roof, and about eight feet in breadth, winding into the bowels of the earth about a hundred feet—the sides being (like those of the whole cavern) of limestone rock, and covered with stalactites, and with small drops of water, like dew, glancing, as ten thousand thousand sets of diamonds, under the glare of our lights. In some places these stalactites branch out into broad and curious ramifications, resembling coral and the foliage of submarine plants. When we reached the extremity of this passage, we found it decline suddenly to a horrible ugly gulf or well, filled with water, and of great depth, over which the rock closes. We threw in stones, which indicated vast profundity by their sound: and, growing more familiar with the horrors of the den, we ascertained with an oar that its depth was about ten feet at the entrance, but in the same way discovered that the gulf stretched beneath the rock, deepening as it went—no conjecture can estimate how far. Imagination can figure few deaths more horrific than to be sucked under these rocks to some unfathomable abyss. A water kelpy, or any evil spirit of aquatic propensities, could not choose a fitter abode; and, to say the truth, I believe, at our first entrance, and with all our feeling afloat at the novelty of the scene, the unexpected plashing of a seal would have routed a whole dozen of us.

'The mouth of this appalling gulf was all covered with slimy alluvial substances, which led one of our party to observe, that it could have no separate source, but must be fed by the waters of the lake and brook, as it lay upon the same level, and seemed to rise and fall with it. Rounding this perilous gulf, upon the aforesaid alluvious substances, which formed its shores, we reached the extremity of the cavern, which there ascends like a vent or funnel, directly up a sloping precipice, but hideously black, and slippery with sea-weeds. One of our sailors, a Zetlander, climbed up a good way, and by holding up a light we could plainly perceive that this vent closed, after ascending a considerable height; it was evident we could proceed no further in any direction. In returning, we endeavoured to familiarize ourselves with the objects in detail, which, viewed together, had struck us with so much wonder. The stalactites, or slimy incrustations upon the walls of the cavern are chiefly of a dark brown colour; and in this respect, the Ua More is inferior to Slohd Altrin, in the Isle of Sky.

'In returning, the men with the lights, and the various groupes and attitudes of the party gave much amusement. We now ventured to clamber along the side of the rock, above the subterranean water, and thus gaining the upper arch, had the satisfaction of finding our admirable and good humoured commander floated beneath the lower arch into the second cavern. His goodly countenance being illumined by a single candle, his recumbent posture, and the appearance of a hard-formed fellow guiding the boat, made him the very picture of Bibo in the cave, when he wakes in Charon's boat, "as full of Champaign as an egg's full of meat." Descending from our superior station on the upper arch, we now again embarked, and, at a considerable distance beneath the outer arch, stood and beheld a sailor grasping an oar, who, in the perspective, seemed as a fairy with a magic wand.

'After gaining the outer portal, we determined to ascend the rocks, and discover the opening by which the cascade was discharged from above into the second cave. We easily found the brook, and traced its descent till it precipitated itself down a chasm in the rock into the subterranean apartment, where we first made its acquaintance. Divided by a natural arch of stone from the chasm down which the cascade falls, there is another rent, which, as already noticed, serves as a skylight to the cavern: standing on a natural foot-bridge, formed by the arch which separates these two gulfs, you have a grand prospect of both. The one is deep, black, and silent, only affording at the bottom a glimpse of the dark and sullen pool which occupies the interior of the cavern: the right-hand vent, down which the stream discharges itself, seems to ring and reel with the unceasing roar of the cataract, which envelopes its sides in mist and foam. This part of the scene alone is worth a day's journey. After heavy rain, the torrent is discharged into this cavern with astonishing violence; and, the size of the chasm being inadequate to such a volume of water, it is thrown up in spouts, like the blowing of a whale. At such times, the entrance to the cavern is inaccessible.'

We shall conclude, for the present, with the following stanzas, by Henry Neele, a

oet of no mean order; the 'Man was made o mourn'-like melancholy which pervades ; meets with a very excellent remonstrance by the editor of the Forget Me Not:—

'Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;
But man lies down and rises not,
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.

'Vessels hut to havens steer,
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone,
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

'Nile, whose waves their bound'ries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in nature's veins instils;
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!'

Although we shall return to this work n our next, yet we cannot suffer the present nomenl to escape us, without stating that he Forget Me Not of 1826 is a charming ittle volume, and every way worthy of the igh patronage its predecessors have obained.

John Baliol, an Historical Drama, in Five Acts. By WILLIAM TENNANT, Author of Anster Fair, &c. 8vo. pp. 164. Edinburgh, 1825. Constable and Co.

Ve confess we are disappointed in John Baliol. Anster Fair contained several scinillations of dramatic genius which seemed o flow spontaneously from the author's brain. Ve felt that an artist could build a pretty ayilion, whose genius becomes bewildered hen he endeavours to construct a palace. Dramatic writing does not consist in merely sing words in verse that we would not use n prose. The line must live and breathe, nd the rule of Demosthenes for an orator, olds good with a dramatic writer: he must tend to action, action, action, otherwise a agedy is merely a long story, and, like all ng stories, a dull one. Mr. Tennant has pdated this grand rule of the drama in ohn Baliol. Another principle of dramatic riting is, that each character should be in ch proper keeping that after the actors are ce introduced, the reader should be able assign to each the speeches given them, en were 'Enter John Baliol' omitted. is is a grand characteristic of the dramas our immortal Shakspeare, and forms a ular feature in all the great models of tiquity.

Mr. Tennant has sadly neglected this unirsal law; the sentiments of his heroes are rely in accordance either with historical idence or their respective ranks in life. He es not rise with his subjects. Virgil has en ridiculed for the snivelling character of s hero, and 'sum pius Eneas' has passed to a proverb. Baliol inspires but a feeble terest, and that interest, feeble as it is, completely expires before he quits the stage. The character of Edward I. displays low and vulgar sentiments clothed in low and vulgar language. He was certainly no friend to the 'sweet shores' of Scotland, but Mr. Tennant makes him the most inhuman butcher that ever disgraced the page of history, and with all due submission to Mr. Tennant, Edward was not so.

Another fault, and one that runs through every page of John Baliol, is a continued attempt at imagery, which occasions many, very many, incongruities, with not unfrequently a rap over the pate of Priscian. For instance:—

'Would to God
Th' *unpitying* deep had swallowed us in *mercy*.'
'Her bereaved father sitting lone
Amid his chambers, inconsolable.'
'Fire has every feature with ambition.'
'My grieving *eye*.'
'*Hands* must not *sleep* if heads affect a crown.'
'My *hand abhorred* the pulling invitation.'
'A *tall* of consolation—
'But who comes here, so booted and so spurred,
Torrid with haste.'
'King William's oath unsworn recanted thus.'

We confess we are not far enough north to know what an 'oath unsworn' can mean, nor how a man can recant what he did not swear to—except in Irish. This reminds us of our old friends, Thomas Stemhold and John Hopkins' translation of the 69th Psalm.

'Though for no cause they vex me sore,
They prosper and are glad;
They do compel me to *restore*
The things I never had.'

Let not Mr. Tennant lose courage at our censure; greater than he, even Byron himself, failed in attempting the drama; let him stick to nature and sentiment, and express what he feels, and we shall hail his re-appearance in the fields of literature with pleasure; but no more John Baliols if he would preserve the reputation of the author of Anster Fair.

THE ENGLISH IN ITALY.

(Concluded from p. 693.)

In our last notice of this really excellent work, we did not enter into much detail on its plan, which, however, we stated generally and gave an extract, calculated to afford a better idea of its execution and spirit than any remarks of our own could convey. The work, as we said, consists of tales and sketches, all purporting to be drawn from life. The first tale, L'Amoroso, is very interesting and powerfully written; the heroine is an English lady, one, we hope, of the very few who learn, in their enthusiasm for foreign climes and habits, to contemn the domestic virtues of their country—who mistake the mere charms of novelty for sources of lasting happiness, and who blush not to forfeit the name of English women, in yielding up their hearts and hands to the fickle keeping of a stranger.'

The story is that of Matilda Euston, the daughter of an English baronet, who, with her father and mother, quit home for France and Italy, leaving behind a sincere and honourable lover, Ralph Maxwell, the son of a country gentleman. Abroad, where her father dies, Matilda gives herself up to foreign fashions and feelings; and, at Naples, she becomes acquainted with a rich, handsome, and dissipated young nobleman, Comté D'Avellino, whom she marries; after Ralph Maxwell had fought him in a duel, and then died of a broken heart.

Matilda had not been long married before D'Avellino shocks her modesty and her English feeling, by recommending her to take a *cavalier servente*, and disgusting as the hinting such a thing to a high-bred Englishwoman must be, yet her husband at last made her believe that it was so indispensable to Italian life that she fixed on Antonio Dei Bari as her cicisbeo. The wretch, as might be expected, exceeds the office, for which the count intended him, and insults the countess, by a declaration of love. Roused with indignation, she flies the place, having previously written for the advice of a young Englishman, Lord Spottiswood, who had, on a former occasion, shown her some kind but delicate attentions. D'Avellino and Spottiswood quarrel—a duel ensues, in which the former is killed. Matilda reaches the spot in time to receive his last smile, 'but whether it was that of forgiveness or hate, lay buried with him.'

Such is an outline of this very interesting tale; there are, besides, many striking incidents, and some of the scenes are highly dramatic.

The second tale, Il Politico, relates to the adventures, in Italy, of Lord Tara, one of 'that class of men in which "merry England" hath always abounded, namely, *malcontents*. Had he not stood in need of listeners, he would have been a misanthrope, but that want stood him in the place of philanthropy, and bound him to his fellows.' His lordship, like most of our countrymen who have mixed in foreign politics, made himself ridiculous, and failed of freeing the people he sought to emancipate from thraldom; his adventures are a counterpart of that ridiculous attempt at revolution, made four or five years ago in Naples and Sardinia. The character of Lord Tara, which is very well drawn, and somewhat extravagant, is not without its prototype.

The next portion of the work, I Zingari, consists of a series of distinct and very clever sketches, one of which we quoted in our last. The first called the Boy Connoisseur, is meant to ridicule those who, without any knowledge of the arts, affect to be perfectly acquainted with them. Some of the articles are topographical, in which the author displays a local acquaintance with the scenery in Italy, and a knowledge of the arts, of which it contains so many monuments.

There is an amusing sketch, entitled the Yeomanry at Congress, which ridicules the English for assuming the military costume on the Continent, as if nothing else could protect them; but this and several others we pass over, to quote the following reflections on Venice:—

'To a person who has wandered abroad from the impulse of this feeling, and I confess myself one of these, Venice forms a most uncomfortable residence. For the first week indeed the imagination is lulled into the re-

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fleetive dream, excited by the mighty recollection of the city, her names of heroic sound, her temples, palaces, in which the very spirit of fame seems enshrined and even hallowed by their existing solitude. Never did time effect so speedy a declension, without calling in the rude hand of destruction to its aid. It took the life, but, like a generous conqueror, left the body whole. All around this palace, these halls breathe antiquity, yet freshly. It was but thirty years since, not yet the yesterday of memory, when a doge ruled over the realm; when the noble senate, that in our poetic annals rivals Rome's own, was convened in solemn council, when your arsenal was still alive with force and activity. 'Tis within the memory of all around: the aged gondolier that accompanies me, vaunting with his dulcified consonants the glories of his native city, witnessed them in their pride; and the noble that shrinks in the depth of his curtained gondola back from the gaze of the stranger, was born in the enjoyment of a patrician's power and privilege. The revolution came like a flood, swept away the pride of Venice, but left all the monuments of that pride standing.

'How redolent is the scene of old chivalric times—the Arabesque church, and palace, the *piazetta*, whence so many expeditions have set sail to conquer Greece, to take Byzantium, to combat their rivals of the Tuscan sea. The winged lion stands upon its own old column, the gondolas—the tongue, the green lagunes, Palladio's churches—all these constitute Venice, unchanged from what she was, in feature at least, although the "mighty heart" be dead.

'There can be no spot on earth that can embody or represent the past, in comparison with this. Modern Rome, with her churches, steeples, priests, and vulgar streets, shuts out the ancient city from our eyes. Even Pompeii, from which one hopes so much, recalls a state of existence which does not strike us, as doth that which is here recalled. That age is too remote; those toga'd beings who lived in their beautifully adorned cells, seem almost another race of mankind from us, so far are they removed, not only by the interval of centuries, but by habits, thoughts, hopes, interests,—all that can excite sympathy or link man to man. They, too, were a nameless unrenowned people, attracting even our reverence, but as having enjoyed the luxuries, and having known the arts which distinguished the then lazy masters of the world. Pompeii is fraught with vague associations of classic antiquity; but Venice is the living spirit of the might and splendour of the middle ages. In her streets no modern custom supersedes those of centuries past—no palace rises in the whimsical taste of the day, no gaudy vehicle rivals its neighbour in splendour and trappings and noise. Time has rolled over Venice in a voiceless course, and generations have there been contented to succeed not only to their predecessors' fortunes, but their customs. With us the follies of the day seem the very antipodes of those of yesterday, and ten years in the ways of life form a century. But here in Venice, there has been raised no moral limit between age and age, and you look back among the scenes of her annals, as upon one of those long and noble avenues of the old school of picturesque, where miles stretch before us in uninterrupted length, unvaried, save where some majestic trunk protrudes itself, like a glorious feat in the city's story.'

The third volume contains two stories, Sbarbuto and Il Critico, both very good, particularly the former, the hero of which is a mountain robber, who derived his name from his beardless chin. He was an Englishman, of the name of Elstane, who became the chief of a most daring banditti, that often menaced Rome, and laid the holy see under contributions, not of course paid as tribute, but 'as alms for the needy and protection for the weak.' Elstane, though known at Rome as the Prince of Monte Leone, lived among the brigands with Antonio, the daughter of a robber chief, who was much attached to him, but jealous of his frequent absence, with which she reproached him; he protests his attachment to her. She replies:—

"With one fond word I would be content for months, Giulio, if I thought your mind was bent on enterprise. But it is not so. You are changed. The vigour of your fierce soul is gone, and that contempt of all, for which I first loved you, and which then was an active, fierce, overboiling passion, is now worn away to mere passing fits of spleen, and intervening hours of careless languor. You are weaned from this active life of daring, that you vowed to follow ever, and have become again the mean being of towns, and revelry and gaiety, which you once despised, and which I do still, Giulio."

"Antonia, you were a robber's daughter."

"He was noble as thyself, Giulio, and chose a free life."

"I upbraid not the choice, since it has been mine. But cutting throats and purses, think you, girl, it is a following large and noble enough to content a spirit such as you have known mine."

"It should more content such, I think, than chattering in saloons, and grinning, night after night, to painted faces."

"Yes; but if in these saloons, amongst those worthless crowds, ambition is best to be pursued, friends made, plans matured, and foundations laid for some noble enterprise, the life must be submitted to."

"But what plan, Giulio, what enterprise?"

"A worthy one, to free an enslaved people."

"And live to rob them after."

"Oh, no! to live amongst them, then, were not they so despicable."

'Antonia shook her head.

"What say you, then, to becoming a queen—Antonia?"

"Am I not one on these hills?"

"Yes, a rude one."

"And a less rude one I would not be—to be in silks and gold, and to be mocked and worshipped, whispered a hundred different distracting things to, have no friend, not even thee, Giulio, and to be surrounded with cold civil smiling faces, like the strange crowds we see in dreams,—no, Giulio, I am happier here."

"Did you not swear to follow me through all fate, through all reverses!"

"I did, and will."

"Suppose a throne then a reverse, a terrible misfortune, and be contented to ascend it for my sake."?

In the course of his adventures, Sbarbuto seizes Lady Adelaide Devenish, to whom he had formerly been much attached. Antonia, jealous, liberates her, and remains in the apartment. Sbarbuto enters, and, thinking that Adelaide had been murdered by Antonia, convinces the latter, by his violence, that she did did not possess his heart:—

"Thou hast not murdered her?" again asked Elstane.

"Have I not, *traditore*?" exclaimed Antonia, seeming to allow the truth of the accusation, and pointing to her stiletto, "a robber's mistress to fear, or know not how to take vengeance."

"Then by all thine accursed saints," cried Elstane, every vein swelling with desperate anger, "thou shalt follow thy victim. What wert thou to me but the plaything of an hour, thou sanguinary——, thou, with a heart to feel. Compare thyself with her,—be jealous of Adelaide de Renzi. I never loved, nor cared for thee an atom, and will now never see thee more."

"Kill me, Giulio, kill me," cried Antonia, "twere better mercy. You threatened it. Fulfil your threat. You have spoken bitterer than the blow can be."

"I may have threatened," replied Elstane, his fury, but not his agitation subsiding, as he trembled in every limb, "but I am no executioner, no assassin. Go thy way, woman. Death will find thee soon enough."

"It will, thou hast truly spoken, thou stabber with the tongue—this is a nobler weapon," and as she spoke, Antonia buried the stiletto in her neck. She had learned too truly where the fatal blow should be dealt. In an instant she was a corpse at the foot of Elstane.

'A number of the banditti rushed in at the instant into the apartment, with the tidings, that the prisoner had escaped,—that Lady Devenish had been seen riding from the village of Monte Leone.

"What! she that was here, alive, escaped,—then have I murdered my Antonia for a lie?"

"You," cried a robber, "Sbartuto murder the daughter of our ancient chief?"

"'Tis true, my friend."

'The words that passed were few. The robbers were indignant at what they thought the bloody and ungrateful crime of their chief—a *crime* this was even to them. Elstane provoked them. And ere the life-blood of Antonia ceased to flow, that of the unfortunate Prince of Monte Leone mingled with her's. He died by the swords of the band, which he had so often led to peril and to gain.

'A few days after this catastrophe, the following paragraph appeared in the *Diario di Roma*:—

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'"It is with the utmost regret, consternation, and horror, that we have to relate, that a body of daring and nefarious brigands, found access last week into the castle of Monte Leone, and there, after having plundered the palace, murdered, in cold blood, the illustrious and excellent prince thereof, whose memory Rome will long lament, &c. &c."

'The truth was of course whispered amongst the higher circles, within which every Italian event is carefully confined; the public knew no more than what the official lament of the Diario informed them.'

Il Critico, though last, is by no means the least interesting article in these really entertaining volumes; nor are they entertaining only, as they contain a great deal of information respecting Italy and the Italians, as well as the English residents of this southern clime.

The Death of Aguirre; Ionthe, a Tale; Bodiam Castle; Battle Abbey; and other Poems. By JOHN WATSON DALBY. 12mo. pp. 68. London, 1825. Leathwick.

THAT a few of the poems in this little volume have met with our approval will be readily believed, from the fact of their having previously appeared in *The Literary Chronicle*; the new ones, which form the principal part, display equal merit; they are evidently the productions of a gifted mind, and several of them possess great poetic beauty. The author is of a pensive turn, and, like too many poets, one to whom Nature in her gifts has been more bountiful than Fortune: this appears in more than one of his productions, particularly the following, which excites a painful interest, when we consider that the author is a very young man, at least so we believe:—

'I look forward fearful,
I look backward tearful,
For dark seems the future—nor proffers one joy;
Fair pleasures are flying,
And fond fancies dying,
That lightened or gladdened my path when a boy.
'For all that was dearest,
When kindest and nearest,
And when best approved, has been called for by fate;
The coldest of any,
The valueless many,
Alone live in hope, and are proudly elate.
'The joy-dreams are banished,
The warm hopes evanished,
That lured me as Iris attracts the gay child;
The radiance that caught me
Too speedily taught me
By what fading colours my eyes were beguiled.
'Now dreary and drooping,
And wan and unhoping,
I creep through life's remnant of lingering days,
With nought to enlighten,
Or soften, or brighten,
The far-spreading gloom that my dim eye surveys.
'The tree boyhood planted,
And young feeling haunted,
Wild storms, and not years, have made branchless and broken:
Of all its old glory
To tell the sad story,
The crushed trunk remains—a too eloquent token!
'As onward we falter
All life's prospects alter,
But the change the most bitter and clinging—
Is when the heart's feelings,
And gentlest revealings,
Shrink beneath the world's merciless stinging.
'Then loveless we wander,
And joylessly ponder,
The gloom of the future—the waste of the past,
Nor grasp at the present,
Though seemingly pleasant,
Lest that too should meet disappointment's stern blast!
'Then Love's for the dreamer,
And Hope's for the schemer,
The best chances of life are still for the brave;
But all my prayers rise for,
And all my heart sighs for,
Is the silence, the solace, the peace of the grave.'

There are a few very pretty sonnets, principally addressed to Mr. Dalby's friends, which display a very amiable feeling, and do honour to the head and heart of the author.

Attic Fragments; or, Characters, Customs, Opinions, and Scenes. By the Author of Modern Athens, and Babylon the Great. 8vo. pp. 379. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE author of this work has risen into rapid, and by no means undeserved popularity, by his Athens and Babylon, which, though often satirical, and sometimes illiberal, are very clever works. The Attic Fragments are not altogether new, many of them having, as the author states, 'already been published, or at least printed, but in connection with other matters, of a more temporary nature. They have,' he says, 'been written at different times, and consequently under impressions in so far varying with those times;' but he adds, and we think it not improbable, that 'they are almost all the result of more consideration and labour than are usually bestowed upon the same portion of an extended work.' They consist of a series of about twenty well-written essays and sketches on various subjects, literary and political; they are marked by the same acuteness and offhand decision which distinguish the other works of this writer, and exhibit fewer instances of negligence of style. The first paper gives a lively, though somewhat coloured sketch of St. Stephen's, its members, and the usual routine of the proceedings, with good portraits of Canning and Brougham, who are afterwards treated of more at length in a separate article. The second paper is a sort of philosophical essay on the tyranny of influence; but we have no space to notice every article. There is an amusing story of a Scotch baillie and sheriff seizing a volume of Lacroix's Fluxions in French for a revolutionary treatise, because the terms *radical* and *l'integrationdes radicals* frequently occurred in it. The article entitled the Reign of George the Third gives a good, but necessarily brief, political view of the state of Europe during that eventful half-century, and the influence it has had in changing the aspect of society. After noticing the great spread of knowledge in that period, and the rapid advances that have been made in the sciences, the author thus concludes:—

'The grand advantage, however, to which all the others are owing, or at least without which they would have been of comparatively little value, is the improvement which has taken place in the art of printing, and the consequent circulation of information; and while this remains, the world is completely secured against any great or general relapse into ignorance. The rulers of the world find, that when they do wrong, the press is an all-powerful corrector of their errors; and therefore they, from time to time, have menaced its freedom. But it has generally happened, that what it has been in danger of losing in one century, it has gained in another; and, indeed, the desire of information, and an appetite for books, have now become so very general, that it is absolutely beyond the power of anything human to destroy the freedom of the press. That freedom is, no doubt, sometimes abused to licentiousness; but the instances in which the press has done harm are so very few, compared with those in which it has done good, that those who would lay upon it any restrictions which might circumscribe its utility, must be numbered among the enemies of mankind. What has often been said of religion, may be said of the press—"It never quarrels with any man till he first quarrel with it."'

Major Macturk, which, though called a fragment, and is in fact so as to story, is the longest article in the volume. The 'British Public in 1819,' is rather heavy for a work professing to be attic, and is much inferior to another article on Political Parties. The Blacksmith of Glammis is 'ower *long* a tale' in verse. Perhaps one of the best papers, and (we believe) original, is entitled An Excursion. It relates to a journey made in Fifeshire by the author and two friends; one a botanist, and the other a geologist. The tour includes several clever descriptions of places and character, a few of which we quote. The first is of St. Andrew's and Falkland:—

'In Fife, if we abate the cleanliness and comfort of the cottagers, which are very uncommon, and the *dementia* (Fifishness) of the lairds, which is by no means so, there are only two subjects out of which even a bookmaker could make anything—the aged city of St. Andrew's, and the old palace of Falkland; and both of these are famous only as ruins,—St. Andrew's, as the place where Buchanan taught, and Falkland as that whence James the Fifth sallied out to captivate the hearts and corrupt the manners of the Fifan fair. Of the first of these I would say, that its college is still in existence; that its professors lecture and drink tea (not forgetting to dine) during the cold months of the year, and play golf during the summer ones; that its daughters sigh as much and as long for the holy bands of matrimony, as any maidens in the country; that the sea encroaches upon the one side of it; and that the other side does not encroach much upon the land. Still it is St. Andrew's,—or rather it is still St. Andrew's.

'Of Falkland, I would and can say more, both because it was the chosen residence of

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Scotland's merry king, and because it lay not far out of the line of our march. Before the plough rooted up the forest, and the pavilion of kings became the nestling place of daws and owls, Falkland must have been a lovely place. Situated on a rich and varied spot, at the rising edge of the Lomonds, which lift their green and exquisitely formed tops high in mid air, surrounded on the other side by its wide demesne and its dark oaks, low enough to be completely sheltered, and yet sufficiently elevated for commanding the fine valley, or rather amphitheatre of Fife, with the silvery Eden in the middle, and the hills of sufficient altitude for beauty, but not so lofty as to produce the ideas of cold or sterility. It must have looked a retreat from all the cares and troubles of life,—a chosen temple for those soft gods to whom James was so fervent in his adoration. The village and houses are mean, but the fields are as admirable for their natural fertility, as for the skill with which they are cultivated, while the broken buttresses and battered towers of the palace rise above the whole, as if to proclaim the triumph of ruin over all earthly things.'

There is a good sketch of a Scottish Laird Inches—a great antiquary, who was very anxious to prove his and his neighbours' Roman descent. With this laird the party dined:—

'The laird had resolved to do us the double favour of showing us the bones of the Roman, and the hospitality of the present race. We were introduced to five or six brawny fellows, distinguished by the names of their estates or farms, and recommended for the rummers of whiskey punch each could drink; which latter circumstance was repaid by the one who was hauled as a twenty glass man, saying, very significantly, 'Lord, man mun win the brose; you are aye twa glasses aboon me, do best for t.'

'"Aweel, aweel, Drouthydikes," said the laird, "we'll find a' that out in gude time; but we mann gae an' see the banes, an' syne, gentlemen, gin ye a' like we'll come inwith and try the beef."

'Away we went to feast our eyes with the imperial skeleton, and while we were upon our way, I know not how it was, but I could not refrain from thinking of the antiquary with his Roman camp. We arrived at a little hill, the brown top of which was marked by an enclosure of green, at the south side of which were two or three smaller enclosures, which to me appeared as the foundations of a farmer's hamlet which had been abandoned, say a century before. Close by them, surrounded by a paling, thickly wattled with furze branches, to repress the curiosity of the cattle (which, though no great admirers of flesh, are known to be so fond of bones that they would not spare even those of a Roman emperor), were the precious relics, which, though the laird had visited with religious veneration, he had not allowed to be removed from the situation in which they had been found. It must be admitted, that in this un-Elgin-like forbearance, he was not actuated by respect alone; for he added, "There's nae sayin' how lang the ghaists o' thae Romans may gae danderin' about; an' the gude-wife threeps, that aye sin' the tumulus was opened, there has been an unco unearthly sough amo' the broom i' the gloamins."

'My geological companion was the foremost to follow the laird within the sacred enclosure, not only because he was more conversant with "things under the earth" than any other of the party, but because he had studied under Dr. Barclay, and thus, though he had no previous experience in the osteology of Roman emperors, he knew all sorts of skeletons from the mouse to the elephant. A bone was handed to him, which he pronounced to be the *tibia* of a man of gigantic dimensions.

'"I tell'd you that," said the laird, "nae doot but it's Agricola himsel'; no the least doot o't. But, Gudesafe us! he'd had an awfu' pair o' jaws o' his ain, for there's a tooth wad sair the biggest cart-horse in a' Strathmore!"

'Here the botanist stepped forward: he was also a medical student, though of more brief standing; and looking at the tooth, he observed, with much composure, that, "if the tooth belonged to a human warrior, that warrior must have been none other than Nebuchadnezzar himself; because from the form of the tooth, as well as from the mixing of the enamel in plates with the bone, he could demonstrate that, according to Cuvier, the owner must have fed upon grass."

'The laird looked a little chap fallen.

'"Look," said the geologist, "if you can find among the mould the astragalus or the os coccygis terminating in the cuniform process, for these will be decisive evidence, as the former is wanting in every animal but man, and man is the only one in which the latter so terminates."

'"A process does na soon terminate in oor Shirra Coort here," said the laird, trying to make a joke of the matter, "and, for my ain part, I hae nae experience that it terminates sooner afore the fifteen i' your coort at Edinburgh;" but, proceeding in his search, he brought up the jawbone of a horse, very much decayed, but still perfect enough to be known even by the laird himself.

'"Umph!" said he, as he handed it to the geologist.

'"We must go a little further into antiquity still," said the botanist; "we are in the province of sacred history, and no doubt have both Balaam and his ass before us at this present moment."

'"Thank you for that, freend, thank you for that," said the laird; "I'se warrant ye are ettlin at me there, Balaam the false prophet, in no finding the bones o' Agricola after a'; an' the ass, for makin' sic a fool o' mysel' afore strangers. But let's awa' to dinner, anil let Agricola sleep; for gin Drouthydikes get a glisk o' this, he'll mak' me a laughingstock to the haill Strath."

'Secresy was promised and kept. The dinner was immense in quantity, and far from disputable in quality; the laird drowned his misfortunes in his cups, and ere we, who were allowed a little license because we were strangers, had proposed to take our leave, Drouthydikes was under the table. The laird treated us very kindly, made us stay during the night, called us by daylight in the morning; and, observing to my companion, that he must "Hand out o' the road o' Nebuchadnezzar and Balaam's ass," led us to the site of Dunsinane Castle. We returned to breakfast, and when that was over, the laird, on purpose, no doubt, to prevent us from spoiling the story of Agricola's bones, sent his carriage with us "as far as we likit,"—and we took it to the ancient burgh of Forfar, in which our stay was as brief as possible.'

With this extract we conclude: Attic Fragments, if they do not add to, will confirm, the literary reputation of the author, who is a man of keen observation and discernment.

Of Telescopes; being the Result of Thirty Years' Experiment with Fifty-one Telescopes, of from One to Nine Inches Diameter, in the Possession of William Kitchiner, M. D. 12mo. pp. 485. London, 1828. Whittaker.

The men of trade, residing east of Temple Bar, in estimating the value of anything, say it is worth all it will bring; authors, however, are not to be confined to such pound, shilling, and pence calculations, and they estimate their labours not by what they will produce, but by what they have cost. Such is the case with Dr. Kitchiner, who, in concluding his work, tells the reader or purchaser, that he has it for $\frac{1}{2424}$th part of what the author has paid for it, and that he may read it in $\frac{1}{25}$ 50th part of the time it cost him to write it; in plain words, the worthy doctor declares, that the knowledge he communicates in this volume, has cost him forty years' study and £2000 in money, including, however, we suppose the fifty-one telescopes he possesses.

Though not the most prolific, yet Dr. Kitchiner is one of the most multifarious and eccentric writers of the day; at one time, we find him as his name implies, a Kitchiner, studying how to invent, not a new dessert, but a new means of gratifying it, and coaxing the appetite by some tid-bit; we next find him in all the plenitude of his dignity, as a physician, teaching how to invigorate and prolong life, and procure a good appetite when close to quarter on a friend; the financial affairs of the housekeeper next occupy his attention, and he teaches her how to keep her accounts in the best manner, though not we presume by *double* entry. As a cheerful disposition is essential to good health, and singing is a proof of the former, the doctor has written an essay on the subject; and lest persons, who taught, should not know how to employ their acquired talent, or misapply it, he has added the 'Loyal, National, and Sea-Songs of England;' and lastly, as cooking, housekeeping and singing, must all have an end as we some day, the worthy doctor smooths the bed of death by teaching us 'The Pleasure of making a Will,'—a pleasure which many persons are apt to delay as long as possible. All this Dr. Kitchiner has done: and if the public generally, and the particular persons for

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do not present him with proofs, substantial as his best dinner, of its sense of his publications, and erect monuments to his memory, why then we say, the world is extremely ungrateful.

But although the epicure may rest Dr. Kitchiner's fame on his Cook's Oracle; the mistress of a family or the housekeeper praise most his Ledger; the provident man thank him most for rendering Making a Will a Pleasure; the embryo Brahams and Stephenses chant his praises for his Observations on Singing; and the patriot and the sailor eulogize him for his collection of Loyal and Sea-Songs; yet *all* must laud him for the Economy of the Eyes—that is, all who have eyes, and those who have not, being unable to appreciate its merits, may be excused from offering an opinion.

Although this work is called a second part of the Economy of the Eyes, yet treating, as it does almost exclusively, on telescopes, it is complete in itself. Few persons—perhaps no amateur, living or dead—ever devoted more time or attention to the subject than Dr. Kitchiner, who has spared neither pains nor expense to gain information; and being, like Seneca, a person to whom the most interesting discovery would have no charms, if he was to be the sole depositary of it, he makes his knowledge public; and that, too, in a manner so plain, that he who runs may read. The work is the more valuable, as no preceding treatise on optics or astronomy contains directions for the application of various magnifying powers to telescopes of different constructions. There is not, perhaps, much method in Dr. K.'s arrangement of the subject, yet there is scarcely a single fact connected with it, that is not treated in a skilful and satisfactory manner. While the doctor takes nothing on trust, he is by no means insensible to the merits of others, and does great justice, as well as service, to opticians, by showing how often their instruments or themselves may be blamed by persons unskilled in the use of telescopes. On this subject, he says:—'If I was an optician, I would about as willingly waltz blindfolded and barefoot among red-hot ploughshares, laid at unequal distances from each other, as have all my telescopes tried by that truly troublesome test, a fixed star. We know not where to make an extract that will do justice to the author: we shall, however, quote, as perhaps the most generally useful, his direction 'how to adjust or set a telescope:'—

'From the want of knowing how to adjust a telescope to distinct vision for different distances, I have not been much surprised when I have heard some people complain most clamorously, that they never met with a glass through which they could see distinctly, and others, that their eye is always so strained by looking through a telescope that they are afraid to use one.

'However, to look through a good glass when it is accurately adjusted, I believe is very little, if any more fatigue to the eye, than it is to look with as earnest attention at the same object, for the same length of time, with the naked eye.

'It should be explained, to those who have not been accustomed to use telescopes, that if every part of the instrument is perfect, and perfectly clean—that if objects do not appear perfectly distinct, and sharply defined, that fault must arise either from the various parts of the telescope not being properly adjusted to each other, or to the instrument not being adjusted to the eye of the person observing.

'Each person ought to set a telescope for his own eye; for almost every eye, even of people of the same age, has its peculiar focus.

'Persons unaccustomed to adjust a telescope are often unable to do so with that degree of nicety which is needful to produce perfectly distinct vision; and it is extremely difficult for another person to do so for them, however well acquainted with the usual peculiarities of the eye at various ages: thus the most interesting parts of telescopic exhibitions are often seen but very imperfectly.

'To give some idea of the focus, opticians sometimes draw a line round the tube, where the telescope is most distinct for a common eye at the distance commonly required.

'As the reader may have observed that the spying-glasses which are in use at watering places, and at sea, have a mark on their tube which is called the place to set it to; very few persons have any idea that every variation in the distance of the object, or the age of the person, requires a variation of the adjustment of the glass.

'When you use a telescope, hold the outer tube in one hand, and the inner with the other hand, look through the centre of the glass at the object you wish it to show you, and adjust it patiently and precisely thus:—press the eye-tube towards the object-glass, vision will gradually increase in distinctness as the eye-glass approaches its proper distance from the object-glass, and when there, the object will be seen perfectly and sharply defined; if the eye-tube be put in beyond the proper distance, the object will again become indistinct, and in that case the eye-tube must be withdrawn again: a very little practice will enable a person easily to obtain the precise point at which the most perfect distinctness can be obtained. This is a much better way of adjusting a glass than to put it up to the eye, and then pull out the inner tube; by which act, if the tube does not slide regularly, or is shorter than you expect, it may suddenly slip out, and strike your eye, and plant a cataract.

'The greater the magnifying power of a glass, the greater nicety is required in adjusting it.

'If you wish to see anything further off, or nearer; for each variation of distance, a corresponding variation of adjustment is required; i. e. of the distance of the eye-piece from the object-glass, which must be diminished in the proportion that the distance of the object is increased. This caution is quite necessary—I have met with many persons who have condemned a glass because they could only see some objects distinctly with it, and for others they found it useless—merely, because they had not been told, that every variation of the distance of the object requires a corresponding variation in the adjustment.

'More glasses have been condemned for the want of this knowledge than from any other cause, and more eye and object-glasses have been spoiled. Those who are not aware of it suppose that when they turn their glass to an object to which it is not adjusted that its glasses want wiping, and they keep rubbing, till in a little time they render them about as unfit to look through as ground glass.

'Sometimes a film or fog forms between the object-glasses, or, as the optical phrase is, "the glasses sweat:" when this happens they must be taken out of their cell and wiped with a bit of soft leather or of very fine silver paper, but never do this but when it is absolutely needful, and then, take care to replace them in the same position; it is seldom requisite oftener than once or twice in a year. Nor wipe the object or eye-glass except they really require it—as often as you wipe them, you scratch them a little.

'To see an object distinctly at any given distance, the longer and older the sight of the person, the longer the tube must be drawn out. Thus, if a person of twenty years of age, who has a common eye, has adjusted a glass, for distinct vision at the distance of sixty yards, and wishes to set it so that a person of forty or fifty years of age, who uses convex spectacles of thirty-six or thirty inches focus, may see as distinctly with it an object at the distance of sixty yards—he must pull out the tube about the eighth of an inch further,—more or less, as the eye is longer or older, the telescope is longer or shorter: and the magnifying power, and the distance of the object, are more or less,—or they must look through the glass with their spectacles on

'Near-sighted people, when they wear their spectacles, see at the same focus as persons who have a common eye—without their spectacles the tube must be pushed in nearer to the object-glass.

'The best way of holding a glass.

'If you put it up to your right eye, hold it with your left hand—in such a manner, that the left arm forms a blind before the left eye.

'Some fidgetty folks, when not looking through their glass, keep, ever and anon, pawing, and wiping the eye or the object-glass;—neither of these should be touched,—except when it is absolutely necessary to clean them, and then, only with a bit of soft leather, fine linen, or the finest silver paper.'

In a note, Dr. Kitchener gives the following anecdote of that celebrated optician, Jesse Ramsden:—

'It was his custom to retire in the evening to what he considered the most comfortable corner in the house, and take his seat close to the kitchen fire-side, in order to draw some plan for the forming a new instrument, or scheme for the improvement of one already made. There, with his drawing implements on the table before him, a cat sitting on one side, and a certain portion of bread, butter, and a small mug of porter placed on the other, while four or five apprentices commonly made up the circle, he amused himself with whistling the favourite air, or sometimes singing the old ballad of,—

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'If she is not so true to me,
What care I, what care I, to whom she be?'

and appeared, in this domestic group, constantly happy. When he occasionally sent for a workman, to give him necessary directions concerning what he wished to have done, he first showed the recent finished plan, then explained the different parts of it, and generally concluded by saying, "Now see, man, let us try to find fault with it;" and thus, by putting two heads together, to scrutinize his own performance, some alteration was probably made for the better. And, whatever expense an instrument had cost in forming, if it did not fully answer the intended design, he would immediately say, after a little examination of the work, "Bobs, man! this won't do; we must have at it again:" and then the whole of that was put aside, and a new instrument begun. By means of such perseverance, he succeeded in bringing various mathematical, philosophical, and astronomical instruments to perfection. The large theodolite for terrestrial measurements, and the equal altitude instrument for astronomy, will always be monuments of his fertile, penetrating, arduous, superior genius! There cannot be a lover (especially of this more difficult part) of philosophy, in any quarter of the globe, but must admire the abilities of Jesse Ramsden!'

We need scarcely say that we sincerely recommend Dr. Kitchiner's very excellent work to all who have occasion to use telescopes, and wish to know how to make the most of them. Even opticians may consult this volume to advantage.

* *Latin Versification simplified and rendered Easy to the Young Student, in a Graduated Series of Exercises, calculated to meet his increasing Ability in the Successive Stages of his Progress.* By JOHN CAREY, LL.D. Professor of Languages. 1 vol. 12mo. 1825.

Key to the Latin Versification Exemplified. By JOHN CAREY, LL.D. 1 vol. 12mo. 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have already had occasion to notice the highly useful labours of Dr. Carey, for the instruction of youth. His Latin Prosody made Easy deserves to be introduced in every school where the solid instruction of the pupil is the object of the master. Other methods are more shewy, but it is rarely that the learner can give a reason for what he is doing, whereas Dr. Carey leads his pupil, step by step, as Euclid leads the young geometrician, so that the learner feels pleasure in the instruction he receives, and advances with confidence, retaining with facility what he has already learned, and encountering difficulties without the fear of being unable to surmount them.

Such is the character of the little work under notice, which modestly claims a place amongst the school books of youth. The examples are well chosen, not only as to the order of ease and simplicity, but also as frequently inculcating fine moral sentiments. His work appears to be framed on the plan of the late Abbe Gaultier, and is not unworthy of the model.

FORSYTH'S ANTIQUARY'S PORTFOLIO.

(Concluded from p. 691.)

THE second volume of this work is not quite so varied as the first, containing, as it does, copious extracts from several works recently published, though the selections are generally well made, and fairly come into the Antiquary's Portfolio; still we say a man of Mr. Forsyth's industry might have procured much rarer matter; his work is, however, so readable and so entertaining, that we should show ourselves very captious if we quarrelled with the author for the want of any real or imaginary improvement which may occur to us. A memoir of Evelyn, some historical particulars of London from Fitzstephen, an account of the lord mayor's show and Gog and Magog from Hone's Mysteries; extracts from Warner's Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, Gage's Antiquities of Hengrave, Pepys's Memoirs, and Veitch and Bryson's Memoirs, &c. form a considerable portion of the second volume; there are, however, many other articles of a rarer quality, from which we shall make a few extracts. The first is an anecdote of the English nobility:

'In 1478, George Nevile, Duke of Bedford, was deprived of his titles, by authority of parliament. For what? for high treason? No. For high crimes and misdemeanours? No; but for that guilt (if it may be called such), in which many a noble peer has been since involved—for poverty! Blackstone's observations on this singular event, deserves attention: "A peer cannot lose his nobility but by death or attainder; though there was an instance in the reign of Edward IV., of the degradation of George Nevile, Duke of Bedford, on account of his poverty, which rendered him unable to support his dignity. But this is a singular instance, which serves at the same time, by having happened but once, to show the power of parliament, and, by having happened but once, to show how tender the parliament hath been of exerting so high a power."'

In a good article on the origin of touching for the king's evil, we are told that—

'In 1682, the king touched eight thousand five hundred and seventy-seven persons; and Browne remarks, that notwithstanding the number had been so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet, upon any new declaration of healing, they were again as fast as if none had applied before; "a thing as monstrous as strange!" Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise his royal prerogative; and, in 1681, Thomas Mousewell was tried for high treason, because he spoke with contempt of king Charles's pretensions to the cure of scrofula.

'Charles Bernard had made this touching the subject of raillery all his lifetime, till he became a servant-surgeon, when it turned out so good a perquisite, that he solved all difficulties, by saying with a sneer, "Really one could not have thought it, if one had not seen it."'

The following curious bill is copied from an original record in the borough of Thetford. It contains the expenses incurred by sending two light horsemen from Thetford to the army, which was to march against the Scots in the year 1336:—

'To two men chosen to go into the £	s. d.
army against Scotland - - - -	1 0 0
For cloth, and to the taylor for making it into gowns - - - -	0 6 11
For two pair of gloves and a stick or staff - - - - - - - -	0 0 2
For two horses - - - - - - -	1 15 0
For shoeing these horses - - - -	0 0 4½
For two pair of boots for the light horsemen - - - - - - -	0 2 0
Paid to a lad for going with the mayor (to Lenn), to take care of the horses - - - - - - -	0 0 3
Expenses for the horses of two light horsemen for four days before they departed - - - - - - -	0 1 0'

The following is a remarkable instance of the affection of a foster brother in Wales, where cases of the sort were very frequent:

'The fidelity of Robin ap Iuko, foster-brother to Ievan ap Vychan, of the house of Gwedir, in the reign of Edward IV., was a most noted one. In a fatal feud, between Ieven and his brother-in-law, Rys ap Howel, the latter expecting a fray, provided a butcher to murder Ievan in the confusion of the battle, and to him he gave orders in these terms. The butcher not being acquainted with Ieven, Ap Rys said, "Thou shalt soon discern him from the rest by his stature, and he will make way before him. There is a foster-brother of his, one Robin ap Iuko, a little fellow, that useth to match him behind: take heed of him, for be the encounter never so hot, his eye is ever on his foster-brother;" and so it happened. Robin suspected the treachery, and seeing the butcher watching his opportunity, came behind him and knocked him on the head on the moment in which he had come behind Ievan, and disarmed one at that of his beloved foster-brother. The patrimony of his faithful fellow was in the parish of Llauderfel; and to this day retains the name of Tyddin Iuko.'

The next anecdote relates to the value of money, the price of cattle, and the convivial habits of our ancestors in the seventeenth century:—

'Sir Roger Moyston had a great intimacy with Pyers Pennant, his contemporary neighbour at Bychton. Both seem to have been boon companions, as is evident from the P.S. to the following curious epistle:—

'"Moysten, ———, 1674.

'"Dear Pyers,

'"I hope you will excuse me for asking for the £4 you owe me for the part of oxen; for I want the money to make up £20 to send my son to Oxford next week.

'"I am, dear Pyers,

'"Your's, &c. &c.

'"ROGER MOYSTEN.

'"P. S. How does your head do this morning? Mine aches confoundedly.'

'At this time money was so scarce, that £4 was, a price for a pair of oxen; and the baronet of Moysten was thought very liberal in sending his heir apparent to the university with £20 in his pocket.'

Mr. Forsyth relates some singular anecdotes of the magnificence, folly, and barbarity of the French nobility in the [illegible]

century, taken from the records of Languedoc:

'In 1174, Henry II. of France, called together the seigneurs of Languedoc, in order to mediate a peace between the Count of Toulouse and the King of Arragon. As Henry, however, did not attend, the nobles had nothing to do but to emulate each other in wild magnificence, extending to insanity. Among other instances, the Countess Urgel sent to the meeting a diadem worth four thousand modern pounds, to be placed on the head of a wretched buffoon. The Count of Toulouse sent a donation of £4000 to a favourite knight, who distributed that sum among all the poorer knights that attended the meeting. The Seigneur Guillaume Gios de Martel, gave an immense dinner, the viands being all cooked by the flame of wax tapers. But the singularly rational magnificence of Count Bertrand Rimbault, attracted the loudest applause; for he set the peasants about Beaucaire to plough up the soil; and then he proudly and openly sowed therein small pieces of money, to the amount of fifteen hundred English guineas. Piqued at this princely extravagance, and determined to outdo his neighbours in savage brutality, if he could not in prodigality, the Lord Raimond Verneros ordered thirty of his most beautiful and valuable horses to be tied to stakes, and surrounded with dry wood; he then hermetically lighted the piles, and consumed his favourites alive.

'The literary character of the same age is marked by a curious pun on the name of Alexander Nequam, a good grammarian, and a writer of Latin poetry. He was bred at the university of Paris; and when he desired to be re-admitted into St. Alban's Priory, the abbot answered, "Si bonus sis Venias; *si nequam nequaquam*." Displeased at this allusion, he ever after called himself Neckham.'

The origin of fairs and festivals, by Mr. Whitaker, and an account of the ancient Scotch Highlanders, are interesting articles; we shall, however, conclude with the author's conclusion, first recommending his work most cordially to the public. It is an account of the

'*Difference of Manners at the beginning of the last Century*.—Covent Garden, from the year 1730 to 1735, was a scene of much dissipation, being surrounded with taverns and night-houses. This, and the vicinity of Clare Market, were the rendezvous of the most of the theatrical wits, who were composed of various orders. The ordinaries of that day were from 6d. to 1s. per head; at the latter there were two courses, and a great deal of what the world calls good company, in the mixed way. There were private rooms for the higher order of wits and noblemen, where much drinking was occasionally used. The butchers of Clare Market, then very numerous, were stanch friends to the players; and on every dread of riot or disturbance in the house, the early appearance of those formidable critics made an awful impression.

'The manners of the town and country, too, were very distinct at that period to what they were at the close of the last century. A countryman in town was instantly known by his dress as well as manners; the almost uniform habit being a complete suit of light grey cloth or drab colour, with a slouched hat and lank hair. Few persons living sixty or one hundred miles from town ever saw it. Going to London was then deemed a matter of real importance, and was considered as a memorable event in the life of the party who had the hardihood to undertake it. Country shopkeepers, who lived at this distance, generally had their goods sent them, and their requests complied with in consequence of written orders.

'The city and west end of the town kept equal distances. No merchant scarcely lived out of the former; his residence was always attached to the counting-house; and his credit, in a great measure, depended upon his observing those circumstances. The first emigration of the merchants from the city, about sixty years ago, was to Hatton Garden; but none but men who had secured a large fortune, and whose credits were beyond the smallest censure, durst take this flight. The lawyers, too, lived mostly in their inns of court, or about Westminster Hall; and the players all in the vicinity of the two theatres. Quin, Booth, and Wilks, lived almost constantly in or about Bow Street, Covent Garden; Colley Cibber in Charles Street; Mrs. Pritchard in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane; Billy Havard in Henrietta Street; and Garrick's great part of his life, in Southampton Street. The inferior players lived or lodged in Little Russel Street, Vinegar Yard, and the little courts about the Garden, and the veteran Macklin always about James Street, or under the Piazzas*.'

'The audience then had their different complexion likewise; no indifferent or vulgar person scarcely ever frequented the pit, and very few women. It was composed of young merchants of rising eminence, barristers, and students of the inns of court, who were mostly well read in plays, and whose judgment was in general worth attending to. There were few riots or disturbances; the gravity and good sense of the pit not only kept the house in order, but the players likewise. The prologues in those days, and in times long before them, deprecate the judgment of the pit, where the critics lay in knots, and whose favourable opinion was constantly courted.

'None but people of independent fortunes and avowed rank and situation, ever presumed to go into the boxes; and all the lower part of the house, laid out in boxes, were sacred to virtue and decorum. No man sat covered in a box, or stood up during a performance, but those in the last row, where no one's prospect could be interrupted. "Neither boots, spurs, nor horses," once exclaimed Macklin, "were admitted in those days—we were too attentive to the cunning of the scene to be interrupted, and no intrusion of this kind would be endured; but to do those days common justice, the evil did not exist; rakes and puppies found another vent for their vices and follies than the regions of a theatre."'

* The author here falls into the popular blunder of calling the colonnade in Covent Garden the Piazza, which means a square.—Rev.

Laconics; or, the best Words of the best Authors. Part I. 18mo. pp. 180. London, 1825. Boys.

This little work is really composed of gems of genius, and so rich in themselves that the editor has not thought it necessary even to set them Isolated as they are, they form an inestimable collection of aphorisms, but we think they would still have gained in beauty and value by a systematic classification; such, for instance, as was adapted in the Percy Anecdotes, to which this work forms an admirable companion. The editor has given a list of the authorities. We suppose Theophrastus, Bishop Earle, and Vanvenargues, are included in the '&c. &c. &c.' We could, however, have wished to have seen them and many others named. We would also recommend the editor to consult The Sentences of Publius Syrus, as we know no author who has said so many good things in so few words.

The work is very neatly got up; it is to be completed in twelve parts; each part is to contain five portraits engraved on steel, 'from original paintings or authorized engraved portraits;' those in the first part are beautifully executed, and represent Montaigne, Selden, Chesterfield, Cowley, and Swift.

The Principal Roots of the Latin Language, simplified by a Display of their Incorporation into the English Tongue. With Copious Notes. Forming Part of Mr. Hall's Intellectual System of Education. Royal 8vo. pp. 147. London, 1825. Taylor.

The empirics who profess to discover a royal road to learning, or to teach us how to take the temple of learning by assault, are less culpable than those masters who, disregarding every improvement in education and in elementary works, would confine its progress to the jog-trot routine of the pedagogues of the last century. In matters of education, Mr. Hall is a bold reformer; and, without knowing anything more of the practical results of his plan than he relates (and systemmongers are seldom very diffident in speaking of their merits), we feel convinced that it possesses merit. We are, however, rather sceptical, when he tells us that 'the space of three months is quite sufficient under his system to communicate to adults such a knowledge of the Latin language as will enable them to translate any Roman author with ease and pleasure." But even this rapid acquisition of a language, and that one not the most easy of attainment, is nothing to what he declares his system has accomplished. 'Having,' he says, 'resolved to ascertain the shortest possible space of time in which an adult, by directing his entire time and attention, could acquire the rudiments of the grammar, and be able to undergo a public examination in translating, parsing, and scanning the whole of the first book of Virgil's Æneid, he commenced with a gentleman who was well versed in English grammar, but *not acquainted* in the slightest degree with Latin, and at the expiration of only *seven days* he found his pupil qualified to meet the proposed examination'—that is, to trans-

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late, parse, and scan the whole of the first book of Virgil! *Credat Judæus*, we think we hear our readers say; but to those Mr. Hall would answer as firmly as Major Longbow, though perhaps in less homely terms, 'Upon my life it's true—what will you lay it's a lie?' In short, he declares the fact fully proved in the month of April, 1824. Much merit as may be due to Mr. Hall in this instance, yet we think it due to his pupil that the name of this more than Crichton should not be withheld from the public. The empiric, however, peeps out in this narrative. After stating that this examination took place in the presence of about twenty gentlemen, 'amongst whom were some persons of distinction,' he says they one and all 'urged, in the strongest terms, a speedy and general diffusion of the system.' Had they been Parrs or Porsons, they could have done no less; and we much doubt that either of them would have passed the ordeal of Mr. Hall's pupil with equal eclat.

The secret of Mr. Hall's system is in 'cultivating and directing aright the reasoning powers, instead of relying on the memory alone.' There is something in this, and his amplification of the roots of the Latin language is a good step towards its acquirement, but we cannot flatter our readers that it is to be accomplished in seven days, though that is one day more than it took to create the world, unless, indeed, the same divine power lends its assistance.

A Practical Grammar of French Rhetoric, containing the Laws of Pronunciation, Prosody, Accentuation, Punctuation, &c. &c. The Whole arranged on a New Practical Plan, and illustrated by Six Hundred Extracts from Two Hundred Authors. Designed for the Use of Schools. By GABRIEL SURENNE, F. A. S. E. 8vo. pp. 374. Edinburgh, 1825. Oliver & Boyd.

The object of Mr. Surenne, next to obtaining scholars and a sale for his book, is to initiate students in the precision, elegance, copiousness, and difficulties, of the French language; his work is certainly calculated to facilitate this object, and contains many useful (though somewhat fanciful) instructions for obtaining a complete knowledge of its peculiarities and delicacies. M. Surenne divides his work into seven parts, each of which contains numerous examples; the first—that treating of phonology, or the doctrine of sounds, is the most ingenious, perhaps the most useful, containing, as it does, 'the definitions of all the regular and irregular sounds of the French language, the explanation of their organic formations,' and a new method of representing the sound of words.' M. Surenne appears to have studied the philosophy of language, and his work displays considerable talent.

The Highest Castle and the Lowest Cave; or, Events of the Days which are gone. By REBECCA EDRIDGE, Author of the Scrinium. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

IN a very brief dedication to 'everybody,' the author assures us that the good will not be led astray, nor the wicked confirmed in vice,' by anything she writes. This we can readily believe to be the case; but something more than negative virtue ought to be expected in authors, and indeed Miss (if we are not amiss in calling her so) Edridge scarcely does herself justice; for her tale, though not the best we have perused since the first of the Waverley novels has appeared, is neither deficient in a good moral nor destitute of interest. The story relates to events of the days which are gone, since the crusades form a part of the subject, and the incident of a good wife saving her husband, by sucking the poison from his wound, inflicted by a dagger, is rendered striking, not only by the fact itself, but by the way in which it is told. The novel, indeed, is altogether a very readable one, and will, we doubt not, be 'kept moving' among the lovers of tales of fiction, and thus augment the treasury of the keepers of circulating libraries.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHAEL KELLY.

THE recollections of an old man who has mixed much in society, and possesses a retentive memory can scarcely fail of being interesting. Such are the Reminiscences of Michael Kelly of the Italian Opera, who always possessed a fund of anecdote and good humour. He has lately relieved his fits of the gout by writing his Memoirs. The work has not yet been published, and therefore we offer no critical remark, but give the following anecdotes, as an antepast to whet the appetite for a more substantial meal of the same viands.

'A tenor singer of the name of Gabrielli, brother of the great female singer of that name, was engaged at Vienna. Before he had got through five bars of his first song the critics began to hiss and hoot (and very deservedly so, for he was execrable), saying, "Get away, you cursed raven!" "Get off, you goat!" On which he came forward and addressed the audience very mildly. "You fancy you are mortifying me, by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you that I never appeared on any stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse!" This appeal, though it produced a momentary laugh, could not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow.'

While at Rome, Kelly frequently saw Cardinal York, brother to the last Pretender; he mistakes, however, in calling the Countess of Albany the sister of the prince, as she was his wife In his anecdotes about Rome, he relates a whimsical one of an Irishman there:

'Father M'Mahon told me a comical story of a countryman of our's, a Mr. Patrick O'Flanagan, who having been wrecked at Genoa, travelled on foot to Rome to beg assistance of Cardinal York, and got the cardinal's porter, who was a Scotchman, to present his eminence with the following conciliatory letter:—

"May it please your Sanctity,

"I was cast on shore at Genoa—travelled on foot to Rome. Hearing of your holiness's humanity to poor Irishmen—for thirteen years I served his Britannic majesty, King George the Third, in the navy. God bless and prosper him to boot. I hate and detest the pope and the pretender, and I defy them and the devil and all his works, and am,

"Your Sanctity's obedient servant,

"PAT. O'FLANAGAN."

'Pat waited until the cardinal was going out to take his morning's ride, when he threw himself on his knees before his eminence, who laughed heartily at his elegant epistle, and ordered him twenty Roman crowns.'

While on the subject of Ireland and Irishmen, we shall quote a few anecdotes of them, which we prefer to Kelly's opinions of his countrymen. The following, relating to Counsellor Mac Nally, we have seen before:

'Mac Nally was very lame, and when walking had an unfortunate limp, which he could not bear to be told of. At the time of the rebellion he was seized with a military ardour, and when the different volunteer corps were forming in Dublin, that of the lawyers was organized. Meeting with Curran, Mac Nally said, "My dear friend, these are not times for a man to be idle, I am determined to enter the lawyers' corps, and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law!" said the wit, "tut, tut, renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr Curran?" said Mr. Nally.

"For this reason," said Curran, "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt."'

The next relates to Father O'Leary, of whom Kelly says:—

'I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilirating and national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

'One day, that facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran, was no bad match.

'One day, after dinner, Curran said to Pim, "Reverend father, I wish you were Shether."

"And why, counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

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'Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it'

Kelly relates some whimsical anecdotes of one of his Italian patrons—a sort of Beau Tibbs in his way—a Signor Andrioli, at Venice:—

'He was a fine looking man, of about sixty years old. I remarked there was an aristocratic manner about him, and he wore a very large tie wig, well powdered, with an immensely long tail. He addressed me with a benevolent and patronising air, and told me that he should be delighted to be of service to me, and bade me from that moment consider myself under his protection. "A little business," said he, "calls me away at this moment, but if you will meet me here at two o'clock, we will adjourn to my cassino, where, if you can dine on one dish, you will perhaps do me the favour to partake of a boiled capon and rice. I can only offer you that; perhaps a rice soup, for which my cook is famous; and it may be, just one or two little things not worth mentioning."

'A boiled capon—rice soup—other little things, thought I,—manna in the wilderness! I strolled about, not to get an appetite for what was ready, but to kill time. My excellent, hospitable, long-tailed friend, was punctual to the moment; I joined him, and proceeded towards his residence.

'As we were bending our steps thither, we happened to pass a luganigera's (a ham-shop), where there was some ham ready dressed in the window. My powdered patron paused,—it was an awful pause; he recommitered, examined, and at last said, "Do you know, signor, I was thinking that some of that ham would eat deliciously with our capon:—I am known in this neighbourhood, and it would not do for *me* to be seen buying ham—but do you go in, my child, and get two or three pounds of it, and I will walk on, and wait for you.

'I went in of course, and purchased three pounds of the ham, to pay for which, I was obliged to change one of my two zecchinos. I carefully folded up the precious viand, and rejoined my excellent patron, who eyed the relishing slices with the air of a *gourmand*; indeed, he was somewhat diffuse in his own dispraise, for not having recollected to order his servant to get some before he left home. During this peripatetic lecture on gastronomy, we happened to pass a cantina;—in plain English—a wine cellar. At the door he made another full stop.

'"In that house," said he "they sell the best Cyprus wine in Venice—peculiar wine,—a sort of wine not to be had anywhere else; I should like you to taste it; but I do not like to be seen buying wine by retail to carry home;—go in yourself, buy a couple of flasks, and bring them to *my cassino*, nobody hereabouts knows you, and it won't signify in the least."

'This last request was quite appalling; my pocket groaned to its very centre: however, recollecting that I was in the high road to preferment, and that a patron, cost what it might, was still a patron, I made the plunge, and, issuing from the cantina, set forward for my venerable friend's *cassino*, with three pounds of ham in my pocket, and a flask of wine under each arm, *sans six sous et sans souci!*

'I continued walking with my excellent and long-tailed patron, expecting every moment to see an elegant agreeable residence, smiling in all the beauties of nature and art; when, at last, in a dirty miserable lane, at the door of a tall dirty looking house, my Mæcenas stopped, indicated that we had reached our journey's end, and, marshalling me the way that I should go, began to mount three flights of sickening stairs, at the top of which I found his casino,—it was a little cas, and a deuce of a place to boot,—in plain English, it was a garret. The door was opened by a wretched old miscreant, who acted as cook, and whose drapery, to use a gastronomic simile, was "done to rags."

'Upon a ricketty apology for a table was placed a tattered cloth, which once had been white; and two plates; and presently in came a large bowl of boiled rice.

'"Where's the capon?" said my patron to his man.

'"Capon!" echoed the ghost of a servant—"the ——"

'"Has not the rascal sent it?" cried the master.

'"Rascal!" repeated the man, apparently terrified.

'"I knew he would not," exclaimed my patron, with an air of exultation for which I saw no cause; "well, well, never mind, put down the ham and wine, with those and the rice, I dare say, young gentleman, you will be able to make it out.—I ought to apologise—but, in fact, it is all your own fault that there is not more; if I had fallen in with you earlier, we should have had a better dinner'

While at Vienna, an Italian, of the name of Botterelli, who had married an Englishwoman, solicited the emperor's patronage for a concert for her, which was obtained:—

'The lady came into the room; she was a very fine woman, and seemed sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions. She really had powerful letters of recommendation. Prince Charles Lichtenstein granted her his protection, and there was such interest made for her, that the emperor himself signified his royal intention of honouring her concert with his presence. Everything was done for her;—the orchestra and singers were engaged; the concert began to a crowded house, but, I must premise, we had no rehearsal.

'At the end of the first act, the beauteous syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the pianoforte.—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke "dignity and love." The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of "Tally ho!" in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian (what tally ho! meant?)—I replied I did not know, and literally, at that time, I did *not*.

'His majesty, the emperor, finding that even *I*, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not, explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre, and the major part of the audience, convinced by his majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on the way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of "tally ho," nor even to ask any of their friends for a translatem of it.'

Cumberland, it is known, was a sad bore to persons in reading his plays, when he invited them to see him. On one occasion, Bannister and Kelly dined with him, and the evening passed pleasantly, until Cumberland began to read a five act comedy:—

'Five acts of a play, read by its author after *tea*, are at any time opiates of the most determined nature, even if one has risen late and moved little; but with such a predisposition to somnolency as I found the drive, the dust, the sun, the air, the dinner, and a little sensible conversation had induced, what was to be expected? Long before the end of the second act I was fast as a church—a slight tendency to snoring, rendered this misfortune more appalling than it otherwise would have been; and the numberless kicks which I received under the table from Bannister, served only to vary, by fits and starts, the melody with which nature chose to accompany my slumbers.

'When it is recollected that our host and reader had served Sheridan as a model for Sir Fretful, it may be supposed that he was somewhat irritated by my inexcusable surrender of myself: but no; he closed his proceedings and his manuscript at the end of the second act, and we adjourned to a rational supper upon a cold mutton-bone, and dissipated in two tumblers of weak red wine and water.'

'When the repast ended, the bard conducted us to our bed-rooms: the apartment in which I was to sleep, was his study; he paid me the compliment to say, he had a little tent-bed put up there, which he always appropriated to his favourite guest. "The bookcase at the side," he added, "was filled with his own writings."

'I bowed, and said, "I dare say, sir, I shall sleep very soundly."

'"Ah! very good," said he; "I understand you,—a hit, sir, a palpable hit: you mean, being so close to my writings, they

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will act as a soporific You are a good soul, Mr. Kelly, but a very drowsy one—God bless you—you are a kind creature, to come into the country to listen to my nonsense—*buenas noches!* as we say in Spain—good night! I hope it will be fine weather for you to walk about in the morning; for I think with Lord Falkland, who said he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day—umph—good night, God bless you,—you are so kind."'

On another occasion,—

'After dinner, Bannister and myself went to the library. "What," said I to Bannister, "can be the treat Cumberland has promised to give us to-night? I suppose he took notice of your saying at dinner that your favourite meal was supper, and he intends, as we are going away to-morrow morning, to give us some little delicacies." Bannister professed entire ignorance, and some doubt; and on our return from our walk, we found Cumberland in his parlour, waiting for us, and, as I had anticipated, the cloth was laid for supper, and in the middle of the table was a large dish with a cover on it.

'When we were seated, with appetites keen, and eyes fixed upon the mysterious dainty, our host, after some preparation, desired a servant to remove the cover, and on the dish lay another manuscript play. "There, my boys," said he, "there is the treat which I promised you: that, sirs, is my Tiberius, in five acts; and after we have had our sandwich and wine and water, I will read you every word of it. I am not vain, but I do think it by far the best play I ever wrote, and I think you'll say so." The threat itself was horrible; the reading sauce was ill suited to the supper, and neither poppy nor mandragore, nor even the play of the preceding evening, would have been so bad as his Tiberius: but will the reader believe that it was no joke, but all in earnest, and that he actually fulfilled his horrid promise, and read the three first acts? but seeing violent symptoms of occitacity coming over us, he proposed that we should go to bed, and in the morning that he should treat us, before we started, by reading the fourth and fifth acts; but we saved him the trouble, for we were off before he was out of his bed. Such are the perils and hair-breadth 'scapes which attend the visitors of dramatists who live in the country.'

Of Sheridan, he relates several anecdotes; the most striking is that relating to the play of Pizarro, which, with others, we subjoin:—

'Musical pieces were often performed at Drury Lane, amongst others, Mr. Sheridan's opera of "The Duenna;" I performed the part of Ferdinand: It was customary with me, when I played at night, to read my part over in the morning, in order to refresh my memory. One morning, after reading the part of Ferdinand, I left the printed play of The Duenna, as then acted, on the table. On my return home, after having taken my ride, I found Mr. Sheridan reading it, and with pen and ink before him, correcting it. He said to me, "Do you act the part of Ferdinand from this printed copy?"

'I replied in the affirmative, and added, "that I had done so for twenty years."

'"Then," said he, "you have been acting great nonsense." He examined every sentence, and corrected it all through before he left me; the corrections I have now, in his own hand-writing. What could prove his negligence more, than correcting an opera which he had written in 1775, in the year 1807; and then for the first time examining it, and abusing the manner in which it was printed?

'I know, however, of many instances of his negligence, equally strong, two of which I will adduce as tolerable good specimens of character. I can vouch for their authenticity.

'Mr. Gotobed, the Duke of Bedford's lawyer, put a distress into Drury Lane Theatre, for non-payment of the ground rent; and the chandeliers, wardrobe, scenery, &c. were to be sold to satisfy his grace's claim. Sheridan, aroused and alarmed at the threat, wrote a letter to the duke, requesting him to let his claim be put in a state of liquidation, by Mr. Gotobed's receiving, out of the pit door money, £10 per night, until the debt should be paid; this was agreed upon by his grace. More than a twelvemonth passed, and Sheridan was astonished at receiving no reply to his letter. In an angry mood he went to Mr. Gotobed's house, in Norfolk Street (I was with him at the time), complaining of the transaction; when Mr. Gotobed assured him, on his honour, that the duke had sent an answer to his letter, above a year before. On hearing this, Sheridan went home, examined the table on which all his letters were thrown, and amongst them found, the duke's letter, unopened, dated more than twelve months back.

'No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was, from his first onset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, "Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish."'

A more striking instance of Sheridan's neglect he thus relates:—

'He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late majesty, who was then at Windsor, on some point which he wished to carry, for the good of the theatre.—He mentioned it to his present majesty, who with the kindness which on every occasion he showed him, did him the honour to say, that he would take him to Windsor himself, and appointed him to be at Carlton House, to set off with his royal highness precisely at eleven o'clock. He called upon me, and said, "My dear Mic, I am going to Windsor with the prince the day after to-morrow; I must be with him at eleven o'clock in the morning, to a moment, and to be in readiness at that early hour, you must give me a bed at your house to-morrow night; I shall then only have to cross the way to Carlton House, and be punctual to the appointment of his royal highness."

'I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, Charles Ward, stayed dinner with me. Amongst other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which was sent away untouched. As the servant was taking it out of the room, I observed, "There goes a dinner fit for a king;" alluding to his late majesty's known partiality for that particular dish.

'The next morning I went out of town, to dine and sleep, purposely to accommodate Mr. Sheridan with my bed; and got home again about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant, that Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs still, fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times from Carlton House, but nothing could prevail upon him to get up.

'I was told that an hour after I had quitted town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant-maid, that "he knew she had a dinner fit for a king, in the house—a cold roast neck of mutton," and asked her, if she had any wine. She told him there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed:—on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from his pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner.

Of Sheridan's Pizarro, we are told:—

'Expectation was on tiptoe, and strange as it may appear, Pizarro was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun, nor had I one word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, "Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to morrow;" but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertized as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

'One day, I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends, that he must carry me off with him, that moment, to Drury Lane; begged that they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's tent and the Temple of the Sun.

'The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of pe-

gus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do. His answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the chorusses and marches were to come over the platform —"To-morrow," said he, "I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon *me*, and I know that I can depend upon *you;* but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after."

'After this promise, we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.

'But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing with the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth! Mr. Sheridan was up stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting: and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piecemeal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.'

ORIGINAL.

REMONSTRANCE TO THE AUTHOR OF NIL-ADMIRARI.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—I can hardly contain the indignation I felt on reading, in your last Chronicle, an essay, under the title of Nil-Admirari, which, my brother tells me, means to admire nothing. A pretty title this indeed, and I confess I have at length smoothed my brow, and ceased to bite my lips, consoling myself with the idea that one who admires nothing must be a man of no taste, and an odious grumbler.

The days of chivalry are gone, Mr. Editor, or you would not have admitted such a piece of impertinence into your excellent work. I cannot speak for your London ladies, your fellow chandler's widow, or your butcher's daughter, or your Billingsgate fish-woman, but I can assure you that, in the country, the sex have nothing in the world to do with gymnastics, or gym-fiddle-sticks, or any sticks whatsoever, and we even turn with disgust from the newspaper accounts of feats of fistic prowess. Nay, sir, spinal complaints and nervous complaints, and all sorts of delicate complaints, are all the vogue own in the country. A disordered spine and a hard crib are sure to make us interesting to the other sex, and I have half a mind to play this game of *cribbage* myself. Where such artifices prevail, who would wish to have recourse to more *sensible* arguments.

As for Mr. Admire-nothing's observation, that 'our successors will perhaps be able to speak *feelingly* on the subject,' by heaven, sir, this comes well from a person who admires nothing and no one, and whose attention to us *could* only be fixed by some *striking* circumstances; and if feeling, as some people say the gout is, is the lot only of every other generation, no one would find *him* guilty of any feeling at all, and he may well expect that *his* successors should speak *feelingly*.

Before he walks out into any subject again, let him see that it is firm ground he treads upon, and let him not treat with rudeness the female sex, and amongst them,

Sir, your obedient servant,

Cheltenham, Oct. 24. ZEPHYRINA.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

And art thou dead, my Father! Is it so?—
Or, is it but a dream of fleeting woe?
I would it were!—but dread reali'y
Uprears her morbid voice and answers me
Yes! thou art dead—my poor old father's dead!
His converse, light, and life, and all, is fled,
Save but his memory—and that shall be
Guarded for aye with hallowed care by me!
Oh!'I did love thee well—for thou wast kind,
As upright in thy deeds, as strong in mind,
A worthy and an honest man wert thou—
And though I knew thy worth, I knew not half
till now!—
My father and my friend—Oh, God above,
Receive him in thy realms of matchless love!
Illume the darkness of his earthly night,
And let him be in thy eternal light;
So shall it prove—though quickly called away,
He bartered eve for morn, and morn for endless
day!

Edmonton. J. J. L.

A VISION.

Most men, amidst the vainer dreams
And passions of their day,
Have glimpses of celestial themes
To cheer their mortal way.
To me, in sleep, there came a shade,
That in heaven's holy light had play'd,
And yet of earthly mould:
Such Adam saw, when his new bride,
God's last best work, was by his side,
Not yet a summer old.
The sun of autumn faintly shone
Upon the mountains cold,
With pines and yellow leaves bestrown,
Dying on beds of gold.
O'er beauty fading (yet it smiled)
The wind made music sad and wild,
As if its heart had broke;
And into life, as it decay'd,
With a faint thrill that briefly play'd
The sickly blossoms woke.
A lovelier shape ne'er left the skies
To teach man in his sleep,
Yet in the light of her sweet eyes,
I heard great Nature weep.
She stood amidst the scene of death,
And utter'd soft and dulcet breath,
Saying, Lament anew, thou earth!
The time is near when thou must part,
With every flower, and every heart,
That blesses thee for birth.
Nor let thy wayward children mourn,
That they must leave thy breast:
The mightiest of their race are gone,
The loveliest and the best.
There is a brighter world, where they
Now keep eternal holiday,
Where roses blossom without thorn,
Where sorrow is not known, nor pain;
And friends and lovers meet again,
As on a summer morn.
An endless life, ten million time
More happy than the happiest hours
E'er known below in sweetest climes,
Is tasted in those bowers.
Not all the riches that lie hid
In thy deep bosom, earth, can bid
One human pang depart;
Nor silver, gold, nor precious stones,
From ashes save thy children's bones,
Or heal a broken heart. ALIERA.

FINE ARTS.

A Treatise on Civil Architecture, by Sir W. Chambers, with Notes, and an Examination of Grecian Architecture. By JOSEPH GWILT, F. S. A. Imp. 8vo. pp. 514. Priestley and Weale, 1825.

THE excellence of Sir William Chambers's Treatise, as an elementary work on architecture has been long and deservedly established. His taste, formed indeed exclusively on Roman and Italian models, is correct and pure; free from capricious innovation or from redundant ornament on the one hand, and from any nakedness and affected simplicity on the other. He does not appear to have been particularly ambitious of originality in his compositions, or very inventive in his designs; but this very circumstance renders him safer as a guide to the student than he otherwise might have been, so apt is invention to deviate into whim, and originality into extravagance. Still, justly as he has been locked up to as a legitimate and classical authority,—and fortunate would it be if his precepts were more generally attended to by our architects, or at least those who assume that title; and valuable as his work is, as far as it goes, the subsequent study of Greek models has rendered additions necessary in order to give it that completeness which the state of the art at the present day requires; and we are happy to find that the task of making them has been assigned to so able and competent an editor as Mr. Gwilt. In saying this, however, we do not mean that we uniformly coincide with him in every point of opinion: we do not think with him, for instance, that the Italian is more plastic than the pure Grecian style, unless, indeed, it be laid down as a principle that the latter admits of nothing more, in its application to modern and domestic purposes, than *fac simile* copies from existing remains of ancient structures. But to this we should certainly demur, for the stores of Grecian art supply a thousand beautiful forms and combinations for every purpose that can be required, to the man of genius who has thoroughly studied Grecian design, and is capable of transferring its spirit and essence to his own compositions. To him who is not, it must be confessed that the attempt is perilous.

Mr. Gwilt has enriched the present edition with two essays: one on the Elements of Beauty in Architecture; the other on the Origin, Progress, and Perfection of Grecian Architecture, which is illustrated by eleven very beautifully drawn and engraved plates.

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He has likewise given an explanation of the terms used in architecture, and has added to the original text many valuable explanatory and critical notes, some of which are biographical; and rendered more interesting by the autographs of several of our most eminent architects. Nor ought we to pass over in silence the very copious index now given, which is in many instances so remarkably full and analytical as to render a reference to the text itself hardly necessary, yet if this redundancy be a fault it is far better than that of omission and deficiency.

The volume contains, also, a life of Sir William, furnished by Mr. Hardwick, who was one of his pupils, and may therefore be considered as authentic; still we cannot say that it adds much to the information we already possessed in preceding biographical notices; and it is to be regretted that the writer did not furnish us with, if not a complete, a more copious list of the buildings on which Sir William was employed, and refer to the publications where views or descriptions of them may be found. No mention is made of the Excise Office, which, if we mistake not, was built by him, and which is certainly a very noble and imposing structure, although not so much praised as it deserves. He was the architect, too, of Charlemont House, in Dublin, and of the theatre and chapel at Trinity College, in that city. We could have wished, also, that the editor had given us some remarks of his own on the designs at the end of the work; among these, Lord Charlemont's cassino has, in our opinion, been somewhat praised beyond its merits; the order is too small for the other proportions of the structure, and the festoon in the panel above as much too large, and too heavy to be elegant. To say the truth, this and similar ornaments of the Italian school of architectural design will bear no comparison for either delicacy or variety, with those of the Grecian. Besides, it seems to us very questionable taste to assign, as is here done, so important and conspicuous a situation to what should be merely an accessory in decoration. There is nothing in it on which the eye wishes to dwell; either a bas-relief or an arabesque would have therefore, in our opinion, been far more appropriate. We greatly preferred to this, the cassino designed for Mr. Willoughby, which is far more chaste, and at the same time more picturesque in effect, and more striking and original in its design. We may here observe that these plates, though much reduced from the original size, are very exquisitely engraved, and do great credit to the artists employed upon them, as indeed do all those in the work, although some of the figures in them are smaller than there was any occasion for.

We do not mention it, because we conceive that it was at all the duty of the present editor to supply the deficiency; but it is singular that in such a work Sir William should have entirely omitted to say anything on the subject of domes and skylights, the former of which are such exceedingly beautiful architectural features, whether considered with respect to exterior or to internal decoration; and the latter of which, when judiciously employed, produces such beautiful effect in vestibules, corridors, and galleries. It must, however, be confessed, that he was not eminently successful in them, as is manifest to every one who has seen his attempts in this way at Somerset House.

Having thus briefly noticed those particulars which are peculiar to this edition, we shall now make one or two observations on the editor's labours. The first essay, short as it is, contains many valuable hints deserving to be well studied by every one who aspires to be considered something higher than a mere builder. We entirely agree with Mr. Gwilt in the following remark:—'If the student desire to profit by the use and application of this style of architecture (the Grecian) in his practice, any course he can pursue will be better than the common expedient of tamely copying the profiles of its examples into his designs, as he finds them delineated in the authors to which he is usually referred. An artist can only make them properly subservient to his purpose, by entering into the views and feelings of the inventors themselves. It is a singular proof of the invention of the ancients, that no two examples of the same order are precisely similar. Their variety seems equal to that which we observe in the reverses of their coins.'

It is for want of attending to this, that the generality of the designs of those who affect a classical taste present such incongruities and discrepancies, and that the imitation itself is so inferior to the original, by being mixed up with other parts, which, having no prototype in ancient buildings are of a totally different character. Merely to copy servilely the example of an ancient order requires neither genius nor superior talent; but, to adapt every other feature of the design to it, so as to form one harmonious *ensemble*, every portion of which seems to emanate from a single mind, and to be impressed with the same sentiment, demands no common share of taste and ability. A Grecian portico, on the contrary, stuck on—as too frequently happens, a common-place building, is the very battus of absurdity and bad taste. It reminds us of an anecdote we have heard of a gentleman, who, having erected what he termed a classical villa, asked a friend's opinion of the design: 'Your portico,' replied the critic, 'is certainly fine; but why the devil did you build the house behind it?'

The other essay, the author informs us, is compressed from a treatise on Grecian architecture, on which he has been for many years engaged, and which the reader is therefore requested to consider merely as an outline hereafter to be filled up in a more satisfactory manner. From such perusal as we have been able to give it, it seems ably written, and to contain much information: still we doubt whether it be exactly the kind of account that was required for a work of this nature—a text-book for the student. To us it appears that much of the historical and antiquarian matter might have been dispensed with here; for, although this may show the author's learning, it will prove of little real service to the architect. We do not mean to say that an architect should be ignorant of the origin of his art; we think, on the contrary, that he should add classical learning to his other more indispensable attainments, that he should have a taste for the study of the antique in general, and be able to consult Pausanias and other ancient writers in the original. Yet we certainly do not think that, in an essay like the present, necessarily restricted as to its limits, there was any occasion for learned conjectures as to the architecture of the time of Homer. Besides, after all, very little reliance is to be placed on poetical descriptions and epithets; and we should almost as soon think of writing an architectural dissertation on the fairy palace of Alcina as on that of Alcinous. The truth is, poets are not the most accurate, nor perhaps altogether the most tasteful architects: and, when these talk of brazen walls, golden doors, and silver lintels, they are to be understood *cum grano salis*, as dealers in the marvellous and hyperbolical. We confess that we are no great admirers of the silly legends and absurd pedantry of which Vitruvius himself is so full, and lament that the only ancient author who has written professedly on architecture, should write so often like a silly old woman.

We have neither room nor leisure at present for further remark, but cannot conclude without noticing a passage in the editor's preface where he speaks of the 'monopoly which, till lately, existed, in respect of the publication of architectural works, not less disadvantageous to the art, than injurious to the artists permitting its existence, who, by their united exertions, ought long since to have prevented its continuance. It is, indeed, singular, that this should have been the case—that London, and we may add England, should have but a single bookseller publishing architectural works. A liberal competition between publishers will be advantageous both for authors and the public, and we suspect also for publishers themselves, as it will tend, by the diffusion of books on the art, to create a taste for it more extended than has hitherto existed among us: for, of all elegant and liberal pursuits, architecture, upon which national taste so greatly depends, has been confined in this country merely to professional men, and a very small number of amateurs, although none is more worthy of being generally cultivated, as a source of a correct and refined taste in all that relates to the ornamental arts.

CORPORATION PRINT.

A LARGE print representing the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of London, in council in the Court of Common Council, has just been published, dedicated to the Right Hon. John Garratt, the present (and until Wednesday next) lord mayor, by R. Dighton. The corporation of London, and particularly one of its worthy aldermen have long been a standing theme for the would-be-witty newspaper and common place writers; but this print neither induces a smile nor shows any of those predominating features which generally characterize the lovers of calipash and calipee; on the contrary, it is rather likely, at first view,

to convey an idea that the assembly are a set of stiff, methodical, and sapient, gentlemen, not one of whom would betray a smile on any consideration: even Alderman Curtis seems as sedate as George the Fourth, and as for the rest, a more grim, rough-looking, ill-favoured, assembly (about one hundred and forty portraits), perhaps, never before met the eye at one view, nor, perhaps, ever will. The whole of the figures induce a belief that the likenesses must have been taken by a machine, and the inscription at the bottom is quite in character—for stiffness at least. The arrangement of the whole body corporate might admit of some degree of dignity, but those who look for anything dignified, or honourable to the first city in the world, in this picture, we think will be much disappointed.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—Elliston has returned to town, and even the presence of the great lessee, though an invalid, has given some spur to the management; it is true, old days are still the only performances; but a better knowledge of the drama and the public taste has been displayed in the selection of the rivals, particularly in the reproduction of Mr. John Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Confederacy*, notwithstanding the severe philippic against it by Lord Gardenstone, who, while acknowledged that it was neither destitute of wit nor humour, pronounced *The Confederacy* to be 'one of those plays which throw infamy on the English stage and general taste,' his lordship was of the old school; had he lived to the present day, he would have seen the English stage and public taste more grossly outraged. Sir John Vanbrugh, as our readers must well know, was a dramatist and an architect, and as remarkable for the sightly and cheerful character of his comedies as for the clumsiness of his structures; much, indeed, was he famed for the latter, as it, although he built Blenheim, Claremont, and other public works, yet a wag suggested an epitaph the following couplet:—

'Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.'

Vanbrugh was the friend and contemporary of Congreve, and the plays of both partake of the licentiousness of the period in which they lived. *The Confederacy* is a very bustling and spirited comedy, and in the principal characters was very well performed. The part of Moncrap, by Dowton, was excellent, and the struggle which he underwent in deciding between love and money, did not indicate how much he could be with either, but how gladly he would have both; perhaps Dowton luxuriated too much in his amorous dotage, and drew some widow-like ladies who appeared to feel rather restless when he was on the stage. Harley's Brass was good, and if it proved alloy, it was only when it came in contact with the baser metal of Dick, by Mr. Bailey, who is, we understand, a good-natured creature, and should not be compelled to render himself ridiculous, by being put in characters for which he is not duly qualified. Mr Williams's Gripe was passable; but, with the exception of Dowton, the strength of the company lay in the female performers. Mrs. Davison, who, though now somewhat more matronly, reminds us of the best days of Miss Duncan, appeared, for the first time, as Flippanta, and we much doubt if it ever had so excellent a representative. Oh! what mischief such a dashing, intriguing chambermaid would make in a watering place in the dog days, at Mrs Bradish's in the Broadway, New York, or at one of our hotels in town. Heaven forfend any of them ever get a waiting maid, with half her talent. Miss Kelly in the character of Corinna, was as cunning and as an hoydenish, as forward and as froward as any single person in the world could be. Mrs. Yates played Clarissa very well, as did Mrs. Harlowe Mrs. Amlet, and Miss J. Paton was an interesting Aramintа. The play was well received, and deserves to succeed.

Covent Garden Theatre.—On Monday, after Mr. Cooper had, at a short notice, undertaken the character of Rob Roy, and performed it quite as well as Mr. Warde had done with an age of preparation, a new piece was produced, for the purpose of exhibiting a pantomimic exhibition two months before the usual time. It is said there are fashions in physic, and indeed we do not know any subject which fashion does not pervade. About a century ago, when it was the fashion for men, women, and children, to wear wigs, a hairdresser thought it a great hit, to advertise that he could dress the human hair to imitate a wig. Some of our readers may smile at this, but we assure them it is true; and we have parallel follies in the present day. For ages man has laboured to subdue the lower animals to his use, and has succeeded so far that 'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib'—nay, almost every animal has been rendered docile, and many of them have been employed in useful services,—the unwieldy elephant to batter down a wall, and the mischievous monkey to turn a roasting-jack; nay, farther, we have had fortune-telling dogs and horses, and even learned pigs. So far, then, had the lower animals been taught to imitate human beings: a great change has, however, lately taken place; and, instead of monkeys imitating men, men have aped monkeys—witness the performances of M. Gouffe at the Surrey, and some other worthy at Sadlers' Wells Theatre. The pleasure which the public took in seeing a man-woman himself, induced the Covent Garden manager to import from Paris a Monsieur Mazurier, whose monkey tricks had rendered him very popular in the French metropolis, where, however, he did not appear in one of the national theatres: that disgrace was reserved for a Kemble, who does not hesitate to turn the stage, on which a Siddons and her gifted brother trod, into a *menagerie*. The piece in which Mazurier appeared is called, *The Shipwreck of Policinello; or, The Neapolitan Nuptials*. The sole merit of the piece consists in the flexibility and contortions of limbs of Mazurier, who seems as if he might be trussed like a pigeon, twisted like an eel, or rolled up like a piece of riband: he walked on stilts four feet high, which the inhabitants of the Landes do daily—then threw away one stilt, and played many other antics, which would have been attractive enough to a penny booth at Bartholomew Fair, but were disgusting and contemptible in a theatre royal, save only during the Christmas holydays, in the pantomime; and yet one grin from either old or young Grimaldi would be enough to banish a host of such distorters of the human frame as Mazurier. A considerable portion of the audience expressed their disapprobation, but the gods were in the ascendant; and Policinello is allowed to be shipwrecked every evening, until a better taste prevails, or some more *outré* performance is discovered.

Haymarket Theatre.—The *Merchant of Venice* was played on Monday for the sole purpose, we presume, of affording Mr. James Vining, an opportunity to play Shylock. This play to be rendered effective, requires that nearly the whole of the players, should be good performers, but in this instance only a few were tolerable. Antonio was represented by Mr. W. Johnson, who whined through the part in a spiritless, monotonous tone, and looked ridiculous enough when Shylock said to him, 'look you how you storm!'—for no symptom of rage had he exhibited. Mr. Raymond, as Bassanio, acquitted himself very well—indeed this gentleman has much improved, and Mr. Vining's Gratiano was creditable to his talents, but of all the rest (Mr. J. Vining excepted), we are puzzled to name any one to praise. Nothing we have seen at the royal theatres, equals in monstrosity the assumption of the young, beautiful, and sprightly Portia by Mrs. Glover; her good sense must surely have revolted at it, particularly when she became the subject of Shylock's praise—

'O, wise young judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!'

In fact, the lovely Portia never made her appearance but it was difficult to repress a laugh at the burlesque. As a counterpart to this, we would suggest this lady's playing Juliet to Mr. Elliston's Romeo. In Mr. J. Vining's Shylock, there was nothing worthy of peculiar commendation nor censure: some of the leading passages were well given, while some few failed in effect, but his performance altogether will help to raise his reputation; yet in no one scene was there any thing sufficiently striking to divert the drowsiness to which the representation of the *Merchant of Venice*, for the first time, subjected us.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

North West Expedition.—In a letter from Lieut. Henry Foster, astronomer to the expedition, to his father, written on the 25th of October, 1825, he states, that the sea, in their voyage outwards, was unusually compact in Davis's Straits. At Fort Bowen, where they wintered, a daily variation in the horizontal needle of 2½ degrees was discovered. In the geological collections, a great variety was obtained, and a number of fossil vegetables and shells were found, as well as some mineral ores. The lowest temperature of the winter was 47½

degrees below Zero, and the highest summer temperature of 1825, was 51 deg. above Zero; whereas in England, the thermometer stood at 93 deg. in the shade. On the 9th November, 1824, they lost sight of the sun, which, on the 2d of February, made its reappearance; but it was not until the 27th of March that the effects of thaw were first seen, and that only on the ship's side from a black surface.

The English Gaelic and Gaelic English Dictionary, which was nearly ready for publication, but destroyed at Mr. Moyes's fire in Greville Street last year, is again printed, and will be published soon. To it is appended a Grammar of the Gaelic language.

Dr. Johns, F. L. S. has in the press Practical Botany, containing an Introduction to the Linnean System and the Genera of British Plants in a tabular form, blending practice with elementary instruction.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct. 28	50	57	55	30 03	Cloudy.
.... 29	55	58	52	.. 01	Do.
.... 30	50	55	48	29 93	Do.
.... 31	45	54	49	30 13	Fair.
Nov. 1	50	58	45	29 85	Cloudy.
.... 2	46	52	54	.. 79	Fair.
.... 3	50	50	40	28 97	Stormy.

Works just published.—Hansard's Typographia, royal 8vo portraits, &c. 3*l.* 3*s.*—Friendship's Offering for 1826, 12*s.*—The Amulet for 1826, 12*s.*—Rome in the Nineteenth Century, 4th edition, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Tennant's John Balliol, 6*s.*—Zumpt's Latin Exercises, 5*s.*—Wardlaw's Observations on Brougham's Discourse, 3*s.*—Laconics, No. 1, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Pope's Merchant's Export and Import Guide, eleventh edition, remodelled, 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*—Riche's Ornamental Turning, 12*s.*—Weldon's Chemistry, 12*s.*—Herban, a poem, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Heberden's Translation of Cicero's Letters to Atticus, 2 vols. 8vo. 26*s.*—Strange's Elements of Hindoo Law, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*—The Hearts of Steel, 3 vols. 24*s.*—The Blessings of Friendship, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hore's Family Hymns, 3*s.*—The Poetical Garland, royal 8vo 12*s.*—Vyer's Greek Accents, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Forget Me Not, 12*s.*

SHERIDAN.
This day is published, in 8vo. with a Portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, price 12s. boards,

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Mrs. FRANCES SHERIDAN, Mother of the late Right Hon. R B SHERIDAN, and Author of 'Sidney Biddulph,' 'Nourjahad,' &c. with Criticisms and Selections from the Works of Mrs Sheridan, and Biographical Anecdotes of her Family and Contemporaries,

By her Grand-daughter, ALICIA LEFANU.
Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

On Monday, Nov. 7, will be published, 2 vols. post 8vo. price 16s.

ANSELMO, a Tale of Italy, illustrative of Roman and Neapolitan Life from 1789 to 1809.
By A. VIEUSSEUX,
Author of Italy and the Italians.
London; printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

LACONICS.
This day is published, uniform in size to the Percy Anecdotes, with five portraits, engraved on steel, Part I., price 2s. 6d. of

LACONICS; or, the best Words of the best Authors, with all the Authorities given.
*** This work will probably be completed in twelve Parts, to be published Monthly.
London: printed for Thomas Boys, Ludgate Hill; and sold by all Booksellers.

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THE MAGIC RING: a Romance, from the German of Frederick, Baron de la Motte Fouqué.
Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

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Also, just published, No. 35,
REPOSITORY of ARTS, third Series, containing five coloured engravings, and one plain, 64 pages of interesting letter-press.

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THE MEMOIRS of JOSEPH FOUCHE, Duke of Otranto, Minister of the General Police of France. Translated from the French. Second Edition, revised and corrected.
'If Napoleon himself either could not, or would not, disclose the secret history of his reign, we cannot but think that this desideratum has been in a good degree supplied by his Minister of Police, Fouché, whose Memoirs form one of the most amusing, and, we might add, instructive works which has appeared in France, since the overthrow of the Imperial Government.'—'These Memoirs may be considered as a Supplement to those of Napoleon; they fill up the blanks, and throw light on the obscurities, of the emperor's narrative.'—'They require only to be read to convince any one, that they are the work of one who has had a principal share in the events of the Revolution, and is perfectly acquainted with all its details.'—Edinburgh Review, April, 1825
London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. XXIV. is just published, and contains:—
Memoirs of the Civil War in the County of Devon.—Fielding's Penal Laws of London.—Dr. J. Beaumont's Psyche.—Scarron, Roman Comique.—Habington's Castara.—Travels of Coriat, Jun.—Bishop Corbet's Poems.—The Great Evil of Health-Drinking.—The Touchstone of Complexions, from the Latin of Levine Lemnie.
London: printed for Payne and Foss, Pall Mall; and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.
'The meritorious object of this well-known publication is to preserve and illustrate the literature which may truly be called "Old English," seeing that it is essentially confined to the remoter periods of our history. And when we recollect the sterling and original character of our native authors (poets, statesmen, or historians), from Gower and Chaucer down to Milton and Cowley, we may be assured that an intellectual treasury of this kind is always likely to be well replenished. Accordingly, The Retrospective Review has treasured up, since its stores were first opened to the collection of such productions, an abundance of the richest intellectual materials that can be conveniently presented, in abstract, to the public. The number before us is a good exemplification of the ingenious manner in which it has contrived to unite the most simple notices of the works under their review, with great variety of judicious criticism and historical information relative to the learning, the times, and the opinions of their authors. This agreeable combination of extract and commentary communicates to the "Retrospective" a degree and a character of value that are perfectly unique, and render it at once excellent as a literary common-place book, and highly valuable as a book of reference.'—News of Lit., August 27, 1825.

SHIPPING, NAVIGATION, AND COMMERCE.
This day is published, in 8vo. price £1 10s. Dedicated, by special permission, to his Excellency the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Strangford, H. M Ambassador to the Emperor of all the Russias,

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Author of a Celestial Atlas, and several Works on Education.

IN Consequence of the Removal of his Establishment from Kensington to Heston, Dr. Jamieson deems it expedient respectfully to submit to the Public a very brief Prospectus of his Plan of Instruction; together with the Terms upon which young Gentlemen are educated in his School.

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This paper is published early on Saturday, price 6d., or 10d. if post free: Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 339. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Anselmo: a Tale of Italy. By A. Vieusseux, Author of Italy and the Italians, &c. &c. 2 vols post 8vo. pp. 553. London, 1825. C. Knight.

To M. Vieusseux the British public is already indebted for a very excellent work on Italy and the Italians, which soon reached a second edition, and only requires to be better known to be still more extensively admired. M. Vieusseux is an impartial and intelligent writer, who possesses sufficient acuteness to discern the relative importance of various subjects, and devotes to each its due share of attention. It was thus that, in his former work, he gave us so correct an account of the principal objects of interest in Italy, with a general view of the manners, customs, and amusements of the people: the topographical descriptions were those of the day, but the character of the people was not that of any particular period. Anselmo, on the contrary, is intended as a sketch of the manners and habits of the South Italians; as they were seen at the close of the last, and beginning of the present centuries. 'It embraces,' says the author, 'whom we shall leave to speak for himself, 'a period of twenty-years—a period most fertile in events of a public nature; the narrative, therefore, of those events forms a prominent part in the book. In those disastrous times, public and private fortunes were so blended together, that it is impossible to describe the latter without adverting to the former. The interests, the property, the life of every one were often at stake; all the elements of society were in fermentation, and the poor, as well as the rich, the obscure as well as the noble, were tossed about in the general storm. Anselmo is therefore a picture of public events, as well as of domestic incidents. It is a description of scenes drawn from reality; some traced at the time on paper, others treasured up by memory.'

All the important incidents, we are assured, are founded on facts, fiction having done little more than combine them in one connected narrative. The localities are generally preserved, and the public characters (most of whom are dead) appear to be sketched with fidelity. The author is very charitable, making due allowances for the time and the circumstances in which people are placed. 'Few men,' as he justly observes, 'resemble angels or demons; all have capabilities which may be turned to good or evil, and most follow the impulse of the circumstances in which they are placed.'

The tale of Anselmo, though, as has been stated, merely formed as a medium for a narrative of historical events, is by no means devoid of interest; the work has, however, too much the appearance of a romance, to be considered as history, even though perhaps more true than history itself often is. That it is well written will not be doubted by those who have read the author's previous work. It contains a succinct account of the events during an important political era with excellent portraits of those individuals who most distinguished themselves in the occurrences or events of the period. We have no wish to traverse the unprofitable maze of Neapolitan politics during the French Revolution, or to narrate a story which is avowedly one of real life rather than of fiction; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with setting on a few sketches of character. The first is an admirably drawn portrait of the late Queen of Naples: that she has been blamed for her influence in politics we know, but when we consider what an ass she had for a husband, who can blame her.

'Caroline of Austria was then in the full pride of womanhood. She had come to Naples in the early bloom of youth, a handsome and highly-accomplished princess, married to a boy of seventeen, who, although endowed with natural abilities, had been shamefully neglected; whose habits and tastes were coarse, and whose indolence made him an instrument in the hands of intriguing courtiers. Caroline soon perceived that she must either obtain a full sway over her husband's mind, or be reduced to a state of neglect and humiliation, the very idea of which the pride of a daughter of Maria Theresa could not brook for a moment. She was then obliged, in her own defence, to employ those fine talents she had received from nature, and which a finished education had greatly assisted, in counteracting the machinations of the courtiers by all the arts in her power; and thus she acquired those habits of intrigue which clung to her to the remotest epoch of her life. The plots of the minister of the day, who, in order to preserve his influence over the young king, did not disdain to employ those means of seduction over his youthful passions, of which precedents may be found in the history of corrupt courts, were discovered and thwarted by the queen. If she could not prevent her husband's wanderings, she took care that no female should approach him who could have attractions enough to make a lasting impression on him, or spirit enough to make use of her influence. The minister, after a long struggle, was sacrificed, and the famous John Acton succeeded him. But, in favouring Acton's elevation, Caroline gave herself a master, with whom, however, she contrived for many years to shareth at authority about which the king was reckless. The queen set up a novelty which was unheard of till then in the kingdom of Naples, and indeed in any of the kingdoms ruled by Bourbon dynasties, in which, one of the lasting principles is the exclusion of females from the government. This novelty was, that the queen requested and obtained a seat and vote in the council of state. Caroline was ambitious, clever, and well informed, like all the daughters of the house of Austria: she has been blamed for having given full scope to her passion for power; but could it not be said in her defence, that in a court where the king had not the wish nor the mind to use his authority, it was natural for his wife to take from his careless hands the sceptre which he would not hold, rather than see it fall into those of ministers or favourites, who would only wield it for their own private and corrupt views? Such is the misfortune of absolute governments, that though the sovereign be not a man of genius and of a strong enlightened mind, yet no one can replace him without injury to the interests of the state.'

Under the reign of Caroline (we leave the noodle her husband out of the question) Naples first shook off the yoke which the court of the Escurial and the holy see had imposed on it:—

'The Marquis Tanucci had begun the emancipation from the papal see, whose antiquated pretensions were still kept alive by the annual tribute of the white *haquenée* and of a purse, containing twelve thousand ducats, which the sovereigns of Naples presented on the eve of St. Peter's day, as a mark of their acknowledgment of the supremacy of the popes over their kingdom. Able writers were encouraged in showing the groundlessness of those pretensions, and the tribute was at last discontinued. At the same time, superfluous convents and nunneries were suppressed.'

In breaking off the old trammels, Caroline, naturally enough, gave some advantages to her countrymen:—

'However all this might be, Caroline was then a kind, generous, and amiable sovereign, wherever her paramount interests were not at stake. She was free of access, especially to those of her own sex, listened to their complaints, and often obtained them redress from the king. There was a fascination in her manners, which was felt and confessed by all. Though not so handsome as her sister of France, yet she had a pleasing expression of features, a noble carriage, and a good person, with remarkably fine arms and hands, which she was rather fond of displaying.'

'Whatever might be the faults of Caroline

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of Naples, and many they were, she was warm-hearted, and a tale of distress did not find in her an indifferent listener. She was a woman of a proud mind and strong passions, married to a man in every respect her inferior, and incapable of appreciating her accomplishments, though easily overawed by the superiority of her talent;—a young queen, in one of the most corrupt courts of Europe, surrounded with servile and at the same time treacherous flatterers;—a stranger, among a fickle, dissipated people, in a country where luxury and voluptuousness have fixed their sway from time immemorial;—what wonder, then, if she became arbitrary, intriguing, and frail. But the time we are speaking, the darkest pages of her history had not yet begun to unfold. Her sister, the lovely Antoinette, had not yet, from the dismal height of the scaffold, evoked those furies which ever after racked the mind of her sister of Naples. Caroline was yet willing to do good, and to render justice to the oppressed; and many at Naples had reason to invoke blessings upon her head. But the acts of her beneficence have been forgotten, while her questionable deeds have been trumpeted out to the world, and perhaps exaggerated. This is the justice that sovereigns receive; in this, at least, they share the fate of common mortals.'

This is an admirably drawn character of the Queen of Naples, apparently, perhaps, somewhat partial; but considering all the circumstances, we believe very just and very correct. From the queen we turn to the king:—

'His majesty was proceeding to his dinner, which, faithful to old custom, he ate regularly at twelve o'clock. Ferdinand was a man of plain and coarse appearance, tall, erect, and firmly knit in his person; his features were strongly marked, irregular, and deficient in mental expression, beyond that of a certain humour which is peculiar to most Neapolitan countenances. He was fond of athletic exercises, and yet extremely indolent with regard to any exertion of the mind. *Nè Maestra jammo a pranzo*,—this was his salutation; and on he went through the opposite door, croaking to his son who followed him.'

M. Vieusseux traces with a master hand the progress of the revolutionary principles in Naples; he also thus notices their effect in France itself, where De Bree, a sort of second hero in the tale, had gone, after many years absence, from his native country:—

'He knew not his countrymen again: one trait of their character still, however, predominated,—their vanity and their love of dramatic situation: hence their liberty, equality, republic, were all *êtres de raison*, personified into so many dramatis personæ. Reforms were made in an ostentatious, unbending spirit. They wanted to change the known weights and measures, and they measured the earth, and took out a fraction, in order to weigh a sack of flour, or to measure a yard of cloth. They erased the names of the calendar, and resorted to the Greek and Roman histories for substitutes. They burnt all the archives of the nobility. Everything was carried to extremes. They lost sight of the point from which they started; they even lost sight of the objects to which they tended, in order to follow their respective leaders. Many of these laughed in their sleeves at their dupes, but they soon found to their cost that their dupes were fond of change, even in quacks. People quarrelled about words, rather than about facts, because it was in words alone that they could embody the wild schemes they had proposed to themselves. They had begun by establishing an equality of right, an equality before the law, and there they ought to have stopped; they wished next to establish an equality *de facto*, to change the immutable laws of property, to force the private opinion of individuals, and then confusion and anarchy followed.'

The following is a description of a Mediterranean voyage on board a country vessel:

'It is a strange existence, encompassed by dangers on every side; dancing along that beautiful, yet treacherous sea, on a frail, low, decked bark, from the deck of which you can touch the water with your hand. The element smiles at you, all friendship and beauty; its gentle rippling waves kiss the bows of the vessel, when all at once on approaching a high land or turning a cape, the wind rushes on you like the demon of storm; in a few minutes the appearance of the sea is changed—its evenness, its azure, disappear, its waves curl angrily and rise higher, whiter, and more threatening every instant; they thunder against the sides of the ship, and cover them with foam; they moan like ministers of death calling for their prey, and, as if proud of their tormenting power, they toss the frail bark to and fro in that wilderness of waters. And then the sun sets, and leaves you with the prospect of a long autumnal night—with no chance of making a harbour, especially if along the coasts of southern Italy. There are dangers in being too near the land, the dangers of shallow coasts and sunken rocks; and if you lose the land you must run to the dangerous, wild shores of Corsica or Sardinia, with which none but the natives of those islands are acquainted, and where, if wrecked, you are in peril of being murdered. A leaky boat, pumps out of order, patched up sails, and old ropes and cables, cover the ship. There is always scarcity of water and provisions; sometimes the only casks of water being lashed on deck, whence a sea can wash them off in a moment. No accommodations for cooking the scanty victuals are to be found; a fire of wood is lighted on deck in the open air, the smoke of which suffocates you; and if the unfortunate passenger runs down into the windowless cabin, he is driven out from it by the foul atmosphere, the loathsome smell, the filth and the vermin, which prevent him from taking his rest. If the hatchway be open, the rain and sea-water, and the cold wind, come down into your very birth. On a rainy night, the master and half a dozen men, with their shaggy capotes dripping with water, will take shelter in the cabin, and there fill the place with thick clouds of tobacco smoke.

'After a night passed in this predicament, how reviving is the first dawn appearing in the east!

"'Dear is the blush of early light
To him that crosses the pathless deep."

What a pleasing sensation the morn brings with it—how cool, how refreshing to the mind and frame—man feels restored to life; he feels as if, with the return of light, the terrors of the storm were dissipated. After a night of feverish anxiety, how exquisite to inhale the cold breeze on deck, and to see the distant land of Italy appearing in view, with its yellow sandy shore—its picturesque cliffs—its blue Apennines—its rich groves—its towers and castles, like a land of enchantment; it seems to the wretched traveller as if the mere landing on such a shore must bring him happiness. "Put me on shore naked and a beggar, and I am satisfied," he is ready to exclaim at times.

'The situation fittest to bring a man to a sense of his nothingness, is that of being on board a small vessel in a storm. What is there between man and destruction? A moment is sufficient to make the bark and its tenants disappear for ever—leaving no trace of their existence. It is said that man has conquered the elements: he can for a time evade their fury; but when the powers of the deep are really called forth by the mysterious voice of the howling winds, can the diminutive bark be said to oppose the sea, or to master the raging waves? It shivers before them; it bows under their pressure; tremblingly it acknowledges their mightiness; they toss it about at their mercy, they sink it in their yawning bosom; and if it escapes, it is merely because it does not offer sufficient resistance to call forth the irresistible shock of the great mass of the ocean.'

In treating of the indignities offered to the papal government, under Pope Pius, our author thus writes:—

'Notwithstanding the humiliations to which he was exposed, in the month of May of that year, one of the most splendid ceremonies of the Roman church was performed by the pope, in the temple of St. Peter. This was the canonization of five *beati*, a ceremony which had not taken place for many years. The interior of the church of St. Peter, blazing with wax lights, and hung with rich silk and gold tapestry;—the procession formed of all the secular and regular clergy of Rome, amounting to several thousands;—the hierarchy of prelates, bishops, and cardinals, in their rich costume;—the immense crowd which filled the area before the temple;—the firing of the artillery of the Castle St. Angelo—all these formed a sight truly imposing. But in the midst of this pacific pomp in the pacific city of Rome, the appearance of a French general riding in at full speed, escorted by twenty-four dragoons with drawn swords, astonished and alarmed the multitude. This was the Adjutant General Rainal, who, being on his passage through Rome, and enjoying the hospitality of the palace of a Roman nobleman, attracted by the report of the ceremony, bethought himself of the mode of displaying his own rank and his master's authority, by taking with him a troop

of foreign soldiers who were not stationed at Rome, but belonged to a corps then on its passage through the Roman states, and traversing thus in warlike array the most populous part of a neutral and independent city. This was considered by the pontiff as a fresh insult offered to him, and he ordered that the gates of Rome should thenceforward be closed against any French armed soldier.

'Whilst the partisans of the French chuckled over these signs of a final rupture which must immediately lead to the downfall of the papal power, and whilst moderate and sensible men deplored the evils of their country, and the petty vexatious system pursued by Napoleon for years, there were not wanting men of violent minds, who would have urged the pope to what they called energetic measures. They talked of interdicts, of bulls, of excommunications, of raising the lower classes; the rumours of pretended miracles were abroad; and some images were asserted to have opened their eyes, with other similar wonders. But the firm and enlightened mind of Pius stood firm, and repressed those rash projectors. He was determined to wait patiently as long as he could, to throw upon his enemy the full charge of provocation, and to let the injustice of it rest upon him. The fanatics were repressed, and thus greater evils were avoided.'

'Pius, during the eight years of his troubled pontificate, had effected many useful improvements in the country over which he ruled. His impoverished finances, his limited and precarious situation, the inveterate habits of the people, the old forms and routine of church government, his own scrupulous and gentle nature, the prejudices of some of his advisers, had prevented him doing more. However, he enacted laws to bind the great proprietors of the immense untilled lands of the campagna to cultivate their estates, or to give up, for a moderate retribution, those which they could not cultivate; he allowed premiums for the plantations of trees; he completed the *cadastro* of the Roman provinces, began by his predecessors, and fixed upon its basis the rate of a moderate land-tax, in lieu of the arbitrary contributions which were exacted before; he abolished the unjust exemptions of the upper classes, and made every one contribute in proportion to the wants of the state; he enforced a rigid economy in the expenses of his household, and of the different departments of the administration; he established manufacturers of wool and cotton in the different workhouses for the poor; he instituted an office of *ipoteche*, or register for mortgages, for the security of capitalists, and the assistance of land-owners and speculators; he ordered excavations at Rome and Ostia; he repurchased several objects of the arts of which Rome had been plundered, and which were still to be recovered; he withdrew from circulation the base coin which had been issued during the revolutionary wars, and which, being enormously depreciated, was a source of the greatest distress to the poor classes, and replaced it by standard silver and gold, which operation cost the treasury a million and a half of dollars; he issued the bull *post diuturnas*, in which a complete plan of public economy, and of reform of the courts of justice and of the criminal laws, was laid down, a plan which, from the disturbed state of the times, was but imperfectly followed.

'These were some of the public acts of the upright Pius, when in the plenitude of his power. When, after years of vexations, and when insults after insults had been heaped on him by the very man whom he had obliged at the risk of disobliging the rest of Europe, his calm firmness, his dignified remonstrations, and his pious resignation, did not produce any effect on the iron soul of the conqueror, Pius evinced a hopeless tenacity in supporting what he considered the rights of his see; this was in part the effect of the ungenerous treatment he had received, which made him mistrust the man who had repeatedly and bitterly disappointed him. When in consequence of Napoleon's decree of May, 1809, which took away the remaining provinces and the city of Rome from the pontiff, the latter excommunicated the emperor and those who assisted him in this last spoliation, even then Pius mitigated the sentence, and explained clearly that it was a mere spiritual punishment to bring the offender to repentance, and by no means intended to excite the people to revolt. He denied (and that was a great step for a pope) that sovereigns can be deposed by the church of Rome; and he declared that their subjects cannot be freed from their oath of fidelity by the pontifical authority; that if, in former times, some popes had freed the subjects of sovereigns from their oath of allegiance, this had been generally after the said sovereigns had already been deposed by the states and the magnates of the kingdom, and therefore only a confirmation of the deposition decreed and already effected by the competent authority, in the same manner as the consecration of sovereigns by the popes or bishops is only a confirmation, in the name of the Supreme Being, of the election already made on earth by men; that these were the tenets of the Roman church; that he, Pius, was not ignorant that these tenets had been sometimes abused or misconstrued; that this is the common lot of every institution in this world, and that, therefore, the Roman see was not averse from moderate reforms which might be required by particular times. He stated also, that if Pius VI. his predecessor, when dragged away from Rome by the French republicans, had given leave to his subjects to tender the oath of fidelity to the new government, this was meant in a sense purely temporal; besides which, that pontiff had to deal with the Directory, a government which did not acknowledge the Catholic church, and therefore was not obedient to its laws; whilst he, Pius VII., had to do with Napoleon, who had submitted himself to the authority of the Roman church by the act of his coronation, and who had ever since assumed the character of the eldest son of the church, and therefore was amenable to its laws.'

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful. 12mo. pp. 356. London, 1825. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

However rapid or great the march of intellect and the progress of education may be, it will be long before the love of the marvellous becomes very sensibly on the decline. Shakspeare says 'nothing pleaseth but rare accidents,' and the impression made on our minds, when—

'Our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt, like hedge-hog quills, the hair upright,'

is not easily shaken off in mature age. In works of fiction, the plain occurrences of life have no zest for many, who love to revel in improbabilities, or even impossibilities, and to see the hero or heroine pass through such hair-breadth 'scapes as no human being ever yet did escape. Well do our modern dramatists know the passion of the multitude for the marvellous, and they have long lived on feeding it. Of late, however, the passion has been extended to the horrible as well as the marvellous. Moncrieff, in his Don Giovanni, commenced where all former versions of the story ended—namely, in Pandemonium; and Faustus and Frieschutz have since made us as familiar with fiends and furies as any person need wish to be, either in this world or the next.

The author of the Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful has, therefore, not only got a good title, but a popular subject, and wild and wonderful his tales are. They are five in number, and all original, except Der Frieschutz, which is a translation. They are ably written, and display inventive powers, and a vigour of description of a very high order indeed. For pathos and eloquence these tales have few equals. The tales are—The Prediction, The Yellow Dwarf, Der Frieschutz, The Fortunes of de la Pole, and The Lord of the Maelstrom. It would not be easy, in an analysis, to do justice to narratives worked up with so much dramatic effect as these tales; we shall, however, notice one of them—The Fortunes of de la Pole.

John de la Pole, a young gentleman of an ancient family and great wealth, is found murdered in the new forest, near Winchester; he had not been robbed, and had evidently made a powerful resistance, as a lock of black hair, torn from the head of his assailant, was found in his clenched hand. As his body was conveying to his castle, it was met by his young wife, Agatha, whom he had recently married. Suspicion fell on his kinsman, Hugh de Broke, and so many circumstances occurred to confirm it, that he was imprisoned; he, however, escaped the night before his trial, and left the country. The will of John de la Pole was now produced; it commanded, on pain of loss of the estate, that his brother Eustace should, within two months, espouse his widow, which, after much apparent reluctance, he did. The union was not a happy one, but the events that unfold themselves are singularly horrible: it turns out that Eustace is the murderer of his brother, and he gives himself up to justice, and is executed. It appears that Eustace and Agatha had loved

each other tenderly, and that his father had given his consent to the union, when John de la Pole murdered his parent to prevent the union, and married Agatha himself. Eustace is compelled by his brother to reside in the castle, and a guilty intercourse between him and Agatha takes place; this leads Eustace to murder his brother, and forge the will; it was only when John de la Pole was dying, that Eustace learned, by his own confession, that he had murdered their parent. Eustace leaves a narrative of his guilt behind him, from which we quote the following account of his fatal bridal, and the horrors by which it was attended.

"'Agatha had withdrawn from the hall with her damsels, and I hastened to follow her; she had retired to an apartment adjoining her bridal chamber, and thither, wearied of the noise and mirth of the rioters below, I also hastened. I longed for a delight I had not lately experienced—an unreserved conversation with my wife, and to be allowed to dismiss the coldness which, during the day, I had been obliged to feign towards her. The damsels retired, and we were left to pour out our hearts to each other in the unbounded confidence of our new relations, when we were startled by hearing a slow and heavy foot steadily ascending the stairs: as these were private, leading only to our apartments, Agatha was surprised and offended. 'Who would intrude at this hour?' she demanded, while her eyes turned anxiously towards the door. For me, a thrill of horror shot through my inmost heart; I said, relinquishing the hand I had till then so fondly clasped in mine, 'That is the step of my brother!'

"'And it was so, Courtenay: a moment more, and the door slowly opened of itself to give entrance to its master: John de la Pole entered the room, and stood between Agatha and me; his face was, as in his dying hour, ghastly and menacing, and every gash of the murderous knife upon his body as frightfully distinct as on the night they were inflicted. In one hand he held a lock of dark hair; the other was extended threateningly towards me; and thus he stood between us, drawn from another world by the crime I meditated against his bed, and an everlasting barrier before it.

"'My first emotion was astonishment—a boundless and stupified surprise—then a vague and horrid notion that my brother was not really dead, that he had escaped alive from my hands, and was now come to accuse and surrender me up to scorn. The interval which had passed since his death was obliterated from my mind, and I felt as if that night had been the season of the deed. I spoke in extenuation of my crime, accused his selfishness, cursed his calculating cruelty; I implored his mercy, folded my hands in supplication, and knelt before him in humble debasement. No muscle of his countenance moved, and not a sound escaped through his bruised and blackened lips; he did not even look upon me, but continued to fasten his stony eye upon the face of Agatha, who stood silent and motionless as himself, gazing like a fascinated thing upon his aspect of horror. I arose from my knees—shut my eyes—tossed my arms abroad to the air—endeavoured to think I was in sleep, in drunkenness, in delirium: no—he was still there! I thought of the agony of tempestuous feeling I had endured on the night following the commission of the crime, and, believing that my jaded mind was suffering under the same infliction, resolved to seek my couch, to restore my exhausted spirits by rest and sleep. I made an effort to move from my place; I knew that motion might recall my scattered senses; and I exerted myself to enter the chamber of Agatha. Wilt thou believe me Courtenay? the stern shadow anticipated my movement, and, menacing me back, strode silently towards my bridal chamber. At the door its menacing attitude towards me was changed for one of command to Agatha; one bloody finger was raised to beckon her to follow: she did so. Still stupidly insensible, gazing fixedly upon his form, she followed the direction of his hand, and passed after him into the chamber: the door closed upon them without a sound.

"'Now I began to think more calmly: the dead, cold thing was gone, and there was life and air in the apartment; the feelings of this world came upon me, and I became sensible of fear. *I* was safe; but where was Agatha? —*he* had beckoned her forth—was it reality? —she was gone—had it been the work of imagination, she had still been there—but she might have retired to her chamber alone. This was to be ascertained. I attempted to enter—the door was fast; I called upon Agatha—there was no sound in reply; I revieved the last scene, considered the incidents of the past, weighed the appearances of the present, and came at length to the terrible conclusion that a spirit of the damned had stood before me, and that Agatha was still in his grasp! You will not wonder that temporary insanity followed this hideous idea: I grew wild at the thoughts of her danger; I shrieked aloud for mercy; I tore my hair in agony, and beat at the closed door with the utmost exertion of strength. I wonder even now that none heard the uproar I made; but my cries remained unanswered—no sound issued from the bridal chamber of the dead; and I continued to rave until nature, exhausted, sunk speechless and senseless to the earth.

"'Morning had broken over the apartment when I awoke, and I was some moments in recovering recollection of my state and circumstances; slowly the truth came before me. I was lying extended on the bare ground, the lights had burned out, and there was no trace of visitors having been near me in my sleep. I arose and listened for some sound that might direct my first movements, for now I knew not what to think nor to do. A low sobbing from the chamber of Agatha riveted my attention; I sprung towards the door, and, to my astonishment, it yielded to the slightest touch: I entered; Agatha was there, seated upon the bed, and gazing around her with a look of agonizing affright; she saw me on the instant, and rushed into my arms. 'Thou art here! thou art safe!' she cried, in delirious transport; 'and for this I am at least grateful; I deemed he had destroyed thee. But thou didst leave me, Eustace. O quit me not, I beseech thee! save me from him, Eustace, for thou alone canst!' I endeavoured to soothe her anguish, and, after some time, succeeded in restoring her to tranquillity and composure enough to be made acquainted with the real state of our circumstances; and I implored her to inform me whither the ghastly phantom had led her, on their retiring from the chamber. She shuddered at the question, and a wild and strange expression passed over her countenance ere she spoke. 'I will tell thee,' she said; 'yet it is but little that I have to say. To this room we came, and our footsteps wandered no further. Without a word he gave his commands to me, and without a word I obeyed him. I ascended my bridal bed; he had willed it so, and he continued to gaze upon me till my head sunk upon the pillow; then the ghastly thing sat down by my side; and, though I closed mine eyes hard, that I might not behold him, yet I felt that the shadow of his unearthly face was upon me. Once I looked up in the hope that he was gone; beholding him I shrunk, and would have called upon thee, but the stony eye of the spectre grew larger, and a fiendish pang passed over the immoveable face; then I hid mine in my mantle that I might look upon him no more: insensibility succeeded, and I slept; in the morning I awoke, and he was gone!'

"'This was the tale of Agatha; then wilt doubt it truly, nor can I wonder at thy most natural incredulity: yet I would now give my few short hours of life, precious as they may be, that thou hadst been present and seen her tell this story: I can give thee her words, her form of expression, but what language of mine can portray her looks as she spoke, or describe the harrowing tones of her voice as she cried to me for protection! I doubted not; for these powerful witnesses would have carried conviction to my mind, had I not already beheld the shadowy thing she spoke of.

"'What could I offer in consolation? We wept bitter tears together, and mingled our tender grief. If we indulged a momentary hope that it was but an illusion of the brain, and would return no more, we were quickly undeceived at the approach of night. Again came the ghastly shadow, and again was the spirit of Agatha chained by the sleep of death in his presence. Nor were his visitations confined to the dark and silent hour of night; when we met in the morning, to lament our fate and weep from our stuffed bosoms the weight that pressed upon our hearts, that, with a hideous familiarity, he would stand between us, mocking, with his menacing grin and uplifted finger, the agony his presence created.

"'*Another* night came; we sat alone, solitary, speechless, motionless; hour after hour passed, and we moved not, except to cast stern regards towards the door, or listen with repressed impatience to every sound in the castle. Slowly, at last, came the step of the dead, heavily ascending the stairs; he entered—I rushed to meet him, and the fierce pent up agony of my soul burst forth in curses uncontrolled. 'Monster!—murderer!

destroyer of thy father and thy brother! why comest thou thus to torture and not kill? why is thy bloody hand for ever raised, and yet forbearing to fall? If thine aim be vengeance, strike—strike—strike—thou blood-bespotted horror! and rend from hope and from life those who dared to make thee what thou art!—Strike, thou silent sullen thing! that we may be as thou art, and learn to fear thee not!"

"'I darted towards him, but was arrested by some invisible barrier ere I had traversed half the distance between us; I could not reach him, but sunk, as if felled by an unseen blow, helpless and almost senseless, to the ground: *he* did not even look upon me, but again sternly summoned Agatha from the chamber, as nightly he had done before. I —but wherefore dwell upon these agonies? Suffice it to say, that these accumulated horrors at length drove me from the side of Agatha to solitude and reflection: sorrow came upon my soul—a sorrow less for my crime than for its fatal consequences. 'Alas!' I said, 'perhaps the tormentor is himself more keenly punished by these hauntings than either of his shrinking victims: said he not, in the hour of death, that he too was a murderer? and did he not pray for time in which to expiate the sin? Surely, surely, these visitations must be the hell of the parricide.'"

We need not, we are sure, say another word to recommend the Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful to the public.

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(Concluded from p. 698.)

While Mr. Moore's work has been praised by nine-tenths of the public press, the other tenth has been quarrelling with the author, though on what specific ground it would be difficult to determine. At one time he is accused of libelling the memory of Sheridan, though Heaven knows, and we know, he has made the most of his moral character. Another writer accuses him of libelling his sovereign; and yet we believe Sheridan is the only friend his present majesty ever slighted. Why this was the case, we do not pretend to know, for certainly few sovereigns possess so much urbanity and beneficence as George the Fourth. Sheridan, however, was a thoughtless fellow, and perhaps he justly forfeited the support of his Majesty, by some act which, however unconscious, could not easily be forgiven. To us it seems that Mr. Moore has honestly acquitted himself of a task of great difficulty and delicacy. As most of his information has been immediately derived through the surviving relatives of Mr. Sheridan, he might almost expect to be somewhat restrained in the expression of his opinion; but this is not the case; and, though he has made as good an apology for the errors of Sheridan as could be made, yet he has not concealed them. With these remarks we shall resume our extracts, confining ourselves to one of the most piquant. Sheridan was considered as an indolent man, and his habit of composition tedious; and yet it appears, from one of his letters, that he wrote the comedy of the Rivals, with the exception of a scene or two, in six weeks or two months. This, in an author who altered what he wrote so much, displays great industry.

Among the papers of Sheridan, Mr. Moore found a few political letters, evidently designed for the newspapers. One of these, written immediately after he had left school, is an ironical defence of the Duke of Grafton, which exaggerates all the popular charges against him. In affecting to defend the duke against the charge of fickleness and want of punctuality, he says,—

'I think I could bring several instances which should seem to promise the greatest steadiness and resolution. I have known him make the council wait, on the business of the whole nation, when he has had an appointment to Newmarket. Surely, this is an instance of the greatest honour;—and if we see him so punctual in private appointments, must we not conclude that he is infinitely more so in greater matters? Nay, when W——s came over, is it not notorious that the late lord mayor went to his grace on that evening, proposing a scheme which, by securing this firebrand, might have put an end to all the troubles he has caused. But his grace did not see him:—no, he was a man of too much honour; he had *promised* that evening to attend Nancy Parsons to Ranelagh, and he would not disappoint her, but made three thousand people witnesses of his punctuality.'

Mr. Moore gives a brief but correct criticism of the Rivals; he also inserts a humourous dedication written in a copy of that play by Tickell, in the name of Sheridan; it is as follows:—

'DEDICATION TO IDLENESS.

'My dear Friend,

'If it were necessary to make any apology for this freedom, I know you would think it a sufficient one, that I shall find it easier to dedicate my play to you than to any other person. There is likewise a propriety in prefixing your name to a work begun entirely at your suggestion, and finished under your auspices; and I should think myself wanting in gratitude to you, if I did not take an early opportunity of acknowledging the obligations which I owe you. There was a time—though it is so long ago that I now scarcely remember it, and cannot mention it without compunction—but there was a time, when the importunity of parents, and the example of a few injudicious young men of my acquaintance, had almost prevailed on me to thwart my genius, and prostitute my abilities by an application to serious pursuits. And if you had not opened my eyes to the absurdity and profligacy of such a perversion of the best gifts of nature, I am by no means clear that I might not have been a wealthy merchant or an eminent lawyer at this very moment. Nor was it only on my first setting out in life that I availed myself of a connection with you, though, perhaps, I never reaped such signal advantages from it as at that critical period. I have frequently since stood in need of your admonitions, and have always found you ready to assist me—though you were frequently brought by your zeal for me into new and awkward situations, and such as you were at first, naturally enough, unwilling to appear in. Amongst innumerable other instances, I cannot omit two, where you afforded me considerable and unexpected relief, and, in fact, converted employments usually attended by dry and disgusting business, into scenes of perpetual merriment and recreation. I allude, as you will easily imagine, to those cheerful hours which I spent in the secretary of state's office and the treasury, during all which time you were my inseparable companion, and showed me such a preference over the rest of my colleagues, as excited at once their envy and admiration. Indeed, it was very natural for them to repine at your having taught me a way of doing business, which it was impossible for them to follow—it was both original and inimitable.

'If I were to say here all that I think of your excellences, I might be suspected of flattery; but I beg leave to refer you for the test of my sincerity to the constant tenour of my life and actions; and shall conclude with a sentiment of which no one can dispute the truth, nor mistake the application,—that those persons usually deserve most of their friends who expect least of them.

'I am, &c. &c. &c.

'R. B. SHERIDAN.'

It has been stated that Sheridan finished the last act of Pizarro while the early acts were performing; it appears, also, that the first representation of the School for Scandal was announced before the whole of the copy was in the hands of the actors. On the last leaf of the manuscript is written, in the handwriting of the respective parties (Hopkins was the prompter):—

'Finished at last, thank God!

'R. B. SHERIDAN.

'Amen! W. HOPKINS.'

When Sheridan attached himself to the Whig party he wrote many political letters in The Englishman, a paper they had set up; the most celebrated of his papers was an attack on Lord George Germaine, in the form of a letter to the Freeholders of England; the following is the concluding paragraph:—

'It would be presuming too much on your attention, at present, to enter into an investigation of the measures and system of war which this minister has pursued,—these shall certainly be the subject of a future paper. At present I shall only observe that, however mortifying it may be to reflect on the ignominy and disasters which this inauspicious character has brought on his country, yet there are consoling circumstances to be drawn even from his ill success. The calamities which may be laid to his account are certainly great; but, had the case been otherwise, it may fairly be questioned whether the example of a degraded and reprobated officer (preposterously elevated to one of the first stations of honour and confidence in the state) directing the military enterprizes of this country with unlooked-for prosperity, might not ultimately be the cause of more extensive evils than even those, great as they are, which we at present experience: whether from so fatal a precedent we might not be

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led to introduce characters under similar disqualifications into every department:—to appoint Atheists to the mitre, Jews to the exchequer,—to select a treasury-bench from the Justitia, to place Brown Dignam on the woolsack, and Sir Hugh Palliser at the head of the admiralty.'

We have already stated that Mr. Sheridan commenced a dramatic sketch, founded on the Vicar of Wakefield. He was then only in his seventeenth year, and it will be evident, from the following scene, how early in life his talent for lively dialogue displayed itself:—

'SCENE II.

'THORNHILL and ARNOLD.

'*Thornhill.* Nay, prithee, Jack, no more of that if you love me. What, shall I stop short with the game in full view? Faith, I believe the fellow's turned Puritan. What think you of turning Methodist, Jack? You have a tolerable good canting countenance, and, if escaped being taken up for a Jesuit, you might make a fortune in Moorfields.

'*Arnold.* I was serious, Tom.

'*Thorn.* Splenetic you mean. Come, fill your glass, and a truce to your preaching. Here's a pretty fellow has let his conscience sleep for these five years, and has now plucked morality from the leaves of his grandmother's Bible, beginning to declaim against what he has practised half his lifetime. Why, I tell you once more, my schemes are all come to perfection. I am now convinced Olivia loves me—at our last conversation, she said she would rely wholly on my honour.

'*Arn.* And therefore you would deceive her.

'*Thorn.* Why no—deceive her?—why—indeed—as to that—but—but, for God's sake, let me hear no more on this subject, for 'faith, you make me sad, Jack. If you continue your admonitions, I shall begin to think you have yourself an eye on the girl. You have promised me your assistance, and when you came down into the country, were as hot on the scheme as myself; but, since you have been two or three times with me at Primrose's, you have fallen off strangely. No encroachments, Jack, on my little rosebud—if you have a mind to beat up game in this quarter, there's her sister—but no poaching.

'*Arn.* I am not insensible to her sister's merit, but have no such views as you have. However, you have promised me that if you find in this lady that real virtue which you so firmly deny to exist in the sex, you will give up the pursuit, and, foregoing the low considerations of fortune, make atonement by marriage.

'*Thorn.* Such is my serious resolution.

'*Arn.* I wish you'd forego the experiment. But, you have been so much in raptures with your success, that I have, as yet, had no clear account how you came acquainted in the family.

'*Thorn.* Oh, I'll tell you immediately. You know Lady Patchet?

'*Arn.* What, is she here?

'*Thorn.* It was by her I was first introduced. It seems that, last year, her ladyship's reputation began to suffer a little; so that she thought it prudent to retire for a while, till people learned better manners or got worse memories. She soon became acquainted with this little family, and, as the wife is a prodigious admirer of quality, grew in a short time to be very intimate, and, imagining that she may one day make her market of the girls, has much ingratiated herself with them. She introduced me—I drank, and abused this degenerate age with the father—promised wonders to the mother for all her brats—praised her gooseberry wine, and ogled the daughters, by which means in three days I made the progress I related to you.

'*Arn.* You have been expeditious indeed. I fear where that devil Lady Patchet is concerned there can be no good—but is there not a son?

'*Thorn.* Oh! the most ridiculous creature in nature. He has been bred in the country a bumpkin all his life, till within these six years, when he was sent to the university, but the misfortunes that have reduced his father falling out, he is returned, the most ridiculous animal you ever saw, a conceited, disputing blockhead. So there is no great matter to fear from his penetration. But come, let us begone, and see this moral family; we shall meet them coming from the field, and you will see a man who was once in affluence, maintaining by hard labour a numerous family.

'*Arn.* Oh! Thornhill, can you wish to add infamy to their poverty? [*Exeunt.*'

In our extracts, we are more anxious to illustrate the literary than the political character of Sheridan, and we, therefore, make no apology for quoting the following epilogue written by him, though on what occasion, Mr. Moore is not aware:—

'"In this gay month when, through the sultry bour,
The vernal sun denies the wonted shower,
When youthful Spring usurps maturer sway,
And pallid April steals the blush of May,
How joys the rustic tribe, to view display'd
The liberal blossom and the early shade!
But ah! far other air our soil delights;
Here "charming weather" is the worst of blights.
No genial beams rejoice our rustic train,
Their harvest's still the better for the rain.
To summer suns our groves no tribute owe,
They thrive in frost, and flourish best in snow
When other woods resound the feather'd throng,
Our groves, our woods, are destitute of song.
The thrush, the lark, all leave our mimic vale,
No more we boast our Christmas nightingale;
Poor Rossignol—the wonder of his day,
Sung through the winter—but is mute in May.
Then bashful Spring that gilds fair nature's scene,
O'ercasts our lawns, and deadens every green;
Obscures our sky, embrowns the wooden shade,
And dries the channel of each tin cascade!
"Oh hapless we, whom such ill fate betides,
Hurt by the beam which cheers the world besides!
Who love the ling'ring frost, nice, chilling showers,
While Nature's *benefit*—is death to ours;
Who, witch-like, best in noxious mists perform,
Thrive in the tempest, and enjoy the storm.
Oh hapless we—unless your generous care
Bids us no more lament that Spring is fair,
But plenteous glean from the dramatic soil,
The vernal harvest of our winter's toil.
For April suns to us no pleasure bring—
Your presence here is all we feel of Spring;
May's riper beauties here no bloom display,
Your fostering smile alone proclaims it May."'

In his domestic relations, Sheridan was unquestionably amiable; this is proved by his ardent affection for his wife, by his anxiety to be restored to the favour of his father, who treated him with harshness, by his kindness to his sister, and by the paternal feeling he always displayed towards his son. These honourable traits in the character of Sheridan is fully established in these Memoirs. We have, in our notice of this work, related several anecdotes of Sheridan's humour, to which, however, we shall add more; among other friends, Sheridan was very intimate with Richardson, who was remarkable for his love of disputation:—

'This disputatious humour of Richardson was once turned to account by Sheridan in a very characteristic manner. Having had a hackney-coach in employ for five or six hours, and not being provided with the means of paying it, he happened to espy Richardson in the street, and proposed to take him in the coach some part of his way. The offer being accepted, Sheridan lost no time in starting a subject of conversation, on which he knew his companion was sure to become argumentative and animated. Having, by well-managed contradiction, brought him to the proper pitch of excitement, he affected to grow impatient and angry himself, and saying that "he could not bear of staying in the same coach with a person that would use such language," pulled the check-string, and desired the coachman to let him out. Richardson, wholly occupied with the argument, and regarding the retreat of his opponent as an acknowledgment of defeat, still pressed his point, and even followed "more last words" through the coach window after Sheridan, who, walking quietly home, left the poor disputant responsible for the heavy fare of the coach.'

The following anecdote is not new, though more correctly told than heretofore:—

'The Rev. Mr. O'B——* (afterwards Bishop of ——) having arrived to dinner at Sheridan's country-house, near Osterley, where, as usual, a gay party was collected (consisting of General Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe, Tickell, &c.), it was proposed, that on the next day (Sunday), the reverend gentleman should, on gaining the consent of the resident clergyman, give a specimen of his talents as a preacher in the village church. On his objecting that he was not provided with a sermon, his host offered to write one for him, if he would consent to preach it; and, the offer being accepted, Sheridan left the company early, and did not return for the remainder of the evening. The following morning, Mr. O'B——found the manuscript by his bed-side, tied together neatly (as he described it) with riband;—the subject of the

* We believe, Dr. O'Beirne, successively Bishop of Ossory and Meath, is here alluded to.

discourse being the "Abuse of Riches." Having read it over and corrected some theological errors (such as "it is easier for a camel," *as Moses says*, &c.), he delivered the sermon in his most impressive style, much to the delight of his own party, and to the satisfaction, as he unsuspectingly flattered himself, of all the rest of the congregation, among whom was Mr. Sheridan's wealthy neighbour, Mr. C.

'Some months afterwards, however, Mr. O'B—— perceived that the family of Mr. C——, with whom he had previously been intimate, treated him with marked coldness; and, on his expressing some innocent wonder at the circumstance, was at length informed, to his dismay, by General Burgoyne, that the sermon which Sheridan had written for him, was, throughout, a personal attack upon Mr. C——, who had at that time rendered himself very unpopular in the neighbourhood by some harsh conduct to the poor, and to whom every one in the church, except the unconscious preacher, applied almost every sentence of the sermon.'

In his account of the secession of Mr. Burke from the Whigs, Mr. Moore gives an admirable portrait of that great man:—

'The consequence, as is well known, of the new course taken by Burke, was, that the speeches and writings which he henceforward produced, and in which, as usual, his judgment was run away with by his temper, form a complete contrast, in spirit and tendency, to all that he had put on record in the former part of his life. He has thus left behind him two separate and distinct armouries of opinion, from which both Whig and Tory may furnish themselves with weapons, the most splendid, if not the most highly tempered, that ever Genius and Eloquence have condescended to bequeath to a party. He has thus, too, by his own personal versatility, attained in the world of politics, what Shakspeare, by the versatility of his characters, achieved for the world in general,—namely, such an universality of application to all opinions and purposes, that it would be difficult for any statesman of any party to find himself placed in any situation, for which he could not select some golden sentence from Burke, either to strengthen his position by reasoning, or illustrate and adorn it by fancy. While, therefore, our respect for the man himself is diminished by this want of moral identity observable through his life and writings, we are but the more disposed to admire at unrivalled genius, which could thus throw itself out in so many various directions with equal splendour and vigour. In general, political deserters lose their value and power in the very act, and bring little more than their treason to the new cause which they espouse:—

"*Fortis in omnis*
Proditoris Labienus erat; nunc transfugus idem."

'But Burke was mighty in either camp; and it would have taken *two* great men to reflect what he, by this division of himself, achieved. His mind, indeed, lies parted asunder in his works, like some vast continent severed by a convulsion of nature,—each portion peopled by its own giant race of opinions, differing altogether in features and language, and committed in eternal hostility with each other.'

Among the letters interspersed in this work, there are some from Mrs. Sheridan, written during the Stafford election, which show how warmly alive to each other's feelings, the hearts of both husband and wife remained after an union of twenty years, and after trials more fatal to love than even time itself.

The Plays of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comedian; with Memoirs of her Life. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THE country that gave birth to a statesman like Ximenes, a warrior like Gonsalvo de Cordova, and an author like Cervantes, is now sunk into such a state of ignorance or degradation, that we should almost as soon think of receiving lessons in war or politics from New Zealand, or seek for literature among the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions. We do not mean to deny that Spain has soldiers of talent and bravery, that she has some men qualified to guide the helm of state, or that she is destitute of authors, but the efforts of all these are paralysed by the tyranny and bigotry which prevail, and so obscure them from the knowledge of the world, that they might as well not be in existence. The successive attempts made to break through the trammels of an intolerant church have hitherto been unsuccessful, and until this is done, Spain will never re-assume her rank among nations. During the time of the constitutional government, the ministers were either too feeble or too timid to attack the hydra of priestly tyranny, though it was assailed by a few authors, and, among those, Clara Gazul, whose dramatic works are now first given, in an English dress, to the public. Before we notice her productions, we shall quote from the introductory part of the volume, the memoirs of her life, which are extremely romantic:—

'It was at Gibraltar, where I was in garrision with the Swiss regiment of Watteville, that I first saw Clara Gazul; she was then fourteen years of age (1813). Her uncle, the licentiate Gil Vargas de Castaneda, captain of an Andalusian guerilla, had just been hung by the French, leaving Donna Clara to the guardianship of Father Fray Roque Medrano, her relation, and an inquisitor of the tribunal of Grenada. This venerable personage had forbidden his ward to read any books but her missal; and, to secure the observance of the prohibition, he had committed to the flames the few volumes left by the poor licentiate Gil Vargas to his niece. Thence, I believe, the hatred of the author, for the members of a religious order which the king of Spain in his wisdom has suppressed. I had, amongst my scanty baggage, three or four odd volumes, which I gave to Clara; and this gift, valuable in her eyes, led to our acquaintance, which I sedulously cultivated during my long sojourn in Spain, after the war of independence; and I am, therefore, enabled to select the truth from a cloud of falsehoods which have been bandied about in her country upon this singular woman. Little is known of her earlier years: however, the following I had from herself. One evening, as we were smoking round her *brazero*, a curé, who was amongst us, asked her where and of what parents she was born. Clara, who was fond of recounting her origin, gave us the following history, which I do not pretend to guarantee. "I came into the world," said she, "under an orange-tree on the road side, not far from Matil, in the kingdom of Grenada. My mother exercised the profession of fortune-telling. I followed her, or rather she carried me on her back, until I was five years of age; she then took me to the house of a canon of Grenada (the licentiate Gil Vargas), who received me with great demonstrations of joy. My mother said to me, 'kiss your uncle,' and I kissed him. She then embraced me and instantly quitted the house; I have never seen her since." To put an end to our questions, Donna Clara then took her guitar and sung us the gipsy's song, *Cuando me pario mi madre la gitana.*

'As to her genealogy, she manufactured one after her own fashion. Far from pretending to be descended from old Christians, she said she was of Moorish blood, and one of the descendants of the tender-hearted Moor Gazul, so famous in the old Spanish ballads. However this might be, the somewhat wild expression of her eyes, her long and raven-black hair, her tall and slender shape, white and regular teeth, and her complexion slightly tinged with olive, did not belie her origin.

'When tranquillity was re-established in the south of Spain, Donna Clara and her guardian returned to Grenada. He was a kind of Cerberus, and a most inveterate enemy of serenading. If a barber's boy but thrummed his crazy mandolin, Fray Roque, who saw lovers in all directions, hobbled up to the chamber of his ward, reproached her bitterly for the scandal caused by her coquetry, and exhorted her to secure her salvation by entering a convent (probably with the condition of renouncing in his favour what had been left her by the licentiate Gil Vargas). In fine, he did not quit her till after he had satisfied himself that neither bolts nor bars were strong enough to convince him of her prudence. One day he stole so softly into her chamber that he surprised her writing—not a comedy, for she had not yet begun—but the most impassioned of *billets-doux*. The anger of the reverend father was proportioned to the crime; the criminal was shut up in a convent. Fifteen days after her entrance into the cloister, she made her escape over the wall, and for three months baffled all attempts at discovery. At the end of this period, Fray Roque learned with horror that the timid dove confided to his care had made a most successful *début* at the principal theatre (*Teatro Mayor*) of Cadiz, in the character of Donna Clara, in the *Mogigata*.

'Fray Roque quitted Grenada, resolved to take her away by force from the singular asylum she had chosen. The lovers of scandal were joyfully anticipating the future lawsuit between an inquisitor and a theatrical ma-

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nager, when a fit of gout in the stomach deprived the holy office of a zealous member, and freed Clara from a troublesome guardian. Various motives were assigned for her adoption of the stage: some attributed it to a natural taste for the profession of an actress; others would have it, that it was owing to an inclination she had for the *joven galan*; others again seemed to think that poverty alone compelled her to become an actress.

'A short time before the insurrection of the troops stationed in the Isle of Leon, Donna Clara had come into possession of her uncle's legacy, and her house became the rendezvous of all the wits and constitutionalists of Cadiz. Her reputation, as a *liberal*, was near costing her dear, during the massacre of the 10th of March. One of the *tcalas de Fernando Septimo*, meeting her in the street, raised his sabre to cut her down, when one of his comrades stopped him, saying, "Do not you see, you fool, that it is Clarita, who has made us laugh so heartily in the *sayncte de la Gitani?*"—"I know it," said the other, "but is she not an enemy of God and the king?"—"No matter," replied his comrade; "I wish to see her play again *la Gitana*," and in this manner he saved her life.

'Some days after, Clara appeared upon the stage, wearing the national cockade, and singing patriotic songs with such grateful effect, that she turned the head of even the *serenos* themselves. All the officers of Quiroga's regiment made her the "lady of their thoughts." Two young officers of the battalion of America quarrelled upon her account—she had given to one of them a cockade of green ribbon made with her own hands, which the other, it is said, endeavoured to wrest from his comrade. They went out to fight; which, becoming known to Clara, she repaired to the place of meeting. It was never known what means she took to calm their fury, but she returned in the evening to Cadiz, leaning upon the arms of the two rivals, whom she had reconciled. She took them home to supper, and their friendship was never after troubled by the slightest difference.

'Her literary reputation began with the piece entitled *A Woman is a Devil!* The public were completely ignorant of the subject of the piece; and we may judge of the surprise of a Spanish audience, at seeing for the first time inquisitors in full costume introduced upon the stage. This trifle had the most astonishing success. It gave the spectators pleasure similar to that of school-boys who should see their master wincing under the rod. However, the bigots began to rally, and cry scandal: three or four duchesses and marchionesses, who were in despair at finding their drawing-rooms deserted for that of Donna Clara, obliged their husbands to make a complaint to the government. But Clara had also powerful protectors; the comedy kept its place on the stage; and there was added to it, by way of moral, the prologue which we give at the head of this translation. Clara intended to bring forward a second part of *A Woman is a Devil*; but her confessor, the chaplain of the regiment of the constitution, was so shocked at it, that he prevailed upon her to throw it into the fire. From that moment her reputation went on increasing, and her comedies succeeded each other rapidly, until her flight into England at the restoration.'

An edition of Clara's work was published at Cadiz, in two quarto volumes, but immediately after the restoration of Ferdinand, by French bayonets, the royalist junta did everything in their power to suppress them, nor are we surprised at this, for they savour too strongly of liberal principles to be tolerated by the advocates of an absolute monarchy. These plays are five in number; the first, The Spaniards in Denmark, is in three acts; it relates to that period in the commencement of the Peninsular war, when the Marquis de Romagna, with sixteen thousand Spaniards, was serving under Napoleon in Fuenen, and who, it will be recollected, were brought off by the British and carried to Spain. The Marquis and the ill-fated Porlier (whose name, in the notes, is frequently written Portier), are among the *dramatis personæ* of this piece, which is more remarkable for its spirited dialogue than its plot.

The second play, A Woman is a Devil, we shall notice more at length; the third, African Love, is a short dramatic sketch, exhibiting the violence of affection in two friends, Moors, who both fall in love with the same female slave: though called a comedy, it ends tragically enough, for one of the Moors is killed, and the heroine stabbed with a poniard; all, however, rise in the Tom Thumb way, and the heroine naively addresses the audience as follows:—

'Ladies and gentlemen:—Thus finishes African Love, a comedy, or, if you will, a tragedy, as the phrase runs at present. You are about to exclaim, "The two gentlemen were very ungallant!" Agreed: and our author was wrong not to have made his Bedouin more a Spaniard in his sentiments.—To this he presumes to reply, by pretending that the Bedouins are not in the habit of going to Madrid to learn to distinguish between persons; and, that their love partakes of the burning heat of the Sahara. What think you of the argument?—Just what you please:—but excuse the faults of the author.'

The fourth play is Ines Mendo; it is in two parts—the first exhibiting Prejudice Vanquished, and the second the Triumph of Prejudice. The last piece, Heaven and Hell, has not, we believe, before been printed; it is a satire on the clergy, like the comedy of A Woman is a Devil, to which we return. The success of this piece, in which three members of the holy office are unmasked and ridiculed, as has been alluded to in the Memoirs of Clara, is a proof that there was a portion of the Spanish public not insensible to the chains of priestcraft which galled them. The characters in this play are only four—three inquisitors and Mariquita. The scene, which is at Granada, thus commences: *A judgment hall in the Inquisition at Granada.—On a raised part of the floor, to the right, and hung with black, are three seats, the middle one higher than the two others.*

In the back-scene are perceived several instruments of torture, lying confusedly about. Below, and in front of the three seats, are a table and a chair for the register. The theatre is dimly lighted.

Enter Rafael and Domingo in the full costume of Inquisitors.

Raf. Signor, Domingo, I tell you again it is a crying injustice. I have now been an inquisitor of Grenada for seventeen years, during which time I sent twenty heretics every year to the flames! and is it by appointing a beardless youth my superior, that my lord the Grand Inquisitor recognises my services?

Dom. This is quite atrocious, and I could tell you nearly as much on my own account. Do you know what all this proves?—It proves that my lord the Grand Inquisitor is nothing better than an ass.

Raf. We knew that already; but I did not know, till now, that he was both fanatical and unjust.

Dom. And what grave matter of reproach has he against us, after all?

Raf. I know well what has ruined me in his good opinion—a mere trifle. The story of the little Jewess whom I converted, and who took into her head to become a mother all of a sudden, got wind, and came to his ears; but, after all, what is there in that so very extraordinary?

Dom. Moreover, he accuses us, I am told, of not being Christian.

Raf. To be an inquisitor, is it then so necessary to be a Christian?

Dom. Notwithstanding your conversion and its results, I am noted in his tables in still blacker characters than you.

Raf. You, probably, figure there as an atheist.

Dom. No, thank Heaven! but my recital of a lay-brother, who makes up my room, showed him the leg of a fowl that he found—I know not how—and in Lent, if you please!

Raf. Oh, heavens, that is a sad affair!

Dom. But the worst of all is, that the new inquisitor, whom he has named president of the tribunal, is a demon sent as a spy upon us. And, to add to our misfortune, this odd fellow is perfectly sincere in his belief.

Raf. No! you cannot make me believe that!

Dom. If I do not deceive myself, he is a second Loyola. It is said that he does not yet know of any difference between a man and a woman—Oh! he is a true saint!

Raf. Alas!

Dom. Alas!

Raf. Zounds! is it thus that our services are to be recompensed! I am in a horrible bad humour to-day—would to Heaven I were a Turk! Woe to those who shall be brought before us to-day, for I must wreak my ill humour upon some one. To the flames! to the flames! and again to the flames!—That is my last word.

Dom. Amen! To-day is Saturday, and it is always my habit to condemn of a Saturday—on Mondays I acquit. By that means, if there should be any mistakes, if the innocent should fall on my condemning day, the fault must be with Providence! But, apropos, tell me what has become of your Jewess?

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Ref. She is in the Lying-in-Hospital—the little silly slut!

Dom. Slut enough, in all truth.—*(Aside)* And you think that you sent her there, poor simpleton that you are!

Ref. What's that you are muttering between your teeth?

Dom. Oh! I was cursing that imbecile Grand Inquisitor.

Ref. May the devil fly away with him!

Dom. Hush! there's an echo here.—Move away! here comes our saint. *(They go to different sides of the hall, and commence reading their breviaries.)*

Enter Antonio in grand costume.

Ant. My very reverend fathers, we are going to take cognizance of a very important affair, and for which I see you are preparing yourselves. We have to try a sorceress, a woman who has entered into a compact with the devil, reverend fathers. The spirit of darkness has, it is said, gifted this wretched being with supernatural power. But do not be disheartened, the cross that we wear will shield us from the talons of the evil one, should he be able to appear within the sacred walls of the Holy Office.

Dom. Satan would lose his time here.

Ant. Ah! reverend father, do not say so. The flesh is weak, the vessel is fragile. Miserable sinner that I am! my only force is in the knowledge of my weakness. A long life passed in sanctity has rendered you invulnerable to temptation; but as for me, I am not only young in years, but also in pious works. Ah! I shall have great need of your good advice, to enable me to escape the rocks and quicksands of life?

Ref. We have all need of good advice.

Dom. Warned by each other, we shall resist more successfully the attacks of the demon.

Ant. "Lord, lead us not into temptation!" such is my prayer at every instant of the day. We are so liable to fall. No matter how much the soul may be on its guard, the enemy of mankind is so wily a serpent, that he will make his way through the smallest opening; and one single drop of his venom may gangrene a soul for ever.

Ref. (aside) He has something on his conscience—it must be a curious case. *(Aloud).* To what powerful temptation has God permitted you to be exposed?

Ant. We have still time before the prisoners shall be brought in, and a sincere avowal of our faults may be a useful preparation for the task we have to fulfil. Listen then, reverend fathers. I have always thought that the most efficacious instrument of damnation that the evil one can make use of, is a woman. Such is, of my opinion, fathers. It is less dangerous to meet with an aspic than a woman.

Dom. (with affected surprise). How! it is a woman that is——

Antonio now states that, until the last six months he had never known any woman but his mother, but that lately he had seen a female who rivetted him to the earth; and, though he saw his danger, he had neither force to fly, nor voice to call for aid;' at length he broke the charm, ran away, and threw himself into the arms of his confessor. He now takes his seat between Rafael and Domingo, and, shutting his eyes, the fair culprit is brought in veiled, between two familiars of the Inquisition. The following interrogation ensues:—

Antonio (his eyes closed). Woman, what is your name?

Mariquita. I am called Maria Valdez, but more frequently Mariquita, and sometimes *madcap.* These are all my names and titles.

Ant. (his eyes still closed). Your age?

Mar. That is rather a puzzling question to put to a woman, if you wish her to tell the truth. However, I shall be candid—I am twenty-three years old—if you doubt it, look at me. Do I appear older? *(Puts aside her veil.)*

Ref. and Dom. (aside). God's life! what a lovely girl!

Ant. (his eyes still closed, and in a low voice). Avaunt Satan! demon of curiosity, you shall not conquer me! *(Aloud)* What is your profession?

Mar. (hesitating). I know not what the deuce to say—I sing, I dance, I play on the castanets, &c. &c. &c.

Ant. It is then in those amusements, the names of which, thanks to heaven, are unknown to me, that you waste a time that you should employ in weeping and repentance?

Mar. And why, Signor Licentiate, should I weep and repent, since I have never done anything bad?

Ant. Nothing bad? interrogate your conscience!

Mar. And what has it to reproach me with? It is true I have committed some little faults, but for which I got absolution last Sunday from the chaplain of the Royal Murcia Infantry. Let me go away, and do not frighten me any longer with your black robes and your—

Ant. Maria Valdez, you say that your conscience is pure; reflect, and do not perjure yourself.

Mar. Since I have told you the truth, I hope you will let me go away.

Ref. (to Ant.) Bring her to the point.

Ant. Do you know a woman named Juana Mendo?

Mar. Do I know her? Certainly; she is one of my friends.

Ant. Have you never had a quarrel with her?

Mar. No!—Ah! stop—Two or three days ago she wished to squabble with me, pretending that I had stolen her lover from her, which was not at all true, Mr. Licentiate. All that was in it was, that Manuel Terribio told her that my beautiful black eyes were much handsomer than her ugly red ones.

Ant. Her black eyes *(putting quickly his hand before his eyes).* Signor Rafael, I beseech you to go on for a moment with the interrogation.

Ref. (After looking over some papers, in a mild tone of voice). Mariquita, did you not, on Friday the 15th August, pass by the olive plantation of Juana Mendo, while eating a pomegranate?

Mar. How should I recollect?

Ref. Answer, yes or no!

Mar. I believe I did.

Ref. (reading). Did you not throw the kernels into her plantation, at the same time that you waved in the air a wand made of hazle or some other wood, having two ends?

Mar. (laughing) And what other way would you have it—with only one end?

Ref. Recollect in whose presence you are.—Having two ends stripped of the bark?—Answer?

Mar. What should I know about all this?

Ref. Yes or no.

Mar. Well—yes.

Ref. Did you not sing an impious song, in which there is frequent mention made of a certain John Barleycorn?

Mar. (laughing). Ah, ah, ah! Signor Licentiate, of what are you talking to me? I have sung an English ballad, taught me by a trumpeter of Mackay's regiment, in the army of Lord Peterborough—and, true enough, it is upon the death of John Barleycorn.

Dom. Who is John Barleycorn? one of the spirits of darkness, perhaps?

Mar. Ah, ah, ah! John Barleycorn means a grain of barley; and the ballad tells how they make beer out of barley. Let me go, and I will sing it for you, for you have the look of a good-humoured fellow, and are not like that grim one there *(pointing to Antonio).*

Ant. (eyes still closed). It is difficult to believe that there is not a hidden meaning under this word.

Mar. Honi soit qui mal y pense, as is written upon the helmet of Captain O'Trigger.

Ant. But how do you account for Juana Mendo's plantation being destroyed by an inundation?

Mar. (laughing). How should I account for it?—You had better ask the river Geyar why it overflowed its banks.

Ant. No, it is precisely from you that I will ask that question. Why did you command it to overflow?

Mar. Are we still acting, or have we lost our wits? Do you take me for a witch?

Ant. Thou hast said it.

Mar. Mercy on me! If that gruff voice of your's did not make me tremble, I should die of laughing.'

Mariquita, perceiving the business getting serious, entreats for mercy, but is condemned to the torture. Both Rafael and Domingo give her consolation, and each manœuvres to get her to himself, by outwitting the other. Mariquita is shut up in the palace of the Inquisition, and thus soliloquizes:—

'Poor Maria! where are you? What will become of you? Mariquita, the madcap, in the inquisition! That makes me laugh.—But I shudder when I think that the poor madcap will be burned. It is so painful to burn one's finger with a candle; but what will it be when the whole body is in the flames? *(weeps.)* They wish to burn me, who am a good Catholic! I, who refused to marry Corporal Hardy, merely because he was a heretic; and yet he was such a handsome man—five feet nine inches! And then I should have gone with him to England, and

Captain O'Trigger would have made him a serjeant, as he promised me, and I should have become a sutler.—Ah! what a fool I was! "D—— *their eyes*," as the soldiers used to say, these devils of monks, they are all libertines.—There is nothing like a monk for peopling the foundling hospitals. Probably these two big bloated inquisitors, who said such sweet things to me, will hinder that tall meagre one from sending me to the flames.—Ah! let me not think of that—misfortune comes soon enough of itself.—Bah! *vive la joie*. Let me try and forget what awaits me, by singing that song which they take for Hebrew. *(Sings.)*

"'They laid him out upon the floor,
To work his farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tosd him to and fro.
They wasted o'er a scorching fire
The marrow of his bones—"'

Alas! poor John Barleycorn, how he must have suffered! and it is thus I am to suffer.—Alas! must I then be burned!'

Antonio now enters, not as a familiar of the Inquisition, but as a lover, and is accepted. Rafael then enters, 'making the sign of the cross, and, meeting Antonio, abuses him: he had locked up Domingo, and expected to find Mariquita alone. Antonio asks Rafael to marry them, and on his refusal kills him. He then escapes with Mariquita, and, by his own confession, in one hour becomes 'a fornicator, a perjurer, and an assassin.'

This comedy is a fair specimen of the talents of Clara Gazul, whose chief merit, as we have already observed, is in sprightliness of dialogue, in which she mixes much sly sarcasm. The work is translated by Mr. Lestrange, under the immediate eye of the author, who is in England.

Elements of Geometry; or, A New and Compendious Demonstration of the First Six Books of Euclid; with Many New and Useful Propositions, Practical Rules, Examples, and Observations, &c. &c. By Robert Wallace, A. M. 8vo. pp. 88. Glasgow, Griffin. London, Tegg. 1825.

We should almost as soon be expected to criticise the sacred writings as Euclid's Elements, which stand, and ever will stand, as a direct, if not a royal road to geometry. The lapse of time, however, produces some improvement; and Mr. Wallace, in the work before us, may be said to have M'Adamized Euclid; he has condensed and simplified the work, shortened the demonstrations, and facilitated, in no ordinary degree, the study of the science. One great improvement consists in a system of reference adopted to save unnecessary repetition, and in the use of the most common arithmetical signs, by which the eye is made to assist the understanding, as in algebra. To this must be added, practical rules, examples, and observations, scattered through the work, which show the student the use of the science, and lead him to apply it to practice. There are several other improvements, which render Mr. Wallace's Elements of Geometry the best, as it is the cheapest, work of the sort that has been published.

The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer. 18mo. pp. 396. London, 1825. Baynes and Son.

The Amulet, like the Forget Me Not, is intended as 'an elegant tribute of esteem, at that festal season of the year, when Nature presents her gloomiest aspect without, but when the ties of friendship and of kindred are drawn closest, and the joys of home are at their height.' The Amulet is expected to charm the more serious part of the public, by blending religious instruction with literary amusement, and that class of society is, we are sure, quite numerous enough to afford it extensive patronage; we must, however, observe, that we have seen nothing in either the Forget Me Not or the productions of a similar nature, that could give offence to the most rigid and scrupulous in religious matters.

The Amulet consists of tales, sketches, and poetry, by Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Hemans, John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, Bowring, Mrs. Sherwood, Mr. Bowles, Crofton Croker, Montgomery, Miss Mitford, the author of the Lollards, Bernard Barton, &c. The engravings, twelve in number, are executed by Heath, Finden, and others, from drawings by Westall, Corbould, &c. There are, also, two plates, drawn and executed by Martin, in his best style; the subjects are, the Angel prophesying the destruction of Babylon, and the Prophet in the Wilderness. We have at present only room for a short extract, and shall, therefore, quote a sonnet by John Clare:—

'I would not that my being all should die
And pass away with every common lot;
I would not that my humble dust should lie
In quite a strange and unfrequented spot,
By all unheeded, and by all forgot.
With nothing, save the heedless winds to sigh,
And nothing but the dewy morn to weep,
About my grave, far hid from the world's eye,
I fain would have some friend to wander nigh,
And find a path to where my ashes sleep,
Not the cold heart that merely passes by,
To read who lieth there, but such that keep
Past memories warm with deeds of other years,
And pay to friendship some few friendly tears.'

We ought to observe, that The Amulet does not touch on any point of debatable theology, and may, therefore, safely be recommended to Christians of every denomination.

Herban, a Poem; in Four Cantos. 8vo. pp. 207. London. Whittaker.

We can pardon much in youth, and perhaps more in poetry, when the errors bear the slightest mark of ingenuousness; but we hate affectation, under whatever shape, or in whatever cause, it may appear. This feeling made us look somewhat suspiciously on Herban, before we had got to the end of the preface; because we found the author pleading that his work is the production of a youth of nineteen; next boasting that Herban, a poem of two hundred pages, in the Spenserean stanza, was written during the *leisure hours* of a month or six weeks; and, lastly, affecting a wonderful indifference about reviewers and criticism. An inordinate self-conceit, or the misplaced flattery of friends, alone, could have urged such an unfledged author to presume so much as he really does, in spite of his attempts to disguise it.

George Colman (not the Younger) said he never knew a good dramatic writer begin with a five-act piece,—it might, perhaps, be said, with equal truth, that no poet ever arrived at eminence who commenced with a long poem. We do not make this remark to discourage the author, who does really possess talent; but it wants cultivation, and he has indeed as much to unlearn as to learn. There are many beautiful thoughts, well expressed, and much good and amiable feeling displayed, in the poem of Herban; yet we are not sure we could quote a single stanza free from fault: the author has, however, capabilities for better things; and we do not despair of seeing him, not only to much greater advantage than at present, but actually ranking among the *poets* of the age.

Industry; a Tale of Real Life: consisting of a Series of Interesting Occurrences, illustrative of Felicity accruing from a Steady Perseverance in Diligence and Economy. 12mo. pp. 215. London, 1825. Thomas.

To inculcate integrity, diligence, perseverance, and economy, is the object of the author of this tale, and we think it well calculated to fulfil his wishes. The story is interesting, well written, and illustrates an admirable moral axiom, that Industry is the parent of Independence.

Entertaining Stories, in Verse. By Agnes Anne Barber. 12mo. London, 1825. Thomas.

This little book, consisting of stories from English history, reminds us of Tom Dibdin's really clever and amusing work, The Metrical History of England. There is no doubt that any lesson in rhyme makes a much greater impression on the memory than if it were inculcated in prose. The stories in this volume comprise some of the most striking incidents in history, well versified for young persons, and illustrated by numerous engravings.

ORIGINAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DUBLIN.

'I am afraid you have adopted many prejudices against Ireland generally, rather than against some of her frailties, which, truly, the most partial eye cannot approve,' said my worthy friend Joe, as we sat chatting over our whiskey on the evening of my last day in that country; 'I do not think you do us full justice; we are an ill-treated and poverty-stricken people; but God, in giving us empty pockets, has counterbalanced that inconvenience, in some measure, by blessing us with light hearts.'

'Pardon me, Mr. Joe,' said I, 'a great deal of the distress which your countrymen endure might be remedied, were they themselves in earnest to set about it. That they are loyal and generous most will allow, and perhaps their greatest delight is in dispensing hospitality; yet, a moment's reflection would often teach them that the joys of to-day will be paid for at no less a price than

the hunger of to-morrow. Your labouring class will not work while they have the means of indulging in this whiskey, which is the very life's blood of their heart. Your middle class, whose ideas of independence are but ill upheld by their generally small incomes, would spurn at the proposal of bringing up either the one sex or the other of their children to honest industry. The bar, the pulpit, and the hospital are crowded with young aspirants to wealth and honours, but where is the father to recommend or the son to adopt the reputable though less dignified callings of the country in all its various trades? You know well that such is the fact,' continued I. 'The army and navy, those fertile sources of riddance, are nearly closed, and your young men, contemning the alternative, prefer a life of present idleness, with all the horrors of an unprovided future before them, to decent employment in an industrious avocation. It is this jealous emulation of empty honours, which makes Ireland in a great measure what she is. Look at your vast police, there is not such another body of individual respectability, considering the ill paid, fatiguing, and odious duties it has to fulfil, in the world; but what were the young men who constitute it to do? The father dead, the property he possessed claimed by hereditaryship; his sons brought up in ease and competency, and all at once plunged into the most hopeless dependence, are glad to avail themselves of such an appointment, as the only refuge to which they could resort.'

'We are certainly an odd kind of people,' answered Joe, taking two or three hasty whiffs from his pipe, 'and I think if it were possible to change the population of the two countries for a few years, my improvident brethren might learn, in such a field of commerce as England, that frugality, temperance, and industry, which has made her what she is; at the same time, that the transfer might not be entirely without its advantages to her natives, in teaching them that happiness may exist where money is not; that many of the kindlier feelings which dignify our nature are smothered in the birth, by that unwearied application, which makes the acquirement of wealth the great god of your countrymen's idolatry.'

'At least, Dublin would be improved by the change,' I rejoined, 'for if ever there were a city of anomalies, this is the one.—Who can fix his eyes on the stately pillars and proud capitals, which everywhere rear their heads in this town of palaces, without admiration and delight, which almost make him imagine it some splendid metropolis of the east, built when Rome and Greece were in all their glory. But, alas! he has only to move his gaze, and the illusion vanishes; objects of want and misery and crime are hovering around; and the drunken beggar, as he reels from the haunt of dissipation, uttering, in one breath, an imprecation and a prayer, completes the strange picture, portraying the noblest and most revolting specimens of man, that which is truly great, that which is truly wretched!'

'Our state buildings are very beautiful,' said Joe, 'and sincerely do I pray that that day may yet come, when all ranks will be worthy of them; but which do you prefer, the Custom House, the Post Office, the Courts of Judicature, the College, the Churches, the Lying-in Hospital, or the Bank?'

'The latter, for chasteness of architecture and grandeur of design, I prefer to all that I have ever seen before.'

'Yes,' continued Joe, 'but it is a gloomy grandeur now; I never see that pile without having a thousand painful recollections of times past aroused within me. In those walks, met the august senate of this unfortunate land, to watch over the welfare and protect the rights of the people—a building worthy of its sacred purpose; but how different now is the scene! The bustle of carriages, the splendour of lights, the applause of the multitude are vanished, and two or three sentinels pacing their dreary limits under its dark porticos, tread where once trod the rich, the gay, the patriotic, and the powerful. The time, however, may yet come, when the glory of Ireland will re-illumine its halls.'

'Let us leave the wants of the future to posterity,' I replied, willing to do away the deep impression of melancholy which had settled on my friend's countenance, 'for us, the present will suffice.'

'Give me the history of your morning's lounge, then,' said he.

'The first spectacle which I beheld on reaching Dublin, was in the Barrack Square: that fine regiment, the 78th, was mounting guard, with their tartan plaids and richly plumed bonnets. Here, the pomp and pageantry of war were settled into peaceful parade. The men were drawn up in their usual array, the band of bagpipes played its national tunes, and the ground was strewed with officers of all ranks and regiments. The guilded lancer, the glittering dragoon, the less assuming infantry red coat, and the graceful, though sombre, rifleman, mixed well together, and presently their respectful demeanor and up-raised hands, denoted the approach of some officer of rank. This was their general, Sir ——, almost covered with gold, and lost in the immensity of feathers which drooped over his forehead. I was amusing myself with the momentary mightiness of this martial Adonis, when, lo! he, too, was destined to become subordinate, for the commander-in-chief had taken it into his head to be of the party. It was entertaining enough to see this display of military discipline, Sir ——, who was, an instant previous, a little god, doffed his hat, and almost lowered it to the ground, while he wheeled his prancing steed, and stationed himself in the rear of my Lord ——, with his numerous staff. This brave and great man was clothed only in a plain red coat, without stars, without orders, without lace, and with about one-twentieth of the feathers of Sir ——. He wanted not these distinctions to recall to our minds the services he had rendered and the deeds he had achieved; but Sir ——, not being quite so well known, had a star on his bosom, almost equal in circumference to that famous round table of King Arthur, which I remember to have seen, amongst other antiquities, at the cathedral of Winchester. And now, the colours were trooped, the whole marched past saluting, and then to the sound of merry music, stepped away to their several destinations. "Auld lang sine," thought I, and heaved a sigh, to know that it never could return.

'As I advanced more into the city, I searched for the famous cathedral of St. Patrick, which, after a great deal to do, I discovered, amidst such ruins and poverty and filth, as I did not imagine the very worst parts of Dublin could have produced; but I found nothing to interest me, excepting the effigy of poor Dean Swift, which is placed over a tablet of black marble, inscribed with a commemoration of him in gilt letters, to the effect that he ever lashed vice, and was the stanch friend of the rights and liberties of men. But his best monument are his works, in which there is much to admire, and more to condemn. He was a melancholy instance of perverted talent; and showed little true firmness as a man, or sincerity as a Christian. When living, he was more admired than esteemed; when dead, more pitied than lamented. For many of his later years, he was an object of human affliction, which the thoughts cannot even now dwell on without horror—a philosopher only in theory, and not in practice, he ran a career of disappointment and chagrin, and ended his miseries in a mad-house (of which, I believe, he was the chief founder) at the age of seventy-eight. Adjoining his tomb is that of the renowned Stella, whom his writings have immortalised.'

'I cannot but marvel,' said Joe, 'that a town so celebrated for the beauty, number, and extent of its architectural embellishments, should allow the principal place of worship to be so neglected and disgraced; nor are any of the other churches of a description commensurate with the taste and expense which have been lavished on erections of secondrate importance. Since the established religion is of such paramount consequence, surely too much attention cannot be paid to the means which will encourage it; and yet we see it labouring under a shameful apathy, and its very temple falling into ruins, in the centre of wretchedness and woe. In a country like this, distracted with controversial piety; where the one party is incessantly raining and procuring prayers from the other, it would be more creditable to devote a portion of that wealth which is expended on plans of worldly interest, to the more spiritual and necessary preservation of the house of God.'

'Your observation may be very just,' Mr. Joe, I rejoined, 'but I am by no means convinced in my own mind, that that parade and ceremony which attends public prayer, is so correct and sincere, as the pious effusions of the heart in the silent and unostentatious closet, where no eye *but one* can penetrate; yet, others think differently, and what constructions can be put on their zeal, when we witness the attention which they pay to earthly decorations, in comparison with the coldness they show towards the improvement of churches?'

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'From the cathedral, I went to the Museum of Anatomical Wax-work, in Trinity College, so famous throughout Europe. This display of ingenuity was the work of a celebrated French surgeon, some sixty years ago, which took him forty years in the completion; in aid of which, the authorities of Paris supplied him with any number of bodies he might require. Eventually, but how we are not told, the invaluable collection fell into the hands of the late Earl of Shelbourne, who, with a munificence worthy of his rank, presented it to this institution. It is scarcely possible for any inscription to do adequate justice to the faithful adherence to nature, which these figures exhibit; the forms of the females, the expressions, and the features are exquisitely beautiful. Six or eight of them represent the several stages of gestation, up to the period of parturition; and the soft languor of the whole frame, the mingled anxiety, hope, and resignation of the eye, are of most masterly execution. The tasteful moulder certainly chose all that is beautiful and fascinating in woman for his models. He succeeded wonderfully, not only in this, but in giving to his subjects that appearance of the viscera which they have in life. How any skill could form wax into the contortions of the intestines and the brain; could give to all the various muscles their shape and size and situation; and, above all, produce the endless ramifications of veins, arteries, and nerves which go to supply them, is to me a most extraordinary demonstration of human ingenuity; besides these, there are figures of the most singular of nature's frolics, which have, at various periods, excited the superstition of the ignorant and the curiosity of the wise. The whole are kept in apartments quite unworthy of them, but buildings of a more fitting description are advancing towards completion.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

[Our readers are no doubt aware, that Mr. Noah, editor of The National Advocate, in New York, an officer in the United States, and an ex-sheriff, has lately made himself ridiculous, by issuing a proclamation, in which he calls the Jews, from all parts of the globe, to assemble in America, at a place he has fixed upon, in the state of New York. Mr. Noah must be a very simple man, if he thinks a single Jew will quit a good situation in Europe for the wilds of the New World; he might as well expect the corporation of the city of London to quit England, and live among the Chippewas or Cherokees. There is something very presumptuous in the said Mr. Noah's conduct, which meets with well-merited chastisement in the following excellent article, which we quote from The Charleston Courier.]—Ed.

M. M. NOAH, A JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

'A Daniel come to judgment! Yea a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I honour thee!
O noble judge! O excellent young man!—
'Tis very true,—O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!'
Merchant of Venice.

THE present age has been justly stigmatized as an age of *cant*, the last was justly called an age of *impiety*. But cannot common sense, and decent manners, and sincere love of the Supreme Disposer, find a medium between *cant* and *impiety?* Most men, when they quit the sin of hypocrisy, necessarily run into the sin of blasphemy! I hope not; and, I hope, too, that a sense of the force of example may induce even those lovers of *fun*, who happen also to be lovers of virtue and moderation, to join their graver fellow citizens in frowning down such publications as are equally insulting to religion and to morality; to the feelings of the Jew and of the Christian.

The account of the proceedings which are said to have taken place at Buffaloe, in the State of New York, and the proclamation of the *soi-disant* 'Judge of Israel,' Moses Manuel, or Mordecai Manesseh Noah—(for it appears they make him not more scrupulous about taking the *privilege* of a name, than of an office) is, to say the least of it, carrying the joke beyond all reason and decency. It seems (according to the Buffaloe Gazette) that the Jewish Independent Government was 'to be revived under the *protection* of the United States'—a state of things never contemplated by *the prophets*, but which as a *bull*, is as harmless as it is absurd. It seems also (by the above quoted chronicle) that 'M. M. Noah is *appointed* as *first* Judge of Israel.' By whose authority—it is asked? The answer is ready, in Noah's own words, or rather in words attributed to Noah—'*By the Grace of God.*' This 'taking in vain' the name of the Supreme Being, whether for the purposes of humour or of fraud, is sufficiently reprehensible.—But where is the country called Israel, of which Mordecai M. Noah is styled, 'Governor and Judge?' The patriarch *Jacob* was, after his wrestling with the angel, called *Israel*. (See Genesis, c. 32.) As the ancestor of the Jewish race, *that* name was given to the whole *people;* and the *country* which they inhabited, in Asia Minor, was (by metonomy) called *Israel*.—But the land is now in the hands of the stranger; the people are dispersed and oppressed, and the name has become, according to the prophecy, a by-word among nations. There is *no* country of Israel; nor can there be, if Jewish prophecies speak sooth, until the advent of their expected *Messiah*, a conqueror and a King, who shall lead them to New Jerusalem (not to New York) and who shall show his divine credentials in a guise somewhat different from the bungling introduction, which, in the way of a 'proclamation,' is attached to the unfortunate editor of the New York National Advocate. This is the belief of Israelites. But the commission apparently held by M. M. Noah as 'Judge of Israel' is also contrary to scriptural authority; *kings* were chosen, in ancient Judea, by 'the grace of God'—but judges by the *elective* franchise of the priests and people. The judges supplied the interregnum that existed between the leaders or generals, and the choice of kings. They endured from the death of Joshua, as leader, to the anointing of Saul as king. But the Israelites were unfit for a democratic government, and were only conducted (under Divine Providence) to a permanent, respectable, and comparatively happy station, by *Saul*, and his royal successors, David and Solomon, who all reigned 'by the grace of God.' The writer of the 'proclamation' had better read his Bible; particularly the book of 'Judges,' and 1st and 2d Samuel.

But is there not internal evidence that this profane, though flat production, the proclamation and its accompaniments, could never have been written by Manuel Mordecai Noah? That it never could have been written by any Hebrew who respects his religion, I think there is evidence:

First—Mordecai M. Noah is an Israelite: whatever charges be made against the laxity of his political character, and the little precadillos of his political life (and they are all tolerably notorious) it remains to be proved that he is capable of *blasphemy*. 'On the *communion table* (says the account) lay the corner-stone, with the following inscription in Hebrew: *Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One.*' This is the commencement of the prayer called the 'Shema;' one of peculiar and awful character among the Jews, even of the most latitudinarian principles. *It is declaratory throughout of the unity of the Godhead.* It is never said without veiling the eyes with the hand. It is a kind of comment on the first commandment. And yet this prayer, so sacred, so Jewish in its object, and so opposed in its tenor to everything like a *participation* of power with the Supreme—this prayer, we are told, was inscribed on a Christian Communion table, in an Episcopal Church! A table around which the *Sacrament* is taken, in remembrance of the Lord's Supper, and in belief of the transubstantiation of the body and blood of Jesus!

The idea loses its ridiculous absurdity in the wanton profanity with which the thing is told. If Mordecai M. Noah, 'Judge of Israel, in black, wearing the judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine, a golden embossed golden medal suspended from his neck'—if this man, in this theatrical garb, did attend this profane farce, (profane alike to Jew and Christian) of advancing to a communion-table—belying *his* religion as well as *that* of the church in which he stood—he deserved (instead of being made a judge) to receive judgment,—such judgment as, among less temperate and less enlightened Jews than those of the United States, he would most infallibly have received. The profane the form, the whole ceremony, seem a mixture of wild profanity, of unmeaning mirth. The idea of laying the corner-stone of a city called Ararat, about to be built in Grand Isle, in the river Niagara, and consecrating the same by ceremonies performed in Buffaloe, in the state of New York, is at least a novel instance of the force of imagination. Ararat might prove an *ubi*. The blunder, however, is not legitimate, as the buffaloe is a *wild bull*. So much for the prefatory notice of this consecrated city; now for the proclamation of its self-created governor.

Secondly.—I hardly think Manuel M. Noah could have written this 'Proclamation' (signéd A. B. Seixas); because he would not, surely, in the state of New York, have invited all his brethren of the Jewish communion

as well as every friend to religion, by declaring, in the commencement of this precious farrago, 'Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to manifest to his chosen people the approach of that period, when, in fulfilment of the promises made to the race of Jacob, and as a reward for their pious constancy and triumphant fidelity, they are to be gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and to assume their rank and character among the governments of the earth, &c. &c &c.—Therefore, I, Mordecai Manuel Noah, citizen of the United States of America, late consul of the said states for the city and kingdom of Tunis, High-Sheriff of New York, counsellor at law, and, by the grace of God, Governor and Judge of Israel, have issued this my Proclamation.'

There is gullibility enough (in all conscience) in the multitude; and ignorance and credulity are qualifications from which the scattered tribes of Israel are not particularly exempted: but there is not gullibility enough among them to swallow this. They may swallow a camel,' and (such is the flexibility of conscience) they may 'strain at a gnat.' But this 'Proclamation' is really too monstrous, too enormous, even for the greatest capacity of stomach. Horace says, '*Credat Iudæus Appella? non ego*'—Appella himself ejects the dose. His very titles seem to ridicule him. Would a man ridicule himself? High-Sheriff of New York?

'Is Mr. Wendover dead, and M. M. Noah replaced? But what are those 'manifestations' of the recollection of Jews, here spoken of? We see many of their dispersion and malmagation; but none of their recollection. Are the Jews, indeed, to assemble from the four quarters of the globe,' and in cultivating the acres of land purchased by the Ex-Sheriff M. M. Noah, on Grand Isle: And is this spot to be the gathering point of *four millions* of Jews! Is it in the Pagan city of Ararat—for old Noah, the patriarch, was an unsophisticated worshipper of God—a kind of Deistical Gentile—he existed centuries before there were any Jews in the world—and is the father of the whole human race; Ararat is, *therefore*, as much of a Cherokee or Lapland city, as it is of a Hebrew city. But the mountain (and consequently the city) bears a *Pagan* name. Is it then, I ask, in the Pagan city of Ararat, in the island called *Grand Isle*, in the river Niagara, in North America, that the standard of the Messiah of the Jews is to blaze aloft, and the rallying word to be thundered through the hosts of Israel? If there *are* signs which the profane and foolish writer of the proclamation says) 'mark in an *especial manner* the approach of that time'—they are cognizable to him alone. Neither Jew nor Gentile, worthy nor pious, do yet perceive those signs. The pious Christian believes the son of David to have already appeared in the character of his spiritual Redeemer; the pious Israelite still looks forward to that advent, in the character of some irresistible earthly conqueror—who is to precede the Millenium. While good and virtuous differ in points of faith and evidence—the path of life, the sources of happiness here and of well founded hope hereafter, are offered to every mind and to every heart. Why are the things dear and sacred to the followers of either faith, thus to be made the sport of the thoughtless? Why are scriptural subjects, and inspirations awful and lovely to the religious bosom of an entire people, to be thus made the theme of folly and the instrument of fraud? I repeat my belief that M. M. Noah never wrote such a 'Proclamation.'

Thirdly.—The idea of a 'city of refuge' is founded on an utter ignorance of the meaning of the phrase. A city of refuge, in scripture language, was a place for the security of criminals against the pursuit of justice. The degree of crime, or misdemeanour, which would exclude the guilty from this *benefit of clergy*, is particularly pointed out in the laws of Moses. It was by no means an infallible panoply. There are churches in Madrid and Havanna which serve as shields, we are told, to protect the assassin; the 'cities of refuge' among the ancient Jews were shelters for various but minor crimes. Would Mordecai Manasseh Noah insinuate that the characters of his Jewish brethren throughout the world, are such as to require 'refuge from the pursuit of justice?' I do not think him so lost to truth, or feeling, or pride. Is he ignorant what a 'city of refuge' means? Then he has not read his Bible—and who would pronounce this, of a judge in Israel!

Fourthly.—The *orders* throughout the world to the different rabbis, governors, presidents of synagogues, &c. &c. to give full 'publicity, *credence* and effect' to his proclamation; the tone in which these orders are given, and the mock heroic that is evident throughout, furnish additional evidence of this not being the production of M. M. Noah;—for, as an Israelite, he could hardly lend himself to a trick as insulting to his brethren, as it would be scandalous to himself. As an Israelite, he knows too well, that the self-sufficiency and sanctity assumed by the author of the proclamation, may excite laughter and ridicule, but can command no obedience.

Fifthly.—The order, 'it is *my will* that a *census* of the Jews *throughout the world* be taken!' This is such an impossible command from the Judge, who is appointed 'by the grace of God,' particularly in Spain and Portugal, where these who *are* Jews dare not acknowledge it; and more particularly in the interior of Asia and Africa, where, to attempt a *census* would be something like looking for the garden of Eden—'beyond this *visible* sphere.' Indeed, the whole series of commands and injunctions are so much in the manner of Dogberry's advice to the watch, that this alone would condemn the whole proclamation as apocryphal.

Sixthly.—Everybody, that is, every Jew in the world, is required to pay three shekels, or the value of one Spanish dollar, into the judge's coffers. They will all be safe enough if they *equalize* the tax, by not paying until after the census is taken.—Every Jew must come to Ararat; the signs of the approach of their Messiah, concentrate on that spot; nevertheless, those may *stay behind* 'who *prefer remaining* in the several parts of the world which they now inhabit!!' But they must not *prohibit* others—the young and enterprising, from undertaking their respective voyages, from Europe, Asia, and Africa, Cochin China, Malabar, and Gibraltar!!—Again: Jews in military employments abroad, are enjoined 'to keep in the ranks until further *orders*,' and to conduct themselves 'with *bravery* and fidelity.'—But all Jews are 'commanded to observe a strict *neutrality* between the Greeks and the Turks!!' How *both* commands can possibly be obeyed by Jews in the military employment of *adverse* governments, I leave the learned judge to determine. It is very well known, however, that at this moment, Jewish commissaries supply the Turkish army. This, I confess, may not be fighting; but stomach ammunition is the *material* of all battles and bloodshed. Like Æsop's trumpeter—they cause *others* to fight.

'Ohe! jam satis!'

The prayer offered in the proclamation, 'May God speedily restore us to *Jerusalem!*' after calling all the Jews together at Grand Isle, the New Jerusalem—caps the climax of absurdity. The trash about the priests and ceremonies of the North American savages, whom the judge intends 'to make sensible of their origin from the *ten lost tribes*'—but whom every reader of Tacitus and Robertson believes to be descended from the Scythians, both on account of their Tartaric features and their practice of *scalping* (which I never heard attributed to the ancient Israelites),—these and many other absurdities, as 'weary, flat, dull, and unprofitable,' but not so profane or blasphemous as the preceding parts, I think unworthy of notice.

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. XIII.

'O! thou rogue, thou villain! is this usage for the fair sex?'

Old Woman, in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

We have not been a little amused by a letter, purporting to be from a lady, a creature of exquisite refinement, who is scandalized at our unseemly pleasantries on the subject of female gymnastics, and accuses us of rudeness towards the fair sex. She signs herself Zephyrina—a very pretty musical name, and admirably adapted for the heroine of some sentimental tale; but we pay very little regard to such *aliases*, especially when they appear, as in the present case, to have been adopted on the ingenious principle of antithesis and the *lucus a non lucendo*. We all know that, when people go to masquerade, they generally assume some character diametrically opposite to their real one. A marchioness plays the part of a gipsy, a lord mayor of a conjuror, a homme-à-bonnes fortunes of an old maid—and the masks of nuns and vestals are generally selected by those who have the least pretensions to such titles in any other place. It was, no doubt, therefore, some such piquant contrast that induced the writer of the letter to select the gentle name of Zephyrina, for she seems to belong rather to the family of the Tempests or Hurricanes than to that of the Zephyrs. If, however, it should chance to be her real name, we really pity her, and cannot suffi-

ciently reprobate that ill-judging ambition of parents, which leads them to bestow upon their offspring names that only remind us of what they ought to be, not of what they are; an awkward lout is branded, with the appellation of Solomon, as if to render his stupidity the more obvious and ridiculous;—a sign painter is named Michael Angelo; and a shrewish termagant, Zephyrina.

This fair critic writes in a style that, although, to use her own words, it may be 'all the vogue down in the country,' is shockingly vulgar; and her language displays as little of feminine delicacy as of politeness; while, as to her jokes and attempts at wit, they are really by far too sublime for our comprehension; and, not to speak irreverently, actually pass all understanding. But only think of a young lady—such we are willing to presume she is, else the title she has given herself would be most ridiculous, and, according to her account, a young lady of very acute sensibility, making use of such unseemly expressions as gym-fiddlesticks! Can it possibly be, that the most angelic and sweetest-tempered beings, when in a passion, are as little select in their choice of words to give vent to it, as a 'tallow-chandler's widow' or a Billingsgate fish-wench? But, after all, Zephyrina herself, at the very moment that she is accusing us of a want of due respect towards the female sex, has thrown out more offensive reflections upon it than we ever did, from the moment we first took a pen in hand. Well may she say that the age of chivalry is past—else why those haughty and disdainful sneers at good respectable citizen's widows? Is it to be imagined that woman is less woman in Tooley Street than at Cheltenham;—in St. Giles's than in St. James's;—at the pole than at the equator of fashion? Heaven forefend such a horrible heretical doctrine!—a doctrine that is in most perfect contradiction to that of the age of chivalry, which adored in woman—whatever might be her station—the attributes of her sex. Henry the Fourth of France, that polished and accomplished cavalier, in whom breathed the real spirit of chivalric courtesy, never passed a female peasant without a salutation. But in this age of dreadful degeneracy, we begin to subdivide the sex into classes—into the high-born and high-bred, and those beings whom nobody knows: this is a very perilous innovation, and one that may lead us we know not where. We may, by and by, think not only of estimating them according to their rank and their pretensions in the fashionable world; but parcel them out into the shrewish and the amiable, the beautiful and the ugly, the accomplished and the ignorant, the adorable and the intolerable. Spirit of chivalry! and hast thou indeed quitted this our nether world, as a sphere too gross for thee,—too full of pride and false refinement?

We ourselves have, after all, too much of the *pococurante* in our disposition to be very much affected or afflicted; we only wish that the ladies themselves would settle, if they can, what part of their own sex are out of the pale of *fairsexship*, and are not to be included in the poetical abstraction—Woman, 'the ray whose light illumes this darkling globe.' And let them determine whether, in order to partake of the high privileges annexed to this title, it is necessary to produce the title-deed of a good estate in land; or a patent from the herald's college, of pure blood and ancient family; or a diploma from a fashionable seminary or boarding school. Female shopkeepers, of course, except very pretty and very sentimental; ladies above fifty, unless very wealthy or very high-bred; and old maids of all ranks, must be excluded. Yet can it be expected that they will submit patiently, and without a single struggle, to this deprivation of the rights of womanhood and sexship? We apprehend not—there will certainly be a female civil-war, attended by a great number of uncivil 'sayings and doings,' and we would really advise Zephyrina to avoid, as she regards her own person, and the proprieties and decencies of female life—all the tallow-chandlers' widows, and butchers' daughters in Great Britain, who will otherwise take ample revenge of the indignity she has cast upon them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO AN IDIOT BOY.

'A shadow with torn eyes.'

Thanks for that smile, poor boy! though o'er thy frame
Unusual tremor and convulsion came,
When with a piteous cry but seeming glee,
Thy pale quivering lip salluted me!
'Twas a surprise,—a shock,—yet seemed—to say,
'See! how the ruins of our nature may—
Amid its failing weakness and despair,
A summer smile—a shadowy beauty wear!'
Thine is a happy state!—for not to thee
Can come the pangs of sane humanity;
Thou (kind exemption!) wert not doomed to groan
O'er others' griefs, or murmur at thine own;
For thee, nor hope, nor fear, nor love, nor hate,
A world of bane or blessing may create;
Thy heart no burning feelings may invade,
Nor passion's power exalt thee, or degrade.
A mother's unavailing cares and tears
Watch and weep over thy mute useless years;
O'er thee in speechless agony she bends,—
But not *to* thee that agony extends;
By that slight 'kerchief fastened to thy chair,
A smiling—silent spectre—sitting there,—
In vain the world exists for thee,—in vain
Its blessing and its blight—its joy and pain,
Thou liv'st within it as a thing apart,—
In sense and feeling blank,—in mind and heart!

Aug. 30th, 1825. J. W. D.

LONELY MUSINGS.

Who can refuse, when beauty pleads
To soothe affliction's bitter sigh?
Who, when the soul of sadness bleeds,
Can gaze with stern unmoisten'd eye?
Who, when some fond and faithful friend
Has droop'd to Nature's final doom,
Can o'er his relics bear to bend
Without a tear to grace his tomb?
Who, when drear Winter weeps around,
And drives fierce Famine to the door,
Who, that *can spare*, will then be found
Denying succour to the poor!
Who, that has plenty at his board,
When wand'ring love, in tatter'd state,
Begs but what mercy might afford,
Can force the suppliant from his gate!
Thus asks the philanthropic mind;
Nor thinks that in creation's round,
A wretch so much to mercy blind,
A man so callous could be found.
Still must the pen of truth proclaim,
Too oft such wretches rise to view;
Men who disgrace their Nature's name,
Men who to *self* alone are true!
Men, who can see pale min'ry die,
Without an effort e'en to save!
Men, who would breathe no tender sigh
O'er a near relative's sad grave!
Men, who but fatten on distress,
And rise on ruin's wretched state!
Who would not make their riches less,
To snatch a *brother* from his fate!
Be mine, O Heav'n! a medium lot!
Distant from each extreme of life;
Plenty and peace in some snug cot,
Without a door to let in strife.
And, whilst I live, oh! let me prove
Each soft emotion of the soul!
Mild charity,—with sweetest love,—
Nor let deceit my mind control! J. R.

FINE ARTS.

A noble Monument of Lord Heathfield has just been put up in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. It consists of a single figure—that of his lordship, who is resting on his right hand, while he holds his left on the hilt of his sword, which he grasps with the arm. A military cloak falls over his left shoulder in a pleasing and picturesque manner. The countenance, which is very expressive, bears a great resemblance to the fine portrait of his lordship by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the National Gallery. We think that the artist has shown great judgment, both in adhering to the original costume, and in his mode of treating it; in this respect the monument has a decided advantage over many others in the same edifice. There is no inscription, but the pedestal is ornamented with an elegant bas-relief of classical design, consisting of two figures,—a warrior in a Roman costume, intended, we presume, for Ceres, rather enigmatical, to personify England, and a female hovering in the air with a palm branch. The execution of this piece of sculpture is very chaste and beautiful: the whole monument is of Carrara marble, of a dazzling whiteness.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Monday evening, a young lady, of the name of Lawrence, made her first appearance, on the stage, in the character of Juliet, which is a young ladies are ambitious to make their debut in, although it is one of acknowledged difficulty. We think we have, at least, seen twenty new Juliets within the last few years, not one of whom kept possession of the stage; others have glided into characters better suited to their talents, and since the accession of Miss O'Neill, we have really had no good Juliet. The attempt, therefore, of Miss Lawrence, who is a niece of Mr. Sparks, to

boxkeeper, was not obtrusive, and we have the pleasure to add it was not unsuccessful. Miss Lawrence possesses many natural advantages for the character,—she is young, is tall, and of a good figure, with a good expression, and some degree of personal beauty; her enunciation is clear and distinct, and her action generally good, though sometimes exuberant, and she does not carry her head very gracefully; but these are faults she will soon correct. On her entrance, she was greeted very cordially, which alarmed her. The garden scene was altogether well acted; and, generally, she performed the part very well. If there was any fault, it was that her love did not seem ardent enough for Juliet, which, as Byron says, is like the lava's flame. She, however, played with considerable judgment, and her conception of the author was correct. Wallack was the Romeo, and his performance, though unequal, deserves praise.

The melodrama of *La Perouse*, has been revived with much splendour of scenery and decoration.

Covent Garden Theatre.—The pantomime melodrama of *Jocko, the Brazilian Monkey*, which has been hackneyed at most of the minor theatres to satiety, has been produced at this theatre, to enable M. Mazurier to outmonkey all monkeys by his agility, which he certainly possesses in a very extraordinary degree. The following is an outline of the story:—Fernandez de Ribera, a Portuguese settler (Mr. Connor), has saved the life of the monkey by shooting a ferocious animal that would have destroyed him, and the grateful monkey becomes attached to him, does him services of attendance, and amuses him with antics; and, what is of more importance, when the wife and child of Fernandez, coming from Portugal, are shipwrecked upon the coast, and the former only saved by the assistance of some of the sailors, the monkey not only saves the child also from the waves, but afterwards bears him away from two enormous snakes, who, as it seems, by internal mechanism, writhe about and traverse the stage. Unfortunately, however, the Brazilian inhabitants, mistaking the moral motives of poor Jocko for running away with the child, shoot him, and he dies, in all the pathos of monkey-like agonies, at the feet of his former preserver, much to the affliction both of father and child. The way in which the monkey leaped from tree to tree, and the fidelity with which he imitated the active, but mischievous apes, in their tricks, were really astonishing. The scenery is very beautiful.

Adelphi Theatre.—A new melodrama, founded on, and entitled *The Pilot—a Tale of the Sea*, has been produced at this theatre, in very good style, and is extremely well acted, particularly the part of a sailor, by T. P. Cooke.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The German artist Retsch, whose designs from Goethe's Faustus, have obtained considerable popularity and reputation in this country, is engaged in a series of illustrations of Shakspeare's dramas, to be executed in the same style. The first number will contain several subjects from Hamlet.

Mr. Pugin, who is lately returned from a professional tour on the Continent, has in preparation several architectural works for which he has been making drawings, and collecting other materials. One of these is to consist of a series of engravings of the bas-so-relievos and other ornamental sculptures in the north porch of Rouen Cathedral, on a large scale, from casts taken on the spot for that purpose. Bayeux Cathedral, illustrated by plans, elevations, sections, and details, engraved in outline, and corresponding in size with his publication on Gothic Architecture, will form another work; and a third will be devoted to the curious and interesting subject of spires, and will elucidate the principles of their construction.

On Thursday evening a meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of forming a literary and scientific institution at the west end of the town. The chair was taken by Henry Drummond, Esq. the banker, who stated the objects of the institution, which are to embrace, 1st. A library and reading room, as a place of rational recreation and instruction, for persons whose attendance in business is not required during the evening; 2dly. The procuring of lectures, to be delivered on various branches of science and literature, and the formation of classes for the teaching of languages, by which means ready facilities for acquiring valuable instruction at a moderate expense will be afforded. Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Dr. Birkbeck, and others, addressed the meeting on the advantages of such an institution, and a series of resolutions, for carrying the object into effect, were voted. The amount of the subscription is £2 annually.

The Annual Miscellanist of Literature for 1826, comprising unique selections from the most important works published within the past year, may be expected on the 1st of January.

A work of intense interest, in two volumes octavo, under the title of The Reign of Terror, is on the eve of publication. It contains a collection of authentic narratives by eyewitnesses of the horrors committed by the revolutionary government of France under Marat and Robespierre, and is interspersed with biographical notices of prominent characters and curious anecdotes, illustrative of a period without its parallel in history.

The History of Lymington and its immediate neighbourhood, with a brief account of its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, &c. by David Garrow, of St. John's College, Cambridge, is nearly ready.

An immense cavern has recently been discovered in the Secondary Limestone of the High Peak, Derbyshire, and is regarded by geologists as the grandest continuation of caverns hitherto explored. The access to and through it is perfectly easy, and after traversing various windings, there is a beautiful archway, from which a passage is made through to daylight, where the subterraneous visitors arrive at an elevated terrace, nearly on the summit of the mountain in which the cavern is situated, commanding the finest views of the neighbouring romantic scenery. Out of compliment to his grace, it has been named the Devonshire Cavern.

A discovery has recently been made of a number of valuable manuscript letters, written by highly distinguished individuals, and other copious documents, relating to an interesting period of our history which are to be published under the title of the Twysden Papers.

Madame Mara, the once celebrated vocalist in this country, and contemporary of Garrick, has announced her intention of publishing her own memoirs, which will include the whole of her long public career, in order to correct the many inaccurate statements made respecting her.

A new work, the Complete Governess, is in the press, in which the proper method of studying the various branches of female education and accomplishments, is clearly pointed out, and the principles of the elementary sciences, are laid down in a concise, luminous, and original manner.

Mr. Simpson, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has issued proposals for publishing a new work on anatomy, applicable to the fine arts.

Mr. A. Copland Hutchison has in the press a second edition of his Practical Observations on Surgery, very considerably enlarged.

A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom, for 1826, by John Burke, Esq., will soon be published.

Tales from the German, of E. T. Hoffman, La Fontaine, J. Paul Richter, Fred. Schiller, and C. T. Korner, in one volume, post octavo, are in the press.

J. and C. Adlard beg to inform the booksellers and the admirers of the Spanish language, that they will shortly publish a new and interesting work, in two large octavo volumes, entitled Dufief's Nature displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man; being a new and infallible Method of acquiring Languages with unparalleled rapidity; adapted to the Spanish. By Don Mariano Velasquez de la Cadena, L. Hargous, Professor of Universal Grammar, and Don Manuel de Torres, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Colombia to the United States.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Nov.	5	34	46	47	29 94	Fair.
....	6	55	54	42	.. 25	Rain.
....	7	39	43	44	.. 29	Fair.
....	8	38	44	40	.. 30	Rain.
....	9	..	..	..	.. ..	Fair.
....	10	35	45	44	.. 29	Rain.
....	11	40	47	42	.. 40	Cloudy.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Sir William Curtis being told that a Miss Helme was engaged to fill Miss Tree's place at Covent Garden Theatre, observed, 'that he supposed she must be an *Helm-Tree*.'

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Some years ago a singer of the name of Bowden made his appearance at Covent Garden, as Robin Hood, in the play of that name; he sung with much taste, and was greatly applauded. On the first evening of his appearance, Charles Bannister, who had originally acted the character, was in a box with Madame Mara and Mich. Kelly, when a person who was next to Bannister, and was vehemently applauding Bowden, said to Charles, as if to mortify him, 'Aye, aye, sir, Bowden is the true Robin Hood, the only Robin Hood;' on which Bannister replied, 'Sir, he may be Robin Hood this year, but next season he will be robbing Harris.'

Singular Prediction relative to the late Arctic Expedition.—In the new edition of the Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century, (a work dedicated to the author of Waverley) which professes to give a complete elucidation of '*mysterious arts*' there appears the following singular prediction relative to the failure of the late Arctic expedition. After noticing several astrological reasons, the writer states that '*they import great danger to the commander of the expedition, and if the figure speaks truth, Captain Parry will not succeed in his enterprise, but it is to be feared will be in extreme danger during the ensuing year, if not returned previous to that period.*' This prediction we are assured, was printed in the month of August 1825, and the exact fulfilment thereof, by the return of Captain Parry a month ago, is certainly a curious coincidence and a great triumph to the believers in 'celestial lore,' especially as it is seldom that these prognostications are so literally fulfilled.

Epitaph on Mr. A. Stone, who died of the Stone.

As gravel harden'd in my side,
A STONE I lived,—a stone I died;
One stone supports another,—hence
My grave-stone is my recompence. J. R. P.

A venerable but eccentric member of the presbytery of Lenlithgo lately, in attempting to get into the packet-boat, fell into the canal. He was drawn out half drowned, and conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, where he was put to bed. 'Will ye tak some spirits and water, sir?' asked his considerate host. 'Na, na! I have had plenty o' water for ae day; I'll tak the spirits noo.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SONG, by H. B., a second notice of The Forget Me Not, and several other articles intended for our present number, shall appear in our next.

W. I. will find a letter for him at our publisher's, on Monday next.

Works just published.—Anselmo, a Tale of Italy, two vols. 10s.—Kelly's Reminiscences, two vols. 1l. 8s.—Loss of the Comet Steam-Boat, 1s.—Schiller's William Tell, 6s.—Cottage Comforts. 2s. 6d.—Court Anecdotes, 8s.—Duties of a Lady's Maid, 8s.—Monuments of Waterloo, 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Wesleyana, 6s.—Shearman on Water in the Brain—Woolnoth's and Brayley's Castles, two vols. royal 8vo. 5l.—Rudolph's Physiology, vol. 1, 10s.—Nugæ Sacræ, 2s.—Howe's Vanity of Life, 1s. 6d.—Rowse's Outlines of English History, 5s.—Hodson's Sermons, 12mo. 7s.—Pope's Merchants' and Ship Owner's Guide, Eleventh Edition, 1l. 10s.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 24s. boards

PANDURANG HARI; or, MEMOIRS of a HINDOO.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

THE DEATH of AGUIRRE—IANTHE, a Tale—BODIAM CASTLE—BATTLE ABBEY, and other Poems.

By JOHN WATSON DALBY.

'These Poems are evidently the productions of a gifted mind, and several of them possess great poetic beauty.'—Literary Chronicle, Nov. 5, 1825

Also, POEMS, by the same Author, 2nd Edition, 6s.

London: printed for J. J. Leathwick, 24, Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square.

NEW SERIES OF THE UNIQUE.

THE SECOND NUMBER of the above WORK, price 3d. contains the Life of Dr. PARR, with his Portrait, engraved by Mr. R. Cooper; also, Portraits of Sir W. Jones and Bishop Lowth.

Published by Smeeton, 3, Old Bailey.

Of whom may be had the FIRST SERIES of the UNIQUE, containing Eighty-Seven Portraits and Lives, in three vols. £1. 4s.; or in fifteen parts, at 1s. 6d. each.

MISS LINLEY, AFTERWARDS MRS SHERIDAN.

A very interesting Original Letter from this accomplished Lady, addressed to her confidential friend Miss Saunders, is given in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for October; with Reviews of Moore's Life of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Coventry's Discovery of Junius, Pepys's Memoirs, Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine, Dr. Parr's Controversy with Bishop Milner, Dr. Nuttall's Edition of Stirling's Juvenal, Nicolas's Synopsis of the Peerage, &c. &c.; a great variety of Original Articles; and Biographical Memoirs of the Earls of Carlisle, Bradford, Donoughmore, and Marr; Lord Longford; Lady Constable; Professor Dobree; Dr. Meyer; Mr. Serjeant Lens; Col. Campbell; Lieut.-Col. Downman; Lieut. Warde; Messrs. Woodthorpe, Everett, Reid, Demetriades, &c. &c.

Printed by J. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street, and sold by J. Harris, St. Paul's Church Yard.

*** An unfortunate failure having occurred in a considerable part of the impression of the Plate of King Edward the Confessor's Tomb, a new Engraving is now in hand, and will be given, in addition to the usual number of Plates, in the next Month's Magazine.

The 1st of November was published, price 6s. No. 1. of

THE METROPOLITAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. Contents—The Age of Folly, No. 1. A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, by John Milton. The New School of Cockneyism, No. 1. Eros and Anteros, a Tale. A Tale of Paraguay, by Robert Southey, Esq. Westminster Review on Education. Histoire de la Domination des Arabes et des Maures en Espagne et en Portugal; par. M. de Marles. The Sabot Maiden's Song. A Phrenopatetic History, being an Exercise in Somnambulism. The Troubadour, and other Poems; by L. E. L. A Letter from Posterity to the Author of Waverley, No. 1. Strictures on 'The Struggles of a poor Student through the University of Cambridge.' Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. Poetry, &c. &c.

Published by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street; J. Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; and J. Parker, Oxford.

This day is published, in three vols. post 8vo. price 30s.

THE ENGLISH in ITALY. By a distinguished Resident.

'The narratives, of which this work consists, considered merely in the light of Tales, would be entitled to the highest praise, for the skill with which they are managed, the variety of incidents, the deep interest, and all the beauties of style which they display. But, when to these are added a fac-simile of real manners, some of them seen in the social world, a crowd of anecdotes connected with almost every eminent or remarkable character who has crossed the Alps, the opening of Roman and Neapolitan domesticities, by one who seems intimate with all their mysteries, and the occasional appearance on the scene of individuals of historical notoriety, with the solution of many political riddles, hitherto left unravelled, it will be seen that these volumes possess a higher claim to public attention than that of affording amusement, and that they deserve to be read as a source of valuable instruction—the more valuable as the observations scattered over their pages are sound, patriotic, and just, and the morality which they inculcate is pure.'—Morning Post.

Printed for Saunders and Otley, British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

On Monday, Nov. 7, was published, in 2 vols. 8vo. post price 16s.

ANSELMO, a Tale of Italy, illustrative of Roman and Neapolitan Life from 1789 to 1801.

By A. VIEUSSEUX,

Author of Italy and the Italians.

London: printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

Just published the First Part of

SIMPSON'S New Work of ANATOMY, as applicable to the Fine Arts.

The object of the present work is to facilitate to the Student of the Fine Arts, the necessary acquisition of Anatomical knowledge, which he has hitherto been obliged to collect insufficiently from meagre catalogues of the names merely of parts drawn up for the use of Artists, or to cull, with unprofitable and perhaps disgusting labour, from voluminous works, appropriated to the uses and necessities of the Surgeon.

The First Part contains the Anatomy of the Bones and Joints; and is illustrated with fourteen highly finished lithographic impressions.

Published by the Author, 10, Carlisle Street, Soho.—Plain Copies, royal 4to. to Non-Subscribers, £1 5s.

Books lately published by Talboys & Wheeler, Oxford, and Geo. B. Whittaker, and W. Pickering, London.

HERODOTUS, literally translated into English, from the Greek Text of Schweighæuser, illustrated with copious Notes, explanatory and critical, from Larcher, Gibbon, Rennell, Mitford, various books of Travels, &c.; to which is added, a Summary of the Chronology of Herodotus. By a Graduate of the University, two vols. 8vo. boards, £1 4s.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;
Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Magic Ring; a Romance: from the German of Frederick, Baron de la Motte Fouqué. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 995. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. London, Whittaker. 1825.

The Baron de la Motte Fouqué, whose literary fame stands so high in Germany, is also favourably known to the English public, by his romances of Undine and Minstrel Love, both of which have been translated and published in this country: in Germany, however, the Magic Ring is more popular than either of the two we have mentioned—a circumstance which the translator attributes to the work's accurate imitation of the quaint rude style of the old romancers, the melody of his verses, and his allegorical representations and historical allusions.

The story of the Magic Ring relates to that period when Christianity first became introduced to the northern nations, and embodies many historical facts with the peculiar superstitions of the period. In this romance, which is interrupted by numerous episodes, with a tale in itself, if there are not 'black robes and white, red spirits and grey,' there is white magic against black magic; or two beings, both possessing, or pretending to possess, necromantic power, exerting it, the one to benefit, and the other to injure, the human race.

Although the Magic Ring gives the title to this romance, yet it is but one of the many necromantic spells resorted to; the moral is, however, good, as it represents the influence of the Christian religion, in reconciling the prejudices of faiths differing from each other, and opposed to it.

The translator is of opinion that the Magic Ring should have been remodelled in English; but then it would have ceased to be the Magic Ring of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, which it now is, if we except that the charming poetry of the author, forming a portion of the story, has been given good prose, as a part of the narrative. The translator has also so divided his subject, as to make it a series of distinct narratives, each complete in itself, but forming one harmonious tale.

The Magic Ring is a chivalrous tale, full of strange adventures, gross superstitions, and supernatural events. It will not on this account be less acceptable in England, where a Freischütz and a Faustus have become so popular. We shall not, however, attempt an analysis of the story, but leave it to the reader to be often surprised, generally pleased, and ultimately gratified, with the perusal of this singular romance, which displays much genius, and is very well written.

The following is the history of the birth and early life of the hero of this romance, Sir Otto of Trautwangen, as related by his mother, Druda, or Hildiridur:—

'The Druda met him on his arrival at the gate, and led him kindly and caressingly up stairs to the chamber with the round banquet table, which on this evening was more cheerfully and pleasantly illuminated than ever. On the table, moreover, he saw many brilliant objects; there was a magnificent plume of feathers fastened together by a brooch of emerald; a large gold cross with a rich chain; a green velvet belt beautifully embroidered, and other accoutrements fit for a valiant knight of the highest rank.—"These shall all be thine, dearest son," said she, while the tears glittered in her eyes. "Through so many years it has never been in my power to make thee a present, by way of kind remembrance, on thy birth-day, nor at Christmas-tide; and for this neglect I must now compensate as well as I can."—With these words she began to attire her beloved son in the gold chain and belt, the plume of feathers, and other adornments, till at last he stood glittering like a fairy king before her. Once more she looked at him with that full expressive gaze, with which only a mother regards a dear child to whom she is justly proud; then invited the youth to take his place opposite to her at the table, and began to speak as follows:—

'"Thy father, my beloved son, was brave and valiant indeed as thou art, but in temper not so mild and submissive. He was indeed a threatening and stern hero, of whom all, even those who most loved him, were afraid; for his character might well be compared to that of a burning summer's day, now bright and beautiful, though we know not how soon it may change into a frightful thunder-storm. Thus it happened, that he overtook me in a bay of the North Sea, and, half by promises, half by threats, compelled me to become his wife. Even to this hour I tremble to think of the terror that I felt soon after. It was in Holland, where a grand festival had been given in honour of Sir Hugur. When he returned home from the banquet, he found in my chamber a long staff of oak-wood, with Runic characters carved thereon; and, suddenly changing his tone from that of loving confidence to bitter reproach and fierce anger, he said,—'I have already heard, that thou art a powerful enchantress. Beware, however, how thou betrayest any tokens or symbols of such an art in my presence, for, should this ever happen again, I swear solemnly, that moment shall be the last of thy life.

'"Hastily, and without thought, I took up, in my terror, the Runic enchanting-rod, and threw it into the fire; whereupon such a terrific blaze arose, that the very walls of the chimney were rent asunder, and the fire spread so rapidly, that Hugur had scarcely time to snatch me, fainting with affright, in his arms, and bear me from the room. Would to heaven that all my implements of enchantment had at the time been destroyed; and, above all, the fatal mirror which is now placed in the adjoining room, and which I was wont to carry with me, carefully packed, wherever I came! But the mystic spells that ruled therein made it impossible for the fire to injure the mirror, and much as I was afraid of Sir Hugur's anger, I yet had not resolution to renounce all the secrets that I had learned during my abode in the distant snow-covered Iceland. Alas: my son, where an impulse and longing like that which I had felt towards these dark sciences are born with us, too often are we carried onward, notwithstanding all our struggles, even though we know well that it is to our own destruction. Yet I determined that the mirror, though it remained in my possession, should never be looked at or unveiled; for I could not but expect that Hugur, always incensed by the sight of such objects, would be more than ever enraged, if by any means he were reminded of what had happened with the Runic divining-rod. He paid a large sum of money to the proprietor of the house, according to his usual princely generosity, and thereafter we removed to the pleasant town of Coblentz, where the Mosel flows into the Rhine—where the blooming fields and vine-covered mountains may vie in beauty with any which this world affords, those even of Asia not excepted.

'"There, in a baronial fortress, not far from the town, which mansion was situated on a hill covered with fruit-trees, and commanding the loveliest prospects along both rivers, wert thou, my beloved son, brought into the world. In the sweet unconsciousness of infancy, thou wert wont to smile in thy cradle, from the high balcony of the castle, on the beautiful world full of light, blossoms, and fragrance, which then lay around thee; but young, and seemingly unconscious as thou wert, I doubt not that sweet influences, derived from these early dreams, yet steal upon thee both in thine hours of waking and of sleep.'

'"Truly, dearest mother," replied Sir Otto, "thy words have recalled to me forms and feelings that lay deep—deeply implanted, though but dimly understood, within my heart. But after I had learned better to perceive what passed around me, did we not travel farther?—Did not our way lead over lofty cliffs covered with vines, full of rich

clusters?—and did we not once stand looking down fearfully at a great foaming cataract?—Methinks I yet hear its mighty voice!—or was this, perchance, a thunder-storm among the mountains, with its blue and white clouds, which my wild fantasy had confused with the notion of falling water?"

"'Nay, dear son," answered Hildiridur, "that was indeed the magnificent Rhein-fall at Schaffhausen. I remember well how joyfully thou didst clasp thy hands, and tried, after thine own manner, to shout aloud; and, though thy voice was unheard amid the roaring of the falling torrents, the pleasure with which thou wert animated sparkled in thine eyes; yet all this while the boards on which we stood shook beneath us; and at length the stern Sir Hugur was so delighted with thy courage, that he kissed both his wife and child, and exclaimed, 'That is my brave son—a true scion of the old northern tree! Thanks to thee, far-famed and majestic Rhine, for the trial which thou hast now afforded me of his spirit!' Truly thou art but little changed since that time, if I might say so of one who has been transformed from a blooming boy into a warlike knight; but at the first glance I could not but recognise thy features."

"'And yet thou could'st remain so long concealed from me," said Sir Otto mournfully, "and I have been so long denied that confidence in which I now so much rejoice!"

"'My son," answered Hildiridur, "to one who is ever led, as I have been, to look over deeply into the mysteries of nature and the world of spirits, the knowledge so acquired often proves a heavy and almost insupportable burden. Already have I spoken to this effect with thy cousin Bertha, when she came to my castle in East Friesland. Thus, while free-hearted champions, such as thou art, are pursuing their own path to glory and conquest, and are guided by their own impulses, there are deep mysterious signs and admonitions, by which we, who are endowed with supernatural gifts, are made aware, that we must submit to the conditions of that destiny which Providence has decreed for us. The fitting hour was not yet come."

"'But is it possible," inquired Sir Otto, "that you have heretofore looked upon Ottur, my strange double-goer, whose name I have now bestowed on my sword, as your son?"

"'Truly there have been moments when I have thus acknowledged him," said Hildiridur: "but at length I perceived only too well who he really is. Thou also wilt soon become acquainted with this mystery; for my story draws near to the fatal hour, when it was to me clearly revealed, how frightfully his fate was intwined with thine and with my own."

"'For three years we had now wandered about, through the blooming mountains and valleys of Germany, when in your father's heart there arose at length the ardent longing after his native land. In the German districts he no longer bore his Norwegian name of the stern Sir Hugur, but was called Sir Hugh von Trautwangen, and I also was accustomed to address him by this title, forming at the same time in my own mind delightful pictures of Trautwangen in Swabia, where I had never yet been. It was enough for me that its name was ever joined with that of my husband, who was dearer to me than all the world. I longed, therefore, in joyful anticipation, to reach the Swabian fortress, and yet have to this hour never beheld it, except long afterwards in the frightful mirror. And that fatal treasure was the cause of my never having been there in reality.

"'For, as we drew nearer and nearer to the castle, I was every night haunted by strange and irresistible visions, by which I was constantly warned and impelled to look into the magic mirror, and behold there the adventures past and to come of my husband, Sir Hugur. On awakening, all was confusion in my mind, and I could not clearly recall the phantoms of my sleep, but felt always a vehement desire to act according to those warnings. Yet my love towards Sir Hugur, mingled also with my terror of offending him, always made me able to resist that inclination, until one night, which we past encamped under the shelter of a great forest, my dreams became more vivid and more frightful than ever, so that I could also recall them when awake.

"'In my nightly vision, it seemed to me as if the form of the beautiful Astrid, my sister, of whose death I had never heard, was always before me, and that she was zealously employed in culling flowers under the trees. Methought also, that it was still night, and that a gleam of moonlight shone upon her features, and I said to myself, 'How strangely pale she looks in that light! Does she not appear, even now, more like one of the dead, than of the living?' Thereupon a deep melancholy, and even horror, settled on my heart. The beautiful Astrid continued her search for flowers; but, when she had made a rich and variegated wreath, and was adding to it the last flower, in order to tie it together, lo! the whole garland changed at once into dust and ashes, which flew into her eyes, and disfigured her countenance. Then she indeed looked like one of the dead, and moreover, began to wring her hands and weep bitterly. Thereafter she renewed her task, and soon made another wreath, which was dissolved like the former. I wished to rise up and assist her, but the leaden bonds of sleep held me fast; I could not move; and when Astrid saw my vain endeavours, she said, 'Nay, nay, think not of aiding me. These are but earthly flowers, which no one can fix in my hands, and wherefore should I wish for them, since I have been long since dead!' After these words, she came and placed herself beside me, adding, 'Wherefore hast thou the mirror in thy possession? I shall never grant thee peace, neither by night nor day, till thou hast looked into it, and inquired after the past life of the stern Sir Hugur. If thou wilt not obey my commands, then truly may'st thou pursue thy way to the castle of Trautwangen; but, remember, till the warning be fulfilled, thou shalt never enjoy rest; till then I shall ever be with thee!' All this was uttered in a voice that sounded at once so eager, and so feebly shrill, that I was struck with horror, and awoke, screaming, from my sleep. This time, as I have already said, the impression of my dream, remained clear on my mind. Meanwhile I heard the owls shrieking without in the wild forest; my female attendants were fast asleep, and the sentinels snored at the entrance of the tent. At these fearful moments, I wished to lose my sense of the terror by which I was surrounded in the protecting arms of sleep; but, scarcely had I closed my eyes and begun to slumber, when the deadly pale visage of Astrid was again close to mine; her voice again shrilled in mine ears, and these fearful changes from sleeping to waking, and from waking to sleep, were repeated, till, unable to bear such torment any longer, I started from my couch, and ran straightway towards the coffer in which I knew that the mirror was deposited. All yet slept around me, the fires were extinguished, the moon shone, the night was dark and silent as the grave.

"'At the well-known touch of my hand, all the locks and bolts were at once opened; the mirror was revealed, and shone brightly, with its own supernatural light. I bend it against the stem of an oak tree, and, according to the warning voice of my dream, demanded what had been the crimes of Sir Hugur?

"'What I then beheld I need not repeat to thee; thou knowest it already from the lips of the wise armourer, Asmundur, who has described to thee the fate of the beautiful Astrid, and even repeated the songs in which she took her last farewell of the stern champion of the north."

'Hereupon, Sir Otto and Hildiridur both wept bitterly, and for a long while they remained silent, and gazing on each other. At length the lady began to speak as follows:—"In the mirror I beheld also a beautiful boy, who is now changed into the wild reckless Ottur, for he was the son of Sir Hugur and the beautiful Astrid. That thy half-brother should resemble thee so nearly is not to be thought mysterious; for scarcely could his mother and thine be distinguished from each other. I was still weeping before the mirror, because I beheld therein how the boy turned away in mingled wrath and terror from his father, who, in the presence of the old knight, had dipped a spear in my sister's blood, when, lo! the stern Sir Hugur himself stood suddenly behind me. The red light of the morning, which had just then began to break, shone on his visage, disturbed by wrath, and, in a thundering voice, he exclaimed, 'Thou hast then given thyself up again to thy witchcraft and incantations! but, although thou hast forgotten thine obedience, I shall not forget the vows that I have sworn. Prepare then for death!' With these words, he drew his sword, that glared like a flame in the morning light; 'and that sword, dearest son, was the same which thou wearest at this moment, and to which as thou saidst, thou hast given the name of Ottur."

'Hereupon Sir Otto looked with avers

and terror on the weapon which he had before held so dear; it seemed as if he would tear it from his side, and cast it away; but then said Hildiridur, "Fear not, dear son; by that good sword I have never been injured; although by my disobedience I had deserved that my life should thereby have been taken away. For as I kneeled on the ground, and even bared my bosom, as a self-condemned criminal, to receive the blow, suddenly the heart of the stern Hugur was melted; and he said, 'Nay, Heaven forbid that thou shouldst ever be wounded by my hand. But I must separate myself from thee, for now thou hast discovered the fearful crimes which I committed against thy sister, Astrid; nor have I humility or fortitude enough (whichsoever it should be called) to beg thy forgiveness. Nor, to say the truth, could I confide longer in one who is thus given up to sorcery; therefore hasten thou from my sight, and never let us meet again. But as for the boy, I must detain him with me, and will tell him that thou art dead.' To these commands I was forced to submit; but I desisted not from entreaties, till I had been permitted to take leave of thee, dearest Otto. The by-standers told thee that I was then dying; and, truly, I must have seemed at last, more like one of the dead than of the living; for, quite overcome by my affliction at parting with thee, and my regret at the disobedience of which I had so rashly been guilty, I sank back, fainting and insensible, on the grassy turf."

The tale is much in the manner of the old romancers, and the quaintness of their style is especially adopted by the translator in the titles to the chapters, one of which we quote a conclusion, entitled :—

'*A strange story of a lady and a rose.*'

"'Far remote, in the wide sea, named Archipelago, there lies an island well known through all the world, blooming and golden with rich harvests of corn, fruits, and wine. There, in old days of paganism, was born an enchanter, whom the heathens afterwards looked upon as a god. The island is called Crete, and the mighty enchanter's name is Jesus.

"'By his powerful spells it came to pass, that this island, whence he derived his birth, was ever adorned with the choicest flowers; and it is not very long since there was planted from a rend rose of such unequalled beauty, that it was praised and renowned far and near as the richest and fairest of all nature's blossoms. This flower came from the town of Damascus, and it was watched and tended by a fair and lovely damsel, who had been forced away from that city by wicked men, and brought to the enchanter's island. At Damascus she had been in her flower-garden, and had the rose in her hand, when the wicked pirate came to disturb her innocent pleasures. She had the plant under her mantle, and carried it with her into Crete. There it had thriven well beneath her tender care,—the Damascene rose blooming the best of flowers, and she the fairest of damsels on the island.

"'Often she had whispered in secret to the flower,—'Here we are, both strangers in the land; therefore we must be friends to each other, and the bonds of affection may never be broken between us. If one return home, the other too must go thither; and if the rose be cropped from the stalk, the maiden will wither in her sadness.'—Then it seemed almost as if the flower had understood her words, and nodded thereto in silent sympathy.

"'Not long thereafter the damsel was looking from her window on the waves of the stormy sea, and, lo! she beheld, amid the raging waters, a boat drawing near to the shore, and therein sat a graceful figure of a knight, beating the dark billows with his oars, as an angry master would chastise the slaves that rebelled against him. With eagle-eyes he beheld from afar the beautiful maiden, as she stood on her lofty veranda; he brought his bark to land, and made it fast by the golden chain to a tree, then looked up to the window, and called aloud,—'Who art thou, most beautiful of ladies?'—The damsel answered,—'I am a king's daughter, and by violent men have been brought hither from Damascus.'—'Then,' said he, 'thy life here is perchance sad and lonely?'—'Nay,' answered the damsel, 'I have with me the beautiful rose that thou seest blooming in yonder garden; it has been my friend and solace since we both left our native land.'—Then said the knight,—'Already have I won in battle a Damascene blade that is better, I ween, than any sword that was ever wielded by mortal arm. A maiden—a rose—and a sword from Damascus;—these are treasures above all price; and the sword will soon free the maiden and the flower from their bondage. Trust then to me; and if thou wilt but venture, thou shalt soon be free as the nightingale in the forest.'—'Who art thou, mariner, that dares to speak thus boldly?'—'Nay,' said the knight, 'I am a warrior, far and wide renowned, and wend my way where'er it is my pleasure, by land or sea; and here in Crete I am named the brave Hygies.'—'Art thou indeed Hygies?' said the damsel, 'that wondrous hero whose deeds are sung through all the world, and who has won such victories among the Greeks, and in Persia, by land and by sea?—If this be so, then truly I shall soon be brought back to my wished-for home!'—'Ay, fairest of damsels; and this night shall not pass till I have come to take you from your prison.' —'But hast thou a ship that will bear us across the sea?'—'Doubtless,' answered the knight, 'I have even a fleet of ships, but they will not come hither till another year has pass away.'—'For Heaven's sake,' cried the damsel, 'tell me how I may be concealed in Crete till they arrive?'—'Fear not,' answered the knight; 'for all that Hygies has planned, he knows also how to find the means of fulfilment.' Thereupon she nodded kindly her parting salutation, and the warrior retired; but when the evening shades had settled on the island, he failed not to come again with a long ladder of ropes, which he fixed to her window. She ventured to descend, and was once more free.

"'Deep in the recesses of the Cretan mountains there lies a cavern, covered at the entrance with heath and copsewood, but large and lofty, wherein no mortal dares enter, for terror of the supernatural powers that might assail him; for in ancient times this was the birth-place of Zeus, the far-famed enchanter. Here, in the secret depths of the cave, Hygies concealed the blooming and beautiful damsel,—coming oftentimes to caress her at the dead of night, and bringing with him food and wine, with costly carpets, to defend her from the cold and hard rocks. Meanwhile she often said to him With anxious sighs,—'Thou wert my deliverer, and art now become my dear husband; but beware, I pray thee, beware lest my dearly-beloved rose should wither!—From Damascus thou hast obtained a maiden and a sword, but do not forget that there is, moreover, a Damascene rose under thy protection.'

"'Far and wide, even for a whole year, the Cretans sought through the land, but in vain; they knew not whither the beautiful captive had retired; but the knight Hygies, he alone well knew where to find the object of his affections; and because the cave, though wide, was no fit habitation for his beloved, he used to cut and hew the rocks with his invincible Damascene blade, till he had made a habitation under ground such as any queen might have envied.

"'But joy leads to sorrow, and pleasure to pain;—ere the year's end the princess bore a son,—a bold, handsome boy, thus cradled among the rocks, like the old enchanter Zeus, and the brave warrior Hygies took him in his arms with all a father's love. So the mother's pain was again changed to joy; and not long thereafter there was seen on the horizon a heart-enlivening show of white sails all swelling in the breeze; and this was the fleet of the renowned Sir Hygies. That evening the ships cast anchor in a bay of the Cretan shore, and messengers came straightway to the noble owner, who rejoiced heartily at their arrival, and went, in the silence of the night, for his Damascene beauty,—brought her forth under the light of the moon and stars, with the child sleeping on his mother's breast. Then, as they were proceeding on their way, the lady sighed deeply, and said,—'Oh, Heaven!—how that thought comes irresistibly in the midst of all my joys!—Must I leave the dear rose-tree here on a foreign strand?—Have we not known each other so long in our affliction, and promised both, that if one of us should be set at liberty, the other should not be left in bondage?—See, yonder blooms the rose! dear husband, go and bring it to me!'—But the knight would not listen to her prayer, and urged her forward in rapid flight. The damsel sighed again, and would not go with him, but ran to the garden wherein she had planted her beloved flower. There a sudden noise from the castle alarmed her, and she would have fled, but the rose held her garments fast in its thorny fingers, and in her terror she shrieked and fell to the ground. The knight ran up to her, and took the child from her arms, while she yet lay motionless and fainting in her grief and affright. But now every window

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and door was suddenly burst open;—the Cretan guards and soldiers came forth armed, and with torches in their hands. At the first glance they recognised the beautiful maid of Damascus, as she lay there beside her blooming rose-tree, and determined not only to make a captive of her, but also of the brave Sir Hygies. The knight, however, proved game not so easily to be caught. With his Damascene blade he dealt about him blows so rapidly and so powerful, that whoever dared to approach him was felled to the ground; so that they all stood still, and their courage was broken. Thereafter they tried their javelins and arrows, and Hygies protected himself and the beautiful damsel as long as he could, till an arrow came whistling under his golden shield, and struck her to the heart. She fell lifeless, and the red rose-leaves mingled with the blood that streamed from her death-wound. The knight then must leave the lady and the rose behind him on the island; but the sword was still his own, and by its aid he rescued the child, and bore it with him to his fleet, and sailed for Arabia. Thereafter the child proved a valiant warrior,—an avenging sword, that was worth an hundred thousand blades of the best Damascene steel."

Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey, pp. 398. London, 1826. Relfe.

Two volumes of Friendship's Offering have successively appeared, both of which were more distinguished for their embellishments and the elegance with which they were got up, than for the originality and superiority of their literary contents, though on this score they were highly respectable. This year the editorship has come into new hands, and those by no means feeble ones. Mr. Hervey, the new editor, is the author of Australia, a poem, which we were among the first to praise, though our good opinion has since been confirmed by (we believe) all our contemporaries. An entire change in the plan of the work under review has been adopted, and the editor (who will acknowledge our sincerity, when we say the preface is the worst part of the volume) has been peculiarly fortunate in enlisting living and even deceased talent in his Friendship's Offering. The work contains four original poems by Thomson, the author of the Seasons; one or two poems by Byron; an ode on the death of his lordship by Colton; original poems, tales, and sketches, by Galt, Maturin, Milman, Barry Cornwall, Neele, Horatio Smith, (one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses), Sotheby, Lady Caroline Lamb, the editor, Lord Porchester, Allan Cunningham, Mr. Hood, (the author of that very clever little volume, the Odes and Addresses to Great People,) Mrs. Opie, Montgomery, Miss Mitford, Bowring, Bowles, Jane Porter, Lord Dillon, the late Mr. Edgeworth, &c., &c. The engravings, thirteen in number, are principally by Finden and Fry, from designs by Westall, Vernet, Corbould, &c. The work has, appeared so late in the week, that we can at present merely give a cursory notice of it; we may, however, venture to say, without making any invidious comparison, that it is worthy to rank with those elegant and choice publications which, at this period of the year, enable us to make those offerings of friendship to the persons we esteem which cannot fail of being prized, on account of their own merit as well as for the sake of the donor. We have neither time nor space to enter into an examination of the prose articles in the Friendship's Offering; but select a few of the poetical ones, by authors whose names will be a sufficent recommendation. The first is a poem by the immortal Byron, addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb, sixteen years years ago, and copied from her ladyship's note-book: these lines form, as the editor truly observes, 'a singular contrast to the memorable and bitter ones preserved by Captain Medwin in his recent publication.'

'TO LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

'And say'st thou that I have not felt
Whilst thou wert thus estranged from me;
Nor know'st how dearly I have dwelt
On one unbroken dream of thee!
—But love like ours must never be,
And I will learn to prize thee less;—
As thou hast fled—so let me flee,
And change the heart thou mayest not bless!
They'll tell thee, Cara, I have seemed,
Of late, another's charms to woo;
Nor sighed—nor frowned—as if I deemed
That thou wert banished from my view.
Cara! this struggle—to undo
What thou hast done, too well, for me—
—This mask before the babbling crew—
This treachery—was truth to thee!
I have not wept while thou wert gone,
Nor worn one look of sullen woe;
But sought, in many, all that one,
—Ah! need I name her?—could bestow.
—It is a duty which I owe
To thine—to thee—to man—to God,
To crush—to quench—this guilty glow,
Ere yet the path of crime be trod!
But since my breast is not so pure,—
Since still the vulture tears my heart,—
Let *me* this agony endure,
Not *thee*—oh! dearest as thou art!
—In mercy, Cara! let us part,
And I will seek—yet know not how—
To shun, in time, the threatening dart,
Guilt must not aim at such as thou.
'But thou must aid me in the task,
And nobly thus exert thy power,—
Then spurn me hence—its all I ask—
Ere time mature a guiltier hour;
Ere wrath's impending vials shower
Remorse, redoubled, on my head;
Ere fires unquenchable devour
A heart,—whose hope has long been dead.
'Deceive no more thyself and me,—
Deceive not better hearts than mine;
Ah! shouldest thou, whither wouldest thou flee,
From woe like ours—from shame like thine!
And if there be a wrath divine,
—A pang beyond this fleeting breath—
Even now all future hope resign—
Such thoughts are guilt—such guilt is death.'

The following piece, entitled, Discretion the Better Part of Valour—a New Song of Ancient Pistol's, is by Horatio Smith—a gentleman who has much to answer for, in appearing so seldom before the public as he does:—

'One day as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,
A puppy cried out, "Pistol! you're a coward though a bragger."
Now, this was an indignity no gentleman could take, sir!
So I told him pat and plump,—"You lie!—under a mistake, sir!"
Fools may be fool-hardy, still, but men like me are wiser,
And if I get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!
'Said I, "Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your ruin;"
Then forth he popped his knuckles, and gave my nose a screwing;
"Zounds and fury!" bellows I, "there's no bearing this at all, sir!"
So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue—the wall, sir!
Fools may be fool-hardy, but men like me are wiser,
And if I get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!
'I told him for his insolence I must have satisfaction,
When he gave me such a kick, that it drove me to distraction;
My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder,
That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knocked—under!
Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are wiser,
And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, sir!

We are sure our readers, knowing that there are four original poems by Thomson, the author of the Seasons, would never forgive our omitting to quote two or three of them, even although, by inserting them, we should provoke an injunction in Chancery. The first piece is a Poetical Epistle to Sir William Bennet, of Grubbat, Bart., a gentleman Thomson often visited. The piece, which does not, certainly, boast much poetic merit, was written when the poet was only about fourteen years of age:—

'My trembling muse your honour does address
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess.
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,
She'll upwards soar, and mount Parnassus' height.
If little things with great may be compared,
In Rome, it so with divine Virgil fared;
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,
Made his great genius flash poetic fire!
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,
The muse folds up her wings, and—dying—justice owns.'

The second poem by Thomson is a Hymn to God's Power, for which we must refer to the volume itself, and shall, therefore, only quote the two remaing pieces, entitled, May, and The Morning in the Country. The first is Upon May:—

'Among the changing months May stands confest
The sweetest, and in fairest colours dress'd:
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling fields,
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yields;
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints,
On virgin flowers free from unchaste saints!
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,
Who in each grove thy praises sing aloud.

The last piece—The Morning in the Country, is as follows:—

'When from the opening chambers of the east,
The morning springs, in thousand luxuries drest,
The early lark his morning tribute pays,
And, in shrill note, salutes the blooming day.
Refreshed fields with pearly dew do shine,
And tender blades therewith their tops incline.
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.
The herd his plaid around his shoulder throws,
Grasps his drear crook, calls on his dog, and goes
Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,
And fallen clods sets in their wonted place;
Then opes the door, unfolds his fleecy care,
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!'

It is due to the author of The Seasons, to state, that these poems, which have long been in the possession of the Earl of Buchan, and are in the handwriting of the poet, are the productions of his early years, and are printed in strict adherence to the MSS.

We shall take an early opportunity of returning to this elegant little volume, as well as to some of its contemporaries, to which we stand pledged for a second notice.

The Merchant, Ship-Owner, and Ship-Master's Import and Export Guide; comprising Every Species of Authentic Information relative to Shipping, Navigation, and Commerce: Descriptions of Countries, Places, Exchanges, Moneys, Weights, and Measures. The Statutes brought down to the End of Session 6 Geo. IV., and the other Parts to Nov. 1, 1825. Accompanied by Maps and an Index. By Charles Pope, Controlling Surveyor of the Warehouses in Bristol, &c. Eleventh Edition. 8vo. pp. 741. London, 1825. Baldwin and Co.

Valuable as Mr. Pope's work has ever been, yet the present edition is rendered peculiarly so by the important alterations which have been made relative to the laws of commerce during the last year—alterations that overturn the prejudices of ages, and give, not only a new impetus, but a new tone and character to the mercantile transactions of this country. Among civilized nations, each possesses some articles of produce peculiar to itself, or some species of manufacture in which it excels. Nothing, it might be expected, would be more natural than that each should exchange those articles, in which it possessed an abundance, for those of which it was deficient, on liberal and reciprocal terms. Each country might, by this means, enjoy the collected sweets of the world: a far different system has, however, prevailed; and states, even in periods of peace, have adopted a policy which would be even doubtful in war—that of punishing each other with privations, by laying such heavy export duties on their own produce and manufacture, and such severe import duties on those of other countries, as to amount to a prohibition.

Happily for this country, the present age possesses many enlightened statesmen, particularly so far as the commercial interests of the country are concerned; they have seen the absurdity of preventing British subjects from wearing French silks, or drinking French brandy, and thus restraining our Gallic neighbours from wearing our printed cottons, or using our Sheffield or Birmingham wares: they have, therefore, relaxed the system, by lowering the duty on the imports of foreign produce and manufactures. It is true that, in order to render this system beneficial, it should be mutual, and that France has taken alarm, or, rather, that the French ministry is not firmly enough seated, to venture on attacking the commercial prejudices that prevail, and the concessions on our part have not been met with corresponding liberality; we are not, however, surprised at this, for we ourselves have been so slow in adopting the new and sensible system, as to justify the observation of Pope, that—

'Truth would you teach, and save a sinking land,
All hear, none aid you, and few understand.'

Time, which as Lord Bacon well observes is the greatest of all innovators, will, we doubt not, soon convince governments of their true interests; and then, but not till then, can commerce be placed on a right footing. The only fear we have is, lest our government should not wait for the march of opinion in other countries, and return to its exclusive and prohibitory system, because other countries have not met it in liberality. But we think we hear our readers say, it is not necessary to give an essay on commercial policy, in reviewing a work like that of Mr. Pope, which must be well known, from its having reached the eleventh edition.

Mr. Pope's work commences with an introductory historical lecture on shipping, navigation, and commerce, which has been published separately, and noticed favourably in *The Literary Chronicle*: then follow various articles connected with commerce (principally statistical), such as tables of the revenue, exports, imports, value of money, the course of exchange, weights and measures, coins, &c. After these articles, which may be considered as introductory, Mr. Pope enters more immediately on his subject, and divides his work into ten parts. The first part contains the general regulations as to navigation and commerce; with an account of the duties, drawbacks, and bounties, on the various species of goods, which are alphabetically arranged; a brief description of each article is given, as well as an account of the quantities imported, and the average prices.

The second part contains the general regulation as to exports, with a list and description of the articles on which custom duty is payable, alphabetically arranged: the regulations of the coasting trade occupies part 3. The fourth part contains the laws relating to aliens, consuls, agents, and the various classes of persons and things connected with commerce. Part 5 is a continuation of the subject, and contains the laws affecting vessels, boats, apprentices, passengers, pilots, quarantine, warehousing, smuggling, &c. In this section of the work, the acts of last session, relating to the quarantine and warehousing, are fully explained; and it is one great merit of Mr. Pope's work, that it gives a faithful account of the most recent commercial laws, and describes them as they exist at the very moment his book appears.

The remaining sections of this work, that is, from part 6 to 10 inclusive, consist of a geographical, political, statistical, and commercial gazetteer of the world, in which the several countries, ports, and trading towns, are not only well and accurately described, but the recent or important commercial treaties, which regulate the intercourse between this and other countries, are given.

In a work of this sort, it is utterly impossible to give any extract that can show its character or value; and we should as soon attempt to exemplify the nature and extent of British commerce, by producing a yard of muslin, or a pound of figs, as by any quotation we can make: we shall, however, make a short quotation, from the gazetteer part of the volume, descriptive of the Burman empire, which excites more than usual interest at this time, on account of its being the only part in the whole world where Britons raise a hostile sword.

'*Burman Empire.*—The produce of its forests maintains a decided pre-eminence, from the northern frontiers to the sea. Teak-wood, with all the varieties of timber known in India, is to be found in abundance and perfection. In the upper provinces they grow wheat, and all the variety of pulse and grains known in India; on the banks of the rivers, and wherever they can command water, rice; besides indigo, cossoomba of a very superior quality, very fine tobacco, and cotton of two kinds—the common white of India, and a brown kind, peculiar to the country, which is imported into China for making nankeens; they have also abundance of sugar-cane, but do not manufacture it, contenting themselves with jaggree made from the cudjoor or date-tree. They have great variety of fruits, some peculiar to the country; all those common to India, some in great perfection, as mangoes, oranges, and melons; they have also the various legumes, and excellent vegetables and roots, common to India. A dearth is seldom known; when it happens, it proceeds more from indolence and oppression than any fault in the soil or climate. To China they export annually five or six lacs of rupees'-worth (prime cost) of cotton; the returns are made in raw silk, wrought silks, velvet, gold and silver thread, gold ingots and plates, leaf gold, true and false, for gilding (of which immense quantities are expended), foils of various colours, paper toys, and dried fruits. The Chinese also take off a great part of their ivory, amber, jasper, and precious stones, and some birds' nests from Tavoy and Mergui; but it does not appear that any European or Indian commodities find their way to China by this route, not even broad-cloth; as, under the present system, the price would be too high before it reached the consumer. Exclusive of this, the Chinese appear to me to be universally bigotted in favour of their own manufactures; with less liberality, their commercial policy seems to be regulated by the same principles as our own; they encourage the import of raw materials, and the export of manufactures. The whole produce of the ruby-mines

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(in which sapphires, topazes, emeralds, and garnets, are found jumbled together) does not amount to more than 30,000 tecals per annum—at least, what are permitted to be sold; the most valuable being appropriated for the use of the king, and locked up in his treasury. The produce of the silver and other mines it is impossible to learn; but it is but trifling, owing to the rapacity of government, which does not afford sufficient security to the adventurers, or allow them an adequate share for their risk and labour. Mining is everywhere a dangerous speculation, here particularly so: the Chinese and Shans are in general the adventurers. To Bengal, by way of Arracan, they chiefly export silver bullion for the purchase of silk and cotton piece goods; they speak of five hundred boats employed in that trade, but I much doubt the fact. From Yanghong and Bassien they export sticklac, timber, ivory, wax, cutch, wood and earth oil, precious stones, and other trifles, to various parts of India, to the amount of ten or fifteen lacs of tecals or rupees; and import various European, Indian, and China goods, to the amount of ten lacs, more or less. From the Shan country they get gold, silver, musk, sticklac, ivory, jasper, horses, and laipac—a coarse kind of tea in general use amongst them, and which they eat with oil, chilies, and garlic. The eating of laipac forms an indispensable part of the ceremonial in every contract. From Martaban, Tavoy, and Mergui, they get a little gold, wild cardemoms, ivory, wax, birds' nests, and tin, and most of their salt fish and balachong. They manufacture most of their silks, and dye them very well of various brilliant colours; also a fine brown cotton cloth, of which they are very fond; and a great deal of coarse, and some fine cotton cloth, for their own consumption. They smelt metals (iron in large quantities for their own use); make paper, and various articles of lackered ware; refine culinary saltpetre; make gunpowder (very bad); manufacture most of the coarse ironmongery; found brass for various purposes; build ships and boats; make twine and cordage; turn in wood and ivory; polish and cut their precious stones; and excel in pottery: but all their best artificers are foreigners; all they do is done rudely; and to their women alone must be ascribed the merit of weaving and dyeing.'

Mr. Pope's work is peculiarly valuable, from its containing all the commercial treaties recently formed with the republics of South America, which are not to be met with in any other work; it is, indeed, a volume which no merchant, statesman, or legislator, ought to be without; and we are not in the least surprised at the popularity it has attained: the present edition is, however, we repeat, rendered essentially useful to the mercantile world, on account of the important alterations that have taken place in our commercial regulations. The work also contains two good maps—one of the world, and the other of Europe; and considering the great body of information it contains, the importance of the subject to which it relates, and the quantity of paper and letter press, it is published at a reasonable price.

Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre and Drury Lane. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Colburn.

The eagerness with which the public has seized on Reminiscences, Conversations, &c. of the illustrious departed, has induced Mr. Kelly to favour the world, at the price of twenty-eight shillings, with all the gossiping stories and anecdotes his memory retains. That many of these are interesting, will be readily believed, for we are convinced,—such is the varied society which frequents the theatre, before and behind the scenes, and mingles with the actors, — that even an observant call-boy might dish up a very tolerable melange of his recollections,—and Mr. Kelly has not done more. Many of the stories he relates, are excessively stale, and though now in the sear and yellow leaf, he betrays an insufferable vanity. In youth he was a *petit-maître*, and although there is no occasion to drive a man to confession, yet he might, at his age, conceal his follies. His vanity is unpardonable: throughout the whole of his Reminiscences, it is *ego et rex meus*; he boasts of an intimacy with individuals by whom he could only have been tolerated, and assumes as much consequence as if he had been, what he never was, a first-rate in his profession. Kelly, however, after all, was a good natured fellow, and, we doubt not, but much of the egotism and colouring of his Reminiscences, are by the person his bookseller has employed 'to lick them into shape,'—for no one will suspect Kelly of doing it himself.

The mention of the publisher of these Reminiscences, reminds us of the odious quackery by which they have been ushered to the public. We say nothing of paragraphs or puffs prelusive, either paid for, or inserted through Mr. Colburn's influence in the public journals; we allude to the quack-like manœuvre with respect to the New Monthly Magazine. Our readers will probably recollect that this said Mr. Colburn, who is proprietor of the New Monthly Magazine, once inserted in the fore part of it, an answer of Lady Morgan to her reviewers, printed so as to appear a part of the magazine.] As it was a very outrageous production, Mr. Campbell, the editor, (who, by the by, should talk less than he does at present, if he does not write more, which we do not recommend, unless he writes better,) found himself compelled to disown, and declare it had been foisted in without his consent or even knowledge.

With regard to Mr. Kelly's work, some anticipatory extracts had appeared in a contemporary journal, in which Mr. Colburn is known to possess an interest; in the last number of his own journal, the New Monthly Magazine; and in another monthly work, also, there were extracts and puffing notices; all before the reminiscences were published, calculated and prepared to excite anxiety for the appearance of the work. Well, it does appear; and then the publisher has the effrontery to declare, in public advertisements, that these extracts from Kelly's book were unauthorised, and that the author would never have thought of publishing any part of his work, until a copy was presented to his Majesty, to whom it is dedicated. This is puffing which must make Turner, Warren, Mrs. Johnson, of Soothing Syrup celebrity, and all the quack doctors, hide their diminished heads, and cry—all hail! to the bibliopolist of Burlington Street.

Of Mr. Kelly's life, it may be enough to be told, that he is a native of Dublin, was born of respectable parents, who were rigid Roman Catnolics; that, at an early age, he displayed a capacity for music, and was sent to Naples to cultivate it. He frequently appeared at the principal theatres on the continent, and, in London was, no doubt, in some degree popular; he led as respectable a life as theatrical persons generally do, and was much esteemed in private, on account of his good nature, rather than his conversational talents, which are well known to be mediocre. His Reminiscences, as we have already observed, contain many stale anecdotes, and yet there are several that are interesting, as we shall exemplify, and thus prove that, if we do not flatter him by our praise, we do him ample justice in selecting the very best portion of his work as specimens.

At Leghorn, Kelly became acquainted with Storace and his wife, by the following curious accident:—

'I went on shore to show my passport at the Custom House. I had on a Sicilian cappote, with my hair (of which I had a great quantity, and which, like my complexion, was very fair) floating over it: I was as thin as a walking stick. As I stepped from the boat, I perceived a young lady and gentleman standing on the Mole, making observations; as the former looked at me she laughed, and as I approached, I heard her say to her companion, in English, which, of course, she thought I did not understand, "Look at that girl dressed in boy's clothes!" To her astonishment, I answered, in the same language, "You are mistaken, Miss; I am a very proper he animal, and quite at your service!"

'We all laughed till we were tired, and became immediately intimate; and these persons, my acquaintance with whom commenced by this childish jest on the Mole, at Leghorn, continued through life the warmest and most attached of my friends. All love and honour to your memories Stephen and Nancy Storace! He was well known; afterwards, as one of the best English composers, and she was at that time, though only fifteen, the *prima donna* of the Comic Opera, at Leghorn. They were Londoners, and their real name wanted the *t*, which they introduced into it. Their father was a Neapolitan, and a good performer on the double bass, which he played for many years at the Opera House, when the band was led by the celebrated Giardini. He married one of the Misses Trusler, of Bath, celebrated for making a peculiar sort of cake, and sister to Doctor Trusler, well known in the literary world as a chronologist.

'The elder Storace, Doctor Arnold, and Lowe, the singer, opened Mary-le-bone Gardens for the performance of burlettas, &c

&c. Owing to the attraction of the music, and Miss Trusler's plum-cakes, the gardens were successful for a time, but, disagreeing among themselves, the proprietors closed them, I believe, with loss.

Of the death of that excellent composer, Storace, Mr. Kelly gives the following interesting account:—

'At Drury Lane Theatre, March 12, 1796, was the first representation of the Iron Chest, written by my friend George Colman. The music, composed by Storace, was, I believe, the cause of his premature and lamented death. On the first rehearsal, although labouring under a severe attack of gout and fever, after having been confined to his bed for many days, he insisted upon being wrapped up in blankets, and carried in a sedan chair to the cold stage of the playhouse. The entreaties and prayers of his family were of no avail,—go he would; he went, and remained there to the end of the rehearsal. The agony I suffered, during the time, is beyond my power of description. He went home to his bed, whence he never rose again. The last twelve bars of music he ever wrote, were the subject of the song (and a beautiful subject it is), "When the robber his victim had noted;" which I sang in the character of Captain Armstrong. I called upon him, the night of the day in which he had been at the rehearsal; he sent for me to his bed-side, and pressing my hand, said,—"My dear Mic, I have tried to finish your song, but find myself unable to accomplish it; I must be ill, indeed, when I can't write for you, who have given so much energy to my compositions. I leave you the subject of your song, and beg you will finish it yourself; no one can do it better; and my last request is, that you will let no one else meddle with it." Saying these words, he turned on his side, and fell into a slumber; and never, never did I see him more.

'His memory will for ever live in the hearts of all who have heard his compositions; for the drafts of true genius, though they may not be honoured so soon as they come due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.. This is an old maxim, and, I hope, a true one. He died, March the 16th, in the thirty-third year of his age. It is a singular coincidence, that three such great musical geniuses as Purcell, Mozart, and Storace, were nearly of the same age, when fate ordained them to their early graves.

'On the 30th of the same month, was first performed, the opera of Mahmoud, written by Prince Hoare; the music chiefly by Storace.

'The whole of the profits arising from the opera, were generously given by the author to Storace's widow and orphan.

'All the performers took the greatest pains to do justice to the posthumous work of the composer. Kemble's acting, as the hero of the piece, was a masterly performance. The opera had a run of many nights, and was much applauded; it had the powerful support of Mr. Braham, who made his first appearance in it at Drury Lane, and sung a hunting cavatina, in a masterly style; as well as a beautiful ballad, "From shades of night!" with great truth of expression and simplicity. Mr. Braham was received with the greatest applause, and deservedly so, for there is no such singer when he pleases; he is, decidedly, the greatest vocalist of his day, and, from a long professional intercourse with him, I ever found him replete with liberality and kindness; and ever ready to give his meed of applause to real merit.'

Of composers and players Kelly relates numerous anecdotes. Of Mozart he says:—

'I went one evening to a concert of the celebrated Kozeluch's, a great composer for the piano-forte, as well as a fine performer on that instrument. I saw there the composers Vauhall and Baron Diderstoff, and, what was to me one of the greatest gratifications of my musical life, was there introduced to that prodigy of genius—Mozart. He favoured the company by performing fantasias and capriccios on the piano-forte. His feeling, the rapidity of his fingers, the great execution and strength of his left hand, particularly, and the apparent inspiration of his modulations, astounded me After this splendid performance, we sat down to supper, and I had the pleasure to be placed at table between him and his wife, Madame Constance Weber, a German lady, of whom he was passionately fond, and by whom he had three children. He conversed with me a good deal about Thomas Linley, the first Mrs. Sheridan's brother, with whom he was intimate at Florence, and spoke of him with great affection. After supper, the young branches of our host had a dance, and Mozart joined them. Mozart told me that, great as his genius was, he was an enthusiast in dancing, and often said, that his taste lay in that art, rather than in music.

'He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular, when he played, that if the slightest noise were made he instantly left off.'

Lord Cowper, it appears, was the great patron of Morelli, who was in the early part of his life his lordship's volante, or running footman:—

'One night, when going to bed, his lordship's attention was attracted by some one singing an air, from an opera then in vogue; the person was seated on the steps of a church, opposite to his lordship's palace; the prodigious quality of the voice, the fine ear and excellent taste displayed, astonished his lordship. He ordered his valet to inquire who the extraordinary performer could be; the valet replied, "that he knew very well; it was young Giovanni, one of his lordship's volantes. His ear for music is so perfect," said the valet, "that whatever he hears he catches instantly: he often sings to the servants, and is the delight of us all." The following morning, Giovanni was ushered into his lordship's breakfast-room, where he sang several songs, in a style and with execution to surprise him still more! His lordship ordered Signor Mansoli, Signor Verolli, and Camproni, Maestro di Capella to the grand duke, to hear him; they all declared it the finest voice they had ever heard, and that he only wanted instruction to become the very first bass singer in the world! "Then," said Lord Cowper, "that he shall not want long,—from this moment I take him under my protection, and he shall have the best instruction Italy can afford."

'His lordship kept his word; and for two years, Morelli had the first masters that money could procure. At the end of that time, he was engaged as primo buffo at Leghorn. He then went the round of all the principal theatres with great eclat. At the Teatro de La Valle, in Rome, he was perfectly idolized, often singing at the Carnival. He was engaged at the Pergola theatre; and his success, on his return to Florence, was triumphant indeed! I have often heard him say, that the proudest day of his life was that on which his former master, Lord Cowper, invited him to dine with him.'

Mozart's Marriage of Figaro was first produced at Vienna, and its reception was such as might be expected. Kelly was one of the original performers in it, and the only one now living:—

'It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

'I called on him one evening; he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera—you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan—*Crudel perche finora farmi languire così.* A more delicious *morceau* never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly pleased composer. I remember, at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, *Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso*, Bennuci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice.

'I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, "*Bravo! Bravo Fenmeri!*" and, when Bennuci came to the fine passage, *Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria*

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militar, which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself—for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "*Bravo! Bravo maestro! Viva! Viva grande Mozart!*" Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.'

The following is an anecdote of the late eccentric Duke of Queensberry:—

'On Tuesdays and Saturdays he had generally a large dinner party of the French nobility, who were obliged to seek shelter in this country from the horrors of the revolution: he was well aware that a French lady or gentleman is *au desespoir*, unless they can go to some spectacle; and he used the following delicate mode of indulging them in their favourite amusement, knowing that they were too poor to indulge themselves, and too proud to accept of pecuniary assistance.

'After coffee had been handed round, he used to ask, "Who is going to the Italian Opera to-night? I long to use my family privilege." If was present one evening, when the Duchesse de Pienne asked him what this privilege meant? He said, it was that of writing admissions for the theatres, to any amount he pleased, without entailing any expense. This was apparently a joyful bearing to the theatrical amateurs, and nine of the party went that evening to the Opera with his written admissions. He had previously made an arrangement with my worthy friend, Mr. Jewel, the Opera-House treasurer, and also, as I understood, with other theatres, that his orders were always to be admitted, and the next morning sent to his steward, who had directions to pay the amount of the admissions which his grace had sent in. This delicate manner of conferring a favour needs no comment.'

The following are amusing anecdotes of Sheridan:—

'Kemble came to him in one evening, and they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury Lane Theatre; and that, as manager, he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Mr. Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "Indeed we must seek for novelty, or the theatre must sink—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it."

'"Then," replied Sheridan with a smile, "if you want novelty, act Hamlet, and have music played between your pauses."

'Kemble, however he might have felt the sarcasm, did not appear to take it in bad part. What made the joke tell at the time was this, a few nights previous, while Kemble was acting Hamlet, a gentleman came to the pit-door, and tendered half-price. The money-taker told him that the third act was only then begun.

'The gentleman, looking at his watch, said, It must be impossible, for that it was then but half-past nine.

'"That is very true, sir," replied the money-taker, "but recollect Mr. Kemble plays Hamlet to-night."

'Mr. Sheridan, although a delightful companion, was by no means disposed to loquacity—indeed, quite the contrary; but when he spoke he commanded universal attention, and what he said deserved it. His conversation was easy and good-natured, and so strongly characterized by shrewdness and a wit peculiarly his own, that it would be hard indeed to find his equal as a companion. That he had his failings who will deny; but then, who amongst us has not? and one thing I can safely affirm, that he was as great an enemy to himself as to any body else.

'One evening that their late majesties honoured Drury Lane Theatre with their presence, the play, by royal command, was the School for Scandal. When Mr. Sheridan was in attendance to light their majesties to their carriage, the king said to him, "I am much pleased with your comedy of the School for Scandal; but I am still more so with your play of the Rivals: that is my favourite, and I will never give it up."

'Her majesty, at the same time, said, "When, Mr. Sheridan, shall we have another play from your masterly pen?" He replied, that "he was writing a comedy, which he expected very shortly to finish."

'I was told of this, and the next day, walking with him along Piccadilly, I asked him if he had told the queen that he was writing a play? He said he had, and that he was actually about one.

'"No," said I to him, "you will never write again; you are afraid to write."

'He fixed his penetrating eye on me, and said, "Of whom am I afraid?"

'I said, "You are afraid of the author of the School for Scandal."

'I believe at the time I made the remark, he thought my conjecture was right.'

Kelly was at Naples during the memorable eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in 1779, and he relates a singular instance of priestly influence over the Lazzaroni, who demanded of the archbishop to give up their wooden patron saint, St. Januario, that they might place him near the volcano, in order to suppress it. The archbishop refused, and

'The Lazzaroni finding themselves disappointed, held a council, and I saw them in an immense body march to Pausilippo, whither the king and queen had retired, determined to force the king to order the saint to be given up to them. The king appeared on the balcony to address them, but in vain; the queen also (*encrinte*), came forward, but without avail. The royal guard and a Swiss regiment were ordered to disperse them; but they were not to be intimidated; for neither entreaties nor menaces could divert them from their purpose. "The saint! the saint! give us up our saint!" was the universal cry. Just as popular fury was at its height, a man appeared, whom, the moment they saw, the wolves became lambs; the mob fell on their knees before him bareheaded and in total silence. He addressed them in the following conciliatory manner:—

'"What do you come here for, ye infamous scoundrels? Do you want to disturb our saint, in his holy sanctuary, by moving him? Think ye, ye impious rascals, that if St. Januario had chosen to have the mountain silent, ere this, he would not have commanded it to be so? Hence! to your homes, ye vagrants! away! be off! lest the saint, enraged at your infamous conduct, should order the earth to open and swallow you up.'

'This soothing speech, added by a kick to one, and a knock on the head to another, (fairly dealt to all within his reach), dispersed them without a single murmur! So that what the supplication of their sovereign, backed by the soldiery could not effect, was accomplished by one man, armed indeed with superstition, but with nothing else!

'This man was Father Rocco, well known to have possessed the most unbounded power over the lower orders in Naples; of no saint in the calendar (St. Januario excepted), did they stand in such awe as of Father Rocco. He was a sensible shrewd man, and used the power he possessed with great discretion. He was much in the confidence of Chevalier Acton, and the other ministers.

'Previous to his time, assassinations were frequent at night in the streets, which were in utter darkness; and the government dared not interfere to have them lighted, lest they should offend the Lazzaroni; but Father Rocco undertook to do it. Before each house in Naples there is a figure of a Madona, or some saint, and he had the address to persuade the inhabitants that it was a *mortal sin* to leave them in the dark.'

The Romans, Mr. Kelly says, are the most severe of critics, particularly the abbés, who sit in the first row of the pit, with a lighted wax taper in one hand and a book of the opera in the other, and should a poor devil of a singer miss a word, he is saluted by their abbéships, with a 'bravo, you beast.'

'It is customary for the composer of an opera to preside at the piano-forte the first three nights of its performance, and a precious time he has of it in Rome. Should any passage in the music strike the audience as similar to one of another composer, they cry, "bravo, il ladro!"—"bravo, you thief!" or, "bravo, Paesiello! bravo, Sacchini!"—if they suppose the passage stolen from them, "the curse of God light on him who first put a pen into your hand to write music!" This I heard said, in the Teatro del Altiberti, to the celebrated composer Gazzaniga, who was obliged to sit patiently at the piano-forte to hear the flattering commendation.

'Cimarosa, who was their idol as a composer, was once so unfortunate as to make use of a movement in a comic opera, at the Teatro del la Valle, which reminded them of one of his own, in an opera composed by him for the preceding carnival. An abbé started up, and said, "bravo, Cimarosa; you are welcome from Naples; by your music of to-night, it is clear you have neither left your trunk behind you, nor your old music; you are an excellent cook in hashing up old dishes!"'

While at Florence, Kelly went with a large party to a tour, about twenty-five miles from that city, in the upper Val di

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Arno, to witness the grand festival in honour of Santa Massinina:—

'It is a curious fact that, for months, sixteen or seventeen thousand of the peasantry are kept in training to represent the story of David and Goliath. They form two grand armies, the Philistines and the Israelites. Their kings, princes, &c. are all dressed magnificently in ancient costume, with ancient martial instruments, &c. on both sides. The Programme was very clearly made out, and well executed. The whole of the challenge, David's acceptance of it, his breaking his adversary's head with a stone, and then cutting it off with his own sword, were all performed in very excellent pantomime. After the general battle and rout of the Philistines, the Israelites return, and place David in a triumphal car; his prisoners following amidst the clang of martial instruments, and the shouts of between twenty and thirty thousand people.'

Sienna, Bologna, and Venice, were afterwards visited by Kelly, who seems always to to have been at these places when anything extraordinary was to be met with, and was at Venice during the ceremony of the doge wedding the proud Adriatic. On this occasion

'The celebrated and witty Lord Lyttelton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a barge to see the ceremony. They had on board with them a *laquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguy noise, explaining everything that was going on. This unfortunate Cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea; the tumultuous lacquey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my lord, look, look, the Doge has married the sea!"

'"Has he," replied Lord Lyttleton, "then to you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit;" and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet; he was taken up immediately, without having received any injury, beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.'

To this anecdote of one peer we shall add that of another:—

'The Duke of Norfolk had a happy knack of telling a story. One, I remember, he told with great *naiveté*:—

'Amongst his grace's owls, at Arundel Castle, was one which was named Lord Thurlow, from an imaginary likeness between the bird and his lordship. One morning, when the duke was closeted with his solicitor, with whom he was in deep consultation on some electioneering business, the old gamekeeper knocked at the library door, and said, "My lord, I have great news to give your grace."

"Well," said the duke, "what is it?"

"Why, my lord," said the man, "Lord Thurlow has laid an egg this morning."

Not recollecting at the moment that the owl had been nick-named "Lord Thurlow," the duke was not a little astonished; and, when the keeper explained, the solicitor was painfully scandalized by such an audacious jammy upon a noble lord, who had been long upon the woolsack.'

Mr. Kelly does not confine himself either to anecdotes or portraits of persons of his own profession, but makes kings, princes, and statesmen pass in review before him. Of Prince Kaunitz, the prime minister to Joseph II. emperor of Germany, we are told:—

'For several months in the year he kept open house for all strangers, provided they had been presented to him by their respective ambassadors; he kept a splendid table, and those who were by their introduction entitled to dine with him, had only to send their names to his porter before ten o'clock in the morning. For my own part, I have wondered how he could get any persons to be his guests, so extraordinary was his mode of receiving them. He rose very late in the day, and made a point before dinner of taking a ride in his riding-house, which he never commenced until the whole of his company were assembled for dinner: after having deliberately ridden as long as he thought fit, he proceeded, without making any excuse, to make his toilette.

'Though a very old man, he was very fond of adorning his person, and remarkably particular in his having his hair well dressed, and *bien poudré*.—In order to accomplish this object, he had four valets with powder puffs, puffing away at him until his hair was powdered to his satisfaction, while he walked about his dressing-room in a mask. Another of his eccentricities was, that all times, when he had at his table ambassadors, foreigners, and ladies of the first distinction, he would immediately after dinner, have all the apparatus for cleaning his teeth put down upon the table; literally tooth brushes, basons, &c.; and, without the least excuse to his company, would go through the whole process of cleaning his teeth; a ceremony which lasted for many minutes. It was justly said of him, that he first made his guests sick by making them wait so long for their dinner, and that after they had dined, he made them sick again by this filthy custom. But in every thing else he was a strict observer of etiquette, and piqued himself on it; thinking with Lord Chesterfield, that etiquette was the characteristic excellence of good society.'

Of Jack Palmer, Mr. Kelly relates many curious anecdotes, and, among others, the following:—

'I remember there was a new comedy to be performed at Drury Lane, the name of which I do not remember, in which Palmer had the principal part; it was very long, and the day before, at rehearsal, he did not know a single line of it. On the day the play was to be acted, the boxes all engaged, and a crowded house expected, Palmer sent word that he was taken dangerously ill, and that it would be at the risk of his life if he were to play that night. His letter was not sent to the theatre until three o'clock, when all was confusion, from the lateness of the hour at which the intelligence was received. Mr. Sheridan was at the box-office, and I was with him, when Powell, the prompter, brought him the letter. When he had read it, he said to me, "I'd lay my life this is a trick of Plausible Jack's, and that there is nothing the matter with him, except indeed not knowing a line of the part he has to act to-night. Let you and I call upon him, and I'm sure we shall find him as well as ever."

'He lodged in Lisle Street, two doors from my house. As we were passing by, Mrs. Crouch happened to be at one of the windows, and beckoned Mr. Sheridan to walk in; he did so, and I went on to Palmer's; and finding the street-door open, I walked up-stairs, where I found him seated at table, with his family, in the middle of dinner, in seeming excellent health and spirits. I told him to clear away the table, for Mr. Sheridan would be there in two minutes, to see him; "and," said I, "he swears there is nothing the matter with you, and that you have shammed sick, only because you are not perfect; if he find himself right in his surmises, he will never forgive you for putting off the play."

'"Thanks, my best, my dearest, valued friend," replied Palmer, "I'm sure you'll not betray me."

'I assured him I would not, and in a moment he was in his bed-room, enveloped in his dressing-gown, with a large woollen night cap on his head, and a handkerchief tied under his jaw, stretched on a sofa. As Mr. Sheridan entered the room, he began groaning, as if in the most excruciating torture from the tooth-ache. Never did he act a part better on or off the stage. Mr. Sheridan was really taken in; advised him to have his tooth extracted, and then to study his part, and get perfect in the new play. We went away, and I kept his secret till the day of his death.'

Ariosto.—'Ariosto (the mad poet) one day passing a potter's shop in Ferrara, heard the owner singing a stanza of the Orlando Furioso. He listened, and found that the potter mangled it miserably, rendering a most beautiful passage rank nonsense. This so enraged the poet, that having a stick in his hand, he broke every thing he could reach. When the poor devil of a potter remonstrated with him for destroying the property of a man who had never done him any injury, he replied, "Tis false; you have done me injury; you have murdered my verses, and I have caught you in the fact." When pressed to pay the poor man for his property, his only answer was, "Let him learn to sing my poetry, and I will leave alone his pottery."

Madame Catalani.—'At Bangor, Madame Catalani heard the Welsh harp for the first time. The old blind harper of the house was in the kitchen: thither she went, and seemed delighted with the wild and plaintive music which he played; but when he struck up a Welsh jig, she darted up before all the servants in the kitchen, and danced as if she were wild. I thought she never would have finished, and, on quitting the kitchen, gave the harper two guineas.'

Suett and Kemble.—'I remember well, after poor Suett's death, Kemble, in lamenting the event, saying to me, "My dear Mie, Pearsuddock has lost a powerful ally in Suett. Sir, I have acted the part with many Wemmies, and good ones, too; but none of them could work up my passions to the pitch Suett did. He had a comical impertinent way of thrust-

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ing his head into my face, which called forth all my irritable sensations; the effect upon me was irresistible."

Mrs. Coutts—'In May, 1795, Miss Mellon made her first appearance. Mr. Sheridan had seen her the previous evening at Stafford, where she was acting; she was much patronized at that place by the leading families, particularly by Mr. Horton, an intimate electioneering friend of Mr. Sheridan's. She was engaged at Drury Lane, and proved herself a valuable acquisition to our dramatic corps. She was a handsome girl, and much esteemed; and in gratitude I feel called upon to say, that both as Miss Mellon and Mrs. Coutts, I have received from her the most marked and friendly attentions.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Miss Benger is a lady we have often seen in the Reading Room of the British Museum, where her patient research and undivided attention to the subject in which she was engaged, formed a striking contrast to the listless puppyism of many young visitors (for students they are not) in that national establishment. Miss Benger is favourably known by preceding works, partaking of a mixture of history and biography, blending with the memoirs of the individual, a picture of the manners and customs of the age,—by which means, however, a large portion of the work would do for an account of any person living at the period in the same country.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was the daughter of the British, or rather Scotch, Solomon, James the First, who married her to Frederic V., Elector Palatine. This prince, who was a very weak man, on the revolt of the Bohemians, was elected King of Bohemia, and might have maintained that rank, had not the timid policy of his father-in-law refused him assistance; the consequence was, that he lost his estates, died, and left his widow to return to England in poverty and distress. There was certainly nothing very striking in the character of Elizabeth, but Miss Benger, who is really a clever writer, has made these memoirs the vehicle for a very interesting and faithful picture of the state of society in Germany. A few, perhaps, of the best pictures and sketches have not any immediate connection with the work, but then they generally possess interest sufficient to recommend them, and of this class is the following Bohemian story, which is the only extract we shall make from these volumes. We must premise, that previous to the election of Frederic, as King of Bohemia, a desperate litigation had commenced between two noblemen, who had married sisters, the daughters of a wealthy baron, recently deceased, and each claimed, in right of his wife, a splendid inheritance:—

'The origin of this feud was of a romantic cast. Twelve years before, the baron, a man of irascible vindictive passions, suspecting that his eldest daughter had formed an unsuitable connection, confined her in a solitary tower on the summit of a cliff, to which the only access was by a perpendicular ascent, sufficiently difficult to impede the most enterprising adventurer. In this gloomy turret, the unhappy girl was condemned to waste her blooming youth, with no other companion than the gaolers appointed by her inhuman parent. At length the baron died, without pardoning or even seeing his ill-fated child; but not before he had given in marriage his second daughter to a nobleman of Calvinistic principles, who, on his demise, took possession of the whole property, as his wife's patrimony; and, effectually to bar all inimical pretensions, without scruple, determined that the captivity of his sister should terminate but with her existence. For some time, Baron Slabata enjoyed, unmolested, the magnificent castle of his wife's ancestors; and, such is the moral degradation attendant on feudal ignorance, his iniquitous actions were chartered with impunity. In the meanwhile, it was notorious that the baron had left two daughters, one of whom, the eldest, and consequently the heiress, though immured, was supposed to be still in existence. Otto of Wartenberg, a spirited nobleman, with more courage than wealth, having lately buried his wife, recalled the image of the captive in her happier days, and resolved to attempt her deliverance. For this purpose he repaired, with a chosen band of brave men, to the foot of the declivity on which her tower stood. With infinite difficulty Otto ascended by a ladder of ropes to the summit, and employed the same means to assist his companions. Having so far succeeded, they stormed the fortress, killed the guards, and, in the tone of chivalrous romance, released the lady. In what manner the victim of paternal cruelty and fraternal avarice had endured her tedious imprisonment, is not detailed; but, however it might have impaired her beauty, it had not deprived her of attractions in the eyes of Otto, who believed that, in making her his wife, he should, by the laws of Bohemia, acquire an exclusive right to her father's possessions. Readily did the outcast lady accept his hand, and gladly did she acquiesce in the bold step he proposed to reinstate her in the castle of her ancestors.

'In this emergency, the regular course would have been to institute a legal process in the chancellor's court, and patiently to await his decision. But delays were as ill-suited to the baron's necessities as the lady's impatience. The revolutionary movement in Bohemia seemed to have conferred personal privileges on individual men. Instead, therefore, of submitting his claims to a chancellor, who might be swayed by interest or prejudice, Otto, like a true knight, took his cause into his own hands; and, having collected a sufficient force of armed men, proceeded to the castle, compelled admission, and, *vi et armis*, dislodged its former occupants.

'The discomfited Slabata lost no time in stating his grievance to the directors, who summoned Wartenberg to answer for the outrage. Instead of obeying the citation, that nobleman employed himself in arming his wife's vassals, who, either touched by her sufferings, or captivated with her husband's gallantry, promised to stand or fall by their new lord. Ill fitted to contend with his intrepid foe, the base Slabata had no resource but to restate his case to the chancellor, and tamely to endure affronts, until the election of a new monarch should have re-established in Bohemia a more regular government. On the arrival of Frederic in Bohemia, even Otto of Wartenberg altered his deportment, acquiesced in legal process, and implored the royal protection. Unfortunately, Slabata, who was notoriously a Calvinist, had already secured the good will of the new government; and his forcible ejectment from the castle was declared to be a violation of the laws, for which offence Otto was amerced in a heavy fine, and imprisoned in the tower of Prague.

'In the meanwhile, the countess was allowed to remain in the castle of Gutschin until the cause in the chancellor's court should be finally determined; when, on what colourable pretence appears not, the representative of the elder sister was nonsuited, and Slabata, the unjust rapacious brother, confirmed in the inheritance. Not one moment was lost by the favoured litigant to enforce restitution; but, well knowing that the wife of Wartenberg participated in her husband's courage, he urged the Rath to persuade her not to arm her vassals against the king's authority. The lady listened with calmness, and even promised to admit Slabata quietly, provided he came without soldiers, and attended only by legal officers. For this the Rath pledged himself; and Slabata armed with only ten legal commissaries, to the gate of the castle. Mistrusting, however, the pacability of his sister-in-law, he had taken the precaution to provide soldiers, who, entering by a postern gate, were admitted secretly within the court of the castle.

'In the meanwhile, her vassals, including the inhabitants of Gutschin, beginning unasked, to assemble before the gates of the castle, the Rath read to them aloud the royal commission, denouncing the penalties of imprisonment and confiscation on all who resisted the royal mandate. Upon hearing the preamble, the people dispersed, leaving the lady Wartenberg no alternative but submission or imprisonment. Her native pride and courage were still unsubdued; and, preferring even death with vengeance, to beggary and disgrace, she commanded her soldiers to fall upon Slabata's party. The latter, proving victorious, she withdrew with perfection to an inner apartment, where she had hoarded a few barrels of powder; and here having plied the men with wine, she presented them with pipes for smoking, and encouraged them, by fair promises, to renew the attack, though, from an effort so desperate, she could expect only destruction. In the meanwhile, Slabata, exulting in success, was proudly conducting his retainers to the hall, too happy to be relieved from the presence of his injured kinswoman. But vain were his speculations! According to Kevenhuller, a fatal spark, accidentally communicating from a torch to the small powder magazine which the lady had hoarded as her last resource, at

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once awarded justice to the rapacious Sabata and the vindictive wife of Otto. In a few moments was heard an explosion, beyond description terrible; the walls of the castle were lifted from their foundations; in a single instant one of its wings was levelled with the earth, and, with the exception of five or six favoured individuals, who almost miraculously escaped, nobles, peasants, vassals, children, horses, were involved in one fate, and, above all, the lady and the baron, who had been the primary cause of the catastrophe.

'No sooner was the news received at Prague than the wretched Otto was released from the tower, apparently at liberty to take possession of the melancholy ruins; but, though audacious, he was not obdurate; and, so overwhelming were the impressions of horror and grief which this catastrophe produced on his frame, that he survived not many days his miserable consort. Such was the state of society in Bohemia, that this tremendous outrage was perpetrated in a castle but ten miles distant from the gates of Prague.'

Cottage Comforts, with Hints for promoting them, gleaned from Experience; enlivened with Authentic Anecdotes. By Esther Hewlett. 12mo. pp. 236. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

It is said too many cooks spoil the dinner, and another wise saw declares, that although God sends meat, a personage who shall be nameless sends cooks; of the truth of these sayings we are as ignorant as of the doings in a kitchen; but as books on cookery multiply on our hands, we confess ourselves somewhat incompetent to judge of their merits, we suggest that every author of a new treatise on gastronomy shall invite the critical world to taste a few of the choicest or newest dishes—though this, perhaps, would subject those who accepted the treat, and praised the viands, to the penalties of the treating set, particularly as they could not be expected to be so expert in evading its provisions as candidates and electors.

We have, in the course of our labours, had many works on gastronomy to notice, from the Cook's Oracle of Dr. Kitchener* to the Cottage Comforts of Esther Hewlett; the two named are quite originals in their way, the former has been noticed already, and we now introduce the latter to our readers, though we shall not follow the good lady through the seven hundred and forty-two paragraphs of her work, which treat of almost everything connected with household economy in humble life. Among the more prominent subjects treated of are moral character, cottage management, regulation of income and expenditure, the breeding and rearing of cows, fowls, bees, &c. the gardener's calendar, the management of infants, hints on sickness, on the diseases of children, cookery for the sick, the education of children, &c. &c. The book is certainly a rambling one, without the slightest system or arrangement; it however contains many useful hints for the management of a family, in an economical manner, and its explicitness, as well as the very low price at which it is published, renders it not only acceptable, but accessible, to the humbler ranks of society, and we suspect there are many suggestions in the work worthy the attention of those in stations more exalted.

* Within the last few days a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* has appeared in The Globe and Traveller newspaper, in the shape of a parody on Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk, which is a good natured quiz on the worthy doctor.

The Skellig Rocks.
By T. Crofton Croker.

The Skellig Rocks, though once celebrated as the resort of religious pilgrims, are now seldom visited for the objects of prayer and penance. Weary, and often dangerous, were the journeys made by the Irish peasant, in atonement for transgression; the doctrine of his church recommended such pilgrimages, and they were zealously performed.

Few places, indeed, could have been selected more difficult of approach, or, when gained, with less of worldly attraction than the Skellig Rocks. Situated nearly three leagues from the extreme south-west point of Ireland, the stormy waves of the Atlantic often rendered access impossible; even when the sea was calm, their rugged and precipitous forms frowned destruction on the little bark beneath, and the sea-fowl fluttered and screamed, 'as with warning voice, around them.' Verdure there was none to soothe the eye of the weary pilgrim; all was nakedness and barren rock, towering above the ceaseless roar of waters. Yet here, on the most fearful points of these inhospitable crags, hither in succeeding ages crowded those whose creed induced the conviction that such toil aided 'the sighing of a contrite heart.' Here still remain,—

——'Religion's cells, that still outbrave
The force of tempests, and the weight of days,
Yet, in each wall Time's busy finger plays,
Marking its slow, but no less certain, doom,
On man's proud works. On man himself he preys,
To him he gives but flitting hours to bloom,
And, sparing none, lays dust to dust within the tomb.'

This once celebrated pilgrimage is now seldom performed, except by the traveller, whose curiosity may urge him to the visit; but there are few who, beyond the luxurious wildness of Killarney, venture to explore the ruder scenery of Kerry.

The recollection of a recent visit to the Skelligs may be worth preserving, as, in a short time, those vestiges of antiquity will probably disappear before the hand of modern improvement, as the Ballast Board of Dublin have determined on the erection of a light-house, preparations for which are actively going forward.

'The great Skellig consists of two peaks, which shoot nearly perpendicularly upwards in proud companionship; the highest, said to be seven hundred and ten feet above the sea, the other, five hundred and sixty. The lesser Skellig, distant about a mile from the greater one, presents a bold and more lengthy outline, singularly studded with fantastic brooks and points.

'Such is their distant effect. On approaching the greater Skellig (at whose base our masted boat appeared an inconsiderable speck), the rushing sound of the waves dashing themselves into showers of white spray, and the shrill cry of birds, echoed from the wave-worn caves, came on the ear with a terrific and almost overpowering noise.

'Upon ledges of inaccessible rock, countless rows of gulls and puffins were seen perched with extraordinary regularity, braiding the side of the rock, like strings of pearl upon dark hair; to nothing else could I compare the sight. The innumerable quantity of sea fowl, which literally jostle each other, led to a strange belief, that the great Skellig possesses a certain attraction, which draws down all birds that would fly over it, and obliges them to alight and remain upon it; this is the tradition related by the boatmen, and confirmed by the authority of Dr. Keating—*the historian of Ireland!*

'We were fortunate in gaining the landing-place with less than common exertion, although more than one wave broke over the boat. The sea was said to be unusually calm; yet, without the assistance of a rope, thrown to us from one of the cliffs, it is doubtful if we could have reached it. From the landing-place, irregular flights of steps led up by the side of the rock, in the formation of which, no advantage presented by Nature had been neglected; these steps were by no means easy of ascent, and in some places frightfully overhung the water, without a protecting rail. A cross, about four feet in height, formed in the rudest manner from a common flag-stone, was reared at the most unsafe passes, to mark a fitting station for prayer. But modern pilgrims, if I may judge by my own sensations, will feel inclined rather to pass on without ceremony, than to pause and pray before them. For such, however, to complain of the ruggedness and horror of the path, is unjust to former devotees, as a boatman, who remembered it before the commencement of the present works, expressed his surprise at the "smooth and elegant stairs" which had been made.

'On the summit of the lowest peak, the superintendant of the works had his temporary abode, surrounded by eight or nine little stone cells, in shape resembling bee hives. These cells, respectively dedicated to different saints, were termed chapels, and were crowded together as the irregularity of the rock admitted, without order or arrangement, which in a degree might have been effected. The largest cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Michael, could not contain a dozen persons, if it had flat gable ends, in outline, like a Gothic arch, and side walls, with a corresponding curve; within was an altar of coarse stone, above which hung an unskilful representation of the crucifixion, carved in wood, and upon the altar lay the upper part of a human skull, much decomposed. Near this chapel a walled recess was pointed out, as a well of fresh spring water—certainly remarkable from its situation—but the supply could not be abundant, as it contained, when we saw it, only some slimy moisture. The other chapels being converted into depositaries for gunpowder, to be used in blasting the rock,

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farther than exterior examination was impossible; their construction, however, appeared similar, and consisted of stones curiously dovetailed together, without mortar or cement of any kind.

'The apartment of the superintendant we found decorated with numerous festoons of egg shells, which had a singular and really imposing effect. Here we saw a small bronze figure of our Saviour, about four inches in height, found by the workmen in excavating.

'Beneath the windows of the apartment was a confined spot, covered with withered grass; which the slight coat of soil seemed unable to support; this place was called the burial-ground, and two or three trifling mounds were to be seen, not larger than those of an infant's grave. Legendary tales record that Irr (to whose father, Milesius, the colonization of Ireland is ascribed) was shipwrecked and buried here:—

'Irr lost his life upon the western main,
Skellig's high cliffs the hero's bones contain.'

'The boatman, who acted as guide, would doubtless have favoured us with much of legendary lore, had he not perceived the absolute necessity of a speedy departure. The sky, since our landing, had gradually become overcast with dark masses of clouds, the seabirds shrieked louder and more wildly than before, and everything foreboded a storm. We descended in haste, and, seizing the opportunity of the fall of the water, sprung into the boat, which we soon rejoiced to see clear of these rocks. This abrupt termination of our visit allowed no time to ascend the higher peak, which it is probable we might have wanted nerve to perform; the writer, therefore, ventures to transcribe, in an abridged form, Dr. Smith's account of this awful pilgrimage.

'After visiting the cells or chapels, the pilgrim proceeds to the highest point of the rock, part of which ascent is performed by squeezing through a hollow passage, termed the needle's eye, resembling the funnel or shaft of a chimney. On surmounting this obstacle, he arrives at a small flat space, about a yard broad, which slopes down both sides of the rock to the ocean. On the farther side of this flat, which, from its narrowness on the top, is a kind of isthmus, the ascent is gained by climbing up a smooth sloping rock, leaning out only a very little, and called the Stone of Pain, from the labour of scrambling up, with no other assistance than a few shallow holes cut in it, as places to fix the hands and feet in. This kind of sloping wall is about twelve feet high, and there is much danger in mounting it; for if a person should slip, he might tumble on either side of the isthmus headlong into the sea. When this is passed, the remaining part of the way up to the summit is much less difficult. On the top are two stations to be visited, marked by stone crosses; the first is called the Eagle's Nest, probably from its extreme height,—this pinnacle is easily gained by the help of some steps cut in the rock; but getting to the second station, which is called the Spindle, or Spit, is attended with the utmost peril. The Spindle, or Spit, is a long narrow fragment, projecting from this frightful height over the waves that fret and rage beneath. It is walked to by a path only two feet in breadth, and several steps in length. Here the devotees, women as well as men, get astride on the rock, and so edge forward, until they arrive at a stone cross, which some bold adventurer formerly cut on its extreme end, and there, having repeated a paternoster, conclude the penance. The return and descent is but a repetition of these horrors.'—*The Amulet.*

ORIGINAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DUBLIN.

(Continued from p. 730.)

'I AFTERWARDS visited Leinster House, that magnificent palace, so meriting the noble purposes to which it is appropriated. The chair of state, or throne, in which the heads of this family used to receive the homage of their courtiers, is still in excellent preservation, and vividly recalls to mind the feudal times. In the national museum, contained in this building, there was nothing particularly to interest me; and I hurried down to the lecture-room of the Royal Dublin Society, where the galvanic battery was at full work. What an example does such an institution as this hold out to the metropolis of England, where abilities and riches are endless—where nothing is wanting but a little more respect for the philosophical ardour of the age, and accommodation and instruction for the public. If the mind thirst after scientific improvement there, it may thirst in vain, unless there be a good purse to aid in the pursuit. Here, on the contrary, are lectures on the most useful arts and sciences, chymistry, mechanics, mineralogy, the veterinary art; and the utmost facility is shown in obtaining admission.'

'I am sorry my countrymen do not more truly appreciate these advantages,' said Mr. Joe; 'but, hitherto, whatever the subject—whoever the lecturer, a long range of empty benches has afforded the only stimulus to exertions so laudable.'

'Leaving the professor, and his auditory, which truly was not the most numerous in the world, and feeling that cathedrals and museums did not give that tone to the stomach which makes a good dinner desirable, I determined to traverse my way back somewhat more extensively, and found myself rather unexpectedly on the sea-beach, surrounded by old crazy bathing-boxes, and heaps of rubbish, wherein dwell human beings, notwithstanding—the whole constituting such a scene of wretchedness as no place but Irish Town (such is the name of the village) could exhibit—at least it is charitable, for the sake of human decency, to think so. The tide was at its full, and the waves beating along with their usual solemn regularity. This spot is said to be a favourite one for bathers, and so it certainly would be, were it not for some drawbacks; but, while so contiguous to Irish Town, I should think it the least fitting resort in the world for the weak, and sensitive, and delicate valetudinarian. The fields on this side of the city form but a melancholy expanse for the spectator: naked parcels of ground, cold, withered, and unfruitful, for want of cultivation, separated from each other by rugged stone walls, or muddy ditches, instead of neat, fresh, green-looking hedges, forcibly recall to mind the prim exactness of an English landscape.

'And in regard to Dublin itself, Mr. Joe, if we put aside the public buildings, the regularity and width of the streets, the picturesque situation of the Liffey, with its many handsome bridges, and the exterior of the houses, which are large and well built, there will not be much left to admire in this famous city.'

'You are making many deductions,' said Joe.

'The sweep is wide,' I replied, 'and I doubt not you think me unconscionable for making it; but what I mean to advance is, that, with these exceptions, the people seem to have nothing comfortable about them. Their windows are clouded with dirt, their apartments are inconveniently and inelegantly furnished, their servants are slatternly and dirty, and deficient in that correct deportment which renders those of the English so valuable. The dress of the gentry partakes more of finery than comfiness—of show, than real utility; while they imitate the manners and the visiting hours of the most polished circles, without having it in their power to approximate to a closer resemblance. I do not call into question their right, in these matters,—every one may cut at what hour, and dress as he pleases; I only mention it, to show how much their inclinations bend towards the great and the fashionable. The shops, with a few exceptions, are of a very second-rate sort of value, ill stocked, and ill conducted. The custom, so general with us, of having two prices on their goods will in London be looked on as disgraceful; a shop having the least claim to respectability; and your streets continue to be infested with beggars, annoying you horribly, by their entreaties, and very often excite disgust by the exhibition of their infirmities. These are faults which time only can remove; they will be remedied when that moment arrives, if ever it do, which is to make Ireland the powerful rival of her sister country. Abundant in population, fruitful in the productions of the earth, more proportionately stocked than any other nation with the choicest cattle, it is melancholy to see how these blessings have been perverted by the blindness and cupidity of man!—how a people, in the midst of such plenty, are exposed to every destitution which life can endure!! But let us drink to better times, when every man may be enabled to dispense, as liberally as his wishes prompt, that which is the rational delight—free and unrestricted hospitality.'

'Drink deep,' said Joe, as he commenced chanting an old song:—

'Believe me, gentlemen, the land
Of which I'm proud to be,
By nature is exceeding grand,
Her sons all bravery.

'The blood which they so oft have shed
In Egypt, France, and Spain,
In Hindoostan where too they led,
And on the watery main.

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'Will this attest, and if once more
Their gallant aid be wanted;
They'll give as freely their heart's gore,
As whiskey—fresh decanted.

'O! may we soon meet, as before,
All health, and life, and pleasure,
And plenty ever have in store,
And prudence, man's chief treasure.

'So when we fill the sparkling glass,
We always may remember,
The summer of our days will pass,
And yield unto December.'

September, 1825. ALOST.

NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. XIV.

A GERMAN publisher, in announcing a translation of Harriet Wilson's Memoirs, has the unparalleled effrontery, not only to recommend that notorious performance, but to assert that it presents a most faithful characteristic picture of the manners of 'licentious' London. What an epithet for the capital of the most moral, religious, and enlightened nation on the face of the earth, as we—more from a love of veracity, it is to be hoped, than from any feeling of vanity, are pleased to style ourselves! The man does not regard it as a singular moral phenomenon, that, among a people who pique themselves so much on their ultra-morality, there should exist so much frivolity, and such very incorrect doings, as are recorded in that flagitious book; but he very complacently and coolly affirms, that whoever wishes to see the manners of the upper classes of English society portrayed, will there find them delineated by the hand of—not a master, no, but a *mistress*. We do not intend, however, to anathematize the fellow, or make a display of our own eloquence, nor to bewail the sad figure we must necessarily make in the eyes of our neighbours,—we who act as such rigid censors to all the rest of Europe.

Licentious! this might be a very appropriate epithet for John Bull to employ in speaking of Naples, or Vienna, or Paris, or Berlin, or Moscow; but, when applied to London—to a city where all classes are so pure and so virtuous, it is surely a most audacious libel. If the fellow really believes what he asserts, his ignorance is stupendous; and, whether he does or not, the consequences are equally mischievous. His countrymen will be led into a most deplorable error, and imagine that the land of Bible societies, and missionary societies, and reform, may need a little reformation itself; and that, before we indulge our spleen against other countries, we ought to look around us at home. If people can attach any credit to such a performance, they may be led to believe anything. There is nothing too gross to be swallowed by such dolts; they may be made to suppose that we have Sunday newspapers full of scandal and indecency, and that pious John Bull occupies his Sabbath in perusing them; that we have wily old women who *chronicle* their follies in their journals; that our political liberty has wallowed up our personal liberty; that we have patriots who will accept sinecures, and legislators who break laws. No absurdity is so monstrous, too revolting for such dupes: were any one to affirm that our police tolerates gaming-houses, that organized and systematic swindling is carried on in this metropolis, that in England people set up as money-lenders without a farthing, and that persons make a trade of selling bail, such egregious blockheads would give their implicit credence to it. Not even the most contradictory assertions shock them: they may one day be made to believe that John Bull's devotion is gloomy and atrabilious, rigid and morose—that our English Sunday is a day of unremitted gloom, when our parks and public walks are quite deserted, our toll-gate-keepers fast asleep, and John himself fasting on his knees at church or at home; and on the next they will believe, with Mr. Mulock, that we are utter reprobates, and in a state of absolute heathenism; and that our Paleys and Watsons are little better than atheists.

If, indeed, an estimate of London morals is to be formed from the reports of London courtesans and kept women, it is high time for us to lower our tone. Whether, however, ladies of this stamp are particularly veracious, admits of some doubt; and we are even very much inclined to question whether those gentlemen who publish their amours to the world with so much complacency are always to be relied on, since the honour and moral feeling of such persons is certainly not the nicest in the world, however it may please them to vapour about their sensibility in this respect. Such writers, whether male or female, when they sit down to record their own infamy, and their own scoundrelism, uniformly represent themselves as the most amiable and generous of human beings, spite of the little indiscretions into which they may have fallen—the venial errors of human nature. But it really requires no small degree of credulity, to believe that persons of this description are such zealots for truth, as to immolate to it every other consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

By H. Brandreth, Jun. Esq.

THERE is a breeze, there is a flower,
That cools the cheek, delights the eye—
The modest rose, the twilight hour,
Alike attest the lover's sigh.
Young morn may beam with orient ray,
But 'tis not half so dear to me
As the light shades of parting day—
At e'entide, love, I'll come to thee.

There is a gem that, radiant far
And wide, sheds round unwonted light,
All-sparkling as the brightest star
That studs the broad expanse of night.
But oh! not e'en the brilliant's blaze,
I feel, is half so dear to me
As the meek glow-worm's fainter rays—
At e'entide, then, I'll come to thee.

There is a sound, there is a sigh,
That murmurs through the flowery vale;
There is a tear that dims the eye,
When sorrow tells her artless tale—
But not the sigh from vale or grove,
Is half so sweet, so dear to me
As star-lit tear or sigh of love—
At e'entide, then, I'll come to thee.

July, 1825.

ELLEN.

NEAR by a willow's murmuring stream
Ellen sat in sad despair,
Her William was her soul's fond theme,
He was gen'rous, brave, and fair;
But he, alas! was far away,
Glory fir'd his warlike breast:
Long did she mourn and grieve each day,
Then in tears would sink to rest.

One eve she sat in lightsome heart,
Pensive o'er a craggy steep,
The moon its beauty did impart
O'er the ocean's briny deep;
She saw a sail advancing near,
And her heart in rapture burn'd,
'Just Heav'n!' exclaim'd she with a tear,
'Tis my William safe return'd.'

With anxious speed she quickly flew;
As the vessel near'd the shore,
She wav'd her hand—but soon she knew,
That her William was no more!
With ghastly look, and hollow eyes,
She rushed impetuous to her fate,
And to her William dear she flies,
And in the sea becomes his mate. P.

FINE ARTS.

Views of Rangoon—the Birman War. Part I. Folio. London, 1825. Clay.

THE first portion of this very splendid work, which is to be published in three parts, has just appeared; it contains six views, taken by Lieutenant Moore, of the 89th regiment, of some of the striking scenes of the present seat of war in India, finely engraved by Hunt and Pyall, and beautifully coloured. All these views are extremely well executed, and we doubt not strikingly correct; some of them are remarkable for the grandeur of oriental architecture, and others for their picturesque effect; while some combine the riches of nature and art. One of these plates gives a very striking view of the storming one of the Birman stockades,—a sort of fortification which has given our army in India much trouble, and often arrested its progress during the present war. The stockades are generally made of Bamboo, which in this country attains a size and luxuriance unknown to the other parts of India, bamboos being found measuring thirty-six inches in circumference: these stockades have embrasures, from which they can be defended by musketry, and they are sometimes protected by an imperceptible cheveaux-de-frieze.

Intending to return to this work, and notice it more at length, we shall only say that it has already obtained about seven hundred subscribers in India, and that it is fully worthy of such distinguished patronage. The size of the plates is fifteen inches by eleven and a half, and the views are accompanied by well-written descriptive notes, and a chart, pointing out the site of the several views.

ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF NORMANDY.

MR. PUGIN, with five of his pupils, have lately returned from Normandy, with a large collection of sketches, books, &c. calculated to illustrate the ancient architecture of that province. He has also brought home several *casts* of ancient capitals, bases, canopies, and other members of the buildings at Caen

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and Rouen. We understand the second number of his interesting work is in progress.

A series of prints by our most eminent landscape engravers, representing views of all the cities in England, from drawings by G. F. Robson, are preparing for publication; and, from the respective talents of the different artists, we may calculate on a very choice and exquisite work.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Covent Garden Theatre.—A new comedy was produced at this theatre, on Wednesday night, entitled *Love's Victory, or a School for Pride.* Of the plot, which is taken from a Spanish play, the following is an outline:—The Princess Diana (Miss Lacy), daughter of the Duke of Barcelona, though her father is anxious that she should become a bride, disdains to own that she has ever felt the tender passion. Don Cæsar (Mr C. Kemble), a Neapolitan prince, who is desperately enamoured of Diana, apprised and guided by Perrin (Mr. Jones) of her determination, meets her with affected indifference. Piqued by his neglect, the lady soon grows impatient to make a conquest of him: the real passion of Cæsar occasionally breaks out in spite of himself, but the scorn with which he is in the first instance treated, recals him to himself: he laughs at the princess for having thought that he was serious, tells her that she will make him vain of his acting, and changes her momentary triumph into bitter mortification. Afterwards, when she has been playing on the guitar in a garden, he affects to be enchanted with the calm which succeeds to the music of Diana—he is beyond measure grateful, when he is ordered to quit her presence, and, finally, he selects another for his wife. The other persons of the drama favour the plan, and the inexorable princess is at last almost frantic with disappointed love and jealousy. Of course the mask is then thrown off; she is humbled, her friends are merry, and marriage is announced to be close at hand.

Much of the merit of this comedy lies in its incidents and situations, which are well calculated for effect; the dialogue is spirited, and the humour rather broad and farcical; a few passages, approaching to vulgarity, need the pruning knife; and if one or two of the scenes were shortened, the action of the play would be complete. There was nothing very striking in the acting, though the piece was pretty well performed, particularly the part of Perrin, a sly intriguing servant, by Mr. Jones: and the Princess Diana, by Miss Lacy. The play was received throughout with great approbation, and announced for repetition amidst the loud applause of a very crowded audience.

This comedy is from the pen of Mr. Hyde, a young and promising dramatist, and the author of Alphonzus, a tragedy, of which we spoke very favourably a short time ago.

Haymarket Theatre.—This theatre closed the longest, and one of the most successful, seasons it ever had, on Tuesday evening. The popularity of Paul Pry continued to the last, and would have attracted crowded houses for months longer had the cupidity of the proprietors induced them to keep the theatre open. Liston spoke the farewell address, in the dress and in the manner of Paul Pry, as will be seen by the following copy of this stage (not state) document:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—The managers have appointed me their spokesman on this occasion, and really, between you and I, for it shall go no further, they have acted very wrong, because I am not in the habit of speaking in public. Now, seven months is a long season—summer season I mean, unless we mean the winter to last till July. During this period they have brought out several new pieces, which have had a very great run—no, I mean, a tolerable great run; and I think between you and I (for I make it a point never to *pry* into any body's affairs but my own), that they will be able to make both ends meet. The performers also return you their most sincere thanks (and between you and I, I think they ought to do so) for your patronage. I, myself, as one of them, thank you with all my heart, and take leave of you *pro trampery* only, and as you have been liberal in your patronage this season, which was (speaking freely between ourselves) very kind of you, so may we hope for a continuance of it next season.—(Great applause and laughter, in the midst of which Mr. Liston, after bowing repeatedly, retired, but soon returned.)—I beg your pardon, but I hope I don't intrude; I just dropped in to get my umbrella, which I left in the corner, and which, if I do not get now, I shall be obliged to go without till next April, which is a long time, you'll allow.'

We need not say that this address was frequently interrupted by the laughter and applause of an audience which crowded the house to the ceiling.

It is to be hoped the proprietors will avail themselves of the recess, to remodel the side-boxes, at least, which are the worst contrived and most inconvenient of any theatre we ever visited.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mrs. Belzoni.—We are happy to find that the subscription commenced for the relief of this very deserving lady, goes on well. A committee of ladies is about to be formed, and a public meeting called, in order to aid the good work. The daily journals, particularly the Times and Herald, have advocated the cause of Mrs. Belzoni with a zeal and a liberality which does them much honour.

Mr. H. Lytton Bulwer's work, entitled an Autumn in Greece, in the year 1824, comprising sketches of the character, customs, and scenery of the country, with a view of its present critical state, in letters addressed to Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. will appear very shortly.

Russel Institution.—Mr. Brayley, F. S. A. the author of The History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey, and several topographical works of great merit, is elected secretary and librarian to the Russel Institution; and we congratulate its proprietors on the appointment of so eminent an antiquary and amiable a man to those offices of trust and confidence. Although literary institutions do not meet with half the patronage they merit, yet we learn this institution is rapidly improving, and will, we doubt not, prosper, as the neighbourhood increases, which it does very much; and as the love of literature and science is extended, the shares of the institution will rise in value, its funds be augmented, and its benefits extended. The institution has moved on slowly and unostentatiously, but gradually augmented its property. There is a good account of this institution in Britton's Public Buildings of London, a work, in which Mr. Brayley, the new librarian, has several historical and descriptive essays.

We understand that, in consequence of the success of the Session of Parliament, published by Knight and Lacey, the Parliamentary Review, advertised by Longman and Co. has been abandoned.

The Rev. Christian Anderson is about to put to press a work, called the Constitution of the Human Family, with the Duties and Advantages which are involved in that singular Constitution.

The History of Scotland, for the Use of Schools, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, is in the press.

Mr. George Fulton is about to publish Lessons adapted to the Capacities of Children; with a Vocabulary.

A work, entitled Etymons of English Words, by John Thomson, M.R.I. & M.A.S. late Private Secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, is preparing for publication.

The New French Manual and Traveller's Companion, containing a familiar Introduction to French Pronunciation, &c., by Gabriel Surenne, F.S.S.A., is in the press.

A Collection of Mathematical Tables by William Galbraith, A. M., Lecturer on Mathematics in Edinburgh, is in the press.

Baron Charles Dupin's Lectures on Mathematics, (Géometrie et Mechanique des Art et Metiers et des Beaux Arts,) delivered last winter to the artisans of Paris, are now in course of publication in that capital. They are so highly esteemed that Count Chabrol, the minister of marine, has ordered the naval professors at forty-one seaports to repeat them to the youth training up for the public service. Of this celebrated work, a translation, with additions and improvements adapted to the state of the arts in England, will be immediately commenced in weekly numbers, under the title of the Mathematical Sciences, practically applied to the Useful and Fine Arts, a first book for every description of workman-artist and master-manufacturer, illustrated by numerous engravings.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A DEBOTTATION FOR DRINKING.

By an eminent Physician of the last Century.

Pass by a tavern door, my son,
This sacred truth write on thy heart—
'Tis easier company to shun,
Than at a pint it is to part.

For one pint draws another in,
And that pint lights a pipe;
And thus, in the morn, they tap the day,
And drink it out ere night.
Nor dreaming of a sudden bounce,
From vinous sulphurs stor'd within;
Which blows a drunkard up at once,
When the fire takes life's magazine.
An apoplexy kills as sure,
As cannon ball; and oft as soon;
And will no more yield to a cure,
Than murd'ring chain-shot from a gun.
Why should men dread a cannon bore?
Yet boldly 'proach a pottle pot;
That may fall short, shoot wide or o'er,
But drinking is the surer shot.
How many fools about this town,
Do quaff and laugh away their time?
And, nightly, knock each other down,
With claret clubs of no grape wine.
Until a dart from Bacchus' quiver,
As Solomon describeth right,
Does shoot his Tartar through the liver,
Then (*bonus socius*) *sat*, good night.
Good wine will kill, as well as bad,
When drank beyond (our nature's) bounds;
Then wine gives life a mortal stab,
And leaves her weltering in her wounds.
Such were the rules old Baynard gave,
To one with whom he could be free;
Better you'll find no doctor have,
Besides——they come without a fee.

The Monkey's Epitaph.—It has been said, that the beautiful Lady C——— had a favourite monkey, who died, as most of them in this country do, of tubercled lungs. At dinner, on the following day, her ladyship asked the celebrated Mr. Sh—d—n, then quite a young man, to write an epitaph on her favourite, whose name was *Jim*. The wit looked first at the beautiful woman who made the request, then at her husband, Sir *Ralph*, and after a moment's consideration, said:—

Poor little Jim,
I'm sorry for him;
I'd rather by half
'T had been Sir Ralph.

Mathews.—Charles Mathews was excellent in his disguises in early life; when a member of the 'School of Garrick' Club, he one night forced himself into the room in disguise, and was not known by a single member except Henry Johnstone, who was in the secret, until he threw off his wig, spectacles, and false nose.

Anecdote of a Spaniel.—A favourite spaniel was taken to an enclosed yard and shown several rabbits put there to be fattened; the animal was then put into the kennel at some distance, where there were five other sporting dogs. On the following morning, two friends went to the kennel, to take out the dogs to pursue their amusement of shooting. The animals were always eager to get out, and then evinced their joy by leaping about their master, rolling on the grass, &c.; but no sooner had he unclosed the door than they all rushed forth, and followed the spaniel, at full speed, to the door of the place where the rabbits were confined, without noticing their master or obeying his call. In this instance there must have been, not only the communication of intelligence, but an agreement to avail themselves of it, and act together under the direction of the spaniel.

French Calendar for 1793, *commencing Sept.* 22. *Autumn.*—Vendemaire, vintage month, from Sept. 22 to Oct. 21 inclusive, 30 days. Brumaire, fog month, from Oct. 22 to Nov. 20 inclusive, 30 days. Frimaire, sleet month, from Nov. 21 to Dec. 20 inclusive, 30 days.

Winter.—Nivose, snow month, from Dec. 21 to Jan. 19 inclusive, 30 days. Pluvoise, rain month, from Jan. 20 to Feb. 18 inclusive, 30 days. Ventose, wind month, from Feb. 19 to March 20 inclusive, 30 days.

Spring.—Germinal, budding month, from March 21 to April 19 inclusive, 30 days. Floreal, flower month, from April 20 to May 19 inclusive, 30 days. Prairial, pasture month, from May 20 to June 18 inclusive, 30 days.

Summer.—Messidor, harvest month, from June 19 to July 18 inclusive, 30 days. Thermidor, hot month, from July 19 to Aug. 17 inclusive, 30 days. Fructidor, fruit month, from Aug. 18 to Sept. 16 inclusive, 30 days.

Sans Culotides, as feasts dedicated to les Vertus, Sept. 17; le Genie, Sept. 18; le Travail, Sept. 19; l'Opinion, Sept. 20; les Recompenses, Sept. 21;—being the 5 remaining days which complete the 365.

N. B. *Sans Culotides* have since been renamed *Jours Complementaires*. The intercalary day of every fourth year is to be called *La Sans Culotide*, on which there is to be a national renovation of their oath—to live free, or die.

The month is divided into three decades, the days of which are called from the Latin numerals:—

1, Primidi; 2, Duodi; 3, Tridi; 4, Quartidi; 5, Quintidi; 6, Sextidi; 7, Septidi; 8, Octodi; 9, Novodi; 10, Decadi, which is to be the day of rest.

Outlawries at the Revolution.—The following account of the number of persons outlawed, in England and Ireland, in 1688, with the value of their forfeited estates, is copied from Sir Hans Sloane's MSS. in the British Museum (vol. 2902), and now first published:—

		£.	s.	d.
'Outlawed in Engl. since 13 Feb. 88, on accompt of the Rebellion in Irel.	57 persons.			
'In Ireland	3921 ditto.			
'Forfeited estates valued at		2,685,130	5	9
'Estates restored by articles		724,923	4	6
'——— by favour		260,863	7	3
'Debts affecting the forfeited estates		161,936	15	6
'Debts due to forfeiting persons not restored		120,013	13	10
'Houses, tythes, mills, forests, above		50,000	0	0
'Woods standing upon forfeited estates.....		60,000	0	0
'Denominations of lands which have no acres annexed, but may be 70 or 80,000 acres, worth		140,000	0	0
'Received by grantees, from the sale of their estates..		68,155	3	1

'Bib. Sloane 2902.'

An American Innkeeper's Advertisement.—Stephen Brock, late of the flourishing village of Doylstown, takes this excellent method of acquainting those who are not *knowing ones*, that so far from having shifted his quarters to the Lake Country, the Cherokee Settlement, or any such outlandish region, he has only removed to the sign of the *Cross Keys*, the public house kept by Peter Adams, Esq. on the Eaton road, one mile from Doylstown—a long mile to slow travellers, but short enough to all who stir their stumps briskly. He keeps open house at the Cross Keys, and will be happy to entertain all his old friends, and as many new ones as choose to call on him. He keeps all the variety of the best and the very strongest liquors there is in the nation, and serves them in the genteelest manner; his friends will be *cordially* received, and entertained in a *spirited* manner. Lawyers may practise at his *bar* without being *nonsuited*; travellers may stop before they are *too far gone*; gunners, if they are not *shot* already; passengers in a shower, who take no *comfort* in getting *soaked*; stage-drivers, to take a small *horn*; farmers may stop, and not be *cornered*; and, in fact, if the whole country comes to see him, they would find things to go on *swimmingly*, as Curran said to the wigs in the Liffy. His stables are large and commodious, and a horse will find himself well entertained, even if his master should conclude to stay all night. Moderate charges being all the go now, no man will be fleeced of his cash unreasonably.

Tavern keepers are invited to stop and take a drop of *exchange bitters*, and all who have old *scores*, are requested to settle up, so as to be ready for a fresh start.

Evelyn, in his memoirs, says, 'August 15, 1657, I saw the hairy woman, twenty years old, whom I had before seen when a child. She was born at Augsburg in Germany; her very eyebrowes were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as growes on any woman's head, neatly dressed—a very long lock of haire out of each eare; she had also a most prolix beard and mustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright browne, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married, and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents or relations. She was very well shaped, and plaied well on the harpsichord.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR old correspondent, who fifteen months ago wrote to us, and from whom we have again received a letter, enclosing an article which shall appear in our next, is requested to real to our office on Monday, for a letter addressed with the initials of his name.

The work alluded to by S——e has been already reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle*.

Works just published.—Attic Fragments, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Bentley's Hindoo Astronomy, 8vo. 15s.—Scrope on Volcanoes, 8vo. 12s.—Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of an Hindoo, 3 vols. 24s.—Dr. Gregory's Mathematics for Practical Men, 8vo. plates, &c. 14s.—Hassard's Typographia, royal 8vo. plates, &c. 3l. 3s. cloth boards.—History of Blesford, royal 8vo. 24s.—Clater's Cattle Doctor, 6th edition, 9s.—Literary Souvenir, 12s., large paper, 24s.

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No. 341. LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Typographia: an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Art of Printing; with Practical Directions for conducting every Department in an Office: with a Description of Stereotype and Lithography. Illustrated by Engravings, Biographical Notices, and Portraits. By T. C. Hansard. Royal 8vo. pp. 965. London, 1825. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

SEVERAL modern printers have, like their great prototype, William Caxton, added to their profession that of author; we, however, include to those only who have written on the history or practical knowledge of the art. The celebrated William Bowyer, about the middle of the last century, gave us a volume of Conjectures on the Origin of Printing. Mr. Savage has earned the art of decorative printing the highest perfection: and Johnson, in his Typographia, has not only given much high-curious information on the early history of printing of the art; but his work contains much practical information. We pass over the treatise of Moxon, or the printers' manual of a Stower or a Smith, or the productions on this subject by other authors previous to the ponderous work of Mr. Hansard, who is himself a printer, and an enthusiast in the art he practises.

Mr. Hansard divides his work into two parts; the first relates to the history, and the second to the practice of the art of printing; under both the author has dwelt at great length, and with great minuteness. His work, which is a splendid library volume, is, however, too expensive to become very popular among that class of society who may stand most in need of its practical instruction, while, to those who can best afford to purchase it, the second part, which treats of practical printing, must be wholly, or at least partly useless. The author, in his Historical Introduction, which is of great length, calls the first step in the art of printing to the second age of the world, or that immediately succeeding the flood, when the records of times were preserved in hieroglyphical characters or inscriptions on bricks and tiles. Specimens of bricks of this sort, though of undoubted antiquity, are preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Cambridge, the British Museum, and the East India Company's.

The most perfect specimen is in Trinity College, and of this Mr. Hansard has given a fac-simile. The brick itself, which is supposed to be four thousand years old, is ten inches square by three inches thick; the inscription is six inches and one-eighth by one inches and five-sixths; but it is not yet ascertained whether the characters are alphabetic letters, as the European; syllabic, as many known orientals; hieroglyphic, as the Egyptian; or arbitrary signs, expressive of complete ideas, as the Chinese. Mr. Hansard has been at considerable pains to ascertain how this first step in the art of printing was practised, and he is decidedly of opinion that the inscription on the brick was produced by one stamp or impression of a block of wood or metal, on the face of which the characters and lines to be stamped were left prominent, the parts round them being cut away in a manner similar to that by which wood engravings are now executed.

'A much neater specimen of printing on clay is preserved in the same college, in a solid figure, seven inches high, in the shape of a cask, and the ends of which are three inches in diameter, increasing gradually in the middle. The characters on this are arranged in vertical lines, and are minute, and finely wrought. This relic of antiquity is supposed to be about four thousand years old.

'The most ancient literal specimen known to be extant is the Sigean Inscription, which is contained in a tablet that was disinterred upon a promontory called Sigeum, situate near ancient Troy. It is engraved on a pillar of beautifully-white marble, nine feet high, two feet broad, and eight inches thick, which, as appears by an excavation in the top, and the tenour of the inscription, supported a bust or statue of Hermocrates, whose name it bears. This said tablet may be considered to include a specimen of writing, or rather of letters engraved on stone, at least three thousand years old.'

It has been the custom of most eastern nations, to write from the right side towards the left; but it appears, by Mr. Hansard's engraved sketch of the Sigean fragment, that the early Greeks had then deviated from the mode of the oriental writers in this particular. The inscription begins on the left side of the face of the tablet, proceeding on to the right, and then returning on the next line, continuing from left to right, and *vice versa*.

From these early specimens of printing, and so they must be considered, Mr. Hansard proceeds to trace the progress of the art, or rather its new origin in book printing. This portion of the history of printing he divides into two periods; the first relates to printing with blocks, and the second with moveable types; it would, however, lead us too far to follow our author through his excellent narrative, in which every successive improvement and discovery in printing is so clearly traced and so well explained. Xylographic typography, no doubt, preceded moveable types, and Mr. Hansard gives the following chronological statement of the progress of the art:—

Printing from blocks was invented about the year 1422; letters cut separately on wood, 1438; letters cut separately on metal, 1450; letters cast in moulds, 1456.'

From the historical account of printing and printers, for which he acknowledges himself to be much indebted to Ames and Luckcombe, Mr. Hansard, in his introduction, proceeds to notice the materials and implements of printing. The following is a part of his notice of paper:

'Paper fabricated from linen rags is now used throughout Europe, and almost every part of the world whither Europeans have penetrated; and is a much more valuable material for writing upon than the cotton paper. We are ignorant both of the inventor and of the date of this important discovery. Dr. Prideaux delivers it as his opinion, that linen paper was brought from the east, because many of the oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabillon believes its invention to have been in the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from linen rags which has yet been discovered, is that in the possession of Pestel, professor in the University of Rinteln, in Germany. It is a document, with the seal preserved, dated A. D. 1239; and signed by Adolphus, Count of Schtumburg. But Casiri positively affirms, that there are many MSS. in the Escurial, both upon cotton and linen paper, written prior to the thirteenth century. This invention appears to have been very early introduced into England; for Dr Prideaux assures us he had seen a register of some acts of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, which bears date in the fourteenth year of King Edward II. A. D. 1320; and that in the bishop's registry at Norwich, there is a register book of wills, all made of paper, wherein entries are made which bear date so far back as 1370; just a hundred years before the time that Mr. Ray said the use of it began in Germany. In the Cottonian Library are said to be several writings on this kind of paper, as early as the year 1335. The first paper-mill erected in this kingdom is said to have been at Dartford, in 1588, by M. Spilman, a German. Shakspeare, however, refers it to the reign of Henry VI., and makes Jack Cade (Henry VI. p. ii.) say, in accusation of Lord Sands, "Whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the *Score* and the *Tally*, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." During the same reign the head of the Duke of York, with a paper crown upon it, was placed on the walls of the city of York.

'A more common or economical substance

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could not be conceived than the tattered remains of our clothes, linen worn out and otherwise incapable of being applied to the least use, and of which the quantity every day increases. Nor could a more simple labour be imagined than a few hours trituration by mills. The despatch is so great, that it has been observed by a French writer, that five workmen in a mill may furnish sufficient paper for the continued labour of three thousand transcribers. This was on the supposition of the process being conducted upon the old system of hand labour, but by the improved system of our modern mills, where the paper is produced in a constant and regular sheet by a curious machine, instead of the workman making sheet by sheet separately, the quantity produced is infinitely greater.'

Mr. Hansard gives a detailed account of early printing and printers, a history of the Stationer's Company, and an account of the various laws which have been passed respecting books and printing. He also notices the principal towns in England where printing was introduced at an early period. Among these,

'Moulsey, near Kingston, Surrey, was chosen by the puritanical party, as a secluded situation, for a private press, during the period when such numbers of scurrilous, snarling, ridiculous pamphlets on both sides of the question concerning ecclesiastical discipline, and religious rites and ceremonies, were dispersed throughout the nation; but, as Ames says, it might well have many *errata*, for it was an *erratic* press; from Moulsey it made a quick movement to Fawsley, in Northamptonshire; thence to Norton, and afterwards to Coventry; from Coventry to Woolston, in Warwickshire, and from thence to Manchester, where it was discovered by Henry, Earl of Derby, while printing "More Work for the Cooper." This probably put an end to its perambulations. It was often visited by the messengers of the high commissioners, who seized the offensive books; and Sir Richard Knightly and Sir —— Wigston, who were the owners of the concern, with the printer and dispenser, were deeply fined in the Star Chamber.'

'In an examination, which took place about the year 1804, of a great mass of books and papers, which had been found in the attics and lofts of the House of Commons, many of these kind of pamphlets were brought to light, from which a selection was made of all that might anyways tend to elucidate the history of the country, by the then speaker (Abbot), now Lord Colchester, under the various heads of state papers, records, parliamentary speeches, &c. forming between eighty and ninety invaluable volumes, which are preserved in the speaker's gallery; the remainder were again consigned to their old receptacles.'

We shall return to this volume in our next; in the mean time we must observe, that it is rich in embellishments and illustrations; many of the wood-cuts, particularly the portraits, are beautifully executed; but we do not admire Mr. Hansard's taste in printing them on thick, tinted, and glazed India paper, although it has been manufactured for the purpose.

The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century; or, the Master Key of Futurity and Guide to Ancient Mysteries, being a complete System of Occult Philosophy, embellished wit' coloured Plates, Horoscopes, Hieroglyphics, and Talismans. 8vo. pp. 572. London. 1825. Knight and Lacey.

In the infancy of science, astrology and astronomy were confounded, and thought merely to relate to the causes, history, and indications, of the appearances in the heavens; in the course of time the two studies were separated, and astrology became divided into two parts—natural astrology, which relates to prognosticating the state of the weather, and judicial astrology, the adepts in which profess to predict, not only the fates, fortunes, and character of individuals, but even their occupations, as is the case in the volume before us, in which the author states, in giving the nativity of Harris, the aeronaut, that 'he was by trade a cabinet-maker, which circumstance is shown by Mercury and Venus conjoined in Taurus, the sign of the earthly trigon.'

In regard to the antiquity of astrology, it is difficult to fix it. The author of The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century says, 'there can be very little ground for doubting but that Joseph, in Egypt, then the chief seat of learning, was enabled, by his skill in astrology, to acquire the favour of Pharaoh, by providing for the emergencies of the Egyptian state, in the manner recorded in Holy Writ.' We have not seen the nativity of Joseph; but, if we may judge from the affair of Potiphar's wife, we should say that Venus had nothing to do with it.

Some writers state, that astrology originated in a barbarous age, while others consider it as a sort of aberration from astronomy, and consequently of much later date. Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Cicero, ascribe the origin of astrology to the Egyptians and Babylonians, while Lucian contends that both these nations and the Lybians borrowed it from the Ethiopians. Astrology, however, we suspect, has its best claim to antiquity among the bramins in India, or the Chinese, with whom it seems coeval with their history.

The Romans and the Arabians were also attached to astrology; and, to come to a less remote period, we may observe that it prevailed much in England during the middle ages, when predictions of a general deluge or conflagration might injure the false prophet, but did not affect the imagined infallibility of the art.

Of late years astrology has not been very ostensibly put forward, but we are assured that its advocates have not been idle; and it argues great confidence in the number of its votaries, when a work like the volume before us is published with a degree of embellishment which must have rendered the expense of producing it very considerable.

We have little doubt that this work will meet the lash of many learned and acute critics, and we cannot but reprehend the presumption of any man who will pretend, through his peculiar mode of *reading the stars*, to be able to reveal the minute events of the life of any individual. We can laugh good-naturedly enough at the wild pomp of the advocates for ghosts, and pity the tastes that can prefer the story of Der Freischutz, however highly wrought, to the development of elegant facetious comedy, or the morbidly and sublime pathos of tragedy. With these feelings, it is quite impossible to treat the work before us with seriousness, but we are willing to confess that it has afforded us some amusement. Its very appearance is sufficient to excite curiosity, and likely to obtain for it many readers, not only among the light and romantic, but even among those who might be willing to condemn it without perusal. The author displays considerable talent in advocating the cause he has espoused, and has, perhaps, written more ably in its defence than any of his predecessors; for instance, he says,

'It has been well observed by an eminent writer, Dr. Johnson, that—"there are men of narrow views and grovelling conjectures, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild or chimerical; and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the vain effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real or lasting advantage.

'"These men value themselves upon a perpetual scepticism, believing nothing but their own senses, upon calling for demonstration where it cannot possibly be obtained, and, sometimes, upon holding out against it when it is laid before them: upon throwing arguments against the success of anyone undertaking, and where arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule.

'"Such have been the most formidable enemies of the greatest benefactors of the world; for their notions and discourse are agreeable to the lazy, the envious, and the humorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind."

'The enemies of astrology are precisely of the stamp here described; and as the world has been hitherto considered only "as the expiring lion, which every ass might kick with impunity," it is probable that the doctrines have advanced may be treated with no more short of contumely by the prejudiced enemies thereof: as an instance of which, I need only refer to the various encyclopædias of the present day, the whole of which, with one exception only,* have thought proper to treat the science—but, forsooth, without giving a single principle on which it is founded—a most excellent way, surely, to explain a theory, which is above their comprehension, but which these dogmatical heroes of criticism upon ancient learning would not deign to follow in descanting upon any other science; because they would have to lay themselves from the nature of some learned author. "The dead," however, "tell no tales," and these heroes of encyclopædias may

* 'The Encyclopædia Londinensis, on Astrology—where a clear statement is given of the principles and theory thereof, will repay the reader's attention.'

know well that there has been but one author who has treated of the science methodically for nearly half a century. Now, did these wiseacres really know the method to be effectually pursued, in exploding any science devoid of truth, or had they any skill to decypher these celestial arcana, they would take at least some half-a-dozen nativities of living characters, and having laid down the rules of the astral science, they would prove their truth or evasion, by comparing them with the lives and fortunes of the persons whose genitures were under research. This would be the most impartial, and, indeed, the only method of convincing mankind that astrology is a delusion. But no; these persons either have never sufficiently learned the rudiments of the science to do this, or, if they have, are afraid to adopt a method which would certainly cover them with confusion and obloquy. And I will here challenge them, one and all, to produce a single nativity, where the rules I have laid down for the edification of the young student have once failed. Let us, therefore, bear no more of astrology being a futile science, for not only has it a foundation as stable as the universe, but it has been the admired study of the most renowned poets, lawgivers, statesmen, orators, and sages, of all nations and in all ages. And, as a further proof thereof, I have selected, from amongst several thousand genitures, those of the most celebrated characters, most of which are either now living, or have had their lives and actions exposed to the test of public opinion; and the authenticity of which cannot be doubted by the most fastidious At the same time, they afford matter of much curious investigation to the philosophical inquirer, for if astrology continue to gain ground amongst the fashionable, in proportion to what it has done, since the publication of the first edition of this work, it will soon become not only highly popular, but will form a most conspicuous feature in the system of learning, as taught at the universities—where this work has been most extensively patronised.

'The science of phrenology has become almost universally believed; but what are the doctrines of phrenology, when compared to those of astrology? For not only can the astrologer discern the moral and intellectual faculties and propensities to a far greater society than the phrenologist, but he can foresee each particular event of life, and can discover the exact period when these propensities, either good or evil, will be called into action. He can most assuredly read "Heaven's Golden Alphabet;" and in the bright configurations of fortunate stars, or the lowering shades of hostile irradiations, he foresees, with an unerring eye, the different prospects, as they individually appear in the vista of futurity; thus possessing a knowledge which, of all others, approaches the nearest to divinity, even as the science itself is, of all others, the most sublime and beautiful. Even astronomy, without the sister science of sidereal influence, is but a "casket without a jewel," and presents but a mighty combination of numbers and nothingness. Who, then, shall dare to revile the astrologer? who shall dare to gainsay the superiority he possesses over the professors of all other science? He alone, of all other students, can, with propriety, adopt the words of Milton:—

"Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."

'The fates have decreed his destiny; the horoscope of his fortunes is fixed, and unalterable as the laws of the universe (subject only to divine control); and, while absorbed in contemplation of those celestial orbs, whether fixed or erratic, benign or malevolent, he alone can be resigned in all things to that which he has foreseen, and is the only true philosopher that, like the eagle, can soar in the meridian brightness of the sun of science, leaving all others, at an immeasurable and almost infinite distance, to grope their way amidst paths of theoretic darkness, or the glimmering of erudite scepticism.

'To the clemency, and perhaps lustre of the stars, the whole vegetable kingdom may owe, for aught we know, much of its growth and richness; and our waters would instantly become stagnant and putrid, but for the moon, who presides as mistress of the great deep, ruling the ebbing and the flowing of the tides, as well as cheering our darkest nights by her silver beams.

'Who is not susceptible of the heat of the sun, and perceives not the firmament so bespangled with shining orbs, in beauteous concert and variety? These immense globes consist of matter altogether above our comprehension. And who can tell but all the worlds in our system may habitually elicit such powers in their evolutions as affect, impress, and regulate our atmosphere in a thousand different ways? There is not a fact more plain than planetary influence over the animal frame; for, doubtless, the human constitution is as sensible of super-mundane agency as any other body of equal magnitude on the surface of our globe; and as ours is only the part of a system, it cannot but share in the laws of the whole. To prove this grand link between celestial and terrestial objects, and to establish its theory, is the aim of astrology, and which invariably leads its votary to "look through nature up to nature's God," and to solve the grand mysteries of the universe.

'Such are the advantages of this celestial science; and lest some may accuse me of anonymously defending what I would otherwise publicly refuse to own, I have subjoined my real name and address, where those who thirst for this heavenly knowledge, and are desirous of drinking from the "Wells of Science," will meet with any information they may solicit, as it respects Astrology and the doctrine of the stars. R. C. Smith.

'5, *Castle Street, East, Oxford Road.*'

We do not deem it necessary to enter into any refutation of the author's theory, he seems perfectly sane upon all subjects except the one of his admiration, not unlike Don Quixote and his chivalry. He has collected many marvellous stories and traditions, and, however much we may undervalue his labours, we have little doubt his book will be more sought for at the circulating libraries than the best history the age can produce.

The Vintner's, Brewer's, Spirit Merchant's, and Licensed Victualler's Guide, containing the History, Theory, and Practice of manufacturing Wines, Foreign and Domestic, Malt Liquors, Cider, Spirits, Compounds, &c. 12mo. pp. 388. London, 1826. Wetton.

The work before us is stated to be from the pen of an experienced practical man, and if the receipts given in it are correct, which we have no reason to disbelieve, will be found very useful to those who prepare their own beverage: at the same time, some of its directions are so plain, that the most ignorant publican, inclined to act the rogue, will find a key to wealth at the expense of his customers' health, who may be gradually poisoned, by the rules of art here laid down, in the most palatable manner possible.

The work commences with a brief and well-written history of wine, and when treating upon the medication of wines, the writer remarks, forcibly enough, that 'the proper management of the processes depends upon the experience and taste of the maker;'—and a little further on, he says,—'Many of the processes followed in imparting *colour, flavour, strength, &c.* to wines, *are unknown to the public, and confined to the cellars* of the manufacturer or the merchant. The general principles, however, are sufficiently obvious. The *roughness* and *colour* of red wines are derived, as we formerly stated, from the husks of the fruit; and when it is wished to impart these qualities in a higher degree, the manufacturers sometimes mix a certain portion of wild and high-coloured grapes with the other fruit. At other times, various astringent and coloured drugs are employed, as catechu, kino, logwood, &c; popular ingredients are the juices of sloes or elderberries. The chips of oak and beech wood are also employed. With respect to yellow tints, these can be all accurately imitated by means of burnt sugar.'

The author gives many useful receipts for making cordials and preparing spirits, and ample directions for brewing all kinds of malt liquor. He recommends to all judicious publicans, as a very important matter of *economy* to keep a good stock of table beer in his cellar which may be obtained at two shillings per barrel. In the brewing of porter, he makes a distinction between porter and London porter, and as the mode of fabricating these articles may be generally interesting, we copy the directions:—

'*To brew three Barrels of Porter.*—Take one quarter of high-dried malt, with one or two pecks of patent malt; mash in the same manner as directed for beer. Add the following ingredients: eight pounds of good hops, one pound of liquorice root, two pounds of Spanish juice, half a pound of grains of ginger, one pound of salt, eight ounces of hartshorn shavings, and four ounces of porter extract.'

'*London Porter.*—For five barrels.—Eight bushels of malt; mash at twice, with a sufficient quantity of water; add in the boiling from eight to twelve pounds of hops, six pounds of treacle, moist sugar sixteen pounds (one half of which is usually made into essentia bina, and the other into colour), half an

ounce of capsicum, two ounces of Spanish liquorice, one ounce of linseed, a quarter of an ounce each of cinnamon and heading; cool, and add yeast one or two gallons; when it has got a good head, cleanse it with ginger, three ounces, and cocculus indicus one ounce; then barrel and finish the working; fine with isinglass or hartshorn shavings.'

From the cellaring and management department, in which there is sufficient information to excite disgust and indignation, we copy the following:—

'By the present law of this country, nothing is allowed to enter into the composition of beer, except malt and hops. As long ago as the reign of Queen Anne, brewers were forbid to mix sugar, honey, Guinea pepper, essentia bina, cocculus indicus, or any other unwholesome ingredient in beer, under a certain penalty; from which we may infer, that such at least was the practice of some; and writers, who profess to discuss the secrets of the trade, mention most of these, and some other articles, as essentially necessary. The essentia bina is sugar boiled down to a dark colour, and empyreumatic flavour. Broom tops, wormwood, and other bitter plants, were formerly used to render beer fit for keeping, before hops were introduced into this country; but are now prohibited to be used in beer made for sale.

'Capsicum and grains of paradise are used to give a pungent taste to weak beer, but concentrated tinctures are mostly used; and ginger, coriander seed, and orange peel are used to flavour it; besides these, opium, cocculus indicus, nux vomica, tobacco, and extract of poppies, are used to increase the intoxicating quality. Quassia is employed instead of hops as a bitter, but as this does not precipitate the mucilage, the beer soon grows muddy, unless kept very cool.'

Notwithstanding the illegality of the practice, we find the following poisonous instructions for making the *essence of porter*:—

'Boil one pound of Spanish liquorice in one gallon of water, till it is dissolved; add one pound of extract of gentian root, and four ounces of black extract, soften them along with the liquorice; boil an ounce of capsicum in a quart of water a quarter of an hour, strain it off, and add the liquor to the other ingredients; then take ten pounds of treacle, and a table spoonful of heading, mix all well together, and make up to two gallons with stale beer. This quantity will convert a butt of *weak beer* into *good porter*, and in proportion, any smaller quantity; to give it age, add one pound of sulphuric acid, carefully mixed in two quarts of water, in which four ounces of alum have been dissolved, stirring it well in.

'If the black extract cannot be obtained, get one pound of good cocculus indicus in powder, and boil it an hour in two gallons of water, strain it off clear, and add the liquor to the other ingredients, instead of the black extract.

'Should the beer appear to want body, boil half a pound of linseed in two gallons of water half an hour, strain it off through a cloth, and add to the butt, mixing it well. In drawing, manage it as your judgment directs.'

This method of converting *weak beer* is a fine corollary to the recommendation for keeping a good stock of the two-shilling a barrel stuff before mentioned. The great duty of ten shillings a barrel paid upon porter is no doubt a strong inducement to many dealers to destroy the wholesomeness of London's general beverage, and this consideration alone forms a powerful argument for the repeal of a tax so injurious in its operation upon the vital interests of the community. With respect to the book itself, it is certainly well written, well arranged, and contains some useful tables, showing the difference between the old and new measures, but it is published at an extravagant price.

The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. London, 1826. Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

ALTHOUGH this is only the second volume of the *Literary* Souvenir, yet the sale and popularity of the first was so extensive as to render it unnecessary we should say it is one of those annual periodicals which have lately been introduced into this country at this season of the year. The Literary Souvenir before us is indeed a charming work, and is calculated to gratify the fair sex by its elegance; the artist and the connoisseur by the splendour of its embellishments; the man of letters by the intrinsic merit of articles, from authors of great eminence; and the general reader by its pleasing variety. The editor, Mr. Watts, a gentleman of acknowledged poetical talents, good taste, and extensive connexions, has been peculiarly fortunate in enlisting such an array of talent as would give a very high character to any work to which its possessors contributed. Among the men of letters who have furnished articles in the present volume of the Literary Souvenir we find Delta, one of the cleverest writers in Blackwood's Magazine; Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, who supplies some half dozen articles; Archdeacon Wrangham; Montgomery; the Author of Gilbert Earle; Mrs. Hemans; Miss Landon; Mrs. M. Howitt, the Quaker poet; Galt; Campbell; Southey; Milman; Coleridge; Miss Mitford; Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant; Bowring; Wiffen; Bernard Barton; the Rev. W. L. Bowles; and, 'though last, not least, in our dear love,' the editor, Mr. Alaric A. Watts.

The great merit these pieces, both in prose and verse possess, and it is really great, is equal, if not excelled, in graphic embellishments; many of the engravings are executed from *original* paintings and drawings by some of the most eminent artists of the day, in a style, which, allowing for their diminutive size, are of surpassing excellence. The manner, indeed, in which a large portion of scenery is compressed in so small a space, as in the engraving of Richmond Hill, by E. Goodall, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, can only be duly appreciated, by looking at it through a magnifier. Of the ten plates, the whole of which are drawn and executed by artists of the most distinguished eminence, there is not one that pleases us so much as the Rivals, engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by C. R. Leslie. We never recollect seeing an engraving on the same scale displaying so much skill, beauty, and delicacy. The other plates also possess very great merit, and the work is altogether, whether we consider the author, artist, or publisher, produced with great liberality and good taste. The graphic part of the work it is not easy to describe; and we can afford no example of its skilful execution; we can, however, afford our readers an opportunity of judging of its literary merits, and this we shall do at once, premising only that, in addition to the ten engravings, there are two pages of autographs including the autographs of some of the most eminent characters of the age. The first we shall select is a literary curiosity—a tribute to the talents, if not to the virtues of Lord Byron, by the Rev. Mr. Bowles, who had some severe sparring with his lordship, when living, as to Pope and his moral character. It is entitled—

'CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.
By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

'So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!
Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried
"Liberty!" and the shores, from age to age
Renowned, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied
"Liberty!" But a spectre, at his side,
Stood mocking:—and its dart uplifting high
Smote him:—he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks echoed another cry,
And old Ilissus sighed—"Die, generous exile, die!"

'I will not ask sad Pity to deplore
His wayward errors who thus early died:
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied,
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride:—
But I will bid the Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave.

'So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!—
Ends in that region—in that land renowned,
Whose mighty genius lives in glory's page,
And on the Muses' consecrated ground,—
His pale cheek fading where his brows were bound
With their unfading wreath! I will not call
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shades profound,
But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,
And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral.

'Slow move the plumed hearse, the mourning train,
I mark the long procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane
Where Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie:—
Where sleeps that mother, who, with tearful eye,
Pondering the fortunes of thy onward road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Who here released from every human load,
Receives her long-lost child to the same cold abode.

'Bursting Death's silence—could that mute speak,—

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When first the earth is heaped upon thy head,
In thrilling, but with hollow accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome to the dead;—
"Here rest my son with me;—the dream is fled:—
The motley mask and the great coil are o'er:
Welcome to me and to this wormy bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of earth, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

"Here rest!—On all thy wanderings peace repose,
After the fever of thy toilsome way;
No interruption this long silence knows;
Here no vain phantom lead the soul astray:
The earthworm feeds on his unconscious prey;
Here both shall sleep in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead, at that last awful day,
King, Lord, Almighty Judge! remember me;
And may Heaven's mercy rest, my erring child, on thee."

The next piece we shall quote is from the Italian, by Archdeacon Wrangham, and is entitled—

'LOVE AND SPRING.

"Thy flowers," one day, cried Love to Spring,
"Scarcely survive their blooming;
Fleet one short month, frown one dark sky,
They in their very cradle die."
"The taunt too true," sweet Spring retorted,
As in her bower, all bloom, she sported;
"And will the joy thy reign discloses
Flourish longer than my roses?"

The Literary Souvenir contains some good Scotch tales by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and a fragment by Galt; we shall, however, not dwell on these, but quote a tale by the author of Gilbert Earle, entitled—

THE TWO PICTURES.

'Alike, but oh! how different!'
WORDSWORTH.

'When I was at Florence, I do not care to mention how many years ago, I was one day lounging in the gallery, thinking how vastly different the Medicean Venus was from my *beau-ideal* of female beauty; when in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation not eminently conspicuous, my eye chanced to light upon a picture, which at once rivetted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks afterwards. It was a half length, and consisted of a single figure—the portrait of a young lady of, apparently, from nineteen to twenty-one years of age. She was dressed in a low gown of puce-coloured velvet, without lace or tucker of any kind intervening between it and the skin of clear pearl-like whiteness, against which it appeared in strong and remarkable relief. In the centre, however, the boddice, according to the mode of the period, seemed in some degree to rise, so as just to give to view a small portion of very delicate lace, yet not in sufficient quantity to fall over upon the vel-et. Immediately below this a diamond ornament was placed, which was matched by two others that formed the loops to the short sleeves, from beneath which appeared arms of a symmetry and whiteness it would be idle to attempt to paint with only description for my pencil. Their fine rounded fulness in the upper part, their delicate gradation to the wrists, and the beautiful hands which terminated them, were, indeed, among the most conspicuous parts of the picture, inasmuch as the person represented was in the act of drawing a golden bodkin, headed with diamonds, from her hair, which was falling in profusion over her shoulders. In her right hand she held the bodkin, whilst her left was employed in throwing back from her face the hair which, in falling, had crowded to cover it. The colour of the hair, and general complexion of the face (of its character I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter), were by no means Italian; though from the name, both of the person painted and of the painter, I concluded that the former must have been so. The catalogue gave it as *Ritratta d'*AGATHA LANZI; and added, as the name of the painter, that of one of the immediate successors of Titian. The piece, indeed, had all the richness of colouring of that celebrated school. The brows and eye-lashes were of a deeper tint of the same colour; and the latter were, or, from their length appeared to be, darker than the former. From the action, and, moreover, the position of the figure, as well as from the corner of a toilet-table which the artist had introduced, it seemed to me that the moment represented was just after she had retired to her chamber for the night; and that the withdrawing the golden bodkin from the hair was the first act of beginning to undress. The figure was standing, and apparently from the direction of the eyes, before a mirror; but this was not represented in the picture.

'As the hair sheltered down in the luxuriance of its brilliant beauty, the face was lighted with a radiant smile, as if of conscious triumph in the pride and profusion of loveliness, which added to that very loveliness, of which it was at once the effect and the indication. It showed, indeed, infinite taste on the part of the painter to have chosen such a moment and action; and to have rendered them to such advantage, and yet with so much truth. The fine form blooming into the ripeness of womanly beauty;—the dress relieving the perfect and admirable expression of which I have spoken;—the smile which showed the eye more bright, and the rich lips parting like a bursting rose under its influence;—the arms raised and bent;—the falling waves of hair;—all served to present each individual beauty to the greatest individual advantage;—and yet combined into a whole so exquisite, that one would have thought that every merit of detail must have been sacrificed to procure it.

'I was so struck with this enchanting picture that I believe upwards of an hour elapsed before I moved from before it. Day after day, I used to repair to the gallery, and passing by everything else without pausing, was accustomed to seat myself directly opposite to it, sometimes for hours. Yet it was not as a painting—that is as a work of art—that it gave me such extreme delight; but as the personification of the most lovely of created things—a truly beautiful woman. But this picture acquired, from subsequent circumstances, additional interest in my eyes. I may as well relate them in this place. After I had been about a week in the daily habit of passing some time in the contemplation of this enchanting object, I perceived that I had a companion in my observations, a painter who was copying the picture. I was pleased that he should have had the good taste to single out my favourite for the exercise of his talents; and I used to take pleasure in watching the progress of his work. I soon perceived, however, that he was not merely copying the original. His canvas was quite of a different shape, being oblong, and large enough to contain more figures if necessary. It seemed, indeed, that it did contain them, or something else; for the figure of Agatha Lanzi, being drawn at one end of the canvass, above one half of it was covered with a cloth, as though to conceal from the sight of loungers, like myself, what was represented. thereupon. Neither was the figure of Agatha Lanzi in the same position as in the original picture. Her right hand, indeed, still held the bodkin, but it was firmly clutched; and the arm was uplifted, as though in the act to strike. The left arm was extended before her, at about the length of the shoulder, in an attitude of caution. The hair still flowed down the back; but it was plainly parted on the brow, and tied together immediately upon the neck behind. This was all that I could at the moment discover of the intentions of the artist; for the figure was only sketched in, all the fitting up was yet to be added.

'If I was curious as to the cause of this singular discrepancy from the original picture, as well as to what the cloth might conceal, the painter appeared to be nearly as much so with regard to my perseverance in coming to gaze so frequently upon the same object, and the evident interest I took in everything concerning it

'One day he entered into conversation with me. After a few observations of a general nature, he said he supposed I was a great connoisseur of the arts, by the frequency of my visits to the gallery, and the surprising interest I appeared to take in painting. I answered, as was perfectly true, that I had no knowledge whatever of painting, as an art; and that I took interest in it more from its results, in the beauties both of form and colour to which it was capable of giving life and permanence, than from any knowledge of its principles, or skill in tracing them in its production. For instance, I continued, "I come here every day to gaze upon that picture," pointing to the portrait of Agatha Lanzi, "not from admiration of it as a work of art, though I believe it to possess great merit as such, but simply because it is a vivid and life-like representation of as dignified and exquisite female beauty as my eye ever rested upon. It is as such that I admire it, as such that I remain for hours in this gallery with my eyes fixed intensely upon it. I admire all beauty, and human beauty, and female beauty more especially; and I admire painting for the sake of the charms it is enabled to embody. I say that I believe that portrait to possess merit as a work of art; and my reasons are these: it appears to me to be a perfect representation of a most lovely wo-

man; I do not know the means by which that perfection has been attained; but I know that it is there. I know that nature has been naturally rendered. If there were any fault in the drawing, or the colouring, unless it were very glaring indeed, I should scarcely be able to point out what and where it was; but I should know that there was something there which rendered the portraiture less real and perfect: I should have to apply to you, sir, or to one of your brethren, to point out to me the real cause; but I should equally see and feel the effect without being conscious of it."

'The artist replied, that from whatever principles or impressions I had judged, I was correct in my deduction; the portrait I had been speaking of, was a very noble and exquisite painting. "It is also," he continued, "the portrait of a most lovely creature, and I do not wonder, sir, that, an admirer of beauty as you describe yourself to be, you should be struck with it even to the degree you have mentioned. Agatha Lanzi was indeed a very remarkable woman: may I inquire, sir, what character you would be inclined to give to those very lovely features and that exquisite form?"

'"By your asking me the question," I replied, "I conclude that her history is a remarkable one; but to judge from the picture alone, I should say that the individual there portrayed was a woman conscious of her beauty; but whose pride outweighed her vanity so far, as to cause her to scorn the application of its power to any but lofty issues, and persons worthy of her and it. For the rest, I should conjecture that she was a woman of strong passions, who, when she had found a man worthy of her love, would lavish it upon him with a fervour and fondness, and intensity, very rarely united, and almost as seldom possessed separately. I think she would not love any man who was unworthy of her love; her pride would preserve her from from this. I conceive she had talents as well as passions,—talents of wit as well as of a graver and more exalted description. I think she was a warm and affectionate friend; and farther than this my practical knowledge of the art of physiognomy does not enable me to form an opinion."

'"In some of your suppositions," rejoined the painter, "you are undoubtedly correct. In others I have no means of ascertaining how the fact was; but on an important trait of character, as it respects that picture, you have pronounced no opinion at all; although, to speak the truth, I can scarcely wonder at your omission. When my picture is finished, sir—which, as you perceive, is not merely a copy of the original—you shall, if you will honour me so far, give me your judgment upon it; and you shall then be made acquainted with as much as has transpired of the history of Agatha Lanzi."

'The painter, who wanted only to take the likeness of Agatha from this portrait, did not pursue his avocation much longer in the gallery. When he had obtained all he wanted, he took his piece home to finish. About a month afterwards he sent me word that it was completed; and requested me, in case I had not forgotten our conversation in the gallery some weeks before, to come and breakfast with him the next day, that I might look at it.

'I availed myself of his invitation, and found him to be a man of considerable information and accomplishment, as it respected matters entirely unconnected with his art. He possessed, in reality, a large portion of that enthusiasm and poetry of feeling to which so many of his brethren affect to lay claim. He had some literary cultivation, and strong literary tastes. After we had breakfasted, he took me into his painting-room. The picture, which was the object of my intense curiosity, was leaning on the easel. It represented the interior of a bed-chamber, richly furnished after the fashion of the sixteenth century. The lamp burned upon a side-table, and shed a strong light upon the bed. Upon it lay a man, young and well-looking, asleep. Agatha Lanzi was near it also; she knelt upon it with one knee; her arm was upraised with the long gold diamond-headed bodkin, which I easily recognised in her hand, as if about to pierce the sleeper to the heart. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white; her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a ribbon between the shoulders. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was naked; the slipper which had covered it having fallen to the ground. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the sleeve of the night-dress to fall upwards, and displayed that exquisite arm considerably above the elbow. From the other shoulder the dress had also slipped. In this and the beautiful bosom, with its pale blue veins branching across the white and delicate skin, the artist had been peculiarly successful. The lips were compressed, as if with a strong mental effort of resolution; and also as if to hold the breath, lest it should fall upon the ear of the sleeper, and awaken him. Her dark blue eye was fixed with a melancholy expression of caution, sternness, and even ferocity, upon the object about to become her victim. How different from the fine joyous smile of girlish consciousness of beauty so remarkable in the other picture; and yet no great lapse of time could be supposed to have intervened. The figure before me was in the fulness of beauty—probably about twenty-three years of age—certainly not more! So soon initiated into all the sorrows, and stormy and tempestuous passions of human life,—into its deepest and blackest crimes!

'I turned to my friend, the painter, for his explanation. "I can give you the best," said he. "Agatha's own account of her own conduct at the crisis which I have attempted to represent. The subject of the picture is, indeed, taken from her confession, which has been printed in a collection of similar pieces. It chanced not long ago to fall under my observation, and as I recognised the name, it gave me the first idea of this picture. I have modernized the Italian for you—for, both in spelling and phraseology, the original would, in all probability, have proved not very intelligible to a foreigner." Having thus spoken, the painter handed me a manuscript, of which the following is a translation:—

'"Convent of ———, 1535.

'"My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should, at the end of one short year, have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

'"Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that, whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

'"It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents' hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed; and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the foul crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas, it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I adored, and enforced my marriage with another. Let me be just.

'"The Count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn; and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio Gonsalvi. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public; and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that that heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted—but not for ever. Before we separated, we swore an oath, that if ever I became free, we would wed each other, and that neither of us would marry, unless with one another; and we invoked Heaven, and all the saints, to give ear unto our oath; and our hearts bore witness to it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

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"About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend; and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father. The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses; save, at the dead of night, when the pest carts went round to gather together the corses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets; and the bells, that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house, they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, 'bring out your dead.' And then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to pits without the city, prepared for their reception. The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence, and in darkness. The time was very awful.

"In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio Gonsalvi; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours where it was prayed for. Yes! prayed for. I dared to breathe to Heaven this prayer of *hell!* I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

"But time waned, and he was still untouched; and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

"One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes and fears and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his slumbers were even as the slumbers of death. 'Would, oh, would that it were!' I ejaculated; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still upheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. 'It is but one blow,' repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count,—I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye! He gave one groan, and strove to rise; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—I struck again;—he fell back;—a few seconds and he was dead!

"Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him; I thrust back his proffered kindnesses with every mark of loathing and contempt; and now I had murdered him! I knelt and prayed for succour and support; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers; but blood had spirted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and Heaven!'

"To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid, as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood;—covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day, to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger; and when I declared my intention of watching by him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

"I announced that he grew worse; and towards the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body,—covered it completely with a shroud; and all this I did to the stale and bloody corse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

"Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of 'bring out your dead;' and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces; and he was placed among the dead,—and I was free!

"Yes, free! for detection did not reach me; no shadow of suspicion fell upon my name.

"In six months I was Laurentio's bride! But ah how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence. Now guilt,—the guilt of blood,—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead; its heat was as fire.

"When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as Count Braschi's wife. He strove by every means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas! the wound was deep hidden from the leech's eye. How, then, could he heal it; yet he often probed it to the quick.

"One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship? He said he had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it; he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much; and changed the conversation.

"About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my escrutoire open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head with the indelible stain of human blood!—A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain!—He rushed to me, he questioned me, and discovered all!

"I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not, he said, he could not betray me; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle. I am still here; but I feel I shall not be so long."

"You see, sir," said the painter, turning to me as he closed the last leaf of the manuscript, "you see, sir, she indeed loved a man worthy of her love—more than worthy of it. She had, indeed, strong passions; but hatred was included in the number! That was the omission of which I spoke."

The poet Campbell appears so frequently before the public, either as orator, poet, or critic, that a production from his pen is no novelty; but as he has not always lately appeared to so much advantage as in the Souvenir, we shall quote his contribution, entitled—

'TRAFALGAR.

By Thomas Campbell, Esq.

'When Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
The assassin shot of war
That pierced Britannia's noblest heart,
And quenched her brightest star,

'Their shout was heard—they triumphed now
Amidst the battle's roar,
And thought the British oak would bow,
Since Nelson was no more.

'But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
And—mark the vengeance due,
"Down, down, insulting ship," she cried,
"To death, with all thy crew!"

'So perish ye for Nelson's blood—
If deaths like thine can pay
For blood so brave, or ocean wave
Can wash that crime away.'

We know not by what chance Mr. Watts has gained possession of a piece, Stanzas for Music, by the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, which have escaped Moore and Mic. Kelly, but he has done it, and we insert them without further preamble. They are as follows:

'In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping;
When, lo! a stranger proffers aid.

'His hurried step, and glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare:—
"Come, Pleasure, wake!" exclaimed Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

'But soon the nymph, in evil hour,
Desire, asleep, is doomed to view;
"Try, Pleasure, try," she cries, "your power,
And wake Desire, as he 'woke you."

'"Fond nymph, your prayer exceeds all measure;
Distinct must each his power keep,—
Desire must still awaken Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire asleep."'

As we intend to return to this very charming volume, we shall not encroach further on its contents than by quoting another piece, which is by the editor: he might, perhaps, have expected to appear earlier, but he can scarcely complain, when he immediately follows Sheridan: the piece we select, which is

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not the best in the volume by the author, is very pretty; it is entitled—

'THE MAY-FLOWERS OF LIFE.

Suggested by the author's having found a branch of May in a volume of Burns's poems, which had been deposited there by a friend several years before.

By Marie A. Watts.

'Memorial frail of youthful years,
Of hopes as wild and bright as they,
Thy faint, sweet perfume wakens tears
I may not, cannot wish away!
Thy withered leaves are as a spell
To bring the sainted past before me;
And long lost visions, loved too well,
In all their truth restore me.

'Cold is her hand who placed thee here,
Thou record sweet of Love and Spring.
Ere life's May-flowers, like thee, grew sere,
Or Hope had waved her parting wing:
When boyhood's burning dreams were mine,
And fancy's magic circlet crowned me;
And love, when love is half divine,
Spread its enchantments round me!

'How can I ever forget the hour
When thou wert glowing on her breast,
Fresh from the dewy hawthorn bower
That looked upon the golden west!
She snatched thee from thy sacred shrine—
A brighter fate she scarce could doom thee—
And bade a poet's wreath be thine—
His deathless page entomb thee!

'That hour is past—those dreams are fled—
Ties, sweeter, holier, bind me now;
And, if life's first May-flowers are dead,
Its summer garland wreathes my brow!
Sleep on, sleep on!—I would but gaze
A moment on thy faded bloom;
Heave one wild sigh to other days,
Then close thy hallowed tomb!'

The Substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony, British North America, and frequent Excursions among the North American Indians in 1820-23. By JOHN WEST, M. A. 8vo. pp. 210. London, 1823. Seeley and Co.

Mr. West was chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, a situation which gave him good opportunities of gaining information on the subject of which his book treats. To ministers of the Gospel we have often been indebted for a knowledge of remote countries and their inhabitants, we need not instance the labours of the Jesuits in this way, in China and South America. Mr. West's work contains much that is interesting relative to our settlement at the Red River Colony and the North West American Indians. The subject acquires an additional interest from the circumstance that the place is the scene of Capt. Franklin's travels in his exploratory expedition. We have, however, only room for brief extracts. Of the Sioux Indians we are told:—

'The Sioux, like the Tartars, sometimes offer water as a symbol of peace and safety to a stranger, or of pardon to an offender, which strongly corroborates the idea that they were originally from Asia. Some time ago I was informed by an officer, who had numbers of them under his influence in the American war, that a Sioux Indian was doomed to die for an offence which he had committed, and taking his station before the tribe, and drawing his blanket over his face, in expectation of the fatal shot, the chief stepped forward and presented some water to him as a token of pardon, when he was permitted again to join the party. They consider it also as a very bad omen, in common with the Tartars, to cut a stick that has been burnt by fire, and with them they consign every thing to destruction, though it be their canoe, as polluted, if it be sprinkled with the water of animals. And it is a remarkable fact, that the laws of separation and uncleanness, being forty days for a male child, and eighty for a female, observed by these Indians, exactly correspond with the Levitical law imposed upon the Jews in the birth of their children.

'They are truly barbarous, like the Indians in general, towards their captive enemies. The following circumstance, as related to me by an Indian woman, whom I married to one of the principal settlers, and who was a near relation to one of the women who was tomahawked by a war party of Sioux Indians, some time ago, is calculated to fill the mind with horror. They fell upon four lodges belonging to the Saulteaux, who had encamped near *Fond du Lac*, Lake Superior, and which contained the wives and children of about twelve men, who were at that time absent a hunting; and immediately killed and scalped the whole party, except one woman and two or three of the children. With the most wanton and savage cruelty, they proceeded to put one of these little ones to death, by first turning him for a short time close before a fire, when they cut off one of his arms, and told him to run; and afterwards cruelly tortured him, with the other children, till he died.

'It is almost incredible the torture to which they will sometimes put their prisoners; and the adult captives will endure it without a tear or a groan. In spite of all their sufferings, which the love of cruelty and revenge can invent and inflict upon them, they continue to chaunt their death song with a firm voice; considering that, to die like a man, courting pain rather than flinching from it, is the noblest triumph of the warrior. In going to war, some time ago, a Sioux chief cut a piece of flesh from his thigh, and holding it up with a view to animate and encourage the party who were to accompany him to the ferocious conflict, told them to see how little he regarded pain, and that, despising torture and the scalping knife and tomahawk of their enemies, they should rush upon them, and pursue them till they were exterminated; and thereby console the spirits of the dead whom they had slain.

'It does not appear that cannibalism is practised by any of the North American Indians; on the contrary, the eating of human flesh is held in great abhorrence by them: and when they are driven to eat it, through dire necessity, they are generally shunned by other Indians who know it, and who often take their lives secretly.'

Among other articles in his journal, we find the following instance of filial affection contrasted with conduct very opposite:—

'A daughter had driven her aged Indian father, lashed in his buffaloe robe, on a sledge to the colony. He appeared to be in a very weak and dying state, and had suffered much from the want of provisions. I was much pleased with this instance of filial affection and care. Sometimes the aged and infirm are abandoned or destroyed; and, however shocking it may be to those sentiments of tenderness and affection, which in civilized life we regard as inherent in our common nature, it is practised by savages in their hardships and extreme difficulty of procuring subsistence for the parties who suffer, without being considered as an act of cruelty, but as a deed of mercy. This shocking custom, however, is seldom heard of among the Indians of this neighbourhood, but is said to prevail with the Chipwyan or Northern Indians, who are no sooner burdened with their relations, broken with years and infirmities, and incapable of following the camp, that they leave them to their fate. Instead of repining they are reconciled to this dreadful termination of their existence, from the known custom of their nation, and being conscious that they can no longer endure the various distresses and fatigue of savage life, or assist in hunting for provisions. A little meat, with an axe, and a small portion of tobacco, are generally left with them by their nearest relations, who in taking leave of them say, that it is time for them to go into the other world, which they suppose lies just beyond the spot where the sun goes down, where they will be better taken care of than with them, and then they walk away weeping. On the banks of the Saskashawan, an aged woman prevailed on her son to shoot her through the head, instead of adopting this sad extremity. She addressed him in a most pathetic manner, reminding him of the care and toil with which she bore him on her back from camp to camp in his infancy; with what incessant labour she brought him up till he could use the bow and the gun; and having seen him a great warrior, she requested that he would show her kindness, and give proof of his courage, in shooting her, that she might go home to her relations. "I have seen many winters," she added, "and am now become a burden, in not being able to assist in getting provisions; and dragging me through the country, as I am unable to walk, is a toil, and brings much distress into your gun." She then drew her blanket over her head, and her son immediately despatched her of life; in the apparent consciousness of having done an act of filial duty and of mercy."'

The Public versus the Land Owners. 12mo. pp. 22. London, 1825. Limbird.

ALTHOUGH this is a very small pamphlet, yet it relates to a very important subject which affects every class of society—we mean the policy or rather impolicy of the corn laws, which compel the industrious people of England to work cheap while bread, meat, and all kinds of provisions are dear—as dear, indeed, or nearly so, as they were during the war. At that period the weight of taxation which fell on agriculture was the plea for the high price of grain, that plea will, however, not serve now, for nearly eighteen months

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of taxes have been repealed on agriculture alone since the peace.

The corn monopoly, however, cannot last long without driving our manufacturers, and with them our manufactures to foreign nations, where the low price of the necessaries of life enables the labourer to live on his hire, though even less than it is in this country. What then is to be done? we should say at once — Let the legislature repeal the corn laws — let landholders lower their rents, and let farmers return to that humble and unobtrusive station, from which they have emerged to imitate the vices and extravagance of their superiors in rank and fortune.

The author of the pamphlet before us, which is very well written, sets out with contending that—"the earth is the common property of the human race, and that no human being can have more than a life interest, in an equal proportion with every other human being in existence, at any given time." We shall not enter into an examination of the truth of a position, the application of which would, as the author acknowledges, disturb possessions which time has sanctified, and strip the great body of land proprietors of every claim to one farthing of rent, and which he therefore does not insist upon, but shall quote some of his remarks, the truth of which is incontrovertible:—

'Every country should avail itself of its natural advantages to their utmost extent. Suppose that a strong wind were blowing in a contrary direction to the course of a river, and two boats were to start for a given place, some way up the stream; the foolish boatman would put out his oars, and fatigue himself to death with rowing against the stream; but the wiser boatman would hoist his sail, and by the assistance of the wind, leave his antagonist far behind. In the same manner, a country should seize all the advantages, whether of fertile soil, rich mines, abundance of timber, or any other which nature has given her, instead of struggling on in a course in which she is sure to be excelled by some more fortunate competitor.

'To force a churlish soil for scanty bread,' while abundance may be obtained with ease from any other spot, is to set at nought the very dictates of common sense. Yet, by the operation of the corn laws, we are devoting capital to the raising of corn here, where the average price is above sixty shillings a quarter, when we might import it for thirty-five or forty shillings. Taking the rate of profits to be £10 per cent, the capital necessary to raise a quarter of wheat, which will fetch sixty shillings, will be £30. If the same quantity of imported wheat can be sold in the market for forty shillings, the capital employed in producing it and bringing it there, would be but £20. Supposing, therefore, that corn might be freely imported, and that no greater quantity were raised at home, than could be brought into the market in competition with that which was imported, it is manifest that one third part of the capital now employed in producing corn, would be set at liberty, and would of course be soon employed in other kinds of production, to the advantage of society at large.'

Alluding to the evils of the corn-monopoly, the author says:—

'Now, in order to show the loss which the public sustains by the monopoly, I will suppose that there are a million of acres of land in France, and a like quantity in England, but that the former from their superior fertility, require a capital of fifty millions only, to bring into market the same quantity of corn, as upon the latter require a capital of twice that amount. I will suppose that there is no restriction upon importation. If the produce of the land in France were sufficient for the population of both countries, and the rate of profit upon capital were £10 per cent., the people of England, supposing them to consume half the quantity, would pay two millions and a half per annum, for their corn; and the land in England would be of no value to its owners; it would not be cultivated, and of course would produce them no rent. But if the owners of the English acres were to prohibit the importation of French corn, it would be necessary to cultivate the English land; and, as the people of England would require the same quantity of corn as before, the full capital of fifty millions would immediately be employed in the raising of corn; and the rate of profits being still £10 per cent, the consumption of corn would cost the people five millions. But the capital thus employed in the raising of corn in England, must have been withdrawn from some other species of production, and in proportion to the capital so withdrawn, the quantity of other commodities would be diminished. This diminution in the supply would not indeed cause any increase in the price of these commodities, for the increased price of corn would take from the annual income of the country, the sum previously expended in other commodities, and thereby reduce the demand in exactly the same proportion.

'The situation of the people of England, therefore, by the operation of the prohibitory law, would be, that with the same quantity of corn as before, they were just so much the poorer by the loss of those commodities, in producing which, the capital now employed in raising the corn had previously been employed.

'I trust I have now stated the question briefly but clearly. It is time that the claims to private property in land were seriously considered; since the political privileges attached thereto, so far from satisfying their possessors, have been converted into the means of making that property infinitely more advantageous to the proprietors and injurious to the public than could have been conceived while the system was so quietly endured. To look no farther back than to the commencement of the peace, the fluctuations in the prices of agricultural produce have caused more agitation in the community, and more misery among all classes, than could have arisen from any other cause whatever; and yet without the aid of anything which might be called a dearth. At the present time, when bread is at a price which, compared with the average rate of the wages of labour, must rob the labourer of comforts to which he has the justest title; it is a well-known fact, that corn is rotting in our warehouses, in consequence of the laws which prohibit its being brought to market under a certain price. In such a state of things as this, it becomes, I say, a public duty to call these laws in question, to submit them to the most public investigation, to try them by the test of public good—the only avowable purpose of legislation, and, if they cannot stand this trial, to demand their repeal.'

Without admitting all the positions on which the writer rests, we must allow that his little pamphlet contains more good sense, than is often displayed in treating of the subject, either in the laboured harangues in the senate, or the mystified essays of political economists.

KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.

(Concluded from p. 746.)

WE return to Mr. Kelly's book, because we find that, without drawing too largely on it, we can cull a few pleasing anecdotes, illustrative of the character of the many individuals with whom he mixed, particularly those connected with the stage. That the author is a cheerful old gentleman, with much of the light-hearted character of his countrymen, will be readily admitted; and there is much good-nature in his Reminiscences. He speaks with feeling regret of the loss of old friends, and does justice to the merits of those who are living. We have already quoted one or two anecdotes of Sheridan's dilatory habits, and quickness of writing when pushed; in this, however, he is not singular, for we know more than one dramatic author of the present day, who write both rapidly and well 'on compulsion.' When the inimitable farce of The Critic was to be brought out, Sheridan could not be got to write the last scene:—

'At last, Mr. Linley, who, being his father-in-law, was pretty well aware of his habits, hit upon a stratagem. A night rehearsal of "The Critic" was ordered, and Sheridan, having dined with Linley, was prevailed upon to go; while they were on the stage, King whispered Sheridan that he had something particular to communicate, and begged he would step into the second green-room. Accordingly, Sheridan went, and there found a table, with pens, ink, and paper, a good fire, an armed chair at the table, and two bottles of claret, with a dish of anchovy sandwiches. The moment he got into the room, King stepped out, and locked the door; immediately after which, Linley and Ford came up and told the author that, until he had written the scene, he would be kept where he was.

'Sheridan took this decided measure in good part; he ate the anchovies, finished the claret, wrote the scene, and laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the contrivance.'

Another instance of Mr. Sheridan's facility of writing, when he chose (or rather was compelled) to exert himself, was when his pantomime of Robinson Crusoe was in rehearsal:—

'He happened to call in at the theatre one

day, and found them in the greatest confusion, not knowing what to introduce to give time for the setting of a scene; it was suggested to Mr. Sheridan that a song would afford sufficient opportunity to the carpenters for their preparation; accordingly, he sat down at the prompter's table, on the stage, and wrote on the back of a play-bill the beautiful ballad of "The Midnight Watch," which was set to music by his father-in-law, Mr. Linley, in a style which has established it as one of the most beautiful specimens of pure English melody.'

Mr. Kelly quotes a remark of Sheridan, with respect to Congreve's plays, which contains a good simile. 'His plays,' said he, 'are, I own, somewhat licentious, but it is barbarous to mangle them; they are like horses, when you deprive them of their vice, they lose their vigour.' Of Mr. Sheridan, to whom Kelly was sincerely attached, he relates many excellent anecdotes, more and better indeed than are to be found in Moore's life of that great genius. Mr. Kelly says:—

'One of Mr. Sheridan's favourite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury Lane Theatre was crowded to excess in every part, I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the king comes!"

'Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was, that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.'

To these Irish bulls, which, whether Mr. Kelly's or Mr. Sheridan's, we will not say, we shall add another:—

'One day, Mr. Sheridan laughingly said to me, "It must be allowed, Kelly, that our countrymen always show more or less of the *potato* in their brain. Yesterday, at about four o'clock in the morning, I came out of Brookes's, where I had staid the very last; and, as I was stepping into the carriage, I saw some half-dozen Irish chairmen, loitering at the door, shivering with cold, waiting for a fare. It was a bitter morning, and I said to one of the poor devils, 'Why do you remain here, my good fellow?'

'"Please your honour," replied one of them, "we are waiting to take somebody home."

'"You may save yourselves the trouble, then," said I, "for I have just come out of the house, and there is nobody left in it."

'"Please your honour, we know there is nobody in it, but who knows how many may come out."

'"It was too cold," said Sheridan, "to argue with them, so I got into my coach and left them."'

Mr. Kelly was a bit of a wag, as will be seen by the following hoax he played on an eccentric actor, at the Edinburgh theatre, of the name of Wood:—

'His great ambition was to do everything that Garrick used to do; he rose at the same hour, shaved, breakfasted, and dined at the same hour; ate and drank whatever he heard was Garrick's taste; in short, nothing could please him more than to copy Garrick implicitly, and to be thought to do so.

'I was walking with him one day; and, knowing his weak point, assured him that King had often told me, that when Garrick was to perform any part to which he wished to give all his strength and energy, he used to prevail upon Mrs. Garrick to accompany him to his dressing-room at the theatre, and, for an hour before the play began, rub his head, as hard as she could, with hot napkins, till she produced copious perspiration; and the harder he was rubbed, and the more he was temporarily annoyed by it, the more animation he felt in acting. This (as I thought it) harmless joke of mine turned out a matter of serious importance to poor Mrs. Wood; for, a long time afterwards, whenever he had to act, particularly in any new part, he actually made her go to his dressing-room, as I had suggested, and rub away, till *she* was ready to drop with fatigue, and *he*, with the annoyance which her exertions produced The effect of the process upon his performance, however, did not, by any means, keep pace with the labour.'

We have before alluded to Mr. Kelly having been honoured with the marked attentions of his present Majesty: and he relates a pleasing anecdote of royal condescension to him, when the king had a concert at the Pavilion, at Brighton, on the 1st of January, 1822, which Mr. Kelly was commanded to attend. Mr. K. says:—

'His Majesty did me the honour to seat himself beside me, and ask me how I liked the music which I had that day heard in the chapel, amongst which, to my surprise, had been introduced the Chacoone of Jomelli, performed in the "Castle Spectre," but which since has been called the Sanctus of Jomelli, and is now used in all the cathedrals and churches in England and the Continent, under that title. His Majesty was all kindness and condescension in his manner towards me; but his kindness and condescension did not stop there.

'I had taken with me to Brighton that year a god-daughter of mine, Julia Walters, whom I have adopted, and whose mother has been, for years, my housekeeper and watchful attendant during my many severe illnesses. This little girl, at five years old, performed the part of the Child, in the opera of "L'Agnèse," under the name of Signora Julia. Ambrogetti was so struck with my little *protégée*, that he begged I would let her play the character, which she did with grace and intelligence far beyond her years. This child asked me to procure her a sight of the king, and fixed upon the evening in question to press her request, when she might behold him in the midst of his court, surrounded by all that was brilliant in the land, and in a palace whose splendour, when illuminated, rivalled the magnificence described in the "Arabian Nights."

'I told my worthy friend Kramer, the excellent master and leader of his Majesty's private band, the earnest desire of little Julia, and prevailed upon him to admit her behind the organ, with a strict injunction not to let herself be seen; but female curiosity, even in one so young, prevailed, and after the first act of the concert, when the performers retired to take some refreshment, *Signora* Julia crept from her hiding place behind the organ, and seated herself between the kettle-drums. The king was sitting on a sofa, between the Princess Esterhazy and the Countess Lieven, and though the orchestra was at a distance, his Majesty's quick eye in a moment caught a glimpse of the little intruder.

'"Who is that beautiful little child?" said the king; "Who brought her here?" and immediately walked to poor Julia, and asked her who she was.

'"I belong to *K*," said Julia.

'"And who the deuce is *K*?" said his Majesty.

'I was seated quite at the farther end of the room, conversing with Sir William Keppell, and the moment I saw what was going on, I requested Sir William to go to the king, and say that the child belonged to me which he with great good-nature did.

'His Majesty kissed poor little Julia, and taking her into his arms, threw her over his shoulder, and carried her across the room to me, and placed her in a chair by my side, saying, with the greatest condescension, "Why did you leave the child in the cold! Why not bring her into the room! If she be fond of music, bring her here whenever you like."

'This act of kindness, consideration, and goodness, was duly appreciated by all who witnessed it, and by me will be ever remembered with the most respectful gratitude. On the following evening, when I again had the honour of a command to the palace, his Majesty was pleased to inquire after my pretty little girl.

'My friend, Prince Hoare, who was at Brighton at the time, wrote the following lines on the incident.

'ON JULIA, PEEPING

In the music-room of the Pavilion, at Brighton, on the 1st January, 1822, and discovered in the fact by his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth; who, with his never-failing kindness of heart and condescension, seized the little culprit in his arms, kissed and caressed her, and bore her in triumph, before the brilliant assembly, to her nearest and dearest friend, Michael Kelly, then present.

'Behind the lofty organ's screen,
One gala eve, sly Julia lay,
Intent to peep, at whim, unseen,
And all the glorious pomp survey.

'O, little didst thou dream that eye
Which wakes to guard Britannia's crown
Would there thy tiny form espy,
And give thee, Julia, to renown.'

While at Brescia, at the theatre of which

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Mr. Kelly performed, he was in danger of assassination from Il Cavaliere Manuel, the proprietor, who was jealous of his intimacy with the *prima donna*, La Bella Ortabella:—

'The proprietor, who was, in fact, our ostensible manager, was a most celebrated personage, Il Cavaliere Manuel, surnamed, "Il Cavaliere Prepotente," a man of inordinately bad character, and implacable in his revenge, wherever he took offence: he was enormously rich, but never would pay any evitable debt, which, in some degree, accounted for his wealth; indeed, it was at the risk of life that anybody pressed him for money. He had in his pay a set of Sicari (assassins), who wore his livery, and, when commanded by him, would shoot any person in the streets at noon-day: woe to the man marked for his vengeance. The dress of these assassins, who were mostly mountaineers from his own estates, consisted of scarlet breeches and waistcoats, and green jackets; their long hair was tied up in nets; they wore enormous whiskers, and large cocked hats with gold buttons and loops; in their belts were pistols, carbines at their backs, and large rapiers by their sides; and yet those ruffians walked the streets at liberty, and, though known by all classes, none dare molest or take notice of them. The Venetian Senate, whose subjects they were, never could subdue them, though they used every means in their power to do so; and such was the state of society, at the period of which I speak, that there was scarcely a noble Brescian who had not a set of them in his service, and rarely a week passed without an assassination.

'While I was there, one of those fellows walked up to a coffee-house, tapped a gentleman on the shoulder, and begged of him to stand aside; he then levelled his carabine at a person who was sitting on a bench at the coffee-house-door, and shot him dead on the spot; yet no one had sufficient courage to secure the murderer, who, with the greatest *sang froid*, walked unmolested to the church of the Jesuits, de la Grazzie, where he was in perfect security.'

In the course of his adventures, Kelly met with an eccentric Irishman, of whom he gives the following notice:—

'I remember one day, shortly after my first appearance, dining with my friend, Jack Johnstone, in Great Russell Street, I met an eccentric Irishman, well known in Dublin, of the name of Long, who was, by turns, an auctioneer and dramatist. He wrote a play, called The Laplanders, which was, at first, very coolly received by the audience, and afterwards very warmly condemned. He came to England to propose to government a plan for paying off the national debt, or some such thing. He was, however, full of anecdote, and had a happy knack of telling stories *against himself*; one, I recollect, was, that, in his auctioneering capacity, amongst other schemes, he offered for sale woollen cloths, at a farthing a yard; yet so completely was his character known, and so well appreciated, that he could not advance a bidding, even upon that price. At one time, he told us, his patience was actually worn out—and, in anger towards his auditory, he said, he thought they would treat him with the same inattention, if he were to offer a guinea for sale. He then literally took a guinea out of his pocket, and put it up; there were certainly advances, shilling by shilling, until it reached seventeen shillings and sixpence, at which price he knocked it down, and, handing it to the buyer, wished him luck of the bargain; the purchaser went immediately to try the value of his lot, when it appeared, being weighed, to be of eighteenpence less value than he had paid for it.

'He mentioned another anecdote, of a Mr. Lennan, a saddler in Dublin, who was seriously stage-stricken, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable; after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cockle Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president; they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterwards stuck to making saddles, and never again was found guilty of murdering majors, even on the stage.'

A Voyage towards the South Pole, performed in the Years 1822-1824, *containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea to the 74th Degree of Latitude; with a Visit to Tierra del Fuego, &c.* By JAMES WEDDELL, Esq. Master in the Royal Navy. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

A CELEBRATED navigator modestly denominated his narrative of a highly interesting expedition, a mere log-book; the remark would apply with much more force to the journal of Mr. Weddell—not that we wish to undervalue those nautical records which in exploring new regions are important.

Mr. Weddell was the commander of the brig Jane, of Leith, in a trading adventure to the South Sea, in 1822-4, in company with the cutter Beaufoy. In the course of the voyage Mr. Weddell reached the latitude of 74° 15′, which is 214 geographical miles further south than Captain Cook, or any preceding navigator, is known to have got. This was a fortunate circumstance; it is, however, almost certain, that trading vessels have reached a higher northern latitude than many exploratory expeditions sent for the purpose of discovery.

Mr. Weddell is a shrewd and well-informed man, who is neither ignorant of the discoveries of preceding navigators, nor slow in doing them justice; alluding to the exploring of South Georgia, by Captain Cook, in 1771, and the advantages conferred on navigation and geography in general by this great navigator, he says:—

'His official report regarding the island of South Georgia, in which he gave an account of the great number of sea-elephants (called by him sea-lions) and fur seals found on the shores, induced several enterprising merchants to fit out vessels to take them; the elephants for their oil, and the seals for their skins. These animals are now almost extinct; but I have been credibly informed that, since the year in which they were known to be so abundant, not less than 20,000 tons of sea-elephant oil have been procured for the London market. A quantity of fur seal-skins was usually brought along with a cargo of oil; but formerly the furriers in England had not the method of dressing them, on which account they were of so little value, as to be almost neglected.

'At the same time, however, the Americans were carrying from Georgia cargoes of these skins to China, where they frequently obtained a price of from five to six dollars a-piece. It is generally known that the English did not enjoy the same privilege; by which means the Americans took entirely out of our hands this valuable article of trade.

'The number of skins brought off from Georgia by ourselves and foreigners cannot be estimated at fewer than 1,200,000. I may here also remark, that the Island of Desolation, which Captain Cook likewise visited, and first made known, has been a source of scarcely less profit than the island of Georgia. Hence it may be presumed, that during the time these two islands have been resorted to for the purpose of trade, more than 2000 tons of shipping, and from two to three hundred seamen, have been employed annually in this traffic.

'The island is about 96 miles long, and its mean breadth about ten. It is so indented with bays, that in several places, where they are on opposite sides, they are so deep as to make the distance from the one side to the other very small. Near the west end, in particular, there is a neck of this kind, about half a mile broad, over which boats are frequently transported.

'The tops of the mountains are lofty, and perpetually covered with snow; but in the valleys, during the summer season, vegetation is rather abundant. Almost the only natural production of the soil is a strong bladed grass, the length of which is in general about two feet; it grows in tufts on mounds three or four feet from the ground.'

Mr. Weddell gleaned some information on natural history, or, rather, he relates some extraordinary accounts of a few specimens of the feathered tribe with which he met. Thus of the king-penguins, which in pride and plumage are scarcely surpassed by the peacock, we are told, that

'During the time of moulting, they seem to repel each other with disgust, on account of the ragged state of their coats; but as they arrive at the maximum of splendour they resemble, and no one who has not completed his plumage is allowed to enter the community. Their frequently looking down their front and sides in order to contemplate the perfection of their exterior brilliancy, and to remove any speck which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer.

'About the beginning of January they pair, and lay their eggs. During the time of hatching, the male is remarkably assiduous, so that when the hen has occasion to go off to feed and wash, the egg is transported to him, which is done by placing their toes together, and rolling it from the one to the other, using their beaks to place it properly.'

The next extraordinary circumstance con-

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nected with natural history, relates to the courtship of the albatross, a feathered animal that Mr. Weddell met with in South Georgia, which varies in weight from twelve to twenty-five pounds.

'There is something humorously remarkable in their way of mating: the couple approach one another with great apparent ceremony, bringing their beaks repeatedly together, swinging their heads, and contemplating each other with very deliberate attention. Sometimes this will continue for two hours together, and to a person inclined to be amused, the whole transaction would appear not unlike one of our own formal courtships in pantomime.'

The king penguin and the albatross were not, however, the most remarkable animals of the feathered tribe he met with, for he tells us—gravely tells us, that a bird of the peterel kind, called by sailors a Nelly, is very voracious, and so, we think, our readers will acknowledge it must be, when he learns, that a flock of from five to six hundred of them will eat *ten tons* of the sea elephant fat in six or eight hours: that is to say, that each bird will eat from *thirty-seven to forty-five pounds* of fat in a few hours.

As we know nothing more extraordinary than in Mr. Weddell's book-chandler's statement, we shall conclude our notice with it, and thus leave our readers as the marriage ceremony concludes—in amazement.

ORIGINAL.

ON PHILOSOPHY IN DRESS.

'In villos abeunt vestes.'

In ancient Greece the costume of the people was justly elevated to the rank of the fine arts; and it might even be considered as their origin. Let us contemplate, for a moment, attentively, the most ancient statues, such as they still exist in the paintings of Hetruria and Phrygia, and then glance at the productions of Phidias, and the rest of those immortal artists, who have left us the most exquisite morsels, in the finest ages of statuary. We shall find, by this comparison, that, in the infancy of the art, its energy seems to have been brought into action by the development of the graceful folds of drapery, as then worn. If it is objected, that the same cause would have produced the same effect, among any other people, and that, from an analogous principle, the Scythians, for instance, ought to have been good sculptors (who were so far from it, that they were obliged to represent their god, Mars, as Herodotus tells us, by the savage but significant emblem of a sword), we reply, that this difference in effect can be readily explained, either by the physical difference in the two people, or in the innate idea of the *beautiful*, and the total absence of it, in one of the two people; for certain it is, that those who were always behind-hand in the career of civilization, were still the least elegantly clothed, while the contrary took place with those nations who, like the Greeks, rapidly advanced in the cultivation of the mind. The long floating robes of the Assyrians, the elegant tunics of the Medes, and the flowing silken dresses of the Persians, were soon cleverly drawn by the imitative art. It would, nevertheless, have been odd enough to have seen the wandering Tartar—wrapped up in the skin of a sheep, and always loaded with fur and straw, to protect him from the inclemency of his rigorous climate—brought to life again in marble or bronze, or honoured in any other way, through the gratitude of the fine arts! So is it easy to conceive, when the new world was discovered, why the Mexicans had attained so high a degree of civilization, and how they had acquired their arts and laws, their temples and sculptured idols. Costume had been carefully attended to among them, particularly in their peculiar dresses, made of the spoils of the whole feathered creation, which, from the beautiful variety of their tints, were unique in magnificence: by the same means, too, were their head-dresses so majestic and rich, that their proud and detestable conquerors were struck with admiration.

If, however, this hypothesis has need of additional support, we might cast our eyes to many nations, and mention a variety of examples that would establish its proof incontestibly. Across the whole continent of Africa (with the exception of that newly-discovered race, possibly descended from the Romans, lately seen), the only spots that have any claim to some little civilization are, the kingdom of Morocco, the Barbary states, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and the Mozambique; in all these countries, their dress has not changed, from anything we can gather, since the most remote ages; that which prevails follows the simple and majestic model the Arabians have handed down to them, as the most lasting monument of their victories and domination. Among these people, alone, is there to be seen anything like luxury, or the productions of commerce or the arts. But, setting these fringes or patches aside, that border this vast space, the whole of central Africa presents nothing but the most contemptible barbarity, in dress, as well as everything else: as for the arts, and all those refinements that go to our well-being in life, they are absolutely unknown. Let us quit these innumerable tribes—extending over the burning deserts or unhealthy marshes of the tropics, whose destinies, so little do we know of them (in spite of the indefatigable enterprise, public and individual, of England), escape any calculation or probable conjecture, from the meagre data given us to go on—and look towards India, so renowned in antiquity for the simplicity and elegance of the costume of her children, leading them to the most beautiful and ingenious manufactures. With these grew to perfection all those arts connected with luxury and magnificence. The excellence of her tissues and embroideries produced an emulation which was soon felt in the more valuable arts of painting and statuary. At the time Alexander broke open those barriers the Persians had raised, with the design to exclude their people from the ocean, there were to be seen in India vast numbers of statues, whose prodigious proportions resembled those now extant in the grotto of Elephanta, and many other parts of India. On the extreme confines of northern Asia, and to the east in Tartarian Thibet, and lower down in Ava, grace of costume is quite neglected, or rather totally unknown: nor need we add, that the arts have not passed, nor ever did pass, the boundaries of the Hymala, or the waters of the Bay of Bengal, or in so rude a shape, that a world of pains goes but a little way towards effect. The same thing may be said of the Chinese and the Calmuc Tartars, to the N. E. of them; but, while pursuing the subject to the verges of the habitable globe, we feel we could fill a volume, without strengthening our position.

THE JEWS.

A Berlin newspaper remarks, that in the times of Kings David and Solomon, the whole Jewish people consisted of about four millions, and estimates, that there are now existing in the world not less than 3,200,000 Jews, dispersed through the different nations, as follows:—

In Bavaria	53,402
Saxony	1300
Hanover	6100
Wirtemberg	9000
At Baden	16,930
In the Duchy of Hesse	14,962
The rest of the German Confederation	18,218
At Francfort on the Maine	3250
Lubeck	400
Hamburgh	9000
In Austria	453,546
Prussia	134,000
Russia	426,000
Poland	230,000
Great Britain	12,000
France	60,000
Holland, of whom 20,100 at Amsterdam	80,000
Sweden	450
Denmark	6000
Swiss Cantons	1970
Italy	36,000
Ionian Islands	7000
At Cracow	7300
In Turkey in Europe	231,000
Turkey in Asia	436,000
Africa, of whom 300,000 at Fez and Morocco	500,000
America	5700
Australasia	50

In Spain and Portugal, Jews are not tolerated, nor are there any to be found in Norway. In the Austrian dominions they enjoy but few privileges, and in Great Britain their situation is unsatisfactory. In Russia, the laws concerning the Jews are very rigorous and oppressive. Within the German confederation, in France, the Netherlands, and Prussia, the Jews enjoy all the rights of citizens, but are ineligible to fill any place of public employment.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The formation of a Mechanics' Institution at Glasgow, and afterwards that of London, was followed by the establishment of a society, on a somewhat similar plan, in Philadelphia, under the title of the *Franklin Institute*. Without making any invidious comparison, it cannot be denied that, in point of activity at least, the Franklin Institute surpasses the Mechanics' Institutions in England or Scotland. We have before

the 'Report of the Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions of the Franklin Institute,' at their second exhibition, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of last month, with a list of the articles exhibited and the premiums awarded. We have also a copy of the address of Mr. Ronaldson, the president, at the close of the exhibition. From these documents, which are too long for insertion, we learn the progress of the Franklin Institute, and see the impetus it has given to genius and industry. One plan has been adopted by the Franklin Institute, which is common to Paris, but is wanting in this country—a periodical exhibition of the products of industry and genius. The second exhibition of this sort, by the Franklin Institute, was, as we have stated, held in the early part of last month, and the president commenced his address, by alluding to it in the following terms:—

'It seldom happens that the contemplation of objects gives rise to exactly similar ideas in any two spectators; yet there are impressions common to the majority,—and I am confident that every Pennsylvanian, every American, and all who take an interest in the advancement of human happiness and comfort, have viewed with renewed emotions of pride and pleasure, the products of industry which have been collected before us, at the Institute's second exhibition.

'In them we have seen the result of a mass of knowledge and experience that has been accumulating from the remotest ages, gathered from all countries, and now become the common property of those who are industrious. They only have the right to it, they have created the stock; and it is gratifying to us that America is now so respectable a member of this commonwealth of industry; and that, although the nation is only in infancy, she contributes her share in widening the resources of industry and facilitating the processes of art. Had nothing more been done by America than expediting the making of nails and cleaning of cotton; these two improvements alone would have acquired honour to the country, and should immortalize the inventors.

'In the nature of man, we find the elements of society. Our wants make us depend on each other; and a capacity, by concert and co-operation, to produce effects from which incalculable advantages arise to individuals and communities, binds us together. It is by this co-operation that we have risen above the other animals, and where it is neglected or abused, a corresponding decline will be the fate of the nation, and some of its members be degraded from the dignity of man.

'It is impossible to conjecture limits to the benefits that are to result from the intelligent virtuous exertions of a great community, and these principles carried to perfection, would so improve the condition of a community, that there would scarcely be known in it such a thing as misery. That such a state of perfection will ever arrive, is not for us to determine, and an approximation to it, must long be retarded by the selfish feelings of individuals and ambitious projects of the rulers of nations, yet, that we are advancing in the desirable course of improvement, is evident: the productions of art and industry before you are manifest proofs; they are the representatives of the intelligence of past times, which, during the brief period of your own observation, has had great additions made to it; and surely this our own experience is satisfactory proof that improvement will go on in the hands of our successors.

'All that has been brought before us at this exhibition, is the product of industry; *and perfection is in proportion as this industry has been under the direction of intelligence*; for these are the sources of all that man can enjoy, beyond what is common to the animals around him; by the laws of our nature, these are the means which must be employed to sustain our existence, and raise us above the beasts of the field. Were the wants of man supplied, without requiring of him any exertion, his character and habits would only sustain a comparison with the grossest and most indolent of the animal creation.'

The Franklin Institute embraces all the useful as well as the mechanical arts, and females may be competitors for the premiums, which consist of honorary silver medals. The president, in his address, alludes to a new application of *anthracite*, a species of slaty brittle coal, which is somewhat similar to glance coal, and soils the fingers very much. His observations are not very explicit, but we give them as they are. He says:

'That anthracite coal will be successfully employed in making iron surely will be the event. Had we never seen steam rendering the ship independent of wind and tide; or hydrogen gas carrying men into the clouds, and permitting him to return in safety to the earth; and had been asked, which was most likely to be accomplished; iron made by anthracite; ships propelled by steam; or a man carried into the air by air, beyond our sight, and returning uninjured; we should have given our opinion on the side of making iron. This one improvement, in Pennsylvania, will be a source of wealth beyond what has been found in the mines of Potosi.'

In turning to the Report of the Committee of Premiums, we find that the number of articles exhibited far surpassed that of the preceding year; they are also stated to be, with few exceptions, of a better quality. Of the eighty-five premiums offered, twenty-five were claimed, and of these twenty-three were awarded. These were for the best specimens of blister steel, water-colour paints, cut-glass, best broad cloth, cheap cloth, *Negro* cloth, flannels, carpeting, oil-cloth, satinet, nankeens, calicoes, cotton thread, gilt buttons, upright and horizontal pianofortes, a lady's secretary, paper-hanging, fire-grate for burning anthracite, mechanics' edge tools, cutlery, and bar iron. In addition to these, for which premiums were offered, the committee have awarded medals for other articles of American manufacture. Several of the managers contributed specimens of their own manufacture, but these were not considered as intended for competition, as, by the rules of the Board of the Franklin Institute, managers are excluded from receiving silver medals, or any other compliment whatever.

Great care seems to be taken in the Franklin Institute that the lectures and studies are suited to the wants and pursuits of the members. This will be seen from the course of instruction for the ensuing season, which is as follows:—

A course of Lectures on Chemistry, as connected with the Arts, by Professor William H. Keating.

A course of Lectures on Practical Mechanics and Machines, by Professor Thomas P. Jones.

A course of Lectures on Natural History, by Professor J. D. Godman.

Volunteer Lectures on various subjects connected with Manufactures and the useful Arts, by scientific and practical members.

A Mathematical School for adults and young persons under the superintendence of Mr. Levi Fletcher.

An Architectural and Mechanical Drawing School, under the care of Professor John Haviland, assisted by Mr. Hugh Bridport.

The annual subscription to the last Franklin Institute is three dollars.

ON THE TASTE FOR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

THE numerous institutions and societies, having for their object the promotion of literary and scientific pursuits, which start up almost daily, seem rather to partake too much of the nature of a popular mania, for they spring up like mushrooms, along with the other joint-stock companies of the day. Our readers will give us credit for not being illiberal in our sentiments on the subject of general education: we do not wish that it should be confined to any class of society, and regard, therefore, every indication of an increasing taste for literature as highly favourable; still we must be permitted to doubt whether these institutions will ultimately produce those effects which seem to be contemplated by some who are more sanguine than ourselves. So far, indeed, as they tend to supply the apparatus of knowledge, and afford the student access to valuable, rare, or costly works, such as he could not otherwise consult, they are, indeed, useful establishments; yet, considering them merely as reading-rooms, we really do not perceive what particular benefit a man derives from perusing a work in a place where a number of others are similarly engaged, more than he would from doing so at home, by his own fireside, especially if it be on a subject that requires his attentive study. A man may skim over a newspaper in such a place, or read any short publication that can be despatched at one sitting; but it is assuredly not that which a person would select for the reading of a work that would require long and continued attention—of days or even weeks. Such institutions may tend to make reading men, but it by no means follows that they will form studious ones. There are a great many persons who consider reading and studying to be the same things, whereas this is so far from being the case, that very great students are often comparatively little readers, while many have read all their lives without ever studying at all. From the enthusiastic language that has, on some late occasions, been used in speaking of literary institutions, it might almost be sup-

posed that there was some spell attached to them that was to operate preternaturally; that they had either discovered or formed a royal road to wisdom and learning,—a patent piece of Macadamization. We all know that there are two ways of learning—one, the old and now almost forgotten method of proceeding no faster than you can go: the other, the newer and more approved principle of learning without understanding, which has this advantage, that it carries a man over a vast space of ground in an incredibly short time, the only trifling inconvenience attending it, is, that when he stops, he neither knows where he is nor where he has been, such has been the rapidity of his passage. It is in this way that young ladies study a science in a week; or that Mr —— will teach pupils a language in three, of which, at the end of that time, they know exactly as much as the Englishman did of Rome, who, hiring a post-chaise, ordered the driver to take him as quickly as he could drive, to every church and place of note, then boasted of having viewed all the curiosities of that city in one day. If, however, we do not venture to anticipate altogether so much from literary institutions as some may do; we yet think that they must prove widely beneficial, since even a mere taste for reading, without any particular object, is a constant resource, and as such a security against idleness or low or frivolous amusements When we compare the manner in which our forefathers of half a century back used to spend their evenings to that in which they do at present, we find no reason to regret the change that has taken place in our habits and tastes. What were once the amusements of the parlour would now be deemed almost too vulgar for the kitchen. Much of this change has, doubtlessly, been occasioned by more general intellectual education. We do not want to become a nation of philosophers, nor of mere readers or writers, but it is, nevertheless, highly desirable that a taste for intellectual pursuits should be as generally cultivated as the affairs of life will permit; and so far do we highly approve of literary institutions.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHEVALIER GIOVANNI MARIA LINQUITI.

MEDICAL science and humanity have alike sustained a great loss by the recent death of the celebrated Giovanni Maria Linquiti, director of the Royal Asylum for the Insane at Aversa, whose name is so honourably known in Europe. He was born at Mulfitta, in 1774. He was very early distinguished by his learning, and at first studied the law, but soon left it for a monastic life, in the convent of the Suviti. Being afterwards obliged, by political events, to lay aside his religious habit, and assume that of a secular priest, he was received as a friend in the house of the illustrious Berin, Marquis of Galsa, in whose library he had an opportunity of extending the sphere of his knowledge, especially in what relates to the physical and moral nature of man, of which an irrefragible proof was given by the first volume of his *Recherche sull' Alienzione Mentale*. But the origin of his great reputation is to be dated from the time of his being appointed to direct the Royal Asylum at Aversa.

Linquiti was one of the first who perceived that insanity, a disease peculiar to the reasoning animal, man, having its origin in reason, never entirely departs from that origin; that the insane are not so in everything, or at all times: that we can and ought to try to restore their reason by reason, and that the chief, if not the only medicine in an hospital for the insane, is the luminous intelligence of the person who directs it.

The principle which guided Linquiti in the treatment of lunatics was founded on their education; he began by considering them as sane, took care that every one should follow the usual exercises of his art and condition; and established his new system of cure on the basis of occupation and amusement; occupation for the versatility of the ideas of the maniac, and amusement against the fixed ideas of the melancholy. The results of this method were so successful, that the new establishments of this description soon became celebrated throughout Europe.

The health of Chevalier Linquiti had been on the decline from 1815 to his death, which took place the 17th of September last. His death was honoured with many tears, but nothing could be more affecting than the funeral ceremony, in the chapel of the asylum. Doctor Vulpez, the physician of the establishment, recited, in a most moving eulogium, the merits of the deceased; and the whole body of the insane who were present, became plunged in sorrow, as if they had lost their reason a second time.—*Milan Gazette.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

THERE is nothing like grog, in a sailor's opinion,
It raises his spirits,—'tis the life of Jack Tar;
Give him grog,—he despises old Neptune's dominion,—
It would cause him to sing in the full din of war!

The lass of his heart will be present to cheer him,—
In his bosom she reigns, though they parted are,—far!
Tis this is the time that his foes all do fear him,—
When a song he does sing in the full din of war!

When the ship wildly rolls, and the wind it does blow hard,
If she strikes on a rock, and he floats on a spar;
But give him his grog, and he'll still be no coward,
But will sing an old song in the din of this war!

Then here's to the tar who climbs up the main yard,
To look out for the foe who is sailing afar;
The Frenchman, the Dutchman, the Russ, and the Spaniard,
He'll conquer (give him grog), in the full din of war!

O. N. Y.

SONNET.

IF to be known hereafter man must see
Sorrow, and be the most neglected here,—
Dwindling away life's taper year by year,
Pining alone, in base obscurity,
Yet knowing, bitter knowledge, that there be
Those who can lisl' his song with ready ear,
Yet seek him not whose melody they hear,—
Twere best if lost such immortality;
As feels the idle traveller in the vale,
List'ning the music of the nightingale,
And passing onward, soon forgetting all—
The rising melody, the dying fall.
They feel—the worm may fall, the bird may die,
The bard may want for food, yet none approach him nigh.

L. R. J.

FINE ARTS.

THE CREATOR—LEONARDO DI VINCI.

——'Each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike around, until they gathered to a god.'
Childe Harold.

THIS is without exception the most appalling picture I have ever looked upon. It is a full year since I saw it, but the dreadful majesty of the countenance is still impressed so deeply and clearly upon my mind, as it was when I stood shrinking into insignificance before it. To the last day of my life I shall never forget the tremendous expression concentrated by Leonardo di Vinci into the picture of the Creator.

An effort of human genius such as this well deserves to be pondered upon, as being, perhaps, one of the most singular, and at the same time most powerful, conceptions in which any age has given birth. It is not, be it understood, the primitive idea of the picture, which we regard with so much astonishment—but it is the almost preternatural faculty, which has displayed itself in the development of that idea—it is not the design, but the conception. Strip it of all but the bare subject, and what is it?—to an uninformed observer apparently the head and shoulders of a man—of a mortal—a human being—but in that bust are portrayed the most awful traits of power, majesty, sublimity, and might, that were ever shadowed forth from the mind of man, in its most 'unearthly mood.' It is not so extraordinary that an ardent and overheated imagination should attempt to shadow out the Divinity—but it is extraordinary that humanity should have taken such a method to effect the purpose, and still more so that the fragile urn of mortality should have done it so well.

I am well aware that an attempt at embodying the attributes of divinity in a human guise, or indeed of even pretending to develop the 'Majesty of Heaven' under any shape, is and has been subject to objections of more than one description. The philosopher, the moralist, and the artist, have each put forth their voice against it. The arguments of the two former, as they are nothing to my purpose, I shall not endeavour to controvert or establish—on the latter I shall hazard a few observations. That every mind, which is daring enough to make such an experiment, must in some measure fail 'is most true;' but if the wings of genius

and ambition are never to be outspread but when their flight is, like the eagle's, soaring directly to the sun, they might as well be cast off altogether: if the human mind is never to exert itself upon those objects which, to ordinary observers, appear too far removed from its grasp, unconquerable, or unattainable, we had better relapse without an effort into the ignorance and insignificance from which it has taken ages and ages to struggle. If, in short, nothing is to be attempted, but what can be accomplished in perfection, we had better each and all put our hands into our pockets and go to sleep; for perfectibility is not of mortality. It is, in fact, by such hazardous experiments as these, and by such alone, that the march of thought has been conducted downwards from absolute darkness to its present stage of luminous expanse. Thus then, I think the safer conclusion would be to say that it was not prudent in the artist to make choice of such a subject, but, at the same time, the greater merit is his due in proportion as the task he had set himself was more stupendous and more arduous.

Is Milton's Deity all that He should be? His is grand, great, sublime, majestic, I acknowledge; but the poet's mind, vast as it was, shrunk back into itself when it essayed to conceive and develop the Divinity. And yet men praise the poet with the same breath that they censure the painter. This is not consistent, and less is it so, when it is considered that the efforts of the artist, though his task was more difficult, inasmuch as the field on which he had to display his talent was more straightened, were far more successful than those of his rival. There is no comparison between the two—Milton's Deity is great, but he is not all immortal; we can withstand his presence—we rather admire than worship him—we acknowledge his might, but we do not *feel* depressed and sunk down before it. How different is the Creator formed by the visionings of Leonardo di Vinci! No man, I am bold to say it—no man, be he with or without the susceptibilities of his race, can gaze unmoved upon this picture. To describe it would be as impossible as the attempt would be absurd; and equally impossible would it be, to endeavour depicting the exact emotions which throbbed in my bosom, as I stood to survey it. The great effect of the countenance is produced by the almost miraculous expression of the eyes. In whatever direction you stand—in whatever light or shade, the large deep eyes seem to be immovably fixed upon you; the searching expression of their balls is much beyond what I ever saw amongst *the quick*,—more commanding—more piercing—more overwhelming; you cannot unrivet your glance from their's; you shrink and tremble before them, and find it almost impossible to bring yourself to the belief that you are not in the immediate presence of your Maker.

If an artist can produce these emotions by the strokes of his brush; if he can summon up, in the bosoms of those who gaze upon his works, such feelings as I have felt and alluded to; if he can array his Maker in human limbs, and yet with such wizzard influence, that, whilst he reduces that Maker to a seeming level with the beings he has created, he exalts their idea of his greatness, goodness, and power—he, as it were, commands and compels them to worship him, and teaches them, in language far more striking than that of the divine or moralist, the lesson they ought to study—their own littleness;—if, I say, all this can be done, and has been done, by the master I am now considering, let me ask, ought not the admiration to be more ardent, and the praise more profuse, which greets such success, in proportion as the task is more difficult, and the effects produced more wonderful? Argue as you will against the imprudence of the artist, in making choice of such a subject—of that I reck not; but who shall gainsay the sublimity of his conception, or the consummate skill of his execution? There is more of the sublime, in this picture, than in all the poetry that was ever written; and this I say, in the teeth of Longinus and his followers,— 'If made

By human hands, 'tis not of human thought.'

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—No person at all acquainted with the doers of new plays, or rather the un-doers of old ones, will suspect them of 'gilding refined gold,' although some of them have had the daring presumption to pretend to improve Shakspeare, and that by adding songs so unsuitable, that they would have been deemed intruders in any literary court in Christendom. The alteration of Mrs. Inchbald's Midnight Hour, though less profane, disp'ays the least skill we have ever seen in the hashing of a play. This old friend with a new face, produced on Wednesday evening at this theatre, in the shape, or rather under the name of a comic opera, was entitled *The Wager, or the Midnight Hour*. The song book, published at ten pence, and which might be afforded at one-fourth of the money, states, that it is taken from Damaniant's *Guerre Ouverte*, and the Midnight Hour. There is a seeming honesty in this avowal, which is not usually met with in such cases, and it may appear the more honest, as it reminds us of associations very unfavourable to the character of the Wager. The fact is, that Damaniant's *Guerre Ouverte, ou La Ruse contre Ruse*, is a very clever piece, which, on its first production in Paris, some forty years ago, was performed for seventy successive nights, not even Sunday excepted, for there Sunday is no day of rest to the players. It was done into English, in the shape of a two-act comedy, by Lady Wallace, in 1787, but not acted, and converted into a farce the same year, and, we believe, rehearsed at Covent Garden Theatre. This farce was called *The Midnight Hour, or War of Wits*. Unsuccessful as these attempts to transfer the humour of Damaniant into English were, they did not deter Mrs. Inchbald from the attempt, and in 1788 she produced *The Midnight Hour*. All the merit possessed by the original and the three English versions of Damaniant's piece have been as dexterously omitted in *The Wager*, as the man avoided making a rhyme to the line—

'If I had my heart's desire,'—

when he said—

'I'd throw my hat into the *corner*,' instead of the *fire*. A few songs have been added, which would disgrace the muse of Mr. Pitts, the fifty songs-for-a-penny-ballad printer in St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials. A school-boy who wrote such wretched stuff would wear out the birch and the patience of the best natured pedagogue in the three kingdoms; but we believe the authors of Operas are never very ambitious to unite sense and sound, and the former has on this occasion been dispensed with, as on many others. The music, however, by T. Cook, was rather good, though not a song, we believe, was encored; yet the *Wager* was received without opposition, and may live as long as most pieces lately produced.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Parliamentary Review.—We are authorized to state, that the paragraph in our last number, asserting that, in consequence of the success of the Session of Parliament, by Knight and Lacey, the Parliamentary Review, advertised by Longman and Co., has been abandoned, 'is totally unfounded, and that the said Parliamentary Review is proceeding with, and will be duly published.'

The Peerless Peer; or, the Fortunes of Orlando, a novel, by the author of Lasting Impressions, is in the press; also, November Nights, a Series of Tales, &c. for Winter Evenings, by the author of Warreniana.

A new series of the Monthly Review, which has reached its one hundredth and eighth volume, will be commenced at the beginning of the new year.

Western Literary and Scientific Institution.—A general meeting of the members of this Institution was held on Thursday evening, to receive the report of the committee appointed to frame the rules for the management of the Society. The number of members already amounts to 451; several donations of books have been received, and the committee having engaged the rooms belonging to the Society of British Artists, for three months, the institution will be in immediate operation.

We understand, says the New England Palladium of the 25th October, that Wadsworth, of Portsmouth (in the United States), has discovered a valuable improvement in the generation of steam, and the application of the power. The principle on which the plan is founded, is to generate steam from frequent injections of water, without cooling or lessening in any degree, by those injections, the supply of steam already generated.

The author of The Orphans, an American Tale, has been complimented with a present of a fifty dollar bill, as a mark of approbation of the work.

The French minister has come to a determination to send out an expedition to examine the latitudes in which it is now almost admitted as a fact that the two ships of the celebrated and unfortunate Perouse were wrecked. The proposed expedition will likewise be able to examine the coasts of New Guinea, a place as yet but little known, but

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which, according to all accounts, abounds in aromatics and other valuable articles of commerce. M. Durville has been appointed to the command of this expedition, which is expected to sail for its destination forthwith.

The arrival of the celebrated Goethe at Weimar was celebrated in that court and city, with great enthusiasm, on the 7th instant, the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the service of the grand duke, who wrote Goethe a highly-flattering autograph letter, accompanied by a medal executed for the occasion. The medal has on the face the busts of their royal highnesses the grand duke and duchess, and on the reverse that of Goethe, with two branches of laurel round it, and the following inscription, continued from the face to the reverse,—CHARLES AUGUSTUS AND LOUISA TO GOETHE.

University of Edinburgh.—Mr. Fellowes, of Ryegate, in Surrey, to whom the late learned Baron Maseres bequeathed his fortune, has presented the University of Edinburgh with a donation of £200, to be employed in enlarging the physical cabinet connected with Professor Leslie's class; the sum of £50 annually, for two prizes to the more advanced pupils; and for the present year an additional sum of £75, to be given as prizes for the two best essays on Comets, to candidates who had studied at this University. The conditions to be annexed to these trials of proficiency are not yet settled. For the present session, it is proposed to admit as competitors for the two prizes, all those who join the Natural Philosophy Class this season, and have attended it before within a period of five years. The prizes are to be awarded in March next—£20, with a gold medal of the value of £10, for the best essay; £20, with a silver medal of the same size, for the next in merit. The £75, previously mentioned, will be expended in prizes for the best essays upon the subject given, and for which all those who have studied at Edinburgh University within the last ten years will be invited to contend.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'The Choice,' 'Donald,' a poem, and a 'Defence of the British Museum,' in our next.

F. has been received, but we fear we can give him little hope of his communication appearing.

Works just published.—Lizar's Picturesque Views in Edinburgh, 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*—Time's Telescope for 1826, 9*s.*—Literary Souvenir, 12*s.*—Herrick's Poetical Works, two vols. crown 8vo. 20*s.*—Self Examination, 3*s.*—Letters on Entomology, 5*s.*—The Saviour, a poem, 7*s.*—Halbert's Museum of the World, four vols. 18mo. 21*s.* Greenwich Hospital, plates by Cruikshanks, 4to 21*s.*—Prophetic Almanack, 1826, 3*s.*—Sporting Almanack, 1826, 3*s.*

Price 6*s.* 6*d.*

THE PAMPHLETEER, No. 51, is just published.

About four Numbers are published annually, containing the best Pamphlets of the day, on both sides of the question.

Sold by Sherwood and Co., Longman and Co., London; and my be had of all London and Country Booksellers.

SPLENDID NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

This day is published, by Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 5, Waterloo Place, price 12s.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, for 1826. Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. With numerous splendid engravings, by Rolls, Goodall, Heath, W. and E. Finden, Thomson, &c.; from original paintings and drawings by Leslie, Newton, Turner, Dewint, Wright, Corbould, &c.

Among the Literary contents of this volume, consisting of between four and five hundred pages, closely but beautifully printed, will be found upwards of eighty Original Tales and Poems, from the pens of Southey, Milman, Montgomery, Mrs Hemans, Galt, Allan Cunningham, Campbell, Bowles, L. E. L., Miss Mitford, Coleridge, Maturin, Wiffen, Hogg, the Author of 'Gilbert Earle,' Wrangham, Bowring, Barton, Delta, the Author of 'To Day in Ireland,' Clare, Sheridan, the Author of 'Phantasmagoria,' Polwhele, Malcolm, Barnard, Doubleday, the Author of 'London in the Olden Time,' Alaric A. Watts, &c. &c. &c.

*** A few copies of this Work have been printed in post 8vo. with brilliant impressions of the plates on India paper; for which, as the greater part are already bespoke, an early application is desirable.

Published this day, price 1s.

A DISCOURSE delivered at the Opening of THE CITY of LONDON LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, on the 30th of May, 1825, by J. R. M'CULLOCK, Esq.

Printed for the Institution, and to be had of the Secretary, at the Lecture Room, Albion Hall, Moorgate; of J. Richardson, Cornhill; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Just published, by R. Ackermann, Strand, price 12s.

THE FORGET ME NOT for 1826.—'It is altogether a beautiful New-Year's Gift for every class of persons who are able to enjoy the products of the press—to please the eye, and at the same time charm the soul.'—*Literary Gazette.*

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'The author has seen a good deal of the world, and has here given us the result of his observations, in the form of little tales, written in a simple and very pleasing manner.'—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Vide, also, La Belle Assemblée.—Ackermann's Repository.—Literary Chronicle.—Literary Gaz. &c. &c.

Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane, London. Also, just published,

PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. 3 vols. price 24s.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. boards,

THE MAGIC RING; a Romance from the German of Frederick, Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

Of whom may be had,

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE
And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 342. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Pandurang Hàrì; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Whittaker.

Works of fiction become valuable beyond their interest as a mere tale, when they are the records of historical facts, or present a true description of the age, the manners, and the peculiarities of the people where the scene is laid. It is, however, difficult to convince authors of this; they have such regard for Truth, that they will not suffer her to stand naked, but clothe her in a garb of their own making; to them natural incidents seem common-place, and they are more ambitious to depict the eccentricities or peculiarities of an individual, than the general character of a people. Our dramatic writers commit the same error, and yet they cannot be ignorant that it is the truth to nature that forms one of the strongest charms of Shakspeare. His heroes are all genuine characters, and each character represents a species than an individual. The same remark applies to the dramatic works of Sheridan, and, to come to a more recent proof, that to represent individuals as they are, rather than as they are not, is the best passport to popularity; let us advert to little comedy of Paul Pry, produced at the Haymarket. As a drama, we admit its merits are considerable; because every incident contributes towards the *dénouement;* yet the merit in this respect is more in the conception than in the dialogue, which is poor. However, in the drawing of the characters, is the great merit of this comedy lies. The hero of the piece, Paul Pry, is an every-day character, whose prototype, in male or female attire, is to be found in every village; and his failing seems so obvious, that every person who sees the play wonders curiosity like that of Paul Pry had not long ago been personified on the stage. Then simple bachelors, and intriguing and artful housekeepers, are, God knows, no novelty in the world; and it is owing to the striking unity with which these characters are represented in the comedy of Paul Pry, that it alone owes its great and deserved popularity.

But, it may be asked, what has this excursion to do with Pandurang Hàrì? to which we answer, nothing more than it is intended to illustrate the merits of a plan on which the work now before us is constructed, that of fully describing individuals and people as they really are.

Pandurang Hàrì is a novel: the story, said to have been written by a Hindoo, in the Marratta tongue, is fictitious, though it may be only many real incidents and some historical facts, which we believe it does. Its great merit, independent of a narrative of continued interest, and great variety of scene and circumstance, lies in its portraiture of the Hindoo character.

In an introduction, the editor, or author, says, the hasty visitant of the secluded Brahmin has viewed him with admiration, because he is not acquainted with his real character, and has been duped by his plausibilities. The European, he says, who has been deeply conversant with the Hindoo character in all situations, must confess, that the apparent simplicity and humility of the Brahmin is a garb of hypocrisy, and that he is, in reality, selfish and vicious; this he attributes to the demoralizing character of the country, where the will of the strongest have so long been the law, that meanness, cunning, cowardice, and self-interest, seem almost necessary to carry on existence.

The main story of Pandurang Hàrì, is replete with singular adventures, sometimes amusing, at others painful, but always instructive. There are, also, many episodes which will be read with pleasure. We shall not anticipate our readers in the story, but make two extracts, which are descriptive of Hindoo scenery and customs:—

'At the month mentioned in the last chapter, an excursion to the island of Kubbeer Burr was proposed. This place is situated some way up the river Nerbudda, and is remarkable for being entirely covered by one large banyan tree. The branches of this tree, growing downwards, take root, and become each of them a distinct trunk. From these, other branches droop, in like manner, to the ground, and thus traverse over, and shade from the sun, an immense space of ground, nearly two thousand feet in extent. It is deliciously refreshing, during the hot weather, to walk under the green arches formed by this tree, and enjoy the shade and coolness. Walk joins to walk, among green festoons, and a labyrinth of leaves and branches. Nothing could be more agreeable than parties made to spend the day on such a spot. The distance was but a pleasant sail, and the relaxation from business, and a due attention to the important duties of eating, drinking, talking, and smoking, were anticipated by all who were to join in the excursion with no small delight. As there was but little preparation necessary, matters were speedily arranged for starting. The women were to accompany us—a measure which I opposed in vain, dreading the machinations of Kokoo, who, I was convinced, remained lurking in the neighbourhood, waiting a fit opportunity to consummate his nefarious plans. Sagoonah was extremely desirous of seeing the island, and endeavoured to persuade herself there was no danger in going thither, protected as she would be by us and two or three udalut peons. Goolchund's wife and mother were to accompany us, and, therefore, Sagoonah was determined to venture. Finding argument of no avail, I gave up the point, and prepared for the excursion. It was fixed to take place on the third day after the appeal cause came on. Hurrychund sent everything we could need to the island the day preceding, and spared no expense to render the whole party as comfortable as possible. At an early hour in the morning we set out on our excursion. It happened to be an Hindoo holiday, and no business was transacted at the court-house, so I requested Nanna to accompany us, and we both went, well armed, and, each attended by two armed peons, escorted the females to the boat. It was at the hour of five in the morning, it being necessary to go up with the tide. Owing to the darkness of the hour, which the morning mist increased, it was impossible to distinguish Sagoonah from Beema, Goolchund's wife, their figures were so much alike, and both enveloped in dark shawls. After a few hours' sail we saw the island, to the great joy of Beema and her mother, who were both ill from the boat's motion. It was agreed that those who were tired of the voyage should land at once, and ramble about the island, or enjoy themselves in the shade. On landing, I was much struck with the remarkable tree, having never seen one half its size, in any part of the Deccan. There seemed to me to be a thousand trunks, supporting an immense roof of foliage of a deep green. Not a ray of the sun could penetrate through it; all under it was in shadowy silence. The great drawback to our pleasure was, that the place abounded in snakes, so that we were ever in fear of trampling upon them, and of getting bit. This would not have been the case, however, without frequent warnings, as the boatmen and servants enhanced the danger by marvellous stories of the venom of these reptiles, as proofs that it was more powerful here than in any other part of India. One of them related a tale of a person struck dead at encountering the fiery eyes of an immense serpent covered with hair, that reached in length from one side the island to another. As if to help out the marvellous narration, a large *cobra di capello* brushed away from us among the underwood at the moment, and so alarmed the females, that we moved in another direction, taking a different path, and one more beaten. Our presence in this unfrequented place seemed to cause great consternation among the monkeys and birds, which haunted it in vast numbers, and of all varieties. The screams

of the disturbed and affrighted fowls as they flew off, and the chatter and grin of the monkeys, that, peeping amid the branches of the trees, seemed mocking our power to take them, were highly amusing. Though all creatures besides seemed to flee us, the bat hung by his enormous wings in certain dark hollows of the trees and densely shaded boughs, apparently insensible of our presence. The coolness and the additional feeling of gloom thrown over the deeper recesses of the foliage, were far from being agreeable on this account. The bats differed much from those which visit our streets and houses in the city, being immensely large, and measuring three or four feet from wing to wing when extended. They call them in the Deccan *war wagool*. In all my wanderings I never before saw such a sight. They hung with their heads downwards in every direction by hundreds, suspended from small hooks at the extremity of their wings.'

* * * * * *

'In human life, one misery is certain to be followed by a train of half a dozen. The discomfiture of our excursion to the island was followed by the illness of old Hurrychund, who had been too long exposed to the night air for one of his advanced years. He caught from the damps a severe fever, which in three days carried him off A funeral, instead of a wedding, was now ordered to be prepared in booths in the front of his house. The sudden demise of the old man was a sad blow to us all. I had myself been fanciful enough to suppose he would recover from the attack; but, on the third day after it took place, on returning from the court, I saw the kind and emaciated old man stretched on the fatal bed of *cusa* grass, and I was convinced no hope of his recovery remained. The old man was, in fact, death-struck, and had no more time allowed him than was sufficient to make a few donations to his surviving friends and relatives. Among the former was Sagoonah's aunt, to whom he bequeathed 500 rupees.

'None of the sacred water of the Ganges being at hand, the ceremony of sprinkling his head was omitted from necessity, but the *sála gràma* stone was placed near him, and all the ceremonies performed which the friendship of his relations could prompt and had the means of executing. Holy strains were chanted, and sacred hymns poured into the ear of the dying; leaves of hallowed trees were scattered over his head, and every attention religiously paid him in his expiring moments. As soon as he was dead, the body was washed, perfumed, and decked with flowers; a ruby put into his mouth, together with coral, and small pieces of gold thrust into his nostrils and eyes. Goolchund, the nearest relative, as usual, brought the cloth sprinkled with fragrant oil, and threw it over the corpse: two hours afterwards they conveyed the body to the funeral pile; it was raised up by his relatives, and placed on a wooden bier for the procession. It now moved slowly on, with fire and food borne before it in an unbaked earthern vessel, accompanied by the sound of drums, cymbals, and wind and stringed instruments. The funeral passed out through the eastern gate of the city to its place of destination. The corpse being laid upon a bed of cusa, with its head towards the south, the relatives of the deceased bathed in the river on the banks of which the funeral pile was to be prepared. They then began to mark out lines, upon which the wood was placed. The pile being ready, they washed the body, clothed it in clean linen, rubbing it with perfumes, and then placed it on the wood with the head to the north. Goolchund then threw the cloth over the corpse; and taking up a lighted brand, invoked all the holy places, saying, "May the gods, with mouths of fire, consume this body!" He then walked three times round the pile, looked towards the south, and, dropping on his left knee, applied a torch to the wood near the head of the corpse, while the attendant priests recited the proper prayers. During the time the wood was consuming, several of the relations of the deceased having taken seven pieces of the wood, walked slowly round the pile and threw them over their shoulders upon the fire, saying, "All hail to thee who consumeth flesh!" All who had followed or touched the body were obliged to walk round the pile, keeping their left hands towards it, but not looking at the fire. They then proceeded to the river, bathed, and returned home in procession, having performed many minor ceremonies, such as sipping water, &c., too minute to mention. On arriving at the house of the deceased, the funeral cakes were baked, and food put aside on a leaf for the crows. Cake was thrown into water, and milk and water were suspended at the door of the house in earthern vessels every evening, until the time of mourning expired. This endured for ten days, and mournful days they were to us all.'

We might add to these extracts, but, we doubt not, they will be sufficient to recommend the work.

The Pamphleteer, No. 51. London, 1825. Sherwood and Co.

THE Fifty-first Number of this excellent depository of the current political literature of the day contains six pamphlets, on as many different subjects. The last two are, perhaps, the most interesting; the one is a Biographical Memoir of the Marquis de la Fayette, and the other, Considerations on the Policy of the Government of India, more especially with reference to the Invasion of Burmah, by Lieutenant-Colonel M. Stewart. The latter is a well-written pamphlet; the author takes an able view of the former state of India, and the means by which our ascendancy has been gained in that country. After tracing the progress of events to the present period, and showing, that all that has been done has not placed us in a state of security, Colonel Stewart says:—

'It is at this juncture, and in this state of India, that we have undertaken the invasion of Burmah. Of the nature of that step we shall best be able to judge, by considering it in two points of view, as a measure of policy, and as a military operation. It is not at all intended to dispute the necessity which may have existed of resorting to hostilities, or the paramount duty imposed on our government of affording effectual protection, from foreign violence, to the people whose public revenue we have appropriated, and whose arms we have taken out of their hands. But the object is to show that we are now arrived at a point when that view alone ought most religiously to limit all our wars; and that a departure from this principle will carry along with it its own punishment.

'As a measure of policy, the merits of this war may be estimated by the advantages to be gained by success, compared with the consequences to be apprehended from failure, and the probabilities of the one or the other of these results; but, failing or succeeding, an objection lies to it, in *limine*, as a departure from the only safe principle on which our foreign policy can rest. If we pass, in the progress of aggrandisement and aggression that impregnable boundary within which we are secure, where are we to stop? unless, like the Medes and the Persians, we are to extend our ambition to the extremes of Asia. The difficulties of the frontier, by which the countries are divided, may be sufficiently understood from the fact of our transporting our troops to the scene of action by sea, and supporting the war by a sea communication; but had the frontier been open, it would have been better to have fortified the whole line, from the Garrows to the sea, than to have carried an army into the enemy's country, with a view of reducing it to subjection. Nature, however, had rendered any such measure unnecessary; the country is, in general, covered with thick and impenetrable jungle. From the elbow of the Burhampooter, downwards, the hills, though less lofty, continue to the coast, to the southward and eastward of Islamabad; and between this country and our more interior provinces crowd all the multitude of streams by which the waters of the Ganges and Burhampooter are disembogued. In all this line there is, I believe, but one road communicating between the territories, and that a very bad one, through Sylhet; and if there be any paths by which small bodies might have passed the limits, they cannot be numerous; nor could the danger, apprehended from such incursions, be serious. The facilities to defensive operations were, therefore, great; bodies of cavalry, stationed at those inlets where cavalry could act, and of light infantry where they could not, must have afforded a certainty of cutting in pieces whatever dared to violate the security of the British territory; and, by blockading the mouths of their rivers with a few small cruizers, they might have been taught, at little expense, how easily we could make them feel the evils of provoking our enmity. As for their contemptible boast of marching a force through India to the conquest of England, it surely deserved only to be treated as a proof of the pitiable folly and ignorance that was, in truth, just as capable of accomplishing the one part of the threat as the other.

'On this frontier, then, we could easily prevent any serious impression being made—let us see what was to be expected by advancing beyond it. The country, which con-

stitutes the empire of Burmah, stretches from the ninth to the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, and in its greatest breadth from 92° to 104° of east longitude. Its length is upwards of one thousand miles, and its mean width between three and four hundred. On the west (to the southward of our frontier) it is bounded by the sea, and to the north by Assam and Thibet; and it is in contact, on its other side, for a great extent of country, with the empire of China, the Cochin Chinese, Siam, and Malaya. It comprises the former kingdoms of Arracan, Pegue, and Ava, and a considerable territory conquered from Siam. It is computed to contain about sixteen millions of inhabitants. This may be an exaggeration; but there is no reason why it should, for the country lies in a climate favourable to a much denser population. It is watered by many noble rivers, and large tracts are under a rice cultivation. Of the surrounding states very little is known, but their universal jealousy of all foreign intercourse; and that, among the Cochin Chinese, there has always been a considerable French interest, founded by the missionaries.

'Such is the new theatre of action, on which we have entered in the east. It is sufficiently clear, that, were we to succeed in obtaining military possession of the country, there are but three uses we could make of the advantage;—either to dictate terms of peace—to dismember the empire, and revive the former principalities, of which it is composed—or to retain the country as a conquest.'

Colonel Stewart evidently thinks the keeping the possession of the Birman empire no easy matter, and dismemberment impracticable. Alluding to the means of indemnifying the company for the expenses of the war, he says:—

'Were we to attempt to exact from the enemy, as a condition of peace, a pecuniary compensation for the losses of war, we should find it impossible to indemnify ourselves in this way. The country has none of those sources from which wealth may be derived, which existed in India, where the industrious habits of the people, and the long period of successful commerce which they carried on with all the world, (while, as yet, the prolific powers of machinery had not come in competition with the perfection of their manual dexterity), poured, from all nations, a continual stream of the precious metals into the treasures of her princes and her temples, the great reservoirs, where they continued to stagnate till some sudden emergency called them forth, or the rapacious hand of an invader was invited by the spoil. The Burmese are precisely in that state of society in which they have little to lose but their lives or their liberty. The exportations are almost solely the rude produce of the country, and of that description which it requires no labour to raise. Their taxes are almost entirely paid in kind, and necessarily exchanged for the labour required in the service of government. Supposing, therefore, our success the most complete; supposing that we had obtained possession of the country, and of the person of the king, I do not see what benefit we could derive to compensate for the war, from the most absolute power of naming our conditions. Such a conclusion would, no doubt, save the credit of our arms; but it will not, it may be supposed, be urged as a satisfactory account of the policy of a war, that we engaged in it for no other purpose, than that we might, in the end, get creditably out of it.'

Of the general character of the native troops and the difficulties of the present war, Col. Stewart says:—

'It is sufficiently known, that an East Indian army is habitually attended by an immense concourse of camp-followers. Three camp-followers to one fighting-man is, certainly, in Bengal, a moderate average. Such have been the habits of war in the country, from the earliest times, and the effect of long experience has been to mature a system of purveyance by which it is rendered perfectly convenient. The establishments of travelling grain-merchants and moving bazaars, connecting themselves with all the subordinate descriptions of industry in the country, make an Indian camp, like a shifting city, in which all the wants of native life are as well or better supplied than in the cantonments of a regiment. The sudden and severe privations to which the sepoy has been, at times, exposed, have been borne with amazing patience; but the restrictions of caste render him dependent on the labour of many others; and neither by religion or physical constitution is he qualified for contending with continued hardship.

'The nature of the country, for the invasion of which a force composed of such materials is to be employed, is the next point for consideration. It is eleven hundred miles long, three or four hundred broad, intersected by many large rivers, imperfectly cultivated, and covered in many places by immense forests. It is destitute of forts, or strong places of any sort, like those common in every part of India, which our superior military science enabled us to reduce, and which, once in our possession, were impregnable in our hands. The cities are chiefly built of wood; and their possession or destruction would entail no military consequence beyond the loss of property it might occasion to the enemy, and the moral effect of the impression on their minds. There is no wealth to stimulate the ardour of the soldier, or to reward his toils. The country is known to be excessively deficient in beasts of burden; it is subject to the periodical rains common in tropical regions, and to extensive inundations; large tracts of it are flat and marshy, and cultivated with rice, and the branches of the separate rivers run into one another; wheel-carriages are not in common use; and the roads are few and bad. The cultivation is not continuous; but carried on in the open spaces best adopted to the purpose, the inhabitants of any one of which may easily retire, or be driven away to another, and the crop destroyed if it cannot be removed. A country of such a military character as this, is the best defence an uncivilized people can possess. There is nothing in it tangible for a regular army; no footing in it, by which it can make good the ground which it acquires. There is none of the machinery by which it operates; no *points d'appui;* no depôts for the formation of magazines, or the reception of the wounded and the sick, or on which a beaten or exhausted division may fall back. There are no roads; uncertain supplies: and, unless the enemy commits the error of coming to a general action, or risks one to save his towns, no serious impression can be made upon it. A warfare in such a country must necessarily be laborious, and attended with many duties of fatigue to the troops, independent of their marches and their battles; provisions must often be carried; stores must be brought up; they must hut themselves in the rains; roads must be made and repaired; and none of these duties will the Sepoys willingly perform. To carry with them the comforts to which they have been used in the military service of their native country, is impossible; and therefore any protracted operation, or any distant inroad, must be attended with difficulty, and much dissatisfaction. All these disadvantages must be greatly increased by the necessity of supporting the army by a sea-communication; supplies must be forwarded to the fleet, and the fleet must be converted into a floating arsenal, from whence the advancing army must bring up its stores and recruits, and with which it must keep the route open. It is said, that the object in transporting the army by sea, was to send it up the Irrawaddy in boats, for the reduction of Ummerapoora; but how was a communication for four hundred miles to be maintained up a river of great rapidity? and where were craft sufficient for the transport of a force at all adequate to such a purpose, or that could be safely committed so far in the enemy's territory, to be found? The only way of commanding the navigation of a river is by getting possession of its banks; and that, in the present instance, is tantamount, very nearly, to the conquest of the country.'

Colonel Stewart is evidently acquainted with the tenure by which our Indian possessions are held, and he reasons on the subject like a statesman and a soldier.

Christmas Tales, 1825. To be continued annually. 12mo. pp. 372. London. Ackermann.

The approaching season, the great festival of the Christian world, is not merely distinguished by its ceremonies, and by that fare with which our bodies are refreshed, but it has its intellectual viands, which are as liberally and as regularly supplied by those active purveyors, the booksellers. These viands are so varied, that he must be very fastidious, who does not find enough to satisfy his appetite, be it dainty or voracious.

Among the most popular of the annual productions are those of which the Forget Me Not was the first, and which has since met with so many imitators and such extensive patronage. Every succeeding autumn or winter, however, brings forth some new production competing for public favour. One for the present year is now before us under the title of Christmas Tales.

The work, as a short preface announces, 'consists partly of original articles, which

were destined for insertion in the Forget Me Not, the first and the most popular of the new class of annual publications that has recently sprung up in this country, but which, from superabundance of materials and other causes, could not be introduced into that work; and partly of translations from foreign writers, eminent for their productions in this branch of literature.—The work contains ten well-written interesting tales, varying in subject and style, but all very well told. Of these, the Village Executioner is perhaps the best; the Insurrection, or Scenes in Jamaica, by Miss Elizabeth Sheridan Carey, is also very spiritedly written, and, indeed, the same remark will apply generally. The tales are, however, too long for insertion in *The Literary Chronicle*, with one or two exceptions. That which we select, though not the best, will not discredit Christmas Tales as a specimen. It is entitled—

'THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

By a French Naval Officer.

'After the disastrous battle of Aboukir, in which I had witnessed the heroic death of my captain, the brave Dupetit Thouars, I returned to France with other wounded officers, whom the English released on their parole. On our landing at Marseilles, a lucky accident caused me to meet with Mercourt, the dearest of the friends of my youth, who had been necessitated by a pulmonary complaint to try the effect of the mild air of Provence. After the first salutation, which was certainly more cordial on my part than on his, we resolved to travel together to Amiens, our native city.

'Mercourt had devoted himself to the law, and was at this time judge of the criminal court of Amiens. His irritable temper, the consequence of ill health and the habit of sitting in judgment on offenders, had communicated such a sternness and asperity to his manner and speech, as were far from prepossessing; and though he was naturally kind and humane, yet it was easy to perceive that he had no great regard for his fellow-creatures in general.

'I burned with impatience to be once more in the bosom of my family. Our preparations for the journey were soon made; we quitted the same evening the ancient city of the Phœnicians, and pursued, in the Diligence, the road to Paris. Near the door of the inn where we stopped next morning to breakfast, I observed a handsome youth, of thirteen or fourteen, sitting on a stone bench: he was tolerably well dressed, but the dust which covered his clothes, his heated face, his weary look, and the little bundle lying beside him, plainly indicated that he must have walked a great way. "Where do you come from, my little friend?" said I to him. —"From Orange, sir."—"And have you travelled all that distance on foot?"—"Not all the way, sir. I got a lift now and then." —"Poor fellow! What obliges you, who are yet so young, to travel in this manner?" —"Ah, sir, an uncle, who undertook to provide for me, has all at once sent me away; and I am going back to my mother at Amiens."—"At Amiens!" I repeated with astonishment. This circumstance, and the interest with which the mild look and pleasing physiognomy of the boy had inspired me, suggested an idea which I immediately carried into execution. After I had conducted him into the kitchen, and ordered him to be supplied with breakfast, I called the coachman aside, and bargained with him for a small sum to give the boy a place in the Diligence, in which my friend and myself were the only passengers.

'Having finished our repast, we again got into the coach. No sooner did Mercourt espy my little *protegé*, than he pierced through him with that look, with which he imagined he could discover guilt in the deepest recesses of the soul of an accused person. "Hallo, young one," cried he in a sharp tone—"Who are you?"—"George Brument, sir."—"Where do you come from?" "From Orange, sir."—"And why the devil did you not stay there?"—"My uncle has sent me away," replied the boy, forgetting for the first time to add the word sir.—"Aha! you've been playing some scurvy trick on other, I warrant me, you young rascal. Is it not so?"—"Good God! no!" replied the poor fellow, in a tremulous tone, as if ready to cry.—"You are going to Amiens," continued his merciless interrogator; "but who is to take care of you there?"—"My mother, who works in the garden of General Laplace."—"And so you mean to make your poor mother keep you?"—"No," said the boy, with a decisive look and tone—"that I do not. I am small but strong, and I will work for my living."—"And what, pray, will you do?"—"Something—anything."—"Item!—why, yes, I dare say you will do *something*. You look to me for all the world like a young scoundrel, and I would lay any wager that, in my official capacity, I shall some time or other have to send you to the galleys:—I can read it in your countenance."—At these words, pronounced in a prophetic tone, the boy coloured up to the ears. I observed how he mechanically clenched his fist, as he cast at Mercourt a look of profound contempt. For my part, this horrible prediction made almost the same impression upon me as on the poor fellow to whom it was addressed.

'Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the journey. In a few days we reached Amiens. While we were engaged in looking after our luggage, our young companion disappeared, and several years of active service elapsed before I heard of him again.

'On my return, after this interval, I paid a visit to one of my friends, who was a wealthy merchant. I was agreeably surprised to discover in his cashier the boy I had picked up on the road from Marseilles. M. Durand, to whom I did not communicate this circumstance, paid the highest encomiums to the zeal, the intelligence, and particularly the integrity of young Brument I was quite delighted; and took good care not to betray my knowledge of George, lest I should hurt his feelings by reminding him of so disagreeable a rencontre.

'I accompanied the unfortunate expedition to St. Domingo, where I had the mortification to see part of our naval force annihilated; and after being for some time a prisoner in Jamaica, returned to France. I obtained leave of absence for two or three months, but the minister refused me permission to spend it in my native place, so that I could pass but a few days at Amiens on my way to Antwerp, where I was appointed to one of the ships which were collecting in that harbour, and which formed the nucleus of the Scheld flotilla.

'The morning after my arrival, Mercourt, with whom I breakfasted, invited me to accompany him to the court, where an important criminal case was to be tried. "It is that of a young man," said he, "who is charged with forgery and the falsification of papers, with a view to appropriate to himself a considerable sum of money. The affair has made a great sensation in the town."

'When we reached the court, we found it thronged to excess; but, at Mercourt's desire, one of the officers made room for us near the place allotted to the accused. Scarcely was I seated before the prisoner was brought in. Every eye was fixed upon him. I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and pain which I felt on seeing George Brument take the melancholy place. With the rapidity of lightning the prediction of Mercourt darted across my mind. "Gracious God!" thought I, "is that prediction about to be verified?" I could not turn my eyes from the unfortunate young man. He seemed to be firm and composed, but was grown very thin; his eyes were sunk and hollow, and his cheeks pale. He held down his head; but when he raised it to answer the first question addressed to him, he seemed to be petrified on recognising Mercourt in the person of his judge. He trembled in every limb; the paleness of death overspread his face; and in this state he continued during the whole of the trial. At length, after much pleading, he was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence, and on the ground of his former irreproachable character. This decision, which the accused heard without the least sign of interest, filled me with the liveliest joy. I sprang from my seat, and hastened to seize George's hand, which was colder than marble. "Young man, you are acquitted: the court has pronounced you innocent!" cried I, in a transport of joy—"But will the world ever believe that I am?" rejoined he.—"Never doubt it: the world will strive to make you amends for your unmerited sufferings."—A deep sigh was his only answer—As I had prophesied, George became from that moment an object of the notice and kindness of all the inhabitants of Amiens. M. Durand himself clasped him in his embrace, and solicited his pardon. He promised him all possible indemnification, and conjured him to go back with him to his house; but George turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties.

'Soon after this event, young Brument's uncle died, and left him all his property. He now commenced business on his own account. All his speculations were crowned with the most brilliant success; and while he was traversing the seas, he was amassing considerable wealth, became the husband of an

amiable woman, and father of three children, who authorised the entertainment of the fair-est hopes. But though he called everything his that is capable of conferring happiness in this world, yet poor George seemed to be continually oppressed by melancholy, and, as it were, crushed by the overwhelming remembrance of that distressing circumstance.

'On the conclusion of peace, I settled at Amiens; but in the state of mind in which Brument then was, I avoided meeting, and never visited him. One day he sent to request me to call on him. I went and found him on his death-bed. Though still young, he fell a sacrifice to a lingering disease, the cause of which it was not difficult to guess. "I need not tell you," said he, as I approached his bed, "that I am the poor boy to whom you showed such kindness twenty-one years ago. I am well aware that you knew me again. I feel that I must die, and have sent for you to ease my heart of a load which oppresses it. You found me with M. Durand, who raised me from indigence, and whose bounty to me, as well as his confidence, was unlimited. You saw me afterwards accused of a heinous crime, and tried by the rigid Mercourt. He no longer knew me, but I had not forgotten his features; and from the moment I beheld him, his tremendous prediction rolled like thunder in my ear, and seemed to be written in characters of fire, which way soever I turned my eyes.

'"When I was acquitted, you strove with all your power to raise me from the despondence which you attributed to the distress occasioned by so foul an imputation on my character. But know, sir, that though my judges pronounced me innocent, I was really guilty, and Mercourt had prophesied truly. After my acquittal, when I received the congratulations of my friends, and my venerable mother strained me to her heart, and thanked Heaven that her son was innocent, I then vainly imagined, that if I returned to the path of virtue, I might still enjoy happiness; but divine justice reserved for me a final punishment. My benefactors, and among them the man who had treated me as his own son, and thus cherished a viper in his bosom, came to beg my pardon and to solicit my friendship. The remorse which I felt at that moment surpassed the horrors of the most cruel torture, and broke down my spirits for ever.

'"Since that period, Heaven, in its inscrutable decrees, has nevertheless heaped blessings on my guilty head; but all that could have conferred happiness on another I served to render me more wretched. The caresses of my wife and children redoubled my despair, by reminding me more strongly of my crime; and the word *robber* seemed to stare me in the face on every banknote and every bill of exchange that I touched.

M. Durand, who has been ruined by serious reverses of fortune, is living in a state very different from that opulence which he once enjoyed: I have secretly supported him since the present time. Take these papers; their value is about equal to the sum of which I defrauded him: deliver them to him, but never let him know from whom they come! Out of affection for my children, I should not wish my memory to be branded with shame."

'I promised the wretched Brument to fulfil this commission. He expired in a few days, and was buried with a pomp suitable to his wealth. His remains were attended by numerous friends, and by many a tear of gratitude—for generous sentiments were associated in his heart with that guilty propensity which led him into a criminal act. He was gentle, compassionate, and humane: but, without content and self-control, the most amiable virtues are not a sufficient defence in the hour of temptation.'

Cheap Corn best for Farmers, proved in a Letter to George Holme Sumner, Esq. M. P. for the County of Surrey. By one of his Constituents. 8vo. pp. 37. London, 1825. Ridgway.

In noticing a small pamphlet, last week, on a similar subject to the one now before us, we pressed rather hard on the farmers—some persons think too much so, when we noticed the difference in their style of living now and formerly. Although we will not concede one observation we made on this subject, yet it would, perhaps, be well to remark, that an increased expenditure, which must be provided for by a larger profit, and, of consequence, an additional tax on the consumer, is not confined to the farmer! it pervades the tradesman and the shopkeeper. Half a century ago the London shopkeepers in the city of London resided in the city, and had their apprentices and shopmen under their immediate eye—now there is scarcely one of them that has not got his country house, and very frequently his two or four-wheeled vehicle to convey him backwards and forwards; here, then, is an increased and unnecessary expenditure, the whole of which must, we repeat, come from the pockets of the consumer of the goods in which this tradesman deals, by his laying on a greater profit. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this emigration from the city to the suburbs as a residence, than the decreasing population of the former. It appears by the tables of the population, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, in July, 1822, that the population of the city of London within the walls, was, in 1700, 139,300; in 1750, 87,000; in 1801, 78,000; in 1811, 57,700; and in 1821, 58,400. From this statement, the correctness of which may be relied on, it will be seen, that although the population of the city had gained 700 in the last ten years, that it was still little more than a third of what it was a century and a quarter ago. That it will decrease much more we doubt not, and a few years may see the city nothing but a collection of wholesale and retail shops and warehouses, without any other resident inmates than a few young men and a staid matron in each.

The author of the pamphlet before us is anxious to vindicate the farmers, and, no doubt, goes far to show that they have no real advantages in the high price of grain. The deductions he makes from arguments which we acknowledge to be cogent, are,

'1. That the land-owners' monopoly of corn is the heaviest tax which the people have to pay.

'2. That the land-owners, and their families, are the only persons who gain by this tax.

'3. That all other classes, including farmers, are injured by this tax.

'4. That, of all taxes, it is the one which presses hardest upon the labourers.

'5. That the gain to the landlord from this tax is not so great as the loss to the people.

'From all which considerations alone, (without reckoning in which way this tax strikes at the root of the growing prosperity of the country, and impedes its advance in wealth, by which advance only the enormous burden of its debt can become tolerable,) it follows, that the immediate abolition of the monopoly of corn which the landlords now enjoy under the present corn laws, is a measure of bare justice and absolute necessity.'

Alluding to what the farmer ought to do, he says,

'Until the ports are open, no farmer, who knows his own interest, will bind himself by a lease; if he does, he ought to take it at a corn rent; that is, with a lease fluctuating with the price of corn; if he does not do this, he puts his fortune, and the independence of himself and children, at the mercy of his landlord, or of the bank directors, or of the government. By a corn rent only can he be safe; and a law ought certainly to be passed to prevent his being called upon, at any time, for a higher rent than is proportionate to the price that corn bore at the time when he entered upon his lease.'.

The STAR newspaper has lately prepared the agricultural world to expect a substantial change in the corn laws, and, indeed, Mr. Huskisson hinted as much in parliament last session; the fact is, that by excluding foreign grain, we are not only preventing other nations from taking our manufactures, but we are really preventing them from cultivating the growth of corn; if this system lasts, we shall in a year of dearth, (and so little do we know of the inscrutable ways of Providence, that we cannot foresee such an event) look in vain to Dantzic and Odessa for a supply; besides, on what principle can we open our ports to foreign silks, and shut them against the staff of life—foreign grain. On this subject, the writer of the pamphlet before us, well observes,

'A country, which freely admits the corn of all nations into its markets, can scarcely ever be exposed to either of the opposite evils of excessive dearth, or ruinous depression of price. If there be a bad harvest in one country, there is a good one in another; and the surplus produce of the latter, supplies the deficiency of the former: thus saving the one country from the evils of famine, and relieving the agriculturalists of the other from the ruin attendant on an extraordinary abundance, and fall of prices. But a nation which shuts out foreign corn, denies itself the power of supplying its wants from the resources of foreign countries, and becomes dependant upon the goodness or badness of the harvest in its own country, which in different seasons may vary so much as to cause the ruin of thousands.

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'The present system is productive of double mischief. By preventing importation, it aggravates all the evils of scarcity when the home crops are deficient; whilst by raising prices, and thereby forcing the cultivation of poor soils, it prevents exportation in a year of unusual plenty, and teaches the farmers to look on the bounty of God as a curse instead of a blessing. So long as the present system lasts, we shall have the same changes, from ruinously low to oppressively high prices, which we have experienced since 1815. At one time we shall be stunned with the complaints of the landlords; and when these have subsided, we shall be assailed with the louder and more dangerous cries of a starving populace.'

There is no doubt, that if the farmers could see their own interest, they would not consider the high price of corn as essential to promote it; in fact, the landowner gains most by it. Our author shows the small proportion this favoured class bears to the population collectively:—

'The persons who alone derive advantage from dear corn, are the owners, together with their families, of the lands on which it is grown; all other persons in the united kingdoms, including farmers, would derive advantage from cheap corn. The population of the united kingdoms consists of 20,468,949. The number of owners of lands which grow corn, is about 72,804; allowing five individuals to compose each of their families, it follows that 364,020 persons wish for dear corn, and 20,104,929 persons wish for cheap corn.

Again,

'Corn is a very bulky article; the cost of its carriage from abroad would amount to from 7s. to 11s. a quarter, ensuring thereby to the growers here, that higher price than it bears there. If we were to import corn, we should create a demand for it abroad, and consequently raise its price there; and it could not be imported and sold in this country at a lower price than 52s. per quarter on an average. Wheat was sold at a late market in Uxbridge at 90s. per quarter; this enormous difference, (between 52s. and 90s. which, if it run over the whole quantity of wheat grown, would amount to nineteen million sterling per annum,) is a tax levied upon the consumers of corn, and divided amongst the landlords: but even at the average price in the Gazette of 69s. 3d., the difference amounts to £8,625,000, a sum considerably exceeding that raised on any other article, without taking into the account the effect of the corn laws on other sorts of corn, as well as on other species of agricultural produce.

'If the landlords be entitled to have this sum divided amongst them every year, let them have it; but do not let it be raised by a tax on corn; by a tax on the first necessary of life; by a tax on that which makes four parts out of five of the whole consumption of a labourer. If the income of a landlord be £10,000 a year, he does not spend one hundredth part of that sum in wheat; whereas, if the income of a labourer be 10s. a week, he spends 8s. in flour alone. Let the sum which the landlords are entitled to, be raised by an income tax; by a tax on servants, horses, wine, or anything rather than corn. It is enough to goad the people to insurrection to continue to levy it on corn.'

We shall not encroach further on this short pamphlet, than by a brief extract, illustrative of the mercenary character of speculators. Mr. Canning, in one of his recent speeches in parliament, said he would not look for security to the morality of money-lenders, who, if Ferdinand of Spain showed signs of strength, would furnish capital to enable him to strangle infant liberty in South America. Our author illustrates this principle by the following anecdote, which we quote in conclusion:—

'During the last war in Canada, the American and English armies were in sight of each other for a considerable time, and neither could move for want of money. The English general applied to the English merchants for some dollars, offering an enormous interest for the loan on the part of government. The merchants demanded a still higher interest; the aid-de-camp, afraid to agree without fresh orders, rode back to the general. Whilst he was gone, the American general offered to the English merchants the interest they required, and he obtained the money. The American army was the first in motion to attack the English by means of the money obtained from English merchants. During the former part of the American war, it was very well known that English money was lent to the government of the United States to carry on the war with this country.'

Letters on Entomology, intended for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons, and to facilitate their acquiring a Knowledge of the Natural History of Insects. 12mo. pp. 160. London, 1825. Whittaker.

There is perhaps no study in itself so interesting, or so well calculated to show the omnipotence and the bounty of Providence, as natural history; so strongly, indeed, was our great epic poet, Milton, convinced of this, that he said—

'In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God.'

The field of natural history is, however, vast and varied, and each branch has its admirers: in animated nature it presents all that is grand and stupendous by its magnitude, as well as extraordinary by its minuteness, and shows how infinitely the mechanism of nature surpasses that of art; in nothing is this so remarkable as in entomology, the subject of the work before us.

This neat little work is not intended as a system of entomology, which it treats in a popular, and, consequently, to the general reader, more attractive manner. It contains a brief abstract of the more elaborate works on the subject, embodying an account of the more prominent features, character, and instincts of the various sorts of insects, written in a familiar manner. To young persons it cannot fail of proving interesting, and may induce many to study the subject scientifically. As a specimen of the author's style we shall make one or two extracts; the first is from the introductory letter, which treats of the utility of insects:—

'If men had not long ago watched the habits, and taken advantage of the labour of insects, we should have wanted many of the luxuries and comforts we now enjoy. Who would have believed that a caterpillar, so small as the silkworm, could furnish one of the greatest articles of commerce, and give occasion to so many different arts and manufactures, enabling thousands of people to live by honest industry?

'Honey and wax are without doubt most useful to us, and we should never have had them if men had not observed bees in their wild state, and made their peculiar habits subservient to their own use, by bringing them into hives.

'Gum lac, of which sealing-wax is made, is produced by a winged ant; and cochineal, of which there is so great a consumption, is an insect which multiplies very fast. Even the ink I now write with, I principally owe to an insect which forms the galls of which it is made; but one of the most ancient and singular uses ever made of the labour of insects, is that of ripening figs in the Greek islands, and other eastern countries, where the harvest of that fruit is of great consequence to the people. They plant two kinds of fig-trees, the wild and the cultivated sort. The wild tree bears fruit many times in the year, and in them grubs are born, which turn to flies. These flies are considered necessary to the ripening of the garden figs, which generally fall before their maturity, if these insects do not pierce them at the proper time. In the months of June and July, the country people gather wild figs, and stringing them on straws or sticks, place them on the garden fig-trees. They take great care every evening to look for the wild figs ready for gathering, that is when a fly is ready to come out, and also, to observe when the other trees are properly ripe; for if the transfer is not made at the right time, the garden figs will fall. This custom is evidently established by long experience, as the peasants anxiously watch all the rest of the year, whether the wild figs will be likely to produce flies in time, and the number of them determines the harvest of fruit. Indeed so necessary are these insects, that if they fail, the people have but one resource, which is, to spread over the trees a common plant called the caprifoliaceous, the fruit of which contains flies fit for the purpose.'

In the account of that extraordinary but somewhat obnoxious insect, the spider, our author relates some singular anecdotes of the minuteness of their manufacture and of their instinct:—

'What can be more astonishing than the discoveries made by Leeuwenhoek's microscope? He calculates that the threads of the smallest spider, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that four millions of them would not equal one hair of the beard. Each of these threads is formed of four thousand others, the fineness of which it is impossible to conceive; but I should first describe the spinning apparatus. Under the spider's abdomen there

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are four or six little orifices or spinners, every one of which is furnished with a multitude of tubes, so numerous and so exquisitely fine, that Reaumur counted a thousand in a space not bigger than a pin's point. From each of these proceeds an inconceivably fine thread, which immediately unites with all the rest. Four of these threads again unite lower down, and form the common one we see in the webs, which though sometimes nearly invisible, is composed of at least four thousand others! The house spider fixes her thread to one side of a corner, and walking along the wall to the other, draws it across and fixes the other end. This thread she renders strong by repeating the operation two or three times, and then draws threads from it in various directions, the interstices of which she fills up by running from one to the other, and thus connecting them. You may often see the garden spiders at work in the mornings of autumn, and it is highly amusing to watch them. They often have to extend their main line across places apparently unconnected, between branches of trees, between buildings, and even plants growing in the water. The way in which they perform this is shown by putting a spider on the top of a stick, having the lower end in a vessel of water. After trying all other modes of escape, it will dart out numerous fine threads, so light as to float in the air, some one of which attaching itself to a neighbouring object, furnishes a bridge for its escape.'

'One spider actually makes a room, with a door turning on a hinge, however surprising it may appear to you. This room is a subterraneous gallery, upwards of two feet in length, and half an inch broad. This tunnel, which is very large compared to the insect, is dug by her strong jaws in a steep bank of clay. The next operation is to line the whole with a web of fine silk, which serves the double purpose of preventing the earth from falling in, and by its connexion with the orifice, giving notice of what is passing. The door is formed of several coats of dried earth, fastened together with silk: when finished, its outline is as perfectly round as if traced with compasses; the inside is convex and smooth, the outside flat and rough, and so like the surrounding earth as not to be distinguishable. This door the ingenious spider fixes at the entrance by a hinge of silk, which allows it to be opened and shut with ease; and, as if acquainted with the laws of gravity, she invariably fixes the hinge at the highest side of the opening, which you may remember is sloping, so that the door, when pushed up, shuts again with its own weight. She also leaves a little edge or groove, just within the entrance, upon which the door closes, and fits with the greatest precision. If the door is a little raised, the observer immediately feels a strong resistance, which is the spider pulling with all her might to keep it close; but when she finds it in vain, she runs off. If the door is listened down, there will be a new door the next morning. This singular habitation is merely an abode for the spider, which hunts in the night, and carries the prey to devour at leisure at the bottom of her den, where the remains are often found. This species is not uncommon in the south of France.'

We have only to add that this interesting little work is embellished with coloured engravings of several classes of insects.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Year 1825: being an Impartial Selection of the most Exquisite Essays, Jeux d'Esprit, and Tales of Humour—Prose and Verse. With Explanatory Notes. 8vo. pp. 560. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

The periodical press is so varied and abundant, that it must lack prodigiously of talent, if it did not, in the course of twelve months, furnish a very interesting volume. That it does, the work before us, and its two predecessors for the years 1823 and 1824, fully prove. In a book of this sort, industry and taste are all that are required: the editor was never deficient in the former, and the volume for 1825 shows that in the latter he is improved. The police articles formed a prominent feature in the former volumes; but, as they are not of the chastest character, the editor has, with one or two exceptions, omitted them. The work contains a very choice selection of the best articles in all the daily, weekly, and monthly journals, including several from *The Literary Chronicle*. The whole forms a most amusing work, and is a faithful epitome of the light reading of the public press for the present year. The following are a few extracts. The first is from the John Bull:—

'BUBBLES FOR 1825.

'TUNE—"*Run, Neighbours, run*"

'Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous projects that amuse John Bull;
Run, take a peep on 'Change, for anxious crowds beset us there,
Each trying which can make himself the greatest gull.
No sooner are they puff'd, than a universal wish there is
For shares in mines, insurances in foreign loans and fisheries.
No matter where the project lies, so violent the mania,
In Africa, New Providence, Peru, or Pennsylvania!
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'Few folks for news very anxious at this crisis are,
For marriages, and deaths, and births, no thirst exists;
All take the papers in, to find out what the prices are
Of shares in this or that, upon the brokers' lists.
The doctor leaves his patient—the pedagogue his lexicon,
For mines of Real Monte, or for those of Anglo-Mexican:
E'en Chili bonds don't cool the rage, nor those still more romantic, sir,
For new canals to join the seas, Pacific and Atlantic, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'At home we have projects too for draining surplus capital,
And honest Master Johnny of his cash to choose;
Though t'other day, Judge Abbott gave a rather sharpish slap at all,
And Eldon launched his thunder from the upper house.
Investment banks to lend a lift to people who are undone—
Proposals for assurance—there's no end of that in London;
And one amongst the number, who in parliament now press their bills,
For lending cash at eight per cent. on coats and inexpressibles.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'No more with her bright pails the milkman's rosy daughter works,
A company must serve you now with milk and cream;
Perhaps they've some connexion with the advertising *water-works*,
That promise to supply you from the limpid stream.
Another body corporate would fain some pence and shillings get,
By selling fish at Hungerford, and knocking up old Billingsgate:
Another takes your linen, when its dirty, to the suds, sir,
And brings it home in carriages with four nice bits of blood, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'When Greenwich coaches go by steam on roads of iron railing, sir,
How pleasant it will be to see a dozen in a line;
And ships of heavy burden over hills and valleys sailing, sir,
Shall cross from Bristol's Channel to the Tweed or Tyne.
And Dame Speculation, if she ever fully hath her ends,
Will give us docks at Bermondsey, St. Saviour's and St. Catherine's;
While side-long bridges over mud shall fill the folks with wonder, sir;
And lamp-light tunnels all day long convey the cockniesunder, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'A tunnel underneath the sea, from Calais straight to Dover, sir,
That quotidian folks may cross by land from shore to shore,
With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they would come over, sir,
Has long been talk'd of, till at length 'tis thought a *monstrous bore*.
Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it *he's* no ninny, sir,
Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast of Guinea, sir;
For, secretly, 'tis known, that another brilliant view he has,
Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with oil gas.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share, &c.

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Then a company is formed, though not yet advertising,
To build, upon a splendid scale, a large balloon,
And send up tools and broken stones for fresh Mac-Adamizing
The new-discovered turnpike roads which cross the moon.
But the most inviting scheme of all, is one proposed for carrying
Large furnaces to melt the ice which hems poor Captain Parry in;
They'll then have steam-boats twice a week to all the newly-seen land,
And call for goods and passengers at Labrador and Greenland!
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.'

The next extract also relates to the mania for speculation, which, as it has been the lion of the year, has of course been shown up in the journals. It is from the Birmingham Gazette:—

'*Rail-Roads.*—Sir,—I am an admirer of improvement, and consequently an impartial spectator of the present *joint stock* system. I patronise in my humble way all in turn, though I doubt if I shall risk my money in any. I buy my wine of the "London Genuine Wine Company,"—I mean to bathe with the "London Sea Water Company,"—I send my clothes to the "Steam Washing Company," and I'll pawn them (when I cannot get a dinner without) at *Sir William Congreve* and *Mrs. Fry's* "Joint Stock Pop Shop." I was always fond of *company*, and I wish them all well. We are now arrived at a period when every one (being fully employed) begins to feel the want of something to do. Conquest has produced peace—peace, plenty—plenty, projects of all sorts and sizes; and I won't positively assert that I have "*no speculation in my eyes*" myself. The last series of projections has, however, I confess, startled me. The restless disposition of some people is now beginning to manifest itself. They prefer anything to remaining as they are, although their present state be never so good—and, accordingly, their wits are at work to overthrow the reigning *golden* age, and to substitute an *iron* one. Is not this very *hard*? I don't mean to be *ironical*, but I must raise my voice in favour of my old friends the *turnpike-roads* and *canals*. Picture to yourself, sir, a well Mac-Adamized English road, winding through our richly cultivated country—view it as you fly over hill and dale on the top of a neat and trim stage coach, with its four prancing horses—its smart harness—its tidy coachman—and its spruce, jolly, red-coated, red-faced guard. What can be more pleasing to the eye? What man has not felt and owned the cheering influence of this happy combination, so exclusively English? And yet, sir, there are discontented spirits, who propose to take their stations at the very sides of our roads and canals, and *rail* away at them until they chase them from the field. We are threatened with the total abolition of all such matters. The services of the most noble and useful of animals are to be scorned—the horse is to be put on half-pay—the smiling white roads we love to look on, while we call to mind the times we have been whirled along them in search of the objects of our heart's best affections, are to disappear. In future, the progress of our public vehicles will be traced, like that of some noxious reptile, by the dingy dirty train they leave behind. The *whip* must yield to the *poker*—the coachman doff his dapper benjamin for a black smock-frock, and sit in cloudy idleness from stage to stage, or only vary it by twirling his smutty thumbs, and ever and anon, perchance, withdrawing one to scratch his grimy face. The guard, if he retain his present relative position, will both *be* a *fire-guard* and *need* one; and should either of these officers have any difference with us on the way, instead of his being as heretofore *rowed* by us, it is but too probable we may all be *blown up* by him. Henceforth a flying chimney will alone mark the distant movement of the traveller, while the springing of an iron rattle, a profusion of black smoke, and a hissing of as many geese, proclaim his near approach. I will not ask room to enumerate *all* the miseries attendant on the proposed reign of darkness, soot, and terror. I must, however, take leave to remind passengers by steam coaches, of the certainty of their suffering from *vapours*—to request them to bear in mind, that however fast they may go *horizontally*, they run the imminent risk of increasing in velocity tenfold, should any sudden freak of the boiler give them a *perpendicular* direction—and to warn the inhabitants of London against sending their accustomed presents of oysters to their country friends by these conveyances, until they have first clearly ascertained that they like them *stewed*.

'Again, sir, with respect to our old and pleasant-looking friends, the canals. I am an admirer of Nature, and prefer canals to rail-roads, because I would rather at any time wash her beautiful face than dirty it. Besides, water extinguishes fire; but it will be quite a new order of things, when fire is allowed to *put out* water. Is speed to be urged in favour of the new roads? Here I am afraid I must give way—not that I believe anything is in reality to be gained in expedition generally—but I must admit, that all perishable articles will *go faster* by the hot conveyance than the cold one. It will be somewhat amusing to see packages sent by these fire-waggons, marked "*to be kept wet*," for, unless this be done, they will probably *take*, as well as *be taken*, by fire.

'Do, good sir, lend your potent aid, at the commencement of the coming year, to avert this mass of evils, and help, by advice, by entreaty, by warnings, by ridicule, by *anything*, to thwart the designs of these iron-hearted speculators, who would take from the people of this *free* country all hopes of another merry Christmas. If we must be *slaves*, let it not be to *iron masters*—let us open our eyes before the accumulation of *smoke* renders it impossible for us to see—and let us, above all things, beware, lest *rail-roads*, like party, prove "the madness of *many* for the gain of *few*."'

The following anecdotes of newspapers is from The Times:—

'It is a curious fact in the history of newspapers, that in the year 1758, when Mr. John Newberry, of St. Paul's Church-yard, London, well known as the compiler of, and dealer in, many excellent little books for "Young Masters and Misses," projected a newspaper, called "The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette," he engaged to allow Dr. Johnson a share in the profits of that paper, for which the latter was to furnish a short essay on such subjects, of a general or temporary nature, as might suit the taste of newspaper readers, and distinguish his publication from its contemporaries. The reason assigned for Mr. Newberry's wishing to have an essay in his paper, is exceedingly curious to modern readers of those "folios of four pages;" it was, *that the occurrences during the intervals of its publication were not sufficient to fill its columns*. What a curious fact is this in the history of political intelligence! It is to this dearth of occurrences that we owe that collection of Essays by Johnson, called "The Idler," which first appeared in Newberry's Universal Chronicle.'—*Times.*

With an epigram we conclude our extracts:—

'ON MR. MILTON, THE LIVERY-STABLE KEEPER.

'Two Miltons, in separate ages were born—
The cleverer Milton, 'tis clear, we have got;
Tho' the other had talents the world to adorn,
This lives by his MEWS, which the other could *not*.'

John Bull.

The volume is embellished with many clever wood-cuts, designed by Robert Cruikshank, and engraved by Bonner, and a copperplate portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

Wesleyana: a Selection of the most Important Passages in the Writings of the late Rev. John Wesley, A. M. Arranged to form a complete body of Divinity. With a Portrait and a Biographical Sketch. 12mo. pp. 457. London, 1825. Booth.

PERHAPS no individual, except the founders of the several religions into which the world is divided, ever effected a more important change in society, or possessed such a multitude of followers as John Wesley. Though not dissenting from the established church, he drew largely from it into his own fold, and, in the course of a few years, established a society more numerous than that of any sect in the country, and over which he ruled, with as much ease and power, as a patriarch over his willingly obedient children. An individual who could do this, must have been no common character, and, indeed, Dr. Southey, orthodox as he is, acknowledges that Wesley was a great man; that he was also a good man, will not be disputed; and that he did more in improving the moral state of society, and in eradicating vice and ignorance, than the whole established church at the time, is, we believe, a fact incontrovertible.

Mr. Wesley was not only an able preacher, but a very prolific writer, and the recent publication of several memoirs of him, has excited a desire to obtain a knowledge of the views of Christianity as delineated by his own pen. To furnish such a view, is the

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ly comprehensive and sufficiently compressed, has been the object of the editor of this work. He has, we think, been very successful in giving so complete and condensed a view of the doctrinal sentiments and theological system of the methodists, as developed and illustrated by their founder. The work is preceded by a well-written memoir of Mr. Wesley, and it cannot fail of being highly acceptable to the followers of that great man, and the professors of his faith.

The Prophetic Almanack; or, Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore: calculated, from the Era of Human Redemption, for the Year 1826: *which, besides registering and explaining the Periodical Phenomena of the Heavens, and the Ominous Tendency of Particular Configurations of the Planets, contains Salutary Precepts, and Comments on the Same; and a Poetical Pasquinade, entitled, Dry Rubs for Divers Delinquents To all which is prefixed, a Look at Ezekiel's Vision of the Holy Waters, which brings to View a Spiritual Spa for Gangrene Souls.* From the MSS. of Sir Willon Brachm, Bart., K.T.R. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

We have often wished that some antiquary, biographer, or historian, would favour the world with an account of almanacks and almanack-makers, from the time of Muller, alias Regiomontanus, to that of Sir Willon Brachm, Bart., alias we know not what. We are sure an interesting volume might be made on the subject, which would be rendered more so if the author traced the art of almanack-making through the *fasti kalendarci* of the Romans to the Arabs, with whom almanacks are supposed to have originated. Francis Moore and his half-starved successors would furnish an excellent chapter, as would Partridge, were it only for Swift's treatment of him: then there are the hundred and sixty-four editions of Poor Robin, who, by the by, is not a very delicate fellow: the *Speculum Anni* of Henry Season, 'licensed physician and student in the celestial sciences near Devizes:' the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries (excellent helps to mathematics): and we know not how many more works of the same class, the whole of which would supply materials for a more edifying and amusing book than many that are published. The last almanack and the last almanack-maker to be noticed would be the book now before us and its author, who begins his almanack with a mystifying sort of political article, entitled, Ezekiel's vision of the Waters of Life. We had travelled more than half way through this article, wondering what was the object of it, or how it was to end, when we found Sir Willon declare 'that man must be a dunce, who sets himself a task without any ultimate object;' we further learn that Sir Willon, not wishing to be considered a dunce, of which he seemed somewhat afraid, is anxious to state, that his object is to convince the world that no preceding age has been so generally depraved as the present.' The proofs on which this solemn judgment is founded are yet a little curious, and we therefore quote them:—

'A moralist of Harry VIII.'s time, contrasting the character of that period with all which had preceded, would say that voluptuousness and depravity had then reached their utmost pitch. One who witnessed the debaucheries and excesses of Charles II and his boon companions would, by the same rule, deem it almost impossible for vice to be carried further. These specimens, as far as they extended, were certainly gross and execrable enough; but the sphere of voluptuousness then, compared with that of our own times, was very narrow. Money being the scale by which licentiousness is to be measured and compared, let us, with this apostolic instrument, compare and estimate our own purity. During the thirty-eight years that Harry reigned, the total expenditure of the government was thirty millions; being, on the average, about £800,000 annually. The reign of Charles was thirty-six years, in the whole of which time sixty-four millions were expended, the annual average being £1,800,000 Now, comparing these sums with our annual payments, independent of interest on moneys borrowed at various times, called the national debt, and which ought not to be left out of the calculation,—making this money-business the criterion of national licentiousness, it appears that our's is about fifteen times as profligate as the reign of Charles, and about thirty-four times worse than that of Henry.'

What will our Bible Society and Home Missionary Society advocates say to this? A pretty pickle, truly, they have brought us to, if we are thirty-four times worse than the age of Henry VIII., when the monarch could send his wife to the block, because she had committed no other offence than that of outliving his liking, and when the professors of a faith obnoxious to the king might be sent to be purified by the fire in Smithfield.

Sir Willon pursues his arithmetical calculation of the relative degrees of morality at different periods, and proves, 'granting money to be the standard of gradations in vi e', (which is certainly granting a great deal,) that the means of gratifying sensuality in the reign of George III. was one hundred and twenty times greater than in the golden days of good Queen Bess.

But, to quit Sir Willon's past retrospect and present *exposé* of the affairs of England, let us come to the future, or rather to his predictions for the future, in the shape of 'timely warnings and wholesome precepts.' We always considered 'Francis Moore, Physician,' a pretty safe fortune-teller, so far as related to the weather; for he carefully coupled 'the day before or the day after' with his prediction. Sir Willon Brachm is no less cautious in his political predictions, when he tells us that, in January, 1826, the planets indicate that in Spain 'monks thirst for heretic blood,' and that 'the king is placed between two factions, in no very enviable posture.' In July, we are told, the universities 'will seem in an uproar, but not for the promotion of the gospel.' Under the month of August, Sir Willon throws out a hint which we advise Mrs. Coutts to attend to, by stopping at home; and we also caution all other his majesty's liege subjects from disputing the claim to her hand with him of St. Alban's. Our prophetic Sir Willon says, 'Feuds are signified in Scotland, and a lady is conspicuous on the occasion; but perhaps, after all, it may only be a private quarrel and duel.'

If we are to believe our worthy baronet, the next year is to be one of great calamity: in September, Antwerp is to experience a fatal catastrophe; and in October, the cities of Lyons and Paris will 'be suddenly thrown into a terrible flurry.' In November, 'a negro intended for death shall be the author of signal events, and escape murder, to punish his murderous and usurping chief.' We might multiply these predictions, but that would be to rob Sir Willon,—besides, as he justly observes, 'to notice every event that is indicated by the various aspects which take place in the course of a revolution of the moon through the zodiac, would require far more space than the limits of an almanack;' and, if this be the case, how could we, in our limited room, give an epitome of the revolutions of a whole year of moons!

For the 'dry rubs for divers delinquents,' and the other entertaining and instructive matters in The Prophetic Almanack, we must refer to the work itself.

Memoirs of Monkeys, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1825. Whittaker.

Since monkeys have become models for men, and we are taught to look to an animal which seems a libel on human nature, as a creature worthy of our imitation, a new interest is given to the species, and memoirs of them cannot fail of being acceptable to that public which patronises M. Mazurier, at Covent Garden Theatre, and does not hate, but even admire monkeys 'thus at second-hand.' To those persons who, 'in the catalogue pass for men,' yet imitate 'humanity so abominably,' as they do in aping the manners of their betters, this work may convey an useful moral lesson, in showing how much a monkey surpasses them in the imitative arts, while to the Mazuriers and Gouffes of the day it must prove a complete manual, and supply them with new studies for their monkey tricks. The work contains numerous anecdotes of the monkey race, all amusing and extremely well told: the compiler assures us that 'he could add several more to his collection, but as they might, though authentic and genuine histories, be thought incredible, he has deemed it more prudent to adhere to those memoirs of which no doubt can be entertained, and which require *no effort* to fully believe.' Without altogether agreeing with this declaration, or entering our veto against it, we shall merely observe, that the same prudent diffidence induced Mungo Park to suppress some of the most marvellous of his adventures, lest they should cast a doubt on the authenticity of his narrative. The author of The Memoirs of Monkeys classes his anecdotes under distinct subjects; a few of them we quote without further comment:—

'*Theatrical Monkey.*—This monkey was a follower of fashion, he voted tragedy a bore, and comedy vulgar, but admired *spectacle*, since, during the exhibition he might chatter,

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or be amused without thought and without exertion.

'It was holyday time; a magic lantern was prepared for the amusement of a party of urchins and older children. Pug was of the number, evincing ecstacies of delight at the exhibition. Although be had chattered and entered into the hilarity of his companions he had not been deficient in observation. The following evening the performance was to be repeated. The lamp ready trimmed, the painted glasses, and the remainder of the apparatus were put in order on the stand. Pug, in some unknown way, entered the theatre, lighted the lamp, and began the performance; the three first glasses he accidentally inverted, and the representations were perfect; Pug's delight far exceeded what he had enjoyed the preceding evening, and he continued to chatter and change the glasses; alas! he failed to invert the fourth, fifth, and sixth, and his countenance fell; he looked at the sheet, then at the lamp—after that he examined the glass, and having scolded it, again endeavoured to produce the desired picture, but failing, became angry, withdrew the glass, and after grunting and chattering at it, broke it to atoms: the movement to accomplish this, displaced the lamp; so on the next attempt, matters were still worse; the refractory behaviour of the lamp, Pug considered as an insult to his dignity, and with loud chattering and anger, spurned it from him as violently as the hero Almanchar spurned the basket of china on which all his hopes were founded. The crash and clamour alarmed the domestics, who ran and discovered Pug, like Caius Marius at Carthage, mourning over the ruin he had wrought. The celebrated S——h, who had watched the performer from behind the sheet, came forward and saved poor Pug from being flagellated.'

'*Astronomical Monkeys.*—Two at Cadiz were nearly seized on by the familiars of the inquisition, for being apparently disciples of Galileo. A military commander of high rank left his brass-mounted telescope at a window, from which he had been examining some batteries, newly erected by the enemy. Two philosophical monkeys, who dwelt in a small court beneath the spot, watched the general anxiously surveying the opposite coast, and, on his leaving the room, immediately climbed into the window, and seized on the instrument (a remarkably fine one by Dollond). Both were so anxious to peep, that one went to each end, but left it dissatisfied and staring at each other. The field glass being now uncovered, one returned, and to his great delight saw the moon; his joy and success were made known by a scream and loud chattering; the other leaped to the spot; the first one, fearing to lose his prize, jumped and caught at the moon he supposed to be brought into the telescope, and much wondered that it was not to be found there.'

'*The Acoustical Monkey.*—On the birthday of our late king, the guns at C—— Castle were loaded and primed, preparatory to firing the accustomed salute, and the musical instruments of the band were all left upon a end on the platform, while the performers went away to refresh themselves. A monkey who had lived for some years in the castle, and attained so advanced a period of life, that he no longer delighted in noise and bustle, but seemed desirous of passing his latter days in tranquillity, waited, with unmonkey-like demureness, until not a man was left in the place; he then went to each of the guns, and destroyed the power of ignition, in precisely the same way as Swift affirms Captain Gulliver saved the queen of Lilliput's palace from utter destruction by conflagration. After performing this exploit, he proceeded to the stand where the instruments were left, and seized, with an angry mutter, the trumpet, an instrument which had repeatedly disturbed him; after some consideration, he put it down, and went to the shore, which was contiguous, and there loaded himself with sea-weed, with which he returned, and immediately began to stuff up the mouth of the trumpet; having completed his work, he carried off the flutes, and took refuge on the summit of a battlement, carrying his prizes with him.

'The clock struck, and the gunner applied his match to the touch-hole of the gun, but to his surprise it did not go off, he went to the second, and the third, and his dismay increased; his rage exceeded all bounds on discovering that the powder was wet. The band had taken their stations, when the flutes were all missed; and the trumpeter, on his first attempt to sound his clarion, found himself unable to produce a note. Some time elapsed before the culprit was discovered; vengeance was the order of the day, and Pug was assailed with missiles: he stood fire for some time with heroic coolness, but on a pebble striking him he was roused, and instantly commenced the action by pelting the assailants with the flutes he had carried off, and then began to use the tiles. Some tamarinds were tied to a long pole, which appeased his anger, and he gravely, but suspiciously, came down for them.'

Nautical Monkey.—The Count C—er—to had a favourite monkey at his villa, near the Lake Albano; this animal was particularly fond of going with the count and his wife in a boat. This fondness for the amusement of rowing, led the count to have built a small boat, about five feet long; into this he put Pug, who, being docile, soon learned to row and manage with some dexterity his little ship. He pulled the oars evenly, and propelled the boat with considerable velocity. For a whole season, Captain Pug and his ship afforded the count and his friends great amusement. Had he stopped there, all might have continued well; but the count added a tall mast and flag to the little ship. Pug, now advanced to the rank of admiral, hoisted his flag and put to sea. By some accident the flag, got foul of the haulyards, the admiral instantly went aloft to clear it, when, shocking to relate, the weight aloft was too great, and the vessel capsized, and poor Pug was consigned to a watery death before assistance could be afforded him.

'The boat and the body were brought on shore, the former is still to be seen in the hall of the villa, and the latter was deposited in the garden.'

To these anecdotes, which are interspersed with lively and sarcastic remarks, we shall add an anecdote of mice, which shows as complete a co-operation as exists at Mr. Owen's establishment, at New Lanark, in Scotland, or that of Harmony, in the United States:—

'A gentleman, in the north of England, observed a mouse come from beneath the door of a large closet in his study, being alone, he determined to try and make friends with the little visitor; at the expiration of a fortnight he succeeded, so far as to see him come out, peer round to ascertain if either cat or dog were in the room, and then wait for the gift of a piece of buttered toast. At the end of the third week (apropos, among the wise, *confidence* is a plant of slow growth, particularly if there is a disparity in rank or fortune) the little fellow came to the rug, sat down and warmed himself by the fire, washed his face, and patiently waited for his supper; and after eating it, often stretched himself out at full length, *à la Abernethy*, to facilitate digestion; yet the animal never slept, and scampered off to his retreat at the approach of any one, or at the least unusual noise.

'One evening, a large piece of roll and butter was thrown down to mousie, who appeared delighted with the magnitude of the donation, he frisked round it, nibbled a bit, and then, with great exertion, moved it to the crevice at the bottom of the closet door. The prize was far too large to pass the aperture, and in vain did mousie push and pull. At length, tired with the exertion, he left it; great was the astonishment of my friend at hearing, a few minutes after, a rush and bustle, with much squeaking, and immediately afterwards mousie appeared from beneath the crevice, surveyed the country, and not perceiving an enemy, gave two distinct squeaks, varying a little in tone, in an instant mousie's wife and family came from beneath the door, and with demonstrations of joy, divided and subdivided the mound of bread and butter, assisted each other in pushing and pulling it through the crevice, and carried it off to their home in triumph.

'In this case there was communication of information, obedience, and mutual co-operation.'

The Mechanics' Almanack for 1826. Knight and Lacey.

THIS is a sheet almanack, printed in typography, an art which is more curious than important. The almanack contains the rules of the London Mechanics' Institution, an abstract of the laws regarding masters, journeymen, and apprentices, rules of benefit societies, regulations for pawnbrokers, stamp duties, &c. The embellishments, among other things, include portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, and Dr. Birbeck, and other devices, in which the author has been particularly careful not to break the second commandment; for there are neither like anything in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth.

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The Sporting Almanack for the Year 1826' London, Knight and Lacey.

THIS Almanack contains the usual astronomical observations, with several records and articles of intelligence suitable to the sporting world; if, however, a little more attention had been paid to horse-racing, and a little less to slang and pugilism, the work would have been all the better for it.

(From the Pandore.)

A LETTER FROM A GREAT MAN TO ANOTHER, APROPOS OF THE ACADEMY.

[THE wits of Paris have been very merry at the expense of the Duke de Montmorency, lately elected academician; M. de Jouy is indefatigable in his attacks, and this is one of them]

'THEY send us for publication the following letter, which it is pretended is addressed by M. de Montmor—to one of his fellow peers. We think we have good reasons for concluding that this precious morsel was written about the year 1766, by the courageous Marshal Saxe to the witty Marshal de Noailles—we correct the orthography of this letter, so remarkable otherwise for its clearness and good sense:—

'"It has been proposed to me, kind sir, to become one of the *Academy*. I replied, however, that I did not know even how to spell, and that a place of the sort would suit me about as well as pattens for a cat. To this they politely replied that the Marshal Villars could hardly write, nor even read what he had written, and that nevertheless he found himself very much at home in his seat—what a plague it is to be so teazed. The case is different with you, kind sir, and this fact strengthens my defence—nobody has more wit than you—nobody writes or speaks better—and yet they will not elect you! This puzzles me! I should be very loath to shock any body, much less a body of men, where there are to be found men of so much merit; on the other hand, I am mortally afraid of ridicule."'

ONE EVIL ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

THE successful stifle all opposition, those who conquer, dislike even the grumblings of the conquered; here they have no mercy, to complain of our hard lot is so natural, since to suffer, alas! is our certain destiny.

If literary opposition carried with it a *veto*, I could more readily conceive the reason why its exercises are so wrathful; but nothing is so indispensible as opposition in this case, towards pointing out the devious path of nonsense. By this means the game is judged, the sifters of the press, to speak more out, beaten, and obliged to pay a fine into the bargain. One evil is ever attended by a second.

In laughing in our sleeve at the abortive efforts of a literary juggler, who parodies figures of rhetoric, and torments most cruelly our unhappy language, critics do but give him a sort of credit in the unlettered world; the librarian takes our irony for gospel—the coxcombs, who are in full cry after a particular *school*, attach themselves to his *style* and sense! Why not? when '*to sell*' is all that is wanted—otherwise servum pecus, and loads of trash inundate the country of *Rocine* and *Le Sage*—an usurped success of this sort engenders others. Thus *one evil ever brings on another*.

Melo-drama enriches its authors, and comedy is neglected; *speculation* takes the place of *literature*. Books are ordered according to pattern, just like so much cloth—then what happens? The printer puffs off the name of the author most in vogue, and never dreams of an *original work*. Messieurs —— compile, and true genius creeps up into a garret!

We go on translating, and compiling, and puffing, and nothing is invented—men of sense and wit tremble and hold their tongues, hoping, however, for better days. Some few real *seans* grow impatient of inaction, follow the current—become renegadoes to their faith, and sacrifice to Baal!—*One misfortune is sure to be followed by another.*

If there were no *courtiers* among the academicians, it could never happen that courtiers would get into the academy (alluding to the Duke de Montmorency, whose election all Paris cry out about. One evicauses another.

Disgusted and surrounded by hypocrites, a good professor leaves the chair—first evil. Mysterious and solemn, some booby jumps into it, and the shadow of his hat scientific works wonders on its block. *Alas! one evil is never without another at its heels.*

An *indisposition* changes the play advertised for the day. The Tartuffe of Molière is no longer to be performed; by way of giving us something of coming after so much excellence, and to console us for its absence, Monsieur ——'s play is announced. *One evil is ever followed by another.*

It was known that he was not brave, but we had yet to learn that he was dishonest into the bargain—now we know it!—*Misfortunes never come single!*

Proscriptions after civil wars—fanaticism after religious ones—courtiers after the invasion of barbarians—the plague after a famine—theft after fire—and massacres after the Edict of Nantes—after Agesilaus, alas! who? but after Attila, Holloo!—Stop there.—*Misfortunes never come single!*

ORIGINAL.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

INSTITUTIONS for the dissemination of literary and scientific knowledge, among those whose vocation and circumstances exclude them from the benefit of a good education in early life, and prevent them afterwards from remedying that evil by the usual means, have now become so numerous and so general in every quarter of the kingdom, as to inspire some with alarm as to their ultimate tendency, and to become a subject of speculation and attention with all. It may not, therefore, be altogether useless to inquire how far they are calculated to promote the ends for which they have been established,—the improvement of the lower classes; as well as to what extent any evil consequences may be apprehended from them.

That the diffusion of sound and useful knowledge among the lower classes of society must prove highly beneficial not only to them, but to those who employ them, we hold to be so evident as to require no argument in proof. It is possible, however, that knowledge may be communicated to them, which may be beneficial to others, and yet hurtful to themselves; and we more than half suspect that this is exactly the case with these scientific institutes. These institutions are of two kinds; those in which lectures are delivered, and those which merely serve the purpose of reading rooms. Both, however, have the same object in view—the diffusion of scientific knowledge, and of knowledge which may enable those who acquire it to understand more thoroughly, and to execute in a better manner, the several branches of art to which they have been trained. So far this object is good; perfection in any art is a necessary consequence of intelligence, and cannot be attained without it: but the means for diffusing this intelligence are not only defective, but the intelligence itself, unless accompanied by information of a higher cast, is just as likely, if not more so, to be pernicious as beneficial. From lectures on any subject, but a small portion of knowledge is to be gained; while those who read for the purpose of reflecting on what they read, and not for the mere sake of amusement, are perfectly aware that this reading cannot be carried on with any decided advantage in a crowded room, where many others are engaged in similar occupations. These, however, along with sets of apparatus for making experiments, (more or less imperfect,) are the only means provided for the instruction of those who attend them; and when it is considered that only a very limited portion of time can be devoted by them to the attainment of this species of knowledge, it must be allowed by all, that the portion actually gained cannot be worth a great deal, and that that portion is much more likely to engender conceit and erroneous ideas, than to lead to any practical utility. We have the means of knowing, indeed, that such has been the result in several instances; nor ought it to be wondered at. What is really useful in any art and science, is always the last thing that is acquired, and the part least attended to, even by people of better education than these persons possess; and it ought not, therefore, to excite surprise, that those who attend these institutions should imagine themselves to be exceedingly wise, from having gained a knowledge of the mere terms and divisions of art and science, or that they should conceive this knowledge to be superior to any other, and pride themselves upon its acquisition as a something which ought to procure them greater estimation in society. The books which treat of science and art, treat of them as things to be known, not to be used; and the lecturers of the present day discuss them much in the same manner, and seem to have no idea that the end to which all these lead,—or at all events to which they ought to lead—is practical utility.—These institutions are, therefore, defective; they are not adapted to the accomplishment

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of the end in view, even supposing that end to be good and praiseworthy, and when they have done all that they are capable of doing, they will leave their members every way much in the same state that they found them, except in giving them a much better opinion of themselves, and inspiring them with some degree of contempt for other branches of knowledge much more calculated to render them valuable subjects and members of society.

To remedy this grand defect in the scientific institutions of the day, there is actually no provision. Moral and religious knowledge is left totally out of the question, partly on the principle that every one has different notions on these subjects, and partly also, because it can be acquired as advantageously at home. The first reason has no weight, and scarcely deserves to be noticed; for, however different the religious opinions of men are, there are certain general principles both of morality and religion, in which almost all are agreed, and which might be discussed, illustrated, and enforced, much to the advantage of the hearer or reader. In regard to the second, it will be seen, that these institutions not only draw away their attention from these branches of knowledge, but have a direct tendency to make them undervalue and despise them; and much as the lower population of this land has been famed for its moral and religious advantages, we shall not be in the least surprised to see it changed in the course of no very long period, if some adequate remedy is not provided, for one of an altogether opposite nature.

They manage these things, as Sterne says, somewhat better in America, where there are also mechanics' institutions. The lectures there are *practical*, not *scientific*, as we learn from a 'report on that subject now before us:' while, by the distribution of premiums and rewards for the best specimens of workmanship in different departments, this practical utility is still further enforced, and a spirit of emulation and rivalship excited, which cannot fail to raise the national character high, in the course of time, as artizans and mechanics. There too, however, from the peculiar nature of the government, and the peculiar situation in which religion is placed, no provision is made for accompanying scientific knowledge by sound principles of morality and religion.

In regard to the danger likely to arise, in a political point of view, from the establishment of these institutions, we view it altogether as a chimera of the imagination. The members of these institutions have only to discharge their duty to themselves in order to avoid the semblance of suspicion in this respect; that is, they have only to avoid coming under the influence of political characters, which can in no one respect be beneficial to them, but may well excite feelings of jealousy and suspicion in others. If those who have been instrumental in promoting and establishing these institutions, have the improvement of those at heart for whom they pretend to labour, they will refrain from coming in contact with them in any other way than by enriching their libraries with the best books, and their museums with the most approved scientific apparatus;—they will not endeavour to identify them with any particular line of politics, nor strive to induce them to adopt those which they profess themselves—for the inevitable consequences of such conduct would be a general and decided prejudice against these institutions, on the part of those who think differently on political subjects, but who wish equally well to the cause of education and intellectual advancement. Let them, therefore, confine themselves strictly to that department in which they can be eminently useful—to pointing out in what way these institutions may be improved and rendered most conducive to the end proposed.

We have already said that we are no enemies to the education of the people, and we repeat, that we wish to see that education as complete and as general as its most sanguine advocates could wish; but we do not, on that account, conceive that we would be justified in praising what we deem to be either defective or injurious. We have hinted at some improvements that might be made in the system, and when a proper opportunity occurs, shall again return to the subject. Meantime, we take leave of it in the sincere hope, that what we have said may be as candidly interpreted and as usefully applied as it is well meant and honestly conceived.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXXI.

My dear Mr. Editor,—If you or your readers have felt any interest in the adventures of your humble servant, you or they will more than once have inquired, What has become of Asmodeus? If this inquiry has been made, I alone can answer it, and now assure you that I have not suffered eight-and-forty hours to elapse since my return from a visit to the moon, where *you*, at least, know I have been for some time residing, without acquainting you with my arrival in Ayr* Street. I have no doubt that the first thing you will expect is my journal; but the fact is, that it has so accumulated that it would far exceed your limits, and I have, therefore, determined to publish it in a bulky quarto, and have agreed with a well-known Constable in Edinburgh for the purpose. If I preferred him, it was not on account of his liberality, or any other virtue, but because, if my work failed in bulk (which I consider impossible), he will publish it in two-penny or three-penny numbers, which will, he assures me, gull the public as to cheapness, and ensure triple profits. As I am a calculating man, and have lost much (though not by *Real del Monte* shares nor any gambling in the Stock Exchange), I was anxious to secure the opinion of the critical world, and, with this view, I commenced a correspondence with the editor of the L*****y G*****e, whose *penchant* for anticipatory inspections you have so often (and I say unjustly) abused. It appeared to me ridiculous to wait for an opinion until the expense of printing was incurred, and I therefore sent him a copy of the first sheet of my Travels in the Moon, written in a hand as beautiful as that of Porson; and he has promised to insert a review of the whole book (if I keep him correct as to the number of pages) in the first crack† number of his journal that appears. It would seem egotistical in me to quote the very flattering encomium he passes on my work, from the slight specimen I sent. I may, however, be allowed a little vanity, when I see the rest of the world has so much. He says—'We would be understood as attaching a national importance to this work (The Rambles of Asmodeus in the Moon); in eloquence it equals the best passages of Gibbon, while (though entirely true) the adventures it relates are more extraordinary and more interesting than the travels of Mandrell or the life of Robinson Crusoe. The author is as profound as Locke or Newton, and yet possesses as much humour as Rabelais. The language is throughout correct, often poetical, even in prose; and when Asmodeus does write poetry, of which a few specimens are given, he surpasses a Milton or a Byron, and is only equalled by our own inspired minstrel, L. E. L.'

Do not, my dear Editor, omit one line of this puff-prelusive—print me as many copies of it as there are daily evening and weekly newspapers, that I may send it as an advertisement; and keep the type standing, as I mean to bill every work, from Sir George Nayler's Coronation to a child's hornbook with it; but enough of self, only I thought (considering your politeness) some apology was necessary for my Rambles not appearing in your pages. Fatigued, as you may well suppose I am when I state, that I ate my poached eggs at the Cock, in Fleet Street, Lunaville, on Monday evening, and have travelled nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles since, you will not expect a long letter. The fact is, that the communications from this planet to the moon have been so irregular since my patent telegraph broke, that I have not been half informed as to the occurrences on this sublunary globe. Allow me, therefore, to make a few inquiries.

Is it true, that wealth so superabounds in England, that capitalists, on their knees, entreat swindling speculators to accept and employ it?

Has Lord Nugent quarrelled with his Cook, and been dished?

Has Lord Cochrane made a million of money, or only £950,000, by his predatory warfare for, and on, the South American States?

Has the Duke of St. Alban's accepted the office of one of the lords of the bedchamber to Mrs. Coutts, and, if so, whether is he first or second lord?

How often has the Duke of York broken a leg or an arm in the last six months?

How many leaders of the Roman Catholic Association are now confined in lunatic asylums, and has a non-intercourse bill passed to prevent the planning a rebellion by the in-

* Query—*Air* Street!—Printer's Devil.

† Asmodeus is gulled, and the Editor of the L. G. has been cracking his jokes on him.—Devil the Second.

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ipient rebels in Ireland, and the ex-Irish
raitors in New York?

Whether has Charles Kemble got a man
o represent a monkey, or the Coburg trained
monkey to imitate Charles Kemble in his
avourite characters, the expensive monkeyry
f dress excepted?

Is Miss Paton really married, or is she
nly a tenant at will—in Sweet *William* Cot-
age near *Richmond*-hill?

Is it true, that five Hamlets, three Romeos,
nd nine Juliets, have been damned in the
ast two years at the winter theatres?

Can orders for Covent-Garden Theatre be
btained in Thornhaugh-street, as usual, and
are civilities paid in dramatic notes as for-
merly?

How many actresses have, by the success
f Miss Foote, been induced to tread in her
teps to popularity, and who have been the
ANES* that paid the piper?

Is it true that Elliston is so much reformed,
hat he lives within certain prescribed rules,
neditating near the scene of his former glory?

Is it true that Drury Lane Theatre is again
urse! with a committee of management?
hat Mr. Calcraft is going to revive the
School for Fathers of Isaac Bickerstaff, and
hat Mr. George Robins says he will knock
down all opposition?

Has the clerk of a certain daily paper said
civil thing to any advertiser during the last
our months?

Has there ever been an instance of an
rder to a country newspaper, to withdraw
n advertisement, being acknowledged to be
eceived in time?

When, Mr. Editor, you have answered
hese queries, or I have obtained satisfactory
nformation on the subject by other means, I
hall know how to shape my course. I would
ave sent you a chapter of my forthcoming
work, but for your absurd and stilted conse-
quence about not inserting any anticipatory
otices. At all events you shall hear from
me, and that soon, for neglect an old friend
who may, that crime shall never (justly) be
imputed to ASMODEUS.

* Query—Haynes!—Printer's Devil.

BIOGRAPHY.

JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER.

GERMANY has recently lost, in this celebrated man (who died at Bayreuth, November 14), one of her most prolific and popular writers. et, deservedly admired as they are by his wn countrymen, his productions are almost tally unknown among us, even by name; nd so formidable are the difficulties which a anslator would have to overcome, that it is ry doubtful whether any one will ever un- ertake to transfer any of his numerous works to the English language. The task would quire a complete familiarity with the au- or's peculiar genius. We are of opinion, o, that Jean Paul's works, like Wilhelm eister, and many other productions that ve obtained great popularity in Germany, ould hardly please in an English dress, or tisfy an English reader. However this ay be, the attempt has never, that we are are of, yet been made, with the exception a few fragments that appeared some time ago in The London Magazine, from the pen of Mr. De Quincey, who offered them as a specimen of an intended 'Richteriana.' There is a fantastical extravagance—an inequality—even the Germans themselves admit this—in the writings of Jean Paul, that certainly detract much from their merit; we may add, also, a pedantry, an affectation, and an obscurity, that fatigue and distract the reader. Still an author who has excited so much enthusiastic admiration must, undoubtedly, possess very striking and prominent beauties, although they may not be appreciated by foreigners; and, to say the truth, we believe there are very few Englishmen indeed who understand Richter sufficiently to relish him. His own countrymen, who must be allowed to be the most competent judges, esteem him for the nobleness of his sentiments, his poetic talent, his rich creative imagination, his sparkling wit, his brilliant imagery, his copious illustration, and the exuberance of his language,—for his energy both of thought and diction, his bold and luxuriant style, and the glowing colours in which he arrays every object. It has, however, been objected, by some of his critics, that, great as are the beauties of isolated parts, there is a certain want of unity of interest in his works that disappoints and dissatisfies the reader.

The writings of Richter are so numerous, that we shall not attempt to give a list of them here, as it could prove but of little interest, and the titles of many of them are absolutely untranslatable. We will, therefore, content ourselves with pointing out a few of the most remarkable; viz., The Greenland Lawsuits, Extracts from the Devil's Papers, The Invisible Lodge, Hesperus, Titan, Levana, &c.

This distinguished man was born at Wunsiedel, in the principality of Bayreuth, March 21, 1763. He was educated by his father, who was one of the preceptors at the public school at Wunsiedel, and very early gave an earnest of that talent which distinguished his literary career. He made his *debut* as an author in 1783, with his Greenland Lawsuits, which at once stamped his reputation for originality and humour.

The following notice of this distinguished writer is translated from the Frankfort papers:

'Jean Paul Richter, usually called Jean Paul, one of the most original, popular, and celebrated writers of Germany, and no less esteemed for his virtues in all the relations of social and domestic life, closed his earthly career on the evening of the 14th instant. Four years ago he lost his only son, a most promising young man, who was pursuing his studies with, perhaps, too much zeal. Since that loss, which he bore with calm resignation, the health of the worthy old man had been constantly declining. For some months past, his eye-sight had gradually decayed, till the lamp of life itself expired. He leaves two daughters and a widow to lament his loss. Valuable materials for projected works had been collected by him, with restless activity, till the angel of death called him to the land of spirits, in which he had long since been at home.'

COUNT DE LACEPEDE.

THIS distinguished naturalist, the friend and pupil of the illustrious Buffon, whose career he followed with such success, died lately, in his 70th year. The Histoire Naturelle des Cétacés, and his works on Quadrupèdes, Ovipares, and les Poissons, place him deservedly among the first naturalists of any age or country, enriching, as they do, this department of science with the most profound research and indefatigable study.

ANECDOTE OF THE MEXICAN GENERAL BRAVO.

GENERAL BRAVO and his family are Creoles of Mexico. His father and himself beheld with emotion the enslavement of their beloved country, and panted for the day of its emancipation from the bondage of its tyrants. They flew to arms, and the 'worker of petticoats' declared them rebels.—General Bravo's father was taken prisoner by the Viceroy, and thrown into prison. His mother was employed to use her entreaties with the son.—She entered the tent. 'I am come from the viceroy, to offer you an *indulto* and every honour the king can confer on you and all your family, if you submit to his clemency, and lay down your arms Your father's life will be spared, and your mother and family be made happy, and the highest honours of nobility will be lavished upon yourself and family, if you will forsake the cause of freedom and leave the republicans.' He surveyed for a moment his parent, while the deepest emotion took possession of his soul. He replied, 'that you are my mother I always believed; but now I doubt it. No, madam, Gen. Bravo never can consent to the enslavement of his country. Let my father die like a patriot, for I will never sell myself and country on such terms.' She returned to the viceroy, and his father was called out of his dungeon and shot.'

A short time after, a regiment of Spaniards, which was considered invincible, fell in with Gen. Bravo and his little band of patriots. A battle ensued; four hundred of the Europeans were slain, and three hundred taken prisoners. The general told them, 'Now is my revenge.' Next day he called out his troops and ordered them to load; and after addressing his army, and after recapitulating the many and cold-blooded murders perpetrated by the royalists on some of the richest Creole families and best patriots, he said, 'This is the moment of showing to my enemies and the world the revenge Gen. Bravo will take upon the murderers of his father and oppressors of his country: I order your release and freedom. A vessel awaits you on the coast to carry you hence. If any one of you shall be found in this country again his life shall be the forfeit. Tell your king this is the way the republic revenges itself on its enemies.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DONALD.

Written for a Gaelic Melody.

YOUNG Donald dearer loved than life
The proud Dunallan's daughter;
But barr'd by feudal hate and strife,
In vain he loved and sought her.

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She loved the lord of Garry's Glen—
The chieftain of Clanronald—
A thousand plaided Highland men
Clasp'd the claymore for Donald.
On Scotland rush'd the Danish hordes,
Dunallan faced his foeman;
Beneath him bared ten thousand swords,
Of vassal, serf, and yeomen.
The fray was fierce—and at its height
Was seen a visored stranger,
With red blade foremost in the fight,
Unfearing Dane and danger.
'Be praised, brave knight! thy steel hath striven
The sharpest in the slaughter,
Crave what thou will of mine—'tis given,
Though even my darling daughter.'
The mask is fallen from his face—
The chieftain of Clanronald!
And foes exclaip in friends' embrace
Dunallan with young Donald!
Dunallan's halls ring loud with glee—
The feast-cup glads Glengarry—
The joy that should for ever be
When mutual lovers marry.
The shout and shell the revellers raise,
Dunallan and Clanronald,
And minstrel measures pour to praise
Fair Catherine and her Donald! IMLAH.

TO FAME.

O! thou that dost mislead the minds of men,
And dazzle e'en the wisest with thy rays,
Thou wisp that lures them from their earthly den,
Then leavest them wandering in Fancy's maze,
Uncomprehended things, on which the gaze
Of millions turn, admire, yet know not why,
Save that it is the mode, thou deity,
At whose vain shrine myriads of human kind
Have sacrificed each other, madly blind,
Hast thou augut influence o'er my destiny?
Tell me, for it were better it be told,
Ere the warm blood of youthfulness grow cold?
Say! shall I e'er thy heavenly heights explore,
Or, falling, to thy shrine add one poor victim more.

S. R. J.

THE CHOICE.

By Mrs. Carey, author of 'Lasting Impressions.'

Give me the man who boldly dares
His inmost thoughts disclose—
Who spurns the mask that Flatt'ry wears,
Nor bends to Virtue's foes.
Who dares, when haggard Envy tries
To blast the good man's name,
Assert that worth her tongue denies;
And vindicate his fame.
Dares, too, unaw'd by rank or birth,
His scorn of Vice avow;
But to the man of sense and worth,
(Though clad in rags), will bow.

EPIGRAM ON MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN*.

Moore's Life of Sheridan is this?
The title suits not with the plan—
Moore's *life* assuredly it is,
But 'tis the *death* of Sheridan.

ANOTHER.

Dear Tommy, since you've such a gift,
Of giving your dead friends a lift,
I wonder that you don't essay
To try your fist on Castlereagh.

* We do not altogether agree with the writer of these epigrams, as to Mr. Moore's Life of Sheridan; but we are never sorry that our readers should see other opinions than ours. —Ed.

FINE ARTS.

THE CREATION—MARTIN.

'Let there be light, and there was light.'

Last week I offered a few remarks upon the propriety of attempting to represent the Creator in a human form—of endeavouring to shadow forth, or embody an essence, incomprehensible and inconceivable, under such a substance as the imagination of a painter may suggest. In this dead season of the year, when there is little or nothing new in the world of fine arts worth commenting upon, I cannot do better than resume the same subject, and illustrate it by a few more examples; and I engage in the task more readily, because I think it has never been discussed candidly and impartially.

As to the objection repeatedly urged by those who merely look upon the surface of things, that there is a degree of levity, if not of impiety, in making such a use of the supreme Power, I think a little reflection will prove it to be entirely groundless. It should be remembered, that the sacred writings continually *personify* the Creator; it should be remembered, that almost all our prayers—that the whole of our liturgy, pure, grand, and sublime as it is, invest the Godhead with worldly titles—Lord of lords, King of kings, &c.; and it should be remembered, that the great epic of England, which no one yet has dared to charge with levity or impiety, represents the Deity, if not exactly in a human guise, at least as possessing many of the properties of mortality. To be consistent, then, in our opinions, we must allow the painter the same liberty we so willingly concede to the poet. Both, in fact, are poets: the one speaks to the eye—the other to the ear; and both, therefore, ought to be judged by the same measure. If we condemn the one, the other must fall under the same censure; and then the next step must necessarily be, to assert that the personification used in the inspired writings are unbecoming the dignity of Omnipotence—that our prayers savour of impiety—that our moralists and divines offend their Maker with the very breath that is intended to be put forth in his praise and honour—and that, every time we mention our God, we address him or speak of him in language which betokens a want of respect, or a want of religious veneration for his attributes. But who is mad enough to hazard such a doctrine? No one directly, and in so many words, but all indirectly, and in fact, who raise objections, on the plea of morality, against any attempt to affix upon the canvass an ideal representation of the Almighty. In truth, the world—at least this our western portion of it, has grown over squeamish and canting of late. Such folly must be put down.

The advantages arising from attempts of this nature are proportioned to the greatness of the design, and the difficulty of executing it. Nothing tends more, or indeed so much, to the march of knowledge, or the improving human capacity, as the attempt to create and set up an ideal perfection. If we content ourselves with the humble employment of describing and developing that only which we see and know, what advance can be made in knowledge, arts, or science? Years may roll on and on; generations may arise and pass away from the face of creation; the world, time, everything perishable may proceed onward to its end; but man, and man's knowledge, will remain as stationary as ever, —as dark, as little, and as insignificant. They are, then, bold and daring flights which raise us from the earth on which we plod—which encourage us to exert the natural powers with which we are gifted, and which have enabled us to rear up those magnificent works of art, science, and literature, whose substance shall last for ages after the flitting beings who created them have passed away, and whose fame and memory shall endure when even they have crumbled into nothing.

'So much may serve by way of proem,
Proceed we therefore with our poem.'

Mr. Martin's picture of The Creation, which stands at the head of this article, has been seen by, and is doubtless well known to, most of the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*. It forms one of his designs to the splendid illustrations of Milton, which his genius has given to the world. It represents the Almighty at the moment when he is imagined as sending forth his fiat, 'Let there be light—and there was light.' In the middle of the picture, the Deity is represented in the garb and figure of a man; before him is the sun, behind him the stars and moon. His right hand is held out, and the sun burst into radiance before it; whilst the moon and stars, though yet uneffulgent, are just beginning to be tipped with the reflection. These are the general outlines of the picture, which I have hinted at merely to give a better idea of the way in which the Deity is introduced. Now the conception of this picture is very fine; perhaps it would not be overrating it, to say that it is equally sublime as the grand passage it is intended to illustrate. But Martin has spoiled all by his execution. No one should venture upon such a hazardous experiment as that of portraying the Creator, who is not a fine figure-painter. Martin's figures are all execrable; his men are puppets, then what must be his God! The figure, however, is partly concealed in clouds, which takes off somewhat of the ungainly appearance which most of his forms evince. Indeed, had Martin, who cannot but be conscious of his own weak points, exercised a little more judgment in this respect, he might have considerably improved his picture, and at the same time shielded himself from this objection. Instead of tracing the outline of the figure strongly and prominently, he should have obscured it entirely behind the clouds or shadows which he has thrown before it, merely leaving a hand and head protruding. This would have given a degree of mystic grandeur—an indefinite or uncertain majesty to the picture, according exactly with our vague and visionary notions of the Creator. This would have added to the sublimity of the scene; it would have left something for the imagination to speculate upon,—*atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. As it is, I think the conception deserving of every encomium that can be lavished upon it—I think the way in which the Deity

is here employed by the artist in every respect worthy of that great and grand power of designing and imagining which characterizes almost all of Martin's pictures, but the execution is equally faulty and ill judged.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Thursday evening Sheridan's inimitable comedy of the School for Scandal was performed at this theatre, for the purpose of Miss Kelly appearing in Lady Teazle. The character is not one exactly suited to this able actress; but she possesses so much talent, that there are few parts in which she will not play well. If the Lady Teazle of Miss Kelly was deficient in anything, it was in dignity, and the graceful ease of high life; her acting, however, was in many scenes excellent, particularly those in which either arch humour, or pathos, were to be exhibited; her quarrels and reconciliations with Sir Peter were distinguished by spirit, playfulness, and good humour; but perhaps her greatest triumph was in the scene when, in repelling the base advances of Joseph Surface, she adverts to the kindness of Sir Peter. The look, the tone, and the feeling, were all strikingly impressive, and drew forth thunders of applause. All the other actors were out of their places. Dowton, who is so excellent a Sir Oliver Surface, does not shine in Sir Peter, and Mr. Williams can no more play Sir Oliver, than he could imitate the contortions of Mazurier. Waylock, too, who is excellent in Joseph Surface, had the part of Charles transferred to him Mrs. Candour was admirably sustained by Mrs. Davison. Knight's Moses was good, and so was Browne's Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Covent Garden Theatre.—Clari, so admirably performed by Miss Tree, has found a new representative in Miss Paton, who plays it very well; and that clever little girl, Miss Goward, has appeared to advantage in the part of Sophia, in the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*.

A new after piece, in one long act, called the *Scapegoat*, has been produced here: the story turns on the pupil of a country pedagogue being married and the father of a boy three or four years old, while his master thought he was in love with nothing but his books. Farren played the schoolmaster admirably, and carried the piece on his own shoulders, though the *Scapegoat* narrowly escaped being d——d.

A new Hamlet, almost the only thing not acted at this theatre, made his appearance on Monday night, in the person of Mr. Serle, from the English theatre at Brussels. In person, he is about the middle size, slender, with a countenance somewhat expressive; he appears to have a good knowledge of stage business; he gave a few new readings, as they are termed, and not always in the best taste; in many of the scenes, however, he played very well. Mr. Serle is a very painstaking actor, who 'weighs well his words before he gives them breath;' in his pauses, it is so insufferably long, that he spun out is long play about half an hour longer than usual. Mr. Serle, however, possesses talent, and we hope to see him to more advantage hereafter.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Royal Society.—On Thursday, the Royal Society met at its rooms in Somerset House, to choose the officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Humphry Davy was re-elected President, and the following gentlemen were appointed the Council:—John Barrow, Esq.; John Bostock, M. D.; Sir Ashley Paston Cooper, Bart.; Benjamin Gompertz, Esq.; Stephen Groombridge, Esq.; Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.; Daniel Moore, Esq.; Richard, Earl of Mount Edgecombe; Peter Mark Roget, M. D.; James South, Esq. At the dinner, which followed, Mr. Peel announced that his Majesty had placed two annual medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, at the disposal of the council of the Royal Society, to be distributed by them as rewards for scientific discoveries. The two Copley medals were awarded to M. Arago, the Astronomer Royal of France; and to Mr. Barlow, the Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy at Woolwich. Both these medals were given for discoveries relating to the variation of the magnetic needle.

M. Pons, professor of astronomy at Florence, discovered, on the 7th November, a comet, in the constellation of Eridanus, having about 54 degrees of right ascension, and 14 degrees south declination. It cannot be seen without the aid of a telescope; according to M. Pons, it moves about twenty minutes per day, in a south-west direction.

On the 3d ultimo, a cloud of fire was seen traversing the horizon in a direction from north to south in the arrondissement of Thionville in France; its appearance was succeeded by intense darkness.

In the press, the History of the Assassins, from Oriental Authorities; translated from the German of Jos. Von Hammer, with Notes and Illustrations.—The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins; from the original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul.—The History of the Inquisition; a translation of the celebrated Work of Llorente, the Secretary of the Inquisition in Spain.—Naval Sketch-book; or, the Service Afloat and Ashore; with characteristic Reminiscences, Fragments, and Opinions, by an officer of rank.—The Story of Isabel, by the author of the Favourite of Nature.—Tales from the German, by George Soane, A. B.—Also, a new work, by the author of Rameses.

The Wernerian Society of Edinburgh held their first meeting for the season on the 19th ult. A very interesting paper was read by Henry Witham, Esq., on the discovery of live cockles in peat moss. This shell-fish was discovered by Mr. Witham about a month ago, in Yorkshire, forty miles from the sea-coast, in the course of a mineralogical excursion. He was led to the spot by a tradition which prevailed in the country of this anomalous occurrence, and found the cockles alive in the sandy bottom of a drain which had been formed through the moss. That cockles had existed in that spot for a period of unknown antiquity, is ascertained from the name of the farm in which this peat moss occurs, and which it has borne for many centuries, viz. Cocklesbury. Specimens were laid on the table of Mr. W.; and live specimens would have been exhibited, but for the circumstance of the ditch having been frozen over when a friend visited the place, for the purpose of procuring them. The cockles are found in considerable number, and appear to be the common species of our sandy shores, *cardium edule*.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

A society of gentlemen, artists, and persons interested in the study of the human figure, have for several weeks past held their meetings in a portion of the Gallery belonging to the British Artists, in Pall Mall East. The mention of the existence of such a society may extend its benefits into new channels. At a meeting on Tuesday last, in furtherance of their useful pursuits, a comprehensive and luminous lecture was delivered by Mr. Smith, on architecture and sculpture, in which he exhibited several curious specimens of Egyptian antiquities.

New works in the press, by the author of the English Spy:—The Punster's Pocket-Book, a choice Christmas Nut for the Merry to Crack; and Modern Meditations among the Tombs, or Portraits of the Living and the Dead, with their autographs, illustrated with portraits and notes.

New Mechanical Power.—A man named Ignazio Roberto, of Troina, in Sicily, has invented a machine with which ships may be moved by hand, instead of the dangerous steam engines. Three persons, one of whom works an hour and rests himself two hours, are sufficient to move a vessel of 20 tons (40,000lbs.), and so in proportion for larger vessels. The expense of the machine is from 500 to 1000 ducats. He affirms, that he has made repeated trials of it; he offers to apply it to any vessels for which it may be required, and to indemnify the proprietor for the first two trials if the machine should not act satisfactorily.—*Milan Gazette*.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Virtues and Vices.—Andrea Martineti, a celebrated artist, painted, by order of Pope Innocent VII., the four cardinal virtues, with their opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said; 'Holy father, shall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?' 'Yes,' answered the pope, 'if you add another virtue, which is entitled Patience.'

Aristotle.—Aristotle has been libelled in all ages. The ancient calumniators said of him, that he spent his patrimony in riotous gluttony, then turned soldier, and, proving a coward, betook himself to the safer method of destroying men as an apothecary. He has been accused of poisoning Alexander, for which reason a Frenchman, of more Greek learning than usually falls to the share of a learned man in France, calls him equally a poisoner of soul and body. Martin Luther was of opinion that he was certainly dead and damned. There is a scurvy jest of him

in the Gesta Romanorum, how his mistress saddled and bridled him like an ass, and rode upon his back. In our own country he meets with still worse usage from those dirty booksellers who fall under the notice of the society for the suppression of vice'

Providential Occurrences.—There are some persons who literally see the hand of Providence in every circumstance, however trifling, and who use the term in a way that savours somewhat of profaneness—at least to ears not quite so pious as their own. A good woman of this description, who seemed to think that Providence superintended all the minutiæ of her domestic affairs, was thus reproved one day by a visitor. In the room where they happened to be sitting the servant accidentally broke two squares of glass in the window. 'How very provoking!' cried the old lady, in a tone not of the most Christian meekness. 'Say, rather, madam, how extremely *providential*.' 'Providential!' 'Yes, madam, for I see the glazier this very moment coming to the door.'

AN IMPROMPTU

Written upon hearing of the Death of Miss Buckle, aged 80, who departed this life, last week, at Twickenham.

Buckles, alas! being out of fashion quite,
That no one chose this Buckle may be right;
Old maids or bachelors we pity—not abuse;
'Tis pity so they live, and know not what they lose;
And though this Buckle would not 'buckle to,'
May she have joys above that here she never knew,
Should some, in hopes of love and joy here chuckle,
Let none refuse a sigh for four score-years Miss Buckle. G.

Twickenham, Nov. 28, 1825.

Important Qualifications.—A gay young fellow, who piqued himself on the character of a libertine, was expatiating upon the qualifications necessary to form a perfect and accomplished debauchee; when, having finished his tirade, he turned to one of the company present, who seemed to receive this sally very gravely, and whom, therefore, he wished to quiz, and asked his opinion. Not at all disconcerted at this insolence, the gentleman replied very drily: 'It appears to me, sir, that you have omitted to say anything of two of the most important and essential qualifications.' 'Indeed! and pray what may they be?' 'An excessively weak head, and a thoroughly bad heart.'

Human Countenance.—An old author says of the human face, 'It is, as it were, the soul abbreviated, that is, the pattern and image of the soul; her escutcheon with many quarters, representing the collection of all her titles of honour, planted and placed in the gate and fore front, to the end that men may know that here is her abode and her palace. It is as the hand of a dial, which noteth the hours and moments of time, the wheels and motions themselves being hid within: to be brief, it is the throne of beauty and love, the seat of laughter and kissing, two things very proper and agreeable unto man.

In a schedule of the offices, fees, and services, which the Lord Wharton had with the wardenry of the west marche and captainship of the city and castle of Carlisle, about 1547, a trumpeter is rated at sixteenpence *per diem*, and a surgeon only at twelvepence.

Works just published—December Tales, 7s. 6d.—Ferdinand Franck, 4s.—Bulwer's Autumn in Greece, 8vo. 10s 6d.—Elton's Roman Emperors, 7s 6d.—Stanhope's Greece, 8vo. 10s. 6d—Spirit of the Public Journals, 15s—The Subaltern, 7s.—Coventry Pageants and Mysteries, by Sharp, 4to. 3l. 3s.—November Nights, 8vo. 12s.—Richardson's Poetic Hours, 8s.—Bennett's Manual of Anatomy, 7s. 6d—The Young Artist, 3s. 6d—Vintner's and Brewer's Guide, 14s—Nichols's Progresses, &c. of King James I., Parts 5, 6, and 7, 4to. 10s. 6d. each.

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See also Literary Gazette, Nov. 13th, 1824.

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No. 343. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1825. Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Autumn in Greece; comprising Sketches of the Character, Customs, and Scenery of the Country; with a View of its present Critical State. In Letters, addressed to C. B. Sheridan, Esq. By H. Lytton Bulwer, Esq. *To which is subjoined, Greece to the close of* 1825. By a Resident with the Greeks, recently arrived. Post 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1826. Ebers.

Five years have now elapsed since the Greeks dared to raise the standard of revolt against their Mahomedan rulers, and to beard a power which, numerically, is at least six to one against them. Unassisted, except with a little money and a great deal of bad advice, they have continued a struggle against the hordes of Turks and Arabs that have been sent against them, and have maintained the unequal contest with a courage and a spirit worthy the best days of ancient Greece: but frequently as the Greeks have triumphed both by sea and land, and glorious as those triumphs have been, the struggle still continues, and is likely to continue, unless the European powers should become the arbiters, or the over-strained tyranny of the Ottoman Porte should burst forth in vengeance on the oppressors of the fairest portion of Europe; this is, however, an event not to be calculated upon, and we must look to other means for the liberation of Greece.

Save me from my friends, is a motto too common to be quoted as a novelty, and its truth too often proved to require any new instances; we cannot, however, but observe, that to us it does appear the Greeks have been very unfortunate in their alliances. Loans have been raised at a ruinous expense; subscriptions have been made and expended on a doubtful policy; officers have been sent who never set a squadron in the field, to teach military tactics; legislators and constitutions have been forwarded to a people who required rather the executive power of an absolute dictatorship than the hesitating policy of a representative government; and the real or assumed agents of rival nations have been struggling for a political ascendancy in a country where an union of sentiment and exertion should be the first object. Thus it is that the original dissentions of the Greek chiefs have been fomented, and envoys have been more anxious to establish, by intrigue, their own superiority than to combat the enemies of Grecian independence.

By means such as these has the liberty of Greece been retarded, and the honest zeal which, if duly fanned, would have burst into a flame, been smothered. Another fault, and it has spread so wide that we know not to what point to trace it, is the very erroneous accounts that have appeared on the real state of Greece, and the struggle it is now maintaining. In this respect, the fabrications of the *Oriental Spectator* of Smyrna, and of the *Austrian Observer*, have not been more culpable than many of the statements put forth by the Greeks themselves and their friends. The want of confidence, which accounts so contradictory have engendered, has deprived the struggle of much of its interest, and rendered the best means of saving the cause of Greece so doubtful. Armies of the Turks have been mowed down, and whole fleets have been blown up on paper, which never existed; and squadrons which have been represented as thrice annihilated, have been found maintaining their station with obstinacy; the public mind has thus been so much trifled with, that the alternately alleged triumphs of the Greeks and the Turks are viewed with almost equal indifference, because equally unworthy of credit.

All that can be relied on as to the affairs of Greece (and we include the accounts received up to the very day on which we write) is, that Missolonghi, which has been long besieged by a superior Turkish force, under the Seraskier Redschid Pacha, still holds out, and has made many successful sallies on the besiegers; that the Egyptian commander, Ibrahim Pacha, after twenty real or nominal defeats, keeps a footing in the Morea, although he has not been able to gain possession of Napoli di Romania; that the Greek army under Gouras, is either inactive in Livadia, or finds sufficient employment in keeping in check some Turkish corps; that Patras, a place of no strength, has resisted the Greek besiegers for two or three years, if siege it can be called, where the nominal assailants' lines are six miles distant on shore, and the fortress only invested by a brig or two by sea; that an insurrection in Candia, against the Greeks, is of doubtful success, and that, notwithstanding the almost unexampled courage and vigilance of the Greek admirals, Miaulis, Sechturis, and Canaris, there is much cause to fear that a Turco-Egyptian fleet, of great force, will effect a landing in the Morea, and reinforce the army of Ibrahim Pacha; and, lastly, there is no doubt that the Greek chiefs are far from being cordially united, or that the executive government is not sufficiently powerful or influential to give energy to distant naval and military operations.

In drawing this picture of Greece, which we have done without any reference to the work before us, save in a single instance, (we allude to Patras,) we by no means wish to induce a belief that the independence of Greece is unattainable. 'The race,' we are told in the sacred writings, 'is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' and events may arise, of which all human foresight is ignorant, that may effect her freedom. Some deliverer may arise; and, to use the language of one who died in her cause—

'Lead her scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate.'

After these observations, which, though perhaps too long, will not, we trust, be deemed irrelevant or tedious, we proceed to notice Mr. Bulwer's Autumn in Greece. The author, accompanied by Mr. J. Hamilton Brown, anxious to see the state of the war in Greece, quitted England for the Morea in 1824. Mr. Bulwer passed some time in that country, during which he wrote an account of what he saw and deemed worth recording, in a series of letters to his friend, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, who has already distinguished himself by his zeal for the independence of Greece. These letters, now published, are very well written; some of them are, indeed, elegant; and they contain, we feel assured, a very faithful picture of Greece and Greek affairs at the period to which they relate.

Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Hamilton were the representatives of the Greek committee in London—a body of men who, however sincere, have not, we suspect, justified the expectations entertained of their exertions. In an introduction, Mr. Bulwer takes a sort of bird's-eye view of the past and present state of Greece, a part of which we quote: he says,—

'I cannot but feel pleasure in repeating that the great mass of Greek population appeared to me far better than I had expected to find it, or than it is generally considered. Greece is in possession of brave sailors, enterprising merchants, and a hardy peasantry; as a whole she may be rude and barbarous, but her separate parts are excellent.

'If I might be allowed so fanciful an allusion, I would compare her to the famous idol in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which though in the form of a beast, was made of the most precious stones.

'The government, at the time of my visit, though not what her friends might most wish, was certainly existing, and acknowledged.

'Its defect appears to me, and probably without reason, that it is formed against the nature of things in the country: the deliberative body which, under present circumstances, seems likely to have little weight, is given too much by the constitution. Even military promotion must undergo the approbation of the senate.

'I would wish to see Greece free, but free according to her means of being so.

'Are the people sufficiently enlightened to

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have confidence in their representatives?—otherwise, one hundred armed Mainotes have thirty times the strength of three hundred deputies.

Whether Greece can, for many years, have a good government of her own, is a political problem that I will not attempt to solve. She must wade to it through much blood, and it is for her to determine if she prefers tranquillity under foreign protection to a greater degree of independence at the price which it must cost her.

'Any power under which Greece placed herself, would find great inconveniences in affording her protection.

'If it were England, the government which the Greeks, from their disorderly habits, and lively and fickle disposition, might require, would in all probability be of too severe a character to meet the wishes of a free nation. A large force would be necessary to overawe the Capitani; Greece, in her empoverished state, could contribute little to her own expenses, and, if Ireland affords the sole advantage of experience, we would not willingly transplant the system of her calamities into a distant and a still more embarrassed country.

'Russia is in too critical a situation to think of entering Greece except in arms; and, whatever she might attempt by intrigue, it is still doubtful whether she would openly set the whole of Europe at defiance.

'The French, though possessing a large force in the Mediterranean, have no other object, it is supposed, than the protection of their Catholic brethren; nor would our situation in the Ionian Islands permit their vicinity.

'The old aristocratic powers of Europe would never allow the modern flag of America to be hoisted in their face, and wave from the shores of the Peloponnesus. So connecting a link between the independence of the New and the Old World would cause every crowned head to shake; and there is not a tyrant but would see, in the annihilation of Turkish despotism, the approaching insecurity of his own.

'Austria might have gained a settlement in this country; but her violence and injustice have been so manifest in the struggle, that I doubt if the Greek would see much difference between her protection and Turkish tyranny.

'Thus, singularly enough, the best foundation of Grecian independence is the difficulty which we all find in deciding—who shall deprive her of it?'

Mr. Bulwer seems to blame the Greek government for improvidence, and the committee in England for a want of caution, in advancing the loans contracted for in this country, which have neither taken a town, bought a vessel, or formed one regular troop. Our author by no means draws a flattering picture of the present contest; he says the Egyptian is a far more powerful adversary than the Turk; and one great feature in Grecian policy has been too fond a reliance on the weakness of the enemy.' The Egyptian troops are better trained, and more patient and obedient than the Turks, and they are considered by Mr. Bulwer as the most formidable enemy the Greeks have yet encountered. He does not seem at all sanguine as to the issue, and relies more on the interference of some other power, than in the ability of the Greeks to achieve their independence.

Mr. Bulwer's early letters contain a lively and well-written account of his tour through France and Italy to Ancona; he afterwards touched at Cephalonia and Zante, and gives a good description of the places he visited, as well as of the incidents that occurred, and some of them in a very playful manner, as will be seen by the following extract:—

'We stopped during the heats of the day at the ruined cottage of the primate: his accounts were not much in unison with our wishes. I asked him if his house owed its wretched condition to the ravages of the Turks? "Turks or Greeks (sighed the poor man), it is much the same: here comes one of our captains, who, if you do not belong to his party, kills you without ceremony; if attached to him, you must show your friendship, by giving up your property to gorge his followers: then, to finish all, comes another, who burns your dwelling over your head, and demolishes everything, because, forsooth, his enemy plundered you."

'But I cannot vouch for the truth of our host's assertions, since he made them an excuse for moistening our parched lips with only a little dirty water, "all the refreshment that his poor habitation contained!" uttered he mournfully: whereas my servant, as I afterwards learnt, found a very comfortable bottle of *liqueur* secreted, with many others, under an old cask. This did not seem much like truth or hospitality: but certainly showed that the good things of the world were, in this part of it, rather scarce, and by no means followed Mr. Bentham's sage rule of being for "the greatest good of the greatest number."

'After some difficulty in getting horses, we proceeded, and slept in the house of an old priest, with a beard as long as his goat's, and a hide twice as filthy and unsavoury. If cleanliness be akin to godliness, they are here like all other relations, and keep as far apart as possible. The reverend proprietor had a great opinion of the Greeks in general, and of his own consequence as a Greek in particular. We could not persuade him that his language was not the fashionable one among ourselves. Some portion of contempt was natural at our comparative ignorance of it: nevertheless, he showed the unlettered savages, whom Providence had thrown in his way, great civility and kindness:—he whatever was in his hut, except his maid servant, with whom he himself retired (I do not mean to insinuate anything improper), we were welcome. He was really a good sort of person, and we drank his health in the before-mentioned bottle of *liqueur*, which my domestic now produced. You may be sure that he had a severe lecture on its appropriation; but the evil deed was done, so, like all other politicians, we deemed it best to profit by it.'

Mr. Bulwer evidently visited Greece with much of his scholastic enthusiasm; all he met with was, he says, fresh; and the dress, manners, yea, the very ignorance of the people, had something in it wild and original. No writer that we have seen appears to take so just a view of the Greek character as Mr. Bulwer: on this subject he says—

'No observation can be more just than Mr. Burke's, "The opinion of others regulates that which we form of ourselves;" and those Greeks who held any commerce with their masters, finding themselves despised, became as contemptible as they were thought.

'It is from these men, that most who rail without mercy against Greek depravity, have formed their judgment. Speaking of the nation, it is an unfair one.

'The Moreot peasantry appeared to me, like the peasantry of other mountainous countries, hardy, honest, and independent. There can be no better proof of their goodness, than the safety with which we passed through some of their most inaccessible fastnesses, where only the winds could bear away the news of our assassination: "Omne ignotum pro magnifico;" and our mules, though loaded with things of little value, appear perhaps to carry vast and precious treasures. They are from habit active, and make excellent guerillas. From the state in which they lived prior to the revolution, retiring with some capitano into their inaccessible mountains, they possess that love for peculiar families which we denominate clanship; and some care should be taken that we do not alienate them from their country, when we separate them from their chieftains.

'The Hydriotes and Spezziotes also are, from all that I can hear, collectively a good people. The merchants of Hydra were forced into the revolution by the sailors, who looked for plunder and employment, and have frequently been obliged to compensate for ill success out of their own purses. Not having experienced the evils of war, nor even those of slavery, these islanders are more haughty than the Moreot, and have succeeded in obtaining the chief situations in the present government. The Hydriotes long wished for a settlement on the Continent, and Napoli di Romania may be called theirs.

'It is idle to expect that a race long barbarized and enslaved, can start at once into civilization and freedom. Time and circumstance, which hammer out the shape of all kingdoms, must do their work before our democratic dreams can be realised of this people.

'For the present let the Greeks choose their own form of government.

'I do not see who is more likely than they to know, whether a mobbish, military, or monarchical one, will supply their wants or fulfil their wishes:—

'"Wise men have aye that government confess'd
The best to be, which suits the governor best:
Cæsar may laugh when godlike Cato frowns,
And constitutions want the charms of crowns."

Yet it is my opinion that a strong hand is the only one that can rescue Greece from her present difficulties, and finally replace the statue of Liberty in her temple.'

Pride rather than patriotism seems to actuate many of the Greeks: and, although

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paying the soldiers has withdrawn them from the local or individual interests of the chieftains, yet Mr. Bulwer fears that it will have the effect of making those, who before fought for life, liberty, home, and family, now do so for a few paras a day, and if these fail, rapine or mutiny; 'patriotism,' he says, 'has ceased to operate, except where it is profitable.' In speaking of the Greek chiefs, Mr. Bulwer describes Ulysses (since dead) as bold, intrepid, and ready to listen to advice, and possessing many qualities which fitted him for a distinguished part in Greece.—Goorha, or Gouras, (a former bravo of Ali Pacha) and Nekitas, a nephew of Colocotroni, he says, are mere machines, but as brave as they are stupid. Mavrocordato he ranks as a superior man. Of the English who have visited Greece, he says:—

'Mr. Blaquiere, though even these people smile at his enthusiastic accounts of their country, is by far the most popular foreigner who has visited it: I will not except Lord Byron, who is spoken of in terms of respect and admiration; but there is a warm sentiment of real affection mingled with this people's gratitude to Mr. Blaquiere.

'Of our naval officers, Captain Hamilton is the most known, and enjoys the singular good fortune of being as well spoken of by the Turks as he is by the Greeks.

Mr. Bulwer, and indeed we believe every person acquainted with the conduct of the Greek deputies in this country, blames them. Leaving, however, the affairs of Greece, to which we shall return in our next, we shall quote an anecdote of Turkish gratitude, related by Mr. Werry, the British consul at Smyrna:—

'When the fire ravaged this city some years ago, he was the last to seek safety; and, had all behaved like himself, the mischief would most probably have been prevented. He told me a circumstance which happened to him at that time, sufficiently strong to prove that there is gratitude as well as honour amongst thieves. Some months previous to the event of which I am now speaking, he saw in the streets one man running with his utmost speed from three or four who were after him with drawn weapons. The natural impulse of the moment was to interfere with the designs of the pursuers, from whom, however, he understood that the person escaping had committed some atrocious crime, for which they were about to render him into the hands of justice. Their information came too late, the ruffian had taken advantage of their momentary halt, and was already out of sight. Months had elapsed, and the circumstance was forgotten. During the confusion occasioned by the flames, some Dalmatians had landed from an Austrian ship in the harbour, for the purposes of pillage. A party of them made their way to the home of the English consul, who met them at the door with but two or three attendants. The captain of the band lifted up his sabre—at the instant when the blow must have descended, and Heaven decided on its effect, the robber-chieftain's head fell dangling on his shoulders, and Mr. Werry saw the man, whose life he had saved, standing by his side, backed by a numerous train of followers, who had entered almost unperceived into the court-yard, and arrived there just in time to prevent the design of the plunderers, who, seeing themselves overmatched, quietly retreated.'

A few extracts, not connected with Greece, may also be worth quoting. In noticing the Ionian Islands, Mr. Bulwer says, Sir Thomas Maitland, the late high commissioner, "allowing him some good qualities, was still a most abominable tyrant, and disregarded all laws when they affected himself." In another place, however, Mr. Bulwer speaks rather more favourably of the late, and pays, we believe, a well-merited compliment to the present, lord high commissioner. He says:—

'The Ionian government, during Sir Thomas Maitland's life, was hostile to the Greeks; but not so decidedly as to commit any violent act against them. In justice I should say, that his antipathy to their cause has been much exaggerated. I may addt not without authority, that his pen could a, one time have signed the death-warrant of the revolution.

'The present lord high commissioner has observed a strict neutrality, is esteemed by all parties, and appears fully worthy of his important situation.'

The constitution of these islands Mr. Bulwer ridicules, but, the fact is, representative governments are not always the best. Speaking of the Ionian government, he says,—

'The senate consists of five members, who are selected from the primary council (a body of eleven) and supposed to be chosen by the islands, the four largest of which name one each, and the smallest, one alternately. The primary council, with the additional number of twenty-nine, form the legislative assembly.

'If it were not too serious a subject to excite a laugh, the election of this representative assembly would be really ludicrous. In the event of a vacancy therein, the secretary of the primary council transmits to the island for which it occurs, the names of two trustworthy persons, (*i. e.*) worthy of the trust of the lord high commissioner, of whom the syncliræ or electors have their choice, verifying thus the old couplet of

'"How vast a difference we may see
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

'The syncliræ have become ashamed of this popular privilege, and never meet. In which case, the form of the election is in the senate. Every act of the senate, as well as of the legislative assembly, must be inspected and approved by the lord high commissioner, who in his capacity is doubly culpable:—first, in mocking a people with the form of a constitution; secondly, in reigning, *de facto*, as absolute as the Dey of Algiers.

'But what shall we say to such an enormity as this, that, when the Ionians have been flattered with the right of petitioning our government at home, their petitions have been stopped in their way thither, pronounced libels, and their authors prosecuted and imprisoned?'

Mr. Bulwer possesses poetical genius. The following is a pleasing version of a song sung by the sailor at the helm on board the vessel in which he sailed from Ancona.

'The moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds over the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

'Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

'Fearless we face
The storm in its chace,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

'The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril 's the sailor's joy;
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.'

To Mr. Bulwer's work, with which, however, we have not done, is added an interesting letter on the affairs and prospects of Greece, by a gentleman who has just returned from that country. This we shall duly notice in our next.

The Subaltern. 12mo. pp. 373. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood.

Those who have read Blackwood's Magazine during the last twelve months (and few periodicals, we believe, are more extensively read), will recollect a series of papers in it under the title of the Subaltern. These have now been collected, and form the neat little volume before us.

The Subaltern is, we understand, written by an officer who was in most of those engagements in the Peninsula which raised the glory of the British arms, broke the power of France, and rescued Spain and Portugal from the iron grasp of Napoleon. The writer possessed judgment to discern the most prominent and interesting scenes in war, and these he has delineated with truth and spirit. The scenes are not the fancied embodyings of a fertile imagination, they are real events, which owe little to the narrator but the eloquent language in which they are clothed.

The author takes us from his first embarking at Dover to the conclusion of the war; in the first chapter he introduces an affecting incident of a young wife following her husband to the shore, and dying of a broken heart, because she could not accompany him. The author, though possessing the stern hardihood of a soldier, accustomed to scenes of blood and carnage, never loses the feelings of a man, and hence, whether he is describing the battle's roar or the gentler offices of humanity, his narrative is always well written. We shall now quote one or two passages. The first is an account of the storming St. Sebastian's on the 31st of August, 1813:—

'It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and

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were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle on the hill side, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention.

'The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half-past ten o'clock. The tide, which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fellows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety, such as he only can imagine, who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, and prying with deep attention into our arrangements.

'Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re examined the state of the breaches—a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

'It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader anything like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling, who has not filled it.

'Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch that, in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

'The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

'At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

'Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than the practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

'This fire had been kept up only a few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned, anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

'The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprang over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter, and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

'To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way

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through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor, with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

'As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were everywhere ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain, that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

'Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day, little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses being lofty, like those in the Old Town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered, was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

'The spectacle which these presented was truly shocking. A strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and everything valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another, more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party, rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations, which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredibly short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the uninterrupted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

'Of these various noises, the greater number began gradually to subside, as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army,—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming everything upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.'

The author of the Subaltern says, except on one occasion, he does not recollect any symptom of violent or permanent grief on the part of a soldier's wife at the death of her husband:—

'How to account for this I know not, unless it be that a camp seldom fails to destroy all the finest feelings of one sex, if it leave those of the other unmurred. The occasion to which I then alluded occurred today. A fine young Irishman, the pay-serjeant of my own company, had brought his wife with him to the seat of war. He married her, it appeared, against the wish of her relations, they considering themselves in a walk of life superior to his. To what class of society they belonged I cannot tell, but she, I know, was a lady's-maid to some person of rank, when the handsome face and manly form of M'Dermot stole her heart away. They had been married about a year and a half, during the whole of which time she had borne the most unblemished character, and they were accounted the most virtuous and the happiest couple in the regiment. Poor things! they were this day separated for ever.

'M'Dermot was as brave and good a soldier as any in the army; he was, at times, even fool-hardy. Having observed a raw recruit or two cower down in no very dignified manner, as a cannon-ball passed over them, M'Dermot, by way of teaching them to despise danger, threw himself at his ease on the summit of the sand-hill, with his head towards the enemy's guns. He was in the very act of laughing at these lads, assuring them that "every bullet has its billet," when a round shot struck him on the crown of the head, and smashed him to atoms. I shall never forget the shriek that was raised. He was a prodigious favourite with all ranks; and then all of us thought of his poor young wife, so spotless, and so completely wrapped up in him. "O, who will tell Nance of this?" said another non-commissioned officer, his principal companion.—"Poor Nance!" cried the soldiers, one and all; so true is it that virtue is respected, and a virtuous woman beloved, even by common soldiers. But there was no hiding it from Nance. The news reached her, Heaven knows how, long before we returned to our tents, and she was in the midst of us in a state which beggars all description, in five minutes after the event took place.

'I cannot so much as attempt to delineate the scene which followed. The poor creature was evidently deranged, for she would not believe that the mangled carcass before her was her husband; and she never shed a tear. "That, O that is not he!" cried she; "that M'Dermot—my own handsome, beautiful M'Dermot! O no, no—take it away, or take me away, and bring me to him!" She was removed with gentle violence to the camp, and the body was buried; a young fir-tree being planted over it.

'Several days elapsed before Mrs. M'Dermot was sufficiently calm to look her situation in the face. But at length the feeling of utter desolateness came over her; and instead of listening, as women in her situation generally listen, to the proposals of some new suitor, all her wishes pointed homewards. To her home she was accordingly sent. We raised for her a handsome subscription, every officer and man contributing something; and I have reason to believe that she is now respectably settled in Cork, though still a widow.'

We confess we have been much pleased with the Subaltern, so much so, indeed, that were we commander-in-chief, he should not lack promotion.

HANSARD'S TYPOGRAPHIA.

(Concluded from p. 754).

Mr. Hansard says that he has principally written for the young practitioner; to the latter his work may be a desideratum, but to the former a luminous abridgment would answer the purpose much better; indeed to prepare such a book for the young practitioner seems a deviation from the good sense which every one who peruses this royal octavo of nearly one thousand pages must presume its author to possess. The work is principally a compilation, connected by the author's remarks, and we are not quite prepared to say of it what very able judges allow of Luckombe's book, 'that it is compiled in the most judicious and careful manner,' for we have remarked much unnecessary repetition and occasional amplification that might very well have been dispensed with. It would be out of place here to dwell upon the practical part, and we shall therefore recur to the historical. After a long discussion of the claims to the honour of first invention, Mr. Hansard comes to this conclusion—'To Gottenburgh is due the high appellation of father of printing; to Schoeffer that of father of letter-founding; and to Fust that of the generous patron, by whose means the wondrous discovery, "the nurse and preserver of the arts and sciences," was brought so rapidly to perfection.' To this conclusion he is brought principally by the arguments of Mr. Horne, who says that Abbot Trithemius's testimony in every sense claims pre-eminence, and gives it thus:—

'"About this time (anno 1450), in the city of Mentz, in Germany, upon the Rhine, and not in Italy, as some writers falsely affirmed, the wonderful and till then unknown

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art of printing books by metal types *(characteriziandi)* was invented and devised by John Gutenburg, citizen of Mentz, who, having almost exhausted his whole estate in contriving of this new method, and labouring under such insuperable difficulties, in one respect or other, that he began to despair of, and to throw up, the whole design, was at length assisted with the advice and purse of John Faust, another citizen of Mentz, and happily brought it to perfection. Having, therefore, begun with cutting characters of the letters upon wooden planks, in their right order, and completed their forms, they printed the vocabulary called *Catholicon*; but could make no farther use of those forms, because there was no possibility of separating the letters, which were engraven on the planks, as we hinted before. To this succeded a more ingenious invention: for they found out a way of stamping the shapes of every letter of the Latin alphabet, in what they called matrices, from which they afterwards cast their letters, either in copper or tin, hard enough to be printed upon, which they first cut with their own hands. It is certain that this art met with no small difficulties from the beginning of its invention, as I heard thirty years ago from the mouth of Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, citizen of Mentz, and *son-in-law to the first inventor of the art*. For when they went about printing the Bible, before they had worked off the third quire, it had cost them already above 4000 florins. But the aforementioned Peter Schoeffer, then servant, and afterwards son-in-law, to the first inventor, John Faust, as we hinted before, being a person of great ingenuity, discovered an easier method of casting letters, and perfected the art as we now have it. These three kept their manner of printing very secret for some time, until it was divulged by their servants, without whose help it was impossible to manage the business, who carried it, first to Strasburgh, and by degrees all over Europe."'

Mr. Hansard then quotes Lemoine for the following observations, which we deem worthy of repetition:—

'Before the invention of this divine art, mankind were absorbed in the grossest ignorance, and oppressed under the most abject despotism of tyranny. The clergy, who, before this æra, held the key of all the learning in Europe, were themselves ignorant, though proud, presumptuous, arrogant, and artful; their devices were soon detected through the invention of typography. Many of them, as it may naturally be imagined, were very averse to the progress of this invention; as well as the *brief-men*, or writers, who lived by their manuscripts for the laity. They went so far as to attribute this blessed invention to the devil; and some of them warned their hearers from using such diabolical books as were written with the blood of the victims who devoted themselves to hell, for the profit or fame of instructing others. Such was the fate of its first rise; but, like all other useful inventions, it soon soared far above the malignant reach of invidious objections: the more liberal part of mankind, amongst whom it is but justice to say were some ecclesiastics, gave it every necessary encouragement; and kings and princes became, for the first time, the patrons of learning. Genius, like beaten gold, spread over the world; and the latter end of the fifteenth century saw a complete revolution in the human mind; for this art brought with it that of discovering deception and exposing hypocrisy.'

Before the invention of printing, books were confined to the wealthy, and transferred from one possessor to another with as much legal ceremony as an estate; and further on the author says:—

'About the time of our King Henry II., as I have somewhere read, their manner of publishing the works of authors was, to have them read over for three days successively before one of the universities, or other judges, appointed by the public; and, if they met with approbation, copies of them were then permitted to be taken, which were usually done by monks, scribes, illuminors, and readers, brought or trained up to that purpose for their maintenance.'

Mr. Hansard remarks, in a note, that it is a somewhat curious circumstance that 'one author of a printer's grammar never mentions either press or pressmen;' it is equally remarkable that, although Mr. H. mentions the rudeness of the *first* presses, he neither gives us a representation of one of them, nor a description, but is content with observing that the same names for the different parts of the common press remain unaltered from the time of Moxon. The merit of the first invention of printing being entirely attached to the fabricators of the type, and the inventor of the press being unnamed, is not a little in contrast with the circumstances of the present day, in which the noble Earl Stanhope has immortalized himself by the invention of *a press*, which led the artists and mechanics of Europe and America to further improvements; whence have arisen all the new machines, among which the author of this work has the honour of projecting one that supersedes, as he states, the necessity of a steam-engine, and is at present employed in printing several of our daily newspapers.'

In our former notice of the principal places in England into which printing was early introduced, we left unnoticed the controversy relative to the University of Oxford's claims for the first press, it being satisfactorily settled that William Caxton, a mercer of London, first introduced it, under the patronage of the Abbot of Westminster, and practised the art of printing in some part of Westminster Abbey, soon after the year 1471; there is, however, a curious copy of verses, printed at the end of a book at Oxford, in conformity to the practice of early printers, which we copy:

'Theodoric Rood, a German born,
O' the city of Cologne,
That he this curious book did print,
To all men maketh known;
And his good partner, Thomas Hunte,
An Englishman he was:
Now aid them, Heav'n! that so they may
Venetian skill surpass.

'A man of France, nam'd Jenson, taught
The Venetians this fair art,
Which Britain, by her industry,
Did to herself impart.
Engraved books to send to us,
Which in deep lore excel,
Cease, O Venetians! yield to us—
We to all others sell.

'The language, Romans, which by you
So long before was known
Is now at length by us attain'd
And used with our own.
The Britons severed from the world
Though Virgil truly sung,
They now can well his works peruse
In his own Latin tongue.'

The part of this work which treats of stereotype-printing is interesting as a guide to speculating, inexperienced, or sanguine authors or publishers, who are too apt to permit their imaginations to carry them to the fourth or fifth editions before their first sheet is put to press, and to adopt, for economy sake, the stereotyping of their performances. Mr. Hansard, himself a stereotype-founder, states the question fairly, giving Mr. Wilson's arguments in its favour, with Mr. Hodgson's calculations in refutation, by which it appears that to stereotype a work in long-primer, and print it in editions of five hundred each, at the rate of one thousand copies per annum, for four years, would cost £43 13s 9d. more than any edition of four thousand copies printed at once in the ordinary mode*. But at the end of eight years, upon a second edition of four thousand there would be a balance of £6 14s 5d. against stereotyping; but at the end of a third edition of four thousand, in twelve years, there would be a balance of £33 10s. 9d. in favour of stereotype system. Mr. H. gives other calculations to show the general inutility of stereotyping, although in table printing and some other few cases it may be used with advantage. We will add to this, of our own knowledge, that the sums stating the expenses attendant upon stereotype printing are in some degree underrated, and, consequently, the balances should have been more in favour of the usual mode of printing. Those who have argued most in favour of using stereotype have always instanced the saving which might be effected in printing Prayer Books and Bibles; and yet Mr. Hansard, after arguing against the practice, says,—

'A strong confirmation, relative to what has been here stated, is afforded by the fact, that the University of Oxford, after its vast expenses, first, for the secret—next, for the foundry—and, lastly, but perhaps of greatest amount, for years of experience, have partially abandoned it, and have set up entire works in movable types, in the persuasion, not only that the public would be supplied with better books as to typography, but that they would ultimately find an advantage to their own funds in recurring to the anti-stereotype plan—and, I am assured, from the best authority, that they are confirmed by experience in that opinion.'

* In stating the totals, there is an unfortunate blunder, in printing 981 for 981; but this is not the only typographical error in the book, and might have been passed over by us without notice but for some of Mr. H.'s remarks, which occasionally savour a little of arrogance.

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Our limits will not allow us to pursue the author through the other branches of the work, although it may be a useful hint to young authors, to quote what Mr. H. says, in his notice of the duties of a reader for the press:—

'Many, even of our first-rate authors, are too apt, in the warmth of discussion, the flights of speculation, and the laborious exercise of the thinking powers, to pass over, unobserved, those deviations from pure diction and strict grammatical accuracy, which they have imperceptibly acquired the habit of falling into, by their ordinary conversation with mankind. Now, although no corrector of the press can strictly be required to do otherwise than to *follow his copy*, that is, faithfully to adhere to the original, with all its defects, yet every one must perceive, that it would often be performing a friendly and perhaps a *charitable service*, to point out, in proper time, imperfections and mistakes which have escaped the observation of a quick or voluminous writer.'

Among the printers who promoted and distinguished themselves in the art of printing, at the close of the last century, the author has omitted to mention Mr. Roworth, whose typographical accuracy, fine taste, and mechanical skill, should certainly place him on a par with his contemporaries, Messrs. Bulmer and Bensley. Upon the subject of 'fine printing,' we shall content ourselves with one short extract, in which the author's meaning may be correctly guessed, though expressed badly enough:—

'In typography, as in the fine arts, it is difficult to *specify* and *investigate* [q. investigate and specify] the qualities which constitute excellence and beauty; yet, to an accurate observer, the productions of the several typographical artists vary as much as the figures of Flaxman, Chantry, or Canova, from the rude efforts of a rustic stone mason. Real excellence does not, however, depend upon so unfixed a principle; and, *therefore*, [q. if] it would be difficult to point out every particular which it is necessary to combine, in order to accomplish that which may rank as a *chef d'œuvre* in the art; yet to understand when it is effected is not so intricate; for when any one who has acquired a correct taste, sees a beautifully uniform type imparted to the paper, displaying all its proportions with a just degree of lustre and harmony, his conceptions of typographic beauty become satisfied, and the more he looks the more he admires.'

Mr. Hansard describes the profits of a printer as very inadequate to compensate for the capital, time, and skill of the master, which, according to the view given, does not exceed twelve per cent. per annum upon the capital employed.

Messrs. Austin and Son and Mr. Pouchee, type-founders, and several other clever auxiliaries to printing in the present day, are not sufficiently noticed—while ample space is given to those who are gone by.

The work, upon the whole, is creditable to the industry and taste of the author, and it is to be regretted that its bulk and price will counteract its utility.

November Nights; or, Tales for Winter Evenings. By the Author of Warreniana. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 468. London. 1825. Maclean.

We are perfectly 'aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side,' and of the necessity of lightening the tedium and gloom of a long November night, by everything bearing the name of comfort and amusement. We need not say, therefore, that we were disposed to hail the present volume with a hearty welcome; for, though the November evenings are gone, the no less tedious and gloomy hours of December are yet to run, and what is good for the one will certainly not tend to increase the weariness of the other. These tales, however, come recommended to us by more substantial attractions; for, though evidently the production of a very young man, they bear sufficient marks of talent to insure their perusal, and to warrant our hearty recommendation.

The tales are in number thirteen, some of them of a light, others of a serious, and a few of a mixed character: 'the winter-evening's fire-side,' 'Henry Dalton,' 'the honeymoon,' 'the vision of ghosts,' 'the confessions of a village apothecary,' 'the adventure of Greville Faulkland,' 'the aeronaut,' 'the folly and wickedness of having a long nose,' 'the author, or sketches from life,' &c. We cannot afford space for any lengthened criticism of these different pieces, and are besides of opinion that our readers will be more gratified by a few extracts from those which we deem to be most amusing.

We begin with a sample of the 'honeymoon,' a very humorous little paper. On the fifth day after marriage, we have the following entry in the Benedict's journal:—

'Of all jokes, the most absurd are those launched against women, and wives in particular. For this reason I am resolved, should my darling Amanda ever bless me with children, to prevent them learning the Eton Latin grammar, from its observing, in one of the rules of syntax, that the "masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine," &c.—Monstrous violation both of grammar and gratitude.'

On the fourteenth, there appear some symptoms of repentance:—

'What a bore is a wet Sunday in the country. Amanda, by the by, said pleasantly enough, that wet weather might at least be expected in a watering place. Attended morning church, and inquired of a fat clerk, whether there was any evening service. Lunched by way of amusement. Looked out of window and busied myself in counting the eave's drops. Thought of my books in Lincoln's Inn. Untied my shoe-strings, in order to tie them up again. Picked my best breeches to pieces, for one must do something. It seems a long time to dinner.'

After the introduction of a tall Irishman, who had formerly paid his devoirs to Amanda, he begins to feel exceedingly uneasy about the temples, to think himself somewhat older than he had formerly dreamed, and on the twenty-first day after marriage, enters a solemn recantation of his threats against the Eton grammar:—

'Received two more letters of congratulation on my marriage, and had serious thoughts of sending a challenge in reply. Walked along the sea-shore, and saw a man who looked as miserable as myself: concluded that he was just married. N. B. I'll not stand it. I'll run off to the Continent, —shoot—drown—poison—cruelty—or hang myself in my garters, as an awful warning to bachelors. Said so to Amanda (she should be called Damnanda), and was thanked in reply for my kind intentions. What a brute! —but the Eton Latin grammar is right after all.'

We beg pardon of our fair readers (to whom we make our best bow) for having introduced such an extract as the preceding one; and can assure them, not only that it has produced no change in our sentiments, but that we are determined, *quum primum*, to evince our devotion to them, by submitting to the matrimonial noose—provided always that we be allowed to wear our Kilmarnock night-cap, to smoke our pipe, to toast our shins at the ingle, and to enjoy ourselves over a bottle with a friend when in the humour:—and provided always that *they* will undertake, on their part, not to ———.'

From the 'Apothecary,' we select the following short passage:—

'Among the number of my best patients, was an elderly gentleman, by name, Tomkins. He was a schoolmaster and bachelor, and, withal, the most irritable little mortal that ever disturbed a parish. But then he had surprising talents, for, in the course of the year, he would drink out my shop. Pill, glister, opiate, astringent, or aperient draught, —nothing came amiss. To be sure, a fit of obstinacy would now and then seize him, when he would take an emetic instead of a cathartic; but as this mistake generally cured him, he would be doubly wretched till restored to his usual bad health, and to do myself justice, I always satisfied him on this point. The manners of Mr Tomkins were as eccentric as his mind. He spoke in a deep pompous tone, somewhere in the key of a tower gun, and had a trick, when anything displeased him, of kicking out his left leg. It may be supposed that such a genius was not suffered to be lost, and, accordingly, on his accommodating intestines I tried my fiercest experiments. My elixir divinum, or composing draught,' as I called it, found in him an invaluable patron: the brick-dust especially agreed with him, and as for the gunpowder, one would have imagined him a cannon, it went off so successfully. But, in spite of all these remedies, he one day took it into his head to kick (what is called) the bucket. It was said that I placed the bucket in his way, and Jack Baggs, the sexton, I remember, observed on the occasion, that my composing draught was composing in more senses than one—a grave joke; but what could you expect from a sexton.'

The 'Author,' it appears, once fell in love with a stage heroine, while she was performing the part of Ophelia. His cure was as sudden as his passion:—

'Our hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a

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true-lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons. "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed, for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia?" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, sir, I suppose you mean, howsomdever." "Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "Good God! what a name; however, show me the way up, girl," and, as he ascended, those consoling lines of Shakspeare came promptly to his recollection—

"'A name, what's in a name,
A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A genuman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying-pan; by their side was a pug-dog, fat, friskey, and belligerent, and to the right in distance, flanked by a cool skuttle, towered the black Tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. To make matters worse, this tenderest daughter of Polonius, she who drowned herself for the love of the Lord Hamlet, was actually frying sausages for supper. Eternal Powers! do I live to write this historic fact! Ophelia frying sausages!! &c.

We conclude our notice of this amusing volume with a few words of advice to the author.

The first fault which we lay to his charge is one of no common occurrence, and one of which he will undoubtedly get rid in the course of no very long term—diffidence—which has evidently spoiled the effect of his conceptions in more instances than one, and prevented him from giving that breath and prominency to his characters, which they require in order to be interesting. In the second place let him apply himself with more industry to the study of real life, and less to that of books; for, however alike and faithful in the main, a well drawn character is at all times, there are always certain traits which distinguish the man of one period from him who belongs to another, and the absence of which is certain to prove fatal both to its interest and reality. The author is as yet but an apprentice; by care, diligence, and a due restraint on his love of caricature, we do not despair of his becoming a Deacon in the trade of authorship—and in that elevated rank it will give us pleasure to meet him again.

The Blessings of Friendship, and other Poems. By James M'Henry. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1825. Wightman and Cramp.

Mr. M'Henry is a native of the sister isle, where friendship and feuds wax warmer perhaps than in many other countries, and so intermingle as to render it difficult to ascertain the real character of the people.

The principal poem in this volume paints friendship in the most flattering colours, and perhaps as few people meet with it in life, where it is often found to be illusory. We would not, however, dispel the day-dreams which the idea of possessing a true friend excites, even for the chances that they may awake in disappointment. Mr. M'Henry's poem displays considerable talent and much smoothness of versification, as will, we think, be seen by the following extract from the first part, on the pleasures of reflecting on distant friends, illustrated in the cheering thoughts of a sailor keeping watch by the night:—

'At silent midnight's meditative hour,
The watchful seaman feels thy cheering power,
Inspiring Friendship! as he views from far
Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star;—
You wandering orb, night's cold but lovely queen,
Illumes the sky, and gilds the watery scene;
The wakeful vessel spreads the waving sail,
To catch each impulse of th' unsteady gale:
In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
He views her progress through th' expanding tide,
And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves,
She bears him farther still from those he loves!
Yet, yielding soon to Fancy's sweet command,
He visits once again his native land;
Again the haunts of youthful pleasure views,
Again the throb of past delight renews!
Again the fields of rural sports are seen,
The blooming meadows and the smiling green;
The sacred walk to Friendship long consign'd,
The spot where love first fired his youthful mind!
Lo! now the sire who taught his youth appears,
And, hark! his mother's honour'd voice he hears!
The brothers, sisters, that his childhood bless'd,
Once more are welcomed, and once more caress'd;
The female charmer of his soul again
In to his bosom clasp'd with raptured strain;
With warmth he pours the fulness of his heart,
Renews his vows, and pledges ne'er to part.
But, oh! what idler feeling can allure,
Less warm, perhaps, than love, but, ah! more pure,
To seek the well-known cottage which contains
The friend long faithful to his joys and pains!
That fond embrace, how ardent and sincere!
Those looks, that voice of confidence, how dear!
Truth's purest throb within his bosom glows,
And the full measure of his feelings flows,
As, all disclosed to Friendship's secret ear,
He tells each joy and grief, each hope and fear;
And thus unburden'd feels prepared to try
Life's rugged road with greater buoyancy.
'Oh! as a long life's stormy vale I stray,
Be Friendship still companion of my way!
Then when Temptation shall her arts prepare,
And spread her golden nets my feet to snare,
My wakeful guide shall warn me of her toils,
And safe convey me from the syren's wiles—
Or should Misfortune's harsher hand employ
Those darts that wound the soul, and peace destroy,
With loss of property or health distress'd,
Or by the malice of mankind oppress'd,
To thy sweet power, when whelming ills in vade,
Oh! blissful Friendship! then I fly for aid;
For thou art true, though all the world deceive,
Still wise to counsel, ready to relieve,
Design'd by Heaven, from whom thy virtues flow,
The chief ambassador of good below!'
Some of the minor poems are very pretty.

Varieties of Literature; being principally Selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, Esq., Author of Clavis Calendaria. Arranged and adapted for Publication by John Henry Brady, his Son. Post 8vo. pp. 295. London, 1825. Whittaker.

The late Mr. Brady's Clavis Calendaria, or Analysis of the Calendar, is a work at once so interesting and so useful as to make any production by the same author be looked forward to with feelings of anticipated pleasure. Few books have been so often quoted, and fewer still so much pillaged, as the Clavis Calendaria, and it furnishes the basis of more than one annual periodical. The volume now before us consists of a selection from the manuscripts (not MS. merely, we presume, as stated in the preface) of Mr. Brady, which were left in a loose and unfinished state, but for what purpose collected his son knoweth not. The varieties include proverbs, their origin and explanation; a miscellaneous collection of things historical and biographical, presenting a *mélange* of curious facts of all sorts, gathered from various sources; curious derivations, the origin of the names of places, &c.: these are diversified, amusing, and instructive; in short, Mr. Brady's Varieties of Literature are curious and interesting to the general reader, entertaining as a lounge-book, and valuable as a work of reference. In corroboration of our remarks, we shall make a few extracts from each division of the work, premising that division was unnecessary. Mr. Brady, however, who we understand is a young man, in editing the work, acted to the best of his judgment, and if he has erred he is excusable. We begin with the proverbs:—

"'*As fine as a Horse.*"—Of this proverbial expression, the following extract, from the Life of Mrs. Pilkington, will be sufficient explanation:—

"They took places in the waggon (for Chester), and quitted London early on May-morning; and, it being the custom in this month for passengers to give the waggoner, at every inn, a nband to adorn his team, she soon discovered the origin of the proverb as *fine as a horse*; for before they got to the end of their journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry, party-coloured, flowing honours of their heads."

William III. was fond of pug dogs, and on his accession to the throne, they became the favourites; the origin of the king's partiality is naturally enough accounted for, by the following anecdote:—

"'The Prince of Orange having retired into the camp, Julian Romero with earnest persuasions procured license of the Duke

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D'Alva to hazard a camisado, or night attack upon the prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the prince's tent, and killed two of the secretaries, the prince himself escaping very narrowly; for I have often heard him say that, as he thought, but for a dog, he had either been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels; when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men; and as the prince laid in his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet, at the going out of the tent, with much ado he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equeries was slain, taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The prince, to show his gratitude, until his dying day kept one of that dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals were not remarkable for beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked flat noses, called camuses."'

'"*Sleeps like a Top.*"—This we say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing: the word top is Italian, *Topo*, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb "*ci dorme cum un topo*" is derived: Anglice, "he sleeps like a mouse."'

The following notice of the change of meaning in words is curious, and exhibits as singular a perversion of original meaning as Mr. O'Connell made, when he called the rebellion in Ireland 'an exaggeration of a principle which is in itself grand and noble.'

'The meaning of the word *villain* was formerly very different from its present signification. Villain originally meant a sort of slave or drudge, a degree lower than the thatcher's servant or *knave*, and was only considered so far reprochful, as it denoted great inferiority of birth or station. The word *knave* has also undergone the same deterioration in meaning, it having been originally derived from *gnavus*, active or diligent, and formerly signified a servant, merely, in whom diligence and activity are excellent qualities. In this sense it is worthy of observation that, in a very old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called "the *Knave* of Christ."—Dryden also uses the word:—

"He eats and drinks with his domestic slaves,
A vertier kind than any of his *knaves*."'

'"*I have Paid my Shot.*"—"Shot" is a common mode of expression among the commonality, to denote a reckoning, &c "I have paid my shot," or rather "scot," from scottum," a tax or contribution, a shot.'

'"*The higher the Ape goes the more he shows his Tail.*"—This is an excellent proverb, and signifies that the higher low-bred vulgar persons are advanced, the more they expose themselves.'

'"*Skin-Flint.*"—The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmalek, one of the khalifs of the race of Ommiades, was surnamed, by way of sarcasm, Raschal Hegiarah, that is, "the skinner of a flint;" and to this day we call an avaricious man a skin-flint.'

The second division of this work is entitled Miscellanea: in this the editor gives an account of the game of 'Scotch and English, or Beggarly Scot,' which he does not seem to know is, in at least one part of the north of England, called by the name of 'Beggar my Neighbour.' From this portion, we shall make a few extracts, and return to the volume in our next. The first we shall quote is on—

'*The Magic Circle of the Druids.*—It was the custom among the Druids to administer justice on the spot by the presiding Druid, *sub dio*, within the circle or ray, which, therefore, was equivalent to our bar. Any person being thus, in the name of justice, put under the circumscription of a line drawn round him, was obliged to stand fixed to the spot, under the severest penalties, both spiritual and temporal. From the word *ray* may be derived *Rhea*, the goddess of justice; *rheus*, the party accused, and perhaps religion.—From this ray, as mentioned above, it was deemed the highest of all crimes to escape, or to transgress it till delivered by justice; and hence superstition (of *super* upon, and *stare* to stand, a term of which many have sought the derivation in vain), or continuing thus to stand on one spot until duly discharged, was at first a serious and sacred word, but in process of time, through abuse, has, like many other words in our language, acquired a reproachful signification. Religion even, as it appears in Latin (*ligare* signifying to bind), is almost literally the being bound by the ray. In this institution, we have also the most probable origin of the magic circle, of which some traces are to be found in almost all countries. The magician's wand was nothing but the bough by which the party arraigned at (*al ray in*) was arrested (*al ray ca*). Of this custom we have some remains to this day, in the constable's staff and sheriff's wand.

'Here, also, is found the true reason why jurymen, being once charged with a prisoner, could not depart till they had acquitted or condemned him. The trial having formerly been in the open air, and the culprit under no confinement but that of the superstition of the ray, or circle of justice, by which he was surrounded, that bond might seem to be dissolved when the jury had taken cognizance of his case. Their departure must have been considered as a termination of procedure, and the prisoner *ipso facto* at liberty.

'*Vivant Rex et Regina.*—At the end of the piece, the actors in noblemen's houses and taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons, and in the public theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue: hence, probably, as Mr Stevens observes, the addition of *Vivant Rex et Regina*, to the modern play-bills.'

'*The manner of Watchmen intimating the Clock, at Herrnhuth, in Germany.*

VIII. Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.
IX. 'Tis nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.
XI. Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to Heaven.
XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight, our great Bridegroom will be coming.
I Past one o'clock; the day breaks out of darkness:
Great morning-star appear, and break our hardness.
II. 'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two so near related, will and reason.
III. The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.
IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.
V. Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.
VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, *watch yourselves for your sovereign.*'

We shall conclude with a finishing subject—on Jack Ketch:—

'*Jack Ketch.*—In 1663, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Mr. Butler, in his "Proposals for farming Liberty of Conscience," published in 1663, amongst other resolutions, gives the following one. "Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be; and, among many other particulars, lastly to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that unoircumcised Philistine." His predecessor's name was Gregory, as appears from the prologue to Mercurius Pragmaticus, a tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, in 1641:

"This trembles under the black rod, and be
Doth fear his fate from the *Gregorian* tree:"

and in a paper called "The Parliament Kite," 1648, mention is made of him:

"What would you say to see them fall
With both their houses vile,
Because they have deceiv'd us all,
Now *Gregory* they'll beguile?"

'Sir William Segar, garter king-at-arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a herald, who procured him, by artifice, to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common hangman of London. And from him,

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probably, the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun, which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, in Virgil Travestie, published in 1670, b. 4, p. 124:

"Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best string hempen teer,
And, 'ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up, with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

'The name of Dun was continued to these finishers of the law twelve years longer, when one "Jack Ketch," about one hundred and forty years ago, was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since. This appears from Butler's Ghost, published in 1682. When the author wrote the first part of it, it is plain that Dun was the executioner's name or nick-name:

"For you yourself to act Squire *Dun*—
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun;"

but before he had printed off his poem, Jack Ketch was in office:

"Till *Ketch* observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribune dunn'd,
To do his office, or refund."

'None of these, however, in their office, could come up to the Dutch headsman, mentioned by Mr. Cleveland, and of whom it was reported, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head, after the execution, should stand still upon the shoulders."'

'The following relation is extracted from "Hatton's Derby,"—

'About the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or the beginning of Charles the Second's, a whole family, consisting of a father and two sons, of the name of Crosland, were tried at Derby assizes, and condemned for horse-stealing. As the offence was not capital, the Bench, after sentence, entertained the cruel whim of extending mercy to one of the criminals, but upon this barbarous condition, that the pardoned man should hang the other two. Where favour wantons in cruelty, it becomes detestable, and gives greater offence than even the culprits. The offer was made to the father, being the senior. As distress is the season for reflection, he replied with meekness, "Was it ever known that a father hanged his children? How can I take away those lives which I have given, have cherished, and which of all things are most dear?" He bowed, declined the offer, and gave up his life; but this noble reply ought to have pleaded his pardon. It was then made to the eldest son, who trembling answered, "Though life is the most valuable of all possessions, yet even that may be purchased too dear—I cannot consent to preserve my existence by taking away his who gave it; nor could I face the world, or even myself, should I be left the only branch of that family I had destroyed." Love, tenderness, compassion, and all the appendages of honour, must have associated in returning this answer. The proposition was then made to the youngest son, John, who accepted it with an avidity that seemed to tell the court, he would hang half the creation, and even his own judges, sooner than be a sufferer himself. He performed the fatal work without remorse, upon his father and brother; in which he acquitted himself with such dexterity, that he was appointed to the office of hangman in Derby, and two or three neighbouring counties, and continued in it to extreme age. So void was he of feeling for distress, that he rejoiced at a murder, because it brought him the prospect of a guinea. Perhaps he was the only man in court who could hear with pleasure a sentence of death. The bodies of the executed were his perquisite: signs of life have been known to return after the execution, in which case he prevented the growing existence by violence.—Loving none, and beloved by none, he spent a life of enmity with man. The very children pelted him in the streets: the mothers endeavoured to stop the infant cry with the name of "John Crosland." He died about the year 1705.'

Time's Telescope for 1826. 12mo pp. 330. London, Sherwood and Co.

TWELVE successive and successful volume of the Time's Telescope, and the appearance of the thirteenth volume, praised by critics until the terms of praise have been exhausted, are proofs of the estimation in which it is held by the public, and its popularity, we think, has been justly earned. The volume for 1826 does not, however, appear to us one of the best; it is true, that customs on particular days may well be exhausted in a period of thirteen years, but events are not, and these, if well selected, would maintain the interest. The principal attention the editor has paid to this subject, is in giving well known accounts of popish massacres; but we neither blanie nor wonder at his increased zeal against popery, when we see it so active, and so anxious to regain all its former tyrannical power and murderous barbarity.

Time's Telescope has always been a favorite with us, and we esteem it so much, that we will give the best proof of our friendship by pointing out its faults. In the volume before us, there is too great a partiality for quaker poetry (we might say for poetry at all) and too much eulogy on a few books and a few authors, which, however sincere, and we doubt not it is so, will scarcely obtain that credit by those unacquainted with the amiable editor. We formerly noticed that Mr. Bernard Barton occupied too much space in the Time's Telescope, we now find him joined by Mr. Wiffen, the Howitts, and Eleanor Dickenson, all members of the Society of friends—and all possessing talents, but whose poetic lucubrations, whether original or not, occupy too much room in this work.

As an instance of the editor going out of his way to pay a compliment, we would notice his only record for the 28th of September, which, after stating that Dr. Davis, the founder of the Royal Universal Dispensary for children, died on that day, expresses great pleasure that a Mr. Woodham had been appointed, not successor to Dr. Davis, but resident apothecary, in the room, we believe, of a Mr. Grant, who has gone to Mexico on a good appointment. Now, we want to know what the appointment of Mr. Woodham has to do with a work of this sort, any more than the translations or collations in the church, the promotions in the army, or any change that may have taken place in any public office, civil or political.

Having thus pointed out what we consider a few faults in the Time's Telescope for 1826, we shall with more pleasure dwell on its merits. Some of the most striking, because most discernible improvements in the present volume, are, that it is much better printed, contains more matter, and possesses a fine embellishment, in an engraving of Correggio's Madonna and Child, from the celebrated picture in the National Gallery, Pall Mall. There are, also, two good introductory poems, by Wiffen, and Blackwood's Delta, and a well written essay on the physical powers of man, by Dr. Myers. In the body of the work we also see with pleasure, that the editor has attended more to the necrology of the year; he has also gleaned from the MS. in the Lansdown collection in the British Museum, some notices which had hitherto escaped less industrious persons. After those we quote. Under the head of Easter day, we are told—

'This solemnity of Easter (says Bishop Kennett) was anciently observed in Lent, with so great superstition, that they thought it lawful "to steal and rapprine all the way to hoard up provisions against this festive time." Had the good bishop lived to the present time he would have found that a less Easter was not confined to one day, as to rapine was concerned. Again,

'In Ireland, at Easter, a cake, with a garland of meadow flowers, is elevated upon a circular board upon a pike, apples are stuck upon pegs around the garland. Men and women then dance round, and they who hold out longest win the prize. Pagan intentions a trial for dancing, a cake the prize.'

'In the puritanical times of Cromwell, a pretty custom in the parish of Twickenham was abolished, as appears by the following senatorial mandate: "April 2, 1645. Order'd in the H. of Comm. that the customs in the parish of Twitnam (being that on Easter Day two great cakes should be broken in the church, and given to the young people) should be forborn, and instead thereof bread be given to the poor."—(*Whitl. Mem.* p. 135.)'

'It was an old custom for the barbers to come and shave the parishioners in the churchyard, on Sundays and high holidays (as Easter, &c.) before matins, which there was restrained by a particular inhibition of Richard Flemmyng, Bishop of Lincoln, A.D. 1422.—*Vid. Reg. Flemmyng.*

'Under Valentine's Day we learn that—

'John Gee, in his Hold Fast Sense (A. D. 1624), says, "The Jesuites upon St. Valentine's day do chuse some female saint for their valentine: one takes St. Agatha, another St. Clare, another St. Lucia, another St. Catherine, another St. Cicely, &c. I ask't them what they meant to chuse such valentines. They answered me, that, in respect of their vow, they could have no other

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tine that lived here upon earth, and, in regard of their evangelical life, they were to chuse valentines in heaven. I asked them whether they thought those saints knew that they had chosen them for their valentines. Oh, yes, say they, we shall be honoured all this year by that valentine we make choice of, and she will intercede for us, and to some of us our valentine doth appear in visible bodily shape, telling us what to do all ye year after."

'According to Mr. Aubrey, a curious method of choosing valentines was formerly practised in North Wilts, in Kent, and many other parts of England. The maid-servants, observes our antiquary, were wont at night (after supper) to make smoothe the ashes on the hearthe, and then to make streakes on it with a stick; such a streake signified privately, to her that made it, such an unmarried man, such a one such a mayd: the like for men, then the men and the mayds were to choose by this kind of way, their husbands and wyfes; or by this divination to know whom they should marry. The maydes, I remember, were very fond of this kind of magick.—*Aubrey MS.*, A. D. 1686.'

The following memoir of Mr. Pennie has in some degree been anticipated by a biographical notice of the author in a review of one of his poems in *The Literary Chronicle*: we insert it, however, on the triple ground of the interest it possesses, the justice it does to Mr. Pennie's talents, and in the hope it may call attention to him and his works. The memoir occurs under the date of February 14, as on that day, in the year 1789, James Frank Pennie was born:—

'The subject of this notice is a poet of no common order, the events of whose life cannot fail to excite the most unfeigned pity. He was born of an ancient, but very reduced family, at East-Lulworth, in Dorsetshire, where he still resides. His education was entirely neglected, as he was only at school for seven weeks; but, notwithstanding his disadvantages in this respect, his thirst for knowledge was great, and he took every possible opportunity of satisfying his ardent desires. The companion of his childhood was the son of a clergyman; and when this youth first went to school, Pennie anxiously anticipated his return at the vacations, that he might participate in the knowledge he had acquired. The boy used to repeat some of the finest passages of Milton, Thomson, Pope, Shakspeare, and others; Pennie listened with rapture, and devoured the words as they fell from his lips. 'Twas then,' says he, in a MS. abstract of his life, which he drew up at the request of some friends, "the enthusiasm of poetic inspiration took possession of my soul, which has ever since been my highest joy." From this early period he began to compose and read incessantly, though his father decidedly opposed his wishes.

'Before he was fifteen, he had written a tragedy, which, about the year 1802, he showed to a gentleman then residing in the neighbourhood, who was pleased with it, and on taking it to London obtained the promise of a situation for him in a public office. On Pennie's arrival in London, however, he found he was too late; the situation had been disposed of, and the gentleman left him a stranger in the vast metropolis, giving him a guinea, and telling him he could do no more for him. He was thus left without a friend. The only person to whom he had been introduced was connected with one of the minor theatres. He approved of the tragedy as a literary production, though unfit to be brought before the public; and encouraged Pennie to return home, with promise that, if he should write others, better suited for representation, he would bring them forward. Another was composed, but refused, and the disconsolate writer heard no more of his supposed friend. He afterwards obtained a situation in a solicitor's office at Bristol, but ill health prevented his remaining there. He was next engaged as a tutor in a school in Devonshire.

'Some time after this he married, but his circumstances, instead of improving, became worse; as, at the birth of his first child, he had but five shillings in the world. Poverty, with all its attendant evils of sickness and distress, was then his lot. "It was now," he observes, "among these scenes of trial and sorrow, that I commenced writing The Royal Minstrel. I may say the ink with which I wrote was mingled with bitter tears; and one whole winter of the time we had not any fuel to burn, except what I picked up privately in the woods." After proceeding for some time, Pennie showed his work to some friends who had approved of a previous poem of Bonaparte, written in 1804. He obtained one hundred subscribers, and after much difficulty got a printer at Dorchester to undertake the work; and, while it was going through the press, frequently walked from Lulworth to Dorchester (about fifteen miles), and back again the same day, to correct the proof sheets. The work, however, was completed in 1818, and reprinted again in London in the following year.

'About this time he commenced a small school; but a Roman Catholic schoolmaster in the village, who had a fixed salary, house, &c., opened his school for Protestant boys free, and hence all resource from such an undertaking was cut off. Finding his work remain unsold, he determined to dispose of it by travelling from town to town, and, after much fatigue, ultimately parted with nearly the whole impression. The cost of printing, and the expense of travelling, though on foot, was great; and, after paying a few other debts, his circumstances were upon the whole but little improved. The sale of his work, however, procured him some letters of introduction to the London booksellers, and on going to the metropolis he sold the copyright of his poem for a trifling sum. It was on this journey, in 1818, by way of Bath, that he first met with the Rev. Josiah Allport, then curate of Chippenham, a man of Christian kindness and extensive benevolence, who has since been Pennie's greatest benefactor. On returning home, he composed, amidst much distress, his tragedy of Ethelwolf, and a second epic poem, named Rogvald. He was again obliged to try his fortune among the booksellers in London; and all he obtained for his copyright was barely sufficient to pay the expenses of his journey; so that, on arriving at home, he found he had scarcely enough to purchase a loaf of bread. His miseries seemed to have reached their climax; he lost all confidence in the God who had hitherto supported him, and was about to plunge at once into a dread unknown futurity. At this moment of accumulated agony, he determined to state his case fully to Mr. Allport. To this noble-minded individual the broken heart did not apply in vain. Mr. Allport entered with alacrity and true feeling into every part of the case, and, having scrutinized Pennie's moral character, and proved his uncommon talents, made every effort to obtain for him temporary, and, if possible, permanent relief.

'In the year 1823, his Rogvald—an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books, appeared; and the sale of this, with some pecuniary assistance from friends, enabled him to pursue his literary labours with a transient hope of success. His works, however, were never sufficiently brought before the public in the first reviews of the day; and, through this unmerited neglect, the poet has been debarred from those opportunities of obtaining public patronage which other writers enjoy. The wretchedness of extreme poverty was again his lot, and the unbounded gratitude he had evinced for what had been done for him before, induced his kind benefactor to devise fresh means for his relief. He stated the circumstances in The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette, and strongly urged his case upon the generosity of the public; while to the liberality of the editor of that excellent journal, and to the earnestness with which his cause was pleaded in this paper, from week to week, is to be attributed the success attendant on these honourable exertions. A sufficiency was thus collected merely "to feed the lamp of life" for a short time, while his pen was employed on fresh subjects. Early in the summer of 1825, his Scenes in Palestine, or Dramatic Sketches from the Bible, were published—a poem which we strongly recommend to the notice of our friends. And, we are sure, when they are informed that the unfortunate author, his wife, child, and mother, are dependent for support on the sale of his various productions, we shall not appeal in vain to the benevolence of our readers.'

Some of the biographical notices are not so ample as they ought to have been, and the editor has drawn too freely from Pepy's Memoirs—a silly book, which is heavy enough to sink any thing with which it is connected, so buoyant a work as Time's Telecope excepted.

An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture, with their Common and Botanical Names, their respective Characters and Bad Qualities; also Practical Remarks on their Destruction. The Posthumous Work of Benjamin Holdich, Esq. Edited by G. Sinclair, F.L.S.F.H.S. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1825. Ridgway.

Engaged as we are in cultivating the grain and keeping down the weeds of literature, we

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may be considered, and indeed are not, very competent judges of a treatise on the weeds of agriculture; a work, however, begun by Mr. Holdich, who was not only Editor of the Farmers' Journal, but a practical farmer all his life, and finished by Mr. Sinclair, who is a nurseryman, may be fairly supposed to possess some merit; this, we doubt not, is sufficient to recommend it to the agriculturist, who will find an additional motive for purchasing it, when he is reminded that, by so doing, he will contribute to the widow and family of Mr. Holdich; (to whom the profits are assigned,) who, by his writings, conferred no ordinary benefit on the cultivators of land.

ORIGINAL.

ON PERSONIFICATIONS OF THE DEITY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to make a few remarks on the article on Martin's Creation, in your last number. The writer has advanced an opinion which I cannot help considering to be erroneous,—namely, that it is allowable for artists to attempt to represent the Deity, in painting, under a human form, because he is *personified* in the sacred writings. But there is a very wide difference between a verbal and a graphic personification, which seems to be entirely overlooked by the author of that article, who contends, that if it be improper to delineate the Supreme Being in a visible form, such personification of Him as is employed in the Holy Scriptures is also objectionable. Does he then not perceive the wide difference between the vague figures of language, and the palpable and defined images presented to the eye by the pencil? Many poetical expressions, highly picturesque and graphic, so long as they are confined merely to words, become absolutely absurd when attempted to be embodied by the painter. And if this be the case with regard to visible objects, how much more must it be so, when the invisible and incomprehensible—that which is alike concealed from mortal eye and mortal intellect, is thus treated. The monstrous extravagances into which artists have always fallen, whenever they have thus profanely sought to embody the Uncreated, so revolting to reflecting minds, and so little edifying to any, might be thought sufficient to deter any man of the least discretion from such impiety; for so must I consider it, as I really can see but little difference, in point of effect, between the blasphemous print so daringly exhibited at Carlile's shop-window, and even the production of a Raphael himself, however much there may be in point of intention. The representations of the Trinity, by Catholic painters, have always scandalized me as impious caricatures; and one would rather conceive them to be intended to burlesque so awful a mystery, than to treat it with due reverence.—To mention but one of the absurdities,—and that, too, one of the least into which artists must inevitably fall in depicting the Deity, they invariably represent him under the form of an old man, as if age was an attribute to the Godhead,—as if the eternal I AM, could be in the least degree subject to one of the infirmities of our mortal, terrestial nature. If, on the other hand, an opposite practice be resorted to, and the artist delineate the Supreme Lord and Father of all in the radiance of immortal youth, the incongruity would seem hardly less. I would, therefore, even at the risk of being thought 'over squeamish,' deprecate any visible representation of the Almighty Intelligence, since, however well executed, merely with reference to art, however sublime it might be as a mere human figure, it can neither assist nor elevate our ideas of the Divinity, but rather tend to debase and lower them—to unspiritualize the object of our worship as Christians, and to undeify his essence, by arraying him in the perishable garb of mortality. In times of blind and gross superstition, besotted ignorance may tolerate, or even admire such profane representations, but among men at all capable of feeling the immense difference between the visible and invisible world, no love of art, no admiration of its powers, ought for an instant to tolerate what, from the limited nature of our faculties, must be absurd in the extreme. W.

THE ROUT—A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

'The rout is come.'

'WELL,' said Charles, as he lounged upon the sofa, 'if ever I go to another of these Bath routs, may I be cursed with an hour's *tête-a-tête* with all the old maids in Christendom; and, Heaven knows, that I have had a surfeit of them to-night. I am only surprised, my dear mother, how you can admire all this bustling and squeezing.' These last words were directed to a fine handsome woman, of about forty, who was recruiting herself from the fatigue she had just undergone by deluging her temples and forehead with *Eau de Cologne*. She had been married very young, lost her husband about a year after their marriage, and had continued ever since in a state of single blessedness, alternately dividing her time between her only son, and all the gaieties of fashionable life. Though the freshness and lambent light of youth had faded from her cheek, she still seemed a being formed in a superior mould to those around her; she was still one of those favourites of nature, whom men look upon with a sort of deep and devoted admiration, and, as they turn their eyes upon the younger beauties around them, in spite of the comparison between youth and age, still feel bound to acknowledge their pre-eminence; like the sun, she shed a deeper and holier glow around her in her decline. These are not qualities to induce any woman to forsake the world and the world's ways; and though the buoyancy and levity of her early spirits were mellowed down to a more even flow, she was still proud to be pointed out as 'the handsome Mrs. Belville,' and still plunged with enthusiasm and avidity into all the dissipation which such places as London, Bath, Brighton, &c. could afford. As the last words of her son fell upon her ear, she placed the bottle of *Eau de Cologne* upon the table, and you might see a slight flush of pride and displeasure pass across her cheek; but it was soon gone, like the shadow that flits across a meadow, and, in a mild tone, she took up the defence of her dearly-loved gaiety.—'Why now, my dear Charles, you are only out of temper because you were not near enough to catch Miss ——, when she fainted from the heat of the room. To be sure the party was very crowded, but that is but a slight grievance to be weighed against the pleasure of being a party amongst so bright an assemblage of rank and fashion. All Bath was there, and I would not have missed it upon any consideration. Did you observe Lady ——?' 'Observe! why it was as much as I could do to save my coat from being torn off my back, and I am sure that I shall be lame for the next fortnight, for every old miss that wished to get forward to the entry, if she could not absolutely push me back, manœuvred most dexterously to tread upon my toes, and then reach out her long bony arm, like a kite just within reach of his prey.' 'Come, come, Charles, don't be so ill-natured; you only look upon the dark side of the picture; and because the room was rather full, and you got a little squeezed, you damn out your thunders against the life and soul of society, against all ranks, all persons, and all routs.' 'A little squeezed do you call it?—Why you know, Mrs. Belville, that the top staircase was crammed full when we went in, that we were at least half an hour before we could get into the room, and, when then, a whole hour before we could get out again. And then you talk about rank, and fashion and beauty, of seeing my lady this, and my lord that, but your optics are blessed with a happier vision than mine, for I could see nothing but a pack of old tabbies all round me, peering into my face, and looking as suspicious at each other as two cats poaching on the same ground; who possess nothing in common with humanity except its distinctions; whose countenances give the lie to their words; who can smile at the same moment that they are making the most malicious remark upon their neighbours; and fawn and flatter, and cajole, whilst their features only express envy and ill-will. If this is what you call gaining a knowledge of the world, my prayer is much like that of the young Numidians,

'"May Juba ever live in ignorance."'

'But, my dear boy, life is not a path of velvet; you must not expect all sweets without alloy; the rose has its thorns; the sun will not always shine out with the same temperate warmth; the earth has its hills and valleys, and life its ups and downs. What I contend for, and I am ready to allow that a rout has its inconveniences, is, that the antidote is more potent than the bane, the gratification than the displeasure.' 'If you had the eloquence of Cicero, and the power of Demosthenes—if you were to argue from the time forth to the ending of the world, you would never make me a convert to your opinion. I accede to your philosophy, and acknowledge its truth, for I have experienced it; I have felt the rose's thorns; I have groaned under the mid-day sun; and the other day I toiled up to Lansdown to pay that greatest bore on earth—a morning call; am willing to taste the sweets and bitters of

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life; but a flath rout is all wormwood, and no honey. The last I go to I am always the most disgusted with, and I have resolved, and broken my resolve so often, that I am now determined to show myself a little more constant, and never appear at another.'—'Well, Charles, I do not see another rout down in the invitation book, so I will allow you to be resolute and manful till the next invitation comes, by which time I hope you will have evaporated all your spleen.'—'Whatever I may do, I shall never have forgotten my dislike to these mummeries, in which I never see human nature displayed in any light but an unfavourable one; rudeness, vulgarity, scandal, and greediness, are the only handmaids that attend upon these mid-night orgies. My very heart sickened as I saw poor Maria fainting, and could not, thanks to the charity and human kindness of those around me, get forward to assist her. They saw the poor girl almost suffocated; they saw her cheek turn pale; they heard her voice falter as she begged a glass of water, or at least room to advance towards the door; but not a hand was stretched out to help her, not a step fell back to give her way, because it would have taken them one remove farther from the ices and jellies, and while each arm was strained to its utmost to clutch a small gratification to their pampered appetites, they would have left a lovely young girl to fall down in a swoon upon the ground. And this would have been the case, had not the good-hearted naval officer, Captain ——, let his humanity get the better of his politeness, and rushed forward to save an angel from falling, by oversetting half a dozen old—old—. Well, well, I will not lavish on them the censure they deserve; but I shall always honour the captain, though all the old women in Bath call him a brute, a bear, and what not—he laughs at them, and so do I.' 'Ah, Charles, I see how it is;—as I told you before, if Maria had not fainted, we should not have had this tirade against routs.' 'Indeed but you would; you know I never could bear them; and you know that I never went to one but to please you. For what delights can they bring to *me*? To see and be seen is little gratification to any but a puppy or a coquette. There is no conversation—every one is too much engaged with self to cast a single thought upon another. And what amusements do they afford? Cards, forsooth, the curse and bane of society. Look upon the countenances of the players; what is pictured there?—Anything but happiness. Observe the blank visage with which each deposit their two shillings under the candlestick; look at the avidity with which they grasp a trick; the low distrustful cunning with which they squeeze up the cards in their hands, for fear of the prying eye of a neighbour; the malice with which they accuse their partner's play, when they are at fault themselves; the trembling hand and angry glance with which they unstring the fine gold tinsel purse to pay for a lost rubber; think of the ungenerous exultation of the one party, and the disgraceful dejection of the other; then think of the restless night which follows their loss; how the downy pillow is turned into a flinty rock; and how the next day's meal shall do penance for the last night's losses; for you know, my dear mother, as well as I, how most old maids here live; a garret and a crust of bread at home, that they may be able to make all this show of wealth and splendour abroad.' 'Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes,' said Mrs. Belville, with a mixture of satire and approbation, as if she felt the truth of her son's words; and yet was unwilling to acknowledge it. 'I wish to be neither,' continued Charles, 'but still less do I wish even to be present at another rout; for, as I have often told you, I consider them a pain instead of a pleasure, and much more calculated to corrupt than ameliorate society. They are not fit for young people; for you never see a light heart or a happy face at one. Extravagance, confusion, bustle, hauling, pushing—in short, a London mob is not much worse. Then to see a pack of old women, who are ashamed to show their faces under the broad light of day, for fear that the defects of age should be too visible to the world, creeping forth under the cover of night, and, beneath the fictitious glare of candle-light, "coining their cheeks to smiles," and exposing their shrivelled arms and necks, to disgust instead of captivate, smirking at the flattery which they know not, or will not understand; arraying themselves in jewels and satins, as if the diamond's blaze would make up for the faded lustre of their eyes, and doing all but making actual love to any young man they can catch hold of; this is what I do not, cannot, and will not admire. You, my dear mother, are not an old maid you know, and are still greeted as the best ornament to the ball room; why then desert this for the scene I have set before you, and which we have both just witnessed?' 'Well, well, Charles,' said Mrs. Belville, as she rose from her seat, smiling at the compliment her son had paid her, 'we will not set here all night to discuss the merits or demerits of a rout. We shall go to the rooms to-morrow, to the theatre on Friday, and to a ball in the Crescent on Monday next; so we must endeavour to forget the heinous offences of those fashionables who are resolved to give their own parties after their own tastes, without consulting your's.'

THE REIGNING SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD. [The following rather severe but clever article is copied from The Montreal Herald of the 8th of October, but whether it is original there or not we cannot say:]—

Eastern v. Western Legitimacy

In this age of improvements, when we have geological maps, historical maps, and in fact more maps than we have a market for, it has always struck us as unaccountable that some son of the 'sea-girt isle' has not attempted to give us a map showing the relative civilization, the religious east, and the political happiness and refinement of the different states and divisions of the world. We have always beheld with contempt those haughty ambitious airs of pretension which Europe has in this respect so long assumed over the rest of the world. Conscious of our own strength, we are not unwilling to run a parallel between the general character, the acquirements, and the personal accomplishments of a few of the eastern potentates, and those of the most celebrated of the European sovereigns. The characters of sovereigns and their subjects act and re-act upon each other to such an extent, that if we succeed in assigning to the Asiatic princes a superiority over the flaunting legitimates of Europe, their subjects will naturally take their place above those of the European nations. We will, therefore, give a rapid but faithful sketch of the characters of

'Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.'

The Emperor of Austria has signalized himself by marrying five wives. He may be reckoned one of the most assiduous admirers of some of the practical principles of the Essay on Population, yet his works prove him a decided Anti-Malthusian.

Ferdinand of Spain has acquired such a profound knowledge of needle work, as to fill the mantua makers and tailors, in and about St. James's Street, with exceeding jealousy, and the sempstresses of Paris with the most unequivocal admiration.

'The Emperor Sandy,
Half Cæsar, half dandy,'

is a muscular exquisite of forty, who has astonished Europe by the graceful languor of his waltzing, and more especially by the inimitable beauty of his *pirouettes*.

The King of England has immortalized himself by his correct taste for architecture, and by his plan of the palace at Brighton.

Frederic of Prussia has never yet been equalled in his taste for hussar dresses. His valuable repository of patterns has long been the admiration of the kings of Europe.

The King of France is known to head a procession to Notre-Dame in the most impressive manner, and to repeat an Ave-Maria so as to bear a comparison with his holiness the pope.

Old Don John of Portugal, the hen-picked king, is a mirror of patience for obedient husbands. Were not his Dollalolla such a 'queen of sluts,' this Lusitanian prince might make his subjects happy.

His holiness the sovereign Pontiff of Rome is a mighty sportsman, who in running down a *hen*-quail, hooking a *seal*, or baiting a *bull*, might well be entitled to enrol his name among the fancy at the Fives Court.

From the contemplation of such worthies the mind turns with rapture to 'the great monarch, who received from Heaven and revolving nature the dominion of the world.' Taou-Kwang, emperor of China, who certainly cannot waltz, or embroider a petticoat; but we will say it—and we say it with pride—that in writing bombast, talking nonsense, or *ploughing* an acre of land, we will back him against the whole Holy Allowance. The judgment with which he issues his mandates to the nations, the tact with which he evades a cross question, and the dexterity of hand and quickness of eye with which he guides his plough, would, we have no doubt, elicit the warm and honest eulogies of the Surrey

magistrates themselves, were they ever to visit the celestial empire.

The Emperor of the Burmans, he of the 'golden ears,' is an exquisite of the first water, and stands unrivalled in the annals of elephant hunting. In throwing the noose he could give twenty-three and the balk to the hunters of Ava.

His majesty of Cochin China, the illustrious Ming-Ming, is an adept deep in the science of *humming* and *fudging*. The happy manner in which he mystifies the most simple proposition would raise a sigh in the bosom of even our friend Bill Cobbett, the bone-grubber.

The Queen of Thibet has acquired such a love for the Christian religion as to request of the pope a bishop and *eighty* missionaries to convert her subjects to Christianity; indeed it is rumoured that the Begum Sumroo will be canonized.

The lord-paramount of the Kings of Arabia and Persia, the 'inheritor of the throne of Solomon,' Futteh Ullee Shah, has long been the admiration and envy of the surrounding nations for the length and blackness of his beard and the number of his wives.

'The Giant Smuggler,' the sitter on the throne of Aurungzebe, is a powerful monarch, who has rendered himself famous by the happy manner in which he collects his taxes, and dispenses justice.—In levying contributions on his neighbours, he is not to be equalled by the most experienced *crammers* in Christendom.

The monarch of Lahore, Runjeet Singh, is a Bonaparte in miniature, and has for his motto, 'I neither rest nor let rest.' His turbulent eye often wanders over the rich plains of Hindostan—but he is afraid of 'the smuggler.'

And though last not least, the sublime Porte—a personage.

'Shawled to the nose and bearded to the eyes,
Snatched from a prison to preside at court,
His lately bowstrung brother caused him rise,'

who beheading a wuseer, bowstringing a bashaw, or strangling a patriarch, speaks as cooly and feels quite as much at home, as Sir William Curtis in bolting a pâté à la lleine, or a brace of basins of that sovereign of savouriness, turtle soup.

We have thus, without leaning to oriental hyperbole, or becoming poetical in our praises, shadowed forth the prominent points and the tangible traits of the characters of the eastern sovereigns; and, as true journalists, we feel a just a pride in seeing, that we have triumphantly established, if not a superiority, at least an equality between the kings and magistrates of the east and west.

IRREGULAR ODE
ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

By the Rev. C. C. Colton.

[The following Ode, written by the author of Lacon, originally printed and privately circulated in Paris, has been published in Friendship's Offering.]

We mourn thy wreck;—that mighty mind
Did whirlwind passions 'whelm,
While Wisdom wavered, half inclined
To quit the dangerous helm;
Thou wast an argosy of cost,
Equipped, enriched in vain,
Of gods the work, of men the boast,
Glory thy port, and doomed to gain
That splendid haven, only to be lost;
Lost, e'en when Greece with conquest blest
Thy gallant bearing hailed,
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,
And tears of beauty failed;
Oh, hadst thou in the battle died,
Triumphant e'en in death,
The patriot's as the poet's pride,
While *both* Minervas twined thy wreath,
Then had thy *full* career Malice and Fate defied.

What architect, with choice design,
Of Rome, or Athens styled,
Ere left a monument like thine?
And all from *ruins* piled;
A prouder motto marks thy stone,
Than Archimedes's tomb,
He asked a fulcrum, thou demandedst *none*,
But reckless of past, present, and to come,
Didst on *thyself* depend, to shake the world—
alone.

Thine eye, to all extremes and ends
And opposites could turn,
And like the congelated lens
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn;
But in thy mind's abyss profound,
As in some limbo vast,
More shapes and monsters did abound
To set the wondering world aghast,
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan found.

Was love thy lay, Cythera reined
Her car, and owned the spell,
Was Hate thy theme, that murky fiend
For hotter earth, left hell;
The palaced crown, the cloistered cowl
Moved but thy spleen or mirth,
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,
In guise uncanthly didst thou roam the earth,
Screened in Thalia's mask, to drug the tragic bowl.

Lord of thine own imperial sky,
In virgin 'pride of place,'
Thou soared'st, where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze;
The Condor thus his pennonned vane
O'er Cotopaxa spreads,
But should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,
Nor chilling height, nor burning depth he dreads,
From Ande's chrystal Crag, to Lima's sultry plain.

Like Lucan's, *early* was thy tomb,
And *more* than Bion's mourned;
For *still* such lights themselves consume;
—The *brightest*, briefest burned—
But from thy blazing shield recolled
Pale Envy's bolt of lead,
She, but to work thy triumphs toiled,
And muttering coward curses, fled,
Thee, thine own strength alone, like matchless Milo.

We *prize* thee that thou did'st not fear
What stoutest hearts might rack,
And didst the diamond genius wear,
That tempts yet foils the attack;
We *mourn* thee, that thou *wouldst* not find,
While prisoned in thy clay,
Since such there were, some kindred mind,
For friendship lasts through life's long day,
And doth with surer chain than love or beauty bind;

We blame thee, that with baleful light
Thou did'st astound the world,
A comet, plunging from his height,
And into chaos hurled;
Accorded king of anarch power,
And talent misapplied,
That bid thy God in evil hour,
Or showed Him only to deride,
And o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness lour.

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast
With Hecla's frosty cloke,
All earth with fire impure could blast,
And darken heaven with smoke;
O'er ocean, continent, and isle,
The conflagration ran,
Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,
Did'st the red ruin calmly scan,
And tuned Apollo's harp, with Nero's ghastly smile;

What now avails that muse of fire,
Her nothing of a name,
Thy master hand, and matchless lyre,
What have they gained?—but fame;
Fame, Fancy's child, by Folly fed
On breath of meanest things,
Aphantom wed'd in virtue's stead,
That envy to the living brings,
And silent solemn mockery to the dead.

Ne'er since the deep-toned Theban sung
Unto the listening Nile,
Hath classic hill or valley rung
With harmony like thine;
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre?
There breathes but one, that dares
To that Herculean task aspire;
But, less than thou, for fame he cares,
And scorns both hope and fear, ambition and desire.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EVENTIDE.

The dew-drops glitter on the grass
And sparkle on the spray;
Eve's balmy zephyrs rise and pass,
Like lovers' sighs, away.
It is the time I love to be
By wood or waterside;
For dearer far than morn to me,
Art thou—sweet Eventide!

Sweet season! at whose hallowed hour
The youth and maiden meet;
And tongue and tear the passion pour,
Of Love at Beauty's feet.
When eye and ear are sealed in sleep,
Where none may chase and chide,
The heavy heart still wakes to weep
Its woes at Eventide

Far from the world's cast-trodden ways
I seek some lonely shade;
To muse upon departed days,
And friends, the far—the dead!
Though thoughts of grief now heave my heart,
Than morn or mid-day's pride
Of golden glare, more dear thou art,
Gray-mantled Eventide!

EMLAH

THE TEAR OF SORROW.

The tear that falls from Pity's eyes,
With heart for others bleeding,
When torn with pain some suff'rer sighs,
For ease too vainly pleading:
The softest sigh mute Sorrow breathes
For drooping Beauty's flower;
The saddest garland Friendship wreathes
Round some deserted bower!
Must all to Julia's fate be giv'n,
No more our earthly treasure;
Accept them! where in highest heav'n
You taste eternal pleasure!

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Such excellence, swept saint, as thine,
E'en Virtue's self might borrow;—
Still will I seek thy peaceful shrine,
To shed the tear of Sorrow. J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

THE NEW BUILDINGS FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

From a view which we have seen of this projected edifice, we should say, that if the design of the architect be realized,—which does not uniformly happen in public structures, where either want of sufficient funds or other unforeseen circumstances occasion deviations from the original plans—his building will be very classical and picturesque, and will prove a great ornament to the northern Athens. Indeed its site—the south slope of the Calton Hill, is particularly favourable to its display, and Mr. Hamilton, the architect, appears to have formed his design more particularly with a view to the grouping of the various parts; and in this respect he has produced much originality and novelty, although the various features, considered separately, have no particular pretensions to this quality. We are by no means insensible of the value of elegance and purity of detail; still we are of opinion that our architects rely too much upon them for effect, and do not sufficiently attend to, or study that beauty which results from the general arrangement of an edifice; and upon which, after all, we most chiefly depend for novelty and variety. None but a professional man, or one who has studied the art, can discriminate the varieties of the same order, or appreciate those minute discrepancies that are at once obvious to a practised eye; but every person of ordinary taste is capable of relishing and understanding the picturesque value of a building—if we may so express ourselves,—that which arises from a skilful and masterly disposition of the chief parts, from judicious contrast, well-defined outline, and harmony of character. Let it be the principal and first aim of the architect to attain these; and afterwards he may attend to the niceties of detail as scrupulously as he pleases. But the truth is—let those gainsay it who can—very few modern architects indeed have proceeded thus, or seem even to have attempted it; and hence happens it that we have so many structures which, in spite of the ornament lavished upon them, have so meagre and paltry a character, and so much common-place insipidity; and yet they *ought* and are intended to be classical, and the details are accurately copied from good models. But all that is good in them is merely copied, nor have the designers been able to add an idea of their own, or shown themselves capable of combining a-new, so as to confer on them some degree of originality and infuse a new spirit into them, the materials with which the classic remains of antiquity have so amply furnished them. It is full time to break through this monotonous school-boy system, and to adopt one better calculated to promote a superior taste in architectural design.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The winter theatres either weary the public with a succession of stale melo-dramas, or with new pieces which never will be stale, since they 'come like shadows, so depart.' The only novelty of the week consists in a new operatic piece, which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on Saturday night, entitled *Tiara I.* The piece is taken from the French, who have large claims on our modern playwrights, since they furnish the groundwork of most of our modern productions. The story turns on a little village scandal and intrigue; a female eaves-dropper, seeing a married man salute a pretty damsel, endeavours to injure her with her patroness. Happily, however, the married man acts the same scene, at the same place, with his wife, and the damsel's lover, a good-natured simpleton, being taught to say *'twas I*, to every inquiry respecting the kiss, the business is settled, as such things generally are on such occasions, by the marriage of the girl with her silly lover. The music is pretty, and Madame Vestris played very well. To this lady, Keeley, and Mrs. Davenport, the piece was indebted for its success. It was well received, and has been repeated.

Mr. Kean has appeared at the New York Theatre, in the character of Richard III., but was hooted and pelted off the stage; he attempted to address the audience, but was not allowed, a great mob was collected in the streets, and some damage was done to the theatre. He was announced to play Othello on a future evening, but there seems little chance of his being allowed to perform it. The following letter, written by Mr. Kean, appears in the New York Advocate of the 16th of November:—

'Sir,—With oppressed feelings, heart-rending to my friends and triumphant to my enemies, I make an appeal to that country famed for hospitality to the stranger and mercy to the conquered. Allow me to say, sir, whatever are my offences, I disclaim all intention of offering anything in the shape of disrespect towards the inhabitants of New York; they received me from the first with enthusiasm, grateful in those hours, to my pride—in the present, to my memory. I cannot recal to my mind any act or thought that did not prompt me to an unfeigned acknowledgment of their favours as a public, and profound admiration of the private worth of those circles in which I had the honour of moving.

'That I have committed an error appears too evident from the all-decisive voice of the public; but surely it is but justice to the delinquent, whatever may be his enormities, to be allowed to make reparation where the offences were committed. My misunderstandings took place in Boston—to Boston I shall assuredly go to apologize for my indiscretions.

'I visit this country now under different feelings and auspices than on a former occasion; then I was an ambitious man, and the proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes: the spark of ambition is extinct, and I merely ask a shelter in which to close my professional and mortal career.

'I give the weapon into the hands of my enemies; if they are brave, they will not turn it against the defenceless.

'Edmund Kean.'

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

London Mechanic's Institution.—A quarterly meeting of this institution was held on Wednesday evening, at their house, in Southampton Buildings, when the report of the committee of management was read, by which it appeared, that during the last quarter, 677 new members had been added, making the total number 1867. The sum of £300 had been received in donations, and 253 volumes of books. The Rev. Robert Fellows, Chaplain to the late Queen Caroline, who inherits the splendid fortune of Baron Maseres, had sent £100, and two annual donations of 10 guineas—for the best machine made by a member, and for the best answer in the mathematical class.

Arctic Land Expedition.—By the latest accounts from Quebec, which come up to the 8th ult., it is stated that news had been received there of the safe arrival of Captain Franklin and his party, in their winter quarters, after a most prosperous journey.

M. de la Place, in one of the last sittings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, proposed the following four questions for examination and decision, by a commission of that philosophical body: 1st, The actual intensity of the terrestrial magnetism; 2nd, The exact proportion of the two gases which constitute our atmosphere; 3rd, The exact pressure of the atmosphere at the surface of the sea; and, 4th, The heat of the terrestrial globe at different depths, following latitudes and other appreciable differences.

Theological Prize at Oxford, instituted June 2, 1825.—'The operation of human causes only will not sufficiently account for the propagation of Christianity.' The above subject for an English essay, appointed by the judges, is proposed to members of the university, on the following conditions; viz.; 1. The candidate must have passed his examination for the degree of B. A. or B. C. L. 2. He must not on this day (Dec. 1) have exceeded his 28th term. 3. He must have commenced his 16th term on or before the 1st of February next. In every case the terms are to be computed from the matriculation inclusively. The essays are to be sent under a sealed cover to the registrar of the university on or before the Wednesday in Easter week next ensuing (March 29). None will be received after that day.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

IMPROMPTU.

On the Theatrical Monkey Mania.

Hide your diminish'd heads, I pray,
Ye Thespians of the present day;
Heroes of buskin and of sock—oh!
Monkeys are more than men—for see
The town is mad as mad can be,
And follows *Chimpanzee* and Jocko!

J. M. L.

Mademoiselle D*** was walking one day in the garden of the Tuileries with a beautiful child in her hand—'Pray, Miss, whose child is that?' said the Countess de P***. 'Mine, madam.' 'Yours! I did not know that you were married.' 'No, madam, but I belong to the Opera.'

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Woodland Stile, the Shipwrecked Sailor's Grave, the Defence of the British Museum, and the Rambles of Asmodeus, No. 32, shall appear in our next.

The Anacreontic to Bacchus in an early number.

D. B. D. and W. S have been received.

A. Z. reached us too late, but we shall, perhaps, avail ourselves of a part of his letter in our next. We shall feel obliged by his promised communications.

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And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mirror of the Months. Post 8vo. pp. 274. London, 1826. Whittaker.

THE Mirror of the Months is a very pleasing and well-written little work. It not only contains a sort of natural history of the year, but the fashions, amusements, and employments of persons of all ranks in each month, both in town and country, are described very happily. It is, as the author in his preface truly says, 'in substance, though certainly not in form, a calendar of the various events and appearances connected with a country and a London life, during each successive month of the year; and it endeavours to impress upon the memory such of its information as seems best worth retaining, by either placing it in a picturesque point of view, or by connecting it with some association, often purely accidental, and not seldom extravagant perhaps, but not the less likely to answer its end, if it succeed in changing mere dry information into amusement.'

The author in his account of the months, puts in as strong a claim for each, as if they were contending for the supremacy; and, lest we shall be thought to do injustice to any of those 'Cynthias of a minute,' which we equally respect, we shall without further preamble quote a passage from each, beginning, of course, with—

'*January.*—Now schoolboys don't know what to do with themselves till dinner-time; for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred gloves, and skating on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for anything in the shape of winter one might as well live in Italy at once!

'Now, on the evening of Twelfth-day, mischievous maid-servants pin elderly people together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops, thinking them "weeds that have no business there."

'Now, if a frosty day or two does happen to pay us a flying visit, on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways, for lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door; who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood; not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!

'Now, Bond Street begins to be conscious of carriages; two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar; and the Soho Ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.

'Now, linen-drapers begin to "sell off" their stock at "fifty per cent. under prime cost," and continue so doing all the rest of the year; every article of which will be found, on inspection, to be of "the last new pattern," and to have been "only had in that morning!"

'Now, oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and inquiries are propounded there, whether "that gentleman in black" (meaning Hamlet) "is Harlequin?" And laughs, and "La! Mammas!" resound thence to the remotest corners of the house; and "the gods" make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to listen to the pantomime; and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man; as, indeed, when is he not?

'Now, Moore's Almanack holds "sole sovereign sway and mastery" among the readers of that class of literature; for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions; not even that which says, "we may expect some frost and snow about this period."'

'*February.*—Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any rather than *black*, in the home-loving eyes of little schoolboys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but straight before them; and sobs are heard, and sorrowful faces seen to issue from sundry pastrycooks that carry sixteen inside, exclusive of cakes and boxes: and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *eclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether, if it move at all."'

'*March.*—Now, every other day, the four sides of the newspapers offer to the wearied eye one unbroken ocean of *long-primer*; to the infinite abridgement of the labour of Chapter Coffee House quid-nuncs, who find that they have only one sheet to get through instead of ten; and to the entire discomfiture of the conscientious reader, who makes it a point of duty to spell through all that he pays for, avowed advertisements included; for in these latter there is some variety—of which no one can accuse the parliamentary speeches. By the by, it would be but consistent in the Times to bestow their ingenuous prefix of [*advertisement*] on a few of the last named effusions. And if they were placed under the head of "Want Places," nobody but the advertiser would see cause to complain of the mistake.'

'*April.*—April is at once the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover; —coying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again. High-fantastical as the seething wit of a poet, that sees a world of beauty growing beneath his hand, and fancies that he has created it, whereas it is *it* that has created him a poet; for it is Nature that makes April, not April Nature.'

'April is doubtless the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as anything can be valuable without reference to anything else. It is, to May and June, what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is, to the confirmed summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition; what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is indeed the month of promises; and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? When a promise of delight is fulfilled, it is over and done with; but while it remains a promise, it remains a hope: and what is all good, but the hope of good? What is every *to-day* of our life, but the hope (or the fear) of to-morrow? April, then, is worth twice May, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" autumn. It is fraught with beauties itself that no other month can bring before us, and

"'It bears a glass which shows us many more.'

'*May.*—We will, at all events, contrive to reach London on May-day, that we may not lose the only relic that is left us of the sports which were once as natural to this period as the opening of the leaves or the springing of the grass. I mean the gloomy merriment of Jack in the Green, and the sad hilarity of the chimney-sweepers. This is, indeed, a melancholy affair, contrasted with what that must have been of which it reminds us. The effect of it, to the by-standers, is like that of a wo-begone ballad-singer chanting a merry stave. It is good as far as it goes, nevertheless; inasmuch as it procures a holyday, such as it is, for those who would not otherwise know the meaning of the phrase. The wretched imps, whose mops and mowes produce the meek merriment in question, are the *parias* of their kind; outcasts from the society even of their equals, the very charity-boys give themselves airs of patronage in their presence; and the little beggar's brat, that leads his blind father along the streets

would scorn to be seen playing at chuck-farthing with them. But even they, on May-day, feel themselves somebody; for the rout of ragged urchins, that turned up their noses at them yesterday, will to-day dog their footsteps with admiring shouts, and, such is the love of momentary distinction, would not disdain to own an acquaintance with them. Nay, some of them are trying, even now, to recollect whether it was not with that young gentleman, in the gilt jacket and gauze trowsers, that they had the honour of playing at marbles "on Wednesday last." There was not a man in the crowd, when Jack Thurtell was hanged, that would not have been proud of a nod from him on the scaffold.'

June.—'The hay-harvest, besides filling the whole air with its sweetness, is even more picturesque in the appearances it offers, as well as more pleasant in the associations it calls forth, than *the* harvest in autumn. What a delightful succession of pictures it presents! First, the mowers, stooping over their scythes, and moving with measured paces through the early morning mists, interrupted at intervals by the freshening music of the whet-stone.

'Then—blithe companies of both sexes, ranged in regular array, and moving lengthwise and across the meadow, each with the same action, and the ridges rising or disappearing behind them as they go:—

'"There are forty *moving* like one."—

'Then again, when the fragrant crop is nearly fit to be gathered in, and lies piled up in dusky-coloured hillocks upon the yellow sward, while here and there, beneath the shade of a "hedge-row elm," or braving the open sunshine in the centre of the scene, sun-burnt groups are seated in circles at their noonday meal, enjoying that ease which nothing but labour can generate.

'And lastly, when man and nature, mutually assisting each other, have completed the work of preparation, and the cart stands still to receive its last forkfull: while the horse, almost hidden beneath his apparently overwhelming load, lifts up his patient head sideways to pick a mouthful; and all about stand the labourers, leaning listlessly on their implements, and eyeing the completion of their work.'

July.—'Now the bees (those patterns of all that is praiseworthy in domestic and political economy) give practical lessons on the principles of population, by expelling from the hive, *vi et armis*, all those heretofore members of it who refuse to aid the commonweal by working for their daily honey. When they need those services which none but the drones can perform, they let them live in idleness and feed luxuriously. But as the good deeds of the latter are of that class which "in doing pay themselves," those who benefit by them think that they owe the doers no thanks, and therefore, when they no longer need them, send them adrift, or if they will not go, sacrifice them without mercy or remorse. And this—be it known to all whom it may concern (and those are not a few)—this is the very essence of natural justice.'

August.—'Of London what shall we say, at this only one of its seasons when it has nothing to say for itself? when even the most immovable of its citizens become migratory for at least a month, and permit their wives and daughters to play the parts of mermaids on the shores of Margate, while they themselves pore over the evening papers all the morning, and over the morning ones all the evening?—when 'Change Alley makes a transfer of half its (live) stock every Saturday to the Steine at Brighton, to be returnable by Snow's coaches on Monday morning?—nay, when even the lawyers' clerks themselves begin to grow romantic, and, neglecting their accustomed evening haunts at the Cock in Fleet Street, Offley's, and the Cider Cellar, permit themselves to be steamed down from Billingsgate to Broadstairs, where they meditate moonlight sonnets to their absent Seraphinas (not without an eye to half-a-guinea each in the magazines), beginning with "Oh, come unto these yellow sands!"'

September.—'As for the fruit garden, that is one scene of tempting profusion. Against the wall, the grapes have put on that transparent look which indicates their complete ripeness, and have dressed their cheeks in that delicate bloom which enables them to bear away the bell of beauty from all their rivals.—The peaches and nectarines have become fragrant, and the whole wall where they hang is "musical with bees."—Along the espaliers, the rosy-cheeked apples look out from among their leaves, like laughing children peeping at each other through screens of foliage; and the young standards bend their straggling boughs to the earth with the weight of their produce.'

'Let us not forget to add, that there is *one* part of London which is never out of season, and is never more in season than now. Covent Garden Market is still the garden of gardens; and as there is not a month in all the year in which it does not contrive to belie something or other that has been said in the foregoing pages, as to the particular season of certain flowers, fruits, &c. so now it offers the flowers and the fruits of every season united. How it becomes possessed of all these, I shall not pretend to say: but thus much I am bound to add by way of information,—that those ladies and gentlemen who have country houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham Common or Camberwell Grove, may now have the pleasure of eating the best fruit out of their own gardens—provided they chose to pay the price of it in Covent Garden Market!'

October.—'October is to London what April is to the country; it is the spring of the London summer, when the hopes of the shopkeeper begin to bud forth, and he lays aside the insupportable labour of having nothing to do, for the delightful leisure of preparing to be in a perpetual bustle. During the last month or two he has been strenuously endeavouring to persuade himself that the Steyne at Brighton is as healthy as Bond Street; the *pavé* of Pall Mall no more picturesque than the pantiles of Tunbridge Wells; and winning a prize at one-card-loo at Margate as piquant a process as serving a customer to the same amount of profit. But now that the time is returned when "business" must again be attended to, he discards with contempt all such mischievous heresies, and re-embraces the only orthodox faith of a London shopkeeper—that London and his shop are the true "beauteous and sublime" of human life. In fact, "now is the winter of his discontent" (that is to say, what other people call summer) "made glorious summer" by the near approach of winter; and all the wit he is master of is put in requisition, to devise the means of proving that everything he has offered to "his friends in public," up to this particular period, has become worse than obsolete. Accordingly, now are those poets of the shopkeepers, the inventors of patterns, "perplexed in the extreme;" since, unless they can produce something which shall necessarily supersede all their previous productions, their occupation 's gone.'

November.—'Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their owners depend on disposing of the "summer stock" at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

'Now, the theatres, admonished by the no longer empty benches, try which shall be the first to break through that hollow mockery the strength of which they have hitherto kept acting only on alternate nights.

'Now, during the first week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burden of which are barons of beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a place for the lord mayor's dinner on the ninth.

'Now, all the little boys give vent to their secret hearts to Guy Fawx, for having attempted to burn "the Parliament" with "gunpowder, treason, and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn everything they can lay their hands on—their own fingers included: a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true "beauteous and sublime of human life."

December.—'There is no place so desirable as the orchard this month; for none of the fruit-trees have any beauty *as trees*, at their best; and now, they have not a leaf left to cover their unsightly nakedness.

'Not so with the kitchen garden; that, if it has been duly attended to, is full of interest this month,—especially by comparison with the scenes of decay and barrenness by which it is surrounded. The fruit trees on the walls are all nailed out with the most scrupulous regularity; and by them, as much as by anything else, may you now judge of the skill and assiduity of your gardener. Indeed this is of all others the month in which the merits are put to the test, and in which they often seem to vie with those of nature herself. Anybody may have a handsome garden from May to September; but only those who deserve one can have it from September to May. Now, then, the walls are all covered with their wide-spread fruit fans; the celery beds stretch out their unbroken lines of bright looking green; the late planted lettuces have trim and erect upon the sheltered banks where they are to stand the winter, and be ready, not to open, but to shut up their young hearts at the first warm breath of spring; the

green strings of autumn-sown peas scarcely lift their tender downward-turning stems above the dark soil; the hardy endives spread out their now full-grown heads of fantastically curled leaves, or stand tied up from the sun and air, doing the penance necessary to acquire for them that agreeable state of unhealthiness without which (like modern fine ladies who contrive to blanch themselves in a similar manner, and by similar means) our squeamish appetites could not relish them; the cauliflower, brocoli, and kale plants, maintain their unbroken ranks; and, finally, even the cabbages themselves (Mr. Brummel being self-banished to Boulogne, and therefore not within hearing, I may venture to say it), even the young cabbages themselves contrive to look genteel, in virtue of their as yet heartless state; which is in fact, the secret of all gentility, whether in a cabbage or a countess."

Ferdinand Franck; an Auto-Biographical Sketch of the Youthful Days of a Musical Student. 18mo. pp. 282. London, 1825. Ackermann.

A portion of this auto-biographical sketch was published in Mr. Ackermann's excellent annual, the Forget Me Not; the story, however, became too lengthened for that publication, and, besides, we do not like to be left for twelve months in the middle of an interesting narrative, and such Ferdinand Franck really is. We are glad Mr Ackermann has published the tale separately, and, we think, few who have read the first portions of it in the Forget Me Not, will hesitate to purchase the whole cmoplete. The following episode will perhaps give some idea of the work:—

'I tried in vain to beguile the time at the piano: every idea was sombre, disjointed, flat, and meagre; the fingers wandered about mechanically—the heart had no share in their motion. How distasteful, how sickening, is music to a mind ill at ease! "A rival!" said I to myself, "a favoured rival—a rival whose ancestor fought in the Crusades! Ah! poor Ferdinand, thy case is desperate indeed—thy lot miserable. Fly, fly these hateful walls, ere thou behold her once more." At these words I seized my hat; but I felt as if spell-bound. The rosy goddess, Hope, breathed her sweet harmonious whispers: A twelvemonth's courtship!—'the girl is an oddity'—'has the most singular notions.' the thing is clear—clear as broad day; Amelia hates the major—a feeling of obedience towards her uncle—unhappy for the rest of her days—sacrificed to family pride!—Thou, Ferdinand, art the guardian angel sent for her deliverance—elope—distant climes—cottage bread and the pure element, seasoned with mutual love;—Letter——ay, a letter declaring my passion, and offering my immediate aid in her rescue.

"Pen and paper, as if providentially sent, lying on a side-table, I began the momentous despatch—with a large ugly blot, besides sundry opaque satellites—bad omen—fresh sheet.

"'My dear Miss Waldheim."

'Farther this deponent said not. All mental emissions seemed hermetically sealed; not a rational idea for a beginning! And how indite a letter without a beginning?

"'Pardon the boldness of one——' Here the bell rang below, a pair of boots and clattering spurs were heard cavalrily stalking out of the house: my "unpardonable boldness" had scarcely time to slink to the pocket of its owner, before Amelia opened the door.

"'Excuse my making you wait, Mr. Franck, but I had a beau of mine to receive—Major Dornhoff, whose attentions are too marked and constant to be treated with neglect. He pays his respects daily and most chronometrically, just an hour before parade: but to-day he was behind his time, owing to an illness in his family; his Camilla has passed a very restless night; 'much fever—not eaten a morsel these four-and-twenty hours—the groom obliged to sit up with her all night: and, though somewhat composed this morning, the farrier still considers her in danger.'—Poor beast! don't you sympathize, Mr. Franck?"

"'I envy the man whose very charger can awaken the sympathies of Miss Waldheim."

"'No more than natural, Mr. Franck, as in duty bound: for the major, as the world will have it, is my intended."

"'Heaven forbid!"

"'Forbid, Mr. Franck? and what can be *your* objections?"

"'Because the union must render Miss Waldheim unhappy for the rest of her days. Affection, I should apprehend, can have no share in it."

"'Whatever foibles Major Dornhoff may possess, I assure you, Mr. Franck, he is a very good sort of a man; quite likely to make a woman comfortable in his way."

"'If he treats her but half as well as his horses. But when there's no love, Miss Waldheim——"

"'Well, and what then? I don't see why a woman should be over head and ears in love with a man before she marries him. This love, to be sure, must be a strange thing; something like the gout, I suppose,—nobody can fancy what it is till he has felt it: I wonder if ever I shall have a touch of the complaint. Just for a day or two, by way of knowing a little about it, I should not care."

"'Miss Waldheim, then, has never experienced what it is?"

"'Not that I know of: you, no doubt, have felt it,-Mr. Franck?"

"'And feel it deeply, intensely, Miss Waldheim, at this moment, when the heavenly object of my pure, of my——"

'*Amelia* (shutting my lips with her hand, which I kissed fervently). "Not another word, Mr. Franck! We are growing too serious by half. Come, we were to try some songs against the *fête*. Here's one to begin with: Mozart's divine air, *Porgi Amore*—a favourite of my uncle's. That's the *tempo*, exactly!"

'Every note of Amelia's beautiful voice was a killing dart, in my situation. Totally absorbed, I am unconscious what or how I played. Wretchedly, no doubt; for she stopped short in the midst of the air, and, after a minute's pause, burst out laughing:—"So, Mr. Franck, you want me to sing *Porgi Amore* to the tune of *Ah Perdona!* for, without once looking at the notes, you have most skilfully contrived to slip from one air into the other."

"'Pardon me, Miss Waldheim: my feelings were but little calculated for the task when I began; and the air, and the intense expression which you infused into every word and note, completed the work of destruction—unnerved, overwhelmed me."

"'The noble creature *man*, the lord of the creation, unnerved by woman, a second edition of himself? overwhelmed by a mere song?"

"'By sounds of heavenly sweetness, uttered with an emotion which—I cannot suppress the thought, Miss Waldheim—deeply shook my faith in your previous declaration. What! a stranger to love, and yet depict it with a feeling so true, so intense? Ah, no, Miss Waldheim! your heart feels it but too well; feels—for another more happy than——"

"'As if the chubby well-fed friar could not preach an excellent sermon against good living. All matter of imitation—study and task-work. But since you doubt my sincerity, Mr. Franck, it were better we end a discussion which I fear has been already carried too far. Allow me to withdraw."

"'Stay, for Heaven's sake, Miss Waldheim! grant me but another moment, to save me from despondency. The rash avowal of a passion I cannot control has justly drawn upon me your displeasure. Your forgiveness is all I ask. Your anger would forever seal my wretched doom."

"'Anger, Mr. Franck! how can you think of such a thing? I do not see why a woman should be offended with a man for loving her. The utmost she is warranted in doing, would be to decline the offer courteously, without being obliged to state why and wherefore. But even upon this point you have had all the information I can give."

"'You are right, Miss Waldheim; a happier rival——"

"'You are wrong, Mr. Franck; there is no rival in the case."

"'Major Dornhoff?"

"'The poor major seems to haunt you as much as he does me. His courtship is persevering, it is true; and sanctioned, moreover, by my uncle. But to give you another proof of the sincerity you so much doubt, I frankly tell you my heart is free—free as the air which I breathe."

"'These balmy words, Miss Waldheim, restore me to life. A fresh ray of hope gladdens my heart. But yet Major Dornhoff's assiduities—"

"'Are tolerated, not encouraged. Not that he might not, for aught I know, make a very passable husband. He is a man of correct principles, and generally esteemed; but he loves himself, and, next to himself, his cattle, too dearly to have much affection to spare for a wife. He was to have come to take my uncle and me to town in his equipage; but when the time drew near, his whole equine establishment was pronounced unfit to venture, without imminent risk, a jour-

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ney of a few German miles. Not to speak of poor Camilla, the valetudinarian, Vesta had sore eyes and Lucretia a running of the nose, which rendered it impossible for the dear creatures to encounter the bleak easterly winds."

"'Monstrous! unpardonable! Ah, Miss Waldheim! how I should have flown to the delightful task! My life, my last breath, I am ready to resign for your sake."

"'That would be a sad thing too, on both sides. I should imagine; but jesting aside, Mr. Franck, you must think of some other choice. In the first place, I feel no inclination whatsoever to submit to the bonds of Hymen. My heart is free, as I have told you already, and free it shall remain, at least as long as I can help it: but what is more, void as I myself may feel, and certainly do feel, of anything bordering upon aristocratic notions, my uncle's ideas are quite the reverse; to none but a union with a noble family will his consent ever be obtained; and he is too good an uncle—he has too scrupulously discharged a father's duty—not to render it mine to comply with his wishes in that respect. Let me, therefore, beg it as a favour——"

'At these words, the arrival of two female friends was announced. I took my leave reluctantly; for I would fain have asked one more question, fain have prolonged the interview for ever. As I withdrew, Amelia, in a playful way, tapped my shoulder, and said, "Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a wo-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope: why should there not be friendship between the two sexes, without rings and bans?"

'On crossing the hall, a servant handed me a sealed parcel containing the score of the ballet; which, however, remained but a short time in my possession, as, through Baron Dohm's influence, the day for the opera rehearsal was changed, and the impediment to Mr. Bauer's attending at Monplaisir removed.'

BRADY'S VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.

(Concluded from p. 794.)

HAVING already explained the nature of this work, and described its character, nothing remains for us but to confirm our remarks by a few additional extracts, which we shall not classify, because, as we have before stated, classification is unnecessary. They are illustrative of some peculiar customs, derivations, proverbs, &c.:—

'*On the Tapis.*'—The affair is on the "tapis," or "carpet," is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table used to be, and probably still is, covered with a carpet.'

'*Ceremony of the Boar's Head.*—At a time when fresh meats were seldom eaten, brawn was considered as a great delicacy. It is well known that the boar's head soused was anciently the first dish on Christmas Day, and was carried up to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity. Hollinshed says that, in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry I. "served his sonne at table as sewer, bringing up the *boar's head* with trumpets before it, according to the manner." For this indispensable ceremony, as also for others of that season, there was a carol, which Wynkyn de Worde has given us as it was sung in his time, with the title, A Carol, bringing in the Bore's Head:—

'*Caput Apri defero*
Reddens Laudes Domino.
The bore's head in hande bringe!
With garlandes gay, and rosemarye.
I pray you all, sing merely.
Qui estis in convivio.
The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande;
Looke, wherever it be fonde
Servite cum cantico.
Be gladde, lordes, both more and lesse,
For this hath ordayned our steward
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's head with mustarde.

'This carol, says Mr. Warton, is retained at Queen's College, in Oxford, though with many innovations.'

'*Methodists.*—In a collection of old sermons, which were printed at London, in the year 1640, is the following passage:—

"'Where are now our anabaptists and plaine packstaffe methodists, who esteeme of all flowers of rhetoricke in sermons no better than stinking weedes, and of all the elegancies of speech than of profane spells?"

'It hence appears highly probable there was a sect of Christians in England, at that time, who went by the name of methodists, though it is generally thought that this term was first applied in England to Mr. John Wesley and his followers.'

'*English Slavery.*—It is a curious fact, that so late as the year 1283, the slave-trade must have existed in England, as may be seen by the annals of Dunstaple, wherein is the following passage:—

"'This year we *sold* our *slave by birth*, William Pike, and *all his family*, and received one mark from the buyer."'

'*Miss.*—This word was brought into *particular* use about the year 1662. Evelyn, in his Diary, says:—"January 9th, 1662, I saw performed the third part of the Siege of Rhodes. In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called "*Roxolana*," from the part which she played; and I think it was the last, she being taken for the Earl of Oxford's 'Miss,' as at this time they began to call lewd women."'

'*Sir-Loin—Sur-Loin.*—Surloin is, I conceive (if not knighted by King James, [Charles] as reported), compounded of the French *sur*, upon, and the English *loin*, for the sake of euphony. In proof of this, the piece of beef so called grows on the loin and behind the small ribs of the animal.

'The story of the knighting, as there is not much reason in it, may here, perhaps, with great propriety follow in rhyme:—

'As once returning from the chace,
The second Charles, the merry king—
The glories of whose sacred race,
The muse shall ever love to sing;
'Now wearied with the sport he loved,
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
Dejected looked, and slowly moved,
And longed to rest, and longed to eat;
'Sudden before his wandering eyes,
A banquet unexpected stood;
The monarch gazed with glad surprise,
And 'gan to taste the welcome food.
'Proud of his loved, his royal guest,
The nobles host, a gallant lord,
With various dainties graced his feast,
And gay profusion crowned the board.
'But high above the rest appeared
The hung'ring Britons' old relief;
Its mighty bulk exalting reared
The yet unhonoured loin of beef.
'With ravished eye the king beheld,
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quelled,
And grieved that he could eat no more.
'But soon, with mighty spirits gay,
Such as from beef alone could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
Aloud proclaimed the enraptured king:
"'Be thou for over loved and great!
As my delight be thy just fame;
Thy praises every tongue repeat,
And *sir* eternal grave thy name."
'He said, and drew the royal sword;
The applauding crowd uprose around,
"Sir Loin!" with acclamations roared,
And distant echoes caught the sound!'

Perhaps no part of this volume is more interesting than the editor's own account of the derivation of the names of the principal market towns in ten counties, compiled with much research and ability. From this portion of the work we shall make a few extracts. In the account of Penzance, we find the following anecdote:—

'About the year 1587, when the Spanish armada was hovering on the coast, a company of strollers were performing a dramatic piece called Sampson, in a barn, at Penryn. During the performance, some Spanish men-of-war having suddenly landed a body of men from their boats, they were in full and silent march (in the dark), with design to surprise, plunder, and burn the town; when, fortunately for the inhabitants, just at that very instant, the players in the town, having let Sampson loose to fall on the Philistines, the sound of drums and trumpets, and the tremendous shout set up by the spectators, being heard by the Spanish detachment, they apprehended that the townsmen were coming down upon them in great force, and, overcome with the first impressions of the panic, the invaders turned tail, and scampered back precipitately to their ships.

'The people of Penryn had an annual procession in commemoration of this signal service, derived accidentally from a dramatic performance.'

At Lestwithiel, a very singular custom prevailed in the days of popery, but it has been long discontinued:—

'On Low Sunday, the freeholders of the town and manor assembled in an adjoining field, and from amongst them one was chosen, whom they dressed in the most sumptuous manner, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, and, being mounted on a fine horse, a sword of state was carried before him, while all the freeholders walked in procession through the principal street to the church. When he arrived at the great gate, the curate, dressed in his best robes, received

him, and conducted him to a princely seat in the church to hear mass. This being over, he repaired, in the same pompous manner, to a house provided for that purpose, where a feast was made for all his attendants, he sitting at the head of the table, and being served by the principal townsmen, kneeling, together with all other marks of respect usually shown to regal dignity.

'Various have been the conjectures of historians concerning the origin and meaning of this extraordinary ceremony. Mr. Spencer modestly offers the following explanation, which has certainly greater appearance of truth than that of any other writer we have met with.

"'As Cornwall was long an earldom, under the west Saxon kings, and as earls were obliged to reside in their own districts, possibly, when a new one was appointed, or a minor arrived at maturity, the Sunday after Easter was the time fixed for his entering upon the office, and taking possession of the estate. But it may be objected, why did he wear a crown, with other marks of regal dignity? We answer, that long after the Conquest, namely, in 1350, Cornwall was made a duchy, or subordinate regality, to be held by the Princes of Wales, for ever, and, at their demise, by the king. But few of those princes having visited the county after the death of Edward III., and the people being accustomed to those processions on the arrival of their chief, whom they considered as their sovereign, and likewise when his deputy came annually to administer justice, continued to keep up the custom; till it was utterly laid aside, as tending to promote idleness and create luxury."

The derivation and description of each town is generally accompanied with some anecdote. Exeter supplies the following, but we suspect there is an error, in stating the last capital punishment for witchcraft in 1682; we think there are much later instances:—

'On the 25th August, 1682, three poor women, natives of Bideford, named Temperance Lloyd, Mary Kembles, and Susannah Edwards, were executed at Heavitree, after having been tried and convicted at the Castle for witchcraft. This is remarkable, as they were the last who suffered under the ignorant statutes enacted against the supposed crimes of sorcery and witchcraft in this county. Their trial made a great noise throughout the country, and the nature of the evidence may be seen from the following extract of the deposition of one of the witnesses:—

"'The said informant upon her oath saith, that, upon the second day of July, the said Grace Thomas (one of the persons supposed to have been under the power of witchcraft), then lodging in this informant's husband's house, and hearing her complain of great pricking pains in one of her knees, she, this informant, did see her said knee, and observed she had nine places in her knee which had been pricked; and that every one of the said pricks was as though it had been the prick of a thorn. Whereupon this informant, upon the 2nd of July, did demand of the said Temperance Lloyd, whether she had any wax or clay in the form of a picture, whereby she pricked and tormented the said Grace Thomas; unto which the said Temperance made answer, that she had no wax or clay, but confessed that she had only a piece of leather, which she had pricked nine times."'

With the following we conclude:—

'Lamborn takes its appellation from a small river of the same name, which is remarkable for being high in the summer and low in the winter, and falls into the Kennet, below Newbury.

'Near this town is the most remarkable antiquity in Berkshire, of which the following is, we believe, a very accurate description:—

"'White-Horse Hill is about two miles to the north of Lamborn, on the summit of which is a large Roman intrenchment, called Uffington Castle, from its overlooking the village of Uffington, in an adjacent valley; and a little below this fortification, on a steep side of the same hill, facing the north-west, is the figure of a white horse, the dimensions of which are extended over about an acre of ground. Its head, neck, body, and tail, consists of one white line, as does also each of its four legs. The lines are formed by trenches cut in the chalks, two or three feet in depth, and about ten feet in breadth. The chalk of the trench being of a brighter colour than the surrounding turf of the hill, the whole figure, when the mid-day sun darts its rays on it, is visible at more than twelve miles distance. A white horse is known to have been the Saxon standard, and some have thought, supposed, that this figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon kings. But Mr. Wise, the author of a letter on this subject, addressed to Dr. Mead, and published in 1738, brings several arguments to prove that this figure was formed by order of Alfred, during the reign of Ethelred, his brother, as a monument of his victory gained over the Danes in the year 871, at Ashdown, now called Ashen, or Ashbury Park, the seat of Lord Craven, near Ashbury, not far from this hill. Others, however, suppose it to have been partly the effect of accident, and partly the works of the shepherds; who, observing a rude figure somewhat resembling a horse—as there are, in the veins of wood and stone, many figures that resemble trees, caverns, and other objects—reduced it by degrees to a more regular figure.

'But, however this be, it has been a custom immemorial for the neighbouring peasants to assemble on a certain day about midsummer, to clear away the weeds from this white horse, and trim the edges, to preserve its colour and shape, which they call scouring the horse; after which, the evening is spent in mirth and festivity. To the north of this hill there is a long valley, extending to the western side of the county where it borders upon Wiltshire, as far as Wantage, which, from this hill, is called the Vale of the White Horse, and is the most fruitful part of the country."'

We are glad to find that Mr. Brady intends to continue his derivations of places in a future volume, which, if executed with the same diligence and talent he has displayed in this one, will be valuable and interesting.

The Progresses, Processions, and Magnificent Entertainments of King James I., his Consort, Family, and Court. By John Nichols, F.S.A., &c. 4to. Parts V. VI. and VII.

We have more than once had occasion to call the attention of our readers to this work, the fifth, sixth, and seventh parts of which have just appeared; they are not mere dry itineraries of the journeyings of the British Solomon and his court, but present a succession of curious details illustrative of the history, topography, character, and customs of the times. These are collected with unremitting industry, from sources widely scattered, and some of which are only accessible to a few persons. With these remarks, we shall make a few extracts.

We do not know what the ringers of our churches get now on joyful occasions, but we are sure they are better paid than in the time of James I. when we find that 'the ringers of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were paid 2s. 6d. on the 16th of October (1604) for ringing when the king came to town.'

Mr. Nichols gives a curious picture of the king and court, in an account of the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, from a letter written at the time, by Sir Dudley Carleton, who says:—

"On St. John's day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great; and for that day put on the best bravery. The prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church; the queen followed her from thence. The king gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets bridled and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the king said, 'If he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself.' The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the duke took not well. But after dinner he was so little pleased himself, for, being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were, the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Carey, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chaines and jewells, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at £2500; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the king's of £500 land, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the council-chamber, where the king, in his shirt and night-gown, gave

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them a *reveille matin* before they were up, and *spent a good time in or upon the bed;* chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries."'

The whole of Ben Jonson's Masque of Blackness, together with many other scarce tracts, as well as original documents, are printed in Mr. Nichols's work; we shall, however, next quote an account of royal amusements in 1605:—

"'This spring of the yeare the kinge builded a wall, and filled up with earth all that part of the mote or ditch about the west side of the lion's den, and appointed a drawing partition to be made towards the south part thereof, the one part thereof to serve for the breeding lionesse when she shall have whelps, and the other part thereof for a walke for other lions. The kinge caused also three trap doores to bee made in the wall of the lyon's den, for the lyons to goe into their walke at the pleasure of the keeper, which walke shall bee maintayned and kept for especiall place to baight the lyons with doggies, beares, bulles, bores, &c.—Munday, June 3, in the afternoone, his majestie, beeing accompanied with the Duke of Lenox, the Earles of Worcester, Pembroke, Southampton, Suffolke, Devonshire, Salisbury, and Mountgromery, and Lord Heskin, Captayne of his Highnesse Guarde, with many knights and gentlemen of name, came to the lyon's tower, and, for that time, was placed over the platforme of the lyons, because as yet, the two galleries were not builded, the one of them for the king and great lords, and the other for speciall personages.

"'The king being placed as aforesayde, commaunded Master Raph Gyll, keeper of the lyons, that his servants should put forth into the walke the male and female breeders, but the lyons woulde not goe out by any ordinary meanes that could be used, neither would they come neere the trap doore until they were forced out with burning linkes, and when they were come downe into the walke, they were both amazed, and stood looking about them, and gazing up into the ayre; then was there two rackes of mutton throwne unto them, which they did presently eate; then was there a lusty live cocke cast unto them, which they presently killed and sucked his bloud; then was there another live cocke cast unto them, which they likewise killed, but sucked not his blood. After that the kinge caused a live lambe to be easily let downe unto them by a rope, and beeing come to the grounde, the lambe lay upon his knees, and both the lyons stoode in their former places, and only beheld the lamb, but presently the lamb rose up and went unto the lyons, who very gently looked upon him and smelled on him without signe of any further hurt; then the lambe was very softly drawne up againe in as good plight as hee was let downe.

"'Then they caused those lyons to be put into their denne, and another male lyon only to be put forth, and two lusty mastiffes, at a by doore, to be let into him, and they flew fiercely upon him, and perceiving the lyon's necke to be so defended with hayre they could not hurt him, fought onely to bite him by the face, and did so; then was there a third dogge let in as fierce as the fiercest one of them, a brended dogge tooke the lyon by the face, and turned him uppon his backe; but the lyon spoyled them all, the best dogge died the next day."'

Under the date of 1605 we are told—

'On Tuesday the 20th, the king and queen were entertained at Hanwell, by Sir Anthony Cope; and on the same day the king visited Sir William Pope, at Wroxton. "At this place," says Warton, "Sir William Pope was visited, but probably in the old abbey-house, by James I., in a progress; where he entertained the king with the fashionable and courtly diversions of hawking and bear-baiting. At the same time his lady having been lately delivered of a daughter, the babe was presented to the king, holding the following humorous epigram in her hand, with which his majesty was highly pleased:—

"'See this little mistress here
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a *Pope*.
No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispence with sins for gold;
She hardly is a seventight old,
And yet she is a *Pope*.
No king her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look then this;
Nor did she ever hope,
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a *Pope*.
A female Pope, you'l say; a second Joan!
No, sure; she is Pope Innocent, or none."'

It was formerly a custom at court for the nobility and others to present new-year's gifts to the sovereign, who, in return, made them some present. Old Bishop Latimer sent Henry VIII. the New Testament, with an admonition which that king would have probably resented from any other person. Queen Elizabeth was rather avaricious in the way of new-year's gifts, and the custom seems to have been at its height in the reign of James the First, a list of whose new-year's gifts given and received is printed by Mr. Nichols. The highest sums presented to his majesty were £40 each, from the Duke of Lenox and the Archbishop of Canterbury, when the former received from the king fifty, and the latter, fifty-five ounces of gilt plate. Among the humbler offerings were boxes of lozenges and 'dry confections,' pots of orange-flowers, a pot of 'greene ginger,' embroidered mittins, perfumed gloves, books, bottles of 'ypocras,' &c. &c.

Mr. Nichols gives an account of Ben Jonson's Masque of Hymen, from a scarce copy; the following letter, from the Colloman MSS. however, is much shorter, and gives a good picture of court amusements at the time. It is from Mr. John Pory to Sir Robert Cotton, and is dated January, 1605-6:—

"'Ever since your departure I have been very unfit to learn anything, because my hearing (which Aristotle calls *sensus cruditionis*) hath, by an accidental cold, been almost taken from me; which makes me very unsociable, and to keep within doors; yet not in such a retired fashion but that I have seen the Mask on Sunday, and the Barriers on Monday night. The bridegroom carried himself so gravely and gracefully as if he were of his father's age. He had greater gifts given him than my Lord of Montgomery had; his plate being valued at £3000, and his jewels, money, and other gifts, at £1000 more. But to return to the Mask; both Iago, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The concert or soul of the Mask was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno, Proteus's priest, a bridegroom, proclaiming that these two should be sacrificed to nuptial union. And here the poet made an apostrophe to the Union of the Kingdoms. But before the sacrifice should be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth, standing behind the altar, and within the concave at the eight men-maskers representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who hoped forth to disturb the sacrifice to Juno. But, amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all, crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, together with Reason, their moderatress, mounted above their heads, sat somewhat like the ladies in the scallop-shell the last year. About the globe of earth hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre whereof stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the cantons or horns sat the ladies, four at one corne and four at another, who descended upon the stage, not after the stale downright perpendicular fashion, like a bucket into a well, but came gently sloping down. These eight, after the sacrifice was ended, represented the eight nuptial powers of Juno Pronuba, who came down to confirm the union. The men were clad in crimson, and the women in white. They had every one a white plume of the richest heron's feathers, and were as rich in jewels upon their heads as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels, and ropes of pearls, both in court and city. The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them. They danced all the variety of dances, both severally and *promiscue*; and then the women and men, as namely, the prince, who danced with as great perfection and as settled a majesty as could be devised, the Spanish ambassador, the archduke's ambassador, the duke, &c. And the men gleaned out of the queen, the bride, and the greatest of the ladies. The second night the Barriers were also well performed, by sixteen against sixteen, the Duke of Lenox being chieftain on one side, and my Lord of Sussex on the other."'

In the account of King James's residence at Greenwich, we have the following curious 'challenge of the knights-errant,' dated Greenwich, June 1, 1606:—

"'To the Right Hon. the Earl of ——

"'Knowing the delight your lordship was wont to take in the sports of court, whether as beholder or actor, I thought I should not importune your honour, in sending you the challenge of the errant knights, proclaimed with sound of trumpet before the palace-gate of Greenwich.

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"'To all honourable men of arms and knights adventurers of hereditary note and exemplary nobleness, that, for most maintainable actions, do wield their swords or lances in the quest of glory.

"'Right, brave, and chevalrous! wheresoever through the world we four knights-errant, denominated of the Fortunate Island, servants of the destinies, awaken your sleeping courages with Mavortial greetings: Know ye that our sovereign lady and mistriss, mother of the fates and empress of high achievements, revolving of late the adamantine leafs of her eternal volumes, and finding in them that the triumphal times were now at hand, wherein the marvellous adventures of the lucent pillar should be revealed, to the wonder of times and men (as Merlin, secretary to the most inward designs, did long since prophesy), hath therefore (most deeply weighing with herself how necessary it is that sound opinions should prepare the way to so unheard-of a marvel) been pleased to commaud us her voluntary, but ever most humble votaries, solemnly to publish and maintain, by all the allowed ways of knightly arguing, these four indisputable propositions following: 1. That in service of ladies no knight hath free-well. 2. That it is beauty maintaineth the world in valour. 3. That no fair lady was ever false. 4. That none can be perfectly wise but lovers. Against which, or any of which, if any of you shall dare to argue at point of lance and sword in honourable lists, before rarest beauty and best judgments: then again know you, that we the said four champions shall, by the high sufferance of Heaven and virtue of our knightly valour, be ready, at the valley of Mirefleure, constantly to answer and make perfect our imposed undertakings against all such of you as shall, within fourty days after the first publick intimation of our universal challenge, arrive to attend the glorious issue of the thrice-famous adventure of the lucent pillar, in which prizes are reserved and ordained (by the happy fate of our country and crown) for three several succeeding days of trial at tilt, tourney, and at barriers. The maintainers of the four positions are,

"'The Earl of Lenox the first.

"'The Earl of Arundel the second.

"'The Earl of Pembroke the third.

"'The Earl of Montgomery the fourth.

"'The King of Denmark is expected here daily, for whose entertainment this challenge appereeth to be given forth, who, if his courage answer his fame, will not be an idle onlooker to such pastimes, which I would wish your lordship to see, at least *in speculo constellato*."'

'The following letter, dated "Greenwich, June 28," is preserved by Drummond:—

"'It was not in my default, but of the matter itself, that I wrote unto your lordship the event of the challenge of the errant knights. A gentleman told me he heard of it in the court of France. It is answered, but in words, yet well to this purpose:—

"'To the errant knights of the Fortunate Islands, servant-men to the destinies, awaking our ever-awake courages with their Mavortial greetings:—

"'Most tonitruous astonishing chevaliers! Reknow ye, that we of hereditary and fee-simple blood, and undegenerating valour to *Doucel del Phebus, Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin de Oliva*, and *Ascaper le Hague*, rather by the bonds of your challenge than by the show of your meanings, have echoed in the vault of our understanding the volley of your desires, and do allow you this for answer. We confidently entertain your challenge with your circumstance proposed already, seeing the event in the cause; for old-defended virtue of women is expired; and men, overcome with women, are made less than themselves, and far inferior to the valour of unefferminate knights. We are sorry that any, in the shape or apparel of valour, should either be so short of experience, or so unable to bring to their wills their knowledges, as to undertake the long-forsaken cause of a sex that have spent all their virtue, which is sullied by falsehood, to the abuse of their own defenders; at the first their minds drew wrath and judgment, and now their bodies draw passion into a blind adventure. Wherefore we deny your assertions, being assured of these truths which tread down your fancies; and these ours, in peace and pity, we offer to your second considerations, which, otherwise, if you believe not, will prove themselves masters of you and yours. 1. That a man at the years of discretion hath his love in his own hand. 2. That beauty melteth valour, and maketh the tongue far readier than the sword. 3. That fairest ladies are falsest, having fairest occasions. 4. That to love and to be wise were ever two men's parts. Against you, armed with the truth of these, we shall come with sharp arguments, not doubting to beat Falsehood into her darkness, unable to endure the beams of the lucent pillar; the mystery whereof, &c., vaunt we honour. Expect us, therefore, if your rash heat consume not before performance.

"'The king, not without laughter, can see, read the challenge, and put the noblemen defenders in expectation to be answered. But the answeters have not appeared."'

Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church, or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, London; formerly occupying the Site now appropriated to the New General Post Office; chiefly founded on Authentic and hitherto Inedited Manuscript Documents, &c. &c. By ALFRED JOHN KEMPE. Illustrated with Engravings. 8vo. pp. 212. London, 1825. Longman and Co.; Nichols and Co.

If the ecclesiastical antiquary may breathe a sigh that the venerable church of St. Katharine should be demolished, and the bones that moulder in its hallowed ground be profanely dug up to form an additional dock for the increasing commerce of the port of London, he will have no such cause of regret at seeing a magnificent pile of granite for the New Post Office rise upon the ruins of the ancient collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand. Its walls had long ago been rased to the ground, and the buildings which occupied their place had become a receptacle for devotees of the cyprian order, so as to render it desirable, we had almost said necessary, to cleanse it from its pollutions.

Still, however, the collegiate church of St. Martin-le-Grand may claim the attention of the antiquary and the historian, even when the last stone of its venerable remains is dislodged, and all tangible evidence of its existence is for ever obliterated; as such we are much indebted to Mr. Kempe for presenting us with annals of this church, derived from unpublished manuscript authorities, at once new and faithful: and collected and arranged with considerable ability as well as industry.

As to the period when this church was founded there is no certain record; certain it is that it existed before the time of Ingelric and his brother Girard, who are designated by the Conqueror's charter as its founders; and that there was a building appropriated to the worship of God on the site of St. Martin-le-Grand by the early Christians there seems no doubt; we do not, however, profess to follow our author in his historical account of the venerable pile, but shall merely observe that it is curious, valuable, and interesting. The church of St. Martin-le-Grand was famous as a place of sanctuary, and this has induced Mr. Kempe to give an interesting notice of this ancient privilege, which we quote:—

'Sanctuary is said, by ancient writers, to have been first established in this island by Lucius, King of Britain, who is reported to have lived in the third century of the Christian era, but whose very existence is apocryphal. Spelman states that Pope Boniface the Fifth was the first who commanded altars and palaces to be places of refuge for offenders. This was probably in imitation of the ordinance of Moses, which appointed three cities as a refuge for him "who should kill his neighbour unawares."

'There were two kinds of sanctuary, one of a temporary and limited, another of a permanent and general nature.

'Sanctuary appears at first to have been only intended to afford a temporary refuge for criminals until they could compromise their offence with their accusers; almost every crime, except malicious homicide, being under the Saxon laws redeemable for money.

'In a council held under Ina, King of the West Saxons, A. D. 693, it was decreed, that if any one guilty of a capital crime took refuge in a church, his life should be spared, but that he should, notwithstanding, make such amends as the justice of his case might require; if his offence was of a nature only punishable with stripes, the stripes should be forgiven him. By the laws of King Alfred (A. D. 887) it was ordained, that if a man were guilty of a small offence, and fled to a church which did not belong to the king or the family of a private person, he should be allowed three nights to provide for himself, unless he could in the mean time make his peace. If any one, during that period of immunity, should presume to inflict on him either bonds or blows, the person so violating the privilege of sanctuary, should pay the price set on the life of a man by the laws of

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the country, and also 12os. to the officiating ministers of the church.

'If the ministers had need of their church in the mean time for holy offices, of the benefit of which a criminal, under such circumstances, it is presumed, had no right to partake, he was to be put into a house which had no more doors in it than the church itself, in order that he should not acquire, by the exchange, a better chance of escape; "the Elder," as he is termed, or civil warden of the church, taking care that no sustenance should be afforded to him. But if he would "surrender himself and his weapons to his accusers," that is, I conceive, make such submission as might convince them that he would seek no farther occasion of doing them injury, he was to be preserved harmless for *thirty nights*, and then delivered to his kinsmen. So that it may be inferred, the privilege of sanctuary was at first intended simply to preserve a criminal from that summary revenge which might, in the heat of the moment, be taken by an injured party, and to allow his friends to make the best terms for him in their power. It was also further decreed, that whoever should fly to a church and confess, from a penitential reverence of the Deity, any crime of which he had been guilty, half the penalty of such crime should be remitted to him.

'On the whole, therefore, it may be concluded, that from the time of the Saxon kings, under certain modifications, churches and churchyards were a refuge for offenders, and the privilege of the temporary sanctuary afforded by them may be stated as follows.

'To those guilty of sacrilege or treason, it was for obvious reasons denied. Within the space of forty days the person who had embraced the sanctuary afforded by churches and their precincts was to clothe himself in sackcloth, confess his crime before the coroner, solemnly abjure the realm, and, taking a cross in his hand, repair to an appointed port, or bark, and quit the country. If apprehended or brought back in his way thither, within forty days he had a right to plead his privilege of sanctuary, and to claim a free passage.

'If the offender neglected this appeal to the coroner, and remained in the sanctuary after the forty days limited, it became felony for any one to afford him sustenance.

'The coroner was to take the abjuration of the criminal at the church door, in the following form, which acquaints us with some curious particulars.

'"This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I, *M of H.*, am a stealer of sheep, or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or more, and because I have done many such evils and robberies in this land, I do abjure the land of our Lord Edward, King of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place which thou hast given me; and that I shall not go out of the highway, and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over, and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the church, as a robber and a felon of our lord the king, so God me help and His holy judgment."

'In an ancient law book is the following particular account of the privilege of temporary sanctuary, by which it further appears that it was not indiscriminate. "If any one fly to sanctuary and there demand protection, we are to distinguish; for if he be a common thief, robber, murderer, night-walker, and be known for such a one, and discovered by the people, and of his pledges and denizens, or if any one be convict for debt or other offence upon his own confession, and hath forjured the realm, or hath been exiled, banished, outlawed, or waived, or joined upon this hope to be defended in sanctuary, they may take him out thence, without any prejudice of the franchise of sanctuary. But in the right of offenders, who, by mischance, fall into an offence mortal out of sanctuary, and for their true repentance, run to monasteries, and commonly confess themselves sorrowful, King Henry II., at Clarendon, granted unto *them*, that they should be defended by the church for the space of forty days, and ordained that the towns should defend such flyers for the whole forty days, and send them to the coroner at the coroner's view."

'This authority farther states, that it was at the election of the offenders "to yield to the law; or to acknowledge his offence to the coroner and the people, and to waive the law; and if he yield himself to be tried by law, he is to be sent to the gaol, and to wait for either acquittal or condemnation; and if he confess a mortal offence, and desire to depart the realm, he is to go from the end of the sanctuary ungirt, in pure sackcloth, and there swear that he will keep the straight way to such a port or such a passage which he hath chosen, and will stay in no parts two nights together, until that for this mortal offence which he hath confessed in the hearing of the people he hath avoided the realm, never to return during the king's life, without leave, so God him help, and the holy Evangelists; and afterwards let him take the sign of the cross and carry the same, and the same is as much as if he were in the protection of the church, and if any one remain in the sanctuary above the forty days, by so doing, he is barred the grand abjuration, if the fault be in him, after which time it is not lawful for any one to give him victuals.

'"And although such be out of the peace of the king, yet none ought to disheriten them, all one as if they were in protection of the church; if they be not found out of the highway, wilfully breaking their oaths, or to do other mischief in the highway."

'The statutes of Edward the Second recite that those who had sought refuge in churches were sometimes watched so closely in the churchyards by armed men, that they could not procure any sustenance, nor depart from the hallowed ground "*causâ superflui deponendi*;" on their declaration that they abjured, it was directed that they should be allowed liberty for these purposes, and be considered in the king's peace.

'So much for the temporary sanctuary afforded by churches and consecrated ground.

'The general sanctuaries (all, I apprehend, first privileged by the Saxon monarchs) carried their protection to a farther extent, affording it even to treason, and it was also permanent or without limitation of time. The king's grant alone was sufficient to exempt such places from the jurisdiction of temporal courts, but the pope's bull of confirmation was necessary to confer on them the title of sanctuaries. It was an exercise (however abused in an indiscriminate application) of the great prerogative of mercy, and had, perhaps, its origin in the peculiar sanctity of the king's court as the very seat of temporal justice and mercy. The saxon word [illegible], implying *a sanctuary*, *a refuge*, *a place of peace*, is also employed to signify the king's palace itself.

'Probably many places, from having been at some remote period the residence of the king, or of persons endued with palatine rights, became in consequence endowed with a saving privilege. The ancient palace of Holywood House and its precinct to this day give sanctuary to debtors. King Edmund declares by his laws, anno 946, that his house shall afford no shelter to a murderer, except he have first made satisfaction to God and the slain man's kindred.

'A bull was obtained from Pope Innocent VIII. in the following year, by which it was conceded, that thieves and murderers, if they issued out of sanctuary to commit depredations, might be apprehended in it. That persons entering into sanctuary to defraud their creditors should not be protected in their goods. That persons suspected or convicted of high treason, taking sanctuary, might be guarded, so as to be prevented from escaping from the sanctuary. This was confirmed by Alexander VI., in 1493.'

'Sanctuaries at length received their death blow in the time of James I.; for, by the act passed in the 21st of his reign, they were entirely annihilated: and it is not a little remarkable, that while he destroyed, on the one hand, a privilege of ill-applied mercy, he, on the other, sanctioned the most superstitious cruelty, by the re-enactment of the statute against witchcraft.'

As this work, though not very large, will afford us a second notice, we shall say—

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

AN AUTUMN IN GREECE.

(Concluded from p. 754).

We have already spoken favourably of this work, indeed to those who wish to obtain an insight into the character and customs of the Greeks, the former part of it possesses considerable attractions; and to the political world, the latter portion, under the title of Greece to the close of 1825, will be a great acquisition. To this we shall now turn, at least as soon as we have said a few words more on the less political portion of Mr. Bulwer's work.

Our traveller arrived in Greece in October; after speaking of the striking contrast

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between the silence of the Olympic plains, now melancholy and deserted, and their jubilee in the old times of Greece, he says:

'What was the cause of so wonderful a change in the scene around me?—Time! A few years had rolled away, and all was as I found it. There is courage in the thought said I, as I rode on, "a few years more, perhaps, and Elis wears as gay a robe as heretofore."

On the second night after his arrival in Greece, Mr. Bulwer stopped at a village called Αγιος Ιωαννης; of his reception there, he says:—

'A wild and warlike group gathered around us on our entry, the men were armed up to the teeth, and it seemed singular to find ourselves alone with such savages, and not in danger.

'One of the soldiers conducted us to a large barn, where, he said, we might repose for the night; the whole village flocked in to gaze on us.....A kid was killed at the threshold and roasted, without much culinary preparation, at the blazing fire kindled in our shed. Imagine Browne and myself stretched along our portmanteaus at one end of the hut, our kid roasting at the other; the flames lighting up, as they ascended from the hearth, the dark countenances, and gleaming on the savage arms of the crowd around it. Another group sitting cross-legged at some distance from the fire, looked wistfully at us, and carried on a conversation in whispers, filled, no doubt, with conjectures of what the devil we did there. Every now and then a wide laugh burst forth at the grotesque anxiety of Richard (the servant), who was busied over our promised repast, having insisted on being *chef de cuisine* on this occasion. Two or three female faces were indistinctly seen among the crowd, nor were the ladies the most gentle looking personages in our coterie. As yet I have seen no χρυσοτριφαινος Ηβη, nothing, I must confess, of the Grecian beauty, which we amuse ourselves in talking about.'

Speaking of the great fertility of parts of the country, and its general want of cultivation, he says:—

'Independent of the war, there are causes to account for this neglect, which peace will not remove. Among them is the high price of labour, arising from the number of festivals enjoined by the Greek church, which make it necessary for the peasant to earn in four days sufficient to support him for the seven.'

Mr. B. says, that at the time of his visit, Greece carried on no commerce:—

'The Genoese, the Austrians, and the Italians of the Adriatic engross the whole trade; and some of them, since the revolution, have contrived to make immense profits.' This traffic, however it may have enriched individuals, has not been considered by the British of sufficient general consequence to occupy their attention. It is, in fact, a mere system of *cabotage*; a vessel proceeds from one creek to another, along the coast of Greece, gradually picking up a cargo of Valonia currants, cotton, &c. for which it settles by barter, or sometimes pays in dollars.'

As to the revenue, he says:—

'Under the Turks it was never great, though the exactions of the pachas were necessarily as oppressive as their power was uncertain and transitory. The maxim they followed was—to amass wealth as rapidly as possible; that of the porte to cut them off as soon as it was made. Injustice was patronized for the sake of injustice; and thus we always see the corruption of a bad government extending through every artery of the state, till the whole becomes a prey to its own rottenness, and falls to pieces from moral putridity and decay.

'At present, there is no fixed revenue! a capitano is given, the tax of some districts, over which he places his creatures, as collectors. If his and their exactions are insufficient to pay or satisfy his soldiers, down he marches to the seat of government, and demands remuneration there.'

Imagination can scarcely conceive a country more wretched, and it shows the great difficulties with which the Greek government has to contend.—In his return home, Mr. B. stopped at the island of Malta, of the natives of this far-famed isle, Mr. Bulwer gives the following account:—

'The Maltese upon the whole, are a stout race, dark, thick-set, and muscular. The men wear a long night cap, like that of the Ionian peasants, a jacket and girdle, and sometimes, though rarely, stockings. The women have beautiful dark eyes, which flash forth from behind their black silk hoods, or faldettas. It is but lately, that females, even of the best classes, have adopted, or rather imitated the European costume. Their dress formerly consisted of a short shift, a linen under-petticoat, a coloured apron, and a corset with sleeves. They are very fond of ornaments, and Malta is famous for the workmanship of its rose-chains and crosses.

'The ancient ceremonies which attended marriage are now laid aside. One of them was to rub the lady's lips with a mixture of anniseed, aromatic plants, salt and honey, which, it was considered, would render her affable and prudent. Thus also, on coming from church, if the bride first crossed the threshold, it was supposed that she would be supreme ever afterwards.....At a christening, the child was offered two baskets, the one containing sweetmeats, the other corn, trinkets, an inkstand, and a sword; did he choose the latter, he was deemed a martial genius; but if his hand fell into the inkstand, then he was to be nailed for life to the counter. Are not the fates of many of us decided by as mere a chance as this?'

We have already given a specimen of Mr. Bulwer's poetical talents, and we now subjoin another:—

'Those were the minstrel's joyous times,
The merry days of old;
When beauty praised his artless rhymes
And vene outvalued gold.
The iron bosom own'd his skill,
The softer loved its sway,
Where'er the wanderer went, he still
Was ever bade to stay.
None thought the old man tarried long,
And kindness was repaid by song.

'But welcome now attends on state,
However mean it be;
The bard may rove from gate to gate
A wretch despised—like me.
It is not, if I mourn the past,
That I regret to-day:
Not for a sceptre would I cast
My humble harp away;
Yet fain would I recall the hour
When it was tuned in knightly bower.

'And, Provence, though within thy walls
The song is heard no more
At Chivalry's fair festivals,
As in thy halls of yore;
Yet, Provence, are thy olive-groves,
That bloom around me here,
As dear to him, who through them roves,
As his rude harp is dear.
Yes, yes, despite of every ill,
My land, my lyre, I love ye still.'

The second portion of the work, Greece to the close of 1825, contains a narrative of the military operations of the campaign to the first of August, by a gentleman who left the seat of war at that time; he also gives a brief view of the subsequent affairs. It relates, principally, to the campaign of Ibrahim Pacha in the Morea. Alluding to the great exertions and splendid successes of the Greek sailors, the author says:—

'It would be useless to enter into, and endless to recount, the almost romantic and chivalrous exploits of these men: let it suffice to observe, that with a fleet of merchant ships, equipped and armed as circumstances would permit, abandoning their customary livelihood, unpaid and frequently depending on Providence for provisioning their crews, they have, in this manner, from the first of the revolution, harassed and kept in check the maritime power of the Porte. In some instances, against all odds, they have fairly beaten her outright; in others, with vessels from fifty to three hundred tons burthen, they have blown up, or otherwise destroyed, both line of battle ships and frigates completely appointed for active service, and full of armed men. They have often forced the enemy to abandon his blockades; they have prevented or retarded the supplying of his fortresses, in the greatest state of need; and nothing but the want of greater ships, and heavier guns, has hindered them from overcoming altogether the naval forces of the Turk, or confining them, which would be equally as useful, to the limits of their ports.

'In the preparation of fire-ships, the arrangement and composition of their materials, the Greeks are remarkably successful; and, in the use of them, they are equally daring and expert—so much so, that a number of their naval victories have proceeded from the application of an engine that carried terror and destruction to the larger ships and frigates, whose artillery their little vessels could not meet. The commander of a Greek squadron, being on board an English man-of-war, was questioned as to the method or secret of conducting their fire-ships with so fatal a certainty on the foe: the Greek replied, placing his hand upon his heart, that the only secret he was acquainted with lay there.'

The author gives a good view of the state

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and prospects of Greece, though he, like all who write and think on the subject, is at a loss to guess how the affairs will terminate. He says, many well-informed Greeks look to the Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg as well calculated for prosecuting their expectations and views; but, unless England was openly to espouse the cause of Greece, no arrangement of this sort could take place; and then the parity of our motives would be liable to suspicion. The work altogether is very interesting; and we recommend it to the general reader, as well as to those who wish to obtain information on the affairs and situation of an oppressed but brave people.

GREECE IN 1825.

In addition to the extracts we have made from Mr. Bulwer's Autumn in Greece, we subjoin a few passages from a work on the same subject, entitled 'A Picture of Greece in 1825, being the Journals of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq., written during their recent visits to that country.' As the work is not yet published, we forbear offering any critical remarks until it appears. Our first quotation relates to the Greek Chief Ulysses, Mr. Trelawney, and his cave on Mount Parnassus. After stating that, on the 22d of July, his Majesty's corvette, the Sparrowhawk, Captain Stuart, sailed, and that his mission, like every other in the present cause in which the English ships have interfered, was one of humanity. Mr. Emerson says:—

'I have already mentioned the name of Mr. Trelawney, the gentleman who had espoused the sister and fortunes of Ulysses. On the surrender of the unfortunate chieftain, he had retired to the cave on Mount Parnassus, which was still occupied by Ulysses's family, and a few of his most faithful adherents; and here, in a fortress impregnable by nature, they continued to hold out against the soldiers of Goura, who still occupied the country in the vicinity of Parnassus.'

'Amongst the inmates of the cavern was one Mr. Fenton, a native of Scotland, who had arrived a mere adventurer in Greece, last winter, when, during his intercourse with the European residents in the Morea, he had proved himself totally divested of every principle or feeling of a gentleman. He had even stooped so low as to offer himself to a person in power as the assassin of Ulysses, for a remuneration of a few dollars.—I believe not more than sixty. The proposal had been accepted, but a disagreement in the terms, or some other circumstances, had prevented its execution. The publicity which Fenton had given to the depravity of his character among his countrymen rendering his residence with the Europeans impossible, an order from the government to leave Napoli di Romania determined him on joining the party of the very man whom he had offered to assassinate, and to whom his quarrel with the government was a sufficient recommendation. He was accordingly received among the inmates of the cave, where Mr. Trelawney, almost totally separated from intercourse with his countrymen, was not aware of his despicable character. After the surrender of Ulysses, he had remained in the same situation; rather, however, as the dependent than the companion of Trelawney, till, on the death of the chieftain, he formed the desperate resolution of making himself master of the cave and its contents, which, by previous contract, were now the property of his benefactor. A few days before he made the attempt, the cave was visited by a young English gentleman, whose youth (nineteen) and romantic spirit were easily prevailed on by Fenton to become his accomplice, under a promise that, if successful, he should be made a Prince of Livadia. It was in the latter end of June (about the 25th) that this young Englishman arrived at the cavern; and four days after, Fenton proposed to him, after dinner, that they should fire at a target, whilst Trelawney stood umpire. As soon as Trelawney unsuspectingly advanced to examine their first shots, the conspirators both made their attempt at the same moment. Fenton's pistol missed fire, but the young Englishman's took effect with two balls; one of which, entering his back, passed out at his breast, and broke his right arm, whilst the second entered his neck, and, in its passage, shattered his jaw-bone. He fell immediately, but his attendants, alarmed at the report of the pistols, rushed forward, and instantly poniarded Fenton, who died upon the spot. They then, by the direction of Trelawney, who still breathed, placed the Englishman in irons, at the recess of the cave. Totally deprived of the assistance of a surgeon, Trelawney's recovery was long doubtful, but nature at length prevailed. He is still, however, confined in a weak state.'

Of Colocotroni, who was at the time Mr. Emerson visited him in prison with some of his companions, and called a rebel chief, but who now has the principal command in the Morea, he says:—

'The generality of them exhibit nothing peculiar in their appearance, being like the rest of their countrymen, wild, savage-looking soldiers, clad in tarnished embroidered vests, and dirty juctanellas. Colocotroni was, however, easily distinguished from the rest by his particularly savage and uncultivated air; his person is low, but built like a Hercules, and his short bull neck was surmounted by a head rather larger than proportion warranted; which, with its shaggy eye-brows, dark mustachios, unshorn beard, and raven hair falling in curls over his shoulders, formed a complete study for a painter.'

'He had formerly been in the service of the English, in the Ionian Islands, as a serjeant of guards; and spoke with peculiar pride of his acquaintance with several British officers. By some circumstance he had become acquainted with the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and took occasion to speak of him, not in the most flattering terms of eulogy. He was in high spirits at the prospect of his liberation; a measure which is not, as yet, abandoned; his ideas of the state of the war, and his means of liberating the country, were, however, rather wild. He totally discountenanced the organizing of regular troops, a measure which, he said, could never be successfully accomplished in Greece; since, not only the prejudices, but the inclination, of a people strongly attached to their own customs, were opposed to it. His plan was, in the first place, by the most vigorous measures (which he declared at length) to dispossess the enemy of the few holds which they still retained in the country, and regularly as they should fall into the hands of the government to destroy every fortress, preserving only one of the most important, which was to be kept as the residence of the senate. By this means, the enemy were to be deprived of all power of remaining, or retaining any position in the country; whilst the Klefts and their followers, as heretofore, would still be able to hold the mountains, and rout every force which could successively be sent against them. On objecting, however, that this means of retaining the country would be a dead weight on the progress of civil improvement, he said, that political security was first to be attended to, and civilization would follow in time; that this would make the nation warriors, and serve to maintain their dauntless spirit in its native vigour. Tactics might render them Frank soldiers, but this would retain them Greeks. He seems very confident of his ability to drive out the Egyptians, if only set at liberty, and again placed at the head of his Arcadians.'

The next extract relates to a scene of horror perpetrated at Hydra:—

'Whilst here, a brig arrived from the fleet and brought the disastrous intelligence that the ship of Captain Athanasius Kreis had been blown up, a few days before, in the midst of the fleet at Vathico, and himself, the brother, and sixty seamen destroyed. It appeared, from the evidence of one of the sailors who escaped with life, that the captain was that day to have had a few commanders of the fleet to dinner, and in the preparation had struck a refractory Turk, who had been for some time on board. The wretch immediately went below, and in his thirst for vengeance, set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up himself, his captain, and shipmates.

'There is perhaps no spot in the world where the cries of blood and clamship have more closely united the inhabitants, than at Hydra; and the sensation produced by this event may be readily conceived, when it is considered, that every individual thus destroyed, was connected intimately with almost the whole population, by birth, marriage, or the bonds of friendship; and that as the officers and crew of every ship are almost invariably related to each other, in a nearer or more remote degree, a whole family, and that one of the most distinguished, was thus, at a blow, eradicated from the midst of the community. The news spread instantly, from end to end of the Marino, and seemed to produce an extraordinary sensation.

* * * * * *

'In a few moments, from a balcony where I sat, my attention was attracted by the unusual commotion of the crowd below, which now consisted of four or five thousand. They kept rushing backward and forward, but always tending toward the door of a monastery close by me, one apartment of which

served for the office of the Marino, and another for the prison, in which were confined a large number of Turkish captives. I asked a Hydriot, who sat beside me, what was the meaning of the commotion in the crowd. He replied, with little emotion, "Perhaps going to kill a Turk." His words were scarcely uttered, when the door of the monastery, not twenty paces from me, was burst open, and a crowd rushed out, forcing before them a young Turk of extremely fine appearance, tall, athletic, and well formed. But I shall never forget the expression of his countenance at this awful moment. He was driven out almost naked, with the exception of a pair of trowsers, his hands held behind his back, his head thrust forwards, and a hell of horror seemed depicted in his face. He made but one step over the threshold, when a hundred ataganes were planted in his body. He staggered forward, and fell a shapeless mass of blood and bowels, surrounded by a crowd of his enraged executioners, each eager to smear his knife with the blood of his victim. By this time, another wretch was dragged forward, and shared the same fate; another and another followed, while I was obliged to remain a horrified spectator of the massacre, as the defenceless wretches were butchered almost at the foot of the stairs by which I must have descended, in order to make my escape. Each was in his turn driven beyond the door, and got a thrust, run through the crowd, and fell piecemeal, till at length his carcass lost all form of humanity beneath the knives of his enemies. Some few died bravely, never attempting to escape, but falling on the spot where they received the first thrust of the ataganes; other weaker wretches made an effort to reach the sea through the crowd, but sank down beneath a thousand stabs, screaming for mercy, and covering their faces with their gory hands. In the mean time, I had got within the *café*, and had closed the doors and windows: within were a few of the young primates, who were sinking with shame and horror for the actions of their countrymen; and the noble Canaris was lying on a bench, drowned in tears. Here I remained for some time, till, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the scene below, I rushed down stairs, and escaped by a by-path to my lodgings. During the whole course of the evening, the work of slaughter continued. After butchering every inmate of the prison, they brought out every slave from the houses, and from on board the ships in the harbour, and put all to death on the shore. During the course of the evening, upwards of two hundred wretches were thus sacrificed to the fury of the mob, and at length, weary with blood, dragged them down to the beach, and, stowing their carcasses in boats, carried them round to the other side of the island, and flung them into the sea, where numbers of them were floating some days after, when Captain Spencer passed with the Naiad. During the continuance of this scene, which lasted several hours, no attempt was made by the primates to check the fury of the crowd. Perhaps they were aware of their inability, but it is little to their honour that they did not at least make an effort. Some days after, on speaking of the transaction, they merely said it was a disgraceful occurrence, and they were sorry it had happened, but that, in fact, they had no means of keeping prisoners of war, thus indirectly admitting the justice of the deed,—nor even attempting to excuse their own want of interference with the lower orders: there never appeared any symptoms of remorse. Those who had been the perpetrators of the deed were never censured, nor was any investigation made of the affair; on the contrary, they walked about the streets as much applauded, and as highly esteemed, as if they had achieved some meritorious services, while those who had participated in the murder spoke of it with complacency, and even approval. Some few of the sons of the primates were the only part of the population who seemed aware of the enormity of the deed; and, whilst they condemned the conduct of their countrymen, they lamented deeply that such an example of applauded murder should be set to their children.

The following is an account of the manner in which the festival of Easter is celebrated at Napoli di Romania:—

'This feast, as the most important in the Greek church, is observed with particular rejoicings and respect: Lent having ceased, the ovens were crowded with the preparations for banquetting. Yesterday, every street was reeking with the blood of lambs and goats; and to-day, every house was fragrant with odours of pies and baked meats. All the inhabitants, in festival array, were hurrying along to pay their visits and receive their congratulations; every one, as he met his friend, saluted him with a kiss on each side of his face, and repeated the words, Χριστος ανεστη "Christ is risen." The day was spent in rejoicings in every quarter; the guns were fired from the batteries, and every moment the echoes of the Palamede were replying to the incessant reports of the pistols and tophaics of the soldiery. On these occasions the Greeks (whether from laziness to extract the ball, or for the purpose of making a louder report, I know not) always discharge their arms with a bullet; frequent accidents are the consequence. To-day, one poor fellow was shot dead in his window, and a second severely wounded by one of these random shots. In the evening, a grand ceremony took place in the square: all the members of the government, after attending divine service in the church of St. George, met opposite the residence of the executive body; the legislative, as being the most numerous, took their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing commenced with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection.'

The Poetic Garland; in Imitation of the Celebrated Garland of Julia. By the Duc de Montausier. Illustrated by Figures from the Botanic Garden. 8vo. London, 1825. Griffiths.

The Poetical Garland of Julia was a wreath of love, presented as a new year's gift by the Duke of Montausier to the fair Julia d'Augennes. It consisted of a number of flowers painted in miniature on vellum, by a celebrated artist, and arranged in a book, with a madrigal underneath each, either from the pen of the duke himself or from the hand of some of his friends. It was splendidly bound, and on the morn of New Year's Day secretly conveyed to the fair and enraptured Julia. In the year 1784, this literary trifle was sold for the amazing sum of £600.

The Garland now before us is a beautiful imitation of the Duc de Montausier's present; it consists of a series of flowers well drawn and beautifully coloured, and their peculiar character illustrated by some moral in verse. The following we select as a specimen:—

'*Changeable Iris.*

'When Zephyr shakes, the vernal skies,
Array'd in robe of blue,
How gaily dance the spangled dyes,
Amid the pearly dew!
Yet while delighting human eye,
Our sep'rate glories shine;
A mist can bid those glories die,
A worm can wither mine.

The Poetic Garland is a very charming Christmas or New Year's present to a lady, and as such we recommend it.

The Beauties of Sheridan; consisting of Selections from his Poems, Dramas, and Speeches. By Alfred Howard, Esq. 18mo. pp. 211. London, 1825. Tegg.

This is the twelfth part of a very neat little work, called the Beauties of Literature. It contains, we presume, nearly all the poems, and a selection from the plays and speeches, of that splendid genius, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The selection is made with good taste, and consists of some of the brightest flowers in the parterre of English literature.

Remarks on the Usefulness of Classical Learning. By James Beattie, LL. D. &c. 18mo. London, 1825. Griffiths.

A good neat edition of a very excellent work, with the addition of a sketch of the author's life. In an age of almost universal mental improvement, a work of its character and merit cannot be too widely disseminated.

A Sketch of Ancient Geography; compiled from the best Authorities; and arranged after the manner of the Abbé Gaultier's Modern Geography. 12mo. pp. 166. London, 1825. Wetton.

This is a good elementary work, and we recommend it for the use of schools. It contains much useful information very well arranged.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

UNIVERSITY STUDIES AND MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

The last number of the London Magazine contains an article which exposes, we think, completely, the system of education pursued at our universities, and the delusion generally entertained with regard to the paramount importance of mathematical studies. The writer speaks with no little bitterness, and yet not unjustly so, of the mechanical method in which these studies are pursued, and of their inapplicability to any useful purpose of

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ordinary life. This will undoubtedly give offence in those quarters where their interest may require that the delusion should be kept up; but it will be very difficult to gainsay the chief points of what is advanced by the writer, even allowing that he may have rather exaggerated some things. For our own part, we do not know any branch of human affairs in which a more complete system of solemn humbug prevails than in education, or one so abundant in the grossest—we may add unprincipled, quackery. Of the course of studies pursued at Cambridge, and of the mathematical acquirements to which so much importance is there attached, the writer thus speaks:—

'A thousand times, too, in the day, do I now feel tempted to curse Cambridge, and all its useless and foolish studies—studies which have misled my youth, injured my health, robbed me of my money, and destroyed my precious time. As an engineer, I was to be well grounded in mathematics, forsooth; I could never prosper without mathematical knowledge; it was the basis, the whole, the entire, the *sine qua non* of my education. And so it has proved, God knows; and could I but forget it all again, and recall, were it but one quarter of my lost hours, I might now be comparatively a happy man.

'I have neither the courage nor the temper at present to examine the system of that university; while, still feeling the attachment of habit to it, to my college, to all the people and customs which have been almost entwined with my existence, I cannot allow myself to speak with the indignation which would, I am sure, follow such an attempt. I will not, therefore, ask by whom this system was established, why and how it is fostered, for what purpose and with what views or hopes the exclusive study of mathematics is encouraged, and why it is held out as the sole object worthy of ambition, and its honours the only merit. But I may ask, with what views an education of this nature is given to him who is intended for the church, for the law, for commerce, for physic, or to him who may be destined to the higher offices of the state, or to any office of this nature? There is not one of all those to whom mathematics can be of any use as an acquisition, unless I were to make a slender exception in favour of physic; and in no one does the logic of mathematics, as it is called, produce or cultivate that species of reasoning, or establish those mental powers, which are to form the guide and rule of their conduct, and direct them in the just and correct management of the duties which they will have to perform.

'And how can I forget, also, that, in all this, the real objects of the studies of all these persons is neglected and forgotten, as my own have been! The churchman learns neither theology nor religion; the lawyer neither law, history, ethics, nor that logic which must form his logic; nor do either cultivate their own language, that which must form the basis of their rhetoric and oratory—far less that rhetoric and that oratory on which the professions, both of the church and of the law, so naturally depend. That the future physician learns neither physic, anatomy, botany, chemistry, nor pharmacy, nothing of all that constitutes his science, and enables him to practise his art, is more than notorious; since, having with us gone through the farce of his terms and his degrees, he must go elsewhere to learn everything that is essential; while, like myself, he must begin to study in reality, just when his studies are supposed to be finished, and when he ought to be practising his profession. In what way the mathematical science is to qualify a man for being a statesman, or a legislator, or an officer of government, under any form, I am really unable to conjecture; being perfectly convinced that, with all of that knowledge which I possess, and which, writing anonymously, I may boast of, without egotism, as equal to that of Woodhouse or Ivory, I am very sure that I am not fit to be made a commissioner of customs, or even a treasury clerk.

'If the university itself will not consider these things—if it will not reflect that its duty and business—the very purpose, I suppose, for which it was founded, was, and is, to educate young men so that they may be fit for their several professions, and not to make every man indiscriminately a mathematician, and nothing else, though he may never, in the whole of his future life, have again occasion to look at a triangle or think of an equation, our parents at least might ask themselves this question before they send us to waste our time and money on so fruitless a pursuit. But they follow the stream without reflection, dazzled, I suppose, by the imposing terms, *mathematics* and *science*, and by the fame of Newton, and by all those unexamined opinions by which the mass of mankind is governed. Thus, also, the very name Cambridge seems to deprive them of their senses, as does the word university, and the much more sonorous honour of an university education, to which all aspire for their darling children, as if there was a virtue in the very name—as if to have breathed the air of Cambridge for four or five years was to convert an ignorant being into a philosopher.

'I have become a mathematician, it is true, and thus far the object of my own parents, mistaken and misplaced as it has been, has not been defeated; and, if I had been destined for a professorship of mathematics, or to the place of astronomer-royal, the end would have been attained. But my end has not been attained, as that is not my fate; and so far, therefore, my own time has been as much wasted as that of those, the far greater number, who have neither acquired mathematics, nor anything else.

'That there are many such, who leave Cambridge as little informed, on even this subject, as they entered it, I presume I need scarcely say, when we find so few mathematicians in the world—so few in society, even in professions which seem to require this kind of knowledge, who know anything whatever about the matter. If parents expect that every boy who goes to Cambridge is to issue a mathematician, they are most grossly, grievously mistaken; and, so far from this, I can venture to say that, in my own year, there was not one mathematician left the university, and that ninety-nine in a hundred could not, in two months after leaving it, have solved a common problem in plane trigonometry. By what means the appearance of this acquisition is carried through the university—by what means young men contrive even to rise to honours without real mathematical knowledge, it would be tedious to say here; and perhaps it would not be right in me thus far to betray the secrets and expose the vices of my own *alma mater*.

'But, if parents will not be convinced by my assertion, it is not difficult to bring the matter to the test of calculation. There are not a great many real mathematicians in Britain altogether; and, of that small number, which it would be invidious to the less informed to select and name, there is not one third that has been educated at Cambridge. Speaking as a mathematician ought, I will only assume that a thousand young men annually arrive at Cambridge and quit it, or that there are a thousand residents—a thousand persons educated in the mathematical science. If any one can produce fifteen mathematicians formed by Cambridge within the last thirty years, I should be very well pleased if any of your correspondents would name them, for it is more than I could do; and this, it is plain, gives a ratio of one to two thousand. That is, out of two thousand young men, spending, on an average, five years, or four, and I ought to add a thousand pounds each, in acquiring mathematics, one succeeds; while I am very sure that of the remaining one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, there are not fifty that have become even moderately skilled in the science, while there are at least a thousand who have not more about it than an infant. And even of those who may have gained some knowledge of this nature, there is not one in two or three hundred to whom it becomes, in after life, of the remotest degree of use, or even of satisfaction or ornament.'

This is certainly very strong language; yet, even admitting that it may be a little exaggerated, we have no reason to question the general truth of what is here advanced, being as it may appear to those who regard with implicit veneration whatever has the sanction of long-continued prejudice in its favour. But it will at least be imagined by some, that our universities possess the negative merit of keeping the youth intrusted to their charge, out of harm's way—that the seats of learning exhibit that exemplary moral decorum which may very naturally be expected from them. But let us listen to the testimony of the writer from whom we are quoting:—

'There is another consideration yet, which must not be kept out of this calculation, which I am sorry that I cannot overlook it, relating, as it does, on the establishment to which, in spite of all its errors, and my misfortunes, I still feel an unaccountable attachment. It is very probable that young men arrive at Cambridge, from the public schools, with very doubtful morals, to use no harsher phraseology; yet, though my own studious and

retired habits kept me from mixing much with the idle society of my own or any other college, it is but too notorious and lamentable, that the university is an extensive school of vice and profligacy under all their forms. It is absolutely fearful to reflect on what even I have witnessed; and I do not indeed well see how it is possible for any youth to stem the universal torrent of corruption; while it is most certain, that there is an extremely small proportion of young men who even think seriously of any study or learning while they are at the university, or consider it as any other than a place in which they may amuse themselves with every species of fashionable vice.'

This appears to us not so surprising as it is lamentable: still it may be asked, Why are such things suffered, and how long will they be tolerated?—are we for ever to persist in an expensive and ineffective system? We think not; unless, indeed, our universities, out of their extreme dread of innovation, will be content to remain behind the intellectual spirit of the age; to be the nurseries of pedantry and dullness, and to pride themselves on imparting that learning which is valueless when acquired, and which confers no honour without their immediate sphere.

The *cui bono* is surely not a supererogatory question, when we would estimate the value of such hardly-earned and imposing attainments as mathematical acquirements; let us, therefore, see in what manner, and to what purpose, they are usually made:—

'After a few months absence from college, or within a short time after the books have been closed, and the study abandoned, Euclid, or whatever else, is so much forgotten as if it had never been read, and the ex-pupil becomes very shortly incapable of demonstrating the simplest proposition. I will take a thousand men, and they shall even have been Cambridge mathematicians, men of honours, and not one shall demonstrate to me even the proposition which is the basis of the rule-of-three. The reason is plain: the whole was an act of rote and memory; the particular memory is no longer called into use; the chain of the rote is broken; and the whole, the parts, all, are forgotten.

'And, if this proof will not satisfy you, mathematicians as you are, I will try another, of another nature.

'I will produce to you a hundred teachers of mathematics, men perfectly versant in what they are teaching, teaching well, teaching every day, respectable mathematicians, good mathematicians if you please. I will allow you then to put a question to such an individual, which he has not formerly considered, which has not lain in his line of teaching, or is usual train of reflection. Or it shall be mere variation of some case familiar to him—a practical application, we will say, or perhaps an application in which there are some petty contesting considerations. He shall not solve it without labour, perhaps great labour; or he shall commit a gross error, or error after error, or he shall not solve it at all.'

We cannot dismiss this subject without ranking the writer, whoever he may be, for the candid and sensible manner in which he has exposed the fallacious estimate generally entertained on the subject of mathematical studies.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ACKERMANN'S 'FORGET ME NOT.'

[The following Lines were sent to a lady in the country, with a copy of Mr. Ackermann's 'Forget Me Not for 1826.']

LADY, I do not dwell like thee,
'Mid garden grounds and trellised bowers,
Yet can I say, 'Accept from me,
A winter wreath of London flowers.
Within these verdant leaves enshrin'd,
Dwells young Imagination's rose,
The lilies of the pensive mind—
The buds that Fancy's dreams disclose.
Here Cody shines in radiance bright,
While gentle Neele is 'sprent with dew,
And sober Barton meets the sight,
In tranquil tints of changeless hue.
From Mitford's hand what treasures flow,
Of varied blossoms, grave and gay;
And Landon gives one flow'ret's glow,
And Hemans one—how pure the lay!
Then lady, take my wintry wreath,
And place it in thy favorite bow'r,
For 'thoughts that burn and words that breathe,'
Can solace best December's hour. H.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S GRAVE*.

IT was a summer's eve—the sabbath sun
Hurried his golden course towards the west,
Throned in beauty, and with his bright beam
Gilded the woods and mountains, sea and shore.
The small birds piped their cheerful melodies;
The sheep and lambkins basked in the sun;
The swallows wheeled their circuitous flight;
The earth, and air, and sea, beast, bird, and man,
And all creation sunk into repose;—
It was an universal Sabbath!

Forth
I wandered. The sea was beautiful!
The setting sun shone on its surface, and
It did appear a lake of molten gold!
The scene around was desolate and grand:
Rock peer'd o'er rock in dizzy height, and
show'd
In shape fantastical. The wearied eye
Their measure could not scan. The rippling sea
In stillness wash'd their base, and nought appear'd
But rock, and sky, and sea,—save where the beach
Its sandy plain extended, but untrod
By human footsteps! 'Twas a lonely spot;
And sought of mankind did present itself
To call the mind back to this erring world,
Save in one grassy nook the green sward rose
In form of human grave!

* Perhaps it is necessary to inform the reader, that formerly, on the coast of Glamorganshire, whenever a vessel was wrecked and any bodies cast on shore, a hole (it can hardly call it a grave) was immediately dug on the spot, and the body deposited in it and covered over with the sandy soil! Of late years, however, when circumstances of the kind have taken place, the body has had Christian burial in the parish church, and at the expense of the parish where it has been washed on shore. In strolling along this rocky coast, the rambler is frequently put into a moralizing mood, by stumbling over one of these memorials of mortality.

The western wind,
Which blew across the sea, with his salt kiss
Had cropp'd the grass, and nipp'd the budding blossoms.
No wild flow'r bloom'd upon this desolate spot,
Except the home-bred cheerful daisy. Here,
Where all around was desolate, it shone
(An elfin sun with rays of light surrounded)
With tenfold lustre.—Companionless
It stood, the only ornament upon
The shipwreck'd sailor's grave!

The winter blast,
With wild and horrid roar and fearful pow'r,
Heaved the swelling billow's foaming bow
Up to the gates of heaven; when, in a small
And fragile bark, far from his own sweet home,
The sailor plough'd his way across the deep.
The night was dark—the lightning gleamed red,
When, borne upon a mighty billow's bosom,
The bark was cast on shore—and all were drown'd!

The morn appear'd—the sky was deck'd with clouds
Of bloody redness. In the east the sun
Peer'd o'er the hills with pale and sickly hue.
The sailor's corse was cast upon the beach;—
His youthful locks, that cluster'd o'er his brow,
Were all dishevell'd by the 'wild wave's play,'
And dripping with its moisture. From his eye
No flash of life shot forth, but fix'd and glassy,
It almost started from its socket,—
For he had warred with the foaming wave,
And struggled hard for life! Around his neck
There hung—(by a wreath of hair suspended)—
A miniature,—the likeness of his mistress!
Who can tell!—In his right hand he held it,
And he had press'd it to his heart, when he
Had yielded up his breath!

Beneath this sod they laid the sailor's corpse—
No one a blessing breathed o'er his grave,—
No pray'r was pour'd to Heaven; but he was laid
In the cold earth.—Cold lookers-on stood round,
Cold hearts beheld,—and not a tear was shed!

The curlew, in the air above the spot,
Wheeled his circling flight—his piercing scream
Was echoed from the rocks—no other knell
Toll'd o'er the sailor's doom! O. N. Y.

7th Dec. 1825.

THE WOODLAND STILE*.

THE vow has past—the lip has sealed,
The eye and heart have felt its power,
Truth has enforced our love revealed,
The blush declares it in the flower;
Yet, when we parted, on my cheek,
Fear flashed and trembled round my smile,
Lest thou th' appointed hour should'st break,
Nor meet me at the Woodland Stile.

Mistrust will shade a maiden's joy,
When most she hopes her heart to bless;
Man, like an eagle, can destroy
The weaker vessel in distress;
Why should I doubt that thou art true
As sunshine to a southern isle?
Love—ere the stars have glisten'd through,
O! meet me at the Woodland Stile!

Sweet is the dying rose's leaf,
Fair is the violet's opening crest,
Rich the corn-laden autumn's sheaf,
More dear than these, the faithful breast;
Wait not for clocks at village towers,
Think not of toil, or mark the mile,
True as the wind's soft wings to flowers,
Remember! meet me at the Woodland Stile. P. J. R.

* See Mr. Bramandreth's Poem, Literary Chronicle, No. 342.

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FINE ARTS.

We have lately been highly gratified by examining four numbers of a series of engravings, drawn and etched by G. Cuitt, whose antiquities of Chester will be remembered by many of our readers. To that very clever work he has now added one number, consisting of miscellaneous drawings, another of six views of Fonthill Abbey, and one of six views from Kirkstall Abbey. In each number the increasing powers of the artist are very evident, and whereas his first efforts evinced only a taste for Piranevi's style, and the power of effectually copying it, his later works prove him superior to the Italian decidedly. The effect of his dark masses, the brilliance of his lights, the bold relief given to certain parts of these unrivalled Gothic edifices, with their rich garniture of ivy and other foliage, render them superior to any other engravings in a similar style which we ever beheld.

To the splendid river scenery, published by the Messrs. Cooke's, principally from the drawings of Turner and Girtin, these spirited publishers and admirable engravers, have now brought out a work likely to prove exceedingly attractive to artists and amateurs. It is a selection of twenty-four subjects from the two hundred which compose the Liber Veritatis of Claude Lorraine, known to the public by the engraving of Earlom, from the invaluable original, in possession of the successive Dukes of Devonshire for more than a century.

From a neatly written Life of Claude Lorraine, preparatory to the work, we learn that his grace the Duke of Bedford, being in possession of a fine copy of Earlom's work, improved by the masterly touching of Paul Sandby, most kindly lent it for the purpose now effected. In this generous loan, the nobleman in question has proved himself as much a friend to the fine arts in his native country, as by the many purchases of works of merit which he has been very judiciously making for some years past.

The engravings greatly resemble the original drawings, and are executed with freedom and grace, and, from the scarcity of Earlom's work, added to their superiority, will, we have no doubt, be so eagerly sought after, as to induce a second, and probably a third selection to be made, in a similar manner, from the sketches of this unparalleled artist.

Royal Academy.—On Saturday the annual distribution of premiums took place at the Royal Academy, when the following students received prizes for their performances:—

Mr. Wood—The gold medal, and the Discourses of Reynolds and West, for an historical painting, representing 'Joseph expounding the Dreams of Pharaoh's Chief Butler and Baker.'

Mr. Deare.—The gold medal; with the same Discourses, for a model of the 'Death of Goliah.'

Mr. Basset—The gold medal, with the same Discourses, for a design for a national edifice adapted for the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquarians.

Mr. Webster.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy of 'a Virgin and Child,' by Raphael.

Mr. Fancourt.—A silver medal, for the second best copy.

Mr. Wood—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best drawing from the life.

Mr. Sious.—A silver medal, for the second best drawing.

Mr. Deare.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best model from the life.

Mr. Lote.—For an architectural drawing of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook.

Mr. Williams.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best drawing from an antique group, 'The Laocoon.'

Mr. Smith.—A silver medal for the second best drawing.

Mr. Presbury.—A silver medal for the third best drawing.

Mr. Gallaghan.—A silver medal, with the Lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best model from the antique of the same group.

Mr. Panamo.—A silver medal for the second best model.

Sir T. Lawrence, the president, after distributing the medals, alluded to a picture of Mr. John Hayter's, which had been rejected solely in consequence of some informality in regard to the regulations of the academy: he spoke in high terms of this picture, and said that the academy were sorry to be compelled to reject a work, which otherwise they would have been proud of*. Sir Thomas apologized for not delivering a discourse on the fine arts, as had been usual, his very recent return from the Continent not having afforded the time necessary for such purpose.

Panorama of Mexico.—A new panorama of the city of Mexico, has been opened in Leicester Square, of which the daily journals speak very highly, but having had no opportunity to see it, (though invited to the private view,) we defer our remarks until next week.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury Lane Theatre.—On Monday a Mr. Priest appeared at this theatre in the character of Shylock, in the play of the *Merchant of Venice*, but he is evidently not ordained to be one of 'Shakspeare's heroes,' like his prototype, Kean, whom he faintly imitates: indeed, with such slender qualifications as Mr. Priest possesses, we are not a little surprised at his presumption, unless he was stimulated by 'vaulting ambition,' which in this instance, as in many others, has 'o'erleaped itself.' In neither person, features, nor voice, has Mr. Priest anything to recommend him, and although his Shylock might pass in a private theatre, yet it was unworthy of the Drury Lane stage, even in its present degraded state.

Covent Garden Theatre.—A new melodrama, in five acts, entitled *The Three Strangers*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday. It is a new version of Lord Byron's drama, which was taken from one of Miss Lee's Canterbury Tales. There was some good acting in the piece, but there is no catastrophe; and when the curtain fell, at the close of the fifth act, people stared at each other, and inquired if there were five acts more to come. As, however, there are some who judge of articles by their quantity, rather than their quality—and this play gives enough for money, in all conscience—*The Three Strangers* may continue to be played a few nights, until the holydays.

* Mr Charles Hayter, the father of the young artist, has explained this informality: he says 'it was not occasioned by a disobedient disregard to the laws of that establishment, but by very serious indisposition, which made him incapable of attending on the day fixed (Nov. 15) for the candidates to paint a corroborative sketch, as an evidence of the genuineness of the picture offered for the medal, under the eye of the keeper, which is indispensable and unqualified by any provisional clause with regard to illness.'

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

Our readers will recollect that we lately noticed the appointment of a new secretary and librarian to this institution, in the person of Mr. Brayley, F. A. S.; and on that occasion we expressed an opinion that a favourable change in the state of the property would speedily result from the new management, some very efficacious regulations having been recently devised by the committee, both for placing the interests of the proprietors upon a surer basis, and for rendering the valuable library of the institution more accessible to its members than heretofore. We are now gratified by learning that the shares have improved nearly one-fourth during the last three months, and from the liberality and very honourable conduct evinced at a *Special Meeting of Proprietors*, on Wednesday last, the 14th inst., we cannot doubt but that the institution will immediately obtain a yet higher degree of estimation in public opinion, and a still more rapid increase in the value of its property.

In the absence of Henry Storks, Esq., the regular chairman, the proceedings were opened by Mr. Watson, (one of the managers,) through whose persevering exertions, a misappropriation of shares by the late secretary was originally discovered. He stated, generally, that the meeting had been summoned for the purpose of determining the most expedient course to be pursued, in regard to fourteen gentlemen claiming shares as bought of the said secretary, by whom their several payments had been received, and tickets issued to them, but altogether without either the authority or knowledge of the committee.

Robert Hunter, Esq., F. S. A., the Rev. John Hewlett, Lieut. Gen. Thornton, late M. P., for Woodstock, and several other gentlemen spoke upon the question, almost all of whom argued, that, from the apparent responsibility and invested power of the late secretary, a stranger applying for shares might be easily deceived, and that it was, therefore, incumbent upon the proprietors, from principles of equity, liberality, and honour, to afford to the claimants every relief that the regulations of the institution would admit. This reasoning carried conviction, and it was finally resolved, *nemine contradicente*, on the motion of Mr. Hunter, seconded by W. B. Rooke,

Esq., that, in consideration of all the circumstances by which they had been deceived, the gentlemen alluded to should be admitted as honorary life members, and considered to be such so long as they continued to pay the annual subscription of one guinea, in common with the body of proprietors, but without having, themselves, any share or property in the institution. Whilst this decision fully establishes the high character of the society, it should be known, that certain rules have been newly made, in regard to the transferring of shares, which ensures the future respectability of the institution; all new members, before admission, being required, by a printed form, to obtain a recommendation from two actual proprietors, under their respective signatures, which must be laid before the committee of management for their approval. The admission tickets, also, must now be signed by a manager, and countersigned by the secretary.

Mr. Wallace has delivered two lectures on astronomy at the Western Literary Institution.

The Gwyneddigion (Cambrian) Society held its fifty-fourth anniversary on Monday last at the Woodpack Tavern, Cornhill. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Parry.

In the press, Early Metrical Tales; including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray Steil.

The third volume of the works of Canova, in sculpture and modelling, engraved in outline by Henry Moses, which has been for some time in preparation, will appear shortly. It will consist of six double parts, each containing ten engravings, with descriptions from the Italian of the Countess Albrizzi.

The number of students in the university of Gottingen has diminished this half year 104. Of the 1545, who attended last half year, 470 have quitted, part voluntarily and part in consequence of injunctions from the tribunal of the university. The number of new students is at present 375, in all 1441; above half of whom are foreigners, including even some Americans.

Mr. Bowles has in the press a Reply to the last pamphlet of Mr. Roscoe; and also some observations on the last Quarterly Review relative to Pope, both of which will shortly make their appearance.

The third and fourth parts of Lord Northwick's Selection of Ancient Coins will be ready in a few days. They are drawn by Del Frate, a distinguished pupil of Canova, and engraved by Henry Moses, with descriptions by George Henry Noehden, LL. D., of the British Museum, &c.

The History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the End of the Eighteenth Century, translated from the Original Italian of the Abbate Luigi Lanzi, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., is in the press; and two volumes of this important work will soon appear.

A medal of the value of £2 is offered by the Cardigan Cymreipyddion Society, for the best Welsh essay on 'Hynafiaethun Ceredigion.'

THE BEE,

Mr. Bulwer's strong assertion in his Autumn in Greece, of the late General Maitland's being an 'abominable tyrant,' may be partly owing to the general having been a strict disciplinarian;—that he was not a man of the most delicate feelings, the following unpublished anecdote will show:—when he was governor of Ceylon, an unfortunate soldier who had been found drunk upon duty, was put by his serjeant under confinement: while still under the influence of intoxication, he possessed himself of a loaded musket, and fired at the serjeant who had ordered him into custody, but did not wound him; for this serious offence against humanity and military law, he was brought to a court-martial, found guilty, and condemned to be shot. The morning appointed for execution of the sentence, the garrison were assembled to see it carried into effect. The culprit had expressed contrition, and urged his former correct conduct in mitigation of punishment, but in vain. At the fatal hour, the governor was announced, and more than one hoped he had come to commute the sentence—but, no; he came to see the unhappy man suffer!

Animal Fancy and Parental Value.—A certain person has two jack-daws, of which he is particularly fond: 'Jack-daws,' he says, 'is the sensiblest animals that is.' Talking with a friend the other day, in the presence of the daws, 'Tom,' said he, 'Tom, I would sooner lose my father and mother than them birds; in fact I'd sooner lose £2.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.		8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.		Weather.
Dec.	9	44	46	45	..	53	Cloudy.
....	10	44	45	45	29	75	Do.
....	11	44	46	44	..	78	Do.
....	12	42	41	40	..	90	Do
....	13	35	44	48	..	79	Do.
....	14	48	50	42	..	33	Rain—wind
....	15	38	40	45	..	76	Fair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. Leathwick's Ode to Imagination, and a Defence of the British Museum, will appear in our next.

Back Numbers of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE stamped, can seldom be supplied after the day of publication; but any of the unstamped Numbers may be obtained through the country booksellers, who can supply, upon order, any deficiency either in the monthly or quarterly parts, or annual volumes.

Works just published.—Crabb's Universal Historical Dictionary, two vols. 4to. 800 portraits, and numerous wood cuts, 5*l.* 8*s.* boards.—The Mirror of the Months, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Brady's Varieties of Literature—Butler's Life of Erasmus, 7*s.* 6*d.*—M'Culloch on Political Economy, 12*s.*—Hume's Customs of the Excise, 16*s.*—Wiffen's Translation of Tasso, three vols. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Myddleton on Consumption, 4*s.*—Illustration of Joplin, on the Currency, 5*s.*—Poole's Essay on Education, 4to. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Hack's English Stories, third series, 7*s.*—Ayre on Dropsy, 6*s.*—Murratt's Mechanical Philosophy, 7*s* 6*d.*—Granby, 3 vols. 27*s.*—Westminster Review, No. 8, 6*s.*—Smiles for all Seasons, 2nd edition, 6*s.*—Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales and Essays, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Carey's Beauties of the Poets, 7*s.*—Statutes at Large, vol 1, part 1, 4to 2*l.*—Death-Bed Scenes, 16*s.* 6*d.*—Nicolas's Testamenta Vetusta 2 vols royal 8vo 2*l.* 10*s.*—Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, 4 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*—Antoninus's Meditations, 6*s.*

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CONDUCTED BY A. JAMIESON, LL. D.
Author of a Celestial Atlas, and several Works on Education.

IN Consequence of the Removal of his Establishment from Kensington to Heston, Dr. Jamieson deems it expedient respectfully to submit to the Public a very brief Prospectus of his Plan of Instruction; together with the Terms upon which young Gentlemen are educated in his School.

Heston House is about half a mile from the Bath Road, and opposite to the Cavalry Barracks on Hounslow Heath. The Distance is about 11 Miles from London.

The House, Premises, and Grounds are large, extensive, and walled round; the domestic Accommodations are ample and airy; and the Situation is delightful, healthy, and retired, for the Education of Youth.

From experience and observation, Dr. Jamieson has adopted what he considers an improved Method of conducting the Education of his Scholars, whose Energies are unremittingly directed to those Branches of Knowledge which comprise their several Studies.

As respects the Discipline of the School, no Boy is left unoccupied when he ought to be employed in Study. Order, Accuracy, and Repetition, the Foundations of all Improvement, are steadily observed and unremittingly put in practice. By the hope of Distinction or the fear of Disgrace, the Scholars are taught to labour for themselves, both in learning and repeating their Lessons. And no two things are more distinct than a spirit of virtuous Emulation and jealous Ambition. To extirpate the latter and cultivate the former, is a task of no common difficulty; yet it may be achieved by cherishing the most powerful feeling in Youth, the love of motion upwards, by Rewards; for it is the name of a Prize which makes it desirable. According to this plan, there are, Annually, two Medals for Classical, and two also for Mathematical Proficiency, awarded to those four Boys who acquit themselves best in those Branches of Education.

Religious and Moral Principles, those of the Catechism and Liturgy of the Established Church, adapted to the years of the Pupils, are attentively inculcated; and private, domestic, and public Worship, are regularly observed.

The Terms, for the Board and Education of Pupils, under Ten Years of Age, are Forty-five Guineas a-year; and for Boys who exceed that Period, Fifty Guineas. The Charge for those who remain during the Holidays, is Ten Guineas for each Term at Midsummer and Christmas.

As extra, the French Language, Dancing, and Drawing, are charged each Six Guineas; Military Exercise, Four Guineas; and a Single Bed and Washing, each Five Guineas,—a-year.

The Pupils sleep in single Beds.

Two Sons of a Family are received at a round Sum, so as to cover the annual Charge for Board and Education, with the several Items appropriated to Masters. There is no preliminary Charge for Entrance; but a Quarter's Notice, or its Amount, is required before the removal of any Pupil from the School. And each Boy brings with him Six Towels, a Silver Spoon, and a Knife and Fork.

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The usual Vacations are Five Weeks at Christmas, and the same at Midsummer, with a Week at Easter. There are two resident Masters in the House, besides the Principal, the one a French, and the other a Classical Teacher, who constantly superintend the Studies of the Scholars in the Preparation of their Exercises and Lessons out of School-Hours.

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The publication of this Work has, from circumstances not likely to occur again, been deferred considerably beyond the time intended. In future years, the volume will be produced in the first week of November. The Editor has the satisfaction to state, that he has received every assurance of steady and efficient assistance from the distinguished literary characters who have contributed to the present volume.

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No. 345. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1825. Price 6*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoires de P. L. Hanet Clery.

Memoirs of P. L. Hanet Clery, formerly Valet de Chambre of the Duchess D'Angoulême, and Brother of the faithful Clery, 1776—1823. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1825.

THIS is one of those delightful light reading books that are always taken up with pleasure; it is full of anecdote, written in a slight agreeable manner, and makes us better acquainted with the various personages than works which assume a higher character; it has no pretensions to fine writing or literary embellishment; it is the plain story of a man of the world, who simply relates what he has seen and witnessed, and when we find the author a confidential servant in the royal household, we expect to find (and are not disappointed) interesting sketches of the domestic life of the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette. M. Hanet paints them by their actions in private, which are the surest criterion. We admire Louis, when he shows how sensible he is to the means of improving the comforts of his people; we sympathize with him in his paternal feeling at the least idea of danger in his children; and we laugh to see him chide the carter for flogging his horses so hard, to make them draw the cart out of a rut; accept the offer of the carter's whip, to see if he can do better, overturning the cart, and then helping the man to load it again.

The queen is shown to be a tender-hearted mother and a warm friend. Hanet did not emigrate like his brother; he accepted an office under the revolutionary government, and he accordingly makes us acquainted with personages of all ranks; his life was a most chequered one, and full of interest, and such, we are persuaded, will be the sentiment of all our readers.

The family of Clery, whose original name was Hanet, (that of Clery having been adopted,) had been for about a century favorites with the kings of France, and the circumstance which rendered the immediate ancestor of the subject of these memoirs so, is too curious to be omitted;—

'It is well known that, in 1706, after the reverses of Louis XIV., some Dutch officers contrived to penetrate into France, from Courtrai, as far as Versailles. They watched for the dauphin, in hopes of getting possession of his person, and carrying him off; and they thought they had succeeded in the attempt, on the bridge of Sèvres. Having observed there a carriage with the royal arms, and being deceived by the resemblance of a young nobleman, who was in it, to that prince, they seized the person of the Marquis of Beringham, the first equerry of the king. As soon as the news was known, couriers were despatched upon all the roads, with the necessary orders for stopping them.

'Jean Hanet, surnamed Prevot, because he had formerly been a fencing master, was at that time attached to the royal stables, as purveyor of horses and forage. This man, who was very tall, and possessed of such strength, that he was able to break in the most powerful and vicious horses, was much protected and favoured by M. De Beringham.

'Jean Hanet learnt the mistake of the Dutch officers, in conveying off his protector. Inspired and actuated by gratitude, he obtained permission to go also as a courier, and having received his orders, he mounted one of the horses, and set out at full speed after the enemy, who had full two hours start of him. He fortunately followed the same road: he overtook them, and, having passed by them unknown, he arrived at Peronne before them. He showed his orders to the governor, who, on their arrival, ordered the gates of the town to be shut, and thus M. De Beringham recovered his liberty.

'This nobleman, on his return, informed his majesty, that his deliverance was owing to the extraordinary rapidity, with which Jean Hanet performed the journey. Struck with so strong a mark of attachment, the king wished to see so faithful and zealous a servant; and from this time he deigned to honour him with his attention.

'It is necessary here to remark, that the corpulency, strength, and agility of Jean Hanet, from whom I am descended (he was my great grandfather), have always been hereditary in his family; the members of it, at the present moment, possess the same characteristics.

'Having acquired a sufficient competency, he wished to repose from the fatigues of business. He retired into his native country, Normandy, and bought the small territory of Clery, of which he took the name, and which has remained with his descendants.

'Several of his sons followed their father's profession, and were successively attached to the royal stables. One of them, more enterprising than the rest, besides his business in horses and forage, took the lease of a farm belonging to the priory of Jardi, situated between Vaucresson and Versailles. He also had a large family. One of his sons was called Benjamen Cant Hanet.'

The parents of M. Clery were Benjamin Hanet and Marguerite Laurent, and, says our author, with his usual kind feeling and simplicity, 'without pretending to value ourselves upon the gifts of nature, I can fairly say that my father was as handsome for a man as my mother was for a woman.' The character he gives of her beauty is illustrated by an anecdote of its having drawn forth the praises of the dauphiness, who selected her as her nurse, and had her conducted to the palace at Versailles, where she was 'acknowledged to be the most beautiful nurse that they had seen for a long time.'

'It is the custom in France, about two months before the confinement of any of the princesses of the blood royal, to select four wet-nurses out of a large number brought for examination. These four are called "the Retained," and when the child is born, one selected from these four is charged with the care of suckling the royal infant; but the other three are still retained as a matter of precaution.'

'It is well known that Louis XIV., destined in every way to be something extraordinary, came into the world with two teeth already formed. He bit his first nurse to that degree, that she positively refused to suckle him; a second was called, to whom he did the same, and she retired much alarmed; a third shared the same fate. At last, when the fourth came, who was a beautiful, strong, and resolute country woman, they thought it right to inform her what had happened. "Well," said she, "if that be all, I have no fears. Bring me the child." He bit her the same as the rest. Upon which, setting aside, and braving all etiquette, she gave the royal child a smart slap on the bottom with the palm of her hand, he immediately began to suck, and after this she continued to nurse him without being again bitten. From hence is derived the custom of always retaining the number of four wet-nurses.'

Unfortunately for Madame Clery, she fell against the arm of a chair and knocked out two of her front teeth.

'This accident could certainly have no influence upon her health, which was in the best possible state; but etiquette was too strictly observed at the court of Louis XV. to permit a nurse who had lost two of her front teeth from suckling a royal infant.'

The father of the two Clerys was a practical farmer, who brought his sons up with a knowledge of agriculture, and he even taught them to make the implements of agriculture commonly in use.

Our author, whom we shall call Hanet, as he calls himself, in order to distinguish him from his brother, after having a good education, entered the service of the Princess de Guémenée; he speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of his elder brother.

After remaining some time in the service of the princess, Hanet became valet de chambre to madame royale. He relates a singular

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circumstance which occurred to the dauphin (Louis XVII.) when about a year old.

'Madame Duparc, who had the charge of the prince's food, was so imprudent as to desire the servant to make some panada, which was made of dried crumbs of bread very finely pounded; the maid, not having the marble pestle and mortar, which was always made use of for this purpose, at hand, took a bottle, and rolling it on the crumbs, bruised them in this manner. Their majesties, who never failed to be present at the prince's meals, remarked to Madame Rousseau, who fed the child, that the panada was much too hot, Madame Rousseau took a spoon to cool it; but in stirring it up she felt something hard in it. The first physician, Brunier, who was present, immediately had the panada sifted, and found in it a quantity of pounded glass.

'The alarm of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette may easily be conceived, for they knew not who to suspect among all those who were about the prince; the whole responsibility of her situation flashed on Madame de Guémenée's mind; she became as pale as death, was seized with convulsions, and was carried senseless out of the apartment. Happily every thing soon came to light. Madame Duparc was interrogated about the panada, which she was supposed to have prepared herself; she frankly owned that she had given it to her servant to make. She, in her turn, was desired to show the mortar, which she ought to have made use of, and by declaring that she made use of a bottle, the enigma was soon explained. The bottle was examined, and it was discovered that in making it the air had formed globules on the surface, that these globules being broken by the pressure of the bottle on the crumbs had accidentally mixed with it. Serenity and security were re-established by this explanation. The negligence of Madame Duparc was punished by her discharge with a pension, and Madame Bay was placed in her situation.'

Nothing could exceed the affection Louis XVI., and his queen, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, displayed for their infant family; and the king, in becoming a tutor, invented an instructive amusement, which has since been extensively adopted:—

'The Abbé Davaux gave madame royale lessons in religion, reading, history, mythology, and geography; at the geographical lesson, particularly, the king was always present, and presided. This good father, to facilitate his daughter's improvement, in a branch of education which he knew extremely well, cut up several geographical maps which were on the table, and placed in this manner, the general division of the four quarters of the globe, and the smaller divisions of each state, in succession, before his pupil. This study, which by this means, was changed into a game, was very useful, and Madame soon became an excellent geographer. Louis XVI. was the original inventor of this manner of teaching, which has since been so generally adopted in all schools throughout France, and perhaps in every part of Europe.

'The queen, on her part, taught her daughter to sew, to embroider, and all kinds of needle-work. This excellent mother taught her child to make shifts, and baby's clothes, which she made her afterwards distribute to the poor in the neighbourhood of Versailles.'

Lous XVI. was ingenious as a mechanic, and on one occasion, when the queen had broken a key in a lock, he undertook to repair it, which led to an amusing circumstance.

'The king had replaced the lock, and, in order to try if the key would turn well on the other side, he had gone out of the passage where I was; and as there was no light on the other side of the door, the king was in the dark. It happened that Delmas was expecting a locksmith to mend something in madam's apartment. Seeing a man with his back turned to him, who was trying a key in every possible way, he took him for the workman, went up to him, and striking him rudely on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Well, my man, you make us wait long enough."

'The king opened the door, and turned round; Delmas, when he recognised his master, uttered a loud cry. The queen, who heard it in madame's room, came out, and saw poor Delmas, on the one hand, in a great fright, and on the other, the king laughing heartily, and rubbing his shoulder. He might well have said, with the Maréchal de Saxe, "and if it had been George, you need not have struck so hard." Their majesties seeing poor Delmas so frightened, consoled him with their usual kindness.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Path to Naval Fame, with an Index of Nautical Terms and Phrases, respectfully dedicated to the Officers of his Majesty's Royal Navy, Marines, and Land Forces. By Henry Barnet Gascoigne, Lieutenant of the Royal Marines. 2nd Edition. With the Author's Poetic Petition to his Majesty. 8vo. pp. 126. Warwick, 1825.

In reviewing the poems of Mr. Wolfe, we have observed that to an accidental circumstance the public generally is indebted for a knowledge of them and their author; accident, indeed, does much, and we wonder some bard has not made it the subject of a poem: within the last few days, we have seen that an old woman, dropping down at the door of a bank in Mansion House Street, brought a run on the bank for several days, and we might go on enumerating similar proofs of its effects, which would show that it has more influence in the affairs of this world than design, did we not know 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.'

No accident, however, has occurred hitherto to bring the works of Lieut. Gascoigne under critical notice, although he is a prolific writer. We have before us a list of eight works he has written, all of which are 'published, recited, and sold by the author, at Emma's Cottage, Emscote Road, Warwick, and wherever Hope may lead him.'

The Path to Naval Fame was, we understand, written in 1805, under the title of The Cruise, but another work appearing before it, the title was changed to The Path to Naval Fame, under which name it was published: but, although the edition was sold, the proceeds, owing to the death or failure of the bookseller, never reached the author's pocket. The new edition contains several additions. The incidents are principally founded on facts, and we half suspect that the author is the hero of his tale. The work is strictly moral, and Lieut. Gascoigne combines love and loyalty with a description of naval scenes and adventures. That Lieut. Gascoigne is an amiable man is evident from his writings, which are directed to a meritorious object, that of inculcating a love of our country, and of a profession which is its proudest glory and defence. As a specimen of our author's abilities, we quote his concluding address, which is a sort of record of the great naval heroes of the late war:—

'Ye youths! who fain would naval duties learn;
Comrades of old! who for employment burn;
Ye naval men! who weather'd out each storm,
And brav'd grim death in each terrific form;
Ye gallant soldiers of the British line!
Whose glorious deeds in brightest annals shine;
Ye worthy Britons! who in calm repose,
Enjoy the peace which from their conquests flows;
As here the labours of the nautic muse,
Describe a frigate on a western cruise;
From past experience her advice to give,
And bid the path to naval honours live;
If now assisted by a friendly gale,
And due encouragement at length shall hail,
To higher flights her energies aspire,
And higher themes awake her nautic lyre.
To mark the rise and progress of the tree
Which forms the basis of our naval fame
When ancient Britons first row'd round their shore,
And stones and arrows form'd their naval store.
To mark the change when first the cannon roar'd
From clumsy barks, with shot of marble stor'd.
A change as great in warfare we may deem,
As though we now should learn to fight by steam.
To mark the progress of the nautic art,
Who first, by compass, dar'd from land depart;
Till our brave Drake the British flag unfurl'd
In ev'ry clime, and sail'd around the world.
To take a leaf from the historic page,
And show the rising spirit of the age;
When Drake and Howard, Spain's armada beat,
And made the world respect a British fleet.
How, with few hands, by storm, our gallant Rooke
Surpris'd the dons, and thus Gibraltar took.
For Porto Bello and intrinsic worth,
The honest Vernon still must live on earth.
To show great Anson's persevering mind,
Through loss of health and evil pow'rs combin'd;
How his brave soul could ev'ry ill surpass,
And gain'd reward by meeting success.
To count the victories by Rodney gain'd,
And Dogger Bank by Parker brave obtain'd.
To tell of Howe, the glorious first of June,
And then in turn her willing lays attune
To sing of Jervis, all his triumphs show,
And how St. Vincent bade our welfare flow.
Of gallant Duncan and his faithful foes,
The muse must sing, who did the Dutch lose

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Of active Warren, and his squadron light,
The muse will speak with glee and high delight.
Nor must Sir Sidney Smith be here forgot,
To whom fate gave the enviable lot,
On Egypt's shore, to give the first defeat
To Bonaparte, and make him know retreat.
But how shall verse in nautic strains relate,
A Nelson's glories and a Nelson's fate!
—Oh, yes! there's inspiration in the thought,
That though she never under Nelson fought;
And lost the glory of Trafalgar's day,
Though near the fleet upon her forward way,
The rising dawn which did succeed the fight,
Gave her, a grand, and oh! a glorious sight;
The British fleet in safety from the gale,
O'er whose experience it could not prevail;
While far around the ships of France and Spain
Lay conquer'd logs upon the boist'rous main.—
The hearty Strachan well will grace the book,
Who the four runners from Trafalgar took;
And plea'd John Bull, to hear with what delight
He met the foe, and won the equal fight.
For gallant Saumer's must a page be found,
On Gib.'s old rock with naval honours crown'd;
Which pleasing scene the muse delighted saw,
And inspiration from the thought must draw.
For old Marengo and the tight Belle Poule,
A useful lesson in our naval school,
Sir Harry Burrard Neale must have a place,
Though all the squadron to the foe gave chase.
These are the themes which now the muse inspire,
With bolder notes to strike her nautic lyre;
For acts of valour to reserve a place,
And bid great deeds an epic poem grace;
In single actions to declare each name
Which gave a laurel to our naval fame:
Thus in the cause, the youthful breast to fire,
And move the son to imitate the sire.'

From another little work, which the author calls The Author's Present from his Cot and Stall, we quote the following playful address:

'TO VISITORS
AT WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.

'The great authors of old,
As the story is told,
Compos'd and repeated their verse;
And the good people all
Came around at their call,
To listen and add to their purse.
'But in these alter'd days,
Though an author gains praise,
He may starve while he usefully writes;
He must publish and print,
And pay others to hint,
Who reap while the author endites.
'You have heard, one and all,
Of the author's snug stall,
If not, I invite you to look;
Here sit at your ease,
Read my scrolls if you please,
And buy of the author a book.
'As a walk, it's not far;
With horse, gig, or car,
An airing with four or a pair;
A short call by the way.
When a visit you pay,
Or to Warwick's old castle repair.
'Sometimes I repeat,
And would fain sell each sheet,
By waiting upon you myself;
Your favours I ask,
To get through the task,
That my wares may not stick on the shelf.'

Sketches of Corsica. By ROBERT BENSON, M. A. 8vo. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

THIS is a light and agreeable volume on Corsica, a place which will for ever be celebrated on account of its giving birth to Napoleon Buonaparte. The author, who visited Corsica two or three years ago, on business, has sketched, in a lively manner, not only many of his adventures, but an historical account of the island. The Corsican dialect, for it is not a distinct language, is a sort of mixture of Tuscan, Sicilian, Sardinian, French and Genoese. Of Corsican customs, we are told:—

'The Corsicans have many curious customs. The Baron de Beaumont says, "Having wandered one evening, accompanied by a native, I wished to enter a cabin which was difficult of access. The discharge of my companion's musket announced our presence. Immediately a shepherd presented himself to us, also armed with a gun; we parleyed, and then were admitted into his dwelling." This mode of visiting of course requires good nerves.

'The next custom which I am going to mention is not so common as formerly, although it does not seem to be entirely out of date:—

'Mothers of families, whose husbands have been assassinated, preserve the dress of the deceased until their children grow up to manhood, and then show them the clothes tinged with the blood of their fathers, and exhort them to vengeance; and in dispute with others, the latter taunt them if they have not revenged themselves. "Thus," adds M. Agostini, "these unhappy children have no other alternative than to live dishonoured, or to destroy the murderers of their parents, and they rush headlong into crime."

'The moresca, a sort of mock-fight, is a very favourite spectacle of the Corsicans, and attracts the inhabitants from all parts of the island. In this exhibition, there are challenges, single combats, and a general battle, which ends with the defeat of the party representing the enemy of the nation.

'The long courtships that generally precede the marriages of a more civilized people are here unknown; neither is the bridegroom the first proposer of the union.

'The day of marriage of young persons is one of great festivity. In the evening the bride is conducted to the house of her husband, amidst the music of violins etcetera, whilst the attendants sing a sort of gratulatory epithalamium. The buband comes out of his house at the sound of the music, and, amidst the discharge of muskets, receives the company with cordiality; offering honey, fruits, wine, and other things, for their refreshment. When the married couple are advanced in years, so that the union is not likely to be fruitful, the Corsicans conduct themselves in a totally different manner. Instead of approaching the bridegroom's house with instruments of music, they come then with spades, horns, discordant bells, and make a frightful *charivari*; thus denoting their disapprobation of a marriage which cannot fulfil one of the chief ends for which it was destined.

'The bridegroom so circumstanced bears this affront with good grace, since the custom is very ancient.'

Corsica does not seem to have made much progress in internal improvement or the facilities of intercourse:—

'The prefect is frequently forced to wait seventeen days for an answer to a letter directed to a distant commune: and it sometimes happens that several months elapse before a commune can obtain permission to remove a nuisance or remedy a trifling defect in any public work. An instance of this crying evil is afforded me by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement of Calvi. A village fountain was out of order, and fifteen francs would have paid the expense of its reparation; but it was necessary to proceed regularly in this matter. The mayor of the commune writes to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement for permission to convene a municipal council. The sub-prefect transmits the request to the prefect, the latter acquaints the sub-prefect that he authorizes the meeting of the council; the sub-prefect transmits this authority to the mayor, the mayor convokes the council, who vote accordingly. The *procès verbal* of their deliberation is sent to the mayor, and by him to the sub-prefect, who *provisionally* approves of it, and he transmits it to the prefect. The prefect having given his *definite* approbation, sends back the *procès verbal* to the sub-prefect, who transmits it to the mayor, charging him to cause an estimate to be made of the expenses. The estimate is subjected to the same forms, and afterwards the particulars of the rate to be levied on the inhabitants of the commune. If these are approved of, the prefect, in the same circuitous mode as before, directs the mayor to proceed to adjudication. Of this another *procès verbal* is made, and, after a fresh *provisional* approbation of the sub-prefect, and another *definitive* approbation by the prefect, the mayor gives the necessary orders for the fountain to be mended. Soon after the commencement of this long correspondence, the spring ceased to flow, and the commune was without water while twenty letters, two *procès verbaux*, an estimate, and a rate, travelled successively over the island. A royal ordinance has lately, in some measure, remedied this sort of evil in Corsica, but still the power of the sub-prefect and mayors of the island is so circumscribed, that they can scarcely do anything without a prior correspondence with the perfect.'

We shall conclude with an anecdote of Bonaparte's mother and his hat:—

'Madame Mère, we are informed, was always penurious. When Captain ——— was at the military college at Paris, during the consulate of Napoleon, Madame Bonaparte used to invite him, as a relative, to her own house. On one of those occasions, as he was returning to the college, she made the young man the handsome present of six francs. I have this from his own lips. Amongst other curiosities I saw the hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz: it was exceedingly light, and of his peculiar shape; the rim of the fore part was a little torn, as if by a bullet.'

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Catherine de Medicis, a Tragedy; Ethelwold and Elfrida, a Poem; James the Third, King of Scotland, a Tragedy. By WILLIAM WOODLEY, Esq. 8vo. pp. 215. London, 1825. Hatchard and Son.

ALL authors, we believe, endeavour to put their best foot foremost in a preface, when they introduce one; if, however, Mr. Woodley intended this, he has failed, for his preface is the worst thing he has done, and is affected and ridiculous. In his tragedies, the titles of which will suggest the stories on which they are founded, he displays more poetic talent than knowledge of the drama; some of the scenes, however, are very spirited. From the tragedy of Catherine de Medicis, we quote part of a scene between Condé and Isabella de Lemeüil, although it is on the stale subject of love or jealousy:—

'*Enter Isabella.* The Duke of Anjou does me wilful wrong,
In prosecuting thus a hateful suit,
Urged by his mother, to engage my heart;
By proffering love he wearies me to death,
And wakes suspicion in my Condé's breast.
Condé. Ha! didst thou speak of me. I thought
That Anjou's duke——
Isa. My lord!
Con. Spare your speech, madam,
For I could see full plainly with these eyes
Your lips meet his—the Duke of Anjou's, madam!
Isa. I pr'ythee, dear my lord, don't rashly hold
Opinion that I ever wrong'd your lips.
Con. My lips, madam! I thought that modest love
Had banish'd wanton and impure desire.—
That you were virtuous, chaste, and good.
My lips, madam! have you ne'er wronged my bed?
Isa. What wicked slander hath inform'd you so?
Con. How could thy bosom entertain a thought
To do me such freparable wrong?
What madness moved thee to dishonour me,
Who always used thee with such kind regard?
Isa. Dishonour thee, my lord! thou dost thyself
Dishonour; for, in thus suspecting me,
Where proof is wanting to elicit fact,
Thou show'st, by thy too blind credulity,
An easy bias to some sinful slur;
Losing a glorious fame in the possessing
A virtuous love, which ceases to be worth
When it begins to be suspected,—
By woman never prized, but as she is
By man relied on, and by self approved.
Con. Have I not reason, after what I've seen,
To doubt, distrust, and be alarmed for fame?
No cause for my belief! when I have heard—
Isa. Some poisonous coward has abus'd thine ear,
And stung thy virtue with toad-spotted tongue
Of an unheard-of slander.—Bring him forth,
The base licentious villain, to my face,
And I will prove the virtue of my heart,
Which, like a mirror, shall reflect his guilt,
And baffle calumny.
Con. (aside.) Oh! how like a gleam of light
The blush of innocence glow'd upon her cheek;
Such is the quick surprise of fearful modesty;
Such the start of virtue.
(To Isabel.) Declaiming loudly is no proof for me.
Isa. My lord, I have some reason to be loud,
When accusations of pernicious sort
Are current in the world to blast my fame.
A pool will mantle at a gust of wind,
E'en so a woman's temper, if men taint
Her name by scandal, lavish'd without proof.'

This extract affords a fair specimen of Mr. Woodley's talents.

Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand. By ALFRED JOHN KEMPE.

(Concluded from p. 808).

IN our last chronicle, we gave a general review of this work, and quoted an interesting notice on the subject of sanctuary, a privilege for which this place was anciently, like many others, celebrated. Mr. Kempe is rather faulty in his arrangements, which is, however, the only fault we have to find with him. In the course of his work, he gives various interesting notices, historical, antiquarian, and biographical; the following, relates to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who in 1077, was Dean of St. Martins:—

'Roger was originally the priest of a small chapel in the vicinity of Caen, in Normandy.

'Prince Henry, the third son of William the Conqueror, accompanied by a party of attendant knights, chanced to enter this chapel. The politic churchman considering, perhaps, the rank of his auditors, and knowing the natural ardour and impatience of youth, performed the mass with such wonderful and accommodating rapidity, that he finished before his hearers suspected he had well begun.

'Prayer, and the offices of religion, in these barbarous ages, appear to have been considered as a kind of expiatory tribute for all sorts of offences, and, provided that were duly paid, a license for their indulgence.

'The promptitude of Roger delighted the whole party, who declared that no better chaplain could be found for men whose profession was arms; and Henry, perhaps conceiving that it might be well applied to other matters, took him into his service as a domestic chaplain, and on his accession to the throne of England, admitted him to the highest influence and offices in the state.'

'Roger employed his influence in the promotion of his relatives and friends. For his reputed son, Roger, surnamed, says Godwin, *de Pauperc-censu*, he procured the office of chancellor; his nephew Alexander was elected bishop of Ely; his nephew Nigel bishop of Lincoln.'

Roger of Salisbury, after swearing fealty to the Empress Matilda, broke his oath, and assisted to raise Stephen to the throne; he, however, afterwards became suspected by the king of favouring the claims of Matilda, and it was, therefore, resolved to subject him and his adherents to personal restraint.

'For this purpose the bishop with his son and nephews were summoned to a council at Oxford. The Bishop of Ely, aware of the ultimate end of this mandate, declined to comply with it, and shut himself up in the castle of Devizes. The Bishop of Salisbury attended, as did Roger de Paupere-censu, and the Bishop of Lincoln. The wily prelate of Salisbury went, it appears, no willing guest. Malmesbury, (with that circumstantial particularity so charming in ancient historians contemporary with the period on which they treat,) says, he heard him utter, previously to his setting out, the following significant, though somewhat hypocritical, exclamation, "By my Lady St. Mary, I know not why, but my heart revolts at this journey: this I am sure of, that I shall be of much the same service at court as a foal is in battle."

'There, either by accident or preconcerted design, a quarrel took place between the servants of the bishops and those of Alan Earl of Bretagne, relative to a right of quarters; which had a melancholy termination, as the Bishop of Salisbury's retainers, then sitting at table, left their meal unfinished, and rushed to the contest. At first they contended with reproaches, afterwards with swords; the domestics of Alan were put to flight, and his nephew nearly killed; nor was the victory gained without bloodshed on the bishop's side, for many were wounded and one knight even slain. This violation of the peace and sanctity of the king's court was a high offence; the king demanded of the bishops the keys of their castles, as pledges of their fidelity to him; and, on their hesitating to comply, ordered them into close confinement.

'They soon, however, consented to yield up their castles of Sarum, Sherborne, and Malmesbury to the king. But Ely still holding out in Devizes, which his uncle had made the strongest fortress in England, Stephen repaired to the siege of it, taking with him his two prisoners, and erecting a gallows before the fortress, threatened instantly to hang Roger the chancellor, whose life, as a civilian, he could take away without sacrilege; and whose person, by the same consideration, he had laden with chains. The unfortunate Roger was forced to ascend the ladder, and the halter was applied to his neck; when the bishop, urged by the ties of nature, earnestly implored Stephen but to spare the life of his son; and, to prove he had no collusion with his nephew, who so obstinately held out, he would himself remain without sustenance until the castle should yield. On the third day of his uncle's fast, the nephew surrendered, and the immense treasures which were found in the castle, plate, jewels, with 30,000 marks in money, became the spoil of the offended monarch.'

The king was, however, afterwards obliged to make some concessions, including restitution to the church of St. Martin. In the midst of the disorders which prevailed, the life of Roger, bishop of Salisbury and dean of St. Martin, had its close:—

'Worldly disappointment produced such an effect on him, who had built his happiness on the sandy foundation of temporal prosperity, that he fell into a quartan ague, and receiving the news that the residue of his treasures and plate, which he had devoted to the completion of his cathedral church, and had placed as for sanctuary on the very table of its altar, was carried off, he fell into the ravings of frenzy, and in that miserable state expired on the 11th of December, 1139.'

The privilege of sanctuary at St. Martin's, as all such privileges were, was much abused.

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and in the reign of Edward VI. it became much exposed. In this reign,

'Whilst a soldier, confined in Newgate for some offence, was being conducted to Guildhall in the custody of an officer of the city, in passing the south gate of St. Martin's Sanctuary, which faced Newgate Street, some of his comrades rushed out of a neighbouring street, rescued him from the officer, and fled with him to the holy ground. The sheriffs, justly indignant at so barefaced an outrage, repaired to the collegiate church, attended by a host of the gazing and expectant multitude, and demanded their prisoner, with his daring accomplices, of the commissary or officer in charge of the place. On his refusal to give them up, the sheriffs boldly seized on them all, and committed them to safe keeping.

'This was a severe blow to our foundation, as it struck at the very root of their long used but unsalutary franchise. The canons who were present immediately preferred a circumstantial complaint to their dean.'

'Cawdray, the dean, was at Cambridge when he received this letter, and immediately set forward to London, in order to assert the liberties of his deanery; he applied to the sheriffs for restitution of the offenders to sanctuary, and on their refusal complained to the mayor and aldermen, who appointed him a hearing in their presence, within five days.'

The mayor and city made a strong stand against the king and the church on this occasion, and the sheriffs made a good defence:

'Descending to particulars, they further said, that a part of the precinct of St. Martin's was, in the time of Edward the Second, a common way (*venella*) lying in the parish of St. Leonard's, and leading from St. Vedast's church to that of St. Nicholas at the Shambles; that this lane becoming the nightly resort of ruffians, at the instance of the dean, and by consent of the city, it was stopped up and enclosed; the king, by his brief, directing inquisition to be made by a jury, which found that the enclosure would not be to the prejudice of the city.

'That in the 5th year of the same monarch's reign, Roger de Seyton and his associates, justices itinerant, commanded the mayor and citizens diligently to inquire what churches, chapels, and colleges, *within* the city were of the advowson, presentation, or donation of the king, when they found that this of St. Martin was one. The same precept was issued in the 14th of Edward the Second by Henry de Stanton, justice itinerant, and his associates. That the jury of inquisition then presented a certain solar or overhanging loft, adjoining to the church of St. Martin's, which was three feet too low, to the annoyance of the passengers in the public lane; Richard de Elsefield, the dean, attended and cheerfully promised that the nuisance should be corrected.

'They then proceeded to enumerate several murders which had taken place in and near the precinct, the perpetrators of which had taken sanctuary; that the parties were brought before the sheriffs and coroner, and on their refusing to throw themselves on the laws of their country, the latter made their return accordingly, which was deposited according to custom, within the treasury of the city.

'Some of these cases are so atrocious, and show so strikingly the abuses of sanctuary, that it may be well to particularize them:—

'In the 2nd of the reign of Edward the Second, Robert Stody murdered a woman, took sanctuary in St. Martin's, and afterwards made his escape.

'In the 6th of Edward the Third, John Frowe, of Lincoln, on account of an old grudge, dogged Robert Dodmerton, a mason, with a drawn dagger in his hand, and when near the gate of St. Martin's, stabbed him mortally in the neck, and immediately took sanctuary in the precinct.

'In the 16th of the above-mentioned reign, Lullay, a butcher of Cambridge, stabbed one Burgess in the highway, before St. Martin's college, and claimed the same immunity.

'The advocates of the city added, that as the mayor and sheriffs of London had of custom, from all time, enjoyed the privilege of returning, *in writing*, the process and record of all causes brought before them in the court of Hustings, to the king or any of his justices without the city, they, on the other hand, were always accustomed to return the same *ore tenus*, or by *word of mouth*, before the king's justices sitting at St. Martin's, as being a place within the city.

'That various persons who had committed spoliations and felonies within the precinct in the reign of Henry V. were apprehended, tried before the mayor and justices of the king, and outlawed. That in the first of the last mentioned king, a certain deep passage, in which ruffians assembled to perpetrate their predatory exploits, was thrown down, and laid open by the officers of the city.'

Among other abuses—

'Numerous fabricators of counterfeit plate and jewels sought immunity for their fraudulent trade within the walls of St. Martin's. Long after the dissolution of religious houses and suppression of sanctuaries, they appear to have kept their stand on this privileged ground. The manufacture of St. Martin's became a proverbial expression for counterfeit ware; and continued so even in the seventeenth century, as may be seen from the lines of that great master of wit and satire, Butler:—

"'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,
French stones which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds that inspire,
And set your am'rous hearts on fire.
Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads*,
Which on our lips you place for reds,
And make us wear like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your searching flames,
But those, true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock."

'In the year 1447 the goldsmiths of London endeavoured to extend their right of search and condemnation of counterfeit plate to the precinct of our church; and it is stated, that on the 14th of March, Thomas Ryner, John Randon, and other goldsmiths of London, "repaired to St. Martin's, and against the privileges of the place, searched the goldsmiths' shops in the sanctuary, taking from them such work "longing to the craftie as them liked."'

The zeal of Mr. Kempe carries him a little too far in his praise of institutions like that of St. Martin le Grand, particularly when he prefers the tyranny of the court of Rome to that of Henry VIII.; his work is, however, an interesting one, and its value is enhanced by some engravings connected with this ancient edifice.

Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, A. B. with a Brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. John Russell, A. M. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 552. Dublin, 1825.

To the accidental circumstance of Captain Medwin attributing an elegy on the death of Sir John Moore, which was written by Mr. Wolfe, to a wrong person, we are indebted for these volumes and the knowledge of an author, who seemed 'born to blush unseen,' so far as relates to the public, although he had admirers among his friends and the students of Trinity College, Dublin. With regard to the elegy in question we certainly think it has been overpraised, and that Mr. Wolfe has furnished much better claims to popularity as a poet in the Remains now published.

Mr. Wolfe was a young, enthusiastic, warm-hearted Irish clergyman, whose claims on the score of talents and piety were so much neglected, that it was not until he had reached the age of twenty-six that he got a benefice, and that a wretched curacy in the north of Ireland—a country where the wealth of the Protestant clergy is so immense. The life of a modest man of retired habits, like Mr. Wolfe, presents little interest, on account of its furnishing so little incident or anecdote, we shall, therefore, so far as relates to himself, only state a few particulars.

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. of Blackhall, in the County of Kildare; he was born in Dublin, December 14, 1791; his father dying when he was young, the family removed to England, where Charles received his principal education. He greatly distinguished himself in classical learning, and gave early promise of genius before he entered the university of Dublin, which was not until the year 1809. In 1817 he took orders, and successively became curate of Ballyclog in Tyrone, and Castlefeld, a village in the parish of Donoughmore—no very enviable situation, if the following picture of an Irish curacy be correct:

'He seldom thought of providing a regular meal; and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books; a small ricketty table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda; and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet, in which he slept, were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour, was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood

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of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.'

The zeal he manifested in discharging his church duties brought on indisposition, and in 1822 little hopes were entertained of his recovery. In that year—

'About the end of November, it was thought advisable, as the last remaining hope, that he should guard against the severity of the winter, by removing to the Cove of Cork, which, by its peculiar situation, is sheltered on all sides from the harsh and prevailing winds. Thither he was accompanied by the writer, and a near relative, to whom he was fondly attached. For a short time he appeared to revive a little, and sometimes entered into conversation with almost his usual animation; but the first unfavourable change of weather shattered his remaining strength: his cough now became nearly incessant, and a distressing languor weighed down his frame. In this state he continued until the 21st of February, 1823, upon the morning of which day he expired, in the 32nd year of his age.'

'During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, "This light affliction—this light affliction!"—and, when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then, he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence—that amiable tenderness of feeling which formed a striking trait in his character. He expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in the adjoining room, and gave even minute directions respecting it.

'On going to bed he felt very drowsy, and soon after the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but, his voice faltering, he could only say, "God bless them all!"—"The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them—dwell in them—reign in them!"—"My peace," said he, addressing his sister, "(the peace I now feel) be with you!"—"Thou, O God! will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but, whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord's prayer, but was unable to proceed; and at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, "Close this eye—the other is closed already—and now, farewell!" Then, having again uttered part of the Lord's prayer, he fell asleep.—"He is not dead, but sleepeth."'

Of his poetical talents, which were of a high order, we subjoin two songs; they will speak for themselves:—

'SONG.

'Air—*Gramachree.*

'If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!
'And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again!
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!
'If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!
'I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!'

'SONG.

'Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine.
Go, forget me, &c.
'Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the *meanest* things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things look'd so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee,
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.
Like the sun, &c.
'Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and beauty; fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted;
Glory's burning—generous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.
Go, thou vision, &c.'

'THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

'I must tune up my harp's broken string,
For the fair has commanded the strain,
But yet such a theme will I sing,
That I think she'll not ask me again:
'For, I'll tell her,—Youth's blossom is blown;
And that beauty, the flower, must fade,
(And, sure, if a lady can frown,
She'll frown at the words I have said.)
'The smiles of the rose-bud how fleet!
They come—and as quickly they fly;
The violet how modest and sweet,—
Yet the spring sees it open and die.
'How snow white the lily appears,
Yet the life of a lily's a day:
And the snow that it equals, in tears
To-morrow must vanish away.
'Ah, beauty! of all things on earth
How many thy charms most desire,
Yet beauty with youth has its birth,—
And beauty with youth must expire.
'Ah, fair ones! so sad is the tale,
That my song in my sorrow I step;
And where I intended to rail,
I must lay down my harp, and must weep.
'But Virtue indignantly seized
The harp as it fell from my hand;
Serene was her look, though displeased,
As she utter'd her awful command.
'Thy tears and thy pity employ
For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain,—
But those who my blessings enjoy,
Thy tears and thy pity disdain.
'For beauty alone ne'er bestowed
Such a charm as religion has lent;
And the cheek of a belle never glow'd
With a smile like the smile of content.
'Time's hand, and the pestilence-rage,
No hue, no complexion can brave;
For beauty must yield to old age,
But I will not yield to the grave.'

The Complete Governess; a Course of Mental Instruction for Ladies: with a Notice of the Principal Female Accomplishments. Intended to facilitate the Business of Public Establishments, and abridge the Labor of Private Education. By an Experienced Teacher. 8vo. pp. 491. London, 1824.

It was so long the custom to consider female education a matter of trivial importance, that we need not wonder, even when its necessity is admitted, if the best system for carrying it into effect, should not be discovered or adopted. That there has been much improvement in school-books, cannot be denied; but there is still room for much more, and the author of the work before us, is not far wrong, when he divides the existing school books into two classes—the pedantic and the silly.

The object of the Complete Governess, which we have taken up too late in the week to attempt to analyse, is, to describe in plain language, the leading principles of those subjects, the ordinary books upon which are from their great size and learned appearance, rather repulsive than inviting. The author commences with describing the imperfections of school books, particularly those for ladies, and the neglect of female education. He then proceeds to give a course of instruction, leading the pupil through grammar, history, arithmetic, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geography, botany, zoology, &c., and concluding with a chapter on accomplishments. Thus, it will be seen, that in addition to general instruction on female education, the work contains a series of elementary treatises; it is generally well written, and cannot fail of proving a valuable guide to teachers, and an essential aid to pupils. On the subject of female education, the author, in the introduction, says:—

'The great point at which female education should aim, is the communicating to ladies as much of the general principles of knowledge as shall make it not rude to talk to them upon any ordinary subject of a literary or scientific nature, and also enable them to conduct the education of their whole families when very young, and that of the female part altogether, or to be perfectly able to estimate the manner in which these are done, according to circumstances. This, considering the

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the political economy of the mother, is the grand result; but the effects are not less valuable and happy as regards the lady herself: for, though it is not desirable that females should have to buffet [with] the evils of the world, yet, as no one can tell what may lie even in the short road of human life, it is neither just nor safe to leave woman in so helpless and unprovided a state, as that she shall not be able to meet and to triumph over those evils in case they should be her lot. The resources of human nature are not so many that one half of the species should be shut out from any of them, and more especially from those which, being mental, are not liable to be destroyed by accidents and contingencies.

'It has already been said, that there is herein no disposition whatever to quarrel with or to undervalue, those external accomplishments which at present form so large a portion of female education. Let them still play, and sing, and dance, and paint, to their heart's content; but let them at the same time know, that there are other acquirements, more valuable because more permanent than these. So far as these go they are delightful; and the world is all the better for them; but still they are only externals, mere arts, which while they please the senses for a moment, occupy not the mind, and inform not the judgment. Wherever females, however, have had a fair trial, they have rewarded the cultivation in the most abundant manner; and that alone would be decisive of the matter.

'Considering a great part of the present system, one cannot help observing, that ladies are educated, not as if they were one day to be women, but as if they were always to remain girls. It is singular that this should be the case; and perhaps some would be disposed to account for the singularity by a theory not over flattering to those to whom female education is intrusted—namely, a desire that the pupils shall shine in the little convent of the school—a convent, the conduct, discipline, and employment of which are certainly not exactly like what is met with in the world. Whether this be or be not in reality the case, it begins in many instances to be acted upon; the number of ladies who instruct their daughters, and of elder sisters who instruct the younger ones, being increasing every day. Whatever interested persons may think of this practice, nothing can be more commendable; and not the least argument in its favour is, that the ladies who have adopted it have felt, or at least shown, no abatement either in their rational amusements, or inattention to their domestic concerns.

'Those who are advocates of this domestic education, find other arguments in its favour than the delightful occupation that it affords to those that are engaged in it; but as these arguments are susceptible of being construed into charges against those who profess to educate ladies publicly, and who earn their bread by that profession, it would not be seemly to detail them at length, because, whatever may be the imperfections of the whole system, and the positive mischief in some instances, it were pity to repeat accusations which tend to throw suspicion upon the important profession of teachers. As society is constituted, there must always be many neither able nor willing to dispense with those establishments; and imperfect as many of them are, it is but too true that, if they did not exist, many females would stand a chance of going wholly without education. At the same time it must be confessed, that where a number of girls, at the most thoughtless and dangerous age, are collected together, and left at those hours of recreation to the conversation of each other, and of gossipping governesses, there is danger, even under the guidance of the most prudent, informed, and experienced head of the establishment; and when it is borne in mind that these qualities cannot be observed by all that are at the head of such establishments, then the danger is magnified to a considerable extent. Some have even gone so far as to say, that the desire of amusement, continual and varied, but still trifling amusement, is the chief thing acquired at boarding schools, and that if by chance a lady returns from any of them with one industrious habit, it is the habit of reading those romances of which the mistress confirmed by her example, that habit, which she forbade by her precepts. But there is no need for pushing the matter to that extremity; and perhaps, if full and candid inquiry were made, many of those faults which are attributed to the boarding school, would be found to have their origin in another quarter; and that which is attributed to the governess, would be found to belong to the injudicious, vulgar, or imprudently indulgent mother. Thus the child, which has been spoiled beyond recovery before ever it was sent to school, is cited as an instance of improper treatment on the part of the schoolmistress. That this is very wrong, does not need to be pointed out, as little does it appear that there is any necessity for it; for really, the boarding school practice is, upon the whole, bad enough, without laying upon it any part of the blame which belongs not to it.'

The following observations on the processes by which the materials of a book are formed, are interesting:—

'Being able to know where the circumstances are or are not the same, constitutes the whole difference between a well-informed person and a fool; and, in ordinary matters at least, if people always were able to attend to this, and did attend to it, they would succeed much better in all that they do, and meet with far fewer disappointments in their intercourse with the world. Thus, a person who had never seen a candle, or been told the use of it, would neither know that it would burn, or that by burning, it would enlighten a room; and one who had never seen that sugar melted, or tasted that it sweetened a cup of tea, would never think of using it for these purposes, any more than they would think of using a lump of stone.

'These are, to be sure, very simple instances; but they are not more simple than any thing else which can be known: or rather, there is no part of knowledge more difficult than they are, provided that folks went about it in the proper way. The book, for instance, which you are now reading, is, whether it happens to be a sensible and useful book or not, a very curious matter; and the world was some thousands of years old before the united wisdom of all the people in it (and they had just the same abilities naturally as people have now) found out how to make such a book. Even now there were a great many things to be done before the book was fit for your reading. Before I could write it, I had to learn to read and write; then, to have even a chance of doing it properly, I had not only to read a great number of other books, but to converse with a great number of persons, and to observe the progress of a great number of pupils, in order to find out those things in which written instructions appeared to me to be most useful for them. In all this, you will observe, that I may have failed, and the book may be of no use; but if I have so failed, then it must have been just for the want of that knowledge of all the circumstances, with the importance of which I am endeavouring to impress you, and which I am persuading you always to attend to, in order to prevent that which you so learned from being useless. Whether usefully or not, I must have had the art of writing, and I must have had writing materials, all of which are the result of a great deal of knowledge: the paper, for instance, is first sown in the ground as flax-seed, then it grows up and ripens, then the flax is peeled from the stalks, and prepared for the spinner. The spinner changes it into yarn; the weaver makes the yarn into linen, which is whitened by the bleacher, and sent to the linen-draper's in order to be sold. It is purchased, and used as a part of dress until it be no longer reckoned fit for that purpose, and then it is sold to the rag-merchant. The rag-merchant takes it to the paper-mill, where it is first torn to pieces, and then steeped and boiled in water till the whole has the appearance of thin starch or water gruel. The paper-maker has a frame made of fine wires, either laid close by the sides of each other, or woven like a piece of cloth. This frame, which is quite level, is the size of a sheet of paper, and has a little border, which partly regulates the thickness. He dips this frame into the vat containing the rags boiled up like starch, and it lifts out a sheet of paper. But the sheet of paper, when so lifted, is nothing more than a little coating of the starchy matter upon the frame, and has to be pressed between folds of moistened blanket, in order to give it as much consistency as that it may bear being lifted. When this is done it is dried, then it is dipped in glue or size to prevent the ink from running, as it does in blotting paper; then it is dried again, made up into quires and reams, and sent to the stationer, from whom it is bought when wanted.

'This, you perceive, is a very long process; many hands are employed, and there must have been many heads at work in finding out all that these hands have to do.

'But still, long as the process is, you have not yet got your book, neither am prepared for writing it for you.

'I must have a pen and ink. For the

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former purpose, I must either have a quill and prepare it with a knife, or I must have a pen of steel, silver, or some other metal. In either case I require, first, the miner, who digs, from perhaps nearly a mile below the surface of the ground, a substance which he calls an ore, and which he knows will, when properly treated, furnish the metal that is wanted; then the ore must be taken to the smelter, who melts it out of the ore; and, lastly, the metal must be taken to the smith, or the cutler, who forms it into the instrument that I want. If that instrument is a penknife, I shall want a handle to it; and if that handle is to be ivory, some one must go half way round the world, and fetch the tusk of the elephant.

'After getting the knife, I must get a quill. This is pulled out of the wing of a goose after it is dead, or sometimes, barbarously, while it is alive; and, before it be fit for my cutting it into a pen, it must be prepared by the quill-dresser.

'Ink is still wanting; and for this purpose, I go, (or which is the same thing, somebody else goes) to the oak-tree, and finds upon the leaves of it, knobs, like rough berries, which are not the natural production of the tree, but have been occasioned by a little fly, that wounded the leaf, and continued to make the knob to grow upon it as a nest for her young. Having procured this substance, I next find out a kind of stone, which contains iron mixed with sulphur, and by pouring water upon that, I, after a considerable length of time, get a green substance which I call copperas. This I mix with the knobs which the little fly made upon the oak leaves, and also with a portion of gum, which I get from another tree; and the whole, when steeped in water, furnishes me with ink.

'Still, however, the book, such as you have it, is far from being obtained; types must be found, these types must be composed into pages, they must be daubed over with ink; sheets of paper must be pressed upon them, and these sheets must be collected into a volume.

'It would consume far too much time to tell how each of these operations is done; and my object in the meantime is not to tell you that, but merely to impress upon you the immense quantity of labour and invention that are required, before a thing so [apparently] simple as a little book, upon the simple elements of education, can be obtained. The operations are in fact so many, and the materials needed are so much scattered, that if any one had to find out all the materials, and to do all the work, a whole life would hardly be enough for making one single page; while not the wisest or most skilful person that ever lived ever found out one-twentieth part as many curious principles and applications as are required to be done before the book is such as you see it.

'Still, however, the existence of the book really depends upon all these circumstances, and if a single one of them had not taken place, the book would not have existed; or if any one of them had been different from what it was, the book also would have been different. If you had been furnished with the flax-seed, the ore, the goose, the elephant's tusk, the oak leaf, the fly, the gum, the water, and the other articles, and desired to go and make yourself a book out of them, you would have been very apt to think the person desiring you was foolish, or that at all events, the thing asked to be done was utterly impossible. But when the whole of this compound business is separated into those little parts of which it is compounded, it becomes very easy both to be understood and to be done; the different steps of the knowledge of it, are nothing but so many applications of the doctrine of proportion, or so many instances of reasoning, that that which has been brought about by circumstances once, can be brought about by the same circumstances again; and the different operations of the doing it, are just so many little acts which anybody could perform that had hands, and were willing to use them.'

We must defer further remark or extract until our next.

The Encyclopedia of Agriculture; comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Laying out, Improvement, and Management, of Landed Property; and the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture in all Countries. &c. &c. By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. &c. 8vo. London, 1825. Longman and Co.

Mr. Landon is already advantageously known to the public as the author of the Encyclopedia of Gardening, which has reached a second edition, though its size and expense (£2) places it beyond the reach of common purchasers. Its merit was so highly appreciated by the Royal Society of Agriculture of Paris, that that learned body honoured the author by electing him a corresponding member. The present work is sufficiently described in its title, and we hesitate not to say that the execution is conformable to it. In a volume containing 1174 articles, and upwards of 1200 closely-printed pages, there will undoubtedly be found some errors; but the author has evidently endeavoured to present the public with everything valuable in the works of his predecessors, in a condensed form; and, in those articles that we have examined, we have found them to preclude the necessity of treatises written, *ex professo*, on the subject. His work is a complete library of agriculture in all its parts; he sometimes digresses,—for, if our idea of the word agriculture be correct, it has nothing to do with instructions for riding races at Newmarket, or for rearing singing-birds. Such articles are certainly redundant; but, as they are not inserted at the expense of any other branch of information, they may be regarded as a present by the author of more than he promised.

Studies in the Science and Practice of Public Speaking, Reading, and Recitation, with Instructions for Appropriate Delivery. By the Rev. C. Newton, A. B. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1825. Baldwin and Co.

These studies, which are very appropriately dedicated to that accomplished dramatic performer, Mr. Young, appear to us to contain more judicious and appropriate rules relating to elocution than any other work of the kind with which we are acquainted. By a peculiar mode of printing, and a variety of marks and signs, the author has very ingeniously contrived to exhibit, as far as the intonations of the voice can be depicted to the eye, every degree of modulation and emphasis. Nor has he stopped here; for in almost every page he has introduced explanatory observations and directions, replete with excellent instruction, and pointing out a variety of delicate touches necessary to be observed by those who would become accomplished readers or speakers. The lessons themselves are admirably selected for this purpose, and so ably analyzed by Mr. Newton, who, in the compass of this little volume, has brought together a very copious mass of instruction relative to the art of elocution. We are of opinion, therefore, that his work will prove a very important acquisition to the stock of our school-books, and be of the greatest utility both to teachers and pupils. Guided by the principles here laid down, the former will be enabled to apply them to other oratorical exercises, and greatly to advance this elegant and highly-important, although generally too-much-neglected, branch of education.

NICHOLS'S PROGRESSES, PART VII.

The masques and poetical entertainments, written by Ben Jonson for the court, form a prominent and interesting article in Mr. Nichols's work, and, in order to enable our readers to form some idea of these pieces of royal flattery, we insert one of the shortest of them:—

'An Entertainment of King James and Queen Anne, at Theobalds, when the House was delivered up, with the possession, to the Queen, by the Earl of Salisbury, the 22d of May 1607; the Prince Lavinia, brother to the Duke of Guise, being then present. By Ben Jonson.

'*The king and queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorraine, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery; after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room, which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired; his cornucopia ready to fall out of his hand, his garland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of his pensive posture, after some little pause, he brake, and began.*

Genius. Let not your glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad;
Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
That I must change the loved lord I had;
And he, now in the twilight of sere age,
Begin to seek a habitation new;
And all his fortunes, and himself, engage
Unto a seat his fathers never knew;
And I, uncertain what I must endure,
Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.

Mercury. [*From behind the darkness.*] Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate.

And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the luxurium or seat of the household gods, where both the lares and penates were painted in copper colour; erected with columns and architrave, frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers the

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phanal glasses, filled with several waters that showed like as many stones of orient and transparent hues. Within, as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding; and in one corner, a boy, figuring good event, attired in white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, having nothing seen to sustain him by all the time the show lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a flying posture, with his caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three parcæ that sate low in a grate with an iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle, and the third the shears, with a book of adamant lying before them. But first the Genius, surprised by wonder, urged this doubt.

Gen. [*aside*] What sight is this, so strange and full of state?
The son of Maia, making his descent
Unto the Fates, and met with good event.*
Mer. Daughters of Night and Secresy, attend;
You that draw out the chain of Destiny,
Upon whose threads both lives and times depend,
And all the periods of mortality;
The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
The change and fate unto this house decreed;
And, speaking from your adamantine book,
Unto the Genius of the place it read:
That he may know, and knowing bless his lot,
That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.
Clotho. [*reads*] When underneath thy roof is seen
The greatest king, the fairest queen;
With princes an unmatched pair;
One, hope of all the earth, their heir;
The other styled of Lorrain
Their blood, and sprung from Charlemaine;
When all these glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat divine;
And these reflected, do beget
A splendent sun, shall never set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of Lorrain's light.
Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy lord; thus fates do doom.
Gen. But is my patron with this lot content,
So to desert his father's monument?
Or is it gain, or else necessity,
Or will to raise a house of better fame,
That makes him shut forth his posterity
Out of his patrimony, with his name?
Mer. Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain desire
To frame new roofs or build his dwelling higher;
He hath with mortar busied been too much,
That his affections should continue such.
Gen. Do men take joy in pleasures, not t'enjoy?
Or doth their business all their likings spend?
Have they more pleasure in a tedious way,
Than to repose them at their journey's end?
Mer. Genius, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your virtue; and such powers as you,
Should make religion of offending Fate,
Whose dooms are just, and whose designs are true.
Lachesis. The person, for whose royal sake
Thou must a change so happy make,
Is he that governs with a smile
This lesser world, this greatest isle.
His lady's servant thou must be;
Whose second would great Nature see,
Or Fortune, after all their pain,
They might despair to make again.
Atropos. She is the grace of all that are;
And like Eliza, now a star,
Unto her crown, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls at first did raise,
By virtue of her best aspect;
So shall Bel-Anne them protect.
And this is all the Fates can say;
Which first believe, and then obey.
Gen. Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A joy, to which I should have ravished been,
And never shall be happy 'till I act?
Vouchsafe, fair queen, my patron's zeal in me,
Who fly with fervour, as my fate demands,
To yield these keys; and wish that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands;
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—but, oh!
My joys, like waves, each other overcome;
And gladness drowns, where it begins to flow.
Some greater powers speak out, for mine are dumb!

At this was the place filled with rare and choice music, to which was heard the following song, delivered by an excellent voice, and the burden maintained by the whole quire.

O blessed change!
And no less glad than strange!
Where we that lose have won;
And, for a beam, enjoy a sun.
Chorus.
So little sparks become great fires,
And high rewards crown low desires.
Was ever bliss
More full or clear than this!
The present month of May
Ne'er look'd so fresh as doth this day.
Chorus.
So gentle winds breed happy springs,
And duty thrives by breath of kings.'

This work contains many interesting notices of that amiable youth, Henry, prince of Wales. On one occasion

'The king having been slightly indisposed, Prince Henry sent a messenger to his majesty, upon his recovery, with the following letter, dated August 1:—

'"Please your Majesty; I am glad to hear of your majesty's recovery, before I understood of your distemper by the heat of the weather. I have sent this bearer of purpose to return word of your majesty's good health, which I beseech God long to continue; as also to remember my most humble duty. He is likewise to acquaint your majesty, that Mons. le Grand hath sent me a horse by a French gentleman, wherewith I hope your majesty will be well pleased. The next week I mean to use the benefit of your majesty's gracious favour of hunting in Waltham Forest, the place appointed as being fittest for the sport being Wansted. In the mean while and after I will employ my time at my book the best I can to your majesty's satisfaction, whereof hoping your majesty will rest assured, I kiss most humbly your hands, as

'"Your majesty's dutiful and obedient son,
"HENRY."

'On the same day he wrote likewise to the queen his mother, as follows:—

'"Please your Majesty; I have sent this bearer my servant to kiss, from me, your majesty's hands, and to certify me at his return of your good health, which (as in duty I am bound) I will earnestly beseech God long to continue. And that being all the service, which in my opinion I am able to perform unto your majesty, if it shall please you to think me worthy to receive any of your majesty's commands, I will be very careful, according to my mean power, to shew my readiness in obeying. Whereof not doubting but your majesty will rest assured, I kiss again your hands.

'"Ever your majesty's most dutiful and obedient son,
"HENRY."

King James was a curious letter-writer himself. During a visit to Bletsoe, the seat of Oliver Lord St. John, he wrote the following singular letter (partly in cypher) to the then newly-made lord treasurer, Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury:—

'My littill Beagill; Ye and youre fellowis thaire are so proude non that ye have gottin the gyding againe of a feminine courte in the olde fashon, as I know not how to deale with you; ye sitte at youre ease and directis all; the newis from all the puirtis of the worlde comes to you in youre chamber, the king's ovin ressolutions dependis upon youre posting dispatches, and quhen ye list ye can (sitting on youre hedde-sydes) with one call or quhisling in youre fist make him to poste nicte and daye till he come to youre presence. Ueil, I know *Suffoke is maried*, and hath also his handis full non in harbouring that great littell proude man that comes in his chaire; but for youre pairte, maister 10, quho is wanton and uyfeless [wifeless], I can not but be ialous of youre greatnes with my uyfe; but most of all ame I suspicious of 3, quho is so laitelie fallen in aquaintance with my uyfe, for besydes that the verrie nomber of 3 is hell lyked of by uomen, his face is so amiabill as it is able to intyse, and his fortune hath ever done to be great with Sho-saintis; but his pairt is foule in this, that, never having taken a uyfe to himself in his youth, he can not non be content with his graye haires to forbeare ane other mannis uyfe. But, for expiation of this sinne, I hoape that ye have all three with the rest of youre societie taken this daye ane eucharistike cuppe of thankefulnes for the occasion quhiche fell out at a time quhen ye durst not avou me. And heir hath beene this daye kept the Feaste of King James' deliverie at *Saint Jonstoune*, in *Saint John's house*. All other maitters I referre to the old knave the bearar's reporte. And so faire ye uell.
JAMES R."

THE INSTITUTION OF THE GRAND JURY.

In the last number of The Westminster Review, among many other excellent articles, there is a good Essay (for, like the Quarterly and Edinburgh, its critiques are essays,) on the Administration of Provincial Justice, in which the writer lashes, with well-merited severity, the ignorance, heartlessness, and oppression, of country magistrates. Much has been said about trading justices, but, for our part, we would a thousandfold prefer a paid to an unpaid magistracy; besides, the

* '*i. e.* by good luck; not "good event" personified, as Mr. Gifford makes it.'

prejudices of the country justices are much more to be feared than any chance of corrupt motives in a pecuniary point of view. In town we are glad to see the police magistrates are no longer taken (not selected) from tradesmen tired of business, but from persons bred to the law; and we should be glad if other persons in the country were left to decide on cases of poaching than sporting squires—the lords of the premises, who in this case may be said to be judges in their own cause. To return, however, to the article in The Westminster Review, of which we generally approve, we shall quote the following sensible observations on the institution of the grand jury:—

'The grand jury institution has received abundant encomiums on the ground that, by its intervention, many an innocent man is spared the shame of a public trial. But a public trial ought, if the law were wisely administered, to be an advantage to an innocent man. It would afford him the means of making a public defence, and if he were guiltless, this would most effectually publish his innocence. A verdict of acquittal, however, under the English law, affords but equivocal proof of a prisoner's innocence, because it may proceed from a totally distinct cause, viz. a verbal flaw in the instrument of accusation, or indictment. This being the case, it is argued, a man is placed in rather a better condition, with respect to character, when discharged by the grand-jury, than he is by an acquittal in open court. To praise a bad tribunal, upon the plea that it saves some innocent men from a tribunal some degrees worse, evinces pretty clearly how destitute it is of all intrinsic merit. We say "some" innocent men, for, by the nature of the inquiry adopted by the grand jury practice, it is impossible that they should fairly estimate the prisoner's guilt. They hear one side only; no witnesses in behalf of the accused being called. Of course, therefore, it frequently happens that they send him to trial, where his defence is such as to change the aspect of the case and procure his acquittal. Thus, even this slender ground of eulogy is untenable, and we appeal to those among our readers, who may be conversant with the transactions of the grand-jury room, whether a most active determination to find "true-bills" does not usually prevail? We have actually heard of one county, where these functionaries have been known to pique themselves upon the number of bills found within a given time. The cases in which bills are thrown out, it may safely be inferred, are cases which ought never to have come before the grand jury—cases in which individuals have been committed to a horrible gaol, upon insufficient grounds, and therefore unjustly imprisoned. Were they sent to trial, the "shame" would, we suspect, be transferred from the prisoners to the justice, who put them in prison. Of this injury, we hear nothing, but are told to admire the humane provision made for not adding the *further injury* of a bad mode of trial, This species of benevolence is, our readers must allow, quite unique! Again, we would ask, why should the grand jury be better judges of the probability of a prisoner being guilty, than the single magistrate before whom the same evidence was first laid? He had more time to bestow on the case; he was applied to when the facts were fresh, when all the evidence was recent; having probably an acquaintance with the local circumstances which often assist the magistrate in weighing testimony, having also heard the prisoner's defence, with all these aids in favour of the one, we ask why a plurality of magistrates is more likely to ascertain the probability of a man's guilt than the one justice? It seems likely that the one would be much better able to estimate it than the many, if he were possessed of the qualities proper for a magistrate. But here we touch upon the mysteries of the system. Here we intrude with insolent curiosity upon the secret springs and motives, which work the machinery of our blessed institutions. Yet it must be told, lest the simple-minded perceive not the true end of this boasted portion of them, the grand jury practice, and thence believe that if it has done no good, it has at least done no harm. It has an end, yea it hath its utility (would that all the objects dear to philanthropy were as wisely provided for, as those to which the institution of grand jury is subservient!) So far forth as the adaptation of means to ends characterizes a perfect system, this may challenge the most skilful of human contrivances. The only thing to be deplored is, that the end should be a bad one. We will take leave to explain what it is.

'The advantage of the grand jury consists then, first and foremost, in sheltering the magistrates in the individual exercises of their judicial authority—its value to them is incalculable. If no grand jury existed to take the responsibility off the shoulders of individuals, the blame of improper committals would attach itself upon the magistrate or magistrates, by whom the impropriety was committed. But, by the masterly contrivance of a grand jury, every inconvenience of this kind is provided against. The body of justices, being all in one interest, take especial care not to bring the office into disrepute, by exposing the sins of a brother. The whole fraternity must stand by each other, and then the respective portions of power may be stretched to their utmost limit with but slight danger of incurring blame. Such is the chief prerogative of the grand jury, to afford, in its collective character, the most complete protection and immunity to the acts of all who belong to the fraternity. There is another species of power which they possess, and which they exercise for the double advantage of obliging those at the head of affairs, and for the sake of quelling every indication of disapprobation of the measures of government which may be attempted by the people—disapprobation of the acts of government being, of course, a heinous crime in the eyes of all who profit by said acts. The power, we mean, is that of preventing all redress, by criminal proceedings, against such as commit violence or injury in support of the government party. The grand jury have only to throw out the bill of indictment against such offenders, and they escaped untouched. When indictments were laid against some of the yeomanry who committed the well-known atrocious acts of violence at Manchester, not a bill would they find! "no justice for discontented people!!" The only remedy in such cases is a civil action (if the party can pay for it), and even then there are tricks known to the initiated by which the attempt at remedy is rendered either ruinous or abortive. Government finds the institution of grand jury so convenient, in cases like the foregoing, that it has a prodigious interest in its maintenance, and looks with detestation upon any endeavours to impugn its perfection and utility.

'As a sample of the convenient operation of the grand jury system, in as far as it relieves single justices from uneasiness concerning rash committals, we will state a case which occurred concerning rash committals, we will state a case which occurred in a midland county some few months since, the authenticity of which, our readers may rely upon. A boy finding a sack close to the highway, carried it home: the boy's father finding out to whom it belonged, advised the son to take it back the next day, lest the being possessed of another person's property might get him into some trouble. Before there was time to comply with this advice, the owner of the sack claimed and received his property back. Three months after this incident, the owner of the sack, who was a member of an association for the the protection of property by prosecuting for offences, found himself called upon by its regulations to prosecute. The boy was accordingly taken before a parson-justice of the district, who made out his commitment, for felony, to the county gaol. In that county gaol was he domed to remain six or seven weeks, under circumstances which could scarcely fail af rendering him vicious and idle. He was destined, by this functionary of the laws, to spend six weeks in prison. During the latter fart of his confinement, he would have been locked up with eight felons every night, in a cell containing three beds. That this boy was spared such injuries, arose from the interference of an individual, who procured the lad to be bailed, to appear at the ensuing assizes. In due time, the grand jury being assembled, the case in question was brought forward, and, as might have been predicted, the bill was rejected. Had no grand jury existed, and had the lad been brought to a public trial, the utter absence of evidence to warrant his commitment might have come before the public eye—might have occasioned unfavourable remarks upon the conduct of the magistrate in committing him—might have vexed the gentlemen of the commission by bringing the ministerial office into disrepute. All these inconveniences, it will be observed, were obviated by the intervention of the grand jury. Can it be matter of wonder that it should have so many admirers among the country gentlemen?'

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ORIGINAL.

A DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The piping times of peace rendering all declamations against war unseasonable, and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present ministers having deprived senators and journalists of a never failing mark at which to level their arrows, they have, of late years, been much at a loss for a grievance to complain of; at length, they have hit on that truly national establishment—the British Museum. The attack commenced in the House of Commons, by a very young member, who, having with much difficulty, got hold of what he thought a good subject, determined to make the most of it, but as his complaints were answered on the spot, and did not carry much weight, we pass them over. This, however, is not the case with some severe and very unmerited attacks, which have lately been made in two of the leading daily papers—the Times and the Morning Chronicle, and in a respectable monthly journal, the London Magazine.

The principal charges against this establishment are, the difficulty of obtaining an admission to the reading-room, the delay in obtaining books when admitted—bad editions and bad catalogues. As to the first charge, had it been made a dozen or fourteen years ago, when to get an admission it was necessary to be recommended by one of the trustees of the Museum, it would have had some appearance of truth, but it comes very malapropos when the door to admission is thrown so wide that to be known as a man of letters, engaged in literary pursuits, or to be recommended to any officer of the establishment, is all that is necessary. The fact is, indeed, that admission is too easily obtained, in consequence of which the reading-room is no longer a place of study or research, (generally speaking,) but a lounge room where young fops idle away an hour when they are tired with the Parks and Trotter's Bazaar. We will go further and say, it is impossible it can become a place of study while the reading room is frequented by such crowds of persons who never rest quiet a moment, but are perpetually talking or walking, for thinking and reading are out of the question. As another proof that the officers are not very rigid in their admissions, it is only necessary to state that a very great proportion of those who do read never ask for any work but such as can be obtained at a circulating library; we have seen one youth, day after day, dwelling on the Percy Anecdotes, and another going through the whole of Pope's works—to be sure it was the original quarto edition, though of that we suspect he was quite unconscious. Perhaps, however, the strongest of all proofs that admission to the reading-room is not difficult is, that *three thousand* persons at this time possess the privilege.

With regard to the second complaint, against the British Museum, that there is a great delay in procuring the books wanted, in the reading-room, we do not deny its existence, but we most unequivocally assert, that the blame is not chargeable on either the officers or the messengers of the establishment. It is one of the evils of the British Museum, that the persons engaged to conduct its affairs are ill paid, and are by no means sufficiently numerous, and this will ever be the case, while Parliament higgles in voting the supplies, like a miser with his housekeeper. Every person knows that in a tradesman's shop, where the customers are numerous, some must wait before they are supplied; in the shop of an eminent druggist in Holborn, we have waited an hour to be served, and have known persons remain double the time; can it, therefore, excite surprise, that when the frequenters to the reading-room of the British Museum, are constantly increasing, and the messengers, who supply the books, have no additional assistance, there should be some delay in procuring the works called for. We are no strangers to the British Museum, though never for a moment connected with it or any person on the establishment, but we do not hesitate to declare, that we never saw greater zeal, or greater impartiality exhibited in any thing, than the messengers display in furnishing the books that are called for; there are, however, other difficulties to which we have not alluded.

With regard to the MSS., though we believe amounting to thirty or forty thousand volumes, any one may be obtained in five minutes at the utmost, unless indeed, it should be in the hands of some other reader, and the messenger is unacquainted with the circumstance. As to the printed books in a library so extensive, it is not at all extraordinary, if some of them (when a thousand or perhaps twice that number, are out in a day) are not returned to the shelfs, or even the cases to which they belong, and this will of course, occasion some inconvenience.

The greatest, we will say, the only serious inconvenience we have ever experienced in procuring books has been when we wanted to refer to some small pamphlet, advertisement, or hand-bill, a hundred of which are perhaps bound up in the same volume; the difficulty does not, then, merely consist in finding the volume; but the librarians, anxious to save the time of the reader, mark the very place where it is to be found.

The next charge against the British Museum—that it contains bad editions of works, is perhaps in a few instances true; the fault, however, does not rest with the officers of the establishment. The library of the Museum may be compared to the pavilion at Brighton; neither has been formed on one great design, and hence their want of uniformity. The fact is, that the library of printed books in the Museum is by no means complete, and is indeed particularly defective in books printed from the death of Sir Hans Sloane to within about the last twenty years; nor can it be rendered perfect unless a sum is placed at the disposal of the librarian for the purpose. Hitherto sums of money have been voted for the purchase of whole libraries, one half of which have necessarily been duplicates, and means have not been afforded to perfect sets, or purchase single works, as they might be met with. Some years ago there was a blank paper-book kept in the reading-room, in which any person could write down the titles of such book or books as he thought should be in the library; but the librarian, we believe, had no means of procuring them but by an application to the trustees, at least, if not to Parliament, which is most niggardly in its conduct to the Museum.

The last complaint against the British Museum that we shall notice, is the catalogue of the printed books, which is certainly not good; it is, however, too much to charge this on the indolence of the officers of the establishment, whose salaries are scarcely equal to those of a newspaper reporter or a banker's clerk, although their attendance is most assiduous. One of the assailants, in a morning paper, has attacked one officer in particular, who presides in the reading room: that he is not a learned man we think probable, but he possesses a most intimate acquaintance with the library in the British Museum, and can most readily state, not only what works it contains on any subject, but where they are to be found; and it is for this practical knowledge that he is placed in the reading-room, where his urbanity has gained him the esteem of all who frequent it—his cowardly assailant excepted. That the British Museum is not perfect, we will admit, and shall, in a future paper, offer a few suggestions for its improvement.

THE JESUITS.

The late prosecution of two of the Paris Journals—the Constitutionnel and the Courier Français, at the instigation of the Jesuitical faction in France, has naturally enough called the attention of the public to the order of the Jesuits, its character, and its crimes. Happily for France, the *cour royale*, before whom the prosecutions were tried, by their acquittal, recognised the right of journalists to expose the blasphemy and bigotry of the French clergy, which constantly increases and outrages every feeling of humanity.

It is idle to say that the march of knowledge is too powerful to be obstructed by the principles or practices of the Roman Catholic religion: the history of all ages, since its establishment, and the events of the present period, prove that it can be, and in fact is, obstructed; and let the Jesuits once get the power they formerly possessed, and they will, by their deeds, prove themselves, not what they profess to be—followers of Jesus, but worthy successors of their founder, Ignatius Loyola.

What the Jesuits have been, we shall very briefly show. It is known that Henry III. of France was not a favourite with the order of the Jesuits; and, although they were no strangers to using the secret dagger, yet they thought they might go more openly to work with this monarch, and even justify regicide. The subject was discussed in the Sorbonne, whether or not the French might lawfully take up arms against this king; and, after a mature deliberation of all the doctors assembled, to the number of seventy, and having heard several different reasons drawn, principally from the Holy Scriptures, as well as from the holy canons and the decrees of the

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pontiffs, it was concluded by the president of the same faculty, without one dissentient voice, and this in the form of council, to remove the scruples of the said people—first, The people of this kingdom are released from the oath of fidelity taken to King Henry.

Also, the said people may, in safety of conscience, arm, unite, raise money, and contribute towards the defence and preservation of the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion, against the horrible projects and attempts of the said king and his adherents, since he has violated the public faith, to the prejudice of the said Catholic religion, the edict of the holy union, and the natural liberty of the convocation of the states.

Farther, the said faculty of Paris has deemed it proper to send these conclusions to the pope, that he may deign to approve and confirm them by the authority of the holy apostolic see, and by this means succour the Gallican church, which is in the greatest danger.*

The crime of Henry III. against the Jesuits was, that he had refused to establish the inquisition in France; and at Blois, in 1588, he dared thus to allude to the crimes of the clergy. 'His majesty demands from the clergy, since they are charged with the reformation of others, to begin by reforming their own lives, and give a good example to the other orders of the state.'

This was not to be borne by insolent factious Jesuits; they established an *imperium in imperio;* they not only pretended to owe no allegiance themselves to the sovereign, but they engaged the whole nation to perjure themselves, and take up arms against him; and, that no scruple whatever might remain in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, they engaged to send their decisions to Rome, to have the authority and approbation of the pope. The principle, therefore, of absolving a nation from its allegiance, was considered to be a principle of the Romish Church. The Jesuits, indeed, knew that their doctrine would receive a full sanction from that pope who, the preceding year, had pretended, by a bull, to lay all England under an interdiction, and to declare Queen Elizabeth an usurper, a heretic, and excommunicated, and ordered the English to join the Spaniards to dethrone her, promising a great reward to those who would secure her person, and deliver her up to the Catholics, to punish her for her crimes.

Happily, Protestant England was deaf to the parricidal bull of the pope. She produced neither traitors to go over to the enemy, nor assassins to murder their lawful sovereign. What a contrast does Catholic France offer at that very period. The Jesuits absolved the people from their allegiance on the 7th of January, 1589; and, on the 31st of July following, the Jesuits, not content with preaching the doctrine of assassination, seized the dagger, and plunged it into the heart of the sovereign.

The news of the murder of Henry III. was received with transport at Rome; Jaques Clement was called the 'blessed' by the pope himself, whose Christian charity refused that a funeral service should be performed for the repose of the soul of the assassinated king.

Yet history tells us, that this pope, Sixtus V., though he sanctioned the crimes of the Jesuits, when in accordance with his own principles, abhorred and detested them as incorrigibly wicked and criminal. When pressed to choose his confessor out of their society, he said, 'It would be more proper that I should confess the Jesuits than choose them for my confessors.'

Sensible men see, in the Jesuits of 1825, the Jesuits of 1589, 1610, 1757, 1758, and 1774; they do not forget that Jaques Clement, Ravaillac, and Damiens, were the agens of the Jesuits, and that all their crimes followed close upon measures taken to curb their pride; they do not forget that the Jesuits, Malagrida, Alexander, and Mathos, decided that it was not even a venial sin to kill one's lawful sovereign, and that shortly after the King of Portugal was assassinated, the regicides having first obtained of their Jesuit confessors absolution for the crime they were going to commit. In fine, it cannot be forgotten, that when Clement XIV. suppressed the order of the Jesuits, 'I will do it,' said he, *ma questa suppressione mi dara la morte* ('but this suppression will procure my death,') and that the event followed close on the prediction. Nay, so well practised are the Jesuits in the arts of assassination, that they could even fix the period when a slow poison would be mortal; they placarded the pontifical palace with the letters *I. S. S. S. V.—In Septembre Sara Sede Vacante*—In September the holy see will be vacant; and, on the 22nd of the same month, the pope died of the effects of the poison they had administered.

In short, the Jesuits—for their principles are unchanged—profess regicide, and teach it by precept and example; the Jesuits, in the space of little more than two hundred years, have assassinated four Catholic kings, and poisoned one pope; and yet this is a society whose atrocities it is attempted to revive in France, and for attacking which the vengeance of the French tribunals has been invoked, though happily without effect.

* It being the invariable doctrine of the Jesuits to deny whatever is not proved, we subjoin the original text:—

RESPONSUM FACULTATIS THEOLOGICÆ PARIS SIENSIS.

Anno domini millesimo quingentesimo octogesimo nono, die septima mensis Januarii, sacratissima theologiæ facultas Parisiensis congregata fecit apud Collegium Sorbonæ, post publicam supplicationem omnium ordinum dictæ facultatis ET MISSAM DI SANCTO SPIRITU INVOCATA, postulantibus clarissimis D. D. Præfecto ædilibus consultibus, et Catholicis civibus almæ urbis Parisiensis, tam viva voce quam publico instrumento et tabellis per eorumdem actuarium obsignatis et publico urbis sigillo munitis deliberatura super duobus sequentibus articulis qui deprompti sunt ex libello supplice prædictorum civium cujus tenor, est hujus modi.

A monseigneur Le Duc D'Aumale Gouverneur, et à Messieurs les Prevot des Marchands et Echevins de la Ville de Paris.

Vous remontrent humblement les bons bourgeois manants et habitants de la Ville de Paris, que plusieurs des dits habitants et autres de ce royaume sont en peine et scruple de conscience, pour prendre resolution sur les preparatifs que se font pour la conservation de la religion Catholique Apostolique et Romaine de cette Ville de Paris, et de tant l'Etat de ce Royaume à l'encontre des desseins cruellement executés à Blois et infraction de la foi publique, au préjudice de la dite religion, et da l'edit d'union et de la naturelle liberté de la convocation des Etats sur quoi les dits supplianta desireraient avoir une *sainte et veritable resolution.* Ce considéré il vous plaise promouvoir que Messieurs de la Faculté de Theologie soient assemblés pour deliberer sur ces points circonstances et dependances, et *s'il est permis de s'assembler à savir et contribuer contre le Roi et si vous sommes encore lies du serment qui nous lui avons juré* pour sur ce donner leur avis et resolution.

Soit la presente requête renvoyée par devers Messieurs de la faculté de Theologie, lesquels seront supplies s'assembler et donner sur ce leur resolution, fait le 7e. Janvier, 1589, signé *Everard*, at scellé du sceau public de la Ville.

ARTICULI DE QUIBUS DELIBERATUM EST A PRÆDICTA FACULTATE.

An populus regni Galliæ sit liberatus et solutus regni domini, ut ab septuaginta convenerant, matura, accurata, et liberâ deliberatione, et auditis multis et variis rationibus, quæ magna ex parte tum ex scripturis sacris, tum canonicis sanctionibus et decretis pontificum, in medium disertissimis verbis productæ sunt; conclusum est à domino decano ejusdem facultatis, nemine refragante, et hoc per modum consilii, ad liberandas conscientias prædicti populi.

Primum quod populus hujus regni solutus est et liberatus a sacramento fidelitatis et obedientia præfecto Henrico Regi præstito.

Deinde, quod idem populus LICITE ET TUTA CONSCIENTIA *potest armari,* unire et pecunias colligere et contribuere ad defensionem et conservationem religionis Catholicæ, Apostolicæ et Romanæ, adversus nefaria consilia et conatus prædicti regis et quorum libet illi adherentium, ex quo fidem publicam violavit, in præjudicium prædictæ religionis Catholicæ et edicti sanctæ unionis, et naturalis libertatis convocationis trium ordinum hujus regni.

Quam conclusionem insuper visum est eidem Parisiensi facultati transmittendam esse ad sanctissimum. De nostrum Papam, ut cam sanctæ sedis Apostolicæ, sanctoritate probare et confirmare et eadem operâ Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ, gravissime laboranti, opem et Auxilium apresare dignatur.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

O WHAT avails the heavenly gift of song,
And all the finer feelings of the bard;
If of mankind his fortunes be most hard,
What boots it that unto his soul belong,

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(If on his head fall calumny and wrong)
Thoughts that his fellow mortals benefit,
Yet better not his lot; what argues it
That he is gifted more than other men?
If of their evils he is doom'd to share,
And suffer more, and yet more calmly bear;
If want assail him,—better that his frame
Was of that dull cold clay that bears his name,
Than he should rise through misery to fame,
Or pining on through life, in poverty expire.

S. R. J.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

Come thou wizard of the teeming brain,
Either in cloud of melancholy,
With pensive step and sorrow holy:
Or, with a joyous glancing
Heart and soul entrancing,
I care not, if on thee my calling be not vain!
Wilt thou fire my laggard blood,
With themes of high souled Liberty;
To tear from off her form, the hood
Enwrapt round her by Tyranny.
To bare the kindling of her eye,
The pulses of her heart,—
The thoughts that will not, cannot die—
Is this to be my part?
If not to me, to others worthier far—
Feel from their souls thy charge, and rouse the dormant war!
Or, shall I sing the patriot's dirge,
And weep that he is dead;
With harpings mournful as the surge
Dying on its beachy bed:—
Or, shall I emulate its roar
Returning to the ocean;
When black-browed storms are gathering o'er
To chide its listless motion;—
Oh not to me—oh not to me belong
Such majesty to mourn the warrior in my song!
Or, shall I tell a tale of love—
One of mournful histories—
That might the soul to pity move
Affection's mysteries!
Of melting kisses—true ones parted—
The bosom's hope and fear—
The fall of fate—the broken hearted—
Of sorrow—and a bier;
Oh, I should chide myself that e'er I sung,—
The harp of love should more than tenderly be strung!
Go with me as thou wilt, thou mazy fire,
That brightens from the eye in flashing gleams,
And startles e'en 'the enthusiast in his dreams'
Blaze on my heart and brain with radiant ire!
Unlock the casket of thy hidden lore,
Bring back the past clad in terrific light—
Nor wrap the future in the prophetic night—
Reveal the ranges of thy boundless store!
Lo, now I view the warrior bold—
With martial fervour in his tread;
Years have gone—I feel him cold,
His spirit hath for ever fled—
But shall his fame be ever dead?—
View the Cæsar in his hall—
The monarch on his throne—
The consul in the capitol—
'Tis fled—I am alone—
Hail all the dreaming of the mighty past is gone!
Now turn me to the present—where, oh where is Freedom's light wing? Hath it shrouds
In the dark tyrannic clouds?
Hath it vanished into air—
Hail made the recreant earth no more its glorious lair?
Paleied be the arm that shrinks
When the cry is—'to be free!'
Blasted be the lip that drinks
The courtier draught of tyranny—
Be there not a grave in earth—
(That clay from whence the worm had birth)
To hide his foul remains,
Nor dews to wash his loathsome corse
Nor startling dirge of thunder hoarse,
But moulder silently—a mass of many stains!
Where is the light—the true, true light—
Now veiled by priestly craft;
That makes the air of Heaven, a blight
The noon-tide hour, a dark midnight,
The word, a deadly shaft!
'Tis gone! but not—oh, not for ever
Will this method be!
The time will arise,
When, with views of the skies,
Will be opened men's eyes—
Nor clouded nor dimly to see—
And their doublings shall sever
To unite again, never,
And *all* shall be certain and *free!* J. J. L.

GRÆCIA GALLIS.

[The following spirited lines, by the author of Lacon, proves better than any newspaper paragraphs, that he is not dead, nor doth he sleep.]

Græcia luctatur, te concute Gallia, fratri
Præsta frater opem, soror ô succurre sorori,
Gallia, quæ longo numeras de stemmate heroes,
Gallia, Militiadis ne dedignere nepotes.
Usque adeo nihil est? Quod tu, per fulmina belli
Certatas acies, quassataque sceptra potentûm,
Civica, sanguineo molimine, jura tulisti!
Jamque patris patriæ Lodovici ex stirpe potiris.
Usque adeo nihil est? Quod nostros vestra juventus
Quærit adhuc latices, in utramque parata Mibervam:
Immemor esse mei spoliis indota meorum
Gallia non poteris, tibi si non deficis ipsi,
Nam tua res agitur, quæcunque Minerva periclo est.
Per Sophiæ chartas, per opuscula dulcia, gratum
Quæ didicisse fuit juvenî, meminisse senili,
Per decus eloquii, frustrataque tela Philippi,
Tardatamque fugam per densa cadavera Xerxis,
Fortibus ô fortes succurrite, ni sit inulta
Pieridum tellus per tot veneranda triumphos!
Auxilium in promptu, nobis, pro parte virili
Nunc meruisse manet, præsto concedere, vobis;
Nullas necte moras, brevis est lux semper heroûm;
Carpe diem, forti hora suam dat singula palmam;
Audiasne ut gemitus? qui funditur undique, belli
Qualiacunque monet dure instrumenta parari,
Inter egestatem, nostræ vectigal arenæ;
Jam sponso nova nupta, patri puer arma ministrat,
Plurima dum virgo, quæ jactat nomen Achivæ,
Magnopere et toties se nasci vellet Achivum.
Præsentem fer opem, jam classica martia clamant,
Jam manus ad ferrum est, ad muros Barbarus hostis,
Gloria dux, merces libertas splendida palmæ est.
Nostrum erit interea soli confidere ferro,
Arte dolos, vim vi superare, labore laborem,
Vincere, si fas est, si non, vicisse mereri;
Tot tantisque malis oppressa est Græcia, nobis
Fit vindicta dehinc virtus, elementia crimen.
Omnia, libertate, adimi vellemus, adempta,
Cedere quid propter vitam, quod reddit honestum
Vivere, servorum est, mortem præferre, virorum.
Indue, quas nobis fabricâsti, Turca catenas,
Jamdudum est assueta jugo tibi barbara cervix,
Succumbet? Nullos numeret cum Græcia Græcos!
Nec nisi victores pactum pangemus, Achæas
Fœdat oliva manus, quæ non circumdata lauro est.

FINE ARTS.

PAINTED WINDOW, ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

A very magnificent specimen of enamelling on glass has been just put up in the east window of St. Bride's Church, the subject of which is taken from Ruben's celebrated picture, the Descent from the Cross. It is not saying much, when we assert that this is the finest production, in the class to which it belongs, to be met with in the metropolis, since London possesses nothing of the kind of any importance, much less any thing deserving to be brought into competition with this painting. We do not see here, as is usual in painted windows, a series of distinct compartments, but a grand historical subject, executed on a scale truly imposing, it being twenty feet high by thirteen wide, and the figures upwards of seven feet. The effect of light and shade is almost magical; and indeed no model could have been better selected for such a purpose than Rubens, whose gorgeous brilliancy of colour and richness of execution are admirably adapted to this branch of the pictorial art, which is capable of accomplishing more in this way than any other species of painting. Even the peculiar beauties of Rubens seem here to be heightened, and to be arrayed with a glow of ethereal light—such as never beams from the canvass. On entering from the western door, the effect of this is most striking—splendid almost beyond conception, yet chaste, and even solemn. We seem indeed to be upon holy ground, and within a temple dedicated to religion.

It would be unjust towards those who directed this, and the other recent improvements and embellishments of the church, not to commend the good taste and liberality which they have displayed; and we may without flattery say, that the artist has here accomplished a work that will ensure him lasting honour. The painting was begun by the late Mr. Muss, well known for his superior ability in enamelling on glass; but, he dying soon after it was commenced, it was completed by his pupil, Mr. Nixon, who has shown himself to be not an unworthy successor of his distinguished master. Sincerely do we hope that a career so honourably begun will prove as successful as liberal patronage can render it.

PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

We feel [illegible] much indebted to Messrs. Burford, [illegible] Square, for opening the winter season [illegible] with so pleasing an exhibition as their Panorama of Mexico. After a na-

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nate examination of the performance, we feel no hesitation in announcing it to our readers with the most unqualified approbation.

We would not, however, have any one betake himself to Leicester Square with his head full of legendary lore, of the invasion of Cortez, and the *gilded* city, and all the other marvels set forth so gorgeously by the travellers and historians of earlier days. The spectacle of the present city of Mexico presents to the modern traveller's eye—

'No chased roofs, and spires light,
Nor towers and domes of golden light;'

but it affords what is better—a neat and elegant city, surrounded by some of the finest local scenery in the known world. The traces of Indian architecture, of which we have such magnificent ideas, are few and feeble in the present view; nor is there anything either grand or striking in the buildings in general; but the uniformity and harmony of the whole scene is surpassing beautiful.

The city itself is 'navelled in the woody hills,' or rather embosomed in a rich valley, formed by the stupendous chain of the Cordeilla. The barrier which these hills form along the horizon, and the gigantic effect which they display, towering above the 'local habitations' they enclose, is admirably executed by the artist, and adds much to the general effect of the picture. The city is, for the most part, regularly built; the streets are long, but not over spacious, bisecting each other in transverse directions, and thus affording a direct communication to any part of the town. The houses struck us as being remarkably low, and their roofs, which are flat, and thickly planted in many quarters, give them altogether a very singular and fanciful appearance. But this oddity is further increased, by the roofs of those which are not planted being inlaid with porcelain, and the walls of others being daubed over, with a true Indian taste, with all sorts of colours, so vivid that they almost dazzle the eye of the beholder. This intermixture of foliage, paint, and the glare of porcelain, so unlike anything 'an Englisher' is in the habit of witnessing, though extremely fantastical, was not disagreeable to us; its very singularity is perhaps its charm.

These are the principal features in the city, which deserve as much praise for their general freedom and effect, as for their minute and elaborate detail. Indeed, it was a matter of no small astonishment to us, to observe how well these two opposite principles had been combined in the present view.

As for the surrounding scenery, it is magnificent; Nature here has been over bountiful, and the artist has been over happy in imitating her. It was a beautiful day, fortunately for us, when we inspected this panoramic view, and the sun showed off the canvass to advantage. All description must fall below it; we therefore humbly and earnestly advise those, 'to whom these presents may come greeting,' to flock to Leicester Square, and judge for themselves, assuring them, on the faith of 'the mighty we,' that they will not return disappointed.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—On Saturday, a new operatic piece, in three acts, called *Leocadea*, was produced at this theatre. The plot has its counterpart in the story of Lucretia—with this difference, that in Leocadea, the spoiler marries the woman he has wronged many years afterwards. The music is pretty, and the actors did all they could for the piece, which, however, has not been repeated.

Mr. Kean is playing with great success in America, 'the winter of discontent having become glorious summer' by the *sons of New York*. His apology has been deemed sufficient, and he draws crowded houses every evening.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

PREPARING for the press, and will be published in the course of 1826, The Life and Times of Napoleon, principally compiled from Inedited Documents by his Companions in Arms; by Sir John Byerley.

We have authority to state that the galleries of the Society of British Artists are only let until the usual period of receiving works of art for the annual exhibition, viz. the first week in March next. We mention this in order to counteract the misstatements which have appeared in a morning, as well as in a Sunday paper, tending to the prejudice of the society.

Letters from Berlin state that the Prussian sculptor, Professor Rauch, receives commissions from all quarters. From Munich he has received highly honourable invitations to go to that city, in order to model a colossal equestrian statue of the late king, Maximilian, which is afterwards to be cast in bronze, and set up in one of the squares of Munich. His majesty the King of Prussia has granted Professor Rauch leave of absence for two years during which he is to retain his salary. Another commission, received since that from Munich, is from the city of Frankfort, for a marble bust, larger than the life, of the celebrated Goethe.

In a few days will be published, Thoughts on the Advancement of Academical Education in England. Also,

A Practical Spanish Grammar, with copious Exercises, rendered so easy as to be intelligible without the aid of an instructor. By S. Whitehead, author of a Practical Introduction to Latin Grammar.

Mr. Miers has in the press, Travels in Chile and La Plata, including accounts respecting the geography, geology, statistics, government, finances, agriculture, commerce, manners, and customs, and the mining operations in Chile, collected during a residence of several years in those countries, illustrated with maps, views, &c.

The Melographicon.—This new musical curiosity, we are assured, strongly excites the attention of amateurs who have a taste for poetry, and are not professors; as, by its aid, without being acquainted with the theory and composition of music, they can adapt appropriate tunes to their own melodies. The author thus describes his invention—'The same endless variety which that ingenious contrivance, the myriorama, displays in pictorial effect, the melographicon will be found to produce in its combined application to music and poetry, with this difference only, that the melographicon admits of an infinitely greater number of changes.'

The Enterprise Steam-Packet.—We have at length the pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the Enterprise steam-vessel, Captain Johnston from Gravesend the 3rd, and Falmouth the 16th of August. This interesting event occurred at an early hour yesterday morning. Signal having been made, soon after daylight, that she was standing into Table Bay, a vast concourse of persons assembled on Green Point, and at other places from whence a view of the bay can be obtained. The wind being light from the southward and westward, the vessel steamed to her anchorage in magnificent style, under a salute from the castle, which was returned by the Enterprise lowering and immediately rehoisting her colours, and subsequently, on passing near the shore, by manning her rigging and giving three cheers.

'We cannot but congratulate the public upon this additional triumph of art and science over the elements; for although the voyage has not been accomplished in the short period anticipated, yet we have every reason to suppose that whatever wants or defects may have been discovered will be supplied or remedied in future; and we may confidently hope that this mode of communicating with India will ultimately succeed to the extent of every reasonable expectation.

'We have been favoured with some particulars of the voyage. The greatest distance accomplished in any twenty-four hours was one hundred and ninety miles on the 28th October, performed, not by steaming, but by sailing. The greatest distance in the same time by steaming was one hundred and ninety-nine miles, on the 3rd of September.

'The voyage occupied fifty-seven days, during only thirty five of which the engines were employed; and three days were passed at anchor, at the island of St. Thomas.

'The passengers, we understand, speak in the highest terms of the ability of the commander, the engineers, and the crew of the vessel.'—*Cape Town Gazette, Oct.* 14.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Two Roads to Ruin.—(From the Greek).

He who conceives that he is skill'd in
The most expensive art of building,
And he who, opulent and vain,
Of servants loves a numerous train,
Will find ere long he is pursuing
Two inevitable roads to ruin;
And ere he dies be fore'd to roam,
Without a servant or a home.

Sheridan was dining one day at Peter Moore's, with his son Tom, who was at the time in a very nervous, debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a deuce of a noise, and caused Tom Sheridan to start most terrible. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, 'I suppose you have broken all the plates?'—'No, sir,' said the

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servant) not one.'—'No!' exclaimed Sheridan, 'then d—n it, you have made all the noise for nothing!'—*New Monthly Mag.*

Military Anecdote.—In one of our settlements abroad lay a regiment whose men were continually deserting; to stop this, the colonel, instead of the usual nightguard, ordered a sentry to each bastion of the fort. There were fifteen bastions, and at every quarter of an hour, a sentry was to call, commencing with No. 1. This, it was thought, would prevent any future desertion; but the men were Paddies, and made a complete burlesque of it: they would, in all the full strength of the brogue, go on thus. No. 1 sentry would begin:—

All's well at No. 1; No. 2 would answer,
All's mighty well at No. 2; No. 3 would say,
All's uncommonly well at No. 3 —No. 4—
All's astonishingly well at No. 4 —No. 5—
All's particularly well at No. 5.—No. 6—
All's extraordinarily well at No. 6.—No. 7—
All's Jassuly well at No. 7.—No. 8—
All was never so well at No. 8.—No. 9—
All's thundering well at No. 9.—No. 10—
All's bravely well at No. 10,

and, in like manner, to the end. It need not be said, that the services of this noisy body were soon dispensed with. S. A. J.

Naval Anecdote.—When Captain, now Sir Richard Keats, commanded the Superb, he one night, after giving directions for certain sail to be kept on the ship, went below; it was blowing pretty fresh, and the lieutenant forward thought she had too much canvass on her already, but did not presume to say so, thinking, perhaps, of the lines in the Iliad:—

'Bold is the task,' &c. &c.

However, Captain K. had not been down long, when crack went the jib-boom! The noise brought him on deck; and, going forward to see what was amiss, he espied the aforementioned luff, walking up and down, and muttering, 'I knew it would go—I knew it would go—I was sure of it!' Captain K., to his surprise, immediately sung out, 'Then, if you knew it would go, why the hell did you not say so?' S. R. J.

The King and Mr. Sheridan.—The Prince Regent did not merely offer to bring Sheridan into Parliament, but, about the latter end of 1812, with a view to this object, his royal highness conveyed to him, through Lord Moira, £4,000. The money was deposited by his lordship with Mr. Cocker, the solicitor, who acted as a friend to Mr. Sheridan on this occasion, and a treaty was opened with Mr. Attersol for a seat for Wootton Basset. The negociation, indeed, was all but concluded, nothing being wanting but Sheridan's presence on the spot. On three successive evenings, Mr. Cocker dined with Sheridan at a hotel in Albemarle Street, a chaise being on each night waiting at the door to convey them down to Wootton Basset; on each night Sheridan, after his wine, postponing the journey to the next day, and on the fourth day, he altogether abandoned the project of purchasing a seat in Parliament, received the £4,000, and applied them, as he was warranted to do by the permission of the donor, to his private uses. This transaction certainly delivers the king from the reproach of never having ministered to the relief of Sheridan—a charge which has been urged against his majesty in numberless smart satires and lampoons.—*Westminster Review.*

'The Emperor Alexander left his capital in the autumn of 1820, on a journey into the interior of his empire. Nothing remarkable occurred till he came to the government of Twer, about five hundred wersts (four hundred miles,) from Petersburgh. He halted for a night at the town, and took up his abode at a house prepared for him, as is usual in such cases, by the commandant of the place. He had scarcely descended from the carriage, and seated himself, when a respectable inhabitant of the place gained admittance, and, after apologizing for his intrusion, solicited the emperor to remove to his house, where he would have better accommodation. The emperor thanked him for the kindness of his offer, but declined accepting it. His affectionate subject could not be induced to take a denial, and succeeded after much solicitation. With reluctance the emperor consented, and followed the merchant to his house, though quite contrary to his usual custom of avoiding giving trouble to private individuals. After an hour had elapsed, there arrived in the same town a lady of rank, accompanied by her two daughters, and attended by several servants. As there was appearance of rain, they determined to stop the night there, and, on inquiring for lodgings, were conducted to the apartments which the emperor had so recently quitted. They felt proud to put up at a place which their beloved monarch had just occupied. The rain which had threatened soon fell in torrents, and the storm was accompanied with dreadful thunder; and while, probably, they were all congratulating themselves on their escape from the pitiless storm, the lightning struck the house, and it fell immediately; and, awful to relate, the lady, her daughters, and several domestics, perished in the ruins!'

'The Emperor Alexander, in proceeding from Sedan to Paris, travelled in a *berline de voyage.* A young peasant, who had mistaken his carriage for that of his suit, climbed up behind, at some leagues from the city. The august traveller ordered his carriage to stop, and asked his travelling companion why he mounted behind. "Sir," said he, "I wish to go to Paris to see the Emperor Alexander." "And why do you wish to see the emperor?" "Because," said he, "my parents have told me that he loves Frenchmen; I wish, therefore, to see him for once." "Very well, my good fellow," said Alexander, "you now see him; I am the emperor." The child, in confusion and terror, began to cry, and, after stammering out an excuse, was preparing to descend to pursue his journey on foot. The emperor desired him to remain, saying, "We shall go together." When they arrived at the city, the emperor requested him to call at his hotel. The youth did so. The emperor asked if he wished to go to Russia. "With pleasure," replied the boy. "Well," said he, "since Providence has given you to me, I shall take care of your fortune." The youth I sent away, on the following day, in the suite of the emperor. A nearly similar adventure occurred to Bonaparte, when passing through Eismach, on his return from Moscow.'—*Percy Anecdotes.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 16	51	54	49	29 84	Fair.
.... 17	50	51	49	.. 83	Do.
.... 18	50	54	48	.. 70	Cloudy.
.... 19	49	48	46	.. 43	Fair.
.... 20	46	47	49	.. 47	Do.
.... 21	49	51	50	.. 57	Do.
.... 22	49	48	43	.. 66	Do.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To Observator: the decease of the scientific gentleman who supplied the information has occasioned new arrangements.

C. Corrall's remarks upon his edition of Shakspeare is an advertisement.

No bookseller has any connection with THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

We beg to repeat that back Numbers of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE stamped, can seldom be supplied after the day of publication; but any of the unstamped Numbers may be obtained through the country booksellers, who can supply, upon order, any deficiency either in the monthly or quarterly parts or annual volumes, and who will execute orders for THE LITERARY CHRONICLE for 1826. New subscribers can be informed that each year's volume is complete in itself.

Complete sets of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, from the year 1819, may be had at the office, in Surrey Street.

Works just published.—Barbauld's Legacy to Young Ladies, 7s 6d.—The Emerald Isle, in case, 5s.—Memoirs of Miss Jane Taylor, two vols 8vo. 16s.—Complete Governess, 10s 6d.—Ruffles' Mission to Siam, 16s.—Gregg on the Bankrupt Act, 6s.—Petersdorff's Reports, vol. 3, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Espinasse on the Bankrupt Laws, 22s.

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Communications, post paid, addressed to the Editor, No. 7, Hanover Street, will meet immediate attention.

London: published by H. R. Thomas, Juvenile Library, No. 7, Hanover Street, Hanover Square; and sold by J. Sutherland, Edinburgh; W. R. M'Phun, Glasgow; and Westley and Tyrrell, Dublin; to whom communications may also be addressed.

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ON January 1, will appear the First Number of the NEW SERIES of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, price 2s. 6d.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL of SCIENCE and the ARTS, published on SATURDAY, the 17th, contains Reports of the Meetings of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution—Mental Improvement—Instruments for Examinations under Water—Drosometer—Rain Gauge—Hydrophobia—Dissection of a Mummy—Musical Barometer—Anatomical Invention—Dr. Power's Inaugural Address, and Mr. Wallis's Lecture on Astronomy, at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution.

Published by Sherwood and Co. price 6d. No. II published this day, contains the 2nd and 3rd Lectures on Astronomy, by Mr. Wallis, with other interesting matter.

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HISTORY OF THE PRESENT REIGN.

RIVINGTONS' ANNUAL REGISTER, for the Year 1824, is published this day, in one large volume 8vo. price 18s. in boards.

The slight delay beyond the usual period which has taken place in the publication of this volume, has been directly and exclusively occasioned by the necessity which there was of awaiting the arrival of certain papers considered to possess much historical importance, and some of which it is believed the English Reader will find for the first time in the collection of documents at the end of the volume.

The Volume for 1820, (commencing with his present Majesty's Reign); 1821, 1822, and 1823, have been lately published, price 18s. each.

⁂ Sets of the former Series, commencing in 1791, (when Mr. Dodsley declined the further continuation of the Work) and continued to 1812, may be had, or any Volume singly. The Volume for 1813 is in preparation.

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THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire; in a Series of Letters addressed to a Gentleman in London. By Ann H. Judson. 8vo. London, 1825.

We have, on more than one occasion, expressed our sentiments on the missions to India, and pointed out the almost utter hopelessness of converting the Hindoos to Christianity: the customs of the Hindoos are so totally different, and their prejudices are so firmly rooted, that nothing short of an entire change in the state of society among the natives of India could effect their conversion. The oriental languages, too, furnish another, and almost an insuperable difficulty: the Abbé Dubois, whose work has been noticed in our pages, dwells particularly on this, and it was also felt by Mr. Judson, who, after two years' intense study of the Burman language, calculated that it would take him at least three years more before he could become familiar with it. We shall not, however, now enter into any discussion on the question of missions to India, so far as relates to the conversion of Hindoos, as we consider them of great importance in making us acquainted with the character and customs of the people. A French writer truly observes,—

> 'L'orageux empire des ondes
> Vainement sépare les mondes,
> L'commerce les réunit.'

What is here said of commerce will apply, though to a less extent, to missionaries, through whose exertions we have often received the earliest and most correct information respecting countries and people till then but seldom visited; and it is to the active zeal of two missionaries that we are indebted for a very interesting work on the Burman empire—a country which has recently acquired a new importance, on account of the war against it in which we are now engaged.

The Burman empire is a sort of *terra incognita* to Europeans. A general officer, commanding in the present war, in a letter to his friend, recently received, says, 'It is a country very little known to Europeans. Our ignorance of it was as complete as of lands in the moon, although we brought in our ranks many descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country.' Of Burman, a work professing to give an account, and the truth of which may be relied on, cannot fail to be interesting; and such is the work before us.

It appears from this volume, which is written by Mrs. Judson, that Mr. Judson, who was educated at one of the universities in the United States, and whose piety was unquestionable, became anxious to go on a mission, in order 'to attempt to rescue the perishing millions of the East.' With this view he, accompanied by his wife, proceeded to Calcutta in 1812; they were, however, refused permission to remain, in consequence of an unfounded prejudice against missionaries. After encountering other obstacles and difficulties, Mr. and Mrs. Judson determined to go to Rangoon, where, with a zeal and resignation above all praise or earthly reward, they cheerfully relinquished all the comforts of civilized society, to endure the greatest privations; yet it will be seen they were perfectly contented. Alluding to their situation and feelings, Mrs. Judson says,—

'Though we find ourselves almost destitute of all those sources of enjoyment to which we have been accustomed, and are in the midst of a people, who, at present, are almost desperate, on account of the scarcity of provisions; though we are exposed to robbers by night, and invaders by day, yet we both unite in saying we never were happier, never more contented in any situation, than the present. We feel that this is the post to which God hath appointed us; that we are in the path of duty; and in a situation, which, of all others, presents the most extensive field for usefulness. And, though we are surrounded with danger and death, we feel that God can, with infinite ease, preserve and support us under the most heavy sufferings.'

In general, however, Mrs. Judson gives a rather favourable picture of the character of the Burmese, who are represented as cheerful, ingenuous, and friendly; some of them possess those finer feelings of humanity, which are more the work of the heart than the result of education: such was the case with the Viceroy of Rangoon's wife, to whom Mrs. Judson was introduced; and who, when Mr. and Mrs. Judson lost their first and only child, showed them the kindest attentions:—

'A few days after the death of our little boy, her highness, the viceroy's wife, visited us, with a numerous retinue. She really appeared to sympathize with us in our affliction, and requested Mr. Judson not to let it too much affect his health, which was already very feeble. Some time after her visit, she invited us to go out into the country with her, for the benefit of our health, and that our minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. We consented; and she sent us an elephant, with a howdah upon it, for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods. Sometimes the small trees were so near together, that our way was impassable, but by the elephant's breaking them down, which he did with the greatest ease, at the word of the driver. The scene was truly interesting. Picture to yourselves, my dear parents, thirty men with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders, then a huge elephant caparisoned with a gilt howdah, which contained a tall, genteel female, richly dressed in red and white silk. We had the honour of riding next to her ladyship; after us, three or four elephants, with her son and some of the members of government. Two or three hundred followers, male and female, concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden of the viceroy's. I say beautiful, because it was entirely the work of nature—art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruit trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble banyan formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the vicereine to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit, and pared it; culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own hands; which was a mark of her condescension. At dinner she had her cloth spread by ours, nor did she refuse to partake of whatever we presented her. We returned in the evening, fatigued with riding on the elephant, delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Burmans, and dejected and depressed with their superstition and idolatry—their darkness, and ignorance of the true God.'

It may be readily conceived, that to a couple thus cut off from the world of their former acquaintance, and from all those associations connected with early life, the loss of a child must be a severe blow. They both felt it acutely; and Mrs. Judson, in a letter to a friend, describes her feelings with an eloquence which none but a mother could possess:—

'Since worship, I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost, darling child. It is a little enclosure of mango trees, in the centre of which is erected a small bamboo house, on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new-made grave of our infant boy. Here I now sit; and though all all nature around wears a most romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen. You, my dear Mrs. L., who are a mother, may imagine my sensations; but, if you have never lost a first-born, an only son, you cannot know my pain. Had you even buried your little boy, you are in a Christian country, surrounded by friends and relatives, who could sooth your anguish, and direct your atte-

tion to other objects. But behold us, solitary and alone, with this one source of recreation! Yet this is denied us—this must be removed, to show us that we need no other source of enjoyment but God himself. Do not think, though I write thus, that I repine at the dealings of Providence, or would wish them to be otherwise than they are. No: "though he slay me, I will trust in him," is the language I would adopt.'

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, like other missionaries in India, had little success; as it was not until they had been six years at Rangoon that they made a single convert: and in the course of seven or eight years they made no more than three. But even success so trifling excited alarm, and a persecution commenced against them. They then applied to the viceroy for a passport to the Emperor of the Burman empire, and received permission, when they set out, carrying a splendidly-bound Bible as a present. Having reached the capital Amrapoora, they were conducted by Moung Zah (the Sir Robert Chester of the Burmese court) into a magnificent hall:—

'The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the further avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained above five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moung Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us;—"Who are these?" "The teachers, great king," I replied. "What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night?" "When did you arrive?" "Are you teachers of religion?" "Are you like the Portuguese priest?" "Are you married?" "Why do you dress so?" These, and some other similar questions, we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat—his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us; Moung Zah now began to read the petition.'

The petition prayed that they might be permitted to preach in the Burman empire, and that their hearers might be protected by the government:—

'The emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the mean time I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back, without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. "O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!" But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the two first sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, beside him, there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! Moung Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master's will in the following terms:—"In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them—take them away."'

'He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.'

In 1821, Mrs. Judson, on account of ill health, returned to America; but recovering, she joined her husband at Rangoon, whither he had come to meet her from Ava, where he had established himself. In this work, Mrs. Judson gives some interesting notices of the Burmese. Of the priests she writes,—

'When a priest dies he has peculiar honours paid him. Several months since, a neighbouring priest died, or *returned*, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that *a priest dies*; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through the feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past preparations have been making to burn this *sacred relic*, and to-day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and regretted sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels was erected a kind of stage or tower, about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colours and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues, and the corpse, half of which was visible above the edge of the coffin, entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner of split bamboo, covered with small figures cut out of white cloth, and waving to and fro, for some distance, in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, and in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing, but no weeping or wailing. The vehicle was then taken to pieces, the most valuable parts of which were preserved, and the body consumed.'

It is related of the great preacher Whitfield, that he attended an execution in Edinburgh, in order to see the effect it had on the crowd; we presume a similar motive induced Mrs. Judson to witness Burmese punishments. The first she relates was the execution of four men for attempting to rob a pagoda:—

'Four Burmans were fastened to a high fence, first by the hair of the head and neck, their arms were then extended horizontally, as far as they could be stretched without dislocation, and a cord tied tight around them; their thighs and legs were then tied in their natural position; they were ripped open from the lowest to the highest extremity of the stomach, and their vitals and part of their bowels were hanging out; large gashes were cut in a downward direction on their sides and thighs, so as to bare the ribs and thigh-bones: one, who I suppose was more guilty than the rest, had an iron instrument thrust side-long through the breast, and part of his vitals pushed out in the opposite direction. Thus, with his under jaw fallen, their eyes open and fixed, naked, excepting a small cloth round the middle, they hung dead.'

At another time, seven men were executed for various offences. She says:—

'On our arrival there, we heard the report of a gun, and looking about, we saw a man tied to a tree, and six others sitting on the ground with their hands tied behind them. Observing the man at the tree, we saw a circu-

lar figure painted upon his stomach, about three inches in diameter, for a mark to shoot at—for he was to die in this way. At that moment, there was another discharge of a musket, but the shot again missed; a third and fourth time he was fired at, but without effect. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the surrounding spectators. He was then loosed from the tree, and a messenger sent to the governor, who returned with a reprieve. His younger brother, who was one of the seven, was then tied to a tree. The first shot slightly touched his arm; the second struck him in the heart, and he instantly expired; at the same moment, the remaining five, each at one blow, were beheaded. We went close to them, and saw their trunks, and their heads, and their blood. We saw a man put his foot on one of the trunks, and press it with as little feeling as one would tread upon a beast. Their bodies were then dragged along on the ground a short distance, and their heads taken up by the hair and removed. The two brothers, when condemned to die, requested to be shot, asking, at the same time, to be pardoned if the fourth shot should miss. The elder brother was, therefore, spared, while the fate of the other was more lamentable. The superstitious Burmans suppose, from the circumstance of the request of the two brothers, and the escape of the elder one, that some charm prevented his death. The crimes of these poor creatures were various. One had been digging under a pagoda; another had stabbed a woman, but had not killed her; the others, as nearly as we can learn, were robbers.'

We need not, we are sure, add any remarks to recommend this work to the public, since its literary merit and the interest of the subject will do that more effectually than our praise.

The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1824. 8vo. pp. 1009. London. Rivingtons.

THE Annual Register is a work whose popularity is too well known, and its merits too firmly established, to render it necessary that we should enter into any particular description of its character. It is what such a work ought to be—a faithful record of the political events, foreign and domestic, of the year; a journal of interesting occurrences; a history of Europe; a register of state papers and other official and statistical documents; a record of the progress in the arts; an obituary; a catalogue of new works; and an epitome of the literature of the year to which it relates. That a work embracing subjects so multifarious and so important, if well executed, should be popular, can excite no surprise: and that it is well done, we think, in the volume before us, will not be doubted by those who are close observers of the progress of events. The Annual Register is, in fact, a work which no good library *can* want without being defective; even to casual readers, whatever may be their taste, it cannot fail of being acceptable, from its variety as well as from its reminiscences; while, as a book of reference, it is peculiarly valuable.

The Annual Register for the year 1824 exhibits the same honest views in politics, the same industry in the collecting of facts, and the same good taste that has marked former volumes; and we feel no hesitation in recommending it to the public. From the substitution of a smaller text in a part of the chronicle, it embraces a larger portion of matter than preceding volumes; and, if it contained an index, we should consider it an additional advantage. The editor, in his retrospect of politics, does justice to the enlightened policy of the present ministers. On this subject he says:—

'The general aspect of our commonwealth presents at this moment a most animating spectacle of moral and political greatness. Perhaps, taken altogether, the annals of mankind may be said to present nothing similar to it. The distinguishing feature of our empire consists in the manner in which its political supremacy is founded on commercial prosperity; and this last is cherished by the effects of our system of civil policy. Hence it is, that our political greatness derives a moral character from the bases upon which it is established; hence, too, springing directly from our popular institutions, and the energies of our commercial industry, its foundations are laid on a system of things, which, at the same time that it powerfully promotes our internal prosperity, is eminently conducive to the political improvement and general civilization of mankind. This is a circumstance that honourably distinguishes the British empire from almost every other recorded in history; founded as they have commonly been upon the mere ascendancy of brute force, or military fortune. Commercial success, on the other hand, implies reciprocal benefit. We cannot grow rich without proportionably making our neighbours richer; their interests and our own are blended in a manner identified; an important truth, which it was reserved for the last generation to discover, and for the present first to act upon; and the progressive operation of which on the persuasion and practice of mankind, affords fairer ground than any which the visions or speculations of philanthropy have yet presented, for the hope that a period may one day be put to the absurd and wicked habits of war, which have so long disgraced and afflicted the species. Or if this is a consummation which the natural prevalence of man's passions over his reason forbids us to look forward to, there can, we should think, be little doubt but that in proportion as the commercial relations of nations are multiplied and extended, in the same degree will be augmented their motives to remain at peace with each other. Formerly, commercial jealousy was in itself not an unfrequent ground of war; it was then thought that one country could not gain but at the expense of another, and no doubt much of that feeling still operates with the less informed portion of the European community. Nothing, however, is more likely to disabuse them on this point, than the result of the experiment which England, so long the patroness of the exclusive system, is now making in her own regulations. However they may distrust our general reasonings on these matters, the practical exemplification of it afforded by our custom-house-returns will present an argument to which they will not find it so easy to refuse their conviction.'

A Practical Treatise on Life Assurance, &c. By F. BLAYNEY, Esq. 8vo. pp. 216. London, 1826. Clarke.

THE familiar style in which Mr. Blayney has written on a subject so deeply interesting to the provident and intelligent, will doubtless obtain for his work a very general perusal. He classes life-assurance institutions in the first rank of political economy, and, although unknown till within about a century, they have produced, and must continue to produce, the most important advantages to almost every branch of society. He says—

'The first and real intention of life-assurance was simply that of establishing and maintaining, by annual contributions, a capital to be applied for the sole and exclusive benefit of the contributors or persons assured; so that a society of persons, if of sufficient number, without any fixed capital, might, by their annual contributions, to be improved at compound interest, raise a fund sufficient to meet their respective claims, as they might arise, besides leaving a surplus capital either to be divided among themselves by way of bonuses, or kept in reserve to answer any claims that might arise during a season of unusual mortality, which capital as it increased, might again be reduced by bonuses among the members. This has been fully exemplified by two or three of the leading institutions of this kind. But, in consequence of the success which has uniformly attended the operations of life-assurance institutions, the first intention of life-assurance has been invaded, and the business thereof has been taken up by commercial or proprietary companies, who have embarked, or rather hold themselves answerable for, certain capitals which they offer as guarantee to the public, and as a compensation for such guarantee they retain the whole or a greater part of the profits or surplus capitals, realised by their respective concerns, to the exclusion of the persons assured, whose interest is confined barely to the sums actually assured by them; consequently the profits or surplus capital of a company thus formed, are absorbed by its proprietors, whilst in a mutual assurance society they belong exclusively to the members.'

'The uniform success which has hitherto attended the operations of the old established office*, and the rapid increase of the business of life-assurance within the last twenty years, have alike promoted competition, and led to a considerable increase in the number of assurance offices during that period, each of which has professedly given birth to a constitution somewhat dissimilar to that of precedent offices. But the leading distinction of assurance institutions at present established, may be classed as follows, namely, *proprietary, mutual guarantee*, and *proprietary and mutual guarantee* (the latter partaking the qualities of the two former). Again, the first

* The Amicable Society.

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may be approved of for security, the second for profits, and the third for security and profits; hence, to the *assured* some institutions will be found to afford the greatest *pecuniary advantage*, while others hold out the *firmest security* (by a subscribed capital) against a season of *extra* mortality, or other untoward event. It is therefore incumbent on every individual, before he embarks in life-assurance, to inform himself on the subject, and endeavour to secure to himself or his family the best pecuniary advantage with the least possible risk.'

'Life-assurance business is now regulated with such mathematical accuracy, and the probable duration of human life ascertained with so much certainty, by the test of actual experience, as to enable an office to determine the exact amount of premium which, with its accumulation of interest, will produce, at the end of the period assigned to the life, a fund sufficient to pay the sum assured, besides leaving a small surplus towards defraying the expenses of the establishment, and in aid of a moderate capital to meet contingencies, but to be occasionally reduced by bonuses at stated periods; beyond this the benefits of life-assurance cannot be extended.

'Among the recently-formed life-assurance institutions, the most novel, and perhaps the most interesting and useful, are the *Medical Clerical*, and *Asylum*, which are established for the ostensible purpose of affording an extension of the benefits of life-assurance, to such persons as would, according to the accustomed rules of life-assurance offices in general, be rejected by them. Until lately, a person afflicted with any particular disorder, which might tend to the shortening of life, however healthy in other respects, could not make a provision for his family by an assurance on his life, such life being considered exceptionable as deviating from the common standard of health. This defect, therefore, has been supplied by the establishment of the Medical, Clerical, and Asylum offices, which, under the superintendance of eminent medical men, will accept *all lives*, however bad, and, under any circumstances, at premiums proportioned (it is said) to the risk.'

Mr. Blayney remarks, that the principles of law, which regulate marine assurances, commonly apply to life-assurances, and are clear and indisputable, as laid down in decided cases in his work; but, as we cannot go sufficiently into detail to quote these, we will pass on to points of a more general character, contenting ourselves with the remark that all unincorporated joint-stock companies are, in contemplation of law, partnerships, and affected by the law incident to partnerships

'To enumerate all the cases in which life-assurance might be found beneficial, would, perhaps, be a task of some difficulty; but, to all persons whose incomes depend either upon their own lives or the lives of others, and arise from church preferment, pensions, annuities, salaries, or from their own professional talents or industry, life-assurance is of the utmost importance; as, by paying such an annual sum as can be conveniently spared from their incomes, persons may secure a suitable or at least some provision for their families.

'The origin of the practice of life-assurance cannot be traced to any precise period. The first public institution established for that purpose was the Amicable Society, previously to which life-assurance was confined to a few individual underwriters.'

The business of life assurance, being but imperfectly understood, did not advance rapidly; and, notwithstanding the establishment of the Union, London Assurance, and Royal Exchange, it was not till the formation of the Society for Equitable Assurances in 1762, which was attended with amazing success, that the advantages of life-assurance became duly appreciated. The Westminster Office was next established, in 1792, which was followed by the Pelican, Globe, &c.:—

We are told 'it cannot be too strongly recommended to persons wishing to effect assurances, either on their own lives or the lives of other persons in any office, to refer the office to medical gentlemen, who, by their previous knowledge and acquaintance of the state of health and constitution of the party, as also by an examination of the latter at the time the assurances are proposed, can certify their healths to be good; or otherwise an assurance office might, in the event of a hard bargain, take advantage of a defective warranty of health.'

'The contract of insurance is founded upon the purest principles of morality and abstract justice. Hence, it is necessary that the contracting parties should have equal knowledge or ignorance of every material fact or circumstance which may or can affect the insurance. If, on either side, there is any misrepresentation or concealment which would in any degree affect the amount of premium or the terms of the engagement, the contract will be deemed fraudulent, and absolutely void.

'Policies on lives are equally vitiated by fraud or falsehood as those of marine insurance, because they are equally contracts of good faith, in which the insurer, from necessity, must rely upon the integrity of the insured for the statement of circumstances, so that the very essence of a contract for life-assurance is in observing good faith and integrity, and avoiding any representation that is not founded in truth, or concealment of any fact that may give either party an advantage over the other, as every material representation is considered as forming an ingredient in the contract.'

It has long been the opinion of eminent calculators, that the premiums demanded by assurance companies in general are nearly *fifty per cent.* more than sufficient for every purpose of security, or to satisfy the ordinary claims that may arise, and for this principal and obvious reason,—that premiums are computed on the supposition that money is improved only at interest of three per cent.

'It is most important, both for the safety of the public and the protection of an assurance company, that the premiums required should be sufficient not only to cover any risk and expense, but also to leave a moderate surplus to form into a reserve fund to meet any unusual claims.'

The interest and importance of Mr. Blayney's work has led us farther than we contemplated; we shall, therefore, now close with giving a valuable table of rates of insurance at the different offices, which, with the hints already thrown out, will enable such of our readers as may wish to effect assurances to do so with judgment;—but, at the same time, we recommend them, and practical men in particular, to consult the original:—

The following Tabular View exhibits the Rates of Premium charged by the several London Assurance Offices for assuring £100 for the whole Life, at the undermentioned Ages. (The Premiums for the intermediate Ages being in the same Proportion.)

	AGE NEXT BIRTH-DAY.											
	Twenty.		Thirty.		Forty.		Fifty.		Sixty.		Seventy.	
	£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.	
Albion	2	3 7	2	7 11	4	0 8	6	7 4	9	5 10	14	11 0
Alliance	2	13 5	3	3 6	4	4 2	6	14 11	9	19 0	14	11 0
Amicable	2	10 0	3	0 0	4	0 0	6	0 0	7	0 0	7	0 0
British Commercial	1	15 0	2	2 0	3	0 0	5	0 0	7	0 0	7	0 0
Continental	1	19 6	2	10 4	3	4 8	5	11 8	7	18 4	9	6 8
Crown	1	19 11	2	9 11	3	3 2	5	0 0	6	5 0	8	10 0
Economical	1	13 0	2	1 2	3	1 3	5	0 0	6	6 2	8	10 0
European	1	18 1	2	8 1	3	7 0	5	7 0	7	9 0	9	10 0
Guardian	2	1 0	2	11 11	3	10 3	5	10 0	8	0 0	9	10 0
Medical Clerical, &c.	1	9 6	2	0 0	3	0 0	4	10 0	5	19 0	7	14 11
Norwich Union	1	16 11	2	9 0	3	4 4	4	14 4	5	12 0	7	14 11
Sun	2	1 0	2	10 4	3	7 0	4	11 8	5	5 0	5	14 0
Surrey	1	19 0	2	8 0	3	3 0	4	7 0	5	3 0	5	14 0
West of England	1	17 0	2	5 0	3	0 0	4	5 0	5	0 0	5	14 0

The rates of premium in the Asylum Office are not fixed, being regulated according to the individual health of the assured: the following offices are the same as the Albion:—Atlas, Eagle, Equitable, Globe, Hope, Imperial, Law Life Association, London Association, London Assurance, Palladium, Pelican, Provident, Rock, Royal Exchange, Star, Union, and Westminster.

MEMOIRS OF HANET CLERY.

(Concluded from p 818.)

THE more we know of the character of Louis XVI. and his lovely wife, Marie Antoinette, the more are we convinced of the baseness of those atrocious calumnies heaped on them during the Revolution. They appear to have been amiable, kind-hearted, and sincere. As an instance of this, on the part of the queen, our author relates the following anecdote:—

'The benevolent disposition of the royal family made them acquainted with all the wants of all classes, and happily set aside those court usages which often leave indigent

and talent unprotected. I will give another instance of this besides that of Seraphin.

'Marie Antoinette, when dauphiness, had Messrs. Legai and Larsonnier for hair-dressers, who, having filled this situation during the lifetime of the late queen, could only serve her majesty. The ladies of her court were, however, frequently much better dressed, and with more variety. The young queen took care to give the men all the advantages of their situation; but she named young Léonard, afterwards the famous Léonard, and his cousin, as her particular hair-dressers, whom she reserved for her days of reception; so that, as hair-dresser extraordinary, he was not obliged to reside at Versailles, and was therefore ready for those ladies who required his assistance.

'The ladies of the old court exclaimed against the impropriety of having a hair-dresser for the queen who had, perhaps, just been dressing a Mademoiselle Guimard, or some such person. "Ladies," said Marie Antoinette, "if the first painter or sculptor were only to be employed in multiplying the portrait of his majesty, do you think he could ever acquire that perfection which can only be attained by various studies? Is it not to the emulation and ambition to excel, which is excited among artists, that we owe those chef-d'œuvres which ornament our palaces and our galleries? This Guimard, whom you speak of, is she not herself a model for grace and elegance, and the ornament of the stage? And should not every art be considered honourable that can add to her beauty? Pray, then, allow Léonard to continue exercising his profession on every one who will employ him, both to increase his talent and his fortune."

'It was to this firm resolution of the queen's, that Léonard owed the immense riches which he acquired; and, for the honour of the arts and industry in general, it must be owned that he made the very best use of them.'

The queen was accused of not sufficiently adhering to etiquette; but Clery says she only neglected it on frivolous occasions, and adds:—

'Much reformation and economy is owing to her; amongst other instances, the abolition of that useless and ridiculous expense, which Louis XIV. had established on a particular occasion, called *l'en cas de nuit;* it was on the following account:—

'The great dauphin, when five or six years old, had boils all over his body; he was so much tormented with them, that the physicians were obliged to pass several nights in his apartments. They prescribed for him baths of Bordeaux wine; and as it was necessary to provide provisions for the physicians, Louis XIV. gave an order which regulated the quantity and quality of these provisions; it appeared under the name of *en cas de nuit.* From its curiosity, I will give the order as it was issued:—

'"Every evening shall be brought to the king, the queen, and each of the children, of France,

'"Two large basins of broth or soup;

'"A capon, or two small roast chickens;

'"Eight rolls and butter;

'"Eight fresh eggs;

'"Two bottles of the best Bordeaux wine."

'This precaution was doubtless necessary at the time it was taken; but in continuing it, when it was useless, it became an abuse—*l'en cas de nuit* became every morning the profit of the footmen, who sold for five or six francs what had cost thirty-six or forty; and from this *en cas de nuit* arose the *en cas* for the morning, the middle of the day, the evening, &c. It is to their majesties that is owing the total suppression of the *en cas*, and the *boujies* in 1788. I hope I may be allowed to add, that this plan, which economized more than 200,000 francs a-year for the establishment of the four children of France, was the result of a memoir which I presented to Madame de Polignac.

'I think I have now proved that, if the queen disdained etiquette in futile and insignificant things, she knew how to enforce the observance of it in things of real importance to her rank and dignity.'

We shall now relate an anecdote of Louis XVI., to which we have alluded:—

'Louis XVI., who was always an early riser, liked to take long walks on foot with the captain of his guards; some pages followed, but always at a great distance.

'With his grey cloth coat, and breeches of the same colour, his white waistcoat, his orders on his waistcoat, and hidden by his coat, which was buttoned close; his grey stockings, and shoes with small buckles; his hair rolled up, and tied behind; a round hat, and a large stick in his hand; he looked more like a private gentleman walking through his estate than a King of France; in this manner Louis XVI. was to be seen every morning, when he did not hunt, at the end of his park or in the roads round about it.

'One day, as he was walking with the Prince de Poix, who was dressed as himself, he was crossing a road where he met a cart loaded with wine; the driver was flogging his horses in an unmerciful manner to get the cart out of a hole where it had fallen. He approached and said, "Why do you ill-treat your poor animals in this manner?" "Ah, sacré!" replied the carter in a passion; "come, let us see if you can do better than me, there is my whip." Louis XVI. took the whip without any hesitation, and, with the other hand seizing the leading rein, he set to work. The cart was soon put in motion; but on the side where there was nothing to oppose it, he shortly overturned it, and the carter began to swear, as carters can swear. "Well, my friend," said his majesty; "the harm is now done, the next thing is to repair it; we will help you." He then, seconded by the carter, some passers-by, and the Prince de Poix, who was obliged to imitate his master,—he then, I say, with all his heart and all his strength, and he was very strong, assisted in unloading the cart, setting it up, and loading it again. You should have seen how dirty he was! The pages, who came up at that moment, recognised him, and exclaimed "The King!" The carter, frightened at this discovery, ran to hide himself in the wood. The king sent for him, and he was brought back quite trembling. "Why do you run away?" said he; "are we not good people?—have we not assisted you? Here, take this to console you!" and he put several pieces of gold into his hand. Louis XVI. returned to the palace covered with mud, but laughing with all his heart.'

Louis XVI. had a great aversion to gaming, never playing for more than half-a-crown a game. We now approach the era of the Revolution—a subject which has already occupied much space in our pages; and we shall, therefore, only quote the account of the memorable and fatal 10th of August, 1792:—

'As soon as their majesties and all the royal family had been—I may say taken by force from the Tuileries to the National Assembly, we each of us, thinking of our own safety, took refuge in the queen's apartments on the ground-floor, and we barricaded the door; it was soon burst open, and we were on the point of being murdered. I opened the window which was near to the terrace, and I said to my brother, Let us jump into the garden, and save ourselves; and immediately, without considering the height, which was from ten to fifteen feet, I jumped out the first; my brother followed; and all who were there imitated our example, excepting a man named Diet—one of the queen's footmen, and another named Fetick, who had hidden themselves under the bed, and were both murdered.

'Owing to my being lighter or stronger than my brother, I jumped without doing myself any injury; but he hurt his thigh, though not sufficiently to prevent his walking. He at length, with much difficulty, reached Versailles; and I returned to my mills.

'We soon learned the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple; it may be easily imagined how distressed we were at this intelligence. Some days after, Clery came to my house. Although he, his wife, and myself, had lost our situations at court, we were still sufficiently at our ease to wait patiently the course of events; but we were grieved at this loss, and what we most wished for was, to resume our attendance on the dauphin and *madame royale;* but we feared it to be impossible. Clery said to me, "My dear Hanet, I am resolved to undergo every privation to be allowed to rejoin my master, and to consecrate my life to his service; but I cannot do so without your assistance, and without feeling secure of the fate of my wife and children; you must promise me, my brother, that you will never abandon them." As I was about to take the engagement he demanded—"Remember, Hanet," he continued, "the oath you took on our father's death-bed; he confided our mother and all the family to your care; your knowledge of agriculture rendered you more suited to take his place than I was;—besides, you are here at the head of an establishment that you owe to the king's bounty. You are no longer your own master, Hanet—you may not break the promise you made to a dying parent, or betray the king's confidence. I am about to add another link to the chain which binds you, in reclaiming all your care for these whom I leave behind me: I assure you,

my brother, that you are serving our unhappy princes, by assisting a faithful servant to give himself up to their service, and even to lay down his life for them, if necessary. I am your elder brother," he added, in that solemn manner which he sometimes assumed, "and I demand this sacrifice of you."

'I made the promise he required. God knows if I have not always considered it sacred, and faithfully fulfilled it. Clery is no more; his widow has followed him to the grave; but let any one of his surviving children come and accuse me of forgetting my word. Perhaps they may remember that their actual situation in life is owing to me.'

THE COMPLETE GOVERNESS.

(Concluded from p. 824).

THE time has long passed in which woman was considered an inferior animal, to whom intellectual acquirements were not only unnecessary but even unattainable; for although the world has not produced a female Shakspeare or Milton, or indeed perhaps any instance in which the sex has rivalled the self-elected lords of the creation in genius or knowledge, yet this will not appear extraordinary when we consider how very little the mind of females has been cultivated. If women had not prejudices against them to contend with, but were placed in a similar situation with the male sex, we are firmly persuaded the distinctions now made, as to the education of the two sexes, would vanish. We do not, we confess, want learned ladies, but we would have all females possess that general knowledge which might enable them to be well informed without being pedantic. Such, we conceive, is the object of the Complete Governess; and we think it well calculated to promote it. Systematic in its arrangement, it not only points out, but is in itself, a good course of female education, containing a great body of useful information. The following are additional extracts:—

'Matter is supposed to be in itself inactive,—that is, incapable of producing any change upon itself; and this property is called its *inertia*. In consequence of this, it does not change its form or its place, without the action of some force; and it is altogether beyond our comprehension to imagine how it could be either produced or destroyed. We refer the production of it to the immediate action of God, as the great first cause or creator, and as we cannot suppose anything to be impossible with that Being, we suppose that at his pleasure it would also cease to exist; but how he acted in the one case, or would act in the other, are matters altogether unlike anything with which we are acquainted; and, therefore, they are too mysterious and sublime for our philosophy. Indeed, wherever we think of power or action, as apart from the thing which is the immediate agent, and the thing upon which that agent acts, we are driven to the same difficulty. For let but the slightest change, the simplest occurrence, happen, and we find that there is always something in it which we cannot understand, and which, therefore, we are unable to explain. A leaf falls from the tree, or we lift this book from the table. These are simple in themselves; and yet each of them is beyond the reach of our most careful inquiry. In the first instance, we may be able to say that the leaf was broken by the wind, or nipped by the frost, and that, its connection with the tree being thus destroyed, it fell as a matter of course; and we may say that the book is lifted from the table in consequence of our having the will and the wish to lift it, putting our hand to it in the proper manner, and having sufficient strength; but when we have said this, we have not stated the cause—the real energy by which the events were brought about; we have only stated other events which took place in time before these, and to which we have usually found these following. Why the one should follow the other we cannot tell, any more than we can tell how the matter which forms the book or the leaf came at first into existence. Thus we are obliged to refer to the same invisible and all-powerful Being—the Author of matter, and the cause of all its forms and all their changes; and thus, if we take it aright, we cannot take one step in the most simple path of philosophy, without finding out that there is One, wiser and mightier than we, whom Nature obeys in all her changes, and sets forth in all her productions, in a way calculated to excite in us emotion, awe, astonishment, and admiration, which we can feel towards no other being; and thus, by pursuing our inquiries aright, every step that we take in the knowledge of nature conducts us necessarily to a more perfect knowledge and more sincere adoration of Nature's God.'

* * * * * *

'No doubt the whole of the accomplishments have some general principles, some connection with one or other of the branches of philosophical knowledge; but this forms but a small part of them; and, though it were ever so fully described, and the description ever so carefully studied, one would be no nearer than ever to the performing of the operations. Thus in the case of dancing, for instance, no volumes, however carefully written, and no lectures, however long or carefully repeated and attended to, could enable one to assume the attitudes, and perform the motions, that might be acquired by an hour or two of practice, in imitation of a teacher who could assume the one, and perform the other, gracefully. The reason seems to be, that the body can of itself find out the balances which impart firmness, yet lightness and grace, to the attitudes and movements, much better than they could be found out by the most careful observation, and the nicest calculations of the mechanical philosopher.

'Music has a good deal more of science in it than dancing, because it combines the principles of mechanics and acoustics; but still it may very fairly be doubted, whether all the writing that could be written, or all the lectures that could be delivered, could enable a person who had not practised to modulate a single note, or bring anything like melody or harmony out of the best-constructed instrument.

'Those two arts, and indeed all the arts by which the voice, the carriage, and the hand can be improved, must be tried and tried again, before they can be acquired. No doubt, after a certain progress has been made, the principles may be studied, and they will be the better understood that the pupil has been instructed in general knowledge; but to begin with them would be to begin at the wrong end; and we should just as soon expect a country peasant to make an elegant porcelain vase, by our reading him a lecture upon aluminary action, turning lathes, colours, and enamels, or a man who was blind to write us a treatise on the nature of colours, and, unassisted by others, to perform what he taught, as to communicate to the understanding anything which depended originally or solely upon the management of the limbs, the ears, the tongue, or the fingers.

'Those accomplishments, whether their object be to give elegance to the body when in a state of repose, grace and spirit to it in walking or in dancing, dignity and safety when riding on horseback; or whether their object be to teach the tongue and the instrument to charm by the sweetness, the melody, and the variety of sounds; or whether, again, they are intended to make the labour of the hands conducive to elegance and utility, must all be acquired from the example of others, and may all be acquired by one who is unable to understand one principle of knowledge, or even to read one line of a book. Every person, learned or unlearned, may, by practice, make some progress in all of them; but, before it can with certainty be foretold that any one shall become eminent in any one of them, there are certain conformations that must be evinced; and though many have written "about it, and about it," no one has been able, apart from seeing the actual performance, to tell what are the requisites upon which a graceful figure and movement, or an enchanting musician, depend.

'In consequence of the impossibility of treating those parts of the subject in such a manner as that the acquisition of them would be forwarded by it, it is not intended to make the attempt. All that the pupil requires, in addition to the personal directions and example of the teacher, may be found in the ordinary books; and though there be a sort of philosophy in them, that philosophy does not, like the philosophy of manner, guide us in the first instance to the practical application.

'To compensate this defect, however, Nature herself appears to have made ample provision; for young people have a natural fondness for those exercises and accomplishments, which few of them evince for those studies which, while they are a far more severe exercise to the mind, leave the body comparatively at its ease; and thus, perhaps, the best general rule is, to gratify those natural tendencies as far as may be consistent with the circumstances and other studies of the pupil. Those exercises, especially, which, by exercising the body, give firmness to the constitution, at the same time that they give elegance to the form, ought not to be neglected; and perhaps, if a few tens of thousands of hours—during which little girls, whether they be

fond of the business, and successful at it or not, are condemned to sit erect on three-footed stools, and fret and hammer anything but music out of the various instruments in fashion—were devoted to graceful and active exercises, which would give occupation to the whole figure, neither the graces nor the fascinations of ladies would be diminished. By this it is not meant to be alleged, that music is not a good thing;—when properly performed, it is one of the most innocent and delightful of all human pleasures; what is complained of is, that, in very many cases, a great deal of time is wasted, while that which is acquired at so much expense is, to all who may thereafter be visited with it, an infliction, and not a pleasure. If it can be had good, by all means have it at its fair cost in time; but, if it be impossible to communicate the real accomplishment, do not sacrifice other matters for that which is painful in the acquisition, and more painful in the use.

'Some may be disposed to ask, how the time of those unsuccessful hunters after the wind is otherwise to be filled up; to which there is this ready and obvious answer: let them do anything else which has no tendency toward vulgarity, idleness, or vice, and they are sure to be better employed. To reason people out of their absurdity upon this subject is just as hopeless as the communication of the practice of the art by reasoning is impossible.

'There is one accomplishment, however, which depends less upon positive conformation, and more upon general principles, than those which have been now enumerated; and therefore the few remaining pages of this volume shall be devoted to a notice of it. The art alluded to is drawing, which, though it be not so popular as music, because it is less calculated for temporary show, and also perhaps because perfection in it requires more general knowledge, is yet far more applicable to the common occupations of life, and far more intimately connected with that portion of education which is mental. In so far, indeed, as drawing consists in the mere use of the eye and the fingers, it comes within the class of mere arts; and it would be just as difficult to enable one to make a picture by a lecture upon light and colours, as it would be to play a piece of music by a lecture upon vibrating-chords and thorough-bass; but still there is more of science, or, if you will, a reference to more sciences, in the one than in the other; and, therefore, a few words upon it may not be wholly useless.'

The Mission to Siam, and Hué, the Capital of Cochin-China, in the Years 1821-2. From the Journal of the late GEORGE FINLAYSON, Esq., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Mission. *With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir S. Raffles, F. R. S.* 8vo. pp. 497. London, 1825. Murray.

MR. FINLAYSON, from whose journal this volume is compiled, was one of three brothers, who, born of humble parents in Scotland, by their talents, perseverance, and good character, raised themselves to respectable situations in life, as army surgeons. One of them is supposed to have been murdered on his way to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo; and George died on his way home from India, after he had accompanied the mission to Siam.

The mission, of which Mr. Crawford was the chief, left Calcutta in November, 1821, arrived at Siam, and had an audience; but, like many missions, its chief importance lies in the knowledge it gives us of the country and people; and this work possesses an additional interest, on account of the proximity of the Siamese to the Burmese, with whom we are now at war. We shall not detain our readers with an account of the voyage, but will beg them to imagine Mr. Crawford and his companions to have proceeded so far as to reach an open court of the palace of his majesty of Siam. Our author thus proceeds:

'After we had waited somewhat less than half an hour, it was notified by two men, dressed in an upper garment of white cloth, in the fashion of a wide shirt, with a narrow strip of coarse lace about the middle of the arm, and another at its extremity, that we were called for. These men appeared to me to belong to the police department; and afterwards, when they accompanied us to see the elephants and other objects, they occasionally applied the rod with laudable vigour, to maintain order amongst the rabble. Without addressing themselves to the agent to the governor-general, they now delivered their message to the Moormen. The latter proposed that we should here pull off our shoes, and walk the remainder of the way without them. This, however, was overruled, and we again turned into the road which we had left on entering. A line of men armed with muskets was drawn up on each side of the road, and extended to the next gate. Nothing could be more ridiculous or more unsoldier-like than the appearance of this guard, composed of puny boys, scarce able to stand under a musket, and of men of all ages. In their caps only was there anything like uniformity observable. These were all painted red, and I cannot give a better idea of them than by saying that they exactly resembled the slouched helmets once worn by the workers of fire-engines at home. They scarcely had boldness to look us in the face as we passed; and among the whole number, which perhaps might amount to one hundred, we did not observe a single flint, nor possibly a serviceable musket. Some had bayonets with scabbards on their muskets, and others scabbards without bayonets. With their muskets awkwardly and slovenly shouldered, some on one side and some on the other, we passed them without exciting sufficient interest to obtain the least notice.

'When we had arrived at the gate in front, we were again desired to pull off our shoes. Our servants and followers were permitted to advance no further, and even the interpreters to the agent to the governor-general were not allowed to proceed. Leaving our shoes at this place, we advanced, on a paved road, through a passage about fifty yards in length, enclosed by a wall on each side, until we came to another, and the innermost gate. This also opened into a spacious oblong place, in which were disposed several lofty and handsome buildings, occupied by the king, or appropriated to particular offices. This space was also intersected by coarsely paved roads, no way remarkable for cleanliness, breadth, or beauty. Facing the gate at which we last entered, there was drawn up a double line of musicians, one on each side of the road through which we advanced. A shrill pipe and numerous tomtoms were the only instruments whose sounds we heard, though we observed a number of men furnished with horns, trumpets, chanks, &c. The music, though rude, was not inharmonious or displeasing to the ear, and the interrupted beat, uniform regularity, and softness of the tomtoms was even agreeable. On our right a numerous body of men armed with stout, black, glazed shields and battle axes, were disposed in several close lines within a railing, resting on their knees, and almost concealed by their shields; behind these were placed a few elephants, furnished with scanty but rather elegant housings. Still preceded by the Moormen, we advanced slowly through the musicians to the distance of nearly thirty yards from the last gate, when, making a short turn to the right, we entered a plain-looking building, at one end, and soon found that this was the hall of audience. Fronting the door, and concealing the whole of the interior apartment, there was placed a Chinese screen, covered with landscapes and small plates of looking-glass. We halted for a moment on the threshold, and taking two or three steps to the right, so as to get round the screen, we found ourselves suddenly, and somewhat unexpectedly, in the presence of majesty. A more curious, more extraordinary, or more impressive sight has perhaps rarely been witnessed than that on which we now gazed, with mingled feelings of regret, (I should say of indignation,) and of wonder: of wonder excited by the display of taste, elegance, and richness in the decorations; of regret, or of indignation, caused by the debased condition of a whole nation. Such a scene was well calculated to take a firm hold on the imagination. I shall, however, endeavour to describe it in its true colours, and with the least possible aid from that faculty. The hall was lofty, wide, and well aired, and appeared to be about sixty or eighty feet in length, and of proportionate breadth. The ceiling and walls were painted with various colours, chiefly in the form of wreaths and festoons; the roof was supported by wooden pillars, ten on each side, painted spirally red and dark green. Some small and rather paltry mirrors were disposed on the walls, glass lustres and wall shades were hung in the centre, and to the middle of each pillar was attached a lantern, not much better than our stable lanterns. The floor was covered with carpets of different colours. The doors and windows were in sufficient numbers, but small and without ornament; at the further extremity of the hall, a large handsome curtain, made of cloth covered with tinsel or gold leaf, and suspended by a cord, divided the space occupied by the throne from the rest of the apartment. On each side of this curtain there were placed five or six singular but handsome ornaments

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called *chatt*, consisting of a series of small circular tables suspended over each other, diminishing gradually so as to form a cone, and having a fringe of rich cloth of gold, or tissue, suspended from each tablet.

'A few of the presents from the governor-general, as bales of cloth and cut glass, were placed nearly in the middle of the room, and on one side; but we neither remarked the letter from the noble marquis, nor did it appear that any notice whatever was taken of it on this public occasion.

'With the exception of a space about twenty feet square, in front of the throne, which was kept clear, the hall was crowded with people to excess. Those of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, from the heir apparent to the throne, to the meanest slave present, had his proper place assigned to him, by which alone he was to be distinguished. The costume of all ranks was plain, neither rich nor showy.

'The curtain placed before the throne was drawn aside as we entered. The whole multitude present lay prostrate on the earth, their mouths almost touching the ground; not a body or limb was observed to move, not an eye was directed towards us, not a whisper agitated the solemn and still air. It was the attitude, the silence, the solemnity of the multitude simultaneously addressing the great God of the universe, rather than the homage of even an enslaved people. Not even Rome, fertile in the race of tyrants, nor Dionysius himself, ever produced any degradation to compare with this ignominy.

'Raised about twelve feet above the floor, and about two yards behind the curtain alluded to, there was an arched niche, on which an obscure light was cast, of sufficient size to display the human body to effect, in the sitting posture. In this niche was placed the throne, projecting from the wall a few feet. Here, on our entrance, the king sat as immovable as a statue, his eyes directed forwards. He resembled in every respect an image of Buddha placed upon his throne, while the solemnity of the scene, and the attitude of devotion observed by the multitude, left little room to doubt that the temple had been the source from which the monarch of Siam had borrowed the display of regal pomp. He was dressed in a close jacket of gold tissue; on his left was placed what appeared to be a sceptre; but he wore neither crown nor other covering on the head, nor was the former emblem of the office of royalty displayed on the occasion. The throne was hung round with the same sort of cloth which formed the curtain in front, and behind it were placed two of the conical-shaped ornaments formerly mentioned; except in the quality of the cloth with which the throne was surrounded, we could observe no indication of opulence, or of magnificence. There were neither jewels, nor costly workmanship, nor precious stones, nor pearls, nor gold, observable about the person of the king, his throne, or his ministers. The latter were disposed in three lines laterally, extending from the curtain in front; and thus bounded on each side the empty space at the foot of the throne, according to their respective ranks. The chief Surlwong was placed at a very respectable distance. A considerable degree of light was thrown laterally on the floor at the base of the throne, where large and elegant fans were waved by persons placed behind the curtain. This circumstance added considerable effect to the scene.

'Such is a sketch of the form and appearance of Siamese royalty, displayed on our entering the hall. When we had passed the screen, and come in sight of the throne, we pulled off our hats and bowed in the European manner, the two Moormen at the same time falling prostrate, and crawling before us on the ground towards the throne. We were desired to advance in a stooping posture; a narrow space, about three feet in width, was left open in the centre for us to advance through. When we had advanced a few paces in this narrow space, being closely surrounded by the crowd of people, and distant from the throne more than half the length of the hall, all the ministers being a considerable way in front of us on either side, we were desired to seat ourselves on the carpet, in the narrow lane or space through which we had advanced, which we did in the best way we could, the two Moormen placing themselves immediately in front of the agent to the governor-general and his assistant, for the space would only admit of two persons sitting beside each other. Mr. R. and I, therefore, placed ourselves immediately behind the former. We now performed the salutations agreed upon, after which a voice from behind the curtain in front of the throne interrupted the silence which had hitherto prevailed, by reading in a loud tone a list of the presents which had been sent by the governor-general.

'The king now addressed some questions to the agent of the governor-general. He spoke in a firm though not a loud voice; in his person he was remarkably stout, but apparently not bloated or unwieldy; he appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. The questions were repeated by the person who had read the list of presents, and from him they were conveyed in whispers by several individuals, till they reached the Moorman, Kochai-Sahac, who, prostrate, like the rest, on the ground, whispered them to the agent to the governor-general, in a tone which I could not hear, though placed immediately behind the latter. The answers to the throne were passed on in the same way. From the tenor of these questions, as related afterwards by Captain Dangerfield, it would appear that they were of a very general nature, and not particularly interesting. While these questions were passing, betel was introduced in handsome silver vessels and gold cups. The audience having lasted about twenty minutes, the king rose from his seat, and turning round to depart, the curtain was immediately drawn in front of the throne. On this all the people raised a loud shout, and turning on their knees, performed numerous salutations, touching the earth and their forehead alternately, with both hands united. The princes and ministers now assuming a sitting posture, by which, for the first time, we were enabled to observe their respective places. We left the hall of audience without further ceremony. A heavy shower of rain had fallen during the interview, and the roads leading to different parts of the palace, at no time noted for cleanliness, were now covered with water and converted into a dirty puddle; we therefore requested to have our shoes, but in vain, for no notice whatever was taken of our request. On leaving the door of the audience hall, a paltry Chinese umbrella, which might be purchased in the bazaar for a rupee, was given to each of us. Not knowing with what view it was presented, I was about to reject it, when I was told that it was meant as a present from the king.'

Mr. Finlayson gives an interesting picture of the Siamese, their manners, character, &c. Among other customs, the practice of burning the dead is very common:—

'The ceremony may be witnessed almost daily in the environs, and within the precincts of the temples. The latter are generally provided with a lofty shed, of a pyramidal form, open on all sides, and supported on tall wooden posts, of sufficient height to admit of the combustion of the body without injury to the roof. Nor is even this simple shed common to all. The avarice of the priesthood, taking advantage of the weaker feelings of the human mind, has even here established distinctions at which death mocks. The poorer sort, therefore, raise the pile at a humble distance from the roof of pride.

'A singular custom takes place in many instances previous to the ceremony of combustion. It is that of cutting the muscular and soft parts of the body into innumerable small pieces, until nothing is left of the corpse but the bare bones. The flesh thus cut up is thrown to dogs, vultures, and other carnivorous birds, which on this account resort to such places in great numbers. We found one of those pyramids covered with vultures, and the enclosure much frequented by dogs. The scene was loathsome and disgusting in the extreme, and sufficiently attested the prevalence of this custom. The practice is looked upon as charitable and laudable, and the Siamese arrogate to themselves no small share of merit in thus disposing of the body as food, the material of life, to the beasts of the field, and to the birds of the air.

'A different custom prevails among the higher orders of Siamese, which, considering that the body is finally destined to be consumed by fire, is as unaccountable as the other is barbarous and unfeeling. The custom I allude to is that of embalming the dead. But what seems most singular in this custom is, that the body has no sooner undergone that degree of preparation which renders it capable of being preserved for a longer period, than it is destined to be totally consumed.

'The art of embalming, as known to the Siamese, is extremely imperfect, notwithstanding that it has been practised from very ancient times.'

That this is an interesting work will be seen from our extracts; it is also valuable for the information it contains respecting a people with whom we are very little acquainted.

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ORIGINAL.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

When last week we undertook, and we trust successfully, to vindicate the British Museum from some charges brought against it in the public journals, we stated that we did not consider the establishment perfect, and that we would offer some suggestions for its improvement; this promise we shall now attempt to redeem.

The British Museum has a twofold character; it is an exhibition and a literary institution, and the persons who are attracted to visit it on one of those accounts, are perfectly indifferent as to the other. As an exhibition, except as to works of art, it is certainly not particularly rich, for important as the study of geology and mineralogy may be, we do not think specimens of productions, illustrative of those sciences, are calculated for a popular exhibition; and, as an exhibition only they can now be considered—though, as a school, to be studied at leisure, and uninterruptedly they might be of great importance. What we should, therefore, recommend, is, the separation of the mere spectacle part of the Museum from the objects of study—a division of the *utile* from the *dulci*, with the exception of the galleries of antiquity, which we would certainly continue open to the public.

With regard to the library and the reading rooms, which we consider by far the most important branches of this national establishment, we should advise much alteration. We are not anxious to abridge the facilities of admission, but it is essential for the due exercise of the privilege that the persons admitted should in some degree be classified: the students in the fine arts, the classical readers, the antiquaries, and the general readers might, appropriately enough, have each a room, where works connected with their pursuits, might be most accessible, by placing those of a general character—that is, works of reference, in the apartment. Indeed, there are certain works which ought to be in all the reading rooms, such as encyclopedias, dictionaries, elementary treatises, collections of biography, magazines, reviews, catalogues, &c. &c. Of late years, something has been done in this way in the British Museum, by the introduction of a few lexicons, a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and a biographical dictionary in French, the title of which we forget; and more, we doubt not, would be done, were not all the shelves (a portable book case or two excepted) occupied with the Harleian MSS.

Another thing very requisite, is a more rigid enforcement of the existing regulations, with regard to the conduct of the persons admitted. We recollect the time when the reading room was as quiet and as orderly as a Quaker's meeting, whereas it now resembles a meeting at a tavern, where every person is on the move, and where the courtesies of life are thought unworthy of observance. We are aware that the relaxation in the rules of the Museum is owing to an excessive good nature or delicacy on the part of the officers of the establishment, but their violation is a cruel infliction on the gentlemen who really go to study, which, for their sakes, ought not to be tolerated.

That a new catalogue of the printed books is much wanted, there can be no doubt; there should not only be an alphabetical catalogue, but a catalogue *raisonné*, so that a person might know what has been written on any particular subject, and ascertain it without reading from the alpha to the omega of the present catalogue. We believe a catalogue of this sort is in preparation, by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, and we know no gentleman better qualified, either by talents or industry, to execute it well. In the meantime, we would suggest that copies of Watts's Bibliotheca Britannica, the catalogue of Sir Joseph Banks, and others of a similar nature, in which the works are classified, should be constantly kept in the reading rooms.

With regard to the incompleteness of the library of the British Museum, either as to editions or to works themselves, we do not see how this is to be remedied, unless Parliament appropriate a certain sum annually for the purpose; or a committee be appointed to draw up a list of the desiderata, and state the sum necessary to procure them. Until Parliament does this, it is idle to prate about the library of the British Museum being defective.

Another suggestion that we would offer, and a very important one it is—is, that the reading room should be kept open for a much longer period each day than it is. At present, thirty hours in each week is the very utmost the most industrious book-worm can pass in this establishment; and those hours, too, in such a part of the day, as no person who has other avocations, can possibly spare to literary study or research. We are aware that some argument may be founded on the danger of fire, if candles are admitted, and yet this would apply to our literary institutions, to the Bank of England, and to other places, where the property is very valuable. Certainly, in order to extend the hours of admission to the reading room (for it is of this we speak), it would be necessary to increase the number of officers and attendants on the establishment; but what is this? Thank God our country is neither so poor, nor the *public* so niggardly, as to grumble at the appropriation of a few hundreds, or even thousands, to the support of a national establishment like the British Museum; at all events, if it is, it is very inconsistent, when it suffers Mr. M'Adam to receive Parliamentary grants of four or six thousand pounds for his notable discovery of grinding granite pavement into mud. In short, increased liberality on the part of Parliament is essential to the well doing of the British Museum, and a more liberal allowance to the officers would not only be of great service, but an act of positive justice, for we know of no class of persons so wretchedly paid. Without this, our suggestions could not be carried into effect. Whether it is or is not desirable that they should be adopted, we leave the public to determine, but we can assure our readers that they are offered in sincerity, and with an ardent wish to improve an establishment in itself excellent, though much abused, and with a view to render it more useful than it now is. The first thing, however, and we repeat it, is an increased liberality—no, we will not call it liberality—an increased allowance on the part of Parliament, for, without this, few or no essential improvements can be made in the British Museum.

THE AGE OF INTELLIGENCE—THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

Sir,—I hope you will grant me the favour, as on former occasions, of a place in the columns of *The Literary Chronicle*, for the following observations and reflections.

We judge of all things by comparing them in degree or magnitude to some other things; except, perhaps, only certain mathematical figures or quantities, such as a square or circle; which figures must always be squares or circles; but yet when compared with other squares or circles, they have the qualities of greater or less.

In comparing the present age in Britain with those which have preceded, we may call it the age of intelligence; not, perhaps, that any individual genius now living can vie with some of those who have passed away, but because the modes of instruction are more numerous, and, by availing ourselves of the discoveries of our predecessors, our sphere of knowledge becomes wider and wider, each adding a little, still amplifying itself, and that probably without limit.

A philanthropist cannot but contemplate with infinite pleasure, the many efforts that are now making, and in actual operation for the good of mankind. None of these, perhaps, deserve our consideration more than those for the education of youth and the improvement of the more mature. Education is the pioneer that precedes the display of almost all the noble faculties of man.

Among the various modes of instruction, none, perhaps, rank higher for utility than the many literary and scientific institutions of this city; and of these, none, certainly, is more illustrious than the Royal Institution. And it gives me pleasure to find that this society does not relax in giving instruction to the public in experimental philosophy, agreeably to the spirit of the original founders. Professor Millington, to-day, at the Royal Institution, delivered his third lecture of a course of experimental philosophy, chiefly intended for the benefit and instruction of the youth from school during the vacations. It is impossible not to be delighted with Mr. Millington's natural and unaffected manner of demonstration. His subject, also, is highly interesting, every thing is well chosen, and illustrated with familiar and apposite examples; his language, too, is easy and flowing. If he has any fault, it is that, having so much to say, he seems sometimes to be rather out of breath; this arises from too strong a desire to cram a certain quantity of instruction into a certain portion of time; would it not be better to lop off some branch of his very extended subject?

But what will afford a benevolent mind the highest gratification is, to see his youthful audience, of both sexes, listen with atte-

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tion, and observe the wonderful operations of nature. May they also see the hand of God in all these wonders.

Nothing, perhaps, is more calculated to wean youth from idle and vicious habits, and give their minds an exalted turn than these innocent amusements, which so much arrest the attention. NAUTICUS.

Friday evening, 23rd Dec. 1825.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

Sacred to the Memory of my lamented Mary, who died November 28th, after a few days illness, at Watford, Herts, of the water on the brain, in the 36th year of her age.

'Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires.'

WOULD I could weep!—for then my anguish'd heart
Might find relief!—the fountain and the spring are dry;
And not a tear from these sunk eyes depart,
But, from my breast, the deep-drawn lengthening sigh!—
That she is '*dead*!' I hear, but doubt the truth,
At least I dream 'that this can never be!'—
But yesterday, my love, the rose of youth
Wore on her lips—and press'd those lips to me!
That they are cold in death—that last embrace
I took speaks lond!—and the last look I gave
When late I gaz'd upon her lifeless face,
Tells my sear'd heart that she is in the grave!—
O! may the summer buds adorn the spot—
Where she now sleeps—by all but me forgot!

Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 22, 1825. H.

TO BLUE EYES.

BLUE eyes, blue eyes! ye beautiful blue eyes!
And pale rose cheeks, and flaxen locks, adieu,
I fly to those of passion's warmer hue,
So flies the air-fed bird to sunnier skies,
And greener trees than those near which it grew,
And brighter leaves, and flowers of deeper dies,
Where Zephyr moans and Auster soft replies,
The freshness of its spirit to renew.
In raven tresses, and a duskier cheek,
And eyes, whose ebon darkness draws the frame
From dull and silent apathy, I seek
To rouse the embers of youth's tender flame,
Lit up by ye within me, soft blue eyes,
And fed by happy tears, and fann'd by loving sighs. S. R. J.

EARTHENWARE FRAGMENTS*.

(Sixth Series.)

FIRST—THE PITCHER.

'Twas town—the pottery stood behind,
Where the shop stood before;
Fresh from the moulder's hands there shone
A pitcher on the floor.
Pitchers, like men, die one by one,
By accident or wear;
This pitcher lost its sides and ears—
All that remains is here!
My heart is like a pitcher, love,
'Tis broke as thou canst tell;
It proves the adage—'Pitchers go
Too often to the well.'
And worse my state—for I am poor;
My hearth is fireless too;
I'd mend my heart, but where's the chink
Will buy a pitcher new?

SECOND—THE CUP.

There was a paleness on its front, that proved
The paint had been washed off; upon its rim
There was a crack, a long and crooked crack,
Not broken through, nor shiver'd—but the sign
Of a cup badly used—one that had given
The drunkard draughts and beat him; and had borne
The prime October from the cellar's cask;
Had deeply felt itself the vanity
Of love and ale; and now could only feel
The toper's pledge, a mockery to the sense,—
Who could believe him?

THIRD—THE BASIN.

Last night the milk was spilled,
The kettle boiled and sung,
And in the basin the water lot
Was like a torrent flung.
The basin started loud,
As I hearkened to the tone;
I thought of that basin's fate,
And wished it were mine own.
The water burn'd my shin,—
It pierced my inmost veins;
I'll seek the *Basin* in the Park,
And end these *earthly strains*.

POLLY PANTILE.

* See fifth series in a contemporary journal of December 17.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations to the Decameron.

By T. STOTHARD, R. A.

MR. WILLIAM PICKERING, of Chancery Lane, is well known to the public as a very spirited and successful publisher. Indeed we have been so long accustomed to eulogize everything put forth with the sanction of his name, that we feel awkward when obliged to speak of his works in any other terms than those of unqualified approbation. With regard to the present illustrations, however, the general tenor of our 'human kindness' is somewhat ruffled; though it is but just to add that our opinion is not acknowledged by all parties. The work before us has been lavishly praised by some of our cotemporaries.

With the original pictures, which were exhibited some years back by Stothard, at the Royal Academy, we have nothing to do—our remarks apply principally to the engravings just published. Now, we consider these engravings to have lost a great deal of the beauty which characterized their originals. The natural ease and elegance of figure, for which Stothard is deservedly celebrated, is here stiffened and starched up into the resemblance of any thing rather than the Italian character. The faces of all the men and women are alike, so that their heads might be transplanted to each other's shoulders, without in any way demolishing the general *features* of the picture. Besides this unhappy uniformity of aspect, there is a sharp, disagreeable, and ill-humoured cast of countenance uniformly pervading the whole of the *dramatis personæ*. Their eyes are all triangular, with large balls fixed in an ample space of white, without characteristic expression or natural beauty. The noses are all sharp-pointed, and expanded into undue proportions—which are *kept in countenance* by similar sized and similar shaped chins. Sam Rogers likens them to a 'set of family shoeing horns,'—which, though a grotesque, is by no means an inappropriate, simile. The men all look as if they were angry, and the women as if they were prudes, which, by the by, is exactly contrary to Boccaccio's descriptions. Again, the figures of the women are mostly inelegant—and often incorrect in their proportions, having too much of the hour-glass shape, far more befitting a Dutch or Flemish, than an Italian demoiselle.—These blemishes run through the whole of the engravings, which are ten in number, and materially diminish the grace and elegance of these pictures; and they strike forcibly and chilly upon our minds as we turn our eye from the delicious and highly polished descriptions of Boccaccio to the illustrations of the artist. They do not illustrate his text, but diminish the pleasure to be derived from it, by presenting us with images less beautiful than those conjured up by our own imagination.

We should state that these embellishments are not descriptive of the tales related in the Decameron, but of the scenes depicted in the introductions to each of the ten 'days.' This, in our opinion, was not a wise arrangement. There is scarcely one of the stories in the whole book which would not afford materials for designs of the highest order, and of the greatest variety—grand, humorous, or pathetic. But the introductions are all of the same sort, peculiar for little else than their rich descriptions of local scenery. On this account there is a sad lack of variety in these embellishments, all of them portraying the same characters, and in the same or similar situations. This, however, is no fault in the pictures themselves, but in the publisher, who selected Stothard's designs for his embellishments, instead of employing some clever artist to make new ones expressly for the publication. And Stothard, after all, was a good original to choose—for we never saw one of his pictures which was not spoiled in an engraving. There is a peculiarity about him which cannot be caught or imitated.

Since we have been so unreserved in pointing out the defects of these illustrations, it will be but candid to lay our 'bane and antidote' side by side, and say what we can in their favour. The scenery, then, throughout the whole of them, is exquisite—sunny, rich, luxuriant, in short, it is truly Italian. Nothing can surpass the calm and placid beauty of the night scene in the ninth engraving—the holy calm and stillness which seems to breathe over it. Perhaps the best picture, taken all in all for its scenery and figures, is the sixth, which represents the ladies bathing in the 'Valle delle donne.' It is voluptuous, yet chaste and elegant—and the perfect harmony of the scenery, the sunny looking sky, the birds, flowers, and shrubs which enhance the magic of this elysian spot, might well be mistaken for a specimen of Paradise. Nor is the second picture much less beautiful in its scenery—it represents the party seated in the bosom of a 'bushy dell,' relating their stories. The figures we cannot admire—but we cannot look upon the scene, without longing to be seated there with them—amongst

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em, but not of them.' These, which we ave enumerated, are the best specimens, it there are several others which possess reat merit for their landscape scenery. But e think that Boccaccio has not yet been illustrated as he deserves. We hope to see the ay when an artist shall take the task in and, who can combine the rich scenery of tothard with the humour, dignity, and race oi Smirke, Westall, or Leslie.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

AFTER having, for many years, allowed hose Christmas gambols, the pantomimes, o rank under the head of the drama, we begin to feel some doubts whether they come rictly under the title—those doubts, however, we will take a lord-chancellor's time to onsider, and in the mean time allow pantomimes to rank as dramas—a distinction to which they have certainly as much claims as many pieces that are now produced on the stage; that they are amusing no one will deny, and even the gravest of us, if we do not laugh at the grimace of the clown, the transformations of harlequin, the disasters of the lover and pantaloon, feel refreshed with the reminiscence they bring of those happy days when such things were to our youthful imaginations the summit of earthly happiness. There is another pleasure in going to a pantomime—that of seeing so many young people happy; all that annoys us is the previous performance of a tragedy, which few persons care a straw about, and of which no human being can hear more than a few unconnected words. We would have the holiday evenings' amusement to commence with the pantomime, when those who were not satisfied with a feast of *game*, might remain to enjoy the more heavy, but less digestible, food of a tragedy. Managers, however, will have their own way in these matters; and perhaps they are right, for it might be too great an innovation to violate the orthodox plan of commencing a holiday entertainment with 'a deep tragedy.' We now proceed to notice the pantomimic vagaries of last St. Stephen's night; and first of

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The genius of pantomime does not always hold her seat at this theatre; indeed, she is a fickle dame, and often transfers her favours. This year, however, she has been more liberal to Old Drury than usual, for a very showy pantomime, under the title of *Harlequin, Jack of all Trades*, has been produced. Although plots in plays are almost as much out of fashion as plots in politics, yet there is an attempt at something like one even in pantomimes; and the following is an outline of the history of *Harlequin, Jack of all Trades* :—

The Queen of Clubs is left to pine in widowed solitude, and regret the decease of her sable lord. Although there are two aspirants for the honour of her hand—the King of Hearts and Jack of all Trades, the defunct monarch of Clubs, or rather his brazen image, takes a somewhat unusual interest in the disposal of his widow, and steps in between the competitors in a rather critical time and place. Jack of all Trades has a Genius luckily disposed to assist him, who transforms Jack into Harlequin, and his mistress into Columbine. The rival King of Hearts is touched by the genius's wand, and becomes pantaloon. The brass statue of the 'buried majesty' of Clubland is transmuted into the clown. From this point the pantomime commences; and after the usual number of tricks and changes, and the usual kicks and cuffings, the lovers are united.

The tricks and transformations are in general good, the music pretty, and the scenery excellent. There is one scene, by Stanfield —or rather is succession of scenes, which is truly admirable; it represents the progress of a ship from its launch at Dover (inclusive), through a dreadful hurricane, to its arrival in a foreign port. It is altogether a most masterly production. Roberts had also some very clever scenes. The pantomime was received with great applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Isabella*, in which Miss Lacy's good action, in the character of the name, even awed the gods to silence, was succeeded by a pantomime, called *Harlequin and the Magic Rose*. The author of this pantomime mistook his cue; he rested his talents on the opening-scene, which ninety-nine out of every hundred pantomime-hunters do not care a farthing about; and hence, when the metamorphoses commenced, the merit of the piece ended. The tricks are dismally stale—indeed, a mere repetition, with little alteration, of those of last year; the best thing, and that by no means original—being borrowed from a caricature—is, swelling out the living skeleton to the size of Sir William Curtis. The pantomime was much hissed; and very deservedly, for it is a wretched one, and the worst we ever witnessed on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new piece, called *The Ape and the Infant*, sustained the honours of a holiday-night at this theatre, *sans* pantomime: it is certainly very amusing, was very well played, and elicited much applause.

ADELPHI.—The *brothers* (managers) Terry and Yates at this theatre support the honour of this house, in a very creditable manner, in a new pantomime, called the *Three Golden Lamps*.

SADLER'S WELL.—This theatre commenced, we believe, its *first* winter season on Monday, under the management of Mr. Thomas Dibdin. A new burletta, called *All in one Night*, and a new pantomime, under the title of *Merlin's Mount*, were the attractions of the evening, and elicited much applause. From the vast new population assembled around this theatre, we should think a winter season very likely to succeed—indeed if the first experiment could be considered a fair criterion, we should say, there can be no doubt of it.

The Equalization of Weights and Measures, which takes place on the 1st of January, will occasion more trouble than any new measure that has been projected within the memory of man. But that difficulty may be completely got the better of by the use of Gutteridge's Tables, sold by Messrs. Knight and Lacey, which have been framed with great care, can be consulted with great ease, and are, in fact, indispensable for every person in business, and indeed for everybody.

Authentic accounts have been received of the safe arrival of the North-West expedition, under Captain Franklin, at Athabasca, where they had fixed their winter quarters. The party were all in good health and in high spirits.

The Sabbath Muse, a Poem is on the eve of publication.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'Clock Morning.	1 o'Clock Noon.	11 o'Clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'Clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 23	38	46	43	29 87	Fair.
.... 24	35	40	49	30 15	Do.
.... 25	46	51	44	29 70	Cloudy.
.... 26	38	42	44	.. 82	Fair.
.... 27	30	32	28	.. 69	Do.
.... 28	32	38	34	.. 70	Cloudy
.... 29	33	36	34	.. 70	Foggy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to apologize for the omission of several valuable communications, some of which will appear in our next, when the disposal of others shall be noticed.

Complete sets of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, from the year 1819, may be had at the office, in Surrey Street.

TOTAL ALTERATION IN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Weight and Measure Office pro tempore for Middlesex, 14, Charles Street, Soho Square.

THE AUTHORISED TABLES of the CONSERVATOR of WEIGHTS and MEASURES, for the COUNTY of MIDDLESEX, (W. Gutteridge,) Calculator of Imperial Tables to the City of London, are this day published by Knight and Lacey, Paternoster Row. They are as follows, viz.:—

1st.—BOOKS.

Quantity Equalization Tables for the Breweries of England and Ireland, 2s.
Ditto for Wine and Spirit Merchants of England, 2s.
Ditto for Wine and Spirit Merchants of Ireland, 1s.
Ditto for Corn and Malt Dealers, &c. of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, 1s.
2nd.—BOARDS.—To hang up in Counting Houses, Shops, Bars of Inns, &c.
For Wine and Spirit Dealers of England; one for Quantity, and one for Price; each 1s. 6d.
For Maltsters, Corn Dealers, and Agriculturists of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales: one for Price, 4s. —One for Quantity, 1s. 6d.
For the Irish Wine and Spirit Merchants: one for Quantity, and one for Price, each 1s 6d.
For Magistrates, Corn Dealers, and Agriculturists, in all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Jersey, and Guernsey, where Bushels and Cubics are used, which differ from the Standard Bushel, 2s. 6d.
For Magistrates, Corn Dealers, &c. in Wales, for all the Welsh local Measures in particular, 2s.
For Magistrates, Corn Dealers, &c. in Scotland, for the Scotch local Measures, in particular, 1s 3d.
For the Standard Firlot, and the other Firlot of Linlithgow, in Scotland, each 1s.
For all persons using the local Bushels of 10 Gallons, and nine Gallons, in different Counties of England, &c. each 1s. 6d.
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